

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

LEAVE IT WITH HIM.

"Yes, leave it with Him, The lilies all do, And they grow, They grow in the rain, And they grow in the dew— Yes, they grow. They grow in the darkness, all hid in the night, They grow in the sunshine, revealed by the light. Still they grow." "They ask not your planting, They need not your care As they grow, Dropped down in the valley, The field anywhere— There they grow. They grow in their beauty, arrayed in pure white, They grow clothed in glory, by heaven's own light, Sweetly grow." "The grasses are clothed And the ravens are fed From His store, But you who are loved, Are guarded and led, How much more Will He clothe you and feed you and give you His care? Then leave it with Him, He has, everywhere, Ample store." "Yes, leave it with Him, 'Tis more dear to His heart You will know, Than the lilies that bloom, Or the flowers that start 'Neath the snow. Whatever you need, if you ask it in prayer, You can leave it with Him, for you are His care, You, you know."

GOOD EVENING.

S. M. MILNE.

Poor Mr. L., how tired and sad he looked, and no wonder. He was pastor of a church in a small town, and of late his path had not been one of roses. No one failed to appreciate him in the pulpit. His pure language, classic style, thorough logic and poetical illustrations proved him not only a thoughtful student, but possessed of a brilliant intellect. Forgetful of everything save his subject, he would wax eloquent, and at times his usually plain face would light up as if one of Heaven's own rays had rested there and given it beauty.

Out of the pulpit he was a different man. He was excessively nervous and timid, to hide which he wore a cloak of reserve, making one on short acquaintance ill at ease in his company, and giving the impression of a lack of warmth and sympathy on his part. I should certainly except the poor people, however, for with them he was ever at home, and never by them misunderstood. There was not a destitute family in town who did not bless him for his loving counsel and timely aid. Unwilling to parade his own good deeds, they were often unknown, and his people wondered why he had so little time for social visiting, and complained of it. Instead of breaking through his reserve by their own cordiality they held aloof from him, and so pastor and congregation thoroughly misunderstood each other.

In addition to this he had been obliged to participate in an act of justice, which would have been censured by few had not the person in question suddenly died. Then, the sympathy of many was with the deceased, and ridiculous rumors passed from lip to lip of Mr. L.'s severity. Sensitive to a fault, the affair weighed down his spirits. It occurred during a series of meetings, and of course affected the interest to a great degree, which proved a greater burden than all; so I repeat that it is no wonder he looked tired and sad, as at the close of one evening's service he walked slowly down the aisle, without even an encouraging word from any of his members. A young lady, standing at the door with a group of friends, noticed him, and took in the situation at a glance. With womanly kindness she walked up the aisle and met him. Extending her hand and smiling pleasantly she said with warmth, "I have not seen you to speak with you for some time, so I just run back to say good evening!" His face beamed with pleasure, although his manner was somewhat embarrassed, and with a few more sentences exchanged Miss S. went on her way home.

A few days after a friend called upon her, and said, "Do you know I saw your act the other evening, and the following night I spoke to Mr. L., telling him that your example prompted my doing so, and the drinking me headed, 'I wish Miss S. could know how much good she did me. I was so discouraged, and her kind salutation brought me quite back to myself. I will not soon forget it. It said plainly to me, 'Mr. L., please know that I am your firm friend,' just when I began to think I had none."

The recital of the circumstances so touched Miss S., that she with her friend planned that very day a company of young people to surprise him some evening. In her own words, "to go there and get acquainted with the minister." It was the commencement of a new order of things, and in a few weeks a Young People's association was formed in the church, to hold up the pastor's hands and help on the cause of Christ.

There is, beyond a doubt, many a story that might be told, where a good influence has been felt by a shake of the hand, accompanied by a cordial word. I remember one man with a loving, cheerful face, standing every Sabbath at the church door, welcoming with extended hand every one who entered, stranger or friend. Since his death this has ever been remembered affectionately of him.

Why need we be so miserly of our smiles and words of cheer? They cost us nothing, and may fill some heart with new courage. Christians are too cold, too formal. Would that we could throw such feeling aside, and remember that, as life is short, we had best be loving one another.

THE CODFISH.

