#### OUR HOME CIRCLE.

HOW, WHEN, WHERE, WHY? You ask me bow I gave my heart to Christ? There came a yearning for him in my soul

So long ago.

I found earth's flowerets would fade and die wept for something that could satisfy; And then—and then—somehow I seemed

To lift my broken heart to him in prayer. I do not know— I cannot tell you how I only know

He is my Saviour now. You ask me when I gave my heart to Christ I cannot t The day, or just the hour, I do not now Remember well. It must have been when I was all alone The light of his forgiving Spirit shone Into my heart, so clouded o er with sin : I think - I think 'twas then I let him in. I do not know, I cannot tell you when, I only know

You ask me where I gave my heart to Christ? I cannot sav. That sacred place has faded from my sight, As yesterday Perhaps He thought it better I should not Remember where. How I should love that spot—
I think I could not tear maself away, For I should want, forever, there to stay.

He is so dear since then.

I do not know-I cannot tell you where, I only know He came and blessed me there.

You ask me why I gave my heart to Christ I can reply It is a wondrous story—listen, while I tell you way My heart was drawn at length to seek his face I was alone-I had no resting-place; I heard of how He loved me, with a love Ot depth so great-of height so iar above

All human ken, I longed such love to share ; And sought it then, Upon my knees in prayer.

You ask me why I thought this loving Christ Would heed my prayer ? I'knew he died upon the cross for menailed him there ! I heard his dying cry, "Father, forgive!"
I saw him drink death's cup that I might live: My head was bowed upon my breast in shame, He called me—and in penitence I came.

He heard my prayer ! I cannot tell you how, Nor when, nor where; Why, I have told you now. F. G. Brown.

#### RUTH ELLIOTT.

From the Christian Misclany for October, we copy the following sketch of a writer whose books have found a place in many Provincial Sunday school libraries, and are worthy to be read in all our

Not a few of the brightest and most fragrant flowers trained for God in the garden of the Methodist Church are numbered amongst those whose "leaf has perished in the green," If the flower was lovely and pleasant, yielding permanent refreshment to the passer-by, what ple trust in Christ. The "honest and wool, spinning, reeling and in a few brief years of service, Emma Tatham and "Rath Elliott' wrought so skilfully for their Master that their work remains as a asting boon to this church, what daring "faced the spectres of the geese, milking the cows, made but that she should sing first. With ant everywhere, The "apprentice-duties he has given you to do cheer-might they not have accomplished mind and laid them." had their purposes been less early "broken off?" So we reason in our sorrow; yet those lives, whose record on earth is that of a "frag. John Lyons; or From the Depths, were dressed in tow frocks, and the ment, a broken clue," are already one of her most justly popular pro- garments of our elders were not finding their continuance and per- ductions, gives a thrilling account much superior, except on Sunday,

ergies of heaven.'

our readers. Some of the first papers spirit of Christ. One element of its that for drinking and cooking was nearly fell. bearing this signature appeared in power is the absence of "scenes" drawn from wells with their 'old the Wesleyan Sunday School Maga- and sensational incidents, which oaken buckets' and long poles and will, however, she succeeded in zine for 1874, giving evidence of sometimes go far to nullify the well- well-sweeps. that rare power of reading the child. | meant efforts of the writers of temcharacter to which her writings perance stories.

of children by publishing her graphic account of Little May and her Friends. This was soon followed by her best known book for children, Margery's Christmas Box, a story whose pathos and beauty and skilfully inwrought spirifual teaching at once established the author's reputation as a writer of great earnestness and power, endowed, moreover, with remarkable adaptiveness to the needs of her young readers. Not even in her most elaborate and carefully executed stories is the talent of "Ruth Elliott" more conspicuous than in her simple, charming narratives, appealing to children not by wearisome moralizing, but by lively, natural illustration, mere tale wright; each story is thy purpose, worthily accomplished. Her works afford a most refeeble, or sensational so-called "religious" tales for the young with which the market is overloaded.

