

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

HOW, WHEN, WHERE, WHY? You ask me how I gave my heart to Christ? I do not know—

You ask me when I gave my heart to Christ? I cannot tell. The day, or just the hour, I do not now remember well.

You ask me where I gave my heart to Christ? I cannot say. That sacred place has faded from my sight, as yesterday.

You ask me why I gave my heart to Christ? I can reply. It is a wondrous story—listen, while I tell you way.

You ask me why I thought this loving Christ would heed my prayer? I knew he had upon the cross for me—I nailed him there!

RUTH ELLIOTT.

From the Christian Miscellany 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 homes:

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 might not the fruit have been?

The non de plume of Ruth Elliott has doubtless long been familiar to our readers. Some of the first papers bearing this signature appeared in the Wesleyan Sunday School Magazine for 1874, giving evidence of that rare power of reading the child-character to which her writings abundantly testify.

class, she strove to reach the hearts 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 skillfully wrought spiritual 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.

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.

At the private life of "Ruth Elliott" the world knows little; quietly and comparatively uneventfully 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.

Ruth Elliott was an earnest and efficient advocate of temperance. John Lyons; or From the Depths, one of her most justly popular productions, gives a thrilling account of the rescue from the horrible pit of intemperance and its attendant curses; a rescue accomplished, under God, by a man endowed with the spirit of Christ.

Ruth Elliott's last work was written in the interests of temperance. She had then no foreboding of the approach of death. Though delicate from her childhood, she appears to have looked forward to a life of active toil, and had laid careful plans for her future as an author, plans full of hope and promise.

she passed to her rest in triumph and peace.

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, we think will God continue to honor 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.

"God is love! He hides from tempest and from storm, His love; 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 on with a rhythmic beat Within me the whole night long.

"Life is so sweet, so sweet!" The night is alive with pain, And why should my heart repeat A summer night song's refrain?

"Life is so sweet, so strong!" I wait as a flower instead! "Life is so sweet, so long!" Hush! for I mourn my dead.

"Life is but one, He was, And is, and shall ever be. He who is Word and Cause, Birthed eternally, Listen, my heart! Then death And darkness are life and light! He is the Life, the Breath, Who giveth me songs in the night. MARY A. LATIBURY, 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 manner of living to which he was born. He said:

"I can see as if but yesterday our hard-working mothers hatching their flax, carding their tow and wool, spinning, reeling and weaving it into fabrics for bedding and clothing for all the family of both sexes.

"Fire was kept over night by banking up the brands in ashes in the fireplace, and if it went out one neighbor would visit another about daylight next morning with a pair of tongs to borrow a coal of fire to kindle with. Our candles were of tallow, home-made, usually with dark tow wicks. In summer nearly all retired to rest at early dark, without lighting a candle except on extraordinary occasions.

Her selection was a little prayer, which, in the long ago, she had loved above all other songs in her childhood's repertoire. She had not thought of it for years. As she sang, she was no longer in the presence of royalty, but in her fatherland, surrounded by those who listened not to criticise.

bably he did not have beef oftener than once a month. Many families kept sheep, pigs and poultry, and one or more cows. They had plenty of grain, substantial food. Droves of hogs ran at large in the streets of 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 top.

"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 horseback, usually on a cushion called a pillion, 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 ecstasies 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 concert. Of course, they complied with the request.

The Queen cordially welcomed them, and expressed her pleasure at seeing them together for the first time. She then gave the signal for the concert to begin.

As Jenny Lind was the younger of the two, it had been arranged that she should sing first. With perfect confidence in her powers she stepped forth and began. But chancing to glance at Grisi, she saw the Southron's malignant gaze 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 nearly fell.

By the utmost exertion of her will, however, she succeeded in finishing the aria. The painful silence that followed its conclusion—a silence ever noticeable where those present are embarrassed—convinced her that she had made a failure.

The conviction was confirmed by the triumphant expression on Grisi's countenance. Despite the semi-torpidity of her senses, she realized that the failure meant lost glory, the destruction of her happiness, and the mortification and grief of her parents and friends.

Suddenly something—it seemed like a voice from heaven—whispered, "Sing one of the old songs in your mother tongue." She caught at the idea as an inspiration which had been flashed into her mind between the termination of the vocal part of the aria and the accompanist's final chords.

Not one of those before her understood the words of the "prayer," but the plaintiveness of the melody and the inspired tone of the pure, sweet voice, brought the moisture to every eye. There was the silence of admiring wonder.

When, having finished the "prayer," she lifted her mild blue eyes to her rival, whose flaming orbs had so disconcerted her, she found no fierce expression on her countenance, but instead 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 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 before I wake, I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take; And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

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

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 home, his last articulate words being:

"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take; And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

So died William B—. The prayer 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. Happy 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 Farmers' Club, that young men who have never submitted to the discipline of mastering a trade or profession seldom turn out well, was heartily concurred in by Mr. Geddes and other members, as it will be by the experienced and observant everywhere. The "apprenticeship" common till twenty years ago, was a valuable school. The master was often as unqualified as possible for teacher; but the things to 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 continence, perseverance, endurance, and integrity so thoroughly instilled under the powerful and constant pressure of the master's interest and profit, that it was admirably effective. The constant industry left little time for the formation of wild habits. On the contrary, habits of faithfulness to trust and devotion to duty became fixed during the critical formative period of fifteen to nineteen years of age; and men so trained could be depended upon to endure rubs, and to hold fast to duty in whatever circumstances.

