OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE PLACE.

" I go to prepare a place for you." O Holy Place, we know not where thou art Though one by one our well-beloved dead From our close claspings to the bliss have fled, They send no word back to the breaking heart; And if, perchance, their angels fly athwart The silent reaches of the abyes wide-spread, The swift white wings we see not, but instead Only the dark void keeping us apart.
Where did he set thee, O Thou Holy Place? Made He a new world in the heavens high

hung, So far from this poor earth that even yet Its first slad rays have tracersed not the space That lies between us, nor their glory flung On the old home its sons can ne'er forget?

Like that on which the shepherds watched of Down from far skies, in burning splendor rolled.

Shall stream the radiance of a star more bright Than ever yet hath shone on mortal sight-Swift shafts of light, like javelins of gold, Wave after wave of glory manifold, From zone to zenith flooding all the height? And what if, moved by some strange inner

sense, Some instinct, than pure reason wiser far, Some swift clairvoyance that annulleth .pace, All men shall cry, with sudden joy intense, Behold, behold this new resplendent star— Our heaven at last revealed!—the Place!

Then shall the heavenly hosts with one accord Veil their bright faces in obeisance meet, While swift they haste the Glorious One to

Then shall Orion own at last his lord, And from his belt unloose the blazing sword, While pale proud Ashtaroth, with footsteps Her jewelled crown drops humbly at his feet,

And Lyra strikes her harp's most rapturous • Earth, bid all your lonely isle rejoice! Break into singing, all ye silent hills; And ye, tumultuous seas, make quick reply Let the remotest desert find a voice!

The whole creation to its centre thrills, For the new light of Heaven is in the sky -Julia C. R. Dorr, in Harper's Magazine for

" HEARD AT ONCE."

BY THE REV. SAMUEL LEES.

The interruption was an unwelcome one, as one Saturday morning a strange messenger came to request me to go at once a mile away to visit a house where a child lay al. Work was pressing, time was short, and duty appeared to lie at bome that morning. The interruption and visit would spoil the morning. From all that the messenger could tell, the request for an immediate visit seemed unreasonable. It was not certain that there was any roal urgency. But the uncertainty decided me. The people were strangers, belonged to no call was a ready one, and in a few minutes the messenger and myself were striding along down to the river side, toward a most unpoetical place that bore the name of Paradise. A murky morning, the smoke and dust from the worldfamed Elswick works blew in our faces as we came down into Scotswood Road, and at last reached a workman's cottage alongside Sir William Armstrong's works. The visit over, I set out to return alone. My nearest way ran up the hillside, but as I stepped into the road, an impression came upon me to go at once to see a woman who was a regular hearer at our chapel. No voice was heard, nothing had transpired to suggest her name, but with startling suddenness and vividness. her face presented itself to my mind, and the message, "Come, come now," so seized me, that I had hurriedly gone a score yards or more, and then in her husband, the gracand was out of my way home, be- ious promise: "And it shall come fore I recovered myself. Then re- to pass, that before they call I will proaching myself for my dreami- answer; and while they are yet and putting on speed, in ten min ntes or so found myself there. The resolved to come in penitence: "I houses were built in flats. The said I will confess my transgression front doors for the ground and the unto the Lord; and thou forgavest first floors were side by side, the lat- the iniquity of my sin." "I said I ter opening directly on a staircase will ;" and before he fully perto the flat above. Mrs. Mackay formed all the purposes of penitenanted the upper flat. Knocking, tence, mercy came with the news no sound was heard on the stair, of unmerited, free full forgiveness. instantly the door opened, and she The sick man in his chamber had asked me to come upstairs. A tale the experience of the prodigal in of sorrow was told. The husband, therparable. He said, "I will arise a clever business man, had for years | and go to my Father, and will say been addicted to drink. The wife unto Him, Father, I have sinned. had concealed his fault as far as But before his lips could pronounce possible, and by her industrious and all the words of humiliation, while skilful needle kept the home togeth- he "was yet a great way off,"-so er. Neatly, respectably dressed, an far removed by the long years of air of comfort and refinement in her intemperance, indifference and neg-Appearance, a placid face, except that the hair was unduly gray, and that at times there was a far-away and look in her large, pure eyes, she did not suggest poverty or care. But her cup of bitterness was full that morning. While she had been absent from home on a short er-

ope. I tried to comfort her, and wrged her to renewed prayer. day she was sitting in a vestry at ment of conveying comfort to a Bark Road Chapel. Two or three faithful child of God. Much tried, Siends were near, and I joined the she was perfected. Dirty, busy,

rand, her husband had gathered to-

gether and sold her clothes for

nothing in which to go out, she was

a prisoner. She was almost in des-

pair. She had long hoped against

At last I thought if I could see again. God will deliver me, and will convert my busband."

