

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

"LET US PASS OVER."

Mark iv. 35. "Let us pass over!" We were far astray; Between us and our home the sea was wide; When He, Who is Himself the blessed way, Bade us cross over, and with Him abide.

THE HEAVENLY BEAUTY.

"Ma'am, can I go in there?" said a poor little deformed girl to a genteelly dressed lady, as she was about entering a certain fashionable church in the city, pulling her gently by the dress, at the same time, and looking up most pleadingly into her face. The lady hesitated. Such a fright was she to look upon—her back was so crooked, her face so sallow, her clothes so poor! But there was such an eager woe-begone look in her sunken eyes that the lady could not repel her, so she said: "Yes, my dear, you may; come and go right along with me."

But the music seemed to be the chief charm to this little unfortunate. She sat and listened as if hardly knowing whether she was in the body or out of the body. Nay, you would have hardly known that face now, so rapt, for the same that, a few moments ago, looked up so pleadingly and piteously into this kind lady's face. For the second hymn the choir sang one beginning:

"And must this body die?"

to a wondrously sweet tune. Presently the lady felt a vigorous pull at her dress, and heard the little creature at her side, in an eager whisper, exclaim: "Oh, ma'am, do you hear that?" The big tears meanwhile rolling down her cheeks. They were singing,

"Arrayed in glorious grace, Shall these vile bodies shine, And every shape and every face Be heavenly and divine."

In amazement the lady looked down upon the poor little deformed girl beside her. Could it be that she really understood those words, and was as deeply touched by the heavenly melody with which they were expressed? As soon, therefore, as the services were concluded, the lady turned to the child and asked: "Did you like the hymn very much, dear?" "Oh, yes," said she quietly, "very much indeed."

"Will you tell me why?" continued the lady, as kindly and sympathetically as possible.

"Oh," said she, turning and pointing to a lovely woman who had been sitting near them, "You see ma'am, I am going to look as beautiful as she up there."

"In heaven do you mean?" "Yes, ma'am."

"And are you hoping to go there?" Fixing her large eyes full on her inquirer with a voice thrilling with emotion she replied, "And didn't the Lord Jesus, ma'am, die for just such crooked ones as me?"

In little more than a year from that time that same little deformed thing had fallen asleep. So early had she exchanged her crooked shape and wan little face, for one "all heavenly and divine." In the meantime what word can well measure the comfort to that poor, crushed, sensitive spirit of the hope of one day rising to where

"Arrayed in glorious grace, Shall these vile bodies shine, And every shape and every face Be heavenly and divine."

Nor was this somewhat proud and worldly-minded woman, thus providentially brought into association with this unhappy waif,

altogether unblest through this strange, and yet very timely intervention. As often afterwards as tempted to covet earthly, perishable beauty, the recollection of that once pale face, lighted up with the hope of a blissful immortality—of that coming and glorious transformation which yet awaits the just—would rebuke and put to flight the unholy temper, and inspire in its stead an earnest desire, a fervent aspiration after that beauty, that matchless, imperishable loveliness that those, and those alone can know, who shall "have part in the first resurrection."—Domestic Journal.

MARRIED.

Cowper, in a humorous poem, entitled "Pairing Time Anticipated," bids young ladies, Choose not alone a proper mate, But proper time to marry. Years ago in New Hampshire, a young lady and her lover were placed in a ludicrous position by not heeding this advice. It was the custom in those days to choose all town officers at the annual March meeting. After a batch had been chosen, they were marched off to a justice of the peace and sworn into office.

Squire Chase, the father of the late Chief Justice Chase, being a prominent justice of Cornish, usually did this work for that town. As the officers were numerous, the task kept him busy from morning till night.

One day, when the town meeting had tired the squire out, he returned home, threw himself into an easy chair and was soon in a sound sleep. An anxious couple, who had been impatiently waiting the squire's return, that he might marry them, again called at the house. Mrs. Chase, being somewhat agitated, led them immediately before the sleeping justice.

"Mr. Chase," she shouted, shaking him by the shoulder, "wake up; here's a couple come to be married."

