

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

A SABBATH REST AMONG THE HILLS.

Never did fairer morning break! The light stole up through hill and dale, And joyful birds-bells bade us wake To happy music in the vale.

The very flowers seemed glad in God! They raised their heads and looked above: And the ferns, trembling from the sod, As if they understood His love, Spread out their levelness before The great God-Father bending o'er.

And all the grand old hills cried "Come A little nearer to the skies," And in the insects' humbly hum There seemed to be the word "Arise," And who could grieve on the earth Amid such scenes of sacred mirth?

The bells rang out across the green, And man's rejoicing heart grew still: For though the Father's works are seen In solitary glen and hill, Yet in His House His children know His glory's brightest warmth and glow.

We sang the psalms our fathers loved, In churches old we bent our head, And our glad hearts God's presence proved, Which blessed the living as the dead; And what the preacher said that day Lifted our hearts to heaven away.

Whatever toil or care may be Awaiting us in future years, From this repose and comfort, we Will pass with courage, not with fears, A trustful hope the spirit fills, That rests on Sabbaths in the hills.

—London World.

STOPPING THE PAPER.

Mrs. Jacob Willis sat lost in thought, not very pleasant thought either, judging from the manner in which she knit her brow and tapped an impatient foot. The fact was, Mr. Willis had been complaining that family expenses were increasing instead of decreasing. Something must be done to cut them down, that was evident, and she, Mrs. Willis, must be the one to devise some plan whereby the income must be made commensurate with the outgo of the family funds.

"The very foot with which I am tapping the floor this minute, needs a new shoe," she soliloquized, "to say nothing of Jamie and Jennie, who need not only shoes, but rubbers and mittens to keep out the cold, and to-morrow the milk-bill will be left. I owe Mrs. Jenks two dollars for making Jamie's pants, and next week two dollars and a-half must be forthcoming to pay my subscription for our religious paper for the year—that is, if we continue to take a religious paper. I wonder—here she again became lost in silent thought, but her brow was still knit in perplexity, and the impatient tapping of the shabby-booted foot went on.

"Pretty soon she broke out again, but more impetuously than before: 'I believe it will have to be done. Of course, I can't expect James to give up his daily paper; a man wouldn't know where to find himself without his paper, and I'd be ashamed of a man who would be content not to know what was going on in the great world from day to day. It will come hard, awfully hard; but really, I begin to think it my duty to deny myself the luxury of a religious paper; with our growing family and increasing expenses, I must make the sacrifice, and might as well go about it at once. Shoes we must have, school-books must be bought, food is a necessity and help in the kitchen I can not do without; so I see no other way to begin saving, but to write and stop the paper.'

She was not a weak-minded woman by any means, Mrs. James Willis, but once convinced a certain course was the inevitable or the best one to pursue, she set about pursuing it forthwith. So down she sat and penned a little note full of regrets, but said plainly the pressure of unavoidable expenses necessitated the act on her part of stopping the paper. "And it was my paper, and I loved it," she said, as she closed the envelope, and brushing away a falling tear, she called Jennie and bade her post the letter on her way to school.

When Friday night came, Mr. Willis remarked to his wife that as he was to take part in the meeting, he should like to run over her paper a moment. "I've stop'd it," she said. "Stopped it?" he ejaculated blankly, "why wife, what made you do that?"

"Because you said we must cut down expenses," she answered, her voice trembling; "and besides," she added gently, "you have said for two or three successive years, when the subscription price was due, that it seemed a use-less expense." "Very true, so I have," assented Mr. Willis, "and I believe we can

very well do without it, at least better than we can afford to pay for it year after year."

So Mr. Willis departed for the meeting of prayer without the useful hints with which the religious paper might have furnished him had he been able to afford it.

On Saturday morning a neighbor ran hastily in, asking Mrs. Willis if she would allow her to see the paper for a moment. "I heard," she said, "there was another list of those useful recipes, such as you allowed me to copy, and I knew you would spare it a few moments."

"I've stopp'd my paper," faltered poor Mrs. Willis. "Stopped it! oh, well, never mind; and the neighbor departed rather confused.

