

The Family Circle.

BUT ONLY THREE.

Lady, although thou art not wondrous fair,
In thy clear eyes I see
What maketh dimpled cheeks and sunny hair
As naught to me.

For in their clear brown depths unwittingly
Lie mirrored holy truth,
Frank maiden courage, delicate modesty,
And tender ruth.

A heart to love and love, a perfect mind,
And yet a spirit free,
Healthy and sportive as a mountain wind
On a bright sea.

So love I, lady, not thy tender lip—
Although full dear they be—
Nor any charm that feels time's swift eclipse:
But only thee.

—F. Whitmore, in *Harper's Magazine* for August.

THE SHINING-FACE CIRCLE.

The circle was formed a week before, but the name had not been decided on. Several were proposed and rejected, so Miss Merton had dismissed the girls, telling them to think about the name and no doubt it would come to them. "It will flash upon you, precisely what you want, at the right moment," she said. "But, girls, the name should give some indication of the work we are to do, and we have not fully decided what that shall be. The one will perhaps suggest the other."

So they had thought and talked of it for a week, and when they came together again most of them were as undecided as before, until Esther Lake came into the room with the joyful exclamation, "I have it! I told papa"—Esther was the minister's daughter—"what we had done; that we had formed a Circle of King's Daughters. 'I'm glad to hear that,' said he. 'What a bright time we shall have in this neighborhood now, with ten bright daughters of the King sitting in and out; the daughters of the King have always shining faces. No more discontent, nor envy, nor impatience, nor pride, in these regions; no more scowling brows, nor pouting lips, nor downcast eyes; no more east winds, nor drizzling mists and fogs. All sunshine!'"

"Dear me, papa," I said, "you take my breath away; do you think because we have formed a circle we are perfect? I am sure we are not all that we ought to be."

"But," said he, "the King's daughter is all glorious within, and if this be true the glory must shine out; it can't all be hidden." So I thought, Miss Merton, as I came along, we might be the 'Shining-Face Circle,' and try all the time to be good-natured and pleasant."

"I like the idea," said Miss Merton. "Girls, how does it strike you?"

"It reminds me of a lecture I heard not long ago, upon the culture of the face," said Essie Howard, the eldest of the group. "The speaker said we had little idea how much influence we exerted with the face, nor how much we revealed of our character by it. 'The face talks,' he said, 'and it is always doing a good or an evil work.'"

"My mother is always talking to me about my face," said Gertrude Fisher; "she says it is a perfect tell-tale."

"Mr. Woodward said," continued Esther, "we had only to look around the breakfast table any morning, and without a word being spoken we could tell the state of mind of every member of the family. The father had perhaps read bad news in the paper; mother had found something amiss with the breakfast; Harry is full of fun and Alice is full of

snarls. Mary pouts because her dress doesn't fit well, and there is Serena, as sweet as her name, from her morning devotions. Then go into society, and you know who are the earnest workers, who the giddy pleasure-seekers, who the haughty, the vain, the self-satisfied. The face tells you all more truly than the tongue, for the tongue doesn't always speak the truth."

"I am pleased to hear you taking up this thought," said Miss Merton. "It is really an important one."

"Isn't it strange?" questioned Kittie Saunders. "Why can't we control our faces?"

"So intimate is mind with matters that the mind moves the muscles of our face before we are aware," resumed Essie. "Curious indeed is this face-dial"—and at once every girl was scanning the face of her neighbor. "So many and delicate are the muscles of the face," she continued, "that every feeling is instantly telegraphed. There are muscles which pull the corners of the mouth up with the electric touch of pleasure—a little, and the face is lighted with a smile; a good deal, and you have the merry laugh. The muscles which sorrow holds draw the corners of the mouth down, and the expression is sad; those that contract and wrinkle the eyebrows are handled by discontent. 'His countenance fell,' we say; or, 'The child is down in the mouth today,' when disappointment or vexation is playing on the wires behind the face. There is a proud muscle which pushes up the under lip, and a contemptuous one that slightly elevates the nose. How marked it is! It seems as if every feeling had its tiny cord, with which to pull this or that feature, and depict every variety of expression on the face."

"As if some little imp were behind it, playing on the muscles as on a typewriter," said Katie.

"Or on a piano," added Hepzibah.

"But there is a still more important phase of the matter," said Essie; "for when any of these muscles are repeatedly used, the face becomes so wonted to their notions that the disposition becomes worn in upon the face."

"I wonder if that's the way some folks get to look so cross, and others so stern and haughty," said Hepzy.

"It must be so," replied Miss Merton; "and it becomes us to be careful which of the little muscles we keep most in use."

"If we adopt this name for our circle, dear girls," continued their leader, "we shall at once begin the culture of the face. It will be a study, a distinct and important part of self-education."

"Then what shall we do with them?" asked lively Hepzibah. "You said our work and our name would go together. If we get our faces all right what special good can we do?"

"Make everybody happy," suggested Essie. "An ugly, cross face never made any one happy, but I can see how a smiling, pleasant face can dispel clouds, at home, at school, and everywhere."

"You are right," said Miss Merton. "I move that we adopt the name, and try the effect of schooling our faces for a week, and then report."

"Agreed!" was heard on every side.

"I'm afraid mine won't 'school' very easily," said Gertrude, who had a quick, sharp temper.

"My dear," said Miss Merton, "it will be no superficial task for any of us.

