

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE ETHERAL SONG.

The day shall come when not again  
By any shall be said,  
Lo, here the wine-cup in his name,  
The sacramental bread,  
For then by Christ's own hand the soul  
Shall be forever fed.

Soon dawns the day when nevermore  
Shall the fragrant tide  
By any man, to babe or men,  
Be evermore applied,  
Because each soul pure with its God  
Forever shall abide.

When not again from human lips  
Shall rise upon the air,  
Nor stir the soul to mistiest speech,  
The faintest breath of prayer;  
For then all things that fool can give  
Its own a ready are.

Our worship, born of earthly need,  
With earthly need decays;  
Beginning ere the earth was made,  
Not measured by its days,  
This only shall endure of all—  
The dialect of praise.

God's universal language this,  
The tongue which never dies,  
The simplest, sweetest speech of soul—  
Its accents let us prize,  
Since, low or high, our songs are but  
Rehearsals for the skies.

—Our Continent.

MR. EDGERTON'S MOTTO.

BY MRS. N. H. KNOX.

"I have come in to invite you both to attend the missionary meeting which is to be at our house next Friday," said Mrs. Kenyon, as she entered the cozy sitting room of her neighbors, the Edgertons. An air of comfort in the surroundings betokened, if not wealth, at least competence, while the blazing woodfire within, and the gathering twilight without, intensified the cheerfulness which is so enjoyable on an Autumn evening. No sooner was Mrs. Kenyon seated than she continued: "I am delighted to find you both at home. The ladies, you know, come early in the afternoon to sew, at our Missionary meeting, and the gentlemen come early in the evening to tea. Won't you attend?"

"Foreign Missionary Society, is it?" inquired Mr. Edgerton. "Yes," was the reply. "It is the regular meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. We meet once a month at different places, have a prayer meeting, sew, or do any work that is necessary or profitable, while quite a number of the gentlemen come in to tea and spend the evening. We take up a collection, which is put into the general fund. Last year our receipts amounted to eighty dollars, and we hope to double that this year."

"Well, sister Kenyon, my wife can do as she pleases," firmly though pleasantly responded Mr. Edgerton, "but as for myself, I believe that 'charity begins at home.' That's my motto. There is so much use for money at home, and so much home work that ought to be done, that I do not support foreign missions. However, as I have said, my wife may do as she pleases."

"I always let Mr. Edgerton decide for me," was the meek reply; a fact that was quite generally understood, but the Kenyons had been residents of the town less than two years, and as the gossip and slanderer were not kindred spirits many of the peculiarities of their neighbors and acquaintances were unknown to them.

After a few minutes of friendly chat upon general subjects, Mrs. Kenyon bade the family good-evening and returned home.

"What success?" asked Mr. Kenyon.

"I did not press the subject," she added, after repeating the conversation at Mr. Edgerton's. "You know there are a great many really benevolent people who will not do anything for foreign missions, simply because they are not informed of the vast need of work and money in heathen countries, and so many believe with Brother Edgerton that 'charity begins at home.' I expected he would be enthusiastic in this cause, I confess, for he prayed so earnestly last Sunday night in the prayer-meeting that God would hasten the time when all should know Him, from the least unto the greatest." However the time to go to him for help will be when our home missions need supplies. You know I am chairman of the begging committee, or more politely, the soliciting committee, and we will give him an opportunity to do something at home."

The opportunity came, almost too soon. Mrs. Kenyon thought, and her courage well nigh failed; but remembering his enthusiasm on home missions at her previous call, she hoped for a cheerful response and really expected it, as she entered his office early one afternoon.

"Oh, good afternoon, sister Ken-

yon, be seated by the fire; it is quite a wintry day."

"Quite so," responded Mrs. Kenyon, and then said, "I am anxious not to trespass upon your time, Bro. Edgerton, and will state at once the object for which I call on you this afternoon. We have recently found a family, poor but respectable, who are hungering and thirsting for Christian instruction. A committee has visited them, ascertained their needs, and just as soon as the necessary clothing can be purchased for them, they will attend our church and Sunday school. The oldest girl is so eager to read the Bible, that she frequently goes to Mrs. Morrill's for the purpose of reading the Book, as she calls it. Mrs. Moore, the mother of the girl, says that they give her no peace, they are so anxious to attend our Sunday-school."

