

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE HOLY DEAD.

BY RAY PALMER, D.D.

I heard a voice from Heaven. It said,
In tones that sweetly thrilled the heart:
"Thrice blessed are the holy dead,
Who at the saviour's call depart;
Who earth's long toils and sorrows end,
And to the Lord they love ascend."

In spotless robes I see them shine,
Each fairer than the morning star,
When purely, as with beams divine,
In the dim dawn she glows afar;
Till, like her, in advancing day,
They face in Heaven's pure light away.

Though lost to sense, I yet behold
The eternal gates unfolding wide,
And forms of beauty all around,
Dawning to hail their coming glide,
Ah! what celestial harpings sweet!
What rapturous greetings as they meet!

So evermore the ransomed home
Returns, by Death's kind hand set free;
And evermore the eternal dome
Re-opens with one sweet harmony,
When men and angels swell the strain:
"Worthy art thou, O Christ, to reign!"

Bright, blissful day! When severed long,
Kindred to each in gladness met,
With unaltered love, for death too strong,
Shall prove the heart can never forget;
That pure affections, once entwined,
May soul to soul forever bind!

Oh! blest, thrice blest the saints of God,
Now praising with the seraphim!
What though earth's darknesses their tread?
No tears again their eyes shall dim;
Each sharpest pang hath rich reward,
Forever they are with the Lord!

Independent.

WHAT A RELIGIOUS FAMILY NEWSPAPER DID.

Mr Nevers had long been a church member, but he was now in a cold, apathetic state spiritually. He was a burden both to himself and to his family; and the church—well, it did not know what to make of it.

First, it was the minister; Mr. Nevers was tired of him. "Mr. Proctor is a good man," he would say, "but dull, dreadfully dull; puts no life in his sermons."

Then, too, Mr. Nevers had lost faith in the deacons; and one of the leading brethren had taken unfair advantage of him in a small way. "The very smallness of it makes it the more despicable," he said.

Next he had got into some difficulty about his pew in the meeting-house; and finally he made up his mind that there was no sentiment of real Christian brotherhood in the church, and gave up attendance upon public worship altogether.

His wife and children went to meeting occasionally, however, when the weather was propitious and the "going" was good enough for them to walk over the always rather rough country roads. Now that the master of the house did not go himself, he thought it hardly worth while to harness the horse.

Then, too, the last time he drove to church he found Esquire Benton's horse hitched in No. 5. of the meeting-house horse-sheds, which had "belonged to the Nevers family ever since the town was incorporated, as any one could see by the records in the town clerk's office, if they wanted to dispute the matter."

"Take it all in all, Mr. Nevers was in a decidedly uncomfortable state of mind. Indeed, his attitude towards the church was almost belligerent. As the winter snows melted away and the ground became settled, Mrs. Nevers and the children hailed the Sunday mornings with delight, and flitted around as blithesome as the newly arrived blue-birds, with their morning chores and preparations for church-going.

Mr. Nevers, meanwhile, sitting around in the house in his week-day clothes, unshaven and unshorn, feeling ill-at-ease and guilty over his spiritual lapse, no doubt, amused himself by directing his good wife what to say to the minister and to various brethren with whom he had grievances.

When she came home and was hurrying about getting dinner—Mr. Nevers insisted, in these days of sad decline, on a hot meat dinner Sundays—he would sit in a comfortable corner and ask teasingly—

"Well, what did Parson Proctor say when you told him he wouldn't see me at meeting again till he rubbed up his intellect a little?" "How did Deacon Gilbert take my message about the snub he gave me in not introducing me to the new Hillsboro' minister at the council there last summer?" "Did you tell Ed. Carter I hoped he enjoyed gazing out of the window from my old pew?" "What answer did you get from Captain Harris when you reminded him of the turnips he owes me for?" "Did you notice whose horse was hitched in our shed this time?"

"Of course, father, I did not make myself offensive by giving such messages," the patient wife replies.

"But I told you, Caroline."

