

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

LIGHT AT EVENING TIME.

Life is a strange and solemn mystery; perplexing things make up its history; we see the working of a mighty hand; we feel a power we cannot more soundly control; guiding all.

We lay our best beloved in the dust; Our church's friendships fail and mock our trust; The faintest trust love grows cold and dies; And when at length we grasp some long-sought prize, It yields us only pain.

When to some strong, protecting arm we cling, 'Tis torn away—and leaves us—sorrowing; Yet we live on through slow and torturing years; Whose clearest light gleams through a mist of tears, Like moonbeams on a grave.

We look for light to guide us best we stray; And heavy darkness shadows all our way; While from the blackest cloud above our heads A single star its radiant lustre sheds, And scatters all the gloom!

Amidst these chequered scenes of good and ill We stand bewildered and dismayed, until The feeble vision of our faith grows clear; And we can tread without a doubt or fear, The path we cannot see!

O blessed truth! We need not understand, But only trust into the mighty hand; Of Him to whom, upon his shining throne, All things, all days in heaven and earth, are one, To guide us to the end.

And when at last the closing hour shall come, And death's cold shadows rest upon our home, The day that has been neither dark nor bright, At evening time shall shine with heavenly light, And all the sky be clear! —Presbyterian.

CAIRO AND THE PYRAMIDS.

REV. NATHAN SITES, D. D.

From Suez to Ismailia, some 50 miles, the railway generally follows the ship canal, and affords interesting views of vessels as they move slowly through the blue water. We saw the large steamer enter and gradually disappear behind the bank until only the funnel and masts remained gliding along like a phantom over the sands. A fresh water canal also lies near the track, having been cut from Cairo to supply the necessary water, while the ship canal of the Nile, not far away, induces fresh green upon the plains, which seemed like an Eden after our quarantine in the wilderness, and reminded me much of our beautiful fields in China between Hing Hwa City and Ang Taw. At Zag a zig just as we were slowing up, our car jumped the track; every body rushed to the door, of course, but it proved nothing serious, and in another car we proceeded through the land of Goshen to Cairo. Before coming to Egypt I never could know just what was meant by an Egyptian: Is he African or Arabian? Is he black or brown, with straight or curly hair? We read of armies of Egyptians annihilated in the Scudan, but what kind of men they were is left to fancy. The prevailing tint I find to be yellowish-brown, with some darker, and others pure Caucasian white, while all except the negroes have straight black hair. The common people hold to the old Oriental dress, but soldiers and officials use western styles, and if the khedive and his pashas would leave off the Turkish "fez" they would make first-rate Europeans. Nineteenth of Egypt is now Mohammedan, though the oldest and truest type of natives is the Coptic, the Christians of the early centuries. I had the good fortune to happen upon a large, new Coptic cathedral in Cairo with a school of 500 boys. The service partook of Romanish forms and imagery, yet had so much of the Bible and of Christ that it was both a surprise and a delight. In this cathedral on Saturday morning we witnessed a marriage ceremony, beautiful and impressive, the ritual being read first in ancient Coptic, then in Arabic, the present language of Egypt. Our co-workers of the United Presbyterian Mission say that much new life and energy have been manifested by the Copts in the last 20 years. They have established their own schools, fearing their youth would be led away by the Protestants, and even for girls they have now two schools in Cairo.

The streets are a lively sight: soldiers going from their barracks to embark for Suakim, and others arriving from India; goats are driven along the public way, and milk is supplied fresh without a doubt; men carry water in goatskins by a strap tied to a fore and a hind leg, with the neck for an opening, and women carry it on

their heads in four gallon jars; ladies and common women are only seen with a bandage around their forehead, and a veil crossing below their eyes which hangs down in a narrow strip not unlike the extended nose covering of a turkey-gobbler; fine carriages and horses are met with, and drays go rumbling along the streets much as in an American city. One pleasant afternoon we took a carriage and drove along the splendid modern avenues past royal palaces and European mansions, then on through old Egyptian streets barely wide enough for our carriage, and stopped at Miss Smith's day-school of 100 girls. The girls greeted us most prettily by taking our hand, kissed it, and placed it upon the forehead; they all seemed happy as birds. We took in the lady teachers here and drove on to the Nile, to the place where the Nilometer was built a thousand years ago and still stands, surrounded by a beautiful garden, to show how high the water rises in the annual overflow. But, more wonderful, they tell us that it was on this little island in the Nile that Moses was born, and just over there he was hid among the rushes. On our way back we entered "old Cairo," and the old Christian Church, where the priest points out the place where Mary sat with the child Jesus, and tells the story of the "Flight into Egypt;" there is the stone basin in which they say the holy child was bathed, and there these Christians now have their infants baptized, lastly we are shown where Joseph sat, and I placed my hand upon the cross near by, which the people came to kiss.

