Our Home Circle

" HE MAKETH ME TO LIE DOWN." He maketh; yes. He sees us on the mountains, Toil-worn and weary, sadly needing rest; And yet determined to be pressing onward To gain the summit of some distant crest.

Too much titent to listen to His teaching, Too eager to be gladdened by His smile, Too worried, often, to hold close communion, And then He bids us rest a little while.

And we rebel; we do not wish to tarry; It is so hard to feel we must lie down Just at the moment when our hopes were highest And glory waiting our success to crown

Dear Christian friend, perchance some trying ill-Has caused thy busy steps in life to cease, And placed thee, now, beside the silent waters—
The waters of affliction, but of peace.

And though the pain is sometimes so distressing Thou cans't not praise, and scarce have power to pray; Still thou art patient, and the loving Shepherd Speaks words of tenderness in His own way.

And when the pain has passed, He then reminds

Of many hours when thou wert strong and well In which thou scarcely had one moment's leisure
To tell him every thing thou hadst to tell.

And so He took thee from the hum of voices, And will most tenderly thy soul restore; Until thou art refreshed and duly strengthened To walk more watchfully than heretofore.

Or else to tread, with faith renewed, yet firm er. The valley that grows bright when He is near And thence to enter, where no rest is needed, Upon the duties of a nobler sphere. -Charlotte Murray.

MY WILL. NOT THINE.

But the child must live. I can not give him up," said poor Mrs. Weld to her pastor, who had called to see her sick boy. "O do pray the Lord to heal him. Two years ago his brother, my first-born, died. I cannot have this boy taken. Pray that he may live?"

"I will pray, my sister," was the reply, "but we should be submissive to the will of God. He knows when it is best to call our little ones away; when he takes them it is to shelter them from the storms of this world. I will pray that, if it is God's will, the child may be spared."

"Don't pray with an 'if,'" pleaded Mrs. Weld, "I want my baby at any rate."

God "gave" the mother her "request;" her boy was brought back from the brink of the grave. But as the beautiful lad grew he was strange and wayward. The mother's heart was filled with foreboding. He would not brook control, and was almost sure to do that which was forbidden. Unless closely watched he would wander off with evil companions, and be gone until late at night. As he grew in stature his strange, perverse ways increased. Sometimes he would not utter a word for days, no matter how necessary the case. After a while his dumb fit would go off, and he would be himself again. But soon some other eccentricity would appear; he complained of pain in his head, with a roaring sensation; he would insist on going bareheaded and barefooted in winter; in feeding the fire with snow and ice, tormenting the younger children, and many evil things. It finally became evident that he was insane.

Mrs. Weld's grief was overwhelming. "In choosing life for my boy I chose sorrow." she said to a friend. "Oh, how self-willed and foolish I was."

Every effort was made to remove the disease which caused his mental aberration, but it was of no avail. He was a to "become as little children in the constant sorrow to his mother, who, as kingdom of Christ, was recently given. she watched the progress of his blighted life, often said:

"God knew best when he would have taken the child.—The Christian.

A FLORIDA TYPHOON.

On the approach of autumn the Floridian quakes with apprehension. It is the dread season of hurricanes. Tearing through the West Indies, they often strike the coast with deadly effect. With scarcely a note of warning, houses are overthrown, sailboats blown from the water, and orange groves swept bare of leaves and fruit. Some of the old settlers say that they can detect signs of the storm a day before it breaks upon them.

"You feel it in the air long before it comes." says one. This is, however, an indefinite sign. The devastation lining its track certainly proves that "you feel it in the air after it comes." One of these typhoons visits the coast every year. The day may be bright and beautiful, and the flowers heavy with bees and humming birds. Shises mering musquito hawks quiver in the air, and the scarlet cardinal twitters in the acacias. A cooling breeze plays through the leaves of the trees and gently swings the unripe oranges. Clouds of gulls soar above the dark green mangrove bushes, and the sandbars, at low tide, are covered with nensive curlews and willets. The drowsy roar of the surf is heard, and the gentle swell of the ocean is rippled with golden

Almost imperceptibly the wind dies away. Cries of terms and water birds fall upon the ear with painful distinctness. The mud hens of the marshes pipe an alarm. Not a blade of salt

moan comes from the ocean. Smoky clouds roll into the sky from the southeast, and a strong wind whitens the ruffled water. Every minute it increases in fury. An ominous yellow light tinges the atmosphere. The sun is gone and great drops of rain are burled to the ground. Within fifteen minutes there is a gale, and soon the full force of the hurricane is felt. Great eagles and pelicans are swept through the heavens utterly powerless. Sparrows and other small birds are lashed to death by leafless twigs, and the torn bodies of snowy herons and wild turkeys lodge in the branches of the live oak and cypress and I knew you could not."