There are now but very few opportunities for placing a boy within the saving bonds of such a discipline. The schools are the only resource, but they are not an adequate substitute. They mostly deal with words, and not with object or industries. They induce pupils to learn, not so much by holding them to effort, however distasteful it may be, as by alluring them by temporary attractions, and inciting an emulation which can not be roused where only two or three are working in a shop in constant companionship, as where a large number, only partially acquainted, sit silently together for a part of each day. Many educationists and statesmen are urging the necessity of more practical and industrial training of youth by the State, but no one seems to have devised an acceptable way of bringing it about. It is certain that mere letters and words are too exclusively the occupation of our schools at present; and that if we do not find something more real for our youth of the critical age to work upon, the State will find many more of her coming men going to the dogs than formerly.—N. Y. Tribune.

OUR YOUNG FOLK.

KEEP NOTHING FROM MOTHER.

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 joy 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 other's head and heart, God giveth me one last thought 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 her mother may not hear."

"No matter how true, my darling one, 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 said to thee by day, At night to thy mother's ear." Exchange.

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 from the doorway to the hot kitchen. It seemed hotter than ever, as 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?" asked her mother, stopping on her way to the pantry at the sight of Sue's woe-begone face; "what is it, dear?"

"Nothing much," responded Sue, trying to smile back, but succeeding in calling up only a very tearful 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 abruptly round. "You don't mean he cares or knows anything about all this work, do you?"

"Why not, dear? Doesn't he know when even a sparrow falls to the ground? Are ye not much better than they? You are just where he put you, and if you do the duties he has given you to do cheerfully and faithfully, even though they are small, I believe he sees and knows, and cares, too, for the faithfulness of the service."

A minute after, Sue heard her mother in the pantry preparing for baking. There was a grave, thoughtful look on Sue's face now, in place of the frown.

"Perhaps," she thought to herself, "perhaps I can serve Jesus just as truly as Grace Dennis. It isn't as pretty work, though," she thought, with a sigh; "it would be so nice to dress daintily and prettily as Grace always does, and have leisure to do graceful deeds of kindness as she does; but if this is what he gives me, I'll try and do it the best I know how. And cheerfully, too," she added bravely. And then, without further delay, she went about the homely duties of the day. But how different they seemed to her, viewed in the new light. If she was doing them for Him, they must be done with extra care. Every little nook and corner was thoroughly swept and dusted; though there was a strong temptation to slight the out-of-the-way places sometimes.

Every dish was washed and wiped with utmost care, and never was cake lighter or nicer than Sue's that day.

"O, mother, you don't know how much you helped me this morning!" said Sue that night.

"I think I do," answered her mother, "for I know what a difference it made in my life, when I first believed that He knew and cared not only about the great things of life, but about the little, homely, everyday duties too. It is hard sometimes to accept his choice of work for us; but he knows best. If he wishes us to glorify him in home-life and everyday service, let us do it as faithfully and as cheerfully as though he asked some greater thing of us. 'Content to fill a little space, if Thou be glorified.' Can you say that, Sue?"

"I'll try to," she said, softly, as she stopped for a good-night kiss.

SUNDAY

NO

THE FEAST

L—This feast held in the... to the... of O... reknowing... gathering... earth—not on... crops, but the... formed so larg... tions of the e... ed in some pla... ering 'Exo just... the feast of U... to continue... eighth day was... cess of time e... day of the fe... servances of c... consummatio... proceedings... eighth were t... cation' when... be held, and... (verses 25, 36... days special s... and at later t... ferings were... any of the ori... tial feature of... was that the p... name. The p... of branches of... during the t... (verses 30-42)... ly given (ver... has been felt... with the Isra... elites dw... wanderings i... is not un-ead... vast a multi... perfectly p... outcast. They... as they found... leisure of the... At all they w... long as they... of trees, the... branches, an... with long gra... most natural... shelter. An... settled in the... be a much mo... of the deliv... their fathers... character of t... cated in the e... 40; Deut. 16... dent, then, th... noes was int... ideas—thanks... the earth just... memoratio... derness perio... journeying in... been a season... was no time... the Almighty... that His favo... shield. The... orated not bu... bone away;... placed by a... sorrow, but a...

2—Such a fail to grow... salem became... The erection... more striking... their stone-b... porary dwell... from the co... into Jerusale... ches for this... open places o... in the street... flat roofs of... court of the... erected; and... genal clima... or the cold o... leafy bough... trees from t... the people to... It is not at... Tabernacles... nently. All... ried out on t... And the rej... actor that th... who had ne... what rejoic... were added... striking and... took place... othe in th... morning serv... cession of p... formed. T... bore in his h... going down t... ed it with v... returned int... "With joy a... the wis of... then the grie... before the al... praise ascen... congregatio... was a great i... ple courts ev... have thrown... city, making...

3.—No les... complete w... the thrilling... 8). Jesus... feast openly... and unexp... the middle... great deal o... sion about H... scene, when... great day of... after the imp... fore the alta... died away t... ora, he stood... exclaimed—... him come o... (John 9: 37... streams of b... replenish, c... world throug...