

Our Home Circle

UNDER ORDERS.

We know not what is expedient, But we may know what is right; And we never need grope in darkness, If we look to heaven for light.

Down deep in the hold of the vessel The ponderous engine lies, And faithfully there the engineer His labor steadily plies.

He knows not the course of the vessel, He knows not the way he shall go; He minds his simple duty And keeps the fire aglow.

He knows not whether the billows The bark may overwhelm; He knows and obeys the orders Of the pilot at the helm.

And so, in the wearisome journey Over life's troubled sea, I know not the way I am going, But Jesus shall pilot me.

I see not the rocks and the quicksands, For my sight is dull and dim; But I know that Christ is my captain, And I take my orders from Him.

Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth, Speak peace to my anxious soul, And help me to feel that all my ways Are under Thy wise control.

That He who cares for the lily And feeds the sparrow's fall Shall tenderly lead His loving child; For He made and loveth all.

And so, when worried and baffled, And I know not which way to go, I know that He can guide me, And 'tis all that I need to know.

SHIPWRECK OF FAITH.

After many consultations, in which the future welfare of the family was the chief topic of discussion, the decision had been reached. The old homestead was to be sold and a new one to be sought or made. The West has always had a charm and mystery about it; and one of the most enterprising of the Western States was chosen, and father and son came West to select a place for a new home. They made a judicious choice. A piece of land near a growing and bustling town, was purchased, with an eye to school and church privileges. The father returned home to close up his business, and remove the family to the new homestead. The son remained to build a house and improve the land, anxiously waiting a year and a half for the return of his father with the loved ones. He gave his letter to the church, and besides his work in the Sunday school, organized another school in the country school house for the afternoon. After the family were settled in their new home, and the comforts and many of the luxuries of older States had been secured, the time came for the son to complete his education. He took a letter Sunday school and went East to attend college.

I was appointed to the charge that included this home, and made the acquaintance of the family. It was a model home, where nothing ever came to mar the peace or estrange the affection of the inmates. The children were governed by love, and obeyed from the same pure motive. Perfect courtesy prevailed, and the mother reigned supreme in the hearts of her husband and children. The son was missed not only at home but in society, and the time when he should return was looked forward to by every one with impatient pleasure. I joined the company of expectant friends; for with a year and more of acquaintance with the charge I felt the need of such help as he could probably give me in the Sunday school. The children were wild with delight at his return. After warm greetings at the village, he went out to the farm; never did son and brother meet with a warmer welcome than he received from the loved ones from whom he had been separated. They were proud of him. He was tall and handsome, and had returned home with the honors of successful scholarship.

I hastened also to welcome him, and expressed the anticipated pleasure of an extended acquaintance and mutual labor for the instruction and salvation of others. Turning to me with a look I can not forget he said: "If religious parents do not want the faith of their children undermined, they should not send them East to be educated." Hoping to save him I said: "My dear young brother, before you give up the teaching of your mother, and your faith in Christ, tell me your difficulties: perhaps, with the experience of age, I can answer them to satisfaction." He simply refused to state his objections; he would not reason; he was lost to the Church, and led some of his family with him. A professor in the college had sowed the seed of doubt and skepticism in the young man's mind, by insinuating the stock objections of infidelity, and an active mind striving to reach the truth by demonstration and logic, mistaking the value of its premises, rejected Christianity in the conclusion. So this young man entered upon his life-work, a teacher in the higher schools of the State, a confirmed infidel.

He and other young men captivated by the dash and eloquence of the Infidels, do not realize the fact that they are only working a vein of moral pyrites, and treasuring it for gold. "The wisdom of the world is foolishness with God," who leaves them with their delusion. Who can estimate the

evil that such a life may bring forth? A finished gentleman, graceful in manners; scholarly, a pleasing speaker, enthusiastic in his profession; one who can steal the heart of a child. Let him gather the hearts of the youth about him and, by his indifference to religion, by the covert sneer, poison their minds by his subtle influence, and they will return to mar the Christian home, cause its joy to cease and its light to go out in darkness. Why will religious parents expose their children to such danger, when there are so many schools of the highest class where men of culture and piety are ready to teach the sciences, and lift their scholars up to the best thought of the age, without marring the faith of the child? State schools may be as efficient, but they are more or less under political control, and piety is not a requisite qualification. One skeptical professor may be the moral corruptor of many students. As in the case of my young friend, an evil influence is put in motion which may perpetuate itself for all time. Let Christian parents send their children where godly men and women will guard, guide, instruct and return them with the fountain of faith unpoisoned. Avoid the rock of Rome, but do not sink into infidelity. The one corrupts, the other is the poison of asps.—Rev. J. H. Green in Central Advocate.

BARKING DOGS.