"What made you tell her you'd stopp'd it?" asked Mr. Willis, who was just leaving for his business when the neighbor appeared. "I'm a little ashamed to have it known we, a Christian family, take no religious paper."

"I'm not half as ashamed of it as I am regretful," his wife answered gently.

Saturday night found the week's work nicely done, the children had taken the usual bath, and now gathered about their mother, lesson papers in hand.

"Come, mother," said Jamie, "Jennie and I are ready for our Sunday-school Lesson. Where's the paper; I'll get it."

"We have no paper to-night, Jamie," Mrs. Willis answered cheerfully, "so we'll try to get along without its help."

"Why, where is it?" persisted Jamie.

"We could not afford it this year, my son," spoke up Mr. Willis. "You can learn your lesson just as well without it."

"Oh dear me," piped up Jennie, "What shall we do?"

"And there's the story mother always read to us after the Sunday-school Lesson was learned," wailed Jamie. "What shall we do without that?"

"Come, come!" exclaimed Mr. Willis, impatiently, "don't let me hear any more about that paper; make the best of a necessity. We can't afford it, that's enough."

No more was said that night. The next morning, which was Sunday, just as Mr. and Mrs. Willis were starting to church, a man so lame that he walked laboriously and only crept painfully along, was seen coming up to the door.

"Ah, here comes poor old Mr. Edson," said Mr. Willis; "what could he have come all this distance for? Good morning, Mr. Edson, how is your wife this morning?"

"Better, sir, thank you; considerably better; she is sitting up to-day, and I came over, seeing she was so smart, to see if you'd kindly lend me your paper; wife said it would be good as a cordial, any day, to hear me read."

Mr. Willis hastened nervously to forestall his wife's forthcoming declaration. "I'm very sorry, Mr. Edson, very sorry, but our religious paper didn't come this week. I'll find last week's copy for you, and next week I'll send over one of the children with this week's issue, if possible."

Nothing more was said on the subject until the family were seated at their ample dinner, then Jennie asked, a little timidly:

"Pa, are you going to take mamma's paper again?"

"Yes, Jennie, I am; and I'm going to black my own boots hereafter to help pay for it."

The children were very quiet for a moment, then Jennie asked, thoughtfully:

"And wouldn't it help if we didn't have raisins in the puddings? I'd a great deal rather have one nice story and a lesson every week than to have plum-pudding."

"Yes, Jennie, that would help," replied the mother, "and as Margaret is about to leave, I'll hire a less expensive girl, and do more of my own cooking; that will probably be a great saving in more respects than one. I miss the information and pleasure derived from my paper enough to make the extra effort willingly."

It was surprising how much happier they all felt; and when, towards the last of the week, the paper came impulsive Jennie actually kissed it.

"Why, it looks just like an old friend," she exclaimed.

"Yes, and it is a friend in more ways than we realized, and not only a friend, but a help and a teacher," replied her mother.

Mr. Willis was silent; he saw the child's enthusiasm and heard the mother's comments, but afterwards, when only himself and wife were in the room, he said:

"Wife, I am positively ashamed that I ever could have been so blind and stupid as not to properly appreciate the worth of a good religious paper. Absolutely ashamed that my poorer neighbors and my own children knew more of the worth and teaching of the religious press than I did. We will economize in some other direction than this in the future, do without something not actually indispensable to our comfort and satisfaction, and I promise you have heard the last from me you are ever likely to about not being able to afford one religious paper. We can't afford not to have it."

And that is how Mrs. Willis succeeded in stopping her religious paper.—Golden Rule.

FATHER AND SON.

I must look to the sheep in the fold, See the cattle arc fed and warm; So Jack'll not mope to wrap you well, You may go with me over the farm, Though the snow is deep and the weather is cold, You are not a baby at six years old.

Two feet of snow on the hill-side lay, But the sky was as blue as June; And father and son came laughing home When dinner was ready at noon— Knocking the snow from their weary feet, Rosy and hungry and longing to eat.

"The snow was so deep," the farmer said, "That I feared I should scarce get through."