There is much real and rare power in Ruth Elliott's writings intended for adult readers. One of their most marked characteristics is their definiteness of aim. Like her stories for children, they were not written for the sake of book-making. Some subject of importance in the cause of religion or philanthropy engaged her attention, and claimed the service of her pen, which was rendered not grudgingly, but with a calmly-fervent enthusiasm which could not but win its way. Of this her story entitled Undeceived; or Roman or Anglican, is a striking example. Another may be found in A Voice from the Sea, which powerfully pleads for the sailors of our merchant ships, often exposed in rotten ships through the neglect or avarice of the owners to fatal "perils of waters." She rightly judged that an appeal to the imagination, so closely allied to the sympathies, might prove more practically effective in stemming the evil against which she wrote, than direct argument or persuasion, though she could reason forcibly and well. Of the private life of "Ruth El-

liott" the world knows little; quietly and comparatively uneventully her life flowed on. Now and again a heavy shadow rested upon her family circle, and she was called to suffer and to struggle inwardly. Of this evidence is given in her story in answer to a mother's dying He said : prayer, a son beset with doubts and the writer had herself with holy and candle making, picking the of the two, it had been arranged

mind, and laid them. Ruth Elliott was an earnest and things for the support of the family. efficient advocate of temperance. We babes of 1810, when at home fection amidst the "full-blown en- of the rescue from the horrible pit | when they wore their 'go to meetof intemperance and its attendant ing clothes' of homespun and lin-The non de plume of Ruth Elliot curses; a rescue accomplished, un- sey woolsey. Rain water was has doubtless long been familiar to der God, by a man endued with the caught and used for washing, while

abundantly testify. Paper after pa- Ruth Elliott's last work was writ- the fireplace, and if it went out one present are embarrassed—convinced per, including several beautifully ten in the interests of temperance, neighbor would visit another about her that she had made a failure. written and well conceived children's She had then no foreboding of the ap- daylight next morning with a pair The conviction was confirmed by stories, were shortly afterwards proach of death. Though delicate of tongs to borrow a coal of fire to the triumphant expression on Gricontributed to various serials by from her childhood, she appears to kindle with. Our candles were of si's countenance. the same pen, until the question, have looked forward to a life of active ta'low, home-made, usually with Who is Ruth Elliott?" was heard toil, and had laid careful plans for dark tow wicks. In summer near- senses, she realized that the failure many sides. By and by it her future as an author, plans full ly all retired to rest at early dark, meant lost glory, the destruction of became generally known that of hope and promise. She lived in without lighting a candle except on her happiness, and the mortification this signature had been chosen by tensely, her literary work absorb- extraordinary occasions. Home- and grief of her parents and friends. Miss Lillie Peck, second daughter ing very largely her time and ener- made soft soap was used for washof the Rev. W. P. Peck, Wesleyan gies. Had the Master chosen for ing hands, faces, and everything like a voice from heaven-whisperminister. In the joy of her first her a time of prolonged earthly ser- else. Families in ordinary circum- ed, "Sing one of the old songs in leve to her Saviour, Miss Peck very vice, she would have accepted her stances ate their meals on trenchers your mother tongue.' early in life gathered together a calling cheerily and heartily; but (wooden plates). As I grew older few neglected children in a Sun- amidst the pressure and the interest our families and others got an ex- spiration which had been flashed inday-school class; whilst earnestly of her daily occupations, her heart travagant streak, discarded the to her mind between the terminaseeking to lead them to Christ, her was "ever a quiet chamber kept trenchers, and rose to the dignity tion of the vocal part of the aria native tact and her strong deep for Him;" and when somewhat of pewter plates and leaden spoons. and the accompanist's final chords. sympathy with their difficulties, suddenly His summons came, all Tin peddlers, who travelled through came powerfully to her aid. One was in readiness. There was no the country with their wagons, asked him to rise, and took the vaby one they were gathered into the violent wrenching of the ties of supplied these and other luxuries. cated seat. For a few seconds she fold of the Good Shepherd, and very earth, no reluctant farewell to the Our food consisted chiefly of boiled suffered her fingers to wander over simply and touchingly their teach- hope of fame. In October, 1878, and baked beans, bean porridge, er wrote for the benefit of others she was seized one evening with one coarse rye bread, apple sauce, hasty the account of her prayer and her of the pulmonary attacks to which pudding, eaten in milk, of which labour and her God given success, she was subject. A scond followed By this means a power hitherto in a few days; and then, though all scarcely suspected, was discovered, around were hopeful of her recov-Having written about children for ery, she felt that her work on earth the guidance of their elders with was done. On her part there was much success, the thought of writ- no "shrinking from the cold hand ing for the children themselves of death." "It is so easy to die; suggested itself. As in many an- so easy to die," she said; "I can and Bridgeport by fish and clam who listened not to criticise. other case, the Master caused work | see Jesus close by me, and I shall very near to the heart of his labor- soon be with him now." These were er to be interrupted, roughly, as her last words. In radiant colors only butcher. He peddled his meat but the plaintiveness of the melody