The Danes have a proverb which runs thus: "An honest man is not the worse because a dog barks at him." If you wish to accomplish any real good in life, you must not stop to reply to every unlovely or even false thing that is said about you. There are certain men who are burdened with the conceit that their mission is to break down whatever has not been submitted to them for their approval, and consequently, you must not be astonished if they, every now and then, issue from their lilliputian vaticans, bulls of excommunication, sending you and all associated with you to the outer darkness of heterodoxy. The following incident forcibly illustrates the best method of dealing with these noisy faultfinders:

"Two men, A. and B., started to go to a neighboring village. A. started several hours before B., but B. arrived at the village at the same time A. did. A. was surprised to find that B. had caught up with him, and B. was equally surprised to find that A. was so tardy. Explanations were given as to the causes that operated in producing the difference in the time required for their respective journeys. As A. was a member of a number of dogs came out and barked at him, and that he spent considerable time throwing stones at them to drive them off. B. said the same dogs barked at him also, but he paid no attention to them whatever, and as he wasted no time throwing stones at harmless quadrupeds, he had accomplished the journey in about half the time required by his contentious neighbor. It is very probable that at least some of our readers will be able to make the proper application of this incident. At any rate we hope they will agree with us that life is all too earnest, and there is too much work to be done, to justify any waste of time in throwing stones at barking dogs.—Evangelist.

TALK TO YOUR SCHOLARS.

When I first took a Sunday School class I feared to be personal with my pupils, to talk pointedly to each scholar before the rest. My teachers had never talked to me thus, and I was afraid of offending by too close questions and too practical application of the truth. I soon found such sowing brought forth little fruit. The scholars gained in general knowledge, but they did not feel "that is meant for me." They did not turn to Christ. One day, after prayerful consideration of the subject, I said, "Boys, it is no use for us to be afraid of each other; I came here to try and show you the way to heaven; you come to learn it, do you not? Then we must get so that we can talk as naturally about Christ and our own hearts, as about our studies or our plays. So do not be afraid of my close questions. You will have to get used to them; but they won't hurt you; you may question me too." At first some answered promptly when asked home questions; others blushed and turned their heads away. But ere long the restraint wore off, and nearly all could talk easily. The means, I trust, though humble, were blessed. Soon my heart was cheered by a gracious awakening among my dear pupils. Before a year had passed, nearly all were rejoicing in a Saviour's love. Now no questions came into the class, who was not used to such teaching, and did not like it. After a few Sabbaths, he said to a class-mate, "I do not like so many questions about myself, I do not like to answer them. What shall I do?" "O, you'll have to learn to like them; that's the only way you can get rid of them. That's the way the rest of us did. Now the closer the questions the better. They make us think so much more. I don't know as I should ever have turned

to Christ if it had not been for just such questions." Fellow teachers, let us be personal. Make each pupil feel at every lesson, "that is for me. Christ died for me. He calls me. He is knocking at the door of my heart."—Union Magazine.

HOW NEW ENGLANDERS SAVE MONEY.

Almost any New Englander can recall a country minister who, on his yearly salary of three or four hundred dollars, managed by the help of his wife, to live respectably and comfortably, educate a large family for self-support and social usefulness, and lay up something every year for a rainy day, which comes in all men's lives. We have wondered how it was done, but we know it was done, and he died at last the possessor of a nice little property. New England has been noted for its hard soil and its hard conditions generally, yet there is no other spot on the face of the earth that contains so much human comfort in the square mile. Every man born on New England soil tries and expects to better his condition during his life, and he goes to work at the beginning with this end definitely in view. The rich men in New England are men who began their prosperity with humble savings. Whatever their income was they did not use it all. Twenty-five or fifty dollars a year was considered quite worth saving and laying by. These small sums, placed at interest, accumulated slowly, but surely, until the day came at last when it was capital, to be invested in business with large profits. A fortune acquired in this way was cohesive, strong and permanent.

We are quite aware that something of grace and loveliness was lost in the habit of these small economies. Men grew small quite too often, and pinched and stingy, by the influence of the habit of penny savings. This has been brought against New England as a reproach, but New England has replied with truthfulness and pride, that no people of the country or the world have been more benevolent than her own economical children. She points to the vast sums she has expended on Christian missions and to the great public charities whose monuments crown her hill-tops, and shows that at the call of Christianity and humanity her purse, filled with such penny savings and self-denial, flies open and empties itself to fill the measure of the public need. At any rate, we know that there is not a State in all the West that has not gone to New England for the money to build her town, and her roads, and that if she has any regard for her hospitalities, such as she has practiced have been at her own expense, and not at that of her creditors. New England is rich—and this, after all, is what we are trying to say—notwithstanding a hard soil and an inhospitable climate. Circumstances were against her from the beginning, and economy was what enabled her to conquer circumstances, and to lift herself to the commanding position of wealth and influence which she holds to-day. The men who had an income of \$300 a year, at the beginning lived on \$200. The man who had an income of \$500 lived on \$300. Those whose income reached \$1,000 lived on half the sum, and so on. They practiced self-denial. They had no great opportunities for making money, and knew that wealth could only come to them through saving money. The old farmer who, when asked what the secret of his wealth was, replied: "When I got a cent I kep' it," told the whole story of New England thrift and comfort.—Dr. Holland in August Scribner.