The mother turned with a pleasant smile: "Then what could a little lad do?" "I trod in my father's steps," said Jack; "Wherever he went I kept his track."

The mother looked in the father's face, And a solemn thought was there: The words had gone like a lightning flash To the seat of a nobler care.

"If he tread in my steps," then day by day How carefully I must choose my way.

"For the child will do as the father does, And the track that I leave behind, If it be firm, and clear, and straight, The feet of my son will find."

He will tread in his father's steps and say: I am right, for this was my father's way. Oh! fathers, leading in life's hard road, Be sure of the steps you take: The sons you love, when grey-haired men, Will tread in them still for your sake, When grey-haired men to their sons will say: "We tread in our father's steps to-day."

—Little E. Barr.

MOLTKE THE SILENT.

Moltke the Silent—der Schweiger—as he is called, is generally considered the greatest and is certainly the most successful, of living soldiers. His achievements at Koniggratz, Sedan, and Paris have never been surpassed and compel the admiration of all competent military critics. Silent, quiet, cold, the very incarnation of concentrated thought, just as you see him walking in the streets or moving in a drawing-room, when everybody stands respectfully aside to let him pass—so he stood on the battle-field, his cold clear eye passing from one point to the other, and his cold clear mind weighing the chances of victory and defeat with the intensity and serenity of a mathematician pondering over the solution of some grave problem. No one, it is said, has ever seen Count Moltke excited, not even at Sedan, where the greatest victory of modern times decided the fortunes of the two most powerful empires of the Continent. His calmness seems mysterious, almost awful, and there is something strangely sad about that silent, lonely old man. His wife died some years ago; he never had a child; his nearest relations, with the exception of a nephew and a niece, seem to be kept at a distance by him. Who are his companions and his friends? To whom does he ever talk in a friendly, familiar way? Nobody has ever been able to tell me, though I have often enquired. An old man of 84, he still appears without fail wherever duty calls him. He is to be seen at almost all the Emperor's receptions, the most striking personage near the throne. But how does the old Field Marshal pass his time when free from duty, when tired of work? Nobody pretends to know. Either nobody penetrates into his intimacy, or else those who approach him intimately do not speak about it. When the weather is fine you may see a very tall, thin man, with a very light yellowish hair and a sorrowful, wrinkled face, out of which shine a pair of stony grey eyes, wrapped in a long, dark military coat, a cap on his small head, faultlessly dressed in a general's uniform—a gentleman born in every inch of his aristocratic, slender figure, his body still erect, but his head as if in deep thought slightly bent forward—such a man, I say, you may see coming

out of a great red building which stands on the Koenigs-Platz, at the corner of "Moltke" and "Bismarck" streets, and which bears the name of "General Stab." The solitary old man, unattended by a servant, walks slowly, noiselessly. Every one who meets him looks at him attentively; if the passer-by is a soldier he stands on one side and salutes. The old general returns the salute slowly and deliberately, but apparently without seeing to whom. That is General Field Marshal Count Hellmuth von Moltke, one of the strangest characters the world has ever produced. It is well worth going to Berlin to see that great historical personage.—Blackwood's Magazine.

ENGLISH IGNORANCE OF GEOGRAPHY.

Englishmen with sons to settle finds it a real difficulty to understand the size of separate states of America, or to imagine that Texas exceeds France and England put together; while the capacity for remembering that Arabia is the size of all Europe west of the Vistula, and Brazil just three times that is simply nil. Even when they are sincerely anxious to know, great distances puzzle them, and great rivers; and they talk about cities in the Soudan as if that horrible expanse were Lancashire, and wonder why steamers should not ascend the Nile to Khartoum in about ten days. As to climate they know generally, and in the rough, whether a country is cold or hot; but they do not know that, climatically, Hong Kong and Peking are totally different places, that New York can be hotter than Madras or colder than Moscow, or that the reversal of the seasons which they know to be true of the antipodes is true also of the Cape. The writer has failed to convince a very intelligent Englishman that Christmas was hot weather at the Cape, and that the colony might, therefore, supply grapes to Europe out of season, and was held to be talking nonsense when hinting that the locality whence ice was imported did matter, as all ice was not equally cold. Among the lower classes this ignorance is still more profound, reaching depths which confuse rather than astonish the inquirer, and this about points not in the least remote from daily experience. We have the strongest reason for suspecting that Essex peasants cannot believe the distance from England to Ireland by sea is three times the distance of England from France, or that New Zealand can be five times as far away as North America. In fact, as a rule, the poor know literally nothing of geography, and have an aversion to learn the simplest facts, strangely in contrast with their interest about the ways of the people "over there." They will listen to any amount of talk about the people of any country that the speaker knows, often with eager interest and intelligence; but they will not even try to learn where that country is, nor what are its physical features. Let any man who doubts this ask the first workman he knows about the Chinese and China, and see how much he knows of the former, and how absolutely nothing of the latter.—London Spectator.

