## OUR HOME CIRCLE.

#### FORWARD.

Let me stand still upon the height of life: Much has been won, though much there is to win; I am a little weary of the strife,

Let me stand still awhile, nor count it sin Twoool my hot brow, ease the travel pain, And then address me to the road again.

Long was the way and steep and hard the Sere are my limbs and fain I am to rest :

Behind me lie long sandy tracts of time; Before me rises the steep mountain crest; Let me stand still: the journey is half done, And when less weary I will travel on.

There is no standing still! Even as I pause. The steep path shifts and slips me back Movement was safety; by the jonrney laws

No help is given, no safe abiding place, No idling in the pathway hard and slow; I must go forward, or must backward go ! I will go on then, though the limbs may tire,

And though the pathway's doubtful and Better with the last hour to expire Than lose the toil and struggle that has

And have the morning strength, the upward

The distance conquered, in the end made vain. Ah! blessed law! for rest is tempting sweet, And we would all lie down if so we might; And few would struggle on with bleeding

And few would ever gain the higher height Except for the stern law which bids us know We must go forward, or must backward go. Susan Coolli ge in the Independent.

## THE LITTLE SHOES.

The writer once lived opposite a beer shop called "The Fox and Geese," and with pained attention often watched the doings and heard the sayings of custom-

One winter evening a shoe maker's boy came with an assortment of children's shoes, and the landlady of the Fox and Geese, who had a marvelously shrill voice, began calling to a little dirty slave of a nurse-girl to bring Addlehead (as she pronounced "Adelaide") | ple thing, but, my friends, no fist to have her new shoes tried

I could see the little creature, who was at once fine and filthy, sitting under the gaslight in the bar, and kicking and screaming as the shoes were coaxed on her feet. At last a pair fitted, and the spoiled pet was lifted up triumphant and I saw her chilled fect. Men, ly in her mother's arms.

"Here! do look at her. The darling has let me get a pair of them, cold as ice, to my breast; the very best ones on. Look, dad, do!" said the mother, calling to through. Yes, the little feet her husband.

Just then a tall man, very thinly clad, came out of the tap-room, passed the bar, and saw the child stretching out her feet for her father to see. Now, a poor woman had been hovering about at the corner, peeping timidly into the bar-window, and then creeping to the door; she had a child in her arms, and looked ready to drop with cold and weariness. I had seen that woman on many a Satarday night, waiting and watching thus for her hu-band to come out. Ah! there he is, riveted for a moment, looking at the child showing her new shoes. With a start he arouses himself and rush-

"What, Bill! going so soon?" bawls the landlady.

I will not write, lest the manhood Something in Bill's look re assur- tion.

mind. I was glad that from that reward—the mother's smile. might I saw him no more among

to the public house. One of them said nothing. He was a comfortly, until one who sat near him called out:

"Say a word, William Turner: you've known as much about the mischief as any one here or anywhere. Come, tell us, for I never heard how it was that you chang-Come, man, out with it! It'll may be do good.

very confused.

"The little shoes—they did

With a thick voice, as if his heart was in his throat, he kept repeating this. There was a stare of perplexity on every face, and this sound and rallied at once. a flash; he drew himself up, and Shipton. looked at the audience; the choking went from his throat.

"Yes, friends!" he said, with a voice that cut its way clear as a deep-toned bell; "whatever you may think of it, I've told you the truth; the little shoes did it. I was a brute and a fool. Strong drink had made me both, and starved and stripped me into the bargain. I suffered—I deserved to suffer; but I didn't suffer alone. No man does who has a wife and child, for the woman gets the worse share. But I'm no speaker to enlarge on that; I'll stick to the little shoes. I saw one night, when I was all but done for, the publican's child holding out her feet for her father to sec her fine new shoes; it was a simever struck me such a blow as those little shoes. They kicked reason into me. 'What business have I to clothe others, and let my own go bare?' said I; and there outside was my wife and child in a bitter night. I took hold of my little one with a grip, fathers, if the shoes smote me, what did the feet do? I put pierced me through and they walked right into my heart, and, by God's mercy, mastered my selfishness. I had a trifle of money left; I bought a loaf and a pair of little shoes. I never tasted any thing but a bit of bread all the Sabbath-day, and I went to work like mad on Monday. From that day to this I have spent no more money at the public house; and thank God! I have, through faith in the merits of my crucified Saviour, been led to greater blessings than those of temperance. That's all I've got to say-it was

# INDIVIDUAL SERVICE.

the little shoes that did it."-

Clara Lucas Balfour.