There is much to keep her memory green on earth; and many an unknown reader of her works will continue to thank God for the life of "Ruth Elliott." Her thoughts will live and work in the hearts of old and young; and especially, w think will God continue to hour her efforts to train to strength and beauty the "tender shoots" in His vineyard, and the smiles of many happy children will greet her in loving recognition in the Father's house. Many testimonies to her influence for good were borne by friends "unknown by face," who gratefully acknowledge the healthy stimulating influence of her writand pointed, pithy sayings from the ings. A graceful tribute to her lips of her characters. She was no memory came from the pen of "Sarson." Its closing lines throw permeated by an earnest and wor- a soothing light on the mystery of her early removal:

" God is love ! freshing contrast to the mawkish, He hides from tempest and from storm, His But leaves the bird of careless wing to rough The bitter winds, long ere he says, " Enough,"

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

Life is so sweet, so sweet!
The soft, inaudible song Flows ou with a rhythmic beat Within me the whole night long. I sleep, but my heart awakes; It glows with a hidden light That into the darkness breaks; He giveth me songs in the night.

Listen! "So sweet, so sweet!" A dreaming bird on her nest Half wakes with the bliss complete That the ills to a song in her breast. O bird in the dark, I hear! What care we for dark or for light The infinite Heart is near He giveth me songs in the night

"Life is so sweet, so sweet!" And why should my heart repeat A summer night song's retrain "Life is so sweet, so strong Frail as a flower instead 'Life is so sweet, so long!''
Hush! for I mourn m, dead

"Life is but One. He was, And is, and shall ever be He who is Word and Cause Buildeth eternity."
Listen, my heart! Then death And darkness are life and light ! He is the Lafe, the Breath, Who giveth me songs in the night. MARY A. LATHBURY, in Christian Union

#### NEW ENGLAND LIFE TWO GENERATIONS AGO.

Recently Mr. P. T. Barnum gave to his native village, Bethel, Conn., a bronze fountain costing \$10,000. At the presentation Mr. Barnum described with rare felicity the manof James Daryll, which records how, ner of living to which he was born, "I can see as if but yesterday

intellectual difficulties, is led by our hard-working mothers hatchelslow and winding paths to a sim- ing their flax; carding their tow a fineness of touch and subtlety of ers did the knitting, darning, mend- the concert to begin. apprehension which indicate that ing, washing, ironing, cooking, soap | As Jenny Lind was the younger ter and cheese, and did many other perfect confidence in her powers ship" common till twenty years fully and faithfully, even though

we had plenty. The elder portion which, in the long ago, she had of the family ate meat twice a day, loved above all other songs in her had plenty of vegetables, fish of their childhood's repertoire. She had own catching, occasionally big not thought of it for years. clams, which were cheap in those days, and shad in their season— in the presence of royalty, but in these were brought from Norfolk her fatherland, surrounded by those peddlers. Uncle Caleb Morgan, of

class, she strove to reach the hearts | she passed to her rest in triumph | bably he did not have beef oftener kept sheep, pigs and poultry, and one or more cows. They had plenty of plain, substantial food. Droves of nogs ran at large in the streets Bethel.

