

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

DIVORCE.

In the rude blast, the snow about her blowing, Under the starless sky, alone, unheeded, She stood, where broad and bright the light was falling From his great window.

The wintry wind howled round her, smote her, chilled her; A wind more cold, more cruel chilled her spirit; And as they fell, her tears froze on her bosom; But he was sheltered.

Yes, he was warm and happy, all unconscious, Whose faded eyes beheld his smiles and comfort; Safe in his home he sat beside that other For whom he left her.

Cast out she stood, from all heart-home and shelter, From all that cheers and comforts human bosoms; Disease and want, corroding tribulation, Her lonely portion.

The mask had fallen; the dream, the dear delusion, Broken, had fled. Now, cold and storm and darkness Encircled her; for him the light and pleasure. Long, long, she watched him.

"My brightness!" sighed she, "gone from me forever; My music! nevermore to soothe my sorrow; My moonlight! constant but to change that slum me; My life is ended."

Groaning she turned away, and faint with anguish, Beat on by winds that made her reel and stagger, And weeping heavily, she trod the pathway Worn by his footsteps.

Oh, when a little later, he passed over, So calm, so cold, the way where she went weeping, Careless who saw—yes, careless now of all things— Could he not know it? —Augusta Moore, in Zion's Herald.

WHAT GOD CAN USE.

FROM ADDRESS BY MR. MOODY.

I was much cheered in Birmingham by a circumstance I heard of when I returned after an absence of eight years. I was told of a lady who had gone to one of the meetings eight years ago, and heard the speaker remark that he pitied any man or woman who had themselves been in the kingdom of God for any length of time, and never had the luxury of leading a soul to Christ. Then she heard Mr. Sankey sing, "Nothing but leaves." She knew she had never had the luxury of leading a soul to Christ; her profession, up to that time, had borne no fruit. But she set to work, and the first thing she did was to speak to a poor fallen sister in the street. She got so interested in that one woman, that she gave up all her spare time to this class; now she has the names of between two and three hundred who have been rescued from a life of shame, and have been helped back to live pure and useful lives. I think she is about the happiest woman I met in Birmingham.

She thought she had no special ability, but she did what she could, and God has blessed her in the work. It seems to me as if she were one of the most useful women there is in that town to-day. Every one speaks in the highest terms of her and her work. It is a quiet work, but my experience leads me to think that the people who make the most noise accomplish the least, after all. A little brook runs near the house where I was born. When there comes a flood of rain, you can hear the brook rushing and roaring if you are nearly a mile off. But after a few days of sunshine, there is scarcely anything left in it. There is a great river that flows by, and I never heard it in my life. Towns have been built upon its banks, and everything prospers where it flows. So this woman has not blown any trumpet, but she is doing a most blessed work.

There was another case of a man in Birmingham who thought he had not much ability, but he went to work and got laboring men out at half-past seven in the morning that he might teach them. Every morning now in the winter, long before daylight, eight thousand working men come to the different classes that are being taught; every Sunday eight thousand men in Birmingham are there, studying the word of God. That man has set a stream of influence in motion that will flow on long after he is gone. Let us be willing to do some little thing. Many Christians are so anxious in these days to get a great name, to have themselves heralded through the press. We must be willing to do our work in a quiet way, to do it as unto the Lord, and not be looking for any reward from the world. I believe a man who is looking for his reward down here

is not qualified for God's service. "The crowning day is coming by and by." If we live for Christ we may not have the applause or the esteem of the world; but if we are his true disciples we shall be willing to do anything that he appoints.