The moment of her prayer was the moment when I was so strangely impelled to go, for no known reason, to her home. The faith of that morning was never lost. Hope was deferred, but her confidence was never unsettled. One dark night her husband fell into the Tyne and narrowly escaped drowning, being insensible when rescued. but with cheerful calmness she said "God will save him." Excesses and exposure weakened his constitution, and he was brought to a sick bed. There his sins rose up before him, there he repented of, turned from, and loathed his sin. And there he came and trusted in Jesus, who lovingly received and freely forgave him. Both husband and wife were happy in the Lord. In the many bright and kindly homes which I then saw in cannie Newcastle, I saw none brighter. There was sickness, it was true; but such peace, purity and transparency of character, truthfulness and love. Only once did there anpear a cloud, and then faith did not waver. Seated one night in conversation with generous hearted Hugh Stephenson, of Throckley Dene. he said, "You must sometimes meet with respectable poverty. Will you take something from me on two conditions: that you do not tell where it comes from, and that when what I give you is spent you ask for more?" A crisp bank note

was placed in my hand. A day or two later I called to see church, it might be of importance the sick man. For the first time for to them that the response to their A year was there a cloud on the wife's brow. Sickness had begun to exhaust their resources. Rent had fallen into arrear for two or three months: the landlord, who had been lenient and kind, required payment for he was not a rich man. Going to see him, I paid a sum which would cover all the rent for six weeks in advance, leaving the question of arrears in abevance, and returned with the receipt to the home. The cloud for ever went, She knew it would go, but knew not how. Before six weeks had passed the repentant, converted man had entered into rest, and the woman had set to work once more and soon was able to meet all claims. A short time of hopeful waiting passed and she was beyond the reach of

> "While I prayed, I was heard at once." was often her declaration, She had fulfilled, first in herself, time profligate was pardoned as he lect,—the Father ran to meet him, and gave him welcome without upbraiding.

His wife, burdened with long sorrow which had exiled her from happiness and comfort, came as Daniel when he pleaded for the captivity of his people, prayed earnestly and confessed to the Lord, and 'whiles' she was 'speaking in prayer,' flying drink, and had gone away. With 'swiftly' came the message of deliverance to her. She was heard at once when she fully placed herself and her all in the hands of God. She was heard in that she feared and trusted. To me it was no small Three months went by, and one privilege to have been the instrugroup. Breaking through her us smoky, commonplace as the al reticence, she said, "I must tell long Scottswood Road was, I otten

and light her husband departed. The light of their wedded life, which dawned fair and bright, suffered long and dark eclipse; but it emerged in a sunset with splendours more

heaven-like than those of the dawn. tive be encouraged to come to the Divine Healer of sorrow, and may some unconverted ones be led to seek and trust in the power of Jesus to save to the uttermost, and be helped to say:

Thou the sinful woman savedst Thou the dying thief forgavedst And to me a hope vouchsafest.'

Only one variation from fact occurs in this narrative: I have substituted the name of Mackay for the real name. Nor am I betraying confidence in now speaking of the generous act of Mr. Hugh Stephenson, one of other similar acts of kindness, tor he is no more. -Chris. Misc'y.