"Our dinner several times each week consisted of 'pot luck,' which was corned beef, salt pork and vegetables, all boiled together in the same big iron pot hanging from the crane, which was supplied with iron hooks and trammels, and swung in and out of the huge fire place. In the pot with salt pork, salt beef, potatoes, turnips, parsnips, beets, carrots, cabbage, and sometimes onions, was placed an indian pudding, consisting of plain indian meal mixed in water, pretty thick, salted and poured into a home-made brown linen bag, which was tied at the

"When dinner was ready the indian pudding was first taken from the pot, slipped out of the bag, and eaten with molasses. Then followed the 'pot luck.' I confess I like to this day the old fashioned 'boiled dinner,' but doubt whether I should relish a sweetened dessert before any meat. Rows of sausages, called 'links,' hung in the garret, were dried and lasted all winter.

"There were but few wagons or carriages in Bethel when I was a boy. Our grists of grain were taken to the mill in bags on horseback, and the women rode to church on Sunday, and around the country on horseback usually on a cushion called a pillon, fastened behind the saddle. The country doctor visited his patients on horseback, carrying his saddle bags, containing calomel, jalap, Epsom salts, lancets, and a turnkey, these being the principal aids in relieving the sick. Nearly every person, sick or well, was bled every spring."

In Mr. Barnum's boyhood the richest man in town was actually worth as much as \$3,000.

## THE TRIBUTE OF A TEAR.

In 1847, Guila Grisi and Jenny Lind were singing in London, but at different places. Each star struggled to outshine the other, and those who one evening went into ocstasios over Grisi's "Norma," were the next evening enraptured with Lind's "Casta Diva."

Such was the rivalry that it was not to be expected that they would sing together in a public concert. But Queen Victoria, thinking it a shame that two singers so eminent should be separated by a petty jealousy, requested both to appear at a Court Concertion Of course, they complied with the request.

The Queen cordially welcomed might not the fruit have been? If doubt" of one of the prominent weaving it into fabrics for bedding them, and expressed her pleasure at characters, and its final exchange and clothing for all the family of seeing them together for the first for childlike faith is sketched with both sexes. The same good moth-time. She then gave the signal for

she stepped forth and began. But ago, was a valuable school. The they are small, I believe he sees and chancing to glance at Grisi, she saw the Southron's malignant gaze possible for teacher; but the things fulness of the service." fastened upon her.

The fierceness of her look almost paralyzed the singer. Her courage left her, her voice trembled, and everything before her eyes darkened. She became so faint that she and integrity so thoroughly instill-

By the utmost exertion of her finishing the aria. The painful sil-"Fire was kept over night by ence that followed its conclusion—a banking up the brands in ashes in silence ever noticeable where those

Despite the semi-torpidity of her

Suddenly something—it seemed

She caught at the idea as an in-She, unnoticed by the company, the keys in a low prelude, then she

began to sing. Her selection was a little prayer,

As she sang, she was no longer

Not one of those before her un-Wolfpits or Poppytown, was our derstood the words of the "prayer," it seemed, in order that he might she had painted the glowing sun-through Bethel once a week. It and the inspired tone of the pure, pave the way for special and pecu- set of the Christian's course, and consisted mostly of veal, lamb, mut- sweet voice, brought the moisture find many more of her coming men | that. Sae? fiar service. Being kept back by now the light of heaven lit up for ton, or fresh pork, seldom bringing to every eye. There was the silence | going to the dogs than formerly.—| "I'll try to," she said, softly, as -ill health from her Sunday-school her the valley of the shadow, and more than one kind at a time. Pro- of admiring wonder.

When, having finished the "prayer," she lifted her mild blue eyes to her rival, whose flaming orbs had KEEP NOTHING FROM MOTHER so disconcerted her, she found no fierce expression on her countenance, but instend a tear diamonding the long, black eye-lashes.

A moment after, with the impulsiveness characterizing the children of the tropics, Grisi rushed to Jenny Lind's side, placed her arms around the girl's neck and kissed her, regardless of the lookers-on.