Stretching away to the east and south of Newfoundland are what are known as the Grand Banks, a shoaling of the sea, or uprising of the bottom, giving in their shallowest part a depth of only from 100 to 200 feet. They extend some 600 miles from north to south, and 200 to 300 miles from east to west. They are enveloped in almost perpetual fogs, and in early summer beset with icebergs drifting from the north. Ever since the early discovery and settlement of this country they have been the principal cod-fishing grounds of the world. Millions of tons of fish have been taken, and though in some seasons the catch has been short, leading to the apprehension that the supply was being exhausted, they have again appeared in undiminished numbers. The cod being a sea fish exclusively, never appearing in fresh waters, its nature and habits are not as well known as those varieties which visit the rivers emptying into the ocean. It is however, pretty well established that during cold weather they retire to the depths of the ocean, reappearing in the shallower water on the advance of warm weather, and that the female deposits her spawn during the summer. They are taken with a hook and line, the bait used being squid, a miniature species of devil fish, and one or two small fishes of the herring family, which swarm the coast during the fishing season and are readily taken up with dipnets. The cod, though large and muscular, is by no means a game fish, giving but one or two feeble pulls at the hook when biting, and hauling to the surface like a dead weight. While most abundant, and averaging larger at the northernmost portion of the Grand Banks, the cod during the summer appears in the waters off the coast as far south as New York. In former years they were quite plentiful off the New England coast, and quite a large business in cod-fishing was done; but of late years they have greatly diminished.

THE WHOLE OR NONE.

Prof. Sherwin, in connection with his Bible reading exercise at the late N. E. Assembly, at Lake View, by way of illustrating the doctrine of heart purity, or utter sincerity, as a condition of answer to prayer, as stated in the well known text, "If we regard iniquity in our hearts," etc., related the following striking incident: "When," said he, "a year or so ago I moved from New York to Cincinnati, I experienced not a little difficulty in obtaining a suitable house—one which would be pleasant and home-like for my family. At length, however, I found one that was quite to my taste. It was pleasantly situated, it was bright with color. There was a little lawn in front, a garden in the rear, and its appointments generally were all that could be desired. I made haste to signify to the agent in charge of the premises that I desired to engage the house. He informed me that before the bargain could be finally closed, it would be important for me to visit the owner, as before the house should be rented, he desired to make a single reservation. And so away to the owner I hurried. And what do

you think that reservation was, for which allowance was thus to be made. It was nothing less than the right to the whole use and undivided control of one of the principal rooms in that house—the same to be under lock and key, and no one save himself being ever allowed to enter it or ever know the nature of its contents. Curtly, instinctively and indignantly, I exclaimed, 'the whole or none of it!'

"And so," said he, "it is in regard to this matter of our relations to God. It should be definitely understood that God insists on having absolutely the whole or none of our hearts. We pray, 'Come, O Thou Lord Jesus, and abide with me?' But before that prayer can be answered, and the Holy Spirit come and make a tenanted house of our hearts, we must utterly cleanse our hearts of cherished evil—breaking off our sins by righteousness, and our iniquities by turning unto the Lord."—New England Methodist.

INCIDENTS FROM GOUGH.

A gentleman had got so far into drinking that he was known to drink a quart of brandy a day. He was a fine business man, and yet he was ruining himself in the estimation of those who knew him well. One day, when in the house, he said: "Wife, come and sit on my knee." She sat there, and then she said, "If my husband didn't drink, I would be the happiest woman in Canada." "Well, my dear," he replied, "I married you to make you happy, and I will never drink another drop as long as I live." Now that man cut it off as square as a piece of cheese, and kept his word for eight years, without any belief in Christianity. Walking down the street with him, a little while ago, he said, "Do you see that red-fronted drinking saloon? Well, I have been afraid of that for many years, and so I used to go down a street and go around it, but, Mr. Gough, since I have got the grace of God in my heart, I go right by that saloon, and if I have the slightest desire, I breathe an ejaculatory prayer, 'Lord, keep me for Christ's sake, and I go by it safe.'"

