OUR HOME CIRCLE.

GLORY, HONOR AND PEACE. Romans ii, 10.

I stood upon the threshold of the year: Athwart my way a heavy curtain fell; knew that it must rise as I drew near,
And what might lurk behind no man could

What would I see if I might have my choice: I am not humble, my desires increase! Knowledge I long for, power, fame's praising Yet, sometimes tired, I would give all for

Beside me came a form, a radiant face With shining eyes; there was a voice that

• Fulfill the one condition, then I place Bright Glory's crown on thy ambitious head

There came another, dignified and calm, With stately bearing, low and earnest tone Fulfill the one condition, Horor's palm From God and man I give thee for thy own!

A third, with eyes like summer sky and sea. Murmu ed in notes whose sweetness sang of

rest, Fulfill the one condition, thine shall be The Peace beyond all knowledge-gift the

Instruct me, beauteous three! I will not To do thy word! I cried; then wondering

They vanished, singing: "Glory, Honor, Shall come to every man that worketh good!" -Susan M. Day, in Christian Union.

NOT HIS MOTHER'S FACE.

It was only a hospital groan! That was not anything unusual. and why should it be expected to attract particular attention, among the doctors and nurses in a place where the walls seemed designed to echo suffering sounds.

But this was a new groan. The surgeons had been busy with a fresh subject that morning, and had taken up their instruments and departed to other duties.

"It's a chance if that last subject pulls through," they had remarked, and one gentle faced woman among the corps of nurses had heard it, and her mild blue eyes had been dimmed for a moment at the thought of the suffering one who seemed little beyond boyhood.

She hovered near him all that day, and the sight of his face was a pain to her. His right limb had been amputated. The surgeons had done their work well; hundreds of times right in that same room they had performed the same operation, apon patients who had gone away at last from the hospital seemingby as sound as ever, but for the lost limb. Then, why not expect the same from this last subject?

I will tell you. Jim Hurdee had kept no resources of strength in reserve upon which he could count in a great physical emergency. He had, in fact overdrawn; he had, through nights of dissipation, and days of then to have vengeance. reaction, undermined his constitution, so that any assault of disease would easily take the citadel of his

"It will be a quick consumption." the new doctor said to the new nurse. "Poor, poor fellow!"

The doctors usually did not have time to say as much about hospital patients. Generally they hurried away after the fewest professional words possible.

The hospital was really a very anpleasant place, and why should they stay when other patients awaited in pleasanter homes their ministrations. Perhaps it was because this one was a new doctor that he found time to say a word out of his regular professional line of duty. I cannot say as to that; and perhaps it was because tear for the young man. I cannot about a week after the amoutation. the rest." the new dector, in his rounds, stopped several minutes at the bedside said to the nurse, "I was obliged to tell him that the chances are against him—that he cannot live. He would have the truth, but it is finish." so hard to tell a young person that But he shook his head. he must die! You had better talk with him, Miss Devine.

had her talk with him, and learned to think as I ought to about my life, sists of the Lord Steward, the Treahis story.

and mother and sisters are dead.

and my mother-if she had lived, I telt if only I could be sure Ned privilege of dining at the Queen's I couldn't have gone wrong I think; would believe too, that a dreadful table, mothers to look after me, but I used | happy; for somehow I've been to think sometimes, if a woman who thinking, since his mother scorne! was something like what my own me, that she might not know how mother was, could have said a word to lead a sinner. to mo. I could have been-saved.

"But I didn't find many women, many mothers, that came up to my \to-day." dea exactly.

loved him so much, that sometimes it seemed I could have died to save him harm.

"I had begun to drink then; I don't think my friend knew it, and I said nothing at first to lead him to suspect it, for I felt that I could not do without him then-he was

all to me! "But about his mother-I went there once, and as soon as I set my eyes upon her, I said she had a face as sweet and gentle as my mother's

"She was very kind to me, too; and I longed to tell her of my faults and temptations, so that I might get a word of help and comfort from her sweet, womanly lips, for I had no doubt she had them ready for me, she seemed so like my mother. "It might have been a month after that night, that I had a night advanced to the bedside. of intoxication-I, so young and so

"I did not go to my place of business for a week. I was very naturally discharged from my position. I don't blame them, I said to myself, they are men, they haven't women's tenderness and pity!

"O how bitterly I thought of my folly, and repented in a way. too, and made resolutions to do better!

