

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

MENDED.

Wet the shattered edges daintily. Place them together in the ancient shape; Match here and fair design with careful eye. And let no fragment from your search escape.

Unsay the angry words; the charge recall; Deny or plead away doubt, slight, or sneer; Before the outraged skirts for pardon fall; Win back the smile with the forgiving tear; The happy society of affection lost, Trust and its frank, free gladness fled to gether.

What boots to feign the faith, to count the cost? The wounded love will bear the scar forever.

Ab, keep the precious porcelain in its niche, Guard close the fragile darlings of the heart; O ye, in life's pure treasures proud and rich, The fruit and its first bloom are light to part; Dread one rough touch; no time again can give, Once gone, or perfect form or fearless faith; In prayer and patience moora it while ye live, And hope to win it back in heaven through death.

—From All the Year Round.

GRATITUDE.

A clergyman was on his way to a neighborhood lying beyond the bounds of his parish, where he was accustomed to hold occasional services. He came to the river which he must needs cross before he could reach his destination. In a cabin by the river's bank lived a colored boatman named Joe Brown, who was accustomed to ferry passengers over to the other side of the river. The boat was ready, and the clergyman, finding himself the only passenger, seated himself in the bow, and making himself as comfortable as the accommodations would permit was soon wrapped in his own not very cheerful mood.

Discouraged with himself and his work, he had half made up his mind he had neither heart nor fitness for his calling. He had so brooded over the frequent failure of his best endeavors, that he began to lose sight of the worthiness of his aim, which he had believed was far beyond all worldly aspirations.

Joe stepped into his place and taking up his oars the two glided swiftly along. There were sloops going up and down the river as they did every day, when the winds would carry them on their way. Suddenly Joe drew in his oars, and springing to his feet, pulled off his ragged old straw hat, and with his hand shaded his eyes while he strained his sight to some object on a sloop in the distance.

"As I'm a libbing man," he exclaimed, "dat am de Captain!" The clergyman, started out of his rousing, followed the eyes of Joe, but could distinguish nothing but the forms of three or four men on a sloop in the distance.

"See them, Mr. Preacher?" exclaimed Joe. "Don't yer see dat strong, kind-looking man agin the mast?" urged Joe.

"Perhaps I shall see him when the vessel comes nearer," was the reply of the clergyman, doubting if he should be able to discover by his sight the strength and kindness which Joe described him by, not knowing that Joe had tested them both, and that grateful love had made his sight strong, so that what was all undiscovered by others was to him written out in glowing letters.

"I wish yer could see the Captain," said Joe, in a tone which seemed to imply he might if he would but look. "Who is the Captain?" asked the clergyman.

"De Captain?" said Joe, turning upon him a look of surprise, as if he should have known. "He am de man what sated me." But quickly turning his eyes again to the sloop, he said: "I can't miss seeing him while he am in sight?" And he gazed with an intense earnestness.

The sloop did not come very near, and passed by with no apparent signal to Joe, who stood as steady as a mast in a ship, with his hat in his hand and his eyes still shaded. As the sloop sailed on, the figures of the men became hidden, and Joe sat down again to his oars.

"I tole you, sar," said he, "dat he am de man what sated me." "How did he save you, Joe?" asked the clergyman.

"He strip off his coat, and jump into de ribber and catch hold of dis poor chile wid his strong arms, just as he was a sinking into de tarjal depths, wid de ropes around his feet. Dat's de way he sated me," said Joe, growing eloquent with emotion.

ken. He runs by here onct a month. I watches for him allers, and I love to pint him out. It's all dis poor nigger can do."

The clergyman was deeply moved by the earnestness of the poor negro and at the depth and tenderness of his gratitude. In a moment there flashed across him a humiliating sense of his own ingratitude toward One whose strong arm had snatched him from the jaws of an eternal death. Why should he ever forget the high privileges of his calling while he could point out to any one Him "whose name is above every name, the man Christ Jesus?"—Episcopal Recorder.

AS GOD HAS PROSPERED US.

We have seen several appeals in religious papers of late, for the voluntary adoption of the tithe by Christians. Some of these appeals have been made by correspondents, and some editorially. They indicate a wide and encouraging interest in Christian benevolence. The lack of a willingness to give is one of the greatest dangers to the Christian cause to-day.

But we do not believe that the tithe principle is a desirable one for general adoption. It is not fair in the first place. The poor man whose yearly earnings do not exceed \$300 finds \$80 a severe drain upon his resources. In order that he may give it, he or his wife or his children must practice close self-denial somewhere. But the man with an income of thousands has but to draw his check and the thing is done. Neither he nor his family is compelled to forego any of the luxuries of life. He simply accumulates a little less that year, that is all.