When in Ohio I was passing from one town to another, and going to the station I saw a vacant seat in the cars. They were very much crowded. I said to a gentleman, "May I sit by you?" "Yes, Mr. Gough, you may. I am very glad to have you for a fellow-traveller." "Thank you for your courtesy," I heard you speak last night. I'm a pretty hard drinker. I look like it, don't I?" "Somewhat." "I am worth some property, but I might be worth many thousands where I am only worth ten to-day. I'm a pretty rough character, but I always considered myself a man of my word. When I left, after your lecture, I went home and said to my wife, 'I think I will never drink another drop of liquor as long as I live.' I thought she would be tickled at it, but she burst out crying and dropped on her knees. I don't like it. I am not that sort. I haven't been on my knees since I was eight years old, and as for the inside of a church, I don't know what it is. I don't like it, and I said, 'What are you on your knees for?' I went to bed sulky; got up this morning and I wanted whisky. I had never promised my word to anybody before, and I had done so now, and I am a man of my word. I'm going to see about a piece of property I bought when drunk. I'm going right among the drink and into temptation, and I would rather be carried home dead to-night than carried home drunk. I want whisky now, but I don't mean to have it. I tried to eat my breakfast this morning, but the more I chewed it the bigger it grew. I wanted whisky. I felt I must have whisky, and I knew where I was going." Then the tears came, and the lip quivered, as he said, "Well, Mr. Gough, you may think it very queer of me, but I have been on my knees this morning for over an hour." "Have you?" "Yes." "Then," I said, "keep there, and you will go home sober if you do." No man ever drank a glass of liquor in this world while he was honestly praying God to keep him from it. There is safety there; but all the rest is risk. He may keep the pledge to the day of his death, but he does it at a risk. Thus we bring the intemperate not only to fight the battle, but to trust in God for the victory.

THE WORLD'S JUSTICE.

If the sudden tidings came That on some far, foreign coast, Buried ages long from fame, Had been found a resurgent lost Of that hoary race who dwelt By the golden Nile divine, Spoke the Pharaoh's tongue and knelt At the moon-crowned Isis's shrine— How at revered Egypt's feet, Pilgrims from all lands would meet! If the sudden news were known That on the desert place Where once blossomed Babylon Scions of a night's race Still survived, of giant build; Huntsmen, warriors, priest and sage, Whose ancestral fame had filled, Tramped-tongued, the earlier age, How at old Assyria's feet Pilgrims from all lands would meet! Yet when Egypt's self was young, And Assyria's bloom was young, Ere the mythic Homer sang, Lived the nation of one God, Priests of Freedom, sons of Shem, (Never quelled, the earlier age, Founders of Jerusalem— In these abodes to-day, Seeker of dead cities, say! Answer, now as then, they are: Scattered broadcast o'er the lands, Knit in spirit nigh and far, With indissoluble bands, Half the world adores their God, They the living proof proclaim, And their guerdon is—the rod, Stripes and scourging, death and shame, Still on Israel's head forlorn Every nation heaps its scorn. —EMMA LAZARUS in Jewish Messenger.

MOTHER, REST.

It was Decoration Day. The flowers upon the graves of our soldiers were scenting the cemetery with their dying breath. The procession had departed, leaving here and there a mourner by the grave of some sleeping friend. The day was too lovely for staying within doors and walls. "Let us ride round to Lyr's grave," said one of the three ladies in a carriage coming down the shady hill. Down to the side of the tiny lake they came, and, slowly circling round it, they reached the spot they sought, and, alighting there, proceeded through the revolving gate to the not yet grass-grown grave. "How beautiful!" one lady exclaimed; while another sighed, "Poor Lyr!" On the grave lay, wrought all in lilac, two sweet words, "Mother—Rest."