"Have they ever been in any Sunday school?" inquired Mr. Edgerton.

"Yes, they used to be Catholics, but—"

"That decides it, sister Kenyon. I cannot consistently give my money to Catholics. 'Charity begins at home.'"

"But these people have broken away from that faith, and the priest is very angry. Now is our time to do them good, for they are anxious to be instructed in Protestantism."

"Get them a Bible, certainly, sister Kenyon. The Bible Society will give them one. That is the legitimate work of that society. I am in favor of having the Bible put into their hands in that way, but I cannot conscientiously do anything for them personally. You can't trust Catholics. As I have said before, 'Charity begins at home,' and while there are so many needy ones in our own church my duty is quite plain. We must be just before we are generous," you know."

Retracing her steps homeward, Mrs. Kenyon's mind was preoccupied with the words and sentiments of Mr. Edgerton. "Where is home?" she asked herself. "When I appealed to him to help a little in foreign missions, he refused because it was not home missions, and now when I ask him to help in home work, he will do nothing because these poor people were once Catholics, and are not in our own church."

When Mrs. Kenyon related her failure to her husband, at the tea-table that evening, she said, "I hope my duty will never compel me to solicit money of him again. He has the most accommodating conscience of any person I have ever met. What shall I think the next time I hear him pray, as he usually does, 'Bring all the stray ones and the wanderers into the fold?' How he could help answer his own prayers if he only would!"

More than a month after this conversation took place, Mr. Kenyon came home from the stewards' meeting one evening, and, as he put on his slippers and settled into his easy chair, his face assumed an expression which was unusual, only when he was thoroughly pleased.

"What is it," smilingly asked his wife, "you seem to have pleasant thoughts."

"And so I have. I am thinking of you."

"Of me?"

"Yes, of you, but I have a sad story for an introduction. You know old Mr. Piper, who is a member of our church. He has for some time been living entirely alone, and early last week, he was notified by the sheriff to vacate his rooms, because of his failure to pay his rent. Well, the poor old man had no where to go, slept three or four nights in a barn, and his crust by the roadside, and homeless, deserted by his friends, destitute of clothes, with nothing but the poorhouse staring him in the face, he forgot his God, or felt forsaken by him, and half crazed, half despairing, attempted to take his own life, but fortunately was discovered just in time to be saved from the sin of a suicide. Brother Sanford has had a good earnest talk with him, and he is now paying his board at a respectable place until we, as a church, can provide for him. He has promised, God helping him, never again to take God's work into his own hands. And now comes the part that amused me. The church feels, as it ought, the necessity of looking after him more faithfully, and as money is needed to procure clothing for him immediately, a committee was appointed to-night to raise funds for that purpose, and you are that committee."

"Oh, John!"

"You are especially requested to wait upon Brother Edgerton, for

years ago he and Mr. Piper were very intimate, and the brethren hope that you may succeed in getting his heart opened. You know, Mary, that 'charity begins at home!'"

"And has on led there, so far as I have had to do with him," added Mrs. Kenyon, laughing. "I cannot conceive of any conscientious apology in this case, but his wonderfully accommodating conscience, as you term it, may invent one. I suspect, however, that if he refuses this time, his motto will be 'Devils to the wall.'"

Thus it was that the third time found Mrs. Kenyon at her unenviable work of soliciting money from Mr. Edgerton. She had taken her sewing, to spend an hour with them, trusting that a kind and neighborly feeling might be engendered thereby, and that she might the better accomplish her benevolent mission. The case of "poor Brother Piper" was at length discussed without the slightest expectation on the part of Mr. Edgerton that it would terminate in anything more than talk. "Poor man," he said; he was at one time in good circumstances; but he has had luck, his wife was sick for years, and he not only paid heavy doctors' bills, but devoted his whole time to caring for his wife."

