

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE CHILD.

The following is a part of a chapter from "Home and Social Life," by Rev. Dr. H. W. Bolton, of Boston, an interesting book soon to be given to the public:

So many and constant are the demands upon our time and thought in supplying the wants of our physical nature, that we very naturally become commercial in our treatment of all interests, and too often measure value by the law of ready exchange. Matters of great interest are often treated lightly, and persons of great dignity pass by unnoticed. National wealth and historic greatness sacrificed in view of minor interests. This often closes the door upon those whose presence would bless and enrich us if suffered to abide. Children are too often treated as troublesome comforts, if comforts they are—a tax upon time and usefulness, in the way of those pursuits that bring pleasure and accomplishment.

In this we have gone little beyond the Spartans, who looked upon the interests of the state as infinite, while its subjects were simply worth their market price, and when by any accident they were rendered unsalable, some law must remove them, society must not be burdened with them. But this is not the highest law of estimate. The Giver of all life took the babe and put him in the midst of His cabinet, that He might call their attention to His estimate of childhood innocence. He took a child's nature to show the world the nature of His kingdom; yea, more, He took on Himself the form of a child, that the world might see God and live.

This truly gives the child a value not often recognized. A child, a rosy-cheeked Jewish lad, was placed in the midst of a company of church politicians by Jesus with these words, "Whoso ever humbly himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."—a strange lesson for a company of lords in ambition and expectation. What a lesson for men holding the keys to treasures and kingdoms, called upon to humble themselves and become like little children, for we have no reason to suppose this was an elect child though tradition claims for it the name of Ignatius, whose body was thrown to the beasts at Rome, a martyr to the Christian religion; but, if this be historic, it may have been the result of training.

The child is to every home an inspiration we cannot afford to lose. Look not on the mother who cares for her child weeks, months, and years, with pity, as though your hours of leisure, reading, and concerting, were much to be preferred. Few mistakes so fatal. Has music charm and power? Love has more. Will it live? Love will live longest and accomplish most when the fingers now busy with piano and curls are stiff in death. Love will guide steps and accomplish deeds of undying worth to the faithful mother.

Cherish the children if you have them; if not, covet them as God's best gift. Their presence is the presence of innocence, that will constantly call you back to the hours of your own childhood, and enable you to live again the life of confidence now sadly disturbed by the experiences through which you have passed.

"Ah! what would the world be to us if the children were no more! We should dread the desert behind us worse than the dark before."

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been haled out to wood—

That to the world are children,
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunk below.

Come to me, O ye children,
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and winds are singing,
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your carresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That were ever sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

—Longfellow.

Let not the presence of children prove a burden, though they demand time and attention. That music floating in from that childless home may be perfect, but it is passing away; your noisy little ones are touching notes the masters never knew, and they may be yours forever.

"Yes, I know there are stains on my carpet,
The traces of small muddy boots;
And I see your fair tapestry glowing,
All spotted with blossoms and fruits.
And I know that my walls are disfigured
With prints of small fingers and hands;
And that your own household most truly
In immaculate purity stands.

And I know that my parlor is littered
With many old treasures and toys;
While your own is in daintiest order,
Unharm'd by the presence of boys.
And I know that my room is invaded
Quite boldly at all hours of the day;
While you sit in yours unmolested
And dream the soft quiet away!

Yes, I know there are four little bed-sides
Where I must stand watchful each night,
While you go out in your carriage,
And flash in your dresses so bright.

Now, I think I'm a neat little woman;
I like my house orderly, too;
And I'm fond of all dainty belongings;
Yet I would not change places with you.
No! keep your fair home, with its order,
Its freedom from bother and noise,
And keep your own fanciful leisure,
But give me my four splendid boys."

HELPING THE WICKED ONE.

Walking by the way-side home from church, along the smooth, broad pavement of the city, the whole family moves along together, the mother feeling very complacent in her handsome silk and new bonnet, and the father stepping quite proudly beside his pretty wife.

