

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE ROAD IS STEEP.

The path bestrewn with flowers; The crowd's applause; ambition's visioned joys; The couch of ease; and pleasure's gilded toys; This portion is not ours.

SUNSHINE AT HOME.

REV. H. W. BOLTON, D. D.

HOME—what a hallowed name, full of enchantment, a magic circle where the weary ought to find refuge and rest.

It ought to be the greenest spot in memory's flight, the oasis in life's desert. It must live with all; men of schools and without school, with wealth and in poverty, surrounded by friends and without friends, are touched by the word home.

Some years ago twenty thousand people gathered in old Castle Garden, New York, to hear Jenny Lind sing, as no other songstress ever had sung. She rendered some of Handel's best works, when that Swedish nightingale thought of her home and seemed to fold her wings for a grander flight.

He is worse than the funeral procession, with hearse and casket moving silently through the streets. These have a place and serve a purpose. But a murmuring, fault-finding, cheerless man, is the worst thing nature ever ordered or produced.

His presence is like a discordant organ ground by the hand of fate; he drives a hearse through every social gathering, hangs pictures of gloom on the walls of home, and hastens the death of the sick.

Go bury thy sorrow, The world has its share; Go bury it deeply, Go bury it with care.

If you want cheerfulness have sunshine, plan to live in the sunshine; if there is a pleasant room in your dwelling live there; if there is a dark room shut it up; keep the children out of it; if you have troubles shut them up there—never take them into the family circle—give home the sunniest thought and plans of your whole life, for those little ones are soon to leave it and must take with them memories to be haunt-

ed with sour looks, harsh words, tears and gloom, or filled with plants of love, peace, joy and gladness, through which melodies of laughter and songs of delight are to ring. Seek cheerful company for yourself and offspring. Shun the man of gloom.

For he who cannot laugh and be cheerful ought to live alone, and fast and pray until light breaks in on his spirit with the joy of morning. Hume said, cheerfulness was worth a thousand dollars a year to men in business, and of Cromwell it is written, cheerfulness gave him the wonderful success he won. When every soldier became, sad, and all was dark, Cromwell wore a glory about his head that was hope to the whole army.

Cultivate cheerfulness in all things, your health demands it. Dr. Green, in his "Problem of Health," says there is not the remotest corner or inlet of the minutest blood-vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsion occasioned by laughter. The life principle of the inward man is shaken to its innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the person who moderately indulges therein. The blood moves more rapidly and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. For this reason every good healthy laugh in which a person indulges tends to lengthen his life, conveying, as it does, new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces. Doubtless the time will come when physicians, conceding more importance than they now do to the influence of the mind upon the vital forces of the body, will make their prescriptions more with reference to the condition of the mind, and less to drugs for the body; and in so doing, will find the best and most effective methods of producing the required effect upon the patient.

Sunshine is real practical Christianity, filling the vessels of the body with health and strength, the mind with contentment, and the spirit with joy and gladness, so that a man's usefulness is largely measured by his cheerfulness. The world demands a religion of sunshine, a religion

"Sunbeams never shine in vain; they never streak this earth to be lost, though they fall with all their loveliness into the cold grave, and sleep for ages undisturbed, they are not lost. What is the vast storehouse of coal but latent sunbeams, waiting only to be ignited to live again? The sun smiled on the young trees of olden forests. They lived, died, passed into coal, that to-day is the sunshine on your hearth, in your furnace and in your gas tubes.

So the kind words, smiles of home, falling into the minds of childhood, may be buried with cares and anxieties amid the activities of real life, but ever and anon they rise, touched by some sweet zephyr, that turns the tablets of memory and home lives again, with real joy. Speak kindly, look cheerfully, for your words and looks are to live when you are gone. Then let me say in the language of another:

"Build your home on the hill-top of cheerfulness, so high that no shadows rest upon it, then the morning will come early and the evening wait long, and home will be the centre of joy, equatorial and tropical.

CANADIAN HABITANTS.

The French-Canadian peasants are generally rather small, but sturdy, muscular, well-knit. They are dull-looking, but their rather heavy faces are not animal and coarse. Even the young women are very seldom pretty, but they are all wholesome, modest, and unaffected. As they advance in life they become stout, and reach old age with a comfortable and placid expression. The beauty of the race seems to be confined to the children, who are bright, robust, and energetic. Thus the people are externally unprepossessing, but the more I study them, the more I like them for the quiet courtesy and perfect simplicity of their manners, and their hospitality and unfeigned kindness.