Then Mrs. Kenyon unfolded the plan of the church to aid him. "He is down with a fever," she added, "but Dr. Wells is attending him, and when I spoke to the doctor about his pay, he said, 'I have no bill against this poor man. I can say with Boerhaave, my poor are my best patients. God pays for them.'"

Taking the subscription paper from her pocket, she handed it to Mr. Edgerton. Mr. Kenyon had headed the subscription with a generous sum, and for a moment, was Mr. Edgerton thrown off his guard. Then his favorite motto came to his rescue. In the blandest of tones he said: "Sister Kenyon, as you well know, I fully believe that 'charity begins at home.' I have poor relatives, and while I have poor relatives, I feel that it would be unjust for me to do for others. To be sure, I do not aid my poor relatives, but you can see that I should be doing them an injustice to give to others instead of them. I believe in being plain hearted and honest. My motto has always been 'Charity begins at home.'"

How Mrs. Kenyon bade them good-evening and found her way to her own fireside, she never quite knew, but when she really came to herself, she was discoursing fluently to her husband, and the theme of her thought was, "He is joined to his idols; let him alone."—Central Ad.

THE RETURN.

Spring has come back again, divinely fair,  
And trees are budding 'neath the violet skies,  
And faint, sweet odors through the sunny air,  
And yellow-winged, elusive butterflies  
Flit here and there;  
And hark! the blue-birds, climbing heavenward, sing,  
And it is Spring! Spring! Spring!

Watching the grass grow green; that snow-drops grow  
And daisies in other Springs I half forget;  
The skies intoxicating; I live anew;  
And from my beating heart drops all regret  
While life pours through;  
For hark! the blue-birds, climbing heavenward, sing,  
And it is Spring! Spring! Spring!

With every fragrant violet that I see  
I am a little child again, pierced through  
With the same throbbing, golden ecstasy  
As when I saw therein no mystery,  
Only the blue!  
Oh hark! the blue-birds, climbing heavenward, sing,  
And it is Spring! Spring! Spring!  
—Wide Awake.

HABIT OF UNTRUTH.

Some men seem to have a constitutional inability to tell the simple truth. They may not mean to lie, or tell an untruth, but they are careless—careless in understanding, careless in repeating what is said to them. These well-meaning but reckless people do more mischief than those who intentionally foment strife by deliberate falsehood. There is no firebrand like your well-meaning busy body who is continually in search of scandal, and by sheer habit misquotes every body's statement.

This carelessness is a sin of no small magnitude. A man's duty to God and his fellows requires him to be careful; for what else were brains and common sense given him? Of course that other class, the malignant scandal-mongers, who take a fiendish pleasure in promoting strife, who deliberately garble men's words and twist their sentiments, is in the minority, and people have a very decided opinion regarding them. Most men misrepresent because they don't seem to think that care in

speaking the truth is a pre-eminently duty.

The effects of this careless misrepresenting of others are seen everywhere. Its effect on the individual is to confirm him in a habit of loose, distorted, and exaggerated statement until telling the truth becomes a moral impossibility. No other thing causes so many long-standing friendships to be broken, so many dissensions in Churches, so much bitterness in communities, and so much evil everywhere. It is an abuse that calls for the rebuke of every honorable man—a rebuke that should be given, not only in words whenever occasion demands, but by example. The Persians were said to teach their youth three things—to ride, to draw the bow, and to speak the truth. A little more instruction on this latter head would do no harm to our "advanced civilization."—Examiner and Chronicle.

LOSS.

Only so much the less—  
One heart has fallen away—  
It took so light from the sun,  
No splendor out of the day.  
The sunshine seems the same,  
And the opal tints on the sea,  
And the golden-rod's yellow flame,  
Yet something has gone from me.  
One heart, one heart the less!  
When I saw the names of my friends—  
One love that was born to bless,  
In a mirage of falsehood ends,  
The sunshine seems the same,  
And the opal tints on the sea,  
And the golden-rod's yellow flame,  
Yet something has gone from me.  
—Mary Clemmer in Independent.

OLD AUNT JUDY.

