

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

WORDS OF CHEER.

O, vineyard toiler! are the shadows falling  
Upon thy path? Does life look long and  
drear?  
Is daily hearing of the cross appalling?  
Is thy heart stricken with its sense of fear?  
Look not upon the shadows, but above them;  
Around each cross bright beams of glory play;  
Take trials patiently, and thou shalt prove them  
Doors that will open to a clearer day.  
Earth's darkest shadow is but kindly warning;  
Earth's sharpest thorn a spur to nobler life;  
Night's deepest gloom comes always ere the  
morning;  
Can't's softest hush is that which follows  
strife.

The victor in the battle must have striven,  
The winner in the race must first have run;  
So he who would enjoy the bliss of heaven  
Must bear the burden ere he rest is won.

Be brave and patient—rest is for the weary;  
Be calm and trusting—Christ will still the  
blaze;  
Rejoice in hope, beyond life's path so dreary;  
The crown is waiting—hold thy peace fast!

CONSECRATED LOOKING-GLASSES.

This is the title of a tract in which Dr. Crosby lifts up an earnest and solemn testimony against the folly and sin of extravagance in dress, which is more than tolerated in our day, even among women professing godliness. Claiming that very particular in the order of the tabernacle and its furniture came from the mind of God, and has a meaning which we should strive to discover, the writer directs attention to the position of the altar and the laver before the tabernacle—the altar exhibiting death for sin and the laver life obtained by that death, both necessary for entrance into the holy house of God. The material of which they are made is noticed; both were of brass, in contrast with the candlestick, the table show-bread, and the altar of incense within the tabernacle, which were of gold. But more particularly he notices that Moses made the beautiful laver out of the looking-glasses of the women, the polished brazen mirrors, which, before the invention of glass mirrors, performed their functions in private and domestic life.

This fact, it is claimed, is highly significant. A certain attention to the toilette is necessary to meet the demands of cleanliness and neatness in both sexes. But that which may be rightly used for the modest purposes of neatness and cleanliness may easily be abused for the impudic purposes of vanity and display. This has always been one of the peculiar temptations of women; and the mirrors, as the chief instruments in the abuse, might well be taken as the emblem of it. The use of these mirrors, therefore, in the instruction of the laity, among her lessons, most emphatically did those from whom they were taken to abandon the vanity of self-adornment, for the cultivation of holiness of heart and life. The writer continually urged the admonition which an apostle puts into words: "Whose adorning let it be the outward adorning of a clean heart and a good conscience, adorned with meekness and lowliness of mind; that ye may be beautiful without, as ye are beautiful within, with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price."

There is a practical infidelity which puts aside the injunctions of God's word by flippant allusions to the circumstances of the holy men whom the Epistles were written. But it is the Holy Ghost who speaks by them, and the Word of God abideth for ever. That word declares for the nineteenth century directly as for the first, that an adorning of the person is an adornment to grace and is displeasing to God. Yet Christian women ask, "What harm can there be in it?" and scorn those who rebuke it as Puritans and fanatics.  
"If I were called," says Dr. Crosby, "to point out the most alarming sins in this city to-day—those which are most widespread in their ravages, and most deceitful in their influence, and most soul-destroying in their ultimate effects—I would not mention drunkenness with all its awful havoc, nor gambling with its avaricious victims, nor harlotry with its hellish orgies; but the love of money on the part of men, and the love of display on the part of women. While open vice sends its thousands of these fashionable and favored indulgences send their ten thousands to perdition. They scar the conscience, inure the soul with an impenetrable shell of worldliness, and banish the affections from every high and heavenly object, and make man or woman the worshipper of self. While doing all this, the poor victim is allowed by public opinion to think himself or herself a Christian; while the drunkard, the gambler or the prostitute is not deceived by such a thought for a moment."

The love of outward adornment, it is claimed, gives greatest prominence to the body, which is but vanity, to the neglect of the soul, in which the graces of the Spirit should shine forth to God's glory. It is the empty mind that loves most to adorn the body. And besides the injury to the person who indulges in it, she lends herself to turn the heads of fools into a false course of emulation, and to reduce women to rivalry with peacocks.

This folly involves a wretched waste of time and money. The diary of a fashionable Christian woman would be a record of hours spent before a looking-glass; and the rest of the day for which such preparation is made is devoted to frivolity. As with time so with money. By actual computation, the sum expended by a fashionable lady in dress and ornament would clothe suitably twenty of the most refined of her sex. The waste is fearful where it can be afforded. But alas! where in one case it can, be afforded, in a thousand it leads to debt, domestic jars, and even bankruptcy.