BOSTON WOMEN FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Mr.Quincy evidently sympathizes with the olden time, and his account is so pleasant that we wish that he had brought it down to a later date. We should have liked an account of the way of living half a century or so ago. It evidently belonged more to the past than the present. Our parents tell us something of it. Queues and knee-breeches were antime were immensel bottom, while the shoes were some inches longer than the foot and trod up into a curve. At the earlier period we speak of the coat collar came stiffly up to the ears; and the in the work, and took their portion dickey, the blue contand brass buttons, and narrow-brimmed tall hat, all combined to form a costume as ugly as the modern one and as troublesome as the old. We had no club-houses or restaurants. Snuff had gone, but eigars had hardly come. We had not the coarse amusements of the past nor the refined ones of the present day. Women dressed less richly than now, but fashion was more imperative, without the opportunity for taste given by the variety of modern tints and fabrics and styles. Brides wore white bonnets with pelisses to match in their first season. Shopping cannot have been as enjoyable then. The stores were small buildings, in the upper part of which the shopked per lived, each with a scant assortment of a great many kinds of articles; and there was great ness, I resolved to go to the house, speaking I will hear." The some-difficulty in getting about with to cars or omnibuses, the sidewalks 1well as the streets often unpavel, the gutters dirty, and no rubbers or rain cloths. All the hours were early, and the woman of tashion had to get back from her shopping be fore the forenoon callers made her knocker clang. Her early dinner was hearty, in good variety, and well-cooked, but it began with putding, everything was on the tabe at once, and no dishes were passel. Desserts were becoming fashion able, but the table was not cleared for them, and soups were not in vogue. Three-pronged forks were not common, and she used her knip very freely, and poured her tea into her saucer. She had a great deal of sewing to attend to for her clothes were all hand-made; but she had no pet dog or bird, and there was no afternoon reception or concerand literature made few demands upon her untrained mind, unless she was an avowed blue stocking. If she went to a party in the evering, she arrived by 6 or 7, and found the room dimly lighted, and with no waltzes or germans, but a ver! grand affair sometimes for all that although the supper was home made, with out salads or ices; and

TAME PORPOISES.

it was good form for her to carry

piece of cake in her handkerchief

A writer in Land and Water whe has studied the habits of the per poise in an aquarium says: "The

happened to me three months ago. One Saturday I was in great trouble. I had almost despaired, and longed for death. I was so miserable that I could not stay in my rooms, and at last went downstairs to the front door. I dared not go out, as I was obliged to watch my home. I felt as it my reason would go, and I could not tell my trouble.

At last I thought if I could see you all, for the glory of God, what asked myself as I went along it, intelligence and docility of some of serving sinners, who have wasted the food which he was accustomed bigger than his; but she would exour minister I could tell him, and he their substance, wrecked their own to take into the water for it. The plain that she was bigger than him might help me with some word of health, and made bitter the lives of further assertion that it would allow and ought to have a bigger watch. comfort. So I knelt down and those around them. For surely the lad to mount on its back was The children grew up; but, as they prayed to God to send him at once. incident here described was no soli- probably an exaggeration; but after had always lived in the woods, they i prayed for some ten minutes on tary one. While I pen these lines my experience of the gentleness and were not ashamed to wear their the door mat, and a knock came the old scenes come up, and I can teachableness of porpoises, and also watches. When a young man came at the door, and when I opened it see her as she sat in the old Steward's of seals, which they closely resemble to see Mary once, she forgetfully he was there. God had heard my vestry at Park Road, her face in intellectual capacity, I would not looked at her 50 cents. What are prayer. I have never doubted since beaming with animation and spirit absolutely deny or ridicule it. I am you doing?' asked the young man, that morning, and shall not doubt ual light, telling, for the glory of sure that these animals are as cap- and when she told him she was look. God, how He had heard her prayer; able as dogs of attachment to man- ing at her watch he took it as a hint and I remember her patience as with kind. A curious instance of the and went home. After this she did a hope that waited and was not dis- habits of porpoises being turned to not wear her watch in company. appointed, she watched till in peace good account has been related to me Well, Mary and the young man eaven-like than those of the dawa. off to the ship and entreated those was dying. Calling me to her bed May some who read this narra- on board not to shoot their tame she said; 'Papa, lean over.' I leanporpoises. They explained that a ed over, and taking something from were accustomed to bask on the my neck, and said: "Papa, take surface of the water not far from care of my watch." The old man the shore, and were occasionally fed looked at the merchant. The eyes and never disturbed by them until of both men were moist. " Do you their services were required. When see that boy out there on the wagon? a shoal of fish entered the bay, and came between the sea hogs' and the child. I wouldn't part with his little girl is one of the love came between the sea hogs' and the child. I wouldn't part with his little girl is one of the love liest children I ever met. How money; but my old wife, who are!" of them and roused the latter from always loved me, died this morning their siests by striking the surface of the water with their spears and paddles. The porpoises then chased the fish, caught and ate some, and drove the rest inshore; and as soon Gazette. as these came within proper distance, a net was shot around them, and a splendid haul was made. I had never before heard of porpoises.