"She can rest now," said the one who had sighed. "It is the first time for many a long year. The grave was her only refuge from the labor that killed her." "Is it so?" asked the first speaker. "Why! were they altogether unable to procure needed help?" "Yes, I fear, but one of many cases of mistaken kindness on the part of the victim, Lyr has four sons and three daughters, each as tall as she was when she stood and toiled among them. She was a devoted mother, anxious that her children should be well educated, and that they should enjoy the pleasures of youth. She overlooked that best of all educational influences, self-denial, for them. The self-denial was her share, and fatally overdone. They were by no means rich, so could not hire servants; but had each child been required to do faithfully a moderate portion of the family labor (as in the case of the Hyde family, where the children are all first-class scholars as well as experts in house-keeping duties), there would have been no great hardship for any, and 'mother' could have rested in the home of her husband, and been alive this day to bless him and her children instead of lying here." Oh, when will mothers learn that they are of more value than the labor of their hands to their families? We see them killing themselves by over-work, and we expostulate in vain. "The girls will have to come to it soon enough," they say; "let them have easy, merry times while they can," so they drudge on till they fall and die, leaving those unprepared young creatures to the sudden burdens, to the desolation that comes when the mother goes, and, probably—if they have nobility in their nature—to life-long self-reproach. "Mother," rest! before you die!—Augusta Moore.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE YEARS PASS ON.

"When I'm a woman you'll see what I'll do! I'll be great and good and noble and true; I'll visit the sick and relieve the poor— No one shall ever be turned from my door; But I'm only a little girl now, And so the years pass on. "When I'm older I'll have more time To study of books and things sublime; To learn the hows and whys of things, and play, But I really mean to learn some day; I am only a little girl now, And so the years pass on. "When I'm a woman, a gay maiden said, I'll try to do right and not be afraid; I'll be a Christian, and give up the joys Of the world, with all its dazzling toys; But I'm only a young girl now, And so the years pass on. "Alas!" wailed a wretched old man, Her heart full of care and doubts and fears, I've kept putting off the time to be good, Instead of beginning to do as I would; But I'm an old woman now, And so the years pass on. Now is the time to be in to do right; To-day, when the skies be dark or bright; Make others happy by your deeds of love, Before to-day for help you have to grope; And then you'll be happy, now, And so the years pass on.

RETURN OF THE LIFE GUARDS.

The story of the return of the Second Life Guards is charmingly told by Sala. At the London barracks gates they met a scene which almost baffles description. This was the family greeting. Every soul that cared to come was permitted entrance. They far exceeded the men in numbers. It was now their turn. They

clung to the stirrups of the horses of the returned soldiers. They held up children to be kissed, and one big fellow—he did not seem to lean or tire now—took his boy of some four years old upon his saddle and only relinquished him when discipline once more required the men to fall into line. And now came the last word of command—it was not the least dramatic moment in the whole scene—a word of command which seemed as if by design to finish the whole campaign. It was all over, and in a moment more the officers would be in their quarters, the men entertained in the canteens. And this was the word of command, "2nd Life Guards, return swords!" and then with one clank every sword was thrust home into its scabbard. The war was all over, the thing the men had been sent out to do had been done. The sword had been drawn; now it was returned.

ASKING A BLESSING.

There is nothing which is right for us to do, but it is also right to ask God to bless it; and, indeed, there is nothing so little but the frown of God can convert it into the most sad calamity, or His smile exalt it into a most memorable mercy; and there is nothing we can do, but its complexion for weal or woe depends entirely on what the Lord will make it. It is said of Matthew Henry, that no journey was undertaken, or any subject or course of sermons entered upon, no book committed to the press, or any trouble apprehended or felt, without a particular application to the mercysent for direction, assistance and success. * * * It is recorded of Cornelius Winter, that he seldom opened a book, even on general subjects, without a moment's prayer. The late Bishop Heber, on each new incident of his history, or on the eve of an undertaking, used to compose a brief prayer, imploring special help and guidance. * * * A late physician of great celebrity used to ascribe much of his success to three mixtures of his father's, the last and best of which was, "Always pray for your patients."—Dr. J. Hamilton.

A SHREWD DEACON.—He is a well-known organ manufacturer of Brattleboro', who employs women in his factory. He found certain of his workmen complaining that women had neither the strength nor skill for the duties assigned them. They pointed to the organs into which women's work had gone, and declared that they were failures; that any skilled ear could detect inferior workmanship, etc. The grumbling continued for months; and finally the malcontents came to the deacon's counting-room, and declared that they would not be employed any longer in a factory where such frauds upon the public were permitted. At this the good deacon became righteously indignant and hurled at them a bewildering rejoinder in words like these: "You will be paid off and you may leave as soon as you like. While you were out I carefully selected the pieces of machinery made by the women and placed them on your workbenches, putting your work upon those of the women. The organs you have praised contained the women's work, while those you declared unfit to sell contain your own."—Brattleboro' (Vt.) Standard.