Each separate service and testimony has equal value in the sight Guardian. Bill pulls his hat down over his of Him who requires it at our eyes with one hand, clutches his hands. If "the Lord has need of old jacket tight over his chest, it" it is enough. When Jesus and answers the words with a sort sent for the colt whereon mover of grunt. He is outside, there man sat, the owner of the ass little are his wife and his little one. surmised that the Messiah had me so. She was quite broken, For a moment the woman looked chosen him to furnish the means withered, grey. "Does your husat him timorously, and half swer- of his triumphant entrance into band become cruel when he ved aside, as if she feared-what, Jerusalem; still less could be drinks?" I asked. penetrate all that was compreof my readers should be wounded. hended in that significant transaction through," she replied, "nobody

es her, and she goes up close to When "cumbered about much him, weebly, yet coaxingly. He serving," the eye is not on the one day, "I wish you would takes the child from her tired arm. Master, but on the service. Na- speak to my brother sometime The little creature gives a short, tural energy will climb mountains about his drinking so." On my qtick cry of fright, and as he lifts of difficulty, when patient acquies assenting, he added: "It will do it I see that its little feet are bare. cence in the Lord's will, learned, no good, unless you can do it It draws them under its poor perhaps, slowly and painfully, when he is just getting over one Berlin is said to be sixty-nine years frock, but not before the father would have wrought out an abid- of his sprees. Then he is peni- of age. He graduated in theoloing blessing. If a mother bids tent, and may mind what you gy in his youth, and went as a I wish his hat had been off, that her child go into the garden close say." So we arranged that at missionary to South Africa, where night. As she moved briskly could I get there when both my I might have seen his face as those by her dwelling and gather in the the moment "in season" he he remained until a year or two two little, blue, chilled feet met fruit she has specified, and the should let me know. A little lat- since, when he returned to Gerhis eyes. I noticed that he put child, in the perversity of his will er he stood at my door to say, them in his bosom, and buttoned chooses to wander over a moun- "My brother came home a few as he is become a doctor of medihis jacket over them, and held the tain for what he imagines to be nights since very drunk. It was cine he will go back to the Transchild close, and went on his way rarer or more acceptable, will his late; his family had gone to bed; vaal as a medical practitioner. In with a heavy stamp, as if he beat mother approve him? He has he threw himself on the kitchen 1873 there died in Gottingen a his feet down on the ground. His been long from her side; he has floor and lay there all night. He gray haired man who had been a him. I had a faint suspicion of disobedience, and the fruit-gath fever. Can you come?"

was that led them to stop going | thoughts, remembered Bible read- | drink. In the face of Winter he | ous of a shiny old portfolio which | wills. It cannot do anything but able-looking man, listening earnest- | ceiving a fresh anointing and | ren, the elder six years only. | for the respectability of his condied right about face from the path life, and have built on any other drink? Who knows its strength of destruction to the field of hope. foundation than Christ, then your to convert a father into a tyrant, a with the mothers? Have they with the sweet thoughts in their The man thus urged quietly is a place for you, then, assuredly, knows." rose, and looked for a moment if you wait on the Lord, you shall Domestic Journal. find it, and having found it, you will know what the Lord hath need of. The porters in the temple were as numerous as the singers, and the watching of the gates was as needful as the service of song. Those who stand by night at length some thoughtless young in the house of the Lord are as people began to titter. The man, much in service as the players on in all his embarrassment, heard musical instruments in the morning. To know the Lord's will, The light came into his eyes with and to do it, is service.—Anna

#### EVERY HOUSE HAS ITS CROSS.

A widow lady was almost in despair from the variety of hinderances, vexations, and disappointments she had to endure. She was quite overwhelmed with her domestic crosses, and had scarcely the heart to go on with her daily conflicts. "No other roof," she complained, "is so constantly beset with misery as mine." She had no idea that any neighbor of hers was half so crossed as herself, judging, as she did, from outward appearance. But it pleased God to teach her a lesson, through the instrumentality of a dream, which was the wholesomest medicine of which she could have partaken.

One night she dreamed that a whole town stood before her, and every house in it bore a cross againstitsdoor; on one it was a very large one, on the next it was of less size, and on others, though they were few, it was but a small one. Among all the crosses, however, none appeared to her so indeny himself, and take up his ness before God. cross and follow mc." She fell cross, which from that hour forward she found to be light, as "Yes," she exclaimed, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me, for his yoke is easy and his burden Is light."-

# NOBODY KNOWS

It was an old woman who told

"Oh, nobody knows what I go knows; nobody knows."