"Oh, I longed then to see my friend and tell him all.

"He did not come to me, he does not know where to find me, I argued, my worship for him made me reason in that way.

"When I, at last, found a new position, I made up my mind that I would go to my friend's house, and even if I found him cold towards me, I felt sure the sweet-faced mother would interpose a word for

"I remember how excited I was as I rang the bell that night. The servant left me to wait in the parlor-my friend Ned wasn't home. but I had asked for his mother.

"Soon I heard footsteps, and the lady stood before me. But how was I shocked to see no look of love for me, no hand of welcome held out. but instead an expression of hardness, and almost of hatred.

"I am almost ashamed to tell how I pleaded to be taken back into the old friendship, how I begged for one word of pity and love, and received nothing but scorn from

"I ran down those steps and out into the street, not really in my right mind.

" Maddened in my disappointment at not receiving what my soul had for administering justice and setday and night hungered for-curs- tling disputes among the domestic ing the woman; cursing my own servants of the Queen. This part folly that led to it all-I vowed of his duties is, however, rarely per-

"It was an awful oath-but I swore I would be revenged, through pointments of subordinate officials, my friend. If I could not be allowed to go up to him, he should come down to me. I would not be Household, an officer who constantseparated from him! It should be | ly resides within the precincts of heaven or hell for us both, which I | the palace. The Lord Steward apdid not seem to care.

plish my purpose, and then I had two thousand pounds per annum. the satisfaction of being near my friend, of hearing his loved voice. in the gift of the ministry of the Again and again we met at a sa- day. loon; we drank together, we smoked, we spent our evenings this way. Then one night he was taken

home, an intoxicated young man. "I saw his mother once after that, and the change in her face State ceremonies; and for this sertold what the trial had been.

"They removed to another city the woman with the gentle face soon after, and I was left to mourn was a new nurse, that she had a my loss, and to sink deeper into sin, and this broken leg witnessed to my | similar nature, with nominal duties tell that either. But I can tell that last drinking day, and you know all and a similar salary.

hold the tears that had long been | the amount of his salary, which is of the young man, and when he left | welling up, and they dropped one by | eleven hundred and fifty-eight there were tears in his eyes, and he one, some falling upon the, bright pounds per annum. He, as the real hair of the sick man.

"I must say all now, I may not stay long. I want to tell you that year, there are attached to the That very afternoon the nurse even before I came here, and was free and all, that I began to feel terribly surer, Comptroller, and the Master. "You see, there are some things that I had led my friend into wrong, and has the power of adjudicating I want righted," he said: "and and his poor mother's face has upon all offences committed within now that I know I can't live, I must haunted me Many a time in my certain limits of the palace—anoth-ask some one else to try and right sober moments I said to myself, er Secretary, with three hundred a them. I've been a dreadful boy "I will write to her, and tell her year; three clerks with good salamyself; I know it now. I've lost how sorry I am." But I would re. rics, who keep all the accounts of money, and time and all, through member her look of scorn, and I had the department; a Secretary to the drink; but there's one thing-I've not courage. After I really began Garden accounts, a Paymaster of no family to disgrace. My father to take hold of the promises that the Household, an office-keeper, you read to me, you seemed to know three messengers, and a "necessary "My father was a gentleman; from the first just what I needed. woman." The Master has also the et course I couldn't expect other sinner can be saved, should be so

with eager voice:

"Have you heard?" At last a morning came, so bright and beautiful that it could not seem that its day would carry death as well as life in its bosom.

The young man did not ask if there was any news that morning. He asked his nurse to read again the penitential Psalm; and as she finished, he pressed her hand.

"You have helped me to die in peace.'

Then his mind began to wander. and he seemed to be living over the

At last the light of reason shone again in his face. He lifted his head, and looked toward the door as if expecting some one.

The door opened; two persons

"Ned!" he cried as he lifted his hands, and the words were almost a shout.

The mother of Ned pressed close to the dying one. He looked into her face, but whether what he saw there, or whether a gentle voice calling to him over the border. brought the answer, "Mother," to per annum for his services, or only his lips, none could tell.

And so he passed on to peace. And his triend Ned closed his eyes with the Christian's hope in his heart But the woman, in losing a blessed opportunity, had lost for her own I say at morn, "I shall have one to-day:" crown a soul that might have been the brightest jewel in it.