It was not a promising day when we decided to see the Pyramids: rain-drops fell, and the winds brought a genuine dust storm from the desert; but "now or never." The favorite donkey, "George Washington," came by just in time; four miles double-quick to the station, donkey in his car, I in mine, and we sweep over the smooth track toward Memphis. Arrived, we leave the train and take to our donkeys again. In a few minutes we come to heaps of rubbish, the ruins of the noble city; from here, it is said, good bricks and stone were taken to build old Cairo two thousand years ago. A massive rock lies just before the city half buried in a pool, and this they say is the image of King Rameses, which once proudly stood in front of the ancient temple. Three or four miles along the desert sands and we come to the Sakkara Pyramid, 167 feet high. It has its winding passages and countless chambers, but it has few wonders left, so we hasten on a half mile over sandy knolls to the Apis tombs, the burial place of the sacred bulls. A rocky passage leads to vast underground vaults cut in the solid stone, each containing a sarcophagus cut from a block of granite, averaging 11 feet high, 13 feet long, and 65 tons in weight. With our lighted candle we climbed into one coffin which had the lid shoved back, and there in the center is the table where the Prince of Wales took lunch. Most of these vaults have long since been plundered, but M. Mariette was fortunate enough to find two precisely as they had been sealed up thousands of years ago, and from them secured valuable relics and inscriptions.

Pyramids in abundance fringe the horizon, looking west from Cairo, but the group of Gizeh is the especial object for sight-seers. Every minute on the way was filled with interest, but the great pyramids loomed up ever higher gradually seemed to shut out minor things until we stopped at the very base of Gizeh, and placing our hands upon its rugged blocks realized in some degree its massive grandeur. Dr. Sparr had always declared that to the top she would go, so her three Bedouins were straight away off with her, and I followed. Up and up we go—twice we stop to rest; men and donkeys grow less as we look down upon them, and still we climb higher; some steps have nearly a yard of rise, but with two to pull and one to push it is no great labor. At last we gain the dizzy summit, and then we look about us: the space on top is broad enough for a good sized picnic party, but how strange, how picturesque the view just beyond the verge! We see the citadel of Cairo across the deep green fields to the east, and midway the noble Nile, a glittering cord wound among the green, desert stretches away north, south west, looking gloomy and death-like, and in the midst stands the wonderful sphynx, like some

monster almost suffocated in the sand, or as a lone memorial of others that have long since perished. Our guides entertained us with lines of "Jack and Jill," and "Yankee Doodle," and tell us what a fine railow was that Mark Twain.

We descended leisurely, letting the Bedouins do their work and earn their back-sheesh. The interior is more wearisome than the outside climb, and nothing appears of special interest but the royal chambers. Again we are out and proceed to visit the sphynx and the granite temple; then off on our donkeys for Cairo. Over the splendid highway across the rich valley of the Nile we gallop and race along, passing herds of camels and sheep with their Arab attendants "dwelling in tents." The great pyramids are again left in the distance; as we look the sun in the west, emerging from behind a cloud, pours a flood of light over the landscape; it tips the peaks of those monuments of the ages, then leaps and dances on the rising spires of Cairo, as if in promise of a brighter future for old Egypt.—Western Adc.

GO WORK TO DAY.

"Go work to-day," the Master said, Waste not thy time repining! Fill every hour with earnest deeds, While bright the sun is shining. What though we do not see the fruit, Yet still continue so; For night and day—sleep, awake—The grain is ever growing. To-morrow's work may not be yours, Nor yours the joy of reaping; "Go work to-day," and leave the seed Safe in the Master's keeping.

THE BISHOP AND THE WIDOW'S SON.

