

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

PRESENTMENT.

BY MARY A. BARR.
Now, Soul, be very still and go apart,
Fly to the inmost citadel, and be thou still,

How many times we have been wakened
thus; while I
Entered the dreadful shadow, all aglaze,

HAVE YOU ASKED FOR IT?

You are not afraid you will ever
want, Maggie? "Want?" dear
old Maggie looked questioningly

"You have tried His faithfulness
for many years now," said Mr. Wil-
son the visitor, and Maggie's answer

"For eighteen years, sir, I've
done nothing but trust, an' I win-
dow dot Him noo," nae one o' His

Perhaps few could speak better
of patient trusting than Maggie
Anderson. She had first come to

For some time she maintained
herself with factory work; but one
day there was an accident with the

A little sum was secured for her
weekly, and a neighbor paid her
three visits each day to feed her;

Amid all this trouble she would never
admit that she was poor; she had
"queer fancies," the neighbors said,

"How can you live here?" ex-
claimed one of her visitors, a gay
and wealthy young lady, who had

"It's well enough to wait in, my
laddy; I'm an'ny waitin' here ye
ken till I get my bonnie inheritance,

"Inheritance," do you expect
me?" she asked in surprise; "I
thought you were poor."

"Nae, my laddy, I'm nae poor,
an' I'll hae mair riches by-an'-by."

Although Maggie's age was not
quite expressed by the whitened
hair and wrinkled features, it was

"Yes, my laddy, mair than the
threescore and ten, but I will enjoy
it when I hae it, though I be old."

"Yes, but 'nae tae' me an'ly, tae'
s' that ask fer it, dear laddy," was
the answer with a smile.

"But you must die for that," said
the visitor with a shudder; "I
would give half my wealth not to

Maggie's voice faltered in the
next sentence: "Nae dooin', my
laddy, for part o' His blessed riches

"NO, FATHER, I DO NOT."
A writer for the Cultivator and
Country Gentleman says: I knew the
following family well. There were

muckle sufferings wi' that i' view.
I hae mony inside the gates; nae
dead, an'ly gane tae be wi' Him for-

"Nae alone, indeed, my laddy;
the Comforter comes tae' puir auld
Maggie i' the lang days an' woe-

"I could almost envy you, you
seem so happy, though why, I can't
tell," said her friend once more;

"O my laddy, ye dinna ken be-
cause ye havena' tasted o' the riches

The simple parable of the riches
and the loving question went home.
Maggie on her couch of helplessness

She learnt, too, the lesson of soli-
denial in her simple life, the Scotch
prejudice of "parish burial" was

But the little sun thus hardly
saved was never used for the pur-
pose intended. One severe winter

When he returned to his boarding
place, and when good Mrs. Deacon
Smith heard that the "big Kelley

"Why, Mr. Roberts, I wouldn't
have such a boy in school; the fam-
ily are as ignorant as savages. They

Years passed. The teacher was
working in a large city, and saw a
face that looked familiar, yet she

The mother of several children
says:—"I devoted myself to the
charge of my nursery; I attended

"NO, FATHER, I DO NOT."
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Country Gentleman says: I knew the
following family well. There were

Three boys, nineteen, seventeen and
fourteen. One evening when the
oldest boy was at home from college,

spending the holiday week from
Christmas to New Year, and the
family were having enjoyment of

the present and plans for the future,
the father felt more than ever the
need of repeating old advice, and of

presenting new. Among other
things, as often before, he urged the
boys ever to refuse the use of all

liquors and tobacco. He felt the
importance of example by himself,
as a growing influence over them,

and the need of continued counsel
as they grew older. After talking
the subject over for a while, the

father said that the time had come
to make them an offer, as the oldest
one, returning to college and his

studies, would be much more ex-
posed and in greater danger of
yielding to temptation than if at

home. After asking each of the
boys if they knew the taste of liquor
in any name or form, including

the present and plans for the future,
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posed and in greater danger of
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home. After asking each of the
boys if they knew the taste of liquor
in any name or form, including

wine or beer, and also tobacco, and
being answered in a plain "No,
Father, I do not," the contemplated

offer was made. "If at the age of
twenty-one you can truly say that
you have never used any intoxicat-

ing drinks, except when prescribed
by a practical physician as a medi-
cine, and use no tobacco in any form,

I will present you with a fifty dol-
lar gold; or if you choose, fifty dol-
lars in money." The offer was

cheerfully accepted, the promise
given.

On the twenty-first birthday of
the eldest, when the family were
all present, he received the cash.

As the other two boys arrived at
the age of independence and man-
hood, each received his promised

reward. Here were three boys that
so far in life knew not the taste of
liquor or tobacco—a good begining

at least.