Said a young mechanic to me

ings, or past experiences, decline leaves his wife an impoverished could have been of no service to just what he sends it to do. Don't in the Divine life, instead of re- widow, to care for five little child- him except as a badge vouching be afraid; just try to think that growing up in the light and dew Three of these little orphans tion. Every child in Gottingen ing. He will take care of both freely given of the Holy Spirit. crowded round the plain coffin to knew him as the "Old Student." God's people are a "peculiar peo- take the last look of " Father." ple." Each one possesses an indi- "When himself," it was said, "his viduality of his own. If there is heart was affectionate, his ways life in you there is place for you; kind." But who can measure the but if you have only the form of perverting, killing power of strong work shall not abide the tribula- wife into a torment, a child into tion that shall prove it. If there an open shame? "Nobody have they lost all authority, or while the younghouse maid resum.

## THE ANSWER.

Allah, Allah!" cried the sick man, racked with pain the long night through; Till with prayer his head grew tender, till his lips like honey grew.

But at morning came the Tempter; said, Call louder, child of pain! See if Allah ever hears or answers, ' Here am I, again.

Like a stab the cruel cavil through his brain and pulses went; To his beart an icy coldness, to his brain a darkness sent.

Then before him stands Elias; says, "My child, why thus dismayed Dost repent thy former fervor? Is thy soul of prayer afraid? Ah!" he cried, "I've called so often; nev

e: heard the 'Here am I;' And I thought God will not pity; will turn on me his eye." Then the grave Elias answered, "God said. 'Rise, Elias; go, Speak to him, the sorely tempted; lift him

from his gulf of woe." Tell him that his very longing is itself an answering cry; That his prayer, 'Come, gracious Allah!' is

my answer, 'Here am I.'

Every inmost aspiration is Ged's angel un-And in every "O my Father!" slumbers deep a "Here, my child."

## SILENCE ABOUT OUR-SEL VES.

Think as little as possible about any good in yourself; turn your eyes resolutely from any view of from a newspaper and preserved your acquirements, your influence, it for himself: "When you rise your plan, your success, your fol- in the morning form the resolulowing-above all, speak as little tion to make the day a happy one as possible about yourself. The to some fellow creature. It is inordinateness of our self-love easily done—a left off garment to makes speech about ourselves like the man who needs it, a kind word considerable and light to carry as the putting of a lighted torch to a to the sorrowful, an encouraging be told with the fingers, and many that at her own door. She awoke dry wood which has been laid in expression to the striving-trifles a new creature. What she had order for burning. Nothing but in themselves light as air-will do seen she understood; and she reduty should open our lips upon it at least twenty-four hours. And collected Christ's saying, "If any this dangerous theme, except it be if you are young, depend upon it, man will come after me, let him in humble confession of our sinful-

down upon her knees at once and watch against those little tricks the stream of time to eternity. If prayed God to pardon her for her by which the vain man seeks to you send one person, only one, hapcomplaining, murmuring and re- bring round the conversation to pily through each day, that is 365 pining spirit, and besought him himself, and gain the praise or no- days in the course of the year. If to release her from it, and fill her tice which his thirsty ears drink you live only forty years after with a spirit of patience, submisting so greedily. Even if praise you commence that course of mesiveness and content with his or- comes unsought, it is well, while dicine, you have made 14,600 bederings. And she implored him n.en are uttering it, to guard ings happy, all events for a time. also to endow her with his yourself by thinking of some sestrengthening grace to bear her cret eause for humbling yourself inwardly to God, thinking unto what these pleasant accents would compared with the cross her own be changed if all that is known to weakness had given her to bear. God, and even to yourself, stood revealed to man.

Place yourself often beneath the cross of Calvary; see that sight of love and sorrow; hear those words of wonder; look at the Eternal Son humbling himself there for you, and ask yourself, as raging one evening. One flash you gaze fixedly on him, whether of lightning followed another so up to him and said : he, whose only hope is in that quickly that the bedroom in cross of absolute self sacrifice and which two little girls were lying self-abasement, can dare to cherish was lighted up every few seconds, in himself one self-complacent ac- and the roar of the thunder, harmtion. Let the Master's words less if they had known it, had a ring ever in your ears: "How terrible sound in the ears of the can ye believe, who receive honor children. They hid their heads and would take you to heave one of another, and seek not the beneath the bedclothes trembling honor that cometh from God and afraid, or peeped out for a only?"—Bishop Wilberforce.