being thus trained as a pack of

hounds in modern times, but Pliny

says that the fishermen of Narbonne.

when they shot a net across the

narrow mouth of a certain tidal

creek to intercept the mullet, and

inclosed a large number of them.

called loudly for the dolphins, and

that all within hearing distance

came readily to their assistance,

and helped to keep back the fish

are of the spoil. He also quotes

mode of fishing in the Gulf of Jas-

sius, where, however, the dolphins

THE MERCHANT Tare and t et Gross and net, Boxes, hogsh ads, dev and wet Ready made It every grade, Wholesale, retail; will you trade? Goods for sale, Roll or bale. Ell or quarter, yard or nail

hands."

None can sell as cheap as 1 Thus each day Wears away. And his hair is turning gray. He nightly looks, Counts his gam and buits his I ocks.

Every dye :

He will tie, But the led for book on h igh Will nufoid How he sold; How he got and used his gold.

LITTLE CHILDREN'S WATCHES.

Little Rock store, and, taking from has claimed his prey. his pocket an old buckskin pouch, for a few moments, said :

to make a dress.'

"That money is mutilated, old gentleman. This twenty-five-cent piece has notches filed in it and this lips of hunger and snatched from fifty-cent piece has been punched. You see, they have been abused. 1 can't take them."

"Abused!" said the old man 'Abused!" And he took up the fifty-cent piece and looked at it around her neck. It was her con-

good deal." "Where is he now?" asked the merchant, not knowing what to say, Saviour, " Woe unto you that laugh in spirit, serving the Lord." but desiring to show appreciation of now ! for ye shall mourn and weep." the old man's story.

"He was killed in the war. I] by Mr. Scott-Siddons. He tells me married. John went off in the that when H. M. S. Herald, of which army and got killed. Mary's hus he was one of the officers, arrived in band died and about two years ago Moreton Bay, in the course of her Mary was taken sick. When her surveying voyage, the natives came mother and I reached her house she with two goblets of water on a great number of these cetaceans under her pillow, she put it around and I have come to buy her a shroud." When the old man went to the dining room, out he carried a bundle in one hand and the "watches" in the other-

THE LAST SLEEP.

An illustration of the unspeakable horrors that are connected with the use of strong drink was witnessed by a policeman in Brooklyn, On the 19th of July, 1881, he entered the rooms of a tenement house, and found there six ragged, wretched looking children, whose father and mother lay helplessly drunk upon the floor.

The oldest boy, who seemed to have a care for the distressed little ones. was walking about the room with from pressing upon the net or es- a baby in his arms. The limp form tiquated, and our trousers no longer eaping over it; for which services of the baby attracted the attention went down into the shoe, but at one they were rewarded with a liberal of the policeman and led him to inquire what sited the child. Mutianus as describing a similar boy said it was asleep. The police man took the lifeless form in his hands, and told the boy the child came of their own accord to as-ist was dead.

"Taint dead !" said the boy, "I of the booty at the fishermen's know it's 'sleep, cause I sung it to

> When the lad discovered that the babe was really dead, and that he had sung it to sleep in the last slumber, he sat down in the corner and went. Slowly the wretched parents recovered from their stupor, but seemed hardened and unconcerned when told that their child was dead.