"It wouldn't be showing a Christian spirit, John."

"I never heard that it was showing a Christian spirit for a wife to disregard her husband's wishes," the offended brother would retort. And so Achilles sat in his tent, day after day.

Mr. Nevers' shocking condition of mind and heart so grew from bad to worse that by the time the grass was showing its delicate green shading over his broad, rich meadows and pastures, and the gay downy buds of the apple-trees were making themselves visible, there came a Sunday when, through his emphatic interdiction, not one of the Nevers family appeared in church.

The very next day the pastor and his wife, who all along had been in the habit of calling occasionally, notwithstanding the unpleasant state of affairs, drove up to see if there was any one of the family ill.

"We are all very well, thank you," said poor Mrs. Nevers, blushing over the effort she was so suddenly called upon to make in concealing the new and paramount reason for her absence from meeting, in order to shield her husband, "but you know Mr. Nevers has got out of the way of going to meeting. Then," hesitatingly, "I don't think it's good for my husband to stay at home alone all day. He gets dull, and goes over to neighbor Hunt's barn for a chat, or Mr. Hunt comes in here and smokes in my sitting-room; and so, on the whole, I think I had better be here myself. But my heart is with you all the same."

"What do you do on Sundays when you remain at home?" asked the pastor with such real interest in his look and tones that Mrs. Nevers could take no manner of offence at the question.

"Oh, I keep things orderly and quiet. Our unbelieving neighbor does not call when I am at home, and my husband does not care to go out. After dinner I read the Bible with the children and go over the Sunday-school lesson with them as well as I can without helps of any kind."

"You take a religious newspaper, of course? You can interest the whole family as to what is going on in the visible church everywhere by means of that; and its editorials and contributions will enlarge their hearts and their understandings."

"We have no religious paper now," said Mrs. Nevers, timidly. "The subscription run out a year ago, and Mr. Nevers says he cannot afford to revive it again. Besides, he thinks the subscription is too high. For my part, I should be willing to go without something in the way of dress, or cut off some luxuries from the table, so as to keep the paper along. But Mr. Nevers thought best to stop it."

"So you do not take any paper now?" queried the pastor's wife. "You must miss it very much, you are all so fond of reading."

"Oh," Mrs. Nevers hastened to say, "we take a political paper, an agricultural paper, and our local paper. Mr. Nevers would not get behind in politics or prices current. He says we can get our religious and spiritual food from the Bible and our hymn-books. And so we can in a great measure, but one likes current religious reading also. When we took a religious paper and paid for it in advance, we enjoyed it greatly and received much benefit from it. In fact, my husband used to say he could not get on without it. There was one unwise thing about this matter; Mr. Nevers is not a laggard in money matters, but he suffered the paper to go on two years without paying for it, and at the end the money came hard. I think that has often been the case when a paper is given up. When two or three years' subscription is paid at once, and that after we have had the paper, we feel it to be an expensive luxury."

The pastor's visit presently drew to a close, and he went home. He was a poor man with a small family, but this night, while his wife was getting supper, he sat down and enclosed the price of the leading denominational paper of the section for one year, and ordered it to be sent to his backslidden and recalcitrant parishioner, John Nevers.

The first number came Saturday afternoon of that week. The surprised but pleased recipient scrutinized the label closely, but the plain letters, "John Nevers, May, 1, 1881," one year exactly from that present day, gave him no clue to the identity of the donor.

The next day Mrs. Nevers and the children went to meeting, noting all the way how pink the apple-tree buds were growing, and feeling in their hearts a premonition of better things to come.

"How is Mr. Nevers?" asked the pastor kindly as he took the smiling woman cordially by the hand.

"Quite well, I thank you, and closely engaged in reading the—"

and Mrs. Nevers looked hard at the pastor's pleasant face. But he only smiled and said simply—

"I am very glad that—has resumed its weekly visits to your good household."