# AGED STUDENTS.

A student in the University of many to study medicine. As soon favorite hymn:

Harpers' Weekly.

## WHAT IS THE MATTER

What is the matter with the fathers? What is the matter "Nobody knows." what in the world is the matter? Our streets are full of children at night-boys and girls just stepping into their teens. Many of them are already noisy and brazen. They are losing all love of the flavor of home. Home society is too tame for them. The mother's company is positively too insipid for endurance. And so they go to the street corners, and worse places, to spend the dearest, the brightest, the most servant's words and example telling of all the hours of any They learned to say, "These are body's life-from after supper to God's works. They are only ful. whose business calls him thither dow of his wings will we rejoice." and thither, at various hours, -Christian World. sees the dark results of parental indifference to children. He can see them slipping off step by step to the bad, with apparently no hand to help them to better ways. In some instances, the parent seems cowed; in many cases, blind; and often, we are sorry to say, ill-prepared by his own life, to recommend a better. But when a parent takes a sensible, friendly, companionable interest in his boy, and occasionally one will come across such a person in the community, the boy will be found, generally upright, is like leaving the highway and honest, and honorably ambitious. going into a tangled forest; The fact ought to be encouraging to thoughtful people—Ex.

Sidney Smith cut the following if you are old, rest assured it will Again, be especially upon the send you gently and happily down

> We speak of educating our children. Do you know that our children also educate us.

# OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

SON.

An awful thunder storm was moment, only to shrink again below the welcome covering. It was early in the evening, and only the children were in bed. Passing backward and forward on the landing outside their door went a young housemaid, who was arranging the rooms for the from place to place she lifted up her weet young voice and sang a

## Our God our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from the stormy blast

And our etermi home. "Jane, Jane," cried a little wife, slipshod and tottering, had gone into danger unsent; and if woke with a terrible cold, and we student in the university therefor voice from the bedroom, "are you hard work to keep up with he finds fruit it is the produce of fear he is going to die with lung forty years. It was said that an not afraid? How can you go on uncle had left him a legacy of a singing when it lightens so and what was passing in the man's erer will miss the child's sweetest An hour after I was at his few hundred thaiers a year, which the thunder makes such a noise?" side. In simplest words I told was to endure as long its harms "Afraid, Miss Annie? Oh no," I would not appear to underrate him the way of life. But as I pursuing his university of lifes, said the girl. "How can I be when He passes by." the frequenters of the Fox and enterprises seen of men, acknow- spoke, his eyes grew vacant, glas- He was of an unambitious, convi- afraid when I know that God is Geese. He, and his wife and ledged and visibly blessed. But sy. His probation had closed. vial temperament, and the lider here. He takes care of me, and no ped. They tried again. It slow child, for weal or wee, had drop- as the few, rather than the many, Oh, the horror of that Christless occurred to him not to standard me without his will. ly fell back. Theree times he go pel ou of my ken, and almost are called to them, I would seek death! "Nobody knows." "No- ing them. He success to the lightning, up the little hand, only to let to arouse and encourage those who body knows' the sadness of that ture or two at the ture or two at the sadness of that same there was a complain that they are without household or of the burial hour. men were present and gave their ganization, become entangled in- killed by an accident, which vais were very long be ween his butsue the clothes and taking do without it." testimory to the good effects of to sisterhoods and brotherhoods, would not have occurred if he had appearances in the lecture-room. Chrage. "But the lightning So one hand was propped and perfect comperance. Now and With eyes and hearts on the di- been himself. Money that should A boy's cap with a flaring cross kills people sometimes," she add- And when they came in, in y then they elated little bits of rectors, they give flattering titles have gone for home comforts, for their history, and told what it to men, and, living on second-hand clothing and bread, was spent for venerable here. "Yes dear," morning, the boy lay dead, their history, and told what it to men, and, living on second-hand clothing and bread, was spent for venerable here."

vou must be safe in God's keep-

you and me." Then Jane kissed the young faces, and bade them notice how already the lightning did not come so frequently or the voice of the thunder sound so loudly. Her words left them comfort, and lost interest in their children, or minds, "God will take care of us." ed alike her work and her song:

# Before the hills in order stood.

From everlasting thou art God To endless years the same. It was noticed in after years. when other people showed fear during a storm these children were calm, cheerful and always ready to cheer others. Their confidence arose from the lesson of trust taught them by the young bed time. The newspaper man filling his word. Under the sha-

## TRUTHFULNESS.

A gentleman once asked a boy, who was deaf and dumb, the question. " What is truth?" The boy replied by taking a piece of chalk and drawing a straight line. The man then wrote, "What is a lie?" The boy answered by drawing a crooked line.