Half-waked, the justice rubbed his eyes, and supposed he saw in the couple two persons waiting to be sworn into office. "Hold up your hands," he said.

As they had never seen the marriage ceremony performed in that style, they hesitated.

"Hold up hands!" exclaimed the squire more peremptorily, and they obeyed.

"You severally, solemnly swear," he continued, "that you will faithfully perform the duties of your offices respectively according to your best skill and judgment, so help you God!"

The couple looked at each other, and then at the squire. That's all, excepting the fee—\$1," he added soothingly. It was dropped into the extended hand, and they went out, doubting if the squire had tied the knot as it should be done.

After a little conversation they concluded that if they lived up to the oath they would be much better married than most of their friends, and so the matter rested. Youth's Companion.

THE NEW APPOINTMENT.

The Bigtown Methodist Church was not pleased with the pastor assigned by the last Conference. He was a good man intellectually and morally. No reasonable objection could be made to him. Indeed, he was one of the best and strongest men in the Conference. But for some reason the members of the church objected to him. Some even went so far as to predict that he would not stay.

The brother reached Bigtown shortly after the close of Conference. He was not long in discovering the condition of affairs. But he held his peace, and maintained a mild exterior. If his sad discovery made him unhappy, he was wonderfully successful in concealing his disquietude.

An official meeting was held soon after his arrival. He was informed in lugubrious tones of "the poverty of the church" and of the probability that he would not be able to secure a support on that field. Various discouraging facts and circumstances were brought to his attention. Somebody has been wicked enough to suggest that all this was done with the hope that he might give up in despair and leave. But this has never been definitely and certainly decided.

At any rate his reply was expected with no little interest. At length he spoke. He uttered not a word indicating discouragement.

He found fault with nobody. But, with a noble spirit of true devotion, he spoke, substantially, as follows:

"Well, brethren, I did not seek this position, but have come at the direction of an authority which both you and I recognize. The state of things you describe is painful, but I have long since learned that a Methodist preacher cannot and must not seek 'soft places.' Here I am and here it is my duty to remain, even though severe sacrifice be necessary. The question is, not where else can I go, but how can I make it possible to remain here. That question I can answer."

"I see you have quite a large and eligible parsonage—too fine a house indeed for me to occupy. Suppose you rent this building, and I will engage an humble home at small cost on the suburbs. This will increase the income very materially. Then my wife and daughters will undertake to do the domestic work—the cooking and washing and ironing etc., etc.,—thus dispensing with servants, and consequently economizing in that direction. And so, after all, I think we shall be able to live comfortably, and I shall thus find it possible to preach the gospel here until I am assigned elsewhere."

All this was said with a mildness and innocence of suspicion altogether unexpected.

The preacher had conquered. "Wise as a serpent, harmless as a dove," he made his way into the hearts of his brethren. Their prejudices melted away before his meekness. Promptly they responded through their spokesman: "No, sir; we shall not permit you to do as you propose; you are our pastor, come occupy the parsonage; we will supply your wants; you shall enjoy the same comforts of life that we possess."

They began to love him—the more they knew him the greater was their devotion to him, and the pastorate, which, at its beginning, was so clouded, was soon brightened by mutual Christian affection, sympathy and co-operation.

KNOWS ALL THINGS.

He who loves best knows most. Then why should I Let my tried thoughts so far, so restless, run, In quest of knowledge, underneath the sun, Or round about the wide encircling sky, Nor earth nor heaven is read by scrutiny! But touch me with a Savior's love divine I pierce at once to Wisdom's inner shrine And my soul seeth all things like an eye. Then have I treasures, which to fence and heed Makes weakness bold, and folly wisdom-strength. As doves are valorous to guard their young, And larks are wary from their nests to lead. Is there a riddle, and resolved you need it, Love—only love—and you are sure to read it.

CARD PLAYING AT HOME.

Playing cards for "pastime" or as an "innocent amusement" soon becomes a passion, and when once fixed a man will forego home, family, business and pleasure, and suffer the loss of all for the exciting scenes of the card-table.