The young people have all been dutifully drilled to go to church with their parents, unless they have some good excuse for staying at home. So they are all here except the eldest daughter, whose new dress was not quite finished, though the sewing girl worked hard on it until late Saturday evening. Little five-year-old Emma holds her father's hand; George, next older, walks beside his mother; while two bright intelligent misses of ten and twelve follow in their parents' footsteps. Lily, the elder, looks serious and quiet. Some good seed, perchance, has found a tender, moist spot in her young heart, and may take root and bring forth fruit to the glory of God.

Alas! the mother's voice breaks heedlessly in upon the sober thoughts of the child:

"Don't you think Mr.—is falling very much? He does not preach near so well as he did at first—do you think he does? There was not a thing in the sermon to-day. I could not keep myself awake all I could do, and you did not try; you were fast asleep before he was half through."

Both laughed as if it was a very amusing thing to throw contempt on a man's faithful, earnest labor.

"It certainly was a poor sermon; but he may not have been feeling very well, I believe he was sick the other day," remarked the father.

"But I don't think a minister has any business to preach unless he can do it well, so that his congregation will enjoy hearing him. Don't you agree with me, Mrs.—?" she asked, as an acquaintance stepped up beside her.

"Indeed I do," replied her friend; "I wish we could find some one who would give us good sermons all the time."

"And yet," mused Lily, "he said he had a message from the King of kings, and I thought it was meant for me."

"But I believe, after all," continued the mother, "I would rather listen to our own minister than to that little fellow he had preaching for him last Sunday; his gestures were as awkward as a school boy's, and his whining voice made me so nervous I couldn't sit still."

"And he," thought Lily, "told us he was an ambassador for Christ."

"I couldn't sit still either," said little Emma.

"No, you never do," replied the mother, carelessly.

"I liked the young preacher best," spoke up Master George, "because he did not preach so long."

"Well," questioned Lily in her heart, "if father and mother, who are Christians, see no good in the sermons, why need I disturb myself? Surely, if they believed what the preacher said, they would talk to me about it sometimes. I reckon it will be time enough for me to think about being a Christian when I am grown."

Ah! whether had the good seed gone? Had not the parents, her own father and mother, played the part of the evil one in taking away the word out of her heart, lest she should believe and be saved? And who can calculate the number of souls that have been lost, turned out of the way, by just such thoughtless criticisms on the way home from church, or even at any time?—S. S. Times.

THROUGH LIFE.

We slight the gifts that every season bears,
And let them fall unheeded from our grasp
In our great eagerness to reach and grasp
The promised treasure of our coming years;

Or else we mourn some great good passed,
And, in the shadow of our grief shut in,
Refuse the lesser good we yet may win,
The offered peace and gladness of to-day.

So through the chambers of our life we pass,
And leave them thence one by one, and never
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Not knowing how much pleasantness there
In each, until the closing of the door
Has sound'd I through the house and died
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And in our hearts we sigh, "For ever
more."

A MINE OF MUMMIES.

In the northeastern delta of the Nile, on the banks of a canal which connect Zagazig with Lake Menzaleh, are found two places named San—Arab San and San-el-Hagar. San-el-Hagar—perhaps the most extraordinary spot in Egypt—is a city of the dead. It was once a magnificent capital, more splendid in some respects than Thebes. The canal was then a noble river. The neighboring lake was a fertile plain, studded with towns and temples. Now the city, as its name indicates, is a heap of ruins. San-el-Hagar means "San of the stones." Its ancient name was "Tan. We find it so written in the hieroglyphs. The H-brews converted "Tan into Zoua, and the Greeks converted it into Tanis. The place remained unexplored till the late Mariette Pasha, with small means and few men, first attacked the site of the principal temple in 1861. From time to time, when a few hundred francs could be spared from other enterprises, he continued the work, and his efforts were rewarded by the discovery of a vast treasure of broken obelisks, sphinxes, shrines, architraves, columns, and statues of gods and kings. Some few of these statues (most notably those attributed by Mariette to the Hyksos period) have been transported to the Boulak museum. Some have found their way to the Louvre. The rest, in countless profusion, yet lie as when first unearthed; heads, trunks, giant limbs scattered, piled, overthrown, like a battleground of Titans turned to stone. Thus Mariette left the scene of his labors, and thus it has remained ever since his death. Such is the site which the Egyptian exploration fund (now in the second year of its existence), after some negotiation with the Egyptian government, has undertaken to explore. Mr. Flinders Petrie is engaged in prosecuting the excavations.