All living things disappear. Tall pines are twisted asunder. The lithe limbs of willows and oleanders snap like cow whips. Lofty palmettoes bend their heads to the ground, their great fans turned inside out like the ribs of an umbrella. The force of the wind keeps the trees down until every green fan pops like a pistol-shot. Orange groves are ripped into shoe strings. The leaves of the scraggy scrub on the beach are wiped out, and their stems whipped into little brushes. The tough saw palmetto is blown as flat as a northern wheat field, and the dead grass of | child." the savannas lashed into fine dust. oards in the surf are struck by the wind, and sent spinning hundreds of feet into the air. The sand dunes are caught up bodily and sifted through the tops of pine trees miles away. The foam of the sea is blown beneath the houses on the main land, and comes up between the cracks of the floor like

Woe to the owners of sail boats and boat houses. At Lake Worth the ·Cruiser, a heavy, round-bottomed sail boat, thirty-two feet long, was picked up from her ways, rigged and all, and carried across the lake, a mile away, without touching the water. Another boat was torn from her moorings, lifted from the water, and dropped into a salt-water marsh fringing Mosquito Lagoon, 800 yards from the castle. In the fall of 1876 the Ida Smith, a large schooner running between New Smyrna and Jacksonville, was torn from her anchors and stranded on a marsh 500 yards from the ship channel. The coast survey steamer, in a good harbor, sheltered by sand banks, threw out three anchors, and kept her wheels working against the wind under a full head of steam. She dragged her anchors several hundred yards, and barely escaped destruc-

These hurricanes last from seven to eight hours, even longer. During the lull rain falls in torrents. The tide rises to a great height, carrying away wharves and boathouses, and flooding the country for miles. The ocean leaps the sandy barriers of the coast and floods the Indian and other salt water rivers, involving great damage. After the storm, center-boards and jib-stavs are found in spruce pines, oleanders are loaded with cordage, and deadeves and peak blocks drop from leafless orange trees. Gardens are destroyed, fences swept away, and the tormented Floridian has three months' work and no pay to repair damages.

SWEET OBEDIENCE.

A beautiful illustration of what it is A class of little ones had prepared for the services of Children's day. Each one was supplied with a basket of flowers to present as a floral offering in one of the exercises of the evening. By an oversight one basket was missing. One of two sisters, who stood together, was asked to give her basket to another. and allow her sister's flowers to represent them both. A shade of disappointment passed over the sweet face. "Did papa say so?" she asked. "Yes. papa said so," was the reply. Without another word she gave up her treasure cheerfully, even smiling as she did it. Seet obedience! Dear fellow-Christian, could we but yield as cheerful, loving acquiescence to what our Heavenly Father asks of us, how much richer would be our present inheritance in that kingdom, the benefits of which are promised to those who become as little children. - Selected.

A MOTHERS INFLUENCE.

Gen. Swift, of Boston, in a recent address, said : "I never left my mother in my life but that she said to me, 'I want to live long enough to see you come to your Lord and to your Saviour.' It was the conclusion of every separation, it was the burden of every letter she wrote to me."

After witnessing one of his triumphs of popular eloquence during the war, she only said, "If I could see you stand there and talk for your Saviour, I would ask nothing more on this earth."

During one of his terms in the legislature in those days, the liquor question was up. Gen. Swift's constituency were opposed to the bill restrictive, if not prohibitory and expected him to vote accordingly. He had no scruples grass moves. The blue sky grows hazy, on the subject at that time, and expect and the eastern horizon is milky white. ed to do so, But his mother was despFitful gusts begin to ripple the water ly interested in the success of the mea-

should vote on the right side. When and it is upon record that at least one the vote was taken, she was in the gal- enormous specimen had been captured lery, in full view of him. Up to the by an English man-of-war, which, from moment of answering to his name, his the dimensions given, must have weighintention was to vote in the negative. ed fully eight tons. But at that instant his eye caught hers; and to the surprise of all, and even of parted my life-line, and another night himself, his sonorous voice rang out an one was settling down over me to deaye!-He could not look that mother in vour me, when he was seen by the crew the eyes, though all the world were of the boat who struck him with an with him, and vote for what she re- oar and frightened him away. If he garded as the unrighteous side. And had once got his arms about me, nothshe was the only one who was not sur- ing could have saved me from being prised, but said. "My son, I had pray- sliced up by his jaws." ed the Lord not to let you vote wrong,

