

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;
I knew that it must rise as I drew near,
And what might lurk behind no man could tell.
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 voice,
Yet, sometimes tired, I would give all for peace.
Beside me came a form, a radiant face
With shining eyes; there was a voice that said,
"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, Honor's palm
From God and man I give thee for thy own."
A third, with eyes like summer sky and sea,
Murmured in notes whose sweetness sang of rest,
"Fulfill the one condition, thine shall be
The Peace beyond all knowledge—gift the best."
Instruct me, beauteous three! I will not cease
To do thy work! I cried; then wondering, stood,
They vanished, singing: "Glory, Honor,
Peace,
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, upon patients who had gone away at last from the hospital seemingly as sound as ever, but for the lost limb. Then, why not expect the same from this last subject?

I will tell you. Jim Hardee 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 reaction, undermined his constitution, so that any assault of disease would easily take the citadel of his life.

"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 unpleasant 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 the woman with the gentle face was a new nurse, that she had a tear for the young man. I cannot tell that either. But I can tell that about a week after the amputation, the new doctor, in his rounds, stopped several minutes at the bedside of the young man, and when he left there were tears in his eyes, and he 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 so hard to tell a young person that he must die! You had better talk with him, Miss Devine."

That very afternoon the nurse had her talk with him, and learned his story.
"You see, there are some things I want righted," he said; "and now that I know I can't live, I must ask some one else to try and right them. I've been a dreadful boy myself; I know it now. I've lost money, and time and all, through drink; but there's one thing—I've no family to disgrace. My father and mother and sisters are dead."

"My father was a gentleman, and my mother—if she had lived, I couldn't have gone wrong I think; of course I couldn't expect other mothers to look after me, but I used to think sometimes, if a woman who was something like what my own mother was, could have said a word to me, I could have been saved."
"But I didn't find many women, many mothers, that came up to my idea exactly."

"At last I had a friend, and I 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 was."

"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 of intoxication—I, so young and so proud."

"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 me."

"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 first to last."

"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 day and night hungered for—cursing the woman; cursing my own folly that led to it all—I vowed then to have vengeance."

"It was an awful oath—but I swore I would be revenged, through my friend. If I could not be allowed to go up to him, he should come down to me. I would not be separated from him! It should be heaven or hell for us both, which I did not seem to care."
"It took me months to accomplish my purpose, and then I had the satisfaction of being near my friend, of hearing his loved voice. Again and again we met at a saloon; 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 told what the trial had been."
"They removed to another city soon after, and I was left to mourn my loss, and to sink deeper into sin, and this broken leg witnessed to my last drinking day, and you know all the rest."

"The eyes of the listener could not hold the tears that had long been welling up, and they dropped one by one, some falling upon the bright hair of the sick man."
"You are exhausted now, she whispered; another day you can finish."

"But he shook his head.
"I must say all now, I may not stay long. I want to tell you that even before I came here, and was free to think as I ought to about my life, and all, that I began to feel terribly that I had led my friend into wrong, and his poor mother's face has haunted me. Many a time in my sober moments I said to myself, 'I will write to her, and tell her how sorry I am.' But I would remember her look of scorn, and I had not courage. After I really began to take hold of the promises that you read to me, you seemed to know from the first just what I needed. I felt if only I could be sure Ned would believe too, that a dreadful sinner can be saved, should be so happy; for somehow I've been thinking, since his mother scorned me, that she might not know how to lead a sinner."

"I will write," said Miss Devine, as he finished; "I will write to her to-day."
"Each morning for a week the rapidly failing hospital patient asked 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, saying:
"You have helped me to die in peace."

Then his mind began to wander, and he seemed to be living over the past.
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 advanced to the bedside.
"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 his lips, none could tell.

And so he passed on to peace. And his friend 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 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 interpenance are opening at every turn. What mothers will find here a lesson?—Church and Home.

And, cheated work, and heard the night wind
wail,
And hid my wet eyes in my lonely pillow,
And dreamed again, and saw a nameless grave,
Half hidden by a willow.
—Howard Glyden.

als of her Majesty's Kitchen, there is the chef, with a salary of seven hundred a year; and four master-cooks, at about three hundred and fifty 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 apparatus men. And in the Confectionary department there are a first and second yeoman, with salaries of three hundred and two hundred and fifty pounds respectively; an apprentice, three female 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 of a yeoman and two female assistants only.

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 per annum for his services, or only a seventh part of the sum allotted to the chief cook.—Chambers' Journal.

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I backward shrank, the figure seemed so dead,
Slow stepping toward me with low-bowed head,
And sable garments, like embodied night;
I saw no line of beauty and no grace
In shrouded form or bowed and veiled face.
One terrified, unwilling look sufficed,
With lifted hands I screamed my troubled sight,
And cried, "Begone!" But sorrow came more near—
Wiped my wet eyes, and whispered, "Do not fear."
Together we must journey to the end,
I came disguised, but drop my mantle here—
Behold me and believe me now thy friend—
Again I looked, and lo! I saw 'twas Christ.
—Adams.