The prophesied Pompeii has begun to yield its buried treasures, and the necropolis its buried dead. The remains of a new temple of Ptolemaic date have been identified, antiquities of various descriptions have been turned up in considerable numbers, and last, not least, Mr. Petrie's laborious examination of the building materials employed by successive kings in the construction of the great wall, the second wall, and the pylon has brought to light an unsuspected mass of reworked stones of all periods, each stone a fragment torn from a page of history. Obelisks, statues, and historical tablets prove to have been cut up into lengths, dressed down, and built in with as little ceremony as though they were blocks fresh from the quarry. Some of these destroyed obelisks are palimpsests in stone. They date from the important times of the eleventh and twelfth dynasties and were originally covered from top to bottom on all four sides with inscriptions elaborately engraved in small hieroglyphs about one inch in length. Mr. Petrie finds that these inscriptions were effaced by Rameses II, who re-engraved the surfaces with his own titles and cartouches cut on a large scale. Finally, some three centuries later, a Sheshonk or an Osorkon, with a sacrilegious recklessness worthy of a Turkish pasha, hewed them in pieces to build a wall and a gateway. The historical stelæ—apparently a uniform series of large size—are found in halves, none of which match, but their legends seem to have been already corroded and illegible when they were thus utilized. The other halves must either have been destroyed or are yet imbedded in the structure. But of all Mr. Petrie's discoveries the most striking thus far, if not archeologically the most valuable, is that of the cut up colossus of Rameses II. Several fragments have been found—an ear, a toe, pieces of an arm, part of the pilaster which supported the statue up the back, and part of the breast, on which are carved the royal ovals.

ILLINOIS FRENCH MIS SION.

This mission commenced two years ago, and has grown into a circuit of four preaching places and two regularly organized churches, and is about to organize the third. The preaching places are Kankakee, Papineau, Chicago, and Frenchtown, or L'Érable. Kankakee is the center of this work. We have lately succeeded in getting an assistant in the person of Rev. P. J. Robidoux, of the Montreal Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada. The people are most accessible, willing to hear us preach. Invitations come to us from several Roman Catholic communities, asking us to come and preach to them. The coming in of God's word has brought light to many hearts and homes. At the Onarga district conference last November, action was taken to get a church for our people at Kankakee. The first year of our work in that city we had the city hall. Since then we have been worshipping in the First M. E. church. The district conference knowing the need of a church authorized me to deliver my lecture, "Why and how I became a Protestant," and to raise funds to build a church in Kankakee. We have visited 300 more places, and raised \$1,460 in cash, and \$330 on subscription. Lots have been bought, and we are now hoping soon to have a sum sufficient to build the church, which will cost \$2,000, exclusive of lots. The people in the state have manifested interest in this home mission work among the French Roman Catholics of Illinois.

Having sent missionaries among the Roman Catholics of Italy, South America, and Mexico, our American brethren are awakening to the need of doing something for the conversion of the 8,000,000 Roman Catholics of these United States. Of these 8,000,000 at least 3,000,000 are of French and French Canadian descent. In Kankakee and Iroquois counties we count the French Canadians by the thousands. Many out of the Roman Catholic church are waiting to hear what Protestantism has to offer. With the action of our late General Conference in reference to this mission work among Roman Catholics, we are sure the Methodist church will soon be in the field in which other Protestant denominations have been for several years. Baptists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists have had missionaries among this class of people for a number of years.—N. W. Deveneau, Missionary, Kankakee, Ill.