This is but one of the scenes of horror which greet the eyes of those whose duties lead them where intemperance bears sway. Parents sunk in degradation and stupefied with strong drink; and poor, wretched children, cowering and cringing to escape their blows, pining with hunger for the food which they should furnish, shivering in the rags which form the clothing of a drunkard's child, watching over their younger brothers and sisters and striving to protect them from the maddened blows of those who should be their natural guardians and comforters, singing their fullabies to hush the last moan of the dying as they sink into their final slumber, and weeping in anguish Yesterday an old man entered a and bitterness of soul when death

And all the while, the authors of he emptied two coins on the counter, this destruction, they who deal and then, after regarding the silver forth this damning beverage, gather their children round them in "Mister, I want to buy some goods their comfortable homes, surrounded with every luxury which wealth can bestow, feasting on the bread which has been torn from the pale the skinny bands of poverty, and him up; you will find him busy on consuming in riotous living that his little farm. which should save the suffering The great Cato; you have surely from starvation and death.

tenderly. "And you won't take it human sin and human sorrow; and his field with the slaves. Scipio on account of the holes. Heaven indue time, he who judges in right. Africanus, who conquere! Hannibal grant that I did not have to offer it ebusness shall reward the faithful and won Carthage for R me, was to you. Years ago, when my first and punish the ungodly. The dram- not ashamed to labor on his farm. child was a little girl. I punched a seller may not see the handwriting hole in this coin and strung it upon the wall that tells his doom, Roman macrons, might have been but it may be well for him to ponstant plaything. At night, when der the fate of one who wassclothed her maidens, she went to bed, we'd take it off: in purple and fine linen, and fared but early at morning she would call sumptuously every day, while Lazfor her watch. When our John arus lay at his gate covered with you didn't know John, did you? No. sores and licked by dogs! There findeth to do, do it with thy might." Well, he used to come to town a are strange compensations in the mysterious future, and there is a solemn meaning in that word of our Luke vi. 25 .- The Christian.

OUR DANGER

Without our shame; within, our conscie Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears

Yet all these fences and their whole array One cunning bosom sin blows quite away.

OUR YOUNG POLKS.

COMPANY MANNERS.

"Will you please sit down and wait a moment till mother comes?" said a little girl to two ladies who came to see her mother. "And will you give me a glass of

water, Martha?" asked one of the ladies; "I am very thirsty." "With pleasure," answered Mar-

tha, and she presently came back small waiter, which she passed to both ladies. "O, thank you," said the other

lady, "you are very thoughtful" "You are quite welcome," said Martha, very sweetly.

When Martha went out of the room one of the ladies said :-"This little girl is one of the love-

Let us go into the next room and see. Martha took the waiter back

"Me drink! me drink!" cried little Bobby, catching hold of his sister's dress and screwing up his

"Get out, Bob!" cried Martha; go to Bridget." "Don't speak so to your little

brother," said Bridget. " It is none of your business what I say," cried Martha, tossing back

her head. " Martha!" That is grandmother calling from the top of the stairs. "What!" screamed Martha back.

"Please come here, dear," said grandma. "I don't want to," muttered

Martha. She, however, dragged herself upstairs. Unwilling feet, you know,

"Martha," said grandma, "will you try to find my spees? 4 am pretty sure I left them in the dining-

" No, you didn't!" cried Martha. in a cross, contradictory tone; "you always lose them up here," and she rummaged round the chamber, tumbling things over like the north wind.

"No matter," said the dear old lady, seeing she would have much to do to put things to rights again; "no matter, Martha, they will come to hand," and she quietly put down the newspaper for by-and by. Martha left her and went downstairs with a pout.

Oh dear, where are Martha's civil, obliging manners? Why, those are her company manners. She puts them on in the parlor, and puts them off when she leaves the parlor. She wears them before visitors, and hangs them up when they are gone. You see she has no mariners at home. She is cross and disobliging and rude and selfish. She torgets that home is the first place to be polite in-in the kitchen as well as in the parlor. There is no spot in the house where good manners can be dispensed with.

A WORD TO BOYS.

Ashamed of work boys? good, hard, honest work? Then I am a-hamed of you-a-hamed that you know so little about great men.

Open your old Roman history now and read of Cincinnatus. On the day when they wanted to make him dictator, where did they find him? In the field plowing. .What about Marcus Curtius, who

drov. Pyrrhus out of Italy? Look

heard of him-how he rose to all But there is a God who takes not the honors of the Roman statetice, who keeps the dark record of yet he was often seen at work in

Lucretia, one of the noblest of seen many a day spinning among

Better even than the example of noble Romans is the advice of the wise man: "Whatsoever thy hand Better than this, even, are the beautiful New Testament words: "Not slothful in business, fervent

There! after this you will feel ashamed not to work.