That accomplished writer, the late Dr. Holland, of Springfield, Mass., said: "I have all my days had a card-playing community open to my observation, and I am yet unable to believe that that which is the universal resort of the starved in soul and intellect, which has never in any way linked to itself tender, elevating, or beautiful associations—the tendency of which is to unduly absorb the attention from more weighty matters, can recommend itself to the favor of Christ's disciples. The presence of culture and genius may embellish, but can never dignify it."

"I have this moment," said Dr. Holland, "ringing in my ears the dying injunction of my father's early friend, 'Keep your son from cards. Over them I have murdered time and lost heaven.' Fathers and mothers, keep your sons from cards in the 'home circle.' What must a good angel think of a mother at the prayer-meeting asking prayers for the conversion of her son whom she allowed to remain at home playing cards for 'pastime?'"

The late Bishop Bascom, in denouncing all forms of iniquity, speaks of the "gambler who, rather than not to gratify his passion for play, would stake the throne of eternity upon the cast of a die—who, unmoved by the tears and entreaties of her that bore him, the wife of his bosom, and the children of his own bowels, continues to indulge his hated passion, until the infatuated rapturist would table his game upon the tomb of his father or shuffle for infamy upon the threshold of hell."—Advocate.

TRAINING FOR THE THEATRE.

A few days ago we heard an ardent Methodist mother describe the way in which she dressed her little boy of seven, who was to take part with other children, in a public representation of an "Old Folks' Concert," for the benefit of the church. She became quite eloquent as she pictured antiquated garments of various colors, and the way in which she contrived to fashion a wig for her darling's head. She furthermore gave her listeners an animated account of the dress and appearance of all the other little boys and girls, what a charming tableau they formed on the stage, how admirably her little darling conducted the performance, waving his baton like an experienced director, and how the people applauded with delight. The whole performance took place in the church, before a crowded audience.

We could not help asking her how she could explain her denunciation of theatre performances, and the strong language used by her pastor and all his people against the same, in the face of such a performance by her own child dressed by her own hands, and trained for a public exhibition.

A VISIT TO YOSEMITE.

Misses Willard, Gordon, and Morgan, Drs. Briggs and Bentley with their wives, and the families of Mr. Sims and Capt. Goodall, a company of eighteen, have just returned from a delightful jaunt to Yosemite.

Leaving San Francisco May 28, travelling eight hours by rail and two days by stage, we arrived without accident on the afternoon of May 30, at Inspiration point. Our stages halted, and while subdued voices chanted the doxology, the eyes which swept the vista of God's great art gallery grew moist with reverent tears. The view from Inspiration point cannot be described in words, for there are none suitable; neither can any just conception of the scene be reproduced by an elaborate inventory of the points in prospect. We simply give an outline, and leave to poetic souls and artist imaginations the despairing task of supplying the overflowing effects.

As we stand where the road passes the brow of a cliff, we look down 3,000 feet into a pine-carpeted, serpentine valley, one mile in width, ten miles in length, walled in by cliffs and peaks, by domes and spires, in height varying from 3,000 to 5,000 feet. Over those walls leap at intervals around the vale a half dozen cataracts, while through the center of the valley, wherever openings in the pine forest admit, gleam here and there the hurrying waters of the Merced. Such is the view which strikes the entranced beholder as he stands at Inspiration point. Nothing has yet been written concerning this valley that can be characterized as extravagant. Hyperbole is impossible. Let us sweep one glance once more around the valley, beginning on our right. The first object of interest is a slender fair trickling over the cliff, named "Widow's Tear," because, as the driver jocularly explained, it ran dry every summer in six weeks; but this proved to be as great a libel on the falls as it certainly is upon the widows. Extending onward from this fall is an awe-inspiring wall of frowning dark rock. Next to this rise the comely peaks of the "Three Graces," out from between whose shoulders leap the sparkling waters of the "Bridal Veil." You look and wonder if that unbroken sheet of silver is as high as Niagara, which you remember to be about 165 feet. Alas! poor Niagara is but a mill-dam. Will two Niagaras reach it? No. Will four Niagaras piled one above another scale that dizzy height? No, sir, it will require nearly six Niagaras to measure the 940 feet of this modest fall, which is among the smaller cataracts of the valley. But what is 940 feet in this region of magnificent altitudes! The first leap of the Yosemite falls is 1,436 feet, while the "Bridal" springs sheer 2,200 feet, and is lost in vapor in the cauldron below. Passing on from "Bridal Veil," we see next the majestic "Cathedral rocks," next "Sentinel Dome,"