It is childish as well as wicked. It is indulging a vanity which is characteristic of the lowest order of savages. Wearing jewelry does not even attest the possession of wealth; since all who see it know that it is a common thing to endure grinding poverty or to contract the most unprincipled debt in order to gain possession of the bauble.

But beyond all other considerations, God's reiterated command prohibits the folly as ill becoming, the dignity of Christian character and hostile to all the dispositions and affections of the new nature. The three glories of a woman, her triple crown, modesty, truth and sympathy, are sacrificed to this passion. For modesty, we have the brazen stare which challenges notice if not admiration; for truth, we have the perpetual lie of fashionable society; and for sympathy, the head-long plunge after selfish indulgences. "I see the Christian Church invaded by this fatal iniquity; I see Christian mothers justifying it on every hand, and Christian daughters dragged into the vortex by the very hands that ought to have been thrown around them for protection; I see the influence of this self-decoration extending itself over all classes and conditions of society, like a subtle poison eating into the life of Christianity, and leaving the mere name. And seeing this, I cannot as a minister of Jesus Christ keep silent."

Well, surely, may Dr. Crosby ask women who are parties to such iniquity—"Can you be a Christian? Are you bound to Jesus, the Lord, by the blood-bought ties of a renewed affection? Have you received the Holy Spirit, the sweet earnest of heavenly glory? How can I believe it? How can you believe it, when you acknowledge that the world's glittering vanities are your fascinations? He also points to the true remedy in a more intimate knowledge of Jesus, clearer discoveries of His perfections, a closer walk with Him and more deep communion with His love. This is what will draw believers over to a presentation of their body a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God, which is their reasonable service. This is the divine affection which will expel the ignoble passion, and constrain us to live not unto ourselves, but unto Him who died for us, and rose again.—*Episcopal Recorder*.

AN APPEAL FOR PROHIBITION.

I heard a young man in a railway carriage, tell his own story while conversing on the Maine Law. Said he:  
"My father was a drunkard for years, my mother was a strong-minded, energetic woman, and with the help of the boys she managed to keep the farm free from debt. When my father signed the pledge that which pleased her most, next to his having signed it, was that she could tell him that there was not a debt or a mortgage on the farm. My father used to drive into the city, about eight miles distant, twice a week; and I recollect my mother saying to me:  
"I wish you would try and persuade your father not to go any more. We don't need that which he earns; and George, I am afraid of temptation and old associates."  
"Oh," said I, "Don't think of it; father's all right."  
"One evening we had a heavy load, and were going toward home when my father stopped at one of his old places of resort, and gave me the whip and the reins. I hitched the horses, tied up the reins and went in afterward. The landlord said:  
"I am glad to see you; how do you do? You are quite a stranger. How long is it since the temperance whim got hold of you?"

"Oh, about two years," said my father.  
"Well," said the landlord, "you see we are getting along pretty well," and they chatted together for some time.  
"By and by he asked my father to have something to drink."  
"I have got a little bit of temperance bitters here," said the landlord, "that temperance men use, and they acknowledge that it is purifying to the blood, especially in warm weather. Just try a little," and he poured out a glass and offered it.

"I stepped up and said;  
"Don't give my father that," to which he replied.  
"Well, boys aren't boys hardly nowadays,—they are got to be men amazing early! If I had a boy like you I think I should take him down a little. What do you think, Mr. Meyers? Do you bring that boy to take care of you? Do you want a guardian?"  
"That stirred the old man's pride, and he told me to go and look after the horses. He sat and drank till ten o'clock, and every time the landlord gave him a drink, I said:  
"Don't give it to him!"  
"At last my father rose up against me—he was drunk. When he got up on the wagon I drove. My heart was very heavy and I thought of my mother. Oh how she will feel this. When we got about two miles from home, my father said:  
"I will drive."  
"No, said I, let me drive."

He snatched the reins from me, fell from the wagon, and before I could check the horses the forward wheel crushed his head in the road. I was till midnight getting his dead body on the wagon. I carried him to my mother, and she never smiled from that day to the day of her death. Four months after that she died and we buried her.  
"Now," said the young man after he had finished the story, "that man killed my father; he was my father's murderer."  
There is not a rum-seller but can take your brother, your father, your son, into his dramshop to-night, and make him drunk in spite of your entreaties and prayers, and kick him out at midnight, and you may find his dead body in the gutter. All you have to do is to take the body and bury it, and say nothing about it: for you have no redress, no protection.