It was rather remarkable, for it seemed that for a month or two there was either an editorial or a

contribution that fitted right on to Mr. John Nevers; and an admirable fit, too, from head to foot. On the Sunday the apple-trees burst into bloom he shaved himself early in the morning, put on his best clothes, and said incidentally "To be neat and comely is a very simple and proper way of showing respect for God's day."

On the Sunday when the apple blossoms dripped down like the first undehiled winter snow upon the velvet emerald turf that spread about the home-stand and bordered the roadside, Mrs. Nevers drove to meeting; and by the time the apples were as large as gooseberries, Mr. Nevers had interested himself in "looking out" the Sunday-school lesson on Saturday night; and Sunday morning without a relevant word, he drove to meeting himself with his family.

On the return drive he ejaculated at intervals in this wise:—"Esquire Benton has mended the broken bars in my meeting-house shed." "I believe I like the new pew better than I did our old one. We can't see the singers quite so well, but we are at a better angle with the preacher's face." "Deacon Gilbert was uncommonly friendly to-day." "Captain Harris asked me to drive over with you, Caroline, some day, call on the folks, and get a batch of early asparagus and lettuce in return for those turnips I gave him last fall. I presume he thought I didn't think of charging for them when he took them."

"Either Parson Proctor has improved wonderfully, or I have, for I have really been much edified to-day." There was a little space of silence among the occupants of the handsome and substantial family carriage after the last ejaculation, when Mrs. Nevers softly remarked, "A good deal depends upon the kind of spirit with which we listen to a sermon." And the oldest daughter added, "I think we all enjoy the Sunday service better when we have the—"

to read, in connection with the Sunday-school lesson through the week." The Nevers family did not know for a certainty who it was that sent the paper to them, but it may be inferred that Mr. Nevers had a suspicion in that direction from the frequent and substantial gifts that found their way from the farm to the parsonage in the course of the year. Parson Proctor told his wife that he never invested any money before that paid such good interest, both in a spiritual and temporal sense, when he took into consideration those extra creature comforts, and what was of far greater moment, the subsequent vigorous yet humble Christian walk of his old parishioner.

The characters and incidents in this sketch are not apocryphal. Names of the persons are, of course, fictitious. I was tempted at first to give the name of the lively, original, high-toned religious family newspaper that took the dumps and the bitterness and the spiritual deadness out of the soul of John Nevers, and placed his feet firmly and permanently upon the Rock.—Zion's Herald.

WELL USED WEALTH.

What is really admirable in the munificence of the Baroness Burdett Coutts, (now the wife of Mr. Ashmead) is the constant personal care, the wise and happily original exercise of individual initiative which it has involved. She has not been content with giving a general order for the relief of distress. She has herself investigated the claims upon her bounty of every kind, with as much vigilance as if, instead of the stewardess of her fortunes, Religion, education, social utility, moral improvement, generally have alike benefited from her bounty—and have benefited because she has insisted that her gifts should be distributed in her own way. In our Australasian Colonies, in South Africa, in British Columbia, she has built churches and endowed hospitals. At the East End of London she has planted schools and lealthy dwellings on the site of pestiferous slums. In Rochester Row, Westminster, is the monument of an enterprise to which she addressed herself thirty years ago, and which has since yielded a rich harvest of social good. The St. Stephen's Schools, Church and Parsonage cost the Baroness, according to the estimate of a writer in the current number of a monthly Magazine, between seventy and eighty thousand pounds. In Hanbury street, Spitalfields, is another institution funded by the same benefactress, affording at once a home and a workshop for a hundred and fifty women and some hundred children. The Rower Girl's Mission, in Clerkenwell close, with its loan fund and penny bank, the Art Student's Home in Erunswick square, the Columbia Market,

and the Columbia Dwellings, all owe their origin to the Baroness. The two last named were erected at a cost of nearly half a million, and the service which they have rendered can best be estimated by comparing the old Nova Scotia Gardens with the new Columbia Market and its surroundings. These gardens were one of the scandals and abominations of the metropolis. They were the home of everything which was morally and physically detestable. They were fringed and were burrowed under by the dens of thieves and murderers. Baroness Burdett-Coutts bought the freehold of the pestilential area, and its aspect to-day—its model dwellings, inhabited by two or three thousand artisans and their families—is the best testimony to the transformation which it has experienced. Even thus, all that Baroness Burdett-Coutts aimed at has not been accomplished, for the Market, in spite of every effort to utilize it, has not answered the purposes for which it was designed.