It is not all outside work, garnishing and repressing. There is sub-rolling to be done. The spirit must be right within, or it will not pull the right strings."

"How can we get that right?" asked Kittie. "It's dreadfully hard work, Miss Merton, to look pleasant when you feel all out of sorts inside."

"You can't make your face obedient to the right when wrong is pulling the other way, my dear. You must have the sunshine inside before it can strike through the eyes and lips. But if you are a true King's Daughter your spirit will be such as will please the King."

"To please the King, papa says, must be our daily thought," said Esther.

"And if we love Him it will be easy to please Him," came from Margaretta.

Miss Merton felt that her dear class of girls had not accidentally fallen on this grand theme, but that they had been led by God's Spirit into just the train of thought and feeling she had long desired, and very thankful was she, before they parted, to commend them in a few words of loving care, to the dear Saviour who alone could guide them to the result she wished.

They buzzed and chattered for another half-hour, during which they partook of their simple refreshments, and then they dispersed to shine for Jesus. They were all busy with school duties, had no time for sewing or visiting, nor money for gifts; but each had one little God-given talent which they could use for Him—the face, through which His love and gentleness, the beauty of holiness, could shine. —Mrs. Helen E. Brown, in *Sabbath School Visitor*.

OLD AGE.

A medical man compares an old man to an old waggon; with light loading and careful usage it will last for years, but one heavy load or sudden strain will break it and ruin it forever. Many people reach the age of fifty or sixty or seventy measurably free from most of the pains and infirmities of age, cheery in heart and sound in health, ripe in wisdom and experience, with sympathies mellowed by age, and with reasonable prospects and opportunities for continued usefulness in the world for a considerable time. Let such persons be thankful; but let them also be cheerful. An old constitution is like an old bone, broken with ease, mended with difficulty. A young tree bends to a gale, an old one snaps and falls before the blast. A single hard lift, an hour of heating work, an evening of exposure to rain or damp, a severe chill, an excess of food, the unusual indulgence of an appetite or passion, a sudden fit of anger, an improper dose of medicine—any of these or other similar things may cut off a valuable life in an hour, and leave the fair hopes of usefulness and enjoyment but a shapeless wreck.

During the progress of the terrible heat wave over Australia in January last, three hundred persons died of sunstroke. The Government requested a medical board to issue directions to the people as in case of an epidemic. The doctors declared that "of all predisposing causes undue indulgence in intoxicating liquor is the most common and the most dangerous." They added that liquor was not only a predisposing cause, but would also be a very dangerous remedy if prescribed to those suffering from the heat.

THE VERY REV. JOHN MARSHALL LANG, D.D., OF THE BARONY PARISH CHURCH, GLASGOW.

Liko so many distinguished Scotsmen, the Very Rev. John Marshall Lang, D.D., of the Barony Church, Glasgow, Scotland, the new President of the Presbyterian Alliance, of whom we present here a brief sketch, is "a son of the Manse," having been born in the village of Glassford, in the Upper Ward of Lanarkshire, of which place his father was parish minister. He was educated by private tuition in his father's manse, and afterwards at Glasgow University, where Lord Kelvin was then, as now, the Professor of Natural Philosophy. Amongst his class-mates were Dr. Donald Macleod and Dr. Elder Cumming, both at present his co-Presbytera.

At the close of his College course, in 1855, he was appointed assistant to the late Rev. Dr. Clark, in the then conjoint parish of Dunoon and Kilmun. After six months' labour there, he was presented to the charge of the East Parish, Aberdeen.

In the beginning of 1859 he went to another part of the same county—the parish of Fyvie—the scene of the pathetic ballad of "Tittie's Bonnie Annie." Six years later he became minister of a new church, which was then opened for the parishioners of Anderston, in the West End of Glasgow, a building famous as being the first in connection with the Church of Scotland in which an organ was used in public worship. His work here was very successful, but to the regret of his large congregation, he accepted a call, in 1868, to the parish of Morningside, in Edinburgh. But in the year 1893 he returned to Glasgow, having been appointed by the Crown successor to the great and famous Norman Macleod in the pastorate of the Barony Parish.

The eyes of all Scotland were now upon the young minister; but time has abundantly proved that no abler or better successor to such a man could have been found. His ministerial work has been profound and far-reaching in its results. He is one of Glasgow's greatest citizens, and he has also become one of the foremost—if not the very foremost—leaders in the Church of Scotland.

In the past century the Barony congregation worshipped in the crypt of the Cathedral, and it was while attending a service there that young Francis Osboldistone was supposed to have received the mysterious warning, as recorded in Sir Walter Scott's "Rob Roy." The old barn-like structure, built in 1801, in which the congregation next assembled—where also Dr. Norman Macleod preached—was abandoned in its turn, and the congregation now worship in the splendid new edifice which, thanks in the main to Dr. Marshall Lang, was erected at a great cost and opened in 1889. Several changes in the form of service have been introduced. There is still a voluntary choir, but they have the aid of a splendid organ. Prayers are offered up from the praying-desk, the lessons are read from the lectern, and the sermon is preached from the pulpit. The congregation joins in the Lord's Prayer and in the Amen. Dr. Lang's idea of a model service is one that combines liturgical and extempore prayer. All the seats are free. There is a daily service throughout the week. A great missionary work is carried on amongst the artisan and working class population, of which the Barony Parish mainly consists.