### THE SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

It was the evening after a great battle. Among the many who bowed to the conqueror Death that night was a youth in the first freshness of mature life. The strong limbs lay listless, and the dark hair was matted with gore on the pale, broad forehead. His eyes were closed. As one who ministered to the sufferer bent over him he at first thought him dead; but the "No matter how frue, my darling one, white lips moved, and slowly, in weak tones, he repeated

" Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep; If I should die betore I wake, I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take; And this I ask for Jeens' sake."

As he finished he opened his eves, and meeting the pitying gaze of a brother soldier, he exclaimed, My mother taught me that when was a little boy, and I have said it every night since I can ramember. Before the morning dawns I believe God will take my soul for Jesus's sake; but before I die I want to send a message to my moth-

He was carried to a temporary hospital, and a letter was written to his mother, which he dictated, full of Christian faith and filial love. Just as the sun arose his spirit went | from the doorway to the hot kiles home, his last articulate words be-

## " I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take;

So diet William Bprayer of childhood was the prayer of manhood. He learned it at his mother's knee in his infancy, and he whispered it in dying, when his manly life ebbed away on a distant battle-field. God bless the saintly words, alike loved and repeated by high and low, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, old and young. Hapny the soul that can repeat it with the holy fervor of the dying soldier.—Dr. H. Bonar.

### THE SAVING BONDS OF DISCIPLINE.

The Rev. Ovid Miner's statement at a meeting of the Onondaga Far- abruptly round. "You don't meet mers' Club, that young men who he cares or knows anything about have never submitted to the discip- all this work, do you ?" line of mastering a trade or profes- "Why not, dear? Doesn't be sion seldom turn out well, was know when even a sparrow fallst heartily concurred in by Mr. Ged- the ground? 'Are ye not much des and other members, as it will better than they?' You are just be by the experienced and observ- where he put you, and if you do the master was often as unqualified as knows, and cares, too, for the faithto be learned were so actual, the work so palpable, and its value so proved by the tests of sale and payment; and the noble virtues of con- ful look on Sue's face now, in place tinuance, perseverance, endurance, of the frown. ed under the powerful and constant | self, "perhaps I can serve Jesus pressure of the master's interest just as truly as Grace Dennis. It and profit, that it was admirably isn't as pretty work, though," she effective. The constant industry thought, with a sigh; "it would be left little time for the formation of so nice to dress daintily and pretwild habits. On the contrary, habitily as Grace always does, and have its of faithfulness to trust and devo- leisure to do graceful deeds of kindtion to duty became fixed during ness as she does; but if this is the critical formative period of fif- what he gives me, I'll try and do it teen to nineteen years of age; and the best I know how. And cheermen so trained could be depended | fully, too," she added bravely. And upon to endure rubs, and to hold then, without further delay, she fast to duty in whatever circum- went about the homely duties of There are now but very few op-

portunities for placing a boy within light. If she was doing them for the saving bonds of such a discip- Him, they must be done with extra line. The schools are the only re- care. Every little nook and corner source, but they are not an ade- was thoroughly swept and dusted; quate substitute. They mostly deal | though there was a strong temptawith words, and not with object or tion to slight the out-of-the-way industries. They induce pupils to places sometimes. learn, not so much by holding them | Every dish was washed and wiped to effort, however distasteful it may with utmost care, and never was be, as by alluring them by tempor- cake lighter or nicer than Sue's that ary attractions, and inciting an day. emulation which can not be roused "O, mother, you don't know how where only two or three are work- much you helped me this morning" ing in a shop in constant compan- said Sue that night. ionship, as where a large number, only partially acquainted, sit silent- ther, "for I know what a difference ly together for a part of each day. it made in my life, when I first be-Many educationists and statesmen lieved that He knew and cared not are urging the necessity of more only about the great things of life, practical and industrial training of but about the little, homely, everyyouth by the State, but no one day duties too. It is hard some seems to have devised an acceptable times to accept his choice of work way of bringing it about. It is cer- for us; but he knows best. If he tain that mere letters and words wishes us to glorify him in home. are too exclusively the occupation life and everyday service, let us do of our schools at present; and that it as faithfully and as cheerfully as if we do not find something more though he asked some greater thing real for our youth of the critical of us, 'Content to fill a little space, age to work upon, the State will if Thou be glorified.' Can you say N. Y. Tribune.