Night Schools, Industrial Schools, Training Ships for Destitute Boys, Institutions for Teachers, Homes for the Fatherless and the Widow—these have been founded by Baroness Burdett-Coutts whenever the opportunity for their foundation has presented itself. Nor is it England alone which has been the scene of her good deeds. At a time of bitter want and misery, she enabled the inhabitants of the poverty-stricken and almost starving town of Girvan, in Scotland, to emigrate to Australia. A little later she placed the same means of relief within the reach of a multitude of Irish at Cape Clear, adding food, clothing, and fishing boats. Nor must it be forgotten that when our troops were in the severest crisis of the Crimean war, it was the Miss Burdett-Coutts of those days who took the initiative in the dispatch of supplies of all kinds. It is also certain that without her help the subjects of Rujah Brooke would have perished wholesale when famine descended upon Sarawak, and that the natives of this region are chiefly indebted to the lesson which they learned on her model farm for the progress they have made in agriculture. Nor, again, will Englishmen soon forget that it was Baroness Burdett-Coutts whose timely assistance at one disastrous memorable conjuncture prevented Dr. Livingstone from perishing of disease or famine in the deserts of Africa.

THE SABBATH.

Have you ever thought of the Sabbath as the world's birthright? There is no higher proof of the wisdom of God than this. Before men were gathered in great cities and busied in all the arts of life, He who knew the cares that would overtake the world, rested the seventh day and 'hallowed it.' The ore slumbered in the mine, no keel ploughed the ocean, the anvil had not been touched by the stroke of the hammer, none of the activity of the counting-house, or of the city, had been dreamt of. Yet God foresaw the future, knew all the restlessness with which men would be called to labour, and He prepared the Sabbath—as a day when men should 'rest from their labours.'

The more we think of this birthright the more we shall prize it. Who but God could have secured such a blessing for the world? One day out of every seven was preserved from the encroachments of worldly duty.

Perhaps two instances, the perfect truth of which is beyond doubt, may show the wisdom of keeping this Day of Rest to any who plead the heavy cares of life as a reason for labouring on the Sabbath.

When the Rev. Daniel Isaac commenced his ministry at Lowestoft, he was much surprised to find that many of the best men of his own Church followed the custom of the coast and, as the church bells were ringing for Sabbath morning service, sold their fish on the shore. There was no harbour in those days, but the fishermen 'made up' their boats on the beach and sold their fish there. He called the people together and told them how grieved he had been to see this desecration of the Sabbath, and asked them to think whether they could not find some other plan for disposing of their cargoes of herrings. The fishermen had not thought of the matter in this way before, and one after another rose and said, "Mr. Isaac, I am convinced, by what you have said, that we are doing wrong, and I shall never act so again." One man alone resisted his minister's appeal, and insisted that the Sunday work was essential. He told Mr. Isaac that he did not understand the necessities of the work, and must leave the fishermen to their own judgment in the matter.

Soon after the meeting all the

vessels put to sea, and after a prosperous voyage turned again towards the port. They had come within sight of the shore when, without any apparent reason, the vessel of the man who had said it was impossible to keep the Sabbath suddenly capsized. A friend who was near contrived to pick up the master and his men. All were saved they hoped; but when the master looked around—his boy was absent. Those who heard his cry never forgot its anguish: "O, my son is drowned, he was asleep in the cuddy!"

The man raised money and built a new fishing-boat which, with its nets, cost sixteen hundred pounds; and was reckoned the finest vessel on the coast. His trouble had not changed his feeling about Sabbath work; he still insisted that he must sell his fish on the Lord's-day.