It is astonishing what one person can do when he is ready to use whatever talents he may possess. A lady in Dublin got stirred up during the meetings there eight years ago. She began to take an interest in the prisoners, and went to meet them at the prison gates as they came out. It was called the Prison Gate Mission, and now there are hundreds of men and women who have been rescued through its efforts. This lady gave her life to the work of saving these criminal outcasts, and God has richly blessed her efforts. It might have appeared a very small thing at the beginning but it has now become a great and glorious enterprise. Things sometimes look small and insignificant to us at first, but if God is in any work it is not small. The widow's two mites no doubt looked very contemptible in the sight of the rich Jews in Jerusalem. If there had been a reporter on the daily press hunting about for city items, he would have taken no notice of it. If the Honorable Jacob S. and so, or some other Hebrew noble, had given £1000 to the Temple service, or to build a new synagogue, it would have been blazoned abroad. But we must bear in mind that the Lord looks on things very differently. He saw what was in the heart of that poor widow, and the story of her gift has been told out, clear down the ages, ever since.

"HE SAID HE WOULD!"

The session of the Presbyterian Church had convened for the reception of members. The venerable elders sat around in a circle, the young pastor in the midst. One candidate after another passed the usual examinations, until all had been received and had withdrawn. A boy of ten years of age had been sitting thoughtfully near the door. It was supposed that he was waiting for some of those who were in conference with the session; but when they were all gone, and he still remained, the pastor approached him, and learned that he too wished to be admitted to the communion of the Church. He was a boy of studious habits and irreproachable character, prompt at Sabbath-school, and attentive at church, but it was not known or suspected that he felt any social interest in his own personal salvation. It was natural, therefore, that these men of God should feel solicitude, and even hesitation, as to the reception of one so young, and of whose religious experience they had so little knowledge.

He was seated, however, and the examination began. It progressed satisfactorily until most of the usual ground had been gone over, the boy clearly and calmly narrating the circumstances under which he had been awakened to a sense of his guilt, and led to feel his need of Christ as a Saviour. Then came the question, "What did you do when you felt yourself to be so great a sinner?" And the eyes of the examiners brightened as he answered, "I just went to Jesus and told Him how sinful I was, and how sorry I was, and asked Him to forgive me."

But the next answer brought the shadow again to their faces, for as the pastor asked, "And do you hope that at that time Jesus heard you and forgave your sins?" he answered promptly, "I don't only hope so, Sir; I know He did."

There was a confidence in the tone with which the word "know" was uttered that startled the hearers. The oldest of them raised his glasses and peered into the face of the little candidate, and said, "You say you 'know' that Jesus forgave your sins?"

"Yes, Sir," was the prompt, unhesitating answer.

There was an ominous pause in the examination. Such positivism could only be, it was feared, the offspring of presumption. The boy must be resting on some false foundation.

"You mean, my son, that you hope Jesus has pardoned your sins?"

"I hope He has, and I know it too," with a bright smile on his manly face.

"How do you know it, my son?" every eye being intent upon the little respondent.

"He said He would," said the

boy, with a look of astonishment, as if amazed that any one should doubt it.

"He said He would do what?" "He said that if I confessed my sins He was faithful and just, and would forgive them; and I did confess them to Him, and I know He forgave them, because He said he would."

The old Scotch elder took off his glasses to wipe the moisture from his eyes, and turned to the pastor. "He's got hold of the right end of it, Sir. Flesh and blood have not revealed it to him. I move the examination be suspended."

The examination was suspended. The name of the dear boy was enrolled, and he has lived, by an earnest and godly Christian life, to attest the sincerity and value of an assurance based not upon frames and feelings, but upon the sure testimony of the Word of God.

LETTING OFF STEAM.

The work and worry of the world produces in us all, at times, a nervous condition which is very much like the generation of pent-up steam. The steam must have a vent, either upon machinery which it can operate or out into the open air. The steam must get out some way, or a little more heat will give it such elasticity as shall make it burst the boiler.

It may be laid down as a rule to which there can be the fewest possible exceptions, that it is better to waste the steam than burst the boiler.

It does not do to be writing fiery letters and sending them to correspondents or contributing them to the press. They cannot be recalled. They remain against you. Two days after you have mailed your letter to your correspondent, five hundred miles away, in which you shake your fist in his face and tell him "he is another," you are all cool as a cucumber; and sit in your room covered with the garments of humiliation. If you only had that letter back, how calm, how dignified, how self-respectful would be your reply! But alas! it has gone out of your hands, never to return but to shame you.