SECRET OF A TRUE LIFE.

Dr. Arnold, of Bugby, gives in one of his letters an account of a saintly sister. For twenty years, through some disease, she was confined to a kind of crib; never once could she change her posture for all that time. "And yet," says Dr. Arnold, "I think his words are very beautiful, 'I never saw a more perfect instance of the spirit of power and love and of a sound mind. Intense love, almost to the annihilation of selfishness; a daily martyrdom for twenty years, during which she adhered to her early-formed resolution of never talking about herself; thoughtful about the very pins and ribbons of my wife's dress, about the making of a doll's cap for a child; but of herself—save as regarded her improving in all goodness—wholly thoughtless; enjoying everything lovely, graceful, beautiful, high-minded, whether in God's works or man's, with the keenest relish; inheriting the earth to the very fullness of the promise; and preserved through the very valley of the shadow of death from all fear or impatience, or from every cloud of impaired reason which might mar the beauty of Christ's glorious work. May God grant that I might come but within one hundred degrees of her place in glory!"

Such a life was true and beautiful. But the radiance of such a life never cheered this world by chance. A sunny patience, a bright-hearted self-forgetfulness, a sweet and winning interest in the little things of family intercourse, the divine luster of a Christian peace, are not fortuitous weeds careless

ly flowering out of the life garden. It is the interval which makes the external. It is the force residing in the atoms which shapes the pyramid. It is the beautiful soul within which forms the crystal of the beautiful life without. There are exquisite shells within the sea—the shell of the nautilus, many chambered, softly curved, pearl-aden, glowing with imprisoned rainbows. There are ugly shells within the sea—rude, dirt-colored, unsightly clamshells. But the shells are as the fishes within. So life will be what we make it—nautilus shell or clam-shell. If we would have our life true and beautiful, then we must be true and beautiful. There is no other secret. How can we be thus? There is a Scripture that answers the question: "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Dr. Wayland Hoyt.

TRANSIENT TROUBLES.

Most of us have had troubles all our lives, and each day has brought all the evil that we wished to endure. But if we were asked to recount the sorrows of our lives, how many could we remember? How many that are six months' old should we think worthy to be remembered or mentioned? To-day's troubles look large, but a week hence they will be forgotten and buried out of sight. Says one writer: "If you will keep a book, and every day put down the things that worry you, and see what becomes of them, it would be a benefit to you. You allow a thing to annoy you just as you allow a fly to settle on you and plague you; and you lose your temper (or rather get it; for when men are surcharged with temper they are said to have lost it), and you justify yourself for being thrown off your balance by causes which you do not trace out. But if you would see what it was that threw you off your balance before breakfast, and put it down in a little book, and follow it up, and follow it out, and ascertain what becomes of it, you would see what a fool you were in the matter.

The art of forgetting is a blessed art, but the art of overlooking is quite as important; and if we should take down the origin, progress, and outcome of a few of our troubles, it would make us so ashamed of the fuss we make over them, that we should be glad to drop such things, and bury them at once in eternal forgetfulness. Life is too short to be worn out in petty worries, frettings, hatreds, and vexations. Let us banish all these, and think on whatever things are pure, and lovely, and gentle and of good report.—Christian Treasury.

A GENTLE REBUKE.

A lady riding in a car on the New York Central Railroad was disturbed in her reading by the conversation of two gentlemen occupying the seat just before her. One of them seemed to be a student of some college on his way home for a vacation.

He used much profane language, greatly to the annoyance of the lady. She thought she would rebuke him, and, on begging pardon for interrupting them, asked the young student if he had studied the languages.

"Yes, madam, I have mastered the languages quite well."

"Do you read and speak Hebrew?"

"Quite fluently."

"Will you be so kind as to do me a small favor?"

"With great pleasure. I am at your service."

"Will you be so kind as to do your swearing in Hebrew?"

We may well suppose the lady was not annoyed any more by the ungentlemanly language of this would-be gentleman.

YOUR EVENINGS.

Young men, tell me how and where you spend your evenings, and I will write out the chart of your character and final destiny, with blanks to insert your names. It seems to me an appropriate text would be, "Watchman, what of the night?" Policeman pacing the beat, what of the night? What are the young men of the city doing at night? Where do they spend their evenings? Who are their associates? What are their habits? When do they go in, and what time do you see them come out? Policemen, would the night life of young men commend them to the confidence of their employers? Would it be to their credit?