One day all the vessels went to sea; no storm was heard of; and every ship returned safely save the new vessel which had been the pride of the coast. None of the others had seen her, and neither men nor vessel were ever heard of again.

A somewhat remarkable testimony to the ruin which frequently attends Sabbath desecration came under the writer's notice a few years ago. Many of the customers of a large wholesale hosiery warehouse in London were accustomed to keep their shops open on the Sabbath. In many cases, this Sunday-trading secured an almost incredible run of business; but sooner or later those who engaged in it seemed sure to become bankrupt. It became a proverb in the house that such and such a man would fail, because he traded on the Sabbath; and when one man, who had been doing an immense business but had nevertheless failed several times, came to them in his extremity, the firm offered to set him up again if he would promise to give up his Sunday-trading.—Methodist Tract.

ON THE SEA.

The following narration of a middle aged sailor illustrates the wonderful way in which God's Spirit and his providence work for the salvation of the sinner:

"Eight months ago I was on board a barque bound to the West Indies. On the first Sunday afternoon out, the mate, a godly old man, came forward with a bundle of papers and tracts, and gave us sailors some, my share being three tracts, 'A Brand from the Burning,' 'Going Aloft,' and 'The Sinner's Friend.' I took them carelessly, but looked at the titles, and when I went below threw them into my bunk, where I found them in the last dog-watch, and began to read them. I found something in each of them to take my attention, but was specially interested in 'Going Aloft.' I was roused from my reading by the order, 'All hands on deck.' As soon as I got my head above the scuttle I saw that the wind had changed, and was dead ahead, and heard my name called, 'Tom, make fast the flying jib.' I got out on the jib boom, and sung out for some one to pull on the down-haul; but I could not make myself heard for the howling of the wind, and besides, the men were occupied taking in the small sails. So I threw the gasket around my neck, and tried to pick up the sail as well as I could, but found it a hard job, the sheet having got so far to leeward. Presently down the barque dived, and a sea struck me on the small of the back, and lifted me off the foot-ropes. I thought I was gone sure; but the end of the gasket hanging from my neck got a turn round the gallant-stay, and brought me up just as I was pitching overboard. I had no time to think of anything then; but afterward, when I got my sail fast and was on board all safe, and found everything snug, and sat down with my pipe, then the thinking time came. What I had learned from the Bible in Sunday-school many years ago, the prayers and instructions of my father and mother, the solemn words of the tracts so lately read, my narrow escape from death, and God's goodness to me all through my life, and especially now in this last wonderful deliverance—all these things came into my mind with great power. I slept no more that night.

"Next morning it was my first turn at the wheel; but it was no use to try, I could not steer. The mate presently came aft and told me to 'mind my helm.' At last I called him and told him how miserable I was—all along of those tracts you gave me to read." "Cheer up," said he, "and when the watch is relieved come down to my room and we will talk it over." I did so. He prayed with me and I prayed for myself—prayed earnestly, and peace came at last. After that we often prayed together, and had many precious seasons before the voyage closed. I have been with not a few Christian

captains and mates, but never have met one who lived up to his religion as old Mr. Johnson did, and sorry was I when we parted. After that I went home to Galveston, and had a good time for two weeks, going to every prayer-meeting I could find, Baptist, Methodist, or Presbyterian, trying also to tell in my simple way what God had done for my soul."—Am. Messenger.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WAITING FOR PAPA.

Dear little brown eyes gazing
Out through the twilight gloom,
Watching so earnestly waiting,
Waiting for papa to come.
High-chair pushed back from the table,
Sunny face patiently sweet,
For papa must ask a blessing
Ere little Bessie will eat.
Listen, I hear his footsteps,
Only a moment to wait,
Bring back the smiles, little brown eyes,
Papa is opening the gate.

HARRY'S EARNINGS.