THE HILLS OF GOLD.  
"This is like a narrow valley land,  
This earthly way of mine;  
Before me, clad in glory grand,  
I see the hills divine—  
Those heights the saintsly long have trod—  
The hills of Hope, the hills of God!

Though mists of doubt enfold me in,  
Though through the dark I grope,  
The upward path my feet may win  
That mounts the heavenly slope;  
And walking through the lowland here  
I know the hills of God are near.  
Unto them, oft I lift my eyes,  
That oft with tears are wet.  
And through the mists they, calmly rise  
Where sun no more shall set.  
To me forever grand and fair  
The hills of God—my Help is there!

THE TRAIN THAT IS COMING.

As a train was passing over a New England railway it struck a broken rail. The conductor felt the shock. He knew the car was off the track, and sprang for a brake. It was his last brave service. The crash came, and he was picked up a poor mangled wreck; his skull had been broken. He was heard however, to utter these words—the last utterance of a faithful, loyal soul—"Put out the signal for the other train!" Somewhere down the line he knew another train was coming, thundering, crashing along, dashing faster, faster, faster, and there was his train on the line! Out with the signals, out with the signals; another train is coming! That was his last injunction.  
That other train, that other train I am saying to myself, is the generation that is following us: the boys and girls that are pressing hard after us, coming along faster, faster, faster, just ahead of whom we are, only perhaps to be in their way, a hindrance, an obstacle, and possibly the occasion of their ruin. What need of care, what need of caution, what need of rest-less vigilance for their sake in speech, in act, in look, in gesture! I want nothing to escape me, that will be an obstacle in their way. If we are on the track, blocking it, if we are in the way, let us take ourselves out of the way as soon as possible.

"What will you take?" was the question asked of an observant boy at table, and referring to the drink he might desire.  
"I will take what father takes," the father had received from the waiter a glass of intoxicating drink. The father heard the boy's remark, set aside his glass and called the waiter. He saw the other train coming and cleared the line at once. I think the saddest of all experi-

ences is the consciousness that an opportunity for right doing has been lost. It brings a sad look into a man's face to know that he has set an example, bad in itself, and hopelessly followed by others.

We know of an empty train that came to a stop on a gradient, the station having been reached. In the absence of an official the train got loose, and went down the line to meet the steamboat express. Some one chased the runaway train but could not overtake it. The opportunity for the arrest of the train had gone. There was a collision that night.  
Oh, souls on the track! fathers and mothers! your opportunity on behalf of your boys and girls is to-day—*now!* Don't let it slip from you.

We are not only to have a clear line for the next train, but in every way we are to keep that line snitable for the travel of the coming generation. Here comes the work of the Sunday-school teacher, to get the uneasy, rambling feet of childhood over into the roadway of the very best life.  
I passed recently a large rabble of boys in a vacant building plot. They were noisy and rough. What more important work, I asked myself, than to labor for that age and class, the coming generation? Through the Sunday-school, the Bible, the Church, we are to open a sure, steadfast way for their feet.

Our opportunity is to-day. Did not Voltaire make the age of five the limit inside which character substantially is settled? At any rate, that limit cannot be set with safety very far ahead. I don't want to be so absorbed in the cares and pursuits of my generation as to forget the next. I want to think of and plan for and work for the generation coming—that other train on the track. As the Lord helps me, I mean to think more and more of the interests of the children—the other train that is coming.

THE TRUE IDEA OF MARRIAGE.