Lies are always crooked. One lie opens the way for another, for often a dozen lies must be told to conceal one. Telling an untruth you know not how long it will take you to get back, or how much you will suffer from the thorns and briers in the wild-wood.

"A lie is an intention to deceive," and may be told without speaking a word. A gentleman once asked a boy if a certain road lead to the city. The boy nodded his head, and then laughed as the man took the wrong road. That other ways.

Young people often amuse themselves by seeing who can tell the biggest lie. This is a bad habit, and leads one to vary from the truth at other times.

The only safe plan is to form the habit of always telling the truth. This will give a feeling of self-respect that will scorn whatever is low and mean. It will also give a purity to character that will tend to elevate and enoble the life.

# THE HAND UP FOR JESUS.

There was a little street-boy in London who had both legs broken by a dray passing over them. He was laid away in one of the beds of an ho-pital to die, and another little creature of the same class lay near by, picked up with the famine fever. The latter was allowed to lie down by the side of the little cru-hed boy. He crept

"Bobby, did you never hear about Jesus?"

"No, I never heard of him." "Bobby, I went to mission school once, and they told us that Jesus was a saviour for sinner when you died, and you'd nevel have hunger any more, and no more pain, if you axed Him." "I couldn't ask such a big gentleman as He is to do anything

for me." "But He'll do that if you st

" How can I ax Him if I don's know where He lives, and how

Bobby, they told me at the mission school as how Jesus pass ed by. Teacher mays as how He goes around. How do you know but what he might come to this hospital this very night? You'l lenow him if you was to see him. "But I can't keep my eye

open. My legs feels so awful bad Doctor says I'll die." "Bobby, hold up your hand and He'll know what you'll wan

They got the hand up. It drop

THE SUNDA

FEBRU

MISSIONARY ACTS 15, 3

Paul on His journ anxious about the Lord Jesus had gi had preached the cities and places, had received the w the Lord. But he their progress. bus, " Let us go a brethren, and Some were likel away, others would guidance, such as it would gladden a from a guide and did not go with hi Silas," and went of of cheering and tea ing "the brethre they went (ver. 40 ed for them This ensure safety and s we undertake. Timothy-When

tra, " Behold a cer there named Timot him better by h He was at this tir mother and his gra good women had Scriptures " trom heard Paul preach had been there, a heart to the Lord. hear the good rep the brethren. have go forth with the beginning of : life. The prayer mother and grand were bringing fort of young Timothy to leave home, or t ed by a mother s pra went with Paul to work, and through on what they did were established a creased in numbers

The cry for help. quite certain as to should visit. Seve thought of going but God sent them was directing th "came down to Tro where to go next. vision appeared stood a man before Paul, saying, "Co as." Thou h it w yet when Paul awo what it meant dered why God h ing his jonrney fro The vision was from of Macedonia was all the great regio the land in which Men cry for help danger or in trong work is greater t Was it so with the nia? They were trouble through sin the way of salvation er to save themselv in sin need help. laid help upon O to save," and Paul a message of salva most. He and his left Troas, and set Macedonia, being s Lord who had alle the Gospel in Mac from W. M. S. S.

# A THOUGHT.

In a Western cit teacher took cha boys for a single ? gular teacher was Stitute that day ma which shook the t in a young by so regular teacher curry in re-es abris in religion.

The remark in less teacher was giving. The rea by the requirem tributions in 11. the name of each of the severe cont ci-in was the it Pir concluded that to be seen . .. Church troop met Rain patronage, in Christians a every atom of

the Bible of Car The regular never rea. z. ! could be accor thoughtless wer been so caretu that could lessen in other Christia never succeed in Christ by lessen lowers."--S. S.

# FARM

The grandest

according to Som boys and girls. life where thrim, are required, the the front is the s has the intellige of broad com through his sets Mon that our en notable feet in our country the boge mom she thops, in the beat her, in the masty-nine hu Who stand upo