She had lost it because she had neglected her opportunity, a blessed one, of using her mother tact, and love, and pity, to save one of the many unfortunate ones to whom gates of intemperance are opening at every turn. What mothers will find here a lesson?—Church and

QUEEN'S HOUSE-HOLD.

The number of officers and attendants of all kinds who form the Queen's Court is not far short of a thousand, many of whom hold hereditary posts, and nearly all of whom receive liberal, and it may be thought in some cases extravagant salaries. The principal officer is the Lord Steward, who has absolute control over the entire household, and whose slightest command must be instantly obeyed by every officer and servant belonging to the court, excepting the Queen's chamber, stable and chapel. He has authority to hold courts formed; and although he possesses very extensive patronage in the apetc., the more active duties of his position are left to the Master of the pears at court on all State occas-"It took me months to accom- lions; and the salary he receives is The office is a political one, and is

Next in rank to the Lord Steward is the Lord Treasurer, who has no particular duties to perform, but is supposed to act as deputy to the Lord Steward (in his absence) at all vice he receives the respectable salary of nine hundred and four pounds per annum. The Comptroller of the Household is another office of a

The Master of the Household is The eyes of the listener could not an important officer, if we judge by deputy to the Lord Steward, has "You are exhausted now, she full control over Her Majesty's dowhispered; another day you can mestic establishment, and has moreover, a large staff of officers to assist him. In addition to his own has been hitherto wanting.-Har-Secretary who has three hundred a per's Weekly. Board of Green Cloth-which con-

> Next in order comes the Clerk of the Kitchen, with a salary of seven hundred a year and his board; and to aid him in his work he has four clerks, who keep all the accounts,

"At last I had a friend, and I idly failing hospital patient asked lass of her Majesty's Kitchen, there is the chef, with a salary of seven hundred a year; and four master- my mother, and might be a friend out and ready for use, and then we hundred a year; and four master and fift to me." "Come in," said Claffin, all went out on the green. There ty pounds per annum each-who have the privilege of taking four apprentices, at premiums of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds each-two yeomen of the kitchen, two assistant cooks, two roasting-cooks, four scourers, three kitchen-maids, a storekeeper, two "Green Office" men, and two steam tionary department there are a first and second yeoman, with salaries of three hundred and two hundred and fifty pounds respectively; an ap prentice, three temale assistants, and an errand-man; and in addition to these there are a pastry-cook and two female assistants, a baker and his assistant, and three coffee-room women. The Ewer department, which has charge of all the linen, consists

Among all this army of officials, we must not forget to mention the Poet Laureate, who is an officer of the Queen's Household, although he receives but one hundred pounds a seventh part of the sum allotted to the chief cook.—Chambers' Jour-

" NO LETTERS."

I say at night, "I shall have oue to morr ow;"
But day and night go creening slow away,
And leave me with my sorrow.

And is he sick? or is he dead, or changed? Or, haply, has he learned to love another?

If I could know him careless or estranged,

My pride my love n ight smother.

Last night, indeed, I dreamed a letter came, Ah! welcomer than any first May blossom And then I heard my mother call my name,

And, cheated woke, and heard the night wind And hid my wet eyes in my lonely pillow, And dreamed again, and saw a nameless grave, Haif hidden by a willow. -Howard Glynden.

UNHELPFUL CHARITY.

social problem, and the most earnest and intelligent students of the The alms are not given in charity, but to get rid of the applicant; and the applicant in most cases is asking, not for bread, but for a dram. John G. Whittier: "While his Crime and poverty grow together, form does not bend beneath the and grow apace, and it is ignorant, weight of 74 winters, and while the heedless and selfish alms-giving deep black eyes have lost none of which diligently fosters them, the kindly light of former years, There are excellent aid socie- time has left a few touches here ties affached to churches. But and there since last we met him. for many reasons there is no com- But the simple, direct speech, the mon understanding among them, unassuming manners and the gen- three brothers, whose parents had Their operations overlap. Three or the 'thee' and 'thou' were the same brought them up to be brave sade held to be a religious duty, there is as he strides across one of the sunoften not the necessary inquiry to ny paths on the Common, and to ascertain whether the helpought to know that he is able to leave his be given. In all such ways there Danvers home to enjoy brief visits is an enormous waste of money, time, among such old friends as Mrs. labor, sympathy, and no adequate Judga Sawall and at Governor Clafor satisfactory result is accomplish- lin's accomplish- lin's accomplished. Meanwhile there is no doubt Now that Mr. Longfellow is gone, that all the money, time, intelli- Mr. Whittier will be enshrined in gence and labor which are necessary | the hearts of his friends, especially to relieve poverty and suffering in | those in Massachusetts, with renew- cautions to be careful. the city are ready at hand, and only ed tenderness." the method to make them effective

TEMPERANCE AND CREDIT.

