

Our Home Circle

"THE MASTER IS COME AND CALL-ETH FOR THEE."

Not once I come, In that dim hour when life and death between, Floats the half-illuminated soul while far...

Yes, every day He comes; Not in the earthly form that once he bore, Nor in the glorious shape which now he wears...

In various shapes He comes, When life grows difficult, and cares wax strong, And pain and patience prove too hard a load...

That his best visits are of every day, To sweeten toil, to give that toll reward, And when the summons soundeth clear and low...

WHAT TALLEYRAND THOUGHT ABOUT IT.

There is an interesting communication from E. B. in a late 'Southwestern Presbyterian' about phases of Parisian society.

She gives an account of one of her morning receptions in Paris. Count B. said to her:

'Madam, my call is made specially thus early to ask if you will do me the honor of occupying one of my boxes at the theater this evening, and also one at the Italian opera two evenings from this.'

I often found it a characteristic of the gay votaries of the world among the French, who made no pretense of being so unpolished about sacred things themselves, never to make light of or sneer at another person's religious belief, however absurd or preposterous they might deem them.

During the same winter the English Duchess of S. was residing in Paris, and gave a party to which this correspondent was invited.

In the course of the evening her Grace approached me with the amiable proposition that I should accompany her to the theater the next evening.

The lady looked at me as if not comprehending what I said. 'You do not go to the theater ever? Do tell me why?'

I replied as calmly as my nervous system permitted in the presence of such an assemblage of distinguished, 'I do not think it is right, as I am a member of the Church.'

'If it is God's will!' said the lady; 'what a senseless expression! don't you know that all comes by chance?'

In a few days a terrible storm arose, and the lady stood clinging on the side of the cabin door in an agony of terror, when the sailor passed her.

'What do you think,' said she, 'Will the storm soon be over?'

'We must each judge for ourselves,' I replied. 'I cannot judge for you, or you for me.'

The gentlemen had mostly gathered round us and listened to our conversation without uttering a word. Their presence added to my embarrassment, supposing as I did that I was the only bigot of the company.

'Well, we must all confess that Madam—at least has the advantage of us in consistency of conduct. We all, as well as she, profess to be Christians. If I understand (looking very innocent) that phraseology in its theological sense, it means followers of Christ—that is, to imitate him.'

M. Talleyrand had his faults. He had been a bishop, but the Revolution that turned all things upside down, turned him into a diplomat.

It was well put; but what was the effect upon the polite world that assembled around the distinguished correspondent? Everybody commenced laughing, and so ended the argument.

AFRAID OF THE CAMERA.

In the Indian Territory a fair was held some time ago to show some of the results of civilizing the savages. A number of tribes attended, and displayed articles of home manufacture, such as needle-work, embroidery, lace-work, and blankets.

PRAYING TO CHANCE.

A lady, who had forsaken her God and the Bible for the gloom and darkness of infidelity, was crossing the Atlantic, and asked a sailor one morning how long they should be out.

'In fourteen days, if it is God's will, we shall be in Liverpool,' answered the sailor.

'If it is God's will!' said the lady; 'what a senseless expression! don't you know that all comes by chance?'

In a few days a terrible storm arose, and the lady stood clinging on the side of the cabin door in an agony of terror, when the sailor passed her.

'What do you think,' said she, 'Will the storm soon be over?'

'It seems likely to last for some time, madam.'

THE LOST BOOK AND THE SINNER SAVED.

A few years ago a little boy had a present from his grandmama of a little book with verses of Scripture. It was bound in red leather and had his name written on it.

The matter was almost forgotten, when a year afterward the clergyman of a parish about eight miles from Lynn, gave the following history of the lost book:

He said he had been sent for to see the wife of a man living on a wild common on the outskirts of his parish, a notoriously bad character.

On arriving at the house, the clergyman heard the following story from the woman herself, explaining the cause of the marvellous change.