Dr. Yancy delivered a sermon on marriage in Louisville, Ky., on a recent Sunday, with the following remarks under the head of "Companionship."  
"Marriage is the association of husband and wife. They should be together, except when separated by duty. No company should be so delightful to the wife as her husband's, and the husband should seek the company of none with the same pleasure he seeks that of his wife. This is the obligation of marriage. Companionship is help. Husband and wife have a mission to perform, and in accomplishing this mission each has a part. The wife has her domestic duties; the husband his business affairs. Both are essential to success. Each is to be interested in his own sphere and also in that of the other. God said—'It is not good for man to be alone; I will make him an help-meet for him'—a help worthy of him. A good wife is man's best helper—a helper in his business, a helper in adversity, in poverty. The prevailing notion is that a man is not ready to marry unless he has enough to support a wife. And there are young ladies who would not think of marrying a man who has no money. Begone with all such miserable perversions of marriage! About a hundred years since there lived in London John Flaxman, a young artist of great promise. At twenty-seven years of age John Flaxman married Ann Denman, a cheerful, noble woman. A friend of Flaxman, and an old bachelor, who, of course, was expected to have no better views of marriage, said: 'So, Flaxman, I am told you are married; if so, sir, I tell you are ruined for an artist.' Going home, Flaxman, taking a seat by his wife, with her hand in his, said: 'Ann, I am ruined for an artist.' 'How so, John? How has it happened, and who has done it?' 'It happened,' he replied, 'in the church, and Ann Denman has done it.' He went on to tell her what his friend had said, how that if an artist would excel, he must bring all his powers to bear on his work, and that if he would become a great artist, he should visit Rome and Florence, and study the great works of Raphael and Michael Angelo, and others. 'And I,' said Flaxman, 'would be a great artist.' 'And a great artist you shall be,' said his wife, 'and visit Rome, too, if that be really necessary to make you great.' 'But how?' asked Flaxman. 'Work and economize,' was the reply. 'I will never have it said that Ann Denman ruined John Flaxman for an artist.' 'I will go to Rome,' said he, 'and show the president that wedlock is for a man's good, rather than for his harm, and you, Ann, shall accompany me.' They worked, they econ-

omized, they went to Rome. John Flaxman studied the great authors, and returned to London a great artist, and Ann Denman helped to lift him to this pinnacle of fame. Young ladies and wives, don't forget Ann Denman."

TO DAY AND TO-MORROW.

To-day is mine. I hold it fast,  
Hold it and use it as I may.  
Unmindful of the shadow cast  
By that dim thing called Yesterday.  
To-morrow looms just before,  
A bright-winged shape, and lures me on,  
Till in my zeal to grasp and know her,  
I drop To-day—and she is gone.  
The bright wings capture lose their light.  
To-morrow weeps, and seems to say,  
I am To-day—ah, hold me tight;  
Ere long I shall be Yesterday.

THE FILE-GRINDER'S STORY.

I met an old "file-grinder," a few years since, who told me the following story:  
In the room where he had worked for nearly twenty years were twelve massive grindstones. Each stone had its boss who daily "dressed" it, and mounted on a wooden seat above it, ground files. Occasionally a stone when going at full speed would burst, flying in all directions with tremendous velocity, and as two men had been killed in that room and a stone might burst at any time, it made the men quiet and cautious, yet among them all there was no Christian.  
It was just after the noon hour, and the operatives had come in from a half-hour discussion about the genuineness of recent conversions among some of the "furnace men." The general opinion was that it was all a matter of imagination, and if there was a God, no man had ever heard from him, that he never did either call or warn anyone.  
The "speed" had started, the grinders were in their places, and work was progressing rapidly, when one of the men got down from his seat pale and agitated, and staggered to the other side of the room. He was hardly able to speak for an instant, but when pressed, said,  
"Boys, something or somebody said to me, 'Get down from your seat, the stone will burst.'"  
He had hardly said this, when the very stone over which he had been working, burst in pieces, crushing his seat to a shapeless mass, breaking the heavy "guards" as if they were glass.  
There was no more scoffing that day.  
"Sir," added the old file-cutter, "we all felt that it was God who spoke, and it made us pretty thoughtful. The man to whom it happened died last year a happy Christian, and there are five of us in the room that are trying to serve God. It's hard work to keep straight here, but it pays. A man can do his work better, and he feels that if a stone should burst and kill him, that it will be all right with him.

"So you think that God really spoke to that man, do you?" said I.  
"Certainly I do, sir," said he earnestly. "He saw that we were all asleep, that it would take a loud strong voice to awaken us, and so he spoke as he did, loud and strong; and we could not help hearing."  
Friend, look back over your life. Has not God spoken to you many times? Have your ears become so deafened by the clatter of the world's machinery that you can no longer hear his voice? You are in danger.—*Illus. Chris. Weekly*.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

CHINESE.