No boy, or man either, in all the country, was more ready and willing to help the needy than Harry Gray. One day he came to his uncle with an anxious look on his face, and said:

"Uncle, can you help a poor man who lives down in the village? He is very sick and entirely destitute."

"No," said his uncle, gruffly; "I haven't any money to spare."

Harry looked disappointed. After a moment he said, hesitatingly, "Uncle, I'd like to earn some money."

"Well," said his uncle, looking up from his paper, "I told you I would give you three cents for every wheelbarrow load of stones you carted away from the hill, but you did not want to do it."

"I will do so now, if I may," said Harry.

"Very good; you may begin as soon as you like," said his uncle.

Harry jumped up, and ran out to find the wheelbarrow. Picking up stones was dull work, yet he set about it as eagerly and merrily as if he had loved it. He wheeled the great barrow up the hill, and began to fill it with stones, singing away as gayly as a lark. The summer sun grew warm, and Harry's shoulders began to ache, but with a bright smile on his face, he said to himself, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." That was the secret of Harry's readiness for this work; he was doing something for his Saviour. He was determined to earn eighteen cents, so he tugged away at the heavy stones until the six loads were rolled down the hill.

He went home with that same happy look on his face, and said, "Aunt, will you give me a loaf of bread?"

"To take to that sick man?"

"Yes."

"But you are too tired to go with it now."

"Oh, no; I can go. Please let me have a little pitcher, too."

"What do you want that for?"

"I'll bring it back safely," said Harry, coloring a little.

So Aunt gave it to him, for she loved the little motherless boy.

First he went to find his uncle, who gave him the eighteen cents. Then he went to the village grocery store and bought a little paper of sugar, a small package of tea, and his pitcher full of milk. If ever there was a happy little boy, it was Harry Gray as he walked up the village street, holding fast to his precious packages.

He reached a forlorn wooden house, and knocked at the door. "Come in," said a feeble voice. Harry went in, and there on a bed lay the sick man for whom he was looking.

"I have brought you something, because some one told me you were in want," said he gently.

"God bless you boy!" said the sick man; "I have not tasted a mouthful to-day!" Just then a woman came in. "See, Mary," said he, "God has sent us food at last; and the woman took Harry's hands in hers, and the tears poured down her face as she asked the dear Father in heaven to bless him.

Harry lay down upon his bed that night a weary little boy; but do you think he was sorry that he had worked so hard for his Saviour?

"It is a singular fact," said the Rev. Dr. Alexander, his eye ranging over the crowded shelves and well filled tables of a large book store, "that the age which gives us most books, gives us least time to read them."

The wife of a well-known Presbyterian minister now in New York, formerly of Philadelphia, on Christmas morning, found \$100,000 hidden away in her stocking. It was the noble gift of a wealthy parishioner. We commend the spirit of the donor. Let the people deal generously with their pastors.

The scene in Jerusalem at the feast of Pentecost. It is for robes, seventy million lived at Jerusalem were travelling on How long thus we are time after time the apparent wishing to be and perhaps stayed, he as though I Son after a moment, I men, officially been the use of all the things by any But they were leaving the through the their nature. But another scene. He Samaritan. From his, fangs with them manifest hatred. In this Samaritan pass by, no prostrate looks at him—be proceed are three Samaritan noted: 1. The Princes His other feeling his syn thought of whispered you are us him; he you. But voices. His dices of his been most and strong noble thing selves free bigoted ne young people. 2. The that he did thought of exposing that dag conveni seen to h was intent his act of filament of expens was perie him, inde sideration. 3. The compas cation of feels as th lighted to his wound the ordin cases; he walking inn, and day and gave the the prob if they exp the r merey of charity. It stoppe power of charity v Pharisee would at one to se thus the an's act more bri solitudes. 4. The question, merely o live nee ated, or lief, met but our in what however him and his cha neighb love. I class di al brot word. I is not t God lov men; t all nee patrice Christian man pr tried to of the bear th —Abrie Mayday. A re decisio the be ventur This is which, fail.— "N tell of to hea check ing the pleasu