Young man, if you contemplate a Your aim in lite is to be successful; with bad habits it is impossible to be successful or respected. Matters that seem of small importance to you may become in future the turning point in your career, either up or down, as they have with many a man before you. In illustration of from one of the New York dailies:

prominent and wealthy div goods merchants of New York, was alone in his office one afternoon when a nearly every one stayed to see the pale, careworn young man timidly fun. First some pieces of paper the proud father to his pet, the knocked and entered. "Mr. Claffin." "I will write," said Miss Devine, check weights and measures, and is said he, "I have been unable to as he finished; "I will write to her sue orders to the trades-people; he meet certain payments because could think of, inhabiting South see I was too small to help to put has also a messenger and a "neces- parties failed to do by me as they America: also some forests and a out the fire so I just steed by and Each morning for a week the rap- sary woman." Besides these offic- agreed to do, and I would like \$10,- lot of cities. Such pictures! Some hollored "Amen."

000. I came to you because you of us had to laugh right out to see have been a friend to my father, to them but soon they were all con

"No, I don't drink." "Have a cigar, then?"

"No, I never smoke." would like to accommodate you, but I don't think I can.

"Very well," said the young man, as he was about to leave the of twine. Next came the locating apparatus men. And in the Confec- room, "I thought perhaps you might-good day, sir.

"Hold on," said Mr. Claffin, "you don't drink?" "No."

anything of the kind?"

"Well," said Mr. Claffin," with the general review. We scholars tears in his eyes, "you shall have it stood in a row at the south, while and three times the amount, if you Mr. Gray traveled clear around wish. Your tather let me have from Aspinwall to Panama, by the of a yeoman and two female assist- \$5,000 once, and asked me the same way of Cape Horn, asking all sorts question. No thanks-I owed it to of questions, and playing we were you for your father's sake. "-Selected.

DISGUISED.

When I looked first on Sorrow, in affright, I backward shrank, the figure seemed so d: ead. Slow stepping toward me with low-bended

And sable garments, like embodied night: I saw no line of beauty and no grace
In shrouded form or bowed and veiled face.

With lifted hands I screened my troubled Wiped my wet eyes, and whispered,

One terrified, unwilling look sufficed,

Together we must journey to the end. came disguised, but drop my mantle here-Behold me and believe me now thy friend." Again I looked, and, lo! I saw 't was Christ.

A WORLD OF WORK.

There is nothing should be taught

sooner than that this is a working world, and that labor, physical or mental, is a necessity for the whole progeny of the tiller of the ground and sewer of fig-leaves. Mothers try to spare their daughters the ne cessity of labor (by taking the bur-The wise and humane way in den on themselves) much more which to give alms is as much a than fathers do their sons. In fact subject of careful study as any other my experience is that men, as a rule, are lazier than women. The boys are made to work and earn subject, such as members of boards for their fathers before the mothers charity, devoted and active think that the girls can do more clergymen who often dispense the than hem their ruffles or trim their bounty of wealthy parishes, public- hats. Mothers take pride in their spirited citizens who dedicate their daughters' soft hands and round time and labor to the relief of po- cheeks, when their own hands have verty and suffering, are all agreed become hardened and their own that in no work is co operation more cheeks hollow. The danger of this indispensable. Probably half of the is that the soft hands and smooth money annually given in charity in faces become the first thought of the city of New York is wasted, or the daughters and a selfish and idle worse than wasted, because it direct- life is the result. Daughters, you ly promotes pauperism and in- have but one mother; care for her creases crime. A great proportion and spare her. "No love like of the grog shops in the city are mother's love," unselfish, thoughtmaintained by the money given in ful, unreasoning often for herself alms upon the street. No man or but always taking thought for 'the woman who gives in the street children." An idle life is always a knows anything whatever of the selfish one. No heart is so naturalperson to whom the money is given, ly good as to escape the demoralizexcept that he or she looks poor, ing effects of days without labor, that bring nights without wearings.