At last, during the Boston revival of 1876-7, he was converted. He says: "I went home directly to that mother. I don't how I can get on with this part of the story, but you will all understand the difficulty. The stars in the skies scarcely outnumber the prayers she had given to her Father on my behalf, and I was going home, the last one in her band of children, resolved to tell her that her Saviour was my Saviour, and her God was my God. We were all there, an unbroken and redeemed family. She gathered me in her arms as tenderly as when I was a helpless

A LONELY GRAVE.

That afternoon I found something I had never seen before—a little grave alone in a wide pasture which had once been a field. The nearest house was at least two miles way, but by hunting for it I found a very old cellar, where the child's home must have been not very far off along the slope. It must have been a great many years ago that the house had stood there; and the small slate head-stone was worn away by the rain and wind, so there was nothing to be read, if indeed there had ever been any letters on it. It had looked many s storm in the face, and many a red sunset. I suppose the woods near by had grown and been cut and grown again, since it was put there. There was an old sweet-brier bush grewing on the short little grave, and in the grass underneath I found a ground-sparrow's nest. It was like a little neighborhood, and I have felt ever since as if I belonged to it; and I wondered then if one of the young ground-sparrows was not always sent to take the nest when the old ones were done with it, so they came back in the spring year after year to live there, and there were always the stone and the sweet-briar bush and the birds to remember the child. It was such a lonely place in that wide field under the great sky, and yet it was so comfortable too; but the sight of the little grave at first touched me strangely, and I tried to picture to myself the procession that came out from the house the day of the funeral, and I thought of the mother in the evening after all the people had gone home, and how she missed the baby, and kept seeing the new grave out here in the twilight as she went about her work. I suppose the family moved away, and so all the rest were buried elsewhere.

I often think of this place, and I link it in my thoughts with something I saw once in the water when I was out at sea: a little boat that some child had lost, that had drifted down the river and out to sea: too long a voyage, for it was a sad little wreck, with even its white sail of a hand-breadth half under water, and its twine rigging trailing astern. It was a silly little boat, and no loss, except to its owner, to whom it had seemed as brave and proud a thing as any ship of the line to you and me. It was a shipwreck of his small hopes, phic. I suppose, and I can see it now, the toy of the great winds and waves, as it floated on its way, while I sailed on

mine, out of sight of land. The little grave is forgotten by everybody but me, I think: the mother must have found the child again in heaven a very long time ago: but in the winter I shall wonder if the snow had covered it well, and next year I shall go to see the sweet-briar bush when it is in bloom. God knows what use that life was, the grave is such a short one, and nobody knows whose little child it was ; be like them in fidelity to principle you but perhaps a thousand people in the kindle a generous spark of enthusiasm world to-day are better because it which will ennoble and beautify their brought a little love into the world that | lives.—Professor Adler. was not there before. From " Autumn Holiday," by "SABAR O. JEWETT in Harpers' Magazine for October.

A TERRIBLE SEA-MONSTER.

The hardships and dangers which Sidney Cook, the diver, faced and conquered while recovering the sunken was a bright little boy, who became intreasure of the ship Golden Gate, tensely interested. He wished to help wrecked in 1862 off the Mexican coast, to buy Bibles for the heathen. But he near Manzanilla, are almost incredible, and his mother were poor, and he was and the story of them forms a thrilling puzzled how to raise the money. Finalchapter of sea-adventure. At one time

"We were kept in no little fear, especially during our night work, by a sort of marine monster, which the Mexicans call devil-fish. It is not like the gigantic octopii to which that name has

and handle the green leaves. A low sure, and still more so that her son seen, weighing as much as four tons,

"One of those monsters one night understand.

PARTING.

" If thou dost bid thy friend farewell, But for one night though that farewell may be, Press thou his palm with thine. How canst thou

How far from thee Fate or caprice may lead his feet Ere that to-morrow comes? known To lightly turn the corner of a street,

And days have grown To months, and months to lagging years. Before they looked in loving eyes again. Parting at best is underlaid with tears-With tears and pain.
Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,

Or time or distance, clasp with pressure true The hand of him who goeth forth Unseen. Fate goeth too! Yea, find thou always time to say Some earnest word between the idle talk ! Lest with thee, ever, henceforth-night and day, Regret should walk."