HOW SHOT ARE MADE.

A Shot-Tower is certainly a curious place to the uninitiated visitor, and the process of manufacturing the leaden missiles is most interesting. Of course it is necessary that the shot should fall from a considerable elevation, and the height of many of the towers is over two hundred feet. As pure lead will not make perfect globules, it is necessarily "tempered." This "temper" is prepared by the addition of ingredients, of which arsenic is the main property. It is run into bars convenient for use, and with pig-lead hoisted to the top of the tower. Here are two small rooms, one about twenty feet below the other, and each containing two huge kettles in which the pig-lead and "temper" are melted. From one or the other of the two kettles in both rooms—as each room has a separate shaft—streams of shot are constantly flowing. At the bottom of each kettle the molten stuff pours into square pans perforated at one side. These are large or small, according to the size of shot desired, and separate the mass into distinct, delicate, gleaming streams, which in turn, as they come in contact with the atmosphere, separate into perfect globules, or shot, which are cooled in their two hundred feet journey and the water into which they fall below.—E.

THE BABY IN THE STORM.

After a great wind-storm in Texas, a storm that carried off roofs of houses, tore trees out of the ground, and did a great deal of damage, some men started out to see if anybody was hurt. This is what one of them tells: It was near night, and quite dark in the woods, when they heard a cry. They stopped to look about and listen. They heard the cry again and then they saw some dark thing up in a tree. "It is a panther's history, or on the eve of an undertaking, used to compose a brief prayer, imploring special help and guidance. * * * A late physician of great celebrity used to ascribe much of his success to three mixtures of his father's, the last and best of which was, 'Always pray for your patients.'—Dr. J. Hamilton.

A LIE STICKS.

A little newsboy, to sell his paper, told a lie. The matter came up in Sabbath school. "Would you tell a lie for a penny?" asked a teacher of one of her boys. "No, ma'am," answered Dick very decidedly. "For sixpence?" "No, ma'am." "For a shilling?" "No, ma'am." "For a thousand?" "Dick was staggered. A thousand shillings looked big. Oh! wouldn't it buy lots of things! While he was thinking, another boy called out, "No, ma'am," behind him. "Why no?" asked the teacher. "Because when the thousand shillings are all gone, and all the things they've got with them are gone, too, the lie is there all the same," answered the boy. It is so. A lie sticks. Every thing else may be gone, but this is left; and you may have to carry it with you, whether you will or not. A hard, heavy load it is!

A GOOD RESOLVE.

"Mamma, when I am a man I will begin to love Jesus." Those words fell from the lips of a fine little fellow scarcely six years old. His mamma had endeavored time after time to impress on his youthful mind the necessity of early piety, but hitherto all her persuasions came in vain. When he uttered those words she said, "But, my dear, suppose you do not live to be a man?" He remained silent for some minutes, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, as if in deep thought, and then with a resolute countenance, he replied, "Then, mamma, I had better begin at once."—Our Morning Guide.

THE GLAD T.

This cha glowing p which ne de ness and pe literal Isra spiritual forward t the vision wildness with beam moral wild of the Lye desert orv atracans t transform picture of wrought the Holy out in sh and bless this trans saw a big redeemed Zion, giv piness in Who can glorious many of ye, could God." Ver. 1. desat ad as to sh syn-mynt they wra of san d vegetat wid, un gion, pr water, h sometim tinge; that of s reged, dearing imagery the tran and adv perity, made gl Ver. 2. idea an which w Jews. laration and Hi played that the Thoro filled in the gre Ver. 3. as he of exhorta aging. "Weak are stri enfeeb the stat that be them b their b glorion to the about on the both. Ver. 4. ment e in the But th ly not in a sp man whole tual p Ver. 5. ed gr of the ence f name to th Isaiab that l lake, the es that phon tion press throu disa more pel e me Ver. 6. with Kin som Not ness that ove the En vial vial for is pre way me it; spi the we ab me the an ly au sil Ver. 7. p; ab be It kt of pl io.