The oldest of the boys is now a
clergyman and president of a college.
The second practiced law a few

years before his death. The third
holds the highest office in a large
county in Kansas, and is a large

owner of real estate. The father
of these boys cannot but be pleased
with his own action as he looks

back on that memorable evening on
the farm; and great is his pleasure
in old age, to know that the boys

who are now in their prime of life
and usefulness, are yet true to their
promise; and can yet say now as

BETTER IN THE MORNING.
She can't get through the night,
So I want ye to come and pray,
And talk with mother a little—

I walked along with the corporal,
To the door of his humble home,
To which the silent messenger

And into her father's grizzled beard
The little red fingers cling,
While her husky whispered tenderness

Oh! frivolous men and women!
Do you know that around you, and nigh—
Alike from the humble and haughty

And night around baby is falling,
Settling down dark and deep;
Does God need their darling in heaven

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does well to make a guest of its
friend, and to welcome now and then
the stranger who comes well ac-

credited. There is hardly another
experience that so sweetly and
forcibly brings home the truth that

"it is more blessed to give than to
receive." The host and hostess who
leave the latchstring out to the intel-

ligent Christian guest, yet, at parting,
fail to feel that they retain more
than the value of a meal of victuals

or a night's lodging, value moral and
intellectual influence very lightly,
or set a very high price on their

bed and board. Few of us "know it
all," or have all the moral "brace-
up" that we need. But the guest we

speak of imparts valuable informa-
tion, and better still, imparts a bur-
nishing to our rusted energies and

beliefs to be had in no other way so
well as by kindly contact. As two
rusted irons, rubbed together, brighten

each other, so do two rusted
minds, and even hearts that are
friendly. The influence is perhaps

more beneficial upon the hospitable
household when the guest has come
from another country, rich in travel,

experience, and customs foreign to
your land and domicile. See how
intently the young folks hang upon

every word and act of the guest!
His life is a panorama, great or
small, unrolled in your parlor. It is

half the delight of travel without
any expense. The horizon of your
family is correspondingly enlarged.

You see farther than before. Your
affections are quickened, and you
spontaneously feel a broader fellow-

ship and interest in humankind.—
Western Advocate.

ADAM CLARKE.
He once narrowly escaped being
impressed into the military service,

under the following circumstances;
At about eighteen years of age,
after he had officiated for a few

years in connection with a circuit
preacher, he was summoned over
to England for service, by a letter

from Mr. Wesley. He set out on
foot, and walked to Londonderry,
thirty miles. Here he embarked on

board of a Liverpool trading vessel.
He was treated with all courtesy by
the captain and crew. But as the

of his life and the honored name he
had left. Pleasant words were those
to the loved ones; but nothing had

made his death so real as the sight
of Ralph's trunk without Ralph.
Helen Gray knelt before her broth-

er's trunk, and, with trembling
hand, raised the cover; kind hands
had neatly packed things within,

and as Helen took out the folded
clothes, still bearing the impress of
the wearer, each garment seemed to

speak his name. At last, as she
opened his desk and saw a few boy-
ish treasures within, a great wave

of grief swept over her, and, with a
burst of tears, she cried: "O, Ralph,
come back, come back!"

Then her tearful gaze rested on a
worn little book, half diary and half
account. Opening it, she saw print-

ed on the first page a newspaper
slip containing these words:
"A worthy Quaker thus wrote:

"I expect to pass through this
world but once. If therefore, there
is any kindness I can show, or any

good thing I can do to any fellow-
being, let me do it now. Let me
not defer nor neglect it, for I shall

not pass this way again."
This then, had been the motto
for the last year of Ralph's earthly

life, and the record following show-
ed that it had not been forgotten.
The expenses recorded were compa-

ratively few for himself, but a long
list of items showed how his small
income had gone. There was writ-

ten down: "A present for my mo-
ther;" "A present for my sister;"
"A donation for the Sunday-

school;" "Bought flowers of a poor
woman;" "Books for my class;"
"A Christmas present to my land-

lady;" "A Christmas present to my
washerwoman;" "Fifty cents to a
poor cripple;" and so the generous

list went on—a great number of
small kindnesses, giving beautiful
evidence of the noble life that Ralph

Gray had tried to live.
As Helen closed the little book
her tears ceased to flow. Surely

this young life, though brief, had
not been in vain. A glow of grate-
ful gladness came over her face,

and looking up to heaven she ex-
claimed: "Dear Ralph, this is your
best legacy."

"Sorrowing, yet rejoicing," Hel-
en Gray went on her way, holding
very precious the name of Ralph,

FOLLO...
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