Make a record of the nights of one week. Put in the morning paper the names of all the young men, their habits and haunts, that are on the street for sinful pleasure. Would there not be shame and confusion? Some would not dare to go to their places of business; some would return home at night; some would leave the city; some would commit suicide. Remember, young men, that in the retina of the all-seeing Eye there is nothing hid but shall be revealed on the last day.—Baptist Weekly.

On Young Folks.

HIDING FROM PAPA.

Papa's lost his baby! Search he everywhere, Under chairs and tables, With the greatest care!

Pulls aside the curtain, Peeps behind the door! Never sees the little heap Curled up on the floor. Never hears the whisper, "Mamma, don't you tell!" Nor the little laughter, Muffled, like a bell!

Off he scampers wildly, Hunting here and there, Overtaking everything With the greatest care! Canary has a visit, Sitting on his perch, Mamma's apron-pocket Suffers by the search!

"Now I am so tired— Elephant at play— That I must take a rest A minute by the way. I'll lay my weary head On this little rug." Under mamma's towel Lay her darling snug!

Then the merry scramblings Papa laughed to see! "And you didn't find now, That it could be me!" —Youth's Companion.

LOST IN THE SKY.

When Mr. John Wise, of this city, was lost in his balloon, called the "Pathfinder," several months ago, the newspapers printed many accounts of trips made into the air, some by brave men and some by foolish ones.

A lady who lives in the town of Centralia, in the State of Illinois, said nothing until all the rest were through talking. Then she told the editor of the St. Louis Republic to look into the number of his paper that was printed on the twenty-first day of September, 1858. The editor looked, and found an account of how two children took a trip in a balloon all by themselves. On that day an aeronaut, or sailor of the air, named Brooks, filled his air-ship with gas on the farm of a Mr. Harvey, who lived near Centralia. He expected to sail in the afternoon. About noon-time Mr. Harvey put his two children into the basket of the balloon just to please them, and not thinking for a moment of any danger. The balloon was tied to a tree by ropes. All at once a gust of wind broke the ropes, and the balloon shot up into the sky with nobody but the two children in the basket. Mr. Harvey was wild with grief, and shouted aloud: "They're lost! they're lost." All the neighbors ran to the spot, only to see the balloon drifting off to the north, and more than a mile high.

One of the children was a girl, Nettie, eight years old, and the other was her little brother Willie, four years old. Both cried when they found themselves leaving the ground and going on a very, very strange journey indeed. Nettie looked over the edge of the basket and saw her father wringing his hands away below. Soon the people looked to her smaller than babies, and the houses like toy houses. She and Willie were going up, up, all the time. "I expect we are going to heaven, Willie," said Nettie. Willie thought it would be very cold in heaven, then, for the higher they went, the colder it grew. Nettie wrapped Willie in her apron, and held his head in her lap until he cried himself fast asleep. Then Nettie folded her hands and waited. She said: "I think we must be near the gate now." She meant the gate of heaven, that she had heard about in Sunday school. But Nettie fell asleep too.

When she awoke she found that some man was lifting her from the basket. The strange man was a farmer in Northern Illinois, who had seen the balloon drifting low across his field. The rope was dragging, and so he caught it, and landed the children safely. Nettie and Willie's father soon learned that they had been found, and took them home two days afterward. Nettie is a woman, the very same who told the Republican to look in its files for the story.—Philadelphia Times.

LENDING A PIE TO THE LORD.

"Mother," said Johnny, haven't you a pie that you would like to lend to the Lord?"

"Why, Johnny what do you mean?" she asked; for she thought at first it was a joke.

"Don't you remember," said he, "that the Bible says, 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord?' I don't believe old Betsy has had a pie for a long time, and I thought perhaps you would like to have me take one over to her, then you would be lending to the Lord, you know."

One of mother's best pies went to old Betsy; only she was sorry she had not thought of sending them before. But if she had, she would have lost Johnny's way of "putting it."

When any one was speaking ill of another in the presence of Peter the Great, he would at first listen attentively, and then would interrupt the speaker, asking: "Is there not a fair side to the character of the person of whom you are speaking? I think so. Come, tell me what good qualities you have remarked about him."

MISSIONARY LIVERPOOL... Circuit... PRINCE EDWARD... CORNWALL... CHARLOTTE TOWN... LITTLE YORK... BRACKLEY PT... PLEASANT GROVE... VERNON RIVER... MURRAY HARB... MONTAGUE... SOURIS... MOUNT STEWART... ALBERTON... RELIEF... NOVA... PORT B... NORTH...