How is a man to obey that injunction of the apostle, "Be ye angry and sin not?" We think we have discovered a remedy, from having considered the likeness which this rapid generation of heat in the human being bears to the generation of steam in the engine. The steam must drive something, or burst something, or get out somewhere in open space. This last is the thing to do: to let off steam where it touches nothing and can hurt neither you nor any one else. How would it do for each man to have his little "curry," and when he gets mad go into that apartment so arranged that no human being can hear him? The Lord would hear him, but then the Lord has more charity than men. You may trust yourself with a crime to God sooner than you can trust yourself with a peccadillo to your fellow-man. If you growl or rage, or even—oh dreadful thought—curse or swear, there will be no one to hear it but your Heavenly Father and yourself. He knows your frame. He remembers that you are dust. You will soon become ashamed of yourself, and when in that little apartment you have heaped articulate maledictions upon your enemy—maledictions which cannot hurt him—you will probably close your visit to your cursery by falling on your knees before God and offering such prayers for your enemy as will do you good, if not your enemy.

If you cannot reach your "curry," sit down with your paper and pen and ink, and write a letter to your foe; make it savage; "pile up the agony;" ransack your memory for epithets that shall, so to speak, gouge and bite and tear the soul of your enemy. Find scorpion words and tie them to the end of the lash of your invective, and flay him soundly in your letter. Then lock your letter in your desk and take a walk. You will have such comfort in chucking over the idea of the way you have rasped him! Keep your letter seven days. It will not spoil. Perhaps you can improve it. Each day go back and see it. You cannot put in a harder word. Spend a portion of each day in looking through the dictionary for some stinging epithet which memory previously may not have recalled. Do this seven days, including Sunday, and then you will have sense enough not to mail it, but you will feel perfectly relieved.—Rev. Dr. Deems.

THE GATE OF DEATH.

It is a baby's hand Knocks at the gate of death, And we who love him, stand Weeping with bated breath, Waiting to see it open For the little feet to pass In through the gate of hope, To the throne on the sea of glass.

Alas, the death-mists close Around the frail life's goal; Else should we see what glory glows Around the entering soul. Nor saint nor seraphim, But the one who loves him best From his mother's arms receiveth him, And lifts him to his breast.

How safe the baby soul God's fair world entereth, To dwell, while happy ages roll, Beyond the gate of death! Lord, open Thou our eyes To see their blest estate Who live with Thee in Paradise, The other side death's gate! —The Advance.

THE DEAD FOLLOWER.

In 1871 I was at Naples when an Italian corvette, the *Amirale Caracciolo*, was launched at Castellamare. The vessel was christened by the Countess Teresa Caracciolo, the daughter of the chief of the elder branch of the Caraccioli. I was staying at Naples as the guest of the young lady's father, and I heard from him a very remarkable story connected with the death of the unfortunate officer in honor of whose memory the vessel was named. The circumstances which led to the execution of the Prince Francesco Caracciolo in 1799 are well known. I shall merely state, therefore, that he was condemned by a court-martial composed of Sicilian officers to be hanged at the yard-arm of the flag-ship for bearing arms against his lawful sovereign. When the official communication of the finding and the sentence of the court was brought to the prince, he was explaining the names and uses of the various parts of the rigging to some young Neapolitan nobleman who happened to be on board the ship. A glance at the letter was sufficient to show him its contents. He showed no signs of emotion, but requested the officer who brought the despatch to wait for a few minutes while he finished his explanations. This being done, he retired to his cabin; and after a vain attempt to get the sentence changed to a more honorable manner of death, he resigned himself to his fate, which he met with great fortitude.