Several types of Canadians were there, each standing as a page of the country's history. There was the original Canadian, the pea-

sant of Normandy and Brittany, just as he was when first landed on the shores of the St. Lawrence over two hundred years ago; he has kept his material and mental traits with such extraordinary fidelity that a Canadian travelling now in those parts of France seems to be meeting his own people. He is a small, muscular man of dark complexion, with black eyes, a round head, rather impervious, and an honest face, rather heavy with inertia. He sums up the early days of Canada, when endurance and courage of no ordinary stamp were required to meet the want, the wars, and the hardships of their struggle. And his phenomenal conservatism was not a wit too strong to preserve his nationality after the conquest of Canada by a race having entirely opposite tendencies. There also was the Canadian with Indian blood; he is by no means a feeble element in the population, in either number or influence. He is often well marked with Indian features—high cheeks, small black eyes, and slight beard. The most characteristic specimens are called "petits blancs," like burned stumps, black, gnarly, and angular. But now and then you meet large, fine-looking half-breeds, with a swarthy complexion warmed with Saxon blood. There were no women of low character sent to Canada in the early days, as there were to New Orleans and the Antilles; the few women who came sufficed to marry only a small portion of the colonists, so that many of the gallant Frenchmen, and later some of the Scotch and English, engaged in the fur trade, married squaws, and founded legitimate families of half-breeds. Thus Indian blood became a regular portion of the national body; and the national policy of alliance and religious union with the savages helped the assimilation of Indian traits as well as Indian blood. There was also the Saxon who had become a Gaul. There are Wrights, Blackburns, McPhersons, with blue eyes and red hair, who cannot speak a word of English; and there are Irish tongues rolling off their brogue in French. Some of these strangers to the national body are descendants of those English soldiers who married Canadian women and settled here after the conquest. Others are orphans that were taken from some emigrant ships wrecked in the St. Lawrence. But these stragglers from the conquering race are now conquered, made good French-Catholics, by the force of their environment, and they are lost as distinctive elements, absorbed in the remarkable homogeneous nationality of the French-Canadian people. The finest type of Canadian peasantry is now rare. He is a descendant of the pioneer nobles of France. After the conquest (1763) some of these noble families were too poor to follow their peers back to France; they became farmers; their facilities for education were very limited, and their descendants soon sank to the level of the peasantry about them. But they have not forgotten their birth. They are commanding figures, with features of marked character, and with much of the pose and dignity of courtiers. Some of them, still preserving the traditions of their sires, receive you with the manners a prince might have when in rough disguise.—C. H. Farham, in Harper's Magazine for August.

KEEPING A SECRET.

Ruggles, an old cabinet-maker of Boston, told me that he used to make the artist Stuart's panels for him. They were made of mahogany, and as Stuart complained that he missed the rough surface of canvas that was favorable to the sparkle of his color, Ruggles invented the way of producing that sort of surface by cutting teeth in the plane-iron and dragging it backward, that proving the best way of indenting without tearing the wood. Ruggles said that at the time he used to work for Stuart his shop was on Winter Street on the ground floor, and one day, sitting at his shop door, he saw Stuart coming down the street, in earnest conversation with a gentleman. Stuart came down into the shop followed by his friend, and said Ruggles, "I saw that the gentleman was urging him to tell him something that he was unwilling to trust him with." Stuart said: "Mr. Ruggles, have you got a piece of chalk?" I gave him a piece; he then turned to the other and said: "I know a secret; that stands

for me," and made a mark thus, 1. "Now, you are my friend and would like to know my secret; you are a man of honor, and if I tell you it will do you no harm, and at any rate it will gratify you as a mark of confidence, so I'll tell you," and making another mark, 1, "that stands for you," so there are two know it. But you are a married man. And your wife is a discreet woman, and you never have any secrets between you; some day, when you are alone together and have nothing to talk about, you tell her you know something curious, but you are afraid she will speak of it. She will be indignant at not being trusted, and insist that she ought to know; she promises that she never will whisper it to any one, and perhaps cries a little, so you tell her, and that stands for her; he made another mark, 1. "Now how many people know it?" "Three," said his friend. "You are wrong. There are one hundred and eleven that know it—111," said Stuart.

UNFINISHED.

Fret not that thy day is gone, And the task is still undone, 'Tis not things, it seems, at all: Near to thee it chanced to fall, Close enough to stir thy brain, And to vex thy heart in vain. Somewhere, in a nook forlorn, Yesterday a babe was born: He shall do thy waiting task; All thy questions he shall ask, And the answers will be given, Whisp'ring lightly out of heaven. His shall be no stumbling feet, Falling where they should be fleet; He shall hold no broken clue; Friends shall unto him be true; Men shall love him; falsehood's aim Shall not shatter his good name. Day shall nerve his arm with light, Slumber south him all the night; Summer's peace and winter's storm Help him all his toil perform, 'Tis enough of joy for thee His high service to forego.