A young man in a theological seminary was led to work for the Master among the colored people, who resided in the vicinity of the institution. Many of them were Christians, and they looked upon him as their pastor, listening attentively to his simple expositions of God's word, sending their children to receive his instructions, coming to him in their troubles, and asking him to minister to their sick, and to bury their dead. An aged woman was thus provisionally placed under his care, who was familiarly called "Aunt Judy" by those of her own race. If she had any other name, it was never mentioned in the presence of the student, and it never occurred to him to inquire into the particulars of her history. He only knew that for many years of her life she was a slave, that she was very ignorant, not having learned to read, and that she was extremely poor in this world's goods. But her unquestioning faith and unclouded joy constantly reminded him of that verse in the Bible which says, "Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him?" (Jas. ii. 5.)

One day he received a message that she was dying, and wished to see her. He walked at once to her hut at the distance of a mile from the village, and was surprised to discover such utter destitution in the midst of wealth and culture and plenty. It was a small and low structure of rough boards, scarcely high enough for a tall man to stand in it erect; and the only floor was the ground, worn bare and smooth. The furniture consisted of a box, a cheap pine table, two or three broken chairs, a cooking stove, and a rude bed; and these were all of her earthly possessions, worth less than five dollars together.

But she was so peaceful, so happy at the thought that she would soon be with her "blessed Lord," as she called the Saviour; so bright "in full assurance of faith," he thought it might be well to probe her experience thoroughly. He therefore said to her in substance, "Aunt Judy, you will not think it unkind in me to say that you are a poor, ignorant, old creature, and nobody cares whether you live or die. When you are gone, the overseer of the poor will place your body in an unpaupered coffin, and bury it in the pauper's corner of the grave yard, and there will not be even a plank to mark where you lie. But God is a very great God; he made the world, and he has millions of people to look after, some of them rich and mighty. You tell me you are sure he has saved your soul, but what good could it do this great God to save a worthless old sinner like you?"

She understood the import of the question in a moment, and looking up with a smile that made her black and wrinkled features all the more beautiful, she raised her hand, and eagerly answered, "God is gwine to pint the angels to me, and tell 'em to see what his grace can do." The student learned a

good deal of theology that day, and sat with bowed head beside the dear old saint, who had been taught by the Holy Ghost the sublime truth communicated to the apostle Paul concerning the purpose of God in our salvation: "that in the ages to come he might show the exceeding riches of his grace, in his kindness toward us through Christ Jesus." (Eph. ii. 7.)—The Sower and Mission Monthly.

DR. CHALMERS' CROWN.

Thomas Chalmers, Scotland's most eloquent preacher, was a broad student. Mathematics, natural philosophy, botany, political economy and similar studies so fascinated him that he became remarkably proficient in them all. The French Academy made him one of their corresponding members, an honor only bestowed upon foreigners eminent for some scientific or literary attainment. He was also a learned theologian and for years was the leading theological professor of the Free Church. He found use for his knowledge of science in his pulpit and professional ministrations. His political economy he put into practice when he took charge of the worst district in Glasgow. In a few years he made it prosperous and self-supporting.

An anecdote will show how enthusiastically he once pursued his botanical studies. In the early days of his ministry he was settled over a small country church. Not unfrequently he would get to the kirk before the people had arrived, and then busy himself in collecting flowers until service time. One Sunday morning he wandered so far into the fields, picking here and there a flower, that suddenly he found that the hour for opening the service had come and passed. Cramming on his hat which was full of flowers, he hastened to the church. The congregation showed signs of impatience as he entered, which made the clergyman still more nervous. Doffing his hat, but forgetting its contents, he strode up the aisle and into the pulpit, crowned with variegated flowers. The congregation looked and thought, and some of the juniors smiled. But "Tammy" Chalmers was always a little absent-minded, and few thoughts of the flowers remained while the eloquent sermon was preached.

TRIFLING WITH DANGER.

I was sitting at the table of an Irish merchant at Sligo a few years ago. He had eight beautiful children. He had his wines and brandy on the table, and of course asked me to drink, and I had to give my reasons for declining. This gave me an opportunity to put in a little temperance, and while I was making my little speech by way of apology, I made this remark: "I would like to see the man who could truthfully say, 'No relative or friend of mine ever fell through intemperance.'"