In 1850 Cincinnati was visited by the cholera, which desolated many homes. A little boy, Willie Campbell, who attended the Wesley Chapel Sunday-school, was one of the victims. His mother was a widow, and earning her support as a washwoman, living on the side hill near the top of Mt. Adams. The pastor was greatly distressed and appealed to the officers of the school, as she did not like to bury her child without funeral service. The writer applied to several ministers without success. The time for the funeral was near at hand, and the poor widow seemed to feel it so keenly that I went to the Book Concern, then on the corner of Main and Eighth streets, and was told that the only minister about was editor Simpson. I was quite young then, and it was with great hesitation I entered the editor's room, as a stranger, to ask him to preach the funeral sermon of the poor widow's child. He was very busy writing. I stated the case, and he laid down his pen, but did not say, "I am very busy." I said that he did not say, "It was very hot." I knew that he did not say, "Go and ask some other minister." He did not attempt in any way to evade, and if I had asked him to preach the funeral of the greatest dignitary of the land, he could not have contented more cheerfully. He simply said: "My young brother, if you go with me and show the way, I will go. And that hot, sultry afternoon, away upon the hill side, in a little tenement room, we made our way— he to solace the heart of the poor washwoman, and preach a sermon that was full of power, you may call this a little thing to do, I call it a great act, and it drew my heart to this good man, revealed to me this true character as a man of God, ready to do for his Master. Many years have rolled by, the bishop has performed mighty works for the Church and his country, but the angels in heaven will strike no higher anthem of praise, nor record a greater deed, than the funeral service of Bishop Simpson over the poor widow's son.—Western Christian Advocate.

A WIFE WORTH HAVING.

Business men sometimes fail because of the extravagance of their wives; but if the following story can be trusted, Com. Vanderbilt began to build up his vast fortune by the frugality and savings of his first wife. The story is a good one, any way, and ought to be true: One evening he arrived from New York, and, while sitting at supper, said to his wife: "Sophie, I wish I had \$5,000 to buy shares in the steamboat line; I think it would be a good investment." "Do you think so, Cornell?" responded his thoughtful partner. "I do," said he. She said nothing more, but next day consulted Mr. Gibbons, and

he advised the investment. Next evening, at supper, she accosted her husband thus:

"Cornell, I've spoken to Mr. Gibbons about buying shares, and, as he approves of your idea, there's the \$5,000; buy the shares to-morrow."

As she spoke, she took the amount from one of those old-fashioned pockets that used to be worn under the dress, and handed it to her astonished husband.

She had saved the money unbeknown to him, and it was probably this same money that floated the commodore into fame and fortune. This incident shows what the woman was. The money was wisely sown, and as is well known, the harvest is great.

The subsequent history of Mr. Vanderbilt is the inheritance of all men; and, though the part taken by his wife in building up his immense wealth can not be made public, yet it is safe to say that, with him, she bore the burden and heat of the day, and incited him by her cheering and courageous words, to embark in great undertakings, and by her wisdom to conduct them to successful issue.—God Cheer.

SHORT RULES FOR YOUNG CHRISTIANS.

- 1. Never neglect daily private prayer, and when you pray remember that God is present, and that he hears your prayers. (Heb. xi. 6.)
2. Never neglect daily private Bible reading, and when you read remember that God is speaking to you, and that you are to believe and act upon what He says. I believe all backsliding begins with the neglect of these two rules. (John v. 39.)
3. Never profess to ask God for anything you do not want. Tell Him the truth about yourself, however bad it makes you; and then ask Him for Christ's sake to forgive you what you are and to make you what you ought to be. (John iv. 24.)
4. Never let a day pass without trying to do something for Jesus. Every night you reflect on what Jesus has done for you, and then ask yourself, "What have I done for Him?" (Matt. v. 13-15.)
5. If ever you are in doubt as to a thing being right or wrong, go to your room, and ask God's blessing upon it. (Col. iii. 17.) If you cannot do this it is wrong. (Rom. xiv. 23.)
6. Never take your Christianity from Christians, or argue that because people do so and so, therefore you may. (2 Cor. x. 12.) You are to ask yourself, "How would Christ act in my place?" and strive to follow Him. (John x. 27.)
6. Never believe what you feel, if it contradicts God's Word. Ask yourself, "Can what I feel be true if God's Word be true? and if both cannot be true, believe God, and make your own heart the liar. (John v. 10, 11.)—Bronx North.

UNREASONABLENESS OF THE PEW.