She died soon afterward, filled with joy and hope in believing, having in those portions of Scripture found a Saviour to bear the burden of guilt and thus present her, faultless and unblamable, before the throne of God.

GROWING OLD.

Of Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson, a correspondent of The Hartford Courant writes: 'The vigor of that wonderful intellect remains superior to the ravages of accumulating years, but the evidences of decay nevertheless manifest themselves sadly enough in that disease of old age, the inability to recall words, which is technically named aphasia.'

HOW GIRLS ARE MADE STRAIGHT.

The Hindoo girls are graceful and exquisitely formed. From their earliest childhood they are accustomed to carry burdens on their heads.

CHINESE WOMEN.

The gain for Christianity and humanity would be very great if the foolish fashion of binding the feet of girls in China could be overthrown. Nearly half of the women of China are helpless cripples, who can scarcely hobble from one room to another in their own houses.

MAKE THE BEST OF THINGS.

We excuse a man for occasional depressions, just as we endure a rainy day. But who could endure 365 days of cold drizzle? Yet there are men who are, without cessation, sombre and charged with evil prognostication.

THE DYING POET.

The story of the end of Henry Timrod, as told by his sister-in-law, seems to me ineffably touching. As he recovered consciousness and calm in one of his last convulsions, he said quietly, 'I am dying.'

ber of the post softened into death at the very hour which he had long foretold—the hour when nature seems most to rejoice; when birds sing highest, brooks run freshest, and flowers look sweetest.—Int. Review.

Our Young Folks

THE BEST TIME.

My very dear only daughter lay dying. She had been a thoughtful, praying child, having professed religion at twelve years of age, and lived a devoted and useful life.

DAFT WILLIE.

A few years ago among the high hills of Scotland lived a family of rosy-cheeked boys and girls, and one of the number was known by all the neighbors round as "Daft Willie."

All day long, while the other children were at school, he would lie down among the purple heath and talk and sing to himself in his own wild way; but as he was always kind and gentle, everybody loved "Daft Willie."

One day the white-haired old minister came to Willie's house, and gathering all the flax heads and bright eyes about his knees, he talked to them about the good Saviour, who loved little children when He was on earth, and who still loves them now He has gone to heaven.

"No, Willie has no soul," said the boy.

"Yes, Willie has a soul." "This," laying his hand on his shoulder, "is Willie's body, but it is Willie's soul that loves his mother and little Jessie."

"No Willie has no soul," was still the answer, and to all the good man could say the reply was still the same—"Willie has no soul."

"Poor boy, he cannot understand" thought the minister. And he was turning away when the child said, "Willie had a soul once."

"Ah! Well, what did Willie do with it?"

"Yes, Willie had a soul once, but Willie gave it to the Lord Jesus to keep for him, and now Willie has no soul."

"Thank you very much," she said. "You are very polite to do so much for a stranger."

Sund LESSO ISAAC'S TIME—E last lesson. PLACES istines; a Both are of Palestin INTERV great triv Moriab, G with empt Sarah due Abramab, sent hus tr Me-s-pota then 40 y bekah. shis. Then I a city a borders e the Phil In that d which, by and indu 65: 13. I rapidly in Philistin perity. (Prov. 27 (ian 27 in shep or two in the neig through stance, compel hundred was rare ary ferti 200 and dotus. fers all dom or most su their an entirely The p who pe south- a rich. Am. Is Be sure a price, we lose pays a ents, fo All th usually rock, an and we to find tained. those co possess in pred for eith or sand The d makes han ha claim under To cut my i w Abim Philist been a that of and th the Ro haps, t pressed toward per of to depe Isaac than b the sal meek of Ger land o Wady throu help Udy re-dud clear, h he in seem ed in prove bless live) choos by w name some favor name and v they merit have Dye new g rader running count The ill a quest Abrat terri ple se ed the offer the B At the v claud who er. He to r last tiend meo only Hen It is "Lo Abra appe