SENSITIVE RAILWAY METALS.

-Galaxy.

The accidental displacement of rails is known to be a fruitful source of railway disaster. The rains and floods of Robawfully yesterday." winter usually occasion the mischief. but it seems that the "iron horse" has an even more insidious enemy than accumulated storm-water to threaten it and to imperil its swift career. The danger in question is one, moreover, that those who can restrict their railway travelling to serene summer time, are not exempt from. One day last week an excursion train was jogging on its peaceful way on the Caledonian Railway at the rate, fortunately, of not more than fifteen miles an hour, when on approaching Auchinfaith the engine suddenly left the metals, and sliding down an embankment about ten feet deep turned and lay on its side, dragging with it a | ing. composite carriage and part of the next one, the remainder keeping their position on the line. The driver and stoker were badly scalded, and several persons more or less shaken, but no lives were lost. Investigation into the cause of the accident shewed that the rails, which were of steel, and of the heaviest kind made, had "bulged," owing to the heat of the sun, and further examination disclosed the startling fact that at a point only forty yards distant from the first disturbance, and on the down line, the rails were bulged eight inches from their original position, carryll the sleepers with them. The bent rails were preserved for the Government inspector, who will, no doubt, give the matter the attention it deserves, espectally as regards the quality of the metal of which the rails are composed. There are all manner of new and improved processes for the manufacture of railway running gear, and it may possibly be found that some sorts of steel are more sensitive to solar heat than others. Anyhow, it is to be hoped that the eccentric behaviour of the metals at Auchinraith is capable of explanation Just at this time of the year when pleasure trains are most crowded, and the sun's rays are fiercest, it would be awkward were it admitted that under certain peculiar atmospherical conditions the rigidity even of steel rails could not be guaranteed, nor the imperturbability of sleepers depended on .- London Gra-

SELF-DENIAL IN CHILDREN .- Children should be more frequently put in the way of self-denial and self-sacrifice. Each good deed they do commits them to the love of the good, and to trust in the good. Take them with you at times into the homes of the poor, so that they may see for themselves; study carefully also and discuss with them the lives of the illustrious martyrs-the great examples of usefulness in history. So when you rouse in them a desire to

Our Young Folks NEDDIE AND ME.

A preacher in England was once talking about the heathen, and tellling bow much they needed Bibles to teach of Jesus. In the congregation ly, he hit upon a plan. The people of England use rubbing with door stones for polishing their hearths and scouring their wooden floors. These stones are bits of marble or free-stone begged from the stone-cutters.

This little boy had a favorite donkey been given in other waters, but is a named Neddie. He thought it would creature with two arms to greep, and be nice to have Neddie help in the bepowerful jaws and teeth to rend any nevolent work, so he harmessed him up siling. What makes him so different
thing it deems a prey.

And Edith grew into thing it deems a prey.

"Individuals of this species are often any door stones?"

Before long, he raised fifteen dollars. And then he went to the minister, and said,-

"Please sir, send this money to the

"But my dear little fellow I must bave a name to acknowledge it." The lad hesitated, as if he did not

"You must tell me your name," replied the minister, "that we may know who gave the money."

"Oh, well, sir, please put it down to Neddie and me: that will do, won't it sir?"-The Gosvel in all Lands.

TRUE GENTLEMANLINESS.

"O Harry, do wait a little. I'm so tired !"

"Pshaw! you are always tired now. adays," said Harry Long impatiently: "I wish you were like Jenny Dent : she's the kind of a girl I like-no whining or fretting about her."

Edith's pale face flushed, and picking up her bag of books she started again, saying wistfully, "I suppose I am a trouble to such a bright, healthy fellow as you, Harry. How I wish we had a little ponv-waggon, so you could drive me to school.'

Her gentle answer made her brother ashamed of his words.

"Here, zive me your bag, Edie," he said more kindly. "If you're not as strong as Jenny vou're a deal better natured; I heard her scold Tom and

But though Edith bore the unkind words so sweetly, they made a deep impression upon her. "I musn't complain," she said to herself, "no matter if I do get tired, or Harry will grow weary of me, and I want him to love me dearly." So, day after day, she walked the mile to school and back. never asking to rest, or in any way complaining. Harry, never thinking she was tired, would walk fast, run races, or go home by a roundabout way. One morning Edith had started on before her brother, that she might walk more slowly; and Harry, as he ran down the lane, heard the servants call-

"What is it?" he cried. "Come back and get Edith's rubbers and umbrella; it's going to rain."