Many a good man in the pulpit is saddened and discouraged by the fault finding of the pew. This carping of the hearer sometimes extends to almost everything connected with the pastor. His sermons are usually first attacked. They are didactic and uninteresting in matter and cold in delivery. This petulance of speech never takes into consideration the drain made upon the mental resources, by the preparation each week of two discourses, the numerous drafts each week upon his time and sympathies by the multiplicity of matter that require his attention not only among his own flock, but in his relation to the Church at large and to the world. Comparatively few hearers seem to comprehend that the rush and pressure of the present age affect the minister in his sphere of labor quite as much as the occupant of any pew in the daily scenes of his life. It requires time for reading, study, research, meditation away from worldly care and bustle, to formulate even one sermon a week, that will meet the demands of this exacting age. But to find a few hours for this preparation-work for a sermon any week, is often a problem whose solution puzzles the ingenuity of many a pastor. How much more difficult the question when two sermons must be in readiness for every Sabbath, and several addresses must be delivered during the week. The impossibility of accomplishing such a task has been felt by men of great ability in an age when the exactions of the pew were comparatively gentle, and the quietude of the study

was comparatively lengthy and uninterupted. Bishop Andrews, no weakling intellect and no idler in the vineyard, was accustomed to say, when speaking of the ministry: "When I preach twice on Sunday, I have to pray once." Brethren of the pew be considerate. Your pastor's godly life is his best sermon.—Pulpit Treasury.

PRIVATE LIFE OF THE YOUNG CONVERT.

If the young converts have not already fixed habits of daily Bible reading and secret prayer, they must be started at once in the cultivation of them. And in directing both these matters, much wisdom is necessary. The pastor must realize that the persons under his training have presumably little, possibly, no taste for these things; and he must lay his plans primarily to cultivate such a taste. He must remember that a simple exhortation to pray and read the Scriptures two or three times daily will not long be heeded unless doing it brings conscious pleasure and profit. He must aim to make these duties attractive. Let him advise young Christians to settle at once upon some definite portion of each day to be spent in secret, and kept sacred for this purpose. To do this is often difficult, particularly for those whose time belongs to others. The season should be brief; but however brief, not hurried; and they should be taught to arrange for it by careful foresight. When it comes, they will often find themselves entirely lacking in the spirit of prayer, or the desire to pray. But let them not desist, or be discouraged. If the time at command be only five minutes, let them spend the first two or three in calmly thinking what they need, and the remainder in telling God simply of their wants. Let them not rush into his presence with mind and heart distracted: for so doing, they will find neither help nor joy. Let them order their approach to God, anticipating sweet fellowship, and they will not be disappointed. Prayer must be a delight, or there will soon be no prayer. The most resolute heart will not long hold to the habit of the closet merely as a routine observance.

So likewise of Bible reading. The first impulse of the young convert is usually to begin to read the Scriptures through in course. This itself is no doubt a good thing. But the pastor should not advise or encourage its being done now. If attempted, it will probably kill Bible reading altogether. He would be a most exceptional young Christian who should finish the Pentateuch. In fact, there are few things harder to direct than this in the case of persons of only average intelligence. One thing is plain, however; Bible reading will not be pursued unless it is found interesting and it will be found interesting, only as what is read is understood. For this purpose some method is probably the best. Let the young convert begin by reading about Christ in the Gospels. Let the pastor, or some other experienced Christian, frequently talk over with him what he is reading, and indicate salient points about which to group knowledge. Let him belong to a suitably graded and thoroughly taught class in the Sunday-school. Let the spirit of research be thus kindled, without which, reading the Bible will become so tiresome a routine as to surely cease. From Christ, in the Gospels, let him turn to the Christian life in the Epistles, using the Psalms and Isaiah for devotional purposes; thus compassing the book as a sustained appetite leads him on.—Presbyterian Review.

IMMORTAL WOMEN.

Some women have been immortalized in spite of themselves. Take for example Annie Laurie, whose name is known wherever the handorgan penetrates—and where does it not? Yet who was Annie Laurie? A real person, undoubtedly. Her praise is sung all round the world; in the winds of every summer sighing we hear the voice that was low, and sweet, and still, in the ears of every lover of music, she "steals across the dewy gowan with a fall of fairy feet." Yet all that we positively know about her is that she never married her poetic admirer; yet she is immortalized and his very name is forgotten. To take a still more striking instance, the Beatrice of Dante. Dante was but nine years old when he met her. She was a few months younger yet she remained the load-star of his genius. He never told his love to

her. There is no evidence that she ever guessed at its existence. They seem only to have met once or twice, and she, as everyone knows, married Simone de Bardi. She died when she was only twenty-four, and her poetic admirer continued to worship his first love with undiminished ardor, and all what was Beatrice but a poet's dream?