The Congregationalist says of

OUR YOUNG POLKS.

HOW WE PLAYED " SOUTH AMERICA."

Yes, right out of doors-teacher business career, you cannot look and all. You ought to have been turned they shuddered to see the after your habits too carefully. there; it was just fun! We had danger to which their dear ques studied hard all the week and had had been exposed, and with thankour lessons ever so well. For Mr. ful hearts, praised them for their Grav said that as soon as we got it courage. all learned, so that we could, we might go out on the green and make to reach the fire?"

a little South America of our own. Friday afternoon we had the last the table up to the wall and I got lesson; Mr. Gray didn't hear a word upon that. this we take the following anecdote of it. He just dismissed the class. and then hurried up with the other | my?" to the next. Horace B. Claffin, one of the most | classes and dismissed school at three o'clock-all but us I mean. But of water and handed him the diff they knew what was coming, and per." were handed us and we made pic- youngest of the group. tures of all the living things we "Well, papa," said Artie, "you

"come in and take a glass of wine." with an old axe and hoe, a narrow strip of turf was removed to much the outline, and with these turfs built us the plateaus and mountain "Well," said the merchant, "I ranges, smoothing down the valleys and sticking up stones for snow capped summits. Then do through the valleys we made rivers of capital cities. Each scholar had a city to locate, and he fasteneed it by means of a little stick stack through the picture into the ground. Then the forests, animals, etc., were "Nor smoke, nor gamble, nor located in the same way, and our work of creation was prenounced 'finished.' But the best of all was his guides to tell him all about the country. I didn't suppose we could tell half so much as we did, but he asked his questions in such a way that we couldn't help answering right, hardly. For instance, take some of the questions and answers about Brazil. Stepping near the Amazon he asked;

'In what country am I now? 'Brazil.' 'Will I need my overcoat to keep me warm?' 'No, sir; you are in the torrid zone where it is very hot.' 'What great broad current of water is this?' The Amazon.' 'A very noted stream?' Yes, sir; the longest river in the world—nearly 3,000 miles long-over 200 miles wide at its mouth. (Fanning himself with his hat and wiping the sweat from his forehead) 'It is warm. Will I be safe to go in bathing here?' 'Oh, no! Don't you see that big alligator? He would eat you up in a minute. What do you suppose is in that little box yonder on the water? That, sir, is a turtle.' 'Are they plenty?' 'Very. The natives live on their eggs part of the year. (Stooping to the ground). Poor old wasp! who tore your wings off? 'No, no! That's an ant-a fire-ant' Will he bite?' 'They have been known to drive the people out of a village.' 'Ha! do I see a forest yonder?' 'Yes, sir; that is the Selvas.' 'Can I get through it?' Not without an axe, for the trees and weeds are thick, and tangled full of vines.'

'Whew! see that hanging from the boughs! That is a boa-constrictor, and he is lying in wait for his prey-look out! 'What huge animal is that with such a long upper lip?' 'A tapir.' 'What highland is that away off in the distance?' The Brazilian Highland, and those are the Geral mountains.' 'Which way do I get to the diamond region?, 'South. The diamonds are in the highlands. And so we went all the way round and when we got through we left the whole thing just as it was and it is there yet. Now when I think of South America, I don't see the map as I used to, but I've better ideas, and should I ever visit that grand division I think it would look natural to me. - N. Y School Journal.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

An amusing story is told of a little fellow named Artie, one of four, or more, are helping the same as ever. It is pleasant to catch a self-reliant. He couldn't do much, persons, and as help in itself is often glimpse of him, clad in a long clock, but what he could do he did with all his might.

And as their parents were Methdists of the good old fashioned kind the boys were in the habit of hearing-at such times-the hearty "Amen" break forth from their father's lips when the sermon was particularly enjoyable.

One cold Sabbath day these children were left at home, with msay

Hardly had the parents left ere the woodwork near the stovepipe was discovered to be on fine and out of the children's reach; but with wonderful activity and energy, the eldest climbed upon the table and put out the flames.

When the father and mother re-

"How did you manage, Tommy, "Why," said Tommy, "I pushed

"And did you help brother, Jim-

"Yes, sir; I trought him a pail

"And what did you do?" said