A CHAPTER FOR MOTHERS.

We do not believe in delegating absolutely the care of young children to any person whatever. No parent we think, who is not selfishly careless on this point, will be satisfied to do so. One has only to open one's eyes, in the different parks where children and nurses congregate, to be convinced of this fact.

Not long since, I saw a bright little fellow of five years old, running before me on the gravel walk, laughing and tossing his little arms above his head, as if he could not sufficiently express his glee at the fresh air and bright sunlight. Suddenly he spied a great treasure; it was a small smooth, round white stone, and boy like, he picked it up for the pleasure of throwing it down again. The nurse, who was just behind, darted up to him and struck him on the top of his head so as to crush his cap completely over his eyes. Then she slapped him on the back. This done, she jerked him up and down by one arm till the child's face was white with pain; and all for the simple and natural act of picking up a shiny pebble on the gravel walk!

I would not say what punishment I would like to have inflicted on this tergiversant, who went off with her sobbing victim, rubbing his little nose the wrong way, and otherwise aggravating him to the verge of madness; but I will say to mothers—who are not, of course, always able to go out themselves with their young children—never trust your children out of sight with persons not proven to be competent for their office. I am not unaware that there are even parents who are guilty of impatient and angry handling of their own children, and because even a parent's love is not always, under weariness of body, proof against these things, would I have those things closely watched who have not this controlling motive for patience and justice toward the helpless.

Certainly under no circumstances should a nurse be allowed to strike a child. Many a healthy child has been injured for life by an angry twitch or blow, and parents have mourned and wondered, and doctors have prescribed, while the nurse has kept her own secret.

I hope not to be misunderstood here; for I know that there are faithful, conscientious persons in this capacity, worthy of implicit trust and confidence; but I risk nothing in saying that they are so rare. I am not unaware that a nurse's position is at best a disagreeable one; but this she knew when she accepted this mode of livelihood. I do not know that there are foolish and unreasonable mo-

thers; and I know that a child, subject to no government at home, is hard to manage away from home. Still, it remains that it is not to be felled with a blow on the head like an ox or suspended by one limb in the air, or shook till its limbs are pale, or otherwise brutally treated, by those who have it in charge out of doors.

Had I the power I would reform several things; but first, I would appoint a special policeman in every part to report to parents these cases; one of such advanced age and known imperturbability that his judgment would not be affected by the bright eyes and smart ribboned cap of the prettiest nurse-terragant among them.—Fanny Fern.

TOO TRUE.

Where can we find a reader of religious books who will say that he has not been greatly helped by their perusal? Probably no earnest Christian can be found whose spiritual life has not been fed, strengthened and enlarged by them. Nevertheless, it seems to be true to-day that this class of writings is in far less demand than formerly. Even that Christian classic, "Pilgrim's Progress," is an unknown book to many church members, who know not what they lose by neglecting it. The scholarly Dr. Arnold thought very highly of it both as a work of genius and a spiritual stimulant, saying of its author, "I hold John Bunyan to have been a man of incomparably greater genius than any of the old English divines, and to have given a far truer and more edifying picture of Christianity. His 'Pilgrim's Progress' seems to be a complete reflection of Scripture with none of the rubbish of the theologians mixed up with it." He also used to say of it: "I cannot trust myself to read the account of Christian going up to the Celestial gate after his passage of the river of death." Pity it is, therefore, that this and other books pregnant with divine fire are not more generally read! Is it not to be hoped that the present fashion which despises them will soon pass away, and that they will again be generally used as illustrators of Scripture truth and healthy stimulants to the spiritual life?—Zion's Her.

THEY COME AGAIN.

In the last issue of the Episcopal Methodist there is an interesting account of the death of a son of a Baltimore Conference preacher. The little fellow was six years old and a bright boy. He bade all good-bye, but presently asked, "What other little boy is that I see?" It was doubtless a brother or child who had died ten years before.

And do not the dying sometimes see their friends? Do they not hear sounds from the far-off land then near? Nothing is more true. In the country, in a silent house where no instrument of music was ever seen, it was within our knowledge that a dying saintly woman wondered that the bystanders could not hear the sweet strains that ravished her soul. A shining host gathered around the death-bed of Christopher Thomas, Dr. Lee, who was present, has told this writer oftentimes that the gloomy room grew luminous while the glorious company of celestial visitors remained. The face of Thomas shone, and he named many of the people who made up this pageantry.

We have known children dying, and in a drowsy, insensible state, till the breath was well-nigh gone, then suddenly open their eyes, smile, and make effort to go to invisible hands stretched out for them.