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A CHILD'S QUESTION. My little wonder eyes, This world is strange and new, Besides, from out the skies Great thoughts drop down to you. "How did God make you," pet? The question is so deep, That none have solved it yet; There, now, please go to sleep. And "who made God," my pet? "What are we when we die?" "Does God sometimes forget?" "And is he always nigh?" No one made God, my dear, And he is everywhere, Therefore is always near, And has you in his care; And if you die to-night, Angels and Man will come, Flying on wings of light, To bear you safely home. —Rev. A. N. Craft.

FOOTPRINTS.

"What is that, father?" asked Benny. "It is a footprint, my son and is a sign that some one came into our front garden last night." "It must be," replied Benny; "for there could not be a footprint without somebody had been there to make it." "That is true, Benjamin; and now, show me some of the footprints of the Creator?" "I don't understand you father," Benny said. "Well, who made all the beautiful flowers; these splendid trees; the clouds up in the sky, the great round earth and set the mighty sun flaming in the heavens, and started the bright moon?" "Oh, God to be sure!" "Then all these things are but footprints of the Creator. They are the sign that there is a Creator, and that he has been here. See this ice-plant that I hold—man could never have made it; see all the glistening grass, chirping birds—man could not make them and they are all simple 'footprints' of the Great Creator, to prove to us that there is a good and great God, whom we love, worship and obey. Do you understand?" "Yes, father, I understand very well now and I thank you for teaching me that lesson."

A BIRD WITH AN UMBRELLA.

One day Uncle Fred told Pass and Johnny about the umbrella bird. This is what he said about it. We were out hunting one day on the Branco River. That is a stream in Brazil, a country in South America. As we were coming home, I shot a strange-looking bird. It was black and larger than your pet crow. The gentleman who was with me said it was called the umbrella bird, and that it always lived on islands in the rivers, and never on the main-land. I thought it was a very suitable name, for it had what you would call a top knot. It was of curved feathers that started at the back of its head and came toward the front. The feathers were raised from the head and made an arch which was quite like an umbrella. The bird also had a long tuft of feathers which hung from its neck. Altogether it was a very interesting bird. I was sorry that I could not have my specimen stuffed to bring home. I think there is one in the museum, and the next time that we go to the city we will see if we can find it there.

RULES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

- 1. Never call a person up stairs or in the next room; if you wish to speak to them, go quietly where they are.
2. Always speak kindly and politely to the servants if you would have them do the same to you.
3. When told to do or not to do a thing by either parent, never ask why you should or should not do it.
4. Tell your own faults and misdoings, not those of your brothers and sisters.
5. Be prompt at every meal-hour.
6. Never interrupt any conversation, but wait patiently your turn to speak.
7. Never reserve your good manners for company, but be equally polite at home and abroad.

THE SUNDAY

SEPTEMBER

WAITING FOR

PSALM

The Prophetess to which this one or less clearness of Christ, his work, and to the work of God. In his presence, primarily, ple, Solomon, the saint, such temporal only, or, in his kingdom. I pressly quoted it as referring to Acts 2: 25; Rom. The author of the David, who con of his peo disease and in Ps. 38, and that this disea Ps. 38: 2, 3, 5, 7, sin with half part of the ps, pted as "P book, or "toll ly books were ment or skin, feet long, whic on two round reading they h the one and at up on the othe to in our less, which in Davi the only part written and us

My cry, see ble pit, or "pi paring his de used to ensnar or such as we prison dunge clay, or "mir be at the botto rock was God Thus Christ is 1 Cor. 3: 11, 14: 6. Nea praise for re shall see, he v many; they w he had sinned had delivered especially to works of me love.

Sacrifice, of of meal and Opened, pierc had made Burnt offerin divine favor, atonement serings were away sin, but one sufficient 9: 28. Said these words whom they of me, "pre work or duty els, not ou Righteousne God, Great world, inclu kept to mys ing promi fulfilled Go salvation w whole worl clearly sho truth of Go death. The show forth O God, rel Christ took but the wo vild's sin, I ing there at "a beggar tendeth to

I. God waiting u 2. In a only rock 3. If I w mercy, let 4. The is ourselv 5. Chris sacrifice. 6. Coni grace. 7. book.

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