Prayer should be intelligent and discriminating to secure its object with greatest ease and certainty. We grant that there are manifold provisions for much of human weakness and ignorance. We do not deny, but are happy to allow, that many who from the negligent habits of early life, or the force of theological training, have failed to acquire just views of the special work of sanctification, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and in answer to prayer—that is quite general and undenned in its objects, do actually receive the cleansing baptism, and become real examples of perfect love. But all this indefiniteness is evidently in the way of the most sincere exertion. There is confusion in the view; and dissipation of thought, giving great advantage to temptation, and preventing the grasp of faith, which is so important in such a crisis. Let the thing desired be matter of distinct and intense thought, and separated from everything else, let it be asked for.—J. T. Peck.

In a recent issue of one of the New York dailies we are reminded that "the life of a political scheme seldom reaches so extended a period as two years." This is only one form of affirming that sin is self-destructive—a characteristic of all sin to be declared with the utmost solemnity; not as something probable, but as necessary and inevitable. The warning comes to the sinner from every side, "Be sure your sin will find you out." No secret concealment of maneuvering will avail. The full-orbed day will come; envy, pride, and prejudice, unless washed away in the cleansing blood, will stand out in unmistakable prominence the unquestionable evidence that final retribution is just.

A PILLOW PRAYER.

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep,
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine;
Father! forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head—
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and
Thee;
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can
shake;
All's well! whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break!

A SINGLE GLASS.

A striking illustration of the deadly fascination of strong drink may be found in the following account taken some time since from the Kansas City Times: "A young gentleman, a journalist, a capitalist and a Christian, is the victim of a suddenly acquired mania which is remarkable. He went to visit his former home last summer in Cincinnati. On his way home to Kansas City he became sick, and, in the absence of a doctor, went to the steamboat bar and asked for and was given a drink of whisky. The drink coming upon a system unaccustomed to it, created an intoxication, which has been perpetual ever since. It gave the young man such a mania for strong drink that nothing could restrain him in his excesses.

There was nothing about his intoxication offensive to those who visited him. On the contrary, his brilliant mind and inexhaustible fund of conversation seemed to be renewed. He knew that he was surrendering himself to drink and its fascinating effects, but paid no attention to the remonstrances of his friends. There was nothing violent in his excesses. He was calm, mild and genial; but he insisted on drinking when he desired to drink, and he kept on drinking. He had a wife to whom he was devoted; he idolized her and made every provision for her comfort. He was a member of a church, and in good standing; a good lawyer, and the chosen leader of the Young Men's Republican Club. He owned a large amount of real estate, and was on the highway to wealth and prosperity. He had never taken a drop of intoxicating liquors in his life before this drink was taken on the Ohio steamboat. Yesterday he was taken East by his father and brother, where restraint will be placed upon his actions, in the hope that the brilliant and cultivated mind may be saved from this strange and fatal infatuation."

Such was the effect of taking a single glass of whiskey. Up to that point this young man could say, "I can drink, or I can let it alone;" but when he had once drunk, he could let it alone no one can tell. The drugged intoxicants of the present day work fearful havoc with both mind and body. Genuine alcoholic liquors are deadly, but the drugged and adulterated beverages now in use are far worse. He that lets them alone is safe. He who tastes a single drop may find in him the appetite of drinking ancestors, which only waits a spark to kindle it into a devouring flame. Men differ. Some can drink, and stop when they please. Some can not. You can set light to a stick of wood, and put it out when it is half burned; but if you undertake to burn out half of a keg of powder, you will not be able to stop just on the line. Keep fire away from powder, and win-key away from men.—The Christian.