beyond that the "Half Dome," and in the dim distance, forming the central figure in the far perspective, "Clouds' Rest" appears. As our vision returns down the valley, on the left we see next to "Clouds' Rest" the "North Dome." The remaining perpendicular crest 3,200 feet above the vale. This is but one scene. Space cannot be allowed us to dwell on the many other delights—the wonderful mirror lake, the sublime view from the beetling cliffs of "Glacier point," the exquisite, ravishing "Nevada falls," etc., etc. We hasten to mention a few incidents of the trip. Sunday morning, at the happy suggestion of Dr. Briggs, there was held in the chapel a novel and original Yosemite class-meeting. Volunteers were asked to give their impressions of the wonderful valley as they were related to personal religious experience. The last to speak was Miss Willard, who in a sublimely pathetic talk of twenty minutes, stirred every heart and opened many tear fountains. She spoke in the evening on "Personal liberty," and charmed all, both friend and stranger. One man said to me: "I drink a little beer; but, temperance or no temperance, no one can help liking her; she's the best speaker I ever heard." Mrs. Capt. Goodall said to me: "Yosemite is grand, but a woman of Miss Willard's ability and piety and power to do good is grander."

Pity it is that the great poets and painters of former days were not permitted to see this grand Yosemite valley. If a tiny flower wrought deep emotion in Wordsworth's soul, what a symphony this scene would have played upon his divinely-attuned nature.—N. W. Adv.

ONLY A VIOLET.

Only a violet in the grass, Upon the border of the field; And yet I stoop, and would not pass For all my bounteous acres yield. I bless the kindly plough that left This little silent friend to me, Of all its sister flowers best, Like one cut off from sympathy. Where yonder dark-brown belt of trees Breaks on the far blue mountain line, What throngs of violets on the breeze Give out a fragrance rare and fine! But this one, trembling here alone, Dropped like a tender thought from God, Needs none to make its message known Before I pluck it from the sod, And hide it on the hard-tryed heart, Too tired by far for sight of grief, That yet goes singing soft apart. "Twas meant for me! 'twas meant for me!"

GOSSIP REBUKED.

The Advocate and Guardian gives an incident that may prove a suggestion to all of us: One day the conversation at dinner in a family well known to the writer, turned upon a lady who was so unfortunate as to have incurred the dislike of certain members of the household because of some little peculiarities. After several had expressed their views in no gentle terms, the married sister added: "I can't endure her, and I believe I will not return her call if she calls here again." Her husband who, had hitherto remained silent, replied: "She will not trouble you again, my dear, as she died an hour ago." "You do not mean it? Surely you are only teasing us for our uncharitableness?" "She is really dead; I learned it on my way to dinner." Overwhelmed with shame the little group realized for the first time the solemnity of such a sinful conversation. Let us take warning, and speak of those about us as we will wish we had done when

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A STRANGE, STRONG LETTER.

The following letter, taken from the Covington Commonwealth, was evidently written by a father to a son of dissipated habits:

"My dear Son: What would you think of yourself if you should come to our bedside every night, and, wakening us, tell us that you would not allow us to sleep any more? That is just what you are doing; and that is just why I am writing to you. Your mother is nearly worn out with turning from side to side, and with sighing because you won't let her sleep. That mother, who nursed you in your infancy, toiled for you in your childhood, and looked with pride and joy upon you as you

were growing up to manhood, as she counted on the comfort and support you would give her in her declining years.