The dear little boy of our bereaved brother Strickler said, "I am going to heaven, but will come back again." They welcome us at the gates of Life Eternal. A little child shall lead them through the avenues of supernal glories.—Richmond Adv.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

IF MOTHER COULD HAVE SOME.

One of the most beautiful charities of London is the Children's Penny Dinner association. This has its rise in a winter of great severity, and in an experience which taught that hundreds of little ones die of impaired vitality. Underfed, they are unable to bear up against the privations of winter, and the church-yards are crowded in the dreary winter months with embosomed bodies which,

under happier circumstances, would have blossomed into maturity. The idea was conceived that even one nourishing dinner a week might stay the terrible death-record, and the results have shown that even that scanty allowance of solid, well-cooked food is prolific in good results. Such touching instances, too, occur of self-forgetfulness and self-denial on the part of the children. One terrible bleak day last winter a little half-frozen child presented her ticket, value two cents, which made her the owner of a seat at the dinner-table. The little one looked famished, weird, worn-out, one would have said, with starvation, but the plate of appetizing roast mutton remained untouched before her. Observing this, a lady went up to her and asked, in tones of kindly accent, if she could not eat a little. "You look so hungry, dear!" she said; "don't you like roast mutton?" The little one raised a pair of blue eyes to her face and said: "Oh yes, ma'am, but—" "Well, dear, what?" "But please, ma'am, the new baby's come, and mother's so dreadful weak, and I—" The child hesitated, then gathering confidence from the kindly smile that met her glance, added: "I thought it would do her good."

SWEET PEAS.

"Please wear my rose-bud, for love, papa," Said Phoebe with eyes so blue. "This sprig of myrtle put with it, papa. To tell of my love," said Phoebe, Said Patience. "This heart's ease shall whisper, papa. Forget not my love is true." Papa looked into the laughing eyes, And answered, to that little girl's surprise: "My darlings, I thank you, but dearest than these— Forgive me—far dearer, are bonnie sweet peas!" Then he clasped them close to his heart so true, And whispered, "Sweet Peas—Phoebe, Patience, and Prue!" St. Nicholas.

A MOTHER'S PLEDGE.

Dr. Mark Hopkins tells of a mother who sent four sons into the world to do for themselves, taking from each of them as they went a pledge not to use intoxicating drinks or tobacco, before he was twenty-one years of age. They are now from sixty-five to seventy-five years of age; only one has had a sick day; all are honored men, and not one of them is worth less than a million of dollars.

Not every boy who abstains from intoxicants and tobacco will live to be seventy-five years of age, but it is safe to say that he will live longer than if he uses them; for there can be no question that the use of these, especially in boyhood, does shorten human life. Not every boy who abstains will be free from sickness, but he will have less than if he uses them; for they injure the health, make one more susceptible to disease and less able to resist it when it comes. Not every one who abstains will accumulate a million dollars, but he will certainly gain far more than if he indulges; for these habits are expensive and wasteful ones. Mothers, bring up your sons as this one did. Boys, follow the example, take the pledge and keep it.

JUDGE NOT.

Boys, do not judge a man by his clothing. A little incident occurred on one of the lines of street cars of this city a few days since which is worthy of notice. A poorly clad woman entered a car carrying an infant in her arms; as she sat opposite I observed she seemed troubled about something. When the conductor passed through the car for the fares she said in a very low voice, "please sir, I have no money, let me ride this time and some other time I will pay you." "I can hear that story every day," said the conductor in a loud rough voice, "you can pay or get off." "Two fares please," said a pleasant voice, as a tall, worn and sun-browned hand passed the conductor ten cents. "Heaven bless you, sir," said the woman, and long and silently she wept; the language of the heart so eloquent, to express our hidden thoughts. This man in worn and soiled garments was one of the noble men, he possessed a heart to feel for the woes of others, and although the act was but a trifle, it proves that we cannot, with safety, judge a man by his clothing. For many a true heart beats beneath a ragged jacket.

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The desire not to see an opportunity grave a child of a guilty man as well as altar itself the guilty.

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St. Nicholas. My darlings, I thank you, but dearest than these— Forgive me—far dearer, are bonnie sweet peas!" Then he clasped them close to his heart so true, And whispered, "Sweet Peas—Phoebe, Patience, and Prue!"

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COWS The custom deficient feed grazing is the summer about two-fif season. Wh mitted to sh only gives r remaining p dries up ent than when t to its maxim Herds which an average of the year, whi a drought h part of the se go dry on t three month the summer vigor, so th winter well, winter such fleshy one, lack of feed w