We think the Chinese dress queer; the Chinese think ours the same. Each nation makes its own style the standard of comparison. An Englishman traveling through China was often amused by hearing the free criticism of the people on his clothing and appearance. On his arrival at an inn a crowd would gather, and he would hear such remarks as these:  
"What a curious looking fellow! he has no cue, and doesn't shave his head."  
"And look at his tight clothes! They are not elegant!"  
"Just so; and look at his hat, what a queer thing! What ugly eyes he has! His boots however, are excellent; do you not think so?"  
"Oh, yes, indeed; and I am told they never wear out, and water can't get through them."

If the over curious people were driven out of the traveller's room, they would collect around the window. Those in front would make peepholes in the paper—there are no glass windows—with their fingers, and gaze for hours at the "barbar-

ian." Free criticism would be offered as to his barbarous method of eating with a pronged fork, thereby endangering his eyes and mouth, and at the old mixture of cold drinks and hot food. And that he should have two or three kinds of vegetables on his plate at once. But the strangest thing of all, the one they could not comprehend, would be that he should have left his home to wander about their country.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

Once, as I stood musing at the window, I saw a fly upon it, and made a brush with my hand to catch it. When I opened my hand the fly was not inside, but still on the same place on the glass. Scarcely thinking what I did, I made another brush with my hand, and thought I had captured the insect, but with the same result. There was the victim quietly retaining his place in spite of me! It was on the other side of the glass! And when I saw that it was so, I smiled at my own folly.  
Those who attempt to find pleasure out of Christ will experience a like failure, for they are seeking on the wrong side of the glass. When we are on the side of Jesus, and having believed in Him, are cleansed and forgiven, then our pursuit of joy will be successful; but till then we shall labour in vain, and spend our strength for naught. It is no use digging for coal where the strata show that there cannot be any, and equally useless is it to try for happiness where God's Word and the experience of those who have gone before us assure us that happiness cannot be found. But then it is all the more needful that we should seek it where it can be had, and give ourselves at once to the search. He who believes in the Lord Jesus is blessed in the deed.

What hinders you from believing? Boys, why should you not, while yet you are boys, believe in the Lord Jesus unto salvation? May the Spirit of God lead you to do so!  
Do not imagine that you cannot now be Christians; the gifts of our Heavenly Father's love are not reserved for a certain age. Boys may be saved, boys may be workers for Jesus, boys may bring great glory to God. Hence it is that just now, at this particular turning point in your lives, we are anxious to see you resolute for the right way. May the Holy Spirit incline you to resolve to be the Lord's! Others may despise your conscientious choice and make mirth of your holy carelessness, but what matters it? Some of us have been laughed at for these twenty years, and are none the worse for it; we have had all manner of evil spoken falsely of us for Christ's name's sake, but we are all the happier for it. Oh! boys, if you are renewed in heart, and become for life and death the Redeemer's, none can really harm you. All must be right with him who's right with God.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon*.

ALMONDS AND VIOLETS.

"Dear mamma!" said a little girl to her mother as they were walking together in the garden, "why do you have so few of these beautiful double almonds in the garden? You have hardly a bed where there is not a tuft of violets, and they are so much plainer. What can be the reason?"  
"My dear child!" said the mother, gather me a bunch of each; then I will tell you why I prefer the humble violets.  
The little girl ran off and soon returned with a fine bunch of the beautiful almonds and a few violets.  
"Smell them, my love!" said her mother, and try which is the sweeter."

The child smelled again and again, and could scarcely believe herself that the lovely almond had no scent, while the plain violet had a delightful odor.  
"Well! my child, which is the sweeter?"  
"Oh, dear mother, it is the little violets."  
"Well, now you know, my child, why I prefer the plain violet to the beautiful almond. Beauty without fragrance in flowers is, in my opinion, something like beauty without gentleness and good temper in little girls. When any of those girls who speak without reflection may say to you, 'What charming blue eyes. What beautiful blue eyes. What beautiful curls. What a fine complexion!' without knowing whether you have any good qualities and without thinking of your defects and failings, which everybody is born with, remember then, my little girl, the almond blossom; and remember also, when your affectionate mother may not be here to tell you, that beauty without gentleness and good temper is worthless."

The free, spontaneous because of his not an offering law, but to give heart's longing and love. The fish and beautiful at a few of the in God's word (people gave willing of all they had stones, etc., and ity, things had a star at times of the making of giving a David house of God, praise, (1 Chron. The wonderful the consecrated Chron. 7; with the many thank the page 2 presented by (2 Chron. 25; with these one Testament. The niaster box of try and stamp. Young that a tion greater in tention to G- pietize—ourselves S. Magazine.

Do not here make to each of preferences.