"We read of a most barbarous manner in which one of the Oriental nations punishes some of its criminals. It is by cutting the flesh from the body in small pieces—slowly cutting off the limbs, beginning with the fingers and toes, one joint at a time, till the wretched victim dies. That is just what you are doing, you are killing your mother by inches. You have planted many of the white hairs that are appearing so thickly in her head before the time. Your cruel hand is drawing the lines of sorrow on her dear face, making her look prematurely old. You might as well stick your knife into her body every time you come near her, for your conduct is stabbing her to the heart. You might as well bring her coffin and force her into it, for you are pressing her toward it with very rapid steps.

"Would you tread on her body if prostrated on the floor? And yet with ungrateful foot you are treading on her heart and crushing out its life and joy—no, I needn't say 'joy,' for that is a word we have long ago ceased to use, because you have taken it away from us. Of course we have to meet our friends with smiles, but they little know of the bitterness within. You have taken all the roses out of your sister's pathway and scattered thorns instead, and from the pain they inflict, scalding tears are often seen coursing down her cheeks. Thus you are blighting her life as well as ours.

"And what can you promise yourself for the future? Look at the miserable, bloated, ragged wretches, whom you meet every day on the streets, and see in them an exact picture of what you are fast coming to, and will be in a few years. Then in the end a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's doom! For the Bible says, 'No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God.' Where, then, will you be? If not in the kingdom of God you must be somewhere else.

WHAT HELPED THEM.

An exchange tells the following story of how three children were helped in a long journey from Germany to America:

Three little German girls, whose friends were in America, wanted to go thither. They were from 8 to 12 years old, and the question was how to get them across the great ocean, and away into the interior of America. There was no one to go with them, they must go alone; and no one could tell what troubles might assail them, or what dangers might surround them. But their friends had faith in God, and before they sent them out they got a book, and on the fly-leaf of it they wrote a sentence in German, in French, and in English, and they told the little children when they started: "If you get into any trouble, or need any help, you just stand still and open this book and hold it right up before you."

Then they started off on their long journey by railway and by steamship, from place to place, and from port to port; and wherever they went, if any trouble occurred or any difficulty arose, the children would stop and open the book, and hold it before them, and they always found some one who could read German or English or French, and who was ready to help them on their way.

And so in due time they reached their friends far off in the interior of America.

And what were these words which proved such a talisman protection to these children among strangers and in a strange land? What were the words that made the careless civil and thoughtful, and the rough and reckless kind, that gave them protection and help in every hour of need, and opened doors before them? They were the words of One who lived on earth long years ago, and who, though He has passed away from human vision, yet holds His grasp upon the minds of men. These were the words: "And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

1.—The planting, hot, and was therefore to the more elderly were also the earliest to bury the bodies of the deceased. (Gen. 1: 25; 2: 32); the other blessings a Ebal and Geri Ai lay on the seem to have in which they establish them further conquest it easy the small advance for it is too evident in only of the tary standpoint with them, though have done as but the Lord and thus the t incident on the weakness victory from us. Of course we have to meet our friends with smiles, but they little know of the bitterness within. You have taken all the roses out of your sister's pathway and scattered thorns instead, and from the pain they inflict, scalding tears are often seen coursing down her cheeks. Thus you are blighting her life as well as ours.

2.—When were received of Israel before the Ark of and prayer. that the Lord be defeated to they were igno distress was thought that in not standing they sent that many evils in time; but until troubles us, we cry out discern in him the pervasiveness of that bitter heart that Jehovah. A c ly under the tends him to mother never child's distress dislike to her sion of rebell ty. Thus God the outcry of the irreverent Joshua may speak, but in pointment and God has not this; He si Get thee up thus upon the

3.—The used for a idolatrous pe indelible their utter aceration to 2; xx 17; case this pri laid down, a issued again ing express would bring (chap. vi. 17 therefore, no ty, but a wil tion publicl for the city things he to be consecr it amounted a thing would have take what's treasury w special her ever, was t if not fail to end upon We cannot limit the of Human soe the innocent for the gu guilty is the

4.—The wrong ed, and in tions of the tes were use it; God result (Pro authority i that castir ordinari der the ex culprit com and all his ed to the Law held—(1) self and b taking of 18; Deu who wer should, as be stoned such indi to death the camp all thepos ere i call the own wit to the Abroad sine.