## OUR YOUNG POLES

They sat at the spinning together. And they spun the fine white thread One face was old and the other young-A golden and silver head.

At times the young voice broke in song That was wonderfully sweet, And the mother's heart beat deep and calm, For her jo, was most complete.

There was many a holy lesson Inwoven with silent prayer. Taught to her gentle and listening child, As they two sat spinning there. And of all that I speak, my darling,

From an older head and heart, God giveth me one last thing to say, And with it thou shalt not part Thou wilt listen to many voices And, ah, woe that this must be !-

The voice of praise, and the voice of love, And the voice of flattery. But listen to me, my little one, There's one thing that thou shalt fear Let never a word to my love be said Which ber mother may not hear,

The words may seem to thee,
They cannot be fit for my child to hear If they cannot be told to me

'If thou'lt ever keep thy young heart pure, And thy mother's heart from fear, Bring all that is sail to thee by day At night to thy mother's ear."

# SUE'S NEW MOTIVE.

Sue Graham stood in the south kitchen door, pinning on her great calico apron, with a very disconsolate look on her usually sunny face. Grace Dennis, so pretty and dainty in her fresh cambric, drove by in her basket phaeton, with little crippled Bessie McAllister. The frown deepened on Sue's face, and she gave her apronstrings an impatient twitch. Then she turned hastily en. It seemed hotter than ever, she remembered how cool and fresh it looked out of doors. And there were the breakfast dishes to be washed, rooms to be swept and put to rights, cake and pudding to be made, and dinner to be prepared. Sue turned her back to the door

again, her brown eyes overflowing "What is it, Susie, dear?" asket her mother, stopping on her way to the pantry at the sight of Suc's woe-be-gone face; "what is it dear?'

"Nothing much," responded Suc. trying to smile back, but succeeding in calling up only a very tearfu one; "I'm so tired of all this, and discouraged," she said.

"Do you ever think of it as something your Heavenly Father has

given you to do for Him. Sue?" "Why, mother?" and Sue turned

A minute after, Sue heard her mother in the pantry preparing for baking. There was a grave, thought

"Perhaps," she thought to herthe day. But how different they seemed to her, viewed in the new

"I think I do," answered her mo-

she stopped for a good-night kiss.

SUNDAY NO

THE FEAST

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crops, but the formed so larg tions of the co ed in some pla ering 'Exolus the feast of L to continue eighth day wa cess of time cu day of the fea servances of consummation proceedings. eighth were t cation" when be held, and (verses 25, 36 days special s and at later t ferings were any of the ot ial feature of was that wh name. The p of branches during the (verses 30-4? ly given (ver has been felt ment with the Israelites dwe wanderings in is not un ease vast a multi perfectly pro outset. They as they found leisure of the Jutill they w long as they of trees, th branches, an with long gra most natural abelter. At settled in the be a much me of the delive their fathers enaracter of t cated in the c 40; Deut. 16 dent, then, th ac'es was in ideas—thanks the earth just memoration o derness period journeying in been a season was no time i the Almight that His favo shield. The orated not bu borne away; placed by

> ches for this open places o in the streets flat roofs o court of the erected; and genial clime. or the cold o leafy bough trees from the people to It is not se Tabernacles nently. Ail ried out on t And the reju acter that th who had ne what rejoicir were added striking and took place other in th morning ser cession of p formed. bore in his h going down ed it with w returned in " With joy s the wells of then the prie before the al praise ascer congregation was a great ple courts ev bave thrown city, making 3.-No les

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complete w the thrilling 8). Jesus feast openly and unexpec the middle great deal sion about l scene, when great day of after the im ing the wate fore the alta died away to ors, he stood exclaimed him come (John 9: 37 streams of b replenish, co world through