HABITS OF FLOWERS.

Flowers have habits, or ways of acting, just as people have. I will tell you about some of them. There are some flowers that shut themselves at night, as if to go to sleep, and open again in the morning. Tulips do this. I was once admiring, in the morning, some flowers that were sent to me the evening before by a lady. Among them were some tulips, and out of these, as they opened, flew a humble bee. A lazy, drowsy bee he must have been to be caught in that way as the flower was closing itself for the night. Or, perhaps, he had done a hard day's work in gathering honey, and just at night was so sleepy that he stayed too long in the tulip, and so was shut in. A very elegant bed the old bee had that night. I wonder if he slept any better than he would have done if he had been in his homely nest. The pond lily closes its pure white leaves at night as it lies upon its watery bed; but it unfolds them again in the morning. How beautiful it looks as it is spread out upon the water in the sunlight! The little mountain daisy is among the flowers that close at night, but is as bright as ever on its "slender stem" when

it wakes in the morning. When it shuts itself up it is a little green ball, and looks something like a pea. But look the next morning, and the ball is open and shows a golden tuft within a silver crown." The golden flowers of the dandelion are shut up every night. They are folded up so closely in their green coverings that they look like buds that had never yet been opened.

There is one curious habit the dandelion has. When the sun is very hot, it closes itself up to keep from wilting. It is in this way sheltered in its green covering from the sun. It sometimes, when the weather is very hot, shuts itself up as early as nine o'clock in the morning.

Some flowers hang down their heads at night, as if they were nodding in their sleep; but in the morning they lift them up again to welcome the light. Some flowers have a peculiar time to open. The evening primrose does not open till evening, and hence comes its name. The flower named four o'clock opens at that hour in the afternoon. There is a flower commonly called go-to-bed-at-noon, that always opens in the morning and shuts up at noon.

ALCOHOL AND THE HEART.

As a rule it is well to let the process of life in our bodies go on without noticing it, for doubtless it would make us very nervous to have the internal machinery in motion before our eyes. But to keep people from abusing that delicate machinery, it often becomes necessary to show it; and if a person addicted to wrong indulgence is made "nervous" by the sight, it may save him from being made something far worse. Dr. W. B. Richardson, of London, the noted physician, says he was recently able to convey a considerable amount of conviction to an intelligent scholar by a single experiment. The scholar was singing the praises of the "Ruddy Bumper," and saying that he could not get through the day without it, when Dr. Richardson said to him: "Will you be good enough to feel my pulse as I stand here?"

He did so. I said "Count it carefully; what does it say?" "Your pulse says seventy-four."

I then sat down on a chair and asked him to count it again. He did so, and said, "Your pulse has gone down to seventy."

I then lay down on a lounge, and said; "Will you take it again?"

He replied, "Why it is only sixty-four; what an extraordinary thing!"

I then said, "When you lie down at night, that is the way nature gives your heart rest. You know nothing about it, but that beating organ is resting to that extent; and if you reckon it up, it is a great deal of rest, because in lying down the heart is doing ten strokes less a minute. Multiply that by sixty and it is six hundred; multiply it by eight hours, and within a fraction it is five thousand strokes different; and as the heart is throwing six ounces of blood at every stroke, it makes a difference of thirty thousand ounces of lifting during the night. When I lie down at night without any alcohol, that is the rest my heart gets. But when you take your wine or grog you do not allow that rest, for the influence of alcohol is to increase the number of strokes, and instead of getting this rest you put on something like fifteen thousand extra strokes, and the result is you rise up very seedy and unfit for the next day's work till you have taken a little more of the 'ruddy bumper,' which you say is the soul of man below."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

BEST USE FOR A PENNY.