It is recorded of an architect of the name of Cnidius that having built a watch-tower for the king of Egypt, to warn mariners from certain dangerous rocks, he caused his own name to be engraved on a certain stone in the wall, and then having covered it with plaster, he inscribed on the outside, in golden letters, the name of the king, as though the thing was done for his glory. He was cunning enough to know that the waves ere long would wash away the coat of plastering, and that then his own name would appear, and his memory be handed down to successive generations. How many there are, who, while affecting to seek only the glory of God and his Church, are really seeking whatever is calculated to gratify self-love. Could the outer coat, as it were, of their pretenses be removed, we should see them, as they really are, desirous not of God's glory, but of their own.

No unhappiness in life is equal to unhappiness at home. All other personal miseries can be better borne than the terrible misfortune of domestic disunion, and

none so completely demoralized the nature. The anguish of disease itself is modified, ameliorated, even rendered blessed, by the tender touch, the dear presence of the sympathetic beloved, and loss of fortune is not loss of happiness where family love is left. But the want of that love is not supplied by anything. Health, fortune, success, nothing has its full savor, when the home is unhappy; and the greatest triumphs out-of-doors are of no avail to cheer the sinking heart, when the misery within has to be encountered.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

DOING AND BEING.

A young girl had been trying to do something very good and had not succeeded very well. Her friend hearing her complaint said:

"God gives us many things to do, but don't you think He gives us something to be just as well?" "O, dear! tell me about being," said Marion, looking up. "I will think about being, if you will help me."

Her friend answered: "God says: 'Be kindly affectioned one to another.'"

"Be ye also patient." "Be ye thankful."

"Be not envious to this world."

"Be ye therefore perfect." "Be courteous."

"Be not wise in your own conceit." "Be not overcome of evil."

Marion listened, but made no reply. Twilight grew into darkness. The tea bell sounded, bringing Marion to her feet. In the flight Elizabeth could see that she was very serious.

"I'll have a better day to-morrow. I see that doing grows out of being."

"We cannot be what God loves without doing what He commands. It is easier to do with a rush, than to be patient, or unselfish, or humble, or just, or watchful."

"I think it is," returned Marion.—Watchman.

HONOR IN BOYS.

There is great confusion in boys' notions of honor. You should not go to your teacher with tales of your schoolmates, but when questioned by those in authority over you, parents, guardians or teachers, it is your duty to tell who did a mischief, or broke a rule, no matter what result to yourself or how unpopular you become. Boys have a false honor which hides mean and skulking actions in each other, which ought to be ridiculed out of them. Too many cowardly injuries and injustice among boys goes unchecked and the weaker are abused and bullied in a way every decent boy should resent, because this false notion of comradeship leads them to lie, perjure, or keep silent to screen the guilty. Teachers and parents ought to put down this ignorant, petty sense of honor for something more intelligent and upright. When you know of a wrong, and keep silent about it when asked, you become a partner in the wrong, and responsible for the original mischief. It is a pity that boys and grown up people do not carry the same strictness of principle they show in screening bullies and frauds into points of genuine honor and courage.—Wm. Awake.

THE ELEPHANT.

But all the elephant's exploits upon mankind are outdone by the trick it played upon one of its own neighbors in the menagerie. One of the workmen had been engaged painting a portion of the house, touching off the ornamental projections with red paint. The young elephant watched him with great interest, apparently amused at the bright bits of color that suddenly appeared wherever the brush touched. The painter was absorbed in his work when the dinner-bell rang. He put his pot and brush down and went off to his meal. The elephant waited till he was out of sight, then carefully felt for the brush with his trunk. Next to Tom Thumb stood a sleepy camel, dreamily eating his hay. Tom Thumb took up the brush and streaked the camel's side. Today happened in just then, and watched events. The elephant was beside itself with joy when it saw the red line of paint on the camel's gray flanks. When the painter returned the brush was back in its place, but the paint pot was empty, the elephant was gazing earnestly into space, and the camel was emblazoned all over with red stripes like a erimson zebra.—N. Y. Truth.

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