I saw that this struck him; his knife and fork fell from his grasp and he remained silent for some seconds. "Well," said he at length, "I am not that man. My first Sunday-school superintendent was a man of genial spirit and mien. He went into the wine trade, and died a drunkard before he was forty. My first class-leader, I believe was a good, intelligent, useful man; but he, too, yielded to the habit of intemperance and died a drunkard. My own father suffered through intemperance."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE NEW KEY.

"Aunt," said a little girl, "I believe I have found a new key to unlock people's hearts, and make them so willing."

"What is the key?" asked her aunt.

"It is only one little word; guess what." But aunt was no guesser. "It is please," said the child. "If I ask one of the great girls in school, 'please show me my parsing lesson,' she says, 'Oh, yes,' and helps me. If I ask Sarah, 'please do this for me,' no matter, she will take her hands out of the

suds and do it. If I ask one 'please,' he says, 'Yes, please, if I can,' and then if I say, please Aunt—"

"What does Aunt do?" said aunt herself. "Oh, you look and smile just like mother, and that is best of all," cried the little girl, throwing her arms round her aunt's neck, with a tear in her eye.

A PLACE FOR EVERY THING.

Always have a place for your own things, and take time to put them in it. Hang your hat upon its proper nail, and pile your books and slate in their own corner on the table. Some children can never find their pencils and pens, and are always going about begging and borrowing. It is "lend me this please" or "have you seen that?" from morning to night. Now it is often inconvenient to lend, yet your friends do not want to appear disobliging, and they give what you ask them for, with many doubts and fears. They know that those who are so careless as to lose their own possessions will not be very safe holders of those of other people. A verse in the Bible says that the borrower is servant to the lender. You will find out the meaning of that verse if you ever let borrowing become a habit.

A boy can save his mother much work, and many steps by simply taking care of those things in the house which belong to him, and never letting them lie around in a promiscuous manner. A little girl can be a very great help by determining to keep her own room and her own closet in nice and exact order. A little care every day is better than confusion for a fortnight, and then a grand clearing up.

ONE WAY TO LEARN.

Rufus was but fifteen, yet he had been a year or more at work in Mr. Johnson's store. He came home tired every evening—running up stairs and down so much, and handling groceries of all sorts.

"I wish I had studied harder when I was in school, Uncle Edward," he said one night; "but I don't feel much like taking up a book after my day's work is done. I don't know how those wonderful boys managed to read about who learned so much in their spare minutes."

"You may learn a good deal, Rufus, every day, and that too, without any painful application. It will not wear you out in the least, but, on the contrary, it will be rather inspiring and cheering. The way it is done is this: Get into the habit of reflecting over everything that goes on about you. Events and people pass before the view of the majority, leaving as little impression as the rolling clouds. The only thing that seems to awaken this listless attention is the prospect of 'having some fun.' That is well enough in its place; but it cannot be made the business of life, if we would ever amount to much.

"A thoughtful boy is, by all odds, the one to make the most of himself and to stand in the highest esteem. It will take you a little while to form the habit, but every fresh effort will make your powers of mind more wide awake and stronger for the next opportunity. You can learn even from things that are not pleasing in themselves. If a man comes into the store with a rough, coarse way of speaking and acting, you can take a mental note of that man, and determine that you will cultivate quite a different style. When a tipsy youth steps in, and talks in his maudlin, silly manner, there is a temperance lecture for you. If some one else manages a piece of work much more skillfully than yourself, take a sharp look at his method, and learn his 'sleight of hand.' It will be a great deal more profitable all your life than to learn a dozen funny tricks. If you hear people conversing upon subjects on which it is well to be informed, give attention to their remarks, and store away the points in your memory. It is surprising how much one may gain from conversation if he will but learn how to sit out the wheat from the chaff. You can learn much from thoughtful reading of good papers also, and it will rest instead of tiring you. So, don't give up the ship, Rufus, and conclude your education must stop because you work hard all day. You are acquiring an excellent practical education in your store work, and it will be easy to double its value, if you will but adopt the attentive, thoughtful habit."