" Nonsense! It won't rain. Besides. she's not made of salt," said Harry to himself, as he ran on. He caught up to Edith, and they heard each other's lessons as they walked on-Harry never once thinking of the rain. But they had hardly started for home when a storm came on, and the two were both thoroughly wet, before they reached the

"I say Edith, get in the back way if rou can, for mother sent Bridget after me with your rubbers and umbrella, and I didn't go back for them. If she sees you so wet, I'll be punished.'

Edith, always ready to shield her brother, went quickly up to her room, changed her clething hurriedly, not taking the precaution to rub herself, and went downstairs chilled and tired. Harry was a little anxious, but never had Edith's cheeks been so red or her eyes so bright

I am glad you didn't take cold," he whispered; and Edith did not tell him her throat was sore and her head aching. But by midnight the poor girl was so ill that her father went in haste for the doctor, and for days she lay al-

most unconscious. "The wetting finished the business." said the doctor, "but the girl has been going beyond her strength for some time." Harry heard his words, and thought with shame and dismay of his carelessness.

"I teased her again and again about her tired ways, and she has kept up; and maybe she'll die."

But Edith grew slowly better, and after she was out of danger, Harry hau to go back to school. Jenny Dent was very willing to run races and "carry on" with him, but he longed for Edith's gentle sympathy and forgiveness. Now, without her, he felt how much better she was than many stronger girls. "Dear sister Edie," he thought, "I ought to take care of her, and save her from fatigue. O if she only gets well,

I'll show her what a good brother is!" But Harry was not easy until he had told his father of his impatient ways, and asked him if he could think of anything he could do to make it easier for Edith to get to school.

"Could you not pull her in a little

waggon?" "Well, I'll buy four strong wheels, and you can make a box for the waggon. So for several afternoons Harry worked hard in the barn, and when Edith was strong enough to go to school, she was invited to get into her new carriage, which was painted dark blue, with

"Sister" in white letters in the frent. "There Edie, I'll never tease you about getting tired any more, but draw you more than half way to school, at least. I'd tather have you than any sister in the world."

Tears after people used to say, "What a true gentlemen Harry Long is—he is a strong and beautiful woman.

Sunday Sc

INTRO

LESSON I.-O

Esau, returning

JACOBAND ESAU TIME.-B. C. 1766 last lesson. Isaac

in a tamished stat some red pottage asked for 'some of impatience was na readily procured in takes time to prepa occasion to obtain the price of the me ed with a levity wh closing words of Esau despised his this, he put himsel ily, and so becam His sin must not t dignation at the fra we stall see present tribution as well as five years passed av of age, and the i warned Isaac to pe by which, as proph was to hand down ham to another ger designed for Esar once given, was the vocable act of the he desired Esau to ison for the occas to confess the sale could Jacob vent benefit of his tri knew of that tr

> EXP Jacob & raice markably true th tion, however well managed, fails in •while Rebekah an disguised the out the necessity of d been wholly overl sight had nearly An alarming mor ceiver, when his f over him: 'The ' is the voice of A the hands of Esau

> the feel of the har

the raiment, prev

which the voice

moved by partiali

aid of her tavori

stratagem by whi

much desired bles His hands were countries the goal delicate feel, ver the human perso be, without much especially consider age his sense of to much impaired as blessed him. If, had possessed a fa lifted the knife to of duty, trusting how much happie whole company! this wrong. pensed by deceits the beautiful coat

Art thou my ve

am. Observe th the inward deter first unable even vised by another at last inventive. hood, then the lie what did Jacob g out of the bissain vanity and vexat flee from his fat his mother again serts to kinsme he had cheated for 21 years; to and trembling, a before Esau wi to be made more finding that gene and forgotten al. ter brought to s ers, plotting aga his tavorite son ing down with confess to Phara that few and evil

pilgrimage. Blessed him. matter of infinit with the fulfilm and was not, the lightly, or without appears, not only but from various Old Testament, ment the promis all the blessings involved, was su the dying benedi

Give thee of th a chief biessing ly fails after the September. He pended of for ne fields, and it is o Hermon is spoke the dew upon th an evidence of the of corn (not Ind wine. Palestine and it produce wheat, barley, or

Let people ser

political pre-emi not only over tribes, by his bit but also over for . Isaac trembled could not but fe nation in view had been prac words of the pat ness of divine in however obtained mysterious parts only represents similar successe is done, the prize

no reversal of the