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 necessity of labor (by taking the burden on themselves), much more than fathers do their sons. In fact my experience is that men, as a rule, are lazier than women. The boys are made to work and earn for their fathers before the mothers think that the girls can do more than hem their ruffles or trim their hats. Mothers take pride in their daughters' soft hands and round cheeks, when their own hands have become hardened and their own cheeks hollow. The danger of this is that the soft hands and smooth faces become the first thought of the daughters and a selfish and idle life is the result. Daughters, you have but one mother; care for her and spare her. "No love like mother's love," unselfish, thoughtful, unreasoning often for herself but always taking thought for the children. An idle life is always a selfish one. No heart is so naturally good as to escape the demoralizing effects of days without labor, that bring nights without weariness.

The Congregationalist says of John G. Whittier: "While his form does not bend beneath the weight of 74 winters, and while the deep black eyes have lost none of the kindly light of former years, time has left a few touches here and there since last we met him. But the simple, direct speech, the unassuming manners and the gentle 'thee' and 'thou' were the same as ever. It is pleasant to catch a glimpse of him, clad in a long cloak, as he strides across one of the sunny paths on the Common, and to know that he is able to leave his Danvers home to enjoy brief visits among such old friends as Mrs. Judge Sewall and at Governor Clafin's hospitable home in Newton. Now that Mr. Longfellow is gone, Mr. Whittier will be enshrined in the hearts of his friends, especially those in Massachusetts, with renewed tenderness."

Yes, right out of doors—teacher and all. You ought to have been there; it was just fun! We had studied hard all the week and had our lessons ever so well. For Mr. Gray said that as soon as we got it all learned, so that we could, we might go out on the green and make a little South America of our own. Friday afternoon we had the last lesson; Mr. Gray didn't hear a word of it. He just dismissed the class, and then hurried up with the other classes and dismissed school at three o'clock—all but us I mean. But they knew what was coming, and nearly every one stayed to see the fun. First some pieces of paper were handed us and we made pictures of all the living things we could think of, inhabiting South America; also some forests and a lot of cities. Such pictures! Some

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als of her Majesty's Kitchen, there is the chef, with a salary of seven hundred a year; and four master-cooks, at about three hundred and fifty 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 apparatus men. And in the Confectionary department there are a first and second yeoman, with salaries of three hundred and two hundred and fifty pounds respectively; an apprentice, three female 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 of a yeoman and two female assistants only.

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 per annum for his services, or only a seventh part of the sum allotted to the chief cook.—Chambers' Journal.

When I looked first on sorrow, in affliction,
I backward shrank, the figure seemed so dead,
Slow stepping toward me with low-bowed head,
And sable garments, like embodied night;
I saw no line of beauty and no grace
In shrouded form or bowed and veiled face.
One terrified, unwilling look sufficed,
With lifted hands I screamed my troubled sight,
And cried, "Begone!" But sorrow came more near—
Wiped my wet eyes, and whispered, "Do not fear."
Together we must journey to the end,
I came disguised, but drop my mantle here—
Behold me and believe me now thy friend—
Again I looked, and lo! I saw 'twas Christ.
—Adams.

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 necessity of labor (by taking the burden on themselves), much more than fathers do their sons. In fact my experience is that men, as a rule, are lazier than women. The boys are made to work and earn for their fathers before the mothers think that the girls can do more than hem their ruffles or trim their hats. Mothers take pride in their daughters' soft hands and round cheeks, when their own hands have become hardened and their own cheeks hollow. The danger of this is that the soft hands and smooth faces become the first thought of the daughters and a selfish and idle life is the result. Daughters, you have but one mother; care for her and spare her. "No love like mother's love," unselfish, thoughtful, unreasoning often for herself but always taking thought for the children. An idle life is always a selfish one. No heart is so naturally good as to escape the demoralizing effects of days without labor, that bring nights without weariness.

The Congregationalist says of John G. Whittier: "While his form does not bend beneath the weight of 74 winters, and while the deep black eyes have lost none of the kindly light of former years, time has left a few touches here and there since last we met him. But the simple, direct speech, the unassuming manners and the gentle 'thee' and 'thou' were the same as ever. It is pleasant to catch a glimpse of him, clad in a long cloak, as he strides across one of the sunny paths on the Common, and to know that he is able to leave his Danvers home to enjoy brief visits among such old friends as Mrs. Judge Sewall and at Governor Clafin's hospitable home in Newton. Now that Mr. Longfellow is gone, Mr. Whittier will be enshrined in the hearts of his friends, especially those in Massachusetts, with renewed tenderness."

Yes, right out of doors—teacher and all. You ought to have been there; it was just fun! We had studied hard all the week and had our lessons ever so well. For Mr. Gray said that as soon as we got it all learned, so that we could, we might go out on the green and make a little South America of our own. Friday afternoon we had the last lesson; Mr. Gray didn't hear a word of it. He just dismissed the class, and then hurried up with the other classes and dismissed school at three o'clock—all but us I mean. But they knew what was coming, and nearly every one stayed to see the fun. First some pieces of paper were handed us and we made pictures of all the living things we could think of, inhabiting South America; also some forests and a lot of cities. Such pictures! Some

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