Some days after the event the King, who had been for an afternoon's cruise on a Sicilian ship of war outside the bay, was returning to Naples in the evening. It was a moonlight night, and the sea was perfectly calm. There was indeed, so little wind that it was impossible to steer the vessel. The King was sitting in the balcony of the stern cabin, watching the sea, when suddenly he became aware that something was following the ship. As the object came near it was easy to distinguish that it was the body of a man in an upright attitude, and very soon the king was able to recognize the features of Admiral Caracciolo. His eyes were open and seemed to be fixed on the King, and, except for its gasty pallor, the face was unchanged. The explanation was simple. After being submerged for some days the body had become so buoyant that the weights attached to the feet were not sufficiently heavy to keep it under water; but they retained it in an upright position, and it was drawn along by the current created by the movement of the ship. It is easy to imagine the horror of Ferdinand at what he believed to be an apparition from another world. When at length it was explained to him what had happened, he gave orders that a boat should be lowered and that the corpse should be brought on board and taken to Naples for Christian burial. But the superstitious Sicilians dared not obey the royal command, and the ship, drawing in its wake the upright body of the admiral, sailed into the bay of Naples. Here a boat's crew was obtained from an English man-of-war, who took the admiral's body ashore, where it was deposited in his own palace, and at length received the last rites of the Church.

A different version of the story is given in Southey's "Life of Nelson." I have here related the traditional account preserved in the family of the admiral exactly as it was told me by its chief.—Notes and Queries.

TRY IT.—Young men and young women of our churches, never let a stranger go away without notice; never let that chilling feeling of loneliness come over any person in the house of God. It should be your pleasure to make every stranger at home. Try it, and your reward will be speedy.—Exchange.

HEALTH OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.

See to it that the child goes to school in a proper condition. This means, first of all, cleanliness all over. A child not washed all over, at least each week, with warm or cool water, is not fit for school. Children need to wash the face and hands and to comb and to brush out the hair at night as well as morning. Let the mouth be rinsed with water, morning and evening, or the teeth brushed so as to have a pure breath.

Have clean, thin flannel for clothing next to the skin, with such additional outside garments as may be necessary for warmth, and shoes and stockings that will protect the feet from dampness. A dry pair of socks and a clean handkerchief are not amiss in the satchel. Let not the child start for school with damp clothing. When active, we can bare dampness awhile; but to sit in wet clothing is always a risk. Tell the child, if he is damp or chilly, to let the teacher know it.

A good, plain, unhurried breakfast is always important to the school child. The young are better off without coffee or tea; but some may need a warm drink for breakfast in cold weather—such as sweetened water, sugar and milk, and water or milk flavored with cocoa. If the child will not be at home and at dinner within five hours after the close of breakfast, have him carry a small and easily digested lunch, to eat at recess or at an appointed time in school. It should be light bread and butter, with fruit and jelly, and not overlarge, if there is to be a meal at home by two o'clock. Have the child chew before swallowing, as it cannot chew after swallowing as cows do. Let every boy know that tobacco in any form is so injurious to growth and vigor as to make its use by him a breach of school laws and of good sense.

See that the child gets plenty of good sleep, in a well-aired room, and does not go to bed from the book, so as to be tired and anxious about a lesson.

When the child is really unwell do not send him to school, just for the name of being punctual. The parent should judge and decide wisely, mindful that headache, pain or weariness in a child always requires rest. If your child is sick, or if there is sickness in the family, have the judgment of your doctor as to the time of staying at home.—N. J. Board of Health.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

FAITHFUL IN LITTLE.

I cannot do great things for Him Who did so much for me, But I should like to show my love, Dear Jesus, unto Thee: Faithful in very little things, O Saviour, may I be.

There are small things in daily life In which I may obey, And thus may show my love to Thee: And always—every day—There are some little loving words Which I for Thee may say.

There are small crosses I may take, Small burdens I may bear, Small acts of faith and deeds of love, Small sorrows I may share; And little bits of work for Thee I may do every where.