Should you wish to be told The best use of a penny, I will tell you the way: That is better than any, Not in apples, nor cakes, Nor playthings, to spend it, But far over the seas To the heathen to send it. Come and listen to me, I will tell, if you please, Of some poor little heathens Far over the seas. Their sins are quite black— For God made them thus, He made them with bodies, And feelings like us. A soul he has given them Never to die. There is room For black children with Jesus in heaven. Then think whenever a penny is given, I can help a poor child on his way home to heaven; Give it to Jesus, and he will approve Of the mite that is offered in love.

WHAT A SMILE DID.

Gertrude White, a sweet little girl, about nine years old, lived in a red brick house in our village. She was a general favorite in Cherryville; but she had one trouble: Will Evans would tease her because she was slightly lame, calling her "Tow Head" whenever they met. Then she would pout, and go home quite out of temper. One day she ran up to her mother in a state of great excitement.

"Mother, I can't bear this any longer," she said; "Will Evans has called me 'Old Tow Head,' before all the girls."

"Will you please bring me the Bible from the table?" said the good mother.

Gertrude silently obeyed. "Now will my daughter read to me the seventh verse of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah?"

Slowly and softly the child read how the blessed Saviour was afflicted, oppressed, "yet opened not his mouth."

"Mother," she asked, "do you think they called him names?"

And her eyes filled with tears as the sorrows of the Son of God were brought before her mind.

When Gertrude went to bed that night she asked God to help her to bear with meekness all her injuries and trials. He delights to hear such petitions.

Not many days passed before Gertrude met Will Evans going to school, and remembering her prayer and her resolution she had formed, she actually smiled at him.

This was such a mystery to Will that he was too much surprised to call after her, if indeed, he had any inclination; but he watched her till she had turned the corner, and then went to school in a very thoughtful mood.

Before another week passed they met again, and Will at once asked Gertrude's forgiveness for calling her names. Gertrude was ready to forgive, and they soon became friends, Will saying: "I used to like to see you get cross; but when you smiled I couldn't stand that."

Gertrude told Will of her mother's kind conversation that afternoon, and its effect upon her. Will did not reply; but his moistened eyes showed what he felt, and he said he would not call her names again.—Dr. Newton.

SPICING THE LADDER.

One night the large and splendid Sailors' Home in Liverpool was on fire, and a vast multitude of people gathered to witness the conflagration. The fury of the flames could not be checked. It was supposed that all the inmates had left the burning building. Presently, however, two poor fellows were seen stretching their arms from an upper window, and were shouting for help. What could be done to save them?

A stout marine from a man-of-war lying in the river said: "Give me a ladder and I will try it."

He mounted the ladder. It was too short to reach the window. "Pass me up a small ladder," he shouted.

It was done. Even that did not reach the arms stretched frantically out of the window. The brave marine was not to be balked. He lifted the short ladder up on his shoulders, and, holding on by a casement, he brought the upper rounds within reach of the two men, who were already scorched by the flames.

Out of the window they clambered, and creeping down over the short ladder and then over the sturdy marine, they reached the pavement amid the loud hurrahs of the multitude.

It was a noble deed, and teaches us a noble lesson. It teaches us that when we want to do good service to others we must add our own length to the length of the ladder.

Harry Norton saw that his fellow clerk, Warren Proctor, was becoming a hard smoker and a hard drinker, although he was only sixteen years. When he urged him to stop smoking and drinking Warren replied:

"Why, you sometimes take a cigar and a glass of wine yourself."

"If you will sign a pledge never to smoke a cigar or touch a drop of liquor, I will do the same," was the reply. The bargain was made, and Harry saved his friend by adding the length of his own example to the length of the ladder.—Youth's Temperance Banner.