So I ask Thee, Lord, to give me grace My little place to fill, That I may ever walk with Thee, And ever do Thy will; That in each duty, great or small, I may be faithful still.

"BY HEART."

Fred said he knew his Sunday school lesson all by heart.

"Why, Fred!" said cousin Mary, quietly, "you surprise me!"

Now, Fred liked to have cousin Mary think well of him, and he looked about an inch taller, as he replied, with a show of humility.

"It seems as if anybody might learn so short a lesson as that! only ten verses!"

"Oh, it was not the length of the lesson but the breadth of it, that I was thinking of, my dear boy. It is a great thing to learn a lesson like that by heart."

"What do you mean, cousin Mary?"

"I was just thinking about this little verse, 'If you do not forgive, neither will your Father who is in heaven forgive your trespasses.' That is a part of the lesson you say you know by heart; but I heard you declare a few moments ago that you would never forgive Ralph Hastings as long as you lived!"

Fred was silent. He had never thought about this way of learning a lesson by heart. When he

had it in his head, and could say it off glibly with his tongue, he had supposed that he knew it by heart. But cousin Mary opened a new world of thought on the subject.

Was cousin Mary right? Do we ever really know a thing until we do it? Fred learned this morning the meaning of that little word "forgive," by just forgiving Ralph in the most real and practical manner possible. For Fred was trying to be a Christian boy, and when he once saw that the words of Jesus were meant to be done and not said merely, he honestly set about doing them.

This must be the way then to learn a lesson "by heart," to put it into practice! We don't always do that when we learn a lesson by head.

Jesus must have meant something very practical when he said, "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"—Sel.

ABOVE HIS BUSINESS.

"I wouldn't do that," said one clerk to another, whom he saw doing a disagreeable piece of work. "It must be done, and why shouldn't I do it?" was the excellent reply.

In a few minutes the wouldn't-do-it-clerk, ashamed of his remark, was assisting the clerk who was not above his business.

In Scotland there is a branch of the legal profession known as 'Writers to the Signet.' A young gentleman was apprenticed to one of these writers. The youth thought himself a very fine sort of person, much above ordinary apprentices.

One evening the master desired him to carry a bundle of papers to a lawyer whose residence was not very far off. The packet was received in silence, and in a few minutes the master saw a porter run in the outer office. In a few minutes the youth walked out, followed by the porter carrying the parcels.

Seizing his hat, the master followed, overtook the porter, relieved him of the packet, and walked in rear of the apprentice. The lawyer's house being reached, and the door bell rung, the youth called out,—

"Here, fellow, give me the parcel!" and slipped a sixpence in his hand without looking around.

"Here it is for you!" exclaimed a voice which caused the youth to turn around. His confusion, as he beheld his master, made him speechless. Never after that was he above his business.

LOST AND TIRED.—Little Marjorie went too far from home; walked down one lane and turned up another, and played in a field all alone; and then when she wished to go home she could not find the way. She tried hard to remember how she had come, but could not. There was no one near to help her. She cried much and was very sorrowful, and then sat down to think, and soon fell asleep. But if Marjorie could see no one, some One saw Marjorie. The good God in heaven watched over the little child and guided her brother in his search for her to the very place where she was, and he took her safely home. But little girls should learn from Marjorie's trouble that they should not ramble away from home and friends, or they may get lost and give trouble; and they should always remember that God sees them and loves them.

BRAGGING BOYS AND DOING BOYS.—"Have you not heard how some boys brag about what they are intending to do? They are always going to do wonders.

"You just wait," say they, "and we will show you, some day, what we can do."

"Now is your chance, we would say to you. You are old enough now, and you will never have a better time. Better begin now; we are anxious to see your first effort. Let us at once see you animated by the practical purpose of doing, not by the dream, and then we will compute your future for you.

"Make an effort. Even if you shall fail the first time, a hundred times, still continue to try. The result is inevitable. It is only those who falter that come to grief."—Well Spring.

The highest form of Christian life, is self denial, for the good of others.—Dr. Parke.