Now we are far from saying that the poor man should not devote one-tenth of his income to Christian benevolence. What we do say is that the rich man should often, if not always, give far more than one-tenth. The general adoption of the tithe system moreover, would only be a way of cheating God. The Mosaic law, it is true, exacted the tithe; but the Christian law demands that one give "as God hath prospered him"—no more, no less. If God has not prospered us, it may be our duty to give less than one-tenth of our incomes; and if he has prospered us greatly, it may be our duty to give him one-third or one-half. It is a question for each man to decide for himself, as the Spirit shall give him light, what proportion of his income will fulfill the requirement, "as God hath prospered him." No rule will cover all cases. The proportion that is immense for one man may be ridiculously small for another.—Examiner and Chronicle.

HOW JUDGE THOU? A lady, the wife of a professor in one of our Western colleges, once told me that for nearly three months she had misjudged and almost daily punished her little boy, not yet six years old, for faults of which he was entirely innocent. In response to my exclamations of surprise she told me the story: "The family at the time consisted of Mr. C. and myself, Willie, our only son, and two little girls younger than he. Our servant girl, Fanny, was about fourteen years old, but being bright, active and helpful, was fully trusted, though she had been with us but a month or two. Willie was a quiet little fellow, who cared more to be alone with his playthings than is usual for children of his age.

"One day, after Willie had been alone in the parlor for a short time, I found a valuable photograph album utterly ruined. I questioned the child, but he declared he knew nothing about it. Yet so far as I could discover no one else had been in the parlor. Appearances were certainly very much against the child, but he so positively, and apparently with such honesty, denied any knowledge of the mischief, that I could not find it in my heart to punish him.

"But a few days later, after he had been alone in another room, I found another article destroyed. Again he denied all knowledge of the mischief. From this time scarce a day passed without mischief of the same character being done and always under circumstances that seemed to show that my darling boy was guilty. He every time denied, but at last I would not allow him to do so. I punished him very severely; but the trouble continued. The circumstances were always so strongly against him that I took it for granted that he was guilty, and I would hear no explanations or denials from him.

"No one can imagine the effect of this experience upon our minds. We were afraid that the mind of our boy had been thrown off its balance, and took him to a skillful physician, but he could find no evidence of disease or mental aberration. What then could induce him to commit such acts of wanton mischief? No one could tell. He would promptly confess his fault, when confronted by any act of mischief—for I would permit nothing but a confession—then at the first opportunity the mischief was repeated.

"Fully a hundred dollars worth of articles had been destroyed, besides repairable injuries done to other articles. There was no flaw in the evidence against the child, but in every case, as in the first, it was purely circumstantial. We watched him most carefully, but while he was never seen to do anything out of place, if he were left alone for a few minutes and unwatched something was sure to be destroyed.

"One day Willie had been out of my sight for a few minutes, when looking for him, I saw Fanny steal into a room where, as I knew, she had for the time nothing to do. Something moved me to watch her. Looking through the partly-opened door I saw her with a pair of scissors cut and ruin a fine lace curtain. It was done in a moment, and turning to the door she met me. She saw at once that she was discovered, and that it would be useless to deny anything.

"Imagine if you can, my feelings. For weeks I had been punishing my poor boy, and in view of what seemed to be his inexcusable fault my heart was almost broken. The wretched girl made a full confession, and you may be sure I lost no time in carrying the glad news to my husband, that our boy was at last shown to be innocent. As long as I would hear him he had declared himself innocent, but I had compelled him to say that he was guilty! With all my gladness I could not forgive myself for the way I had treated my child.

"Do you ask why Fanny did the mischief? She was the daughter of a New York criminal, and, being deserted by her parents, had been sent West. She had been well treated, but she freely declared that she hated everybody, and this was the sole reason for her conduct."

Doubtless many another child has been misjudged and punished when innocent. Be careful how you dispute the word of a child. Treat your child's word as you would treat the word of your neighbor. It may become necessary for you to punish him for faults, but see to it first that you have good reason for so doing. A boy was once crying by the roadside. Said a passer-by: "What are you crying for, what is the matter?" "Dad licked me." "Well, what did he do it for?" "Cause he's the biggest!" "Is it not possible that your child is sometimes punished for no other reason than—you are the biggest?"

Never punish a child unless the evidence against him is clear. In our courts circumstantial evidence is valuable, when sustaining direct testimony, but the case that rests on circumstantial evidence alone is apt to be rather dubious. Of the things that try their parents, children probably do most from thoughtlessness. They may deserve punishment, but if in any case there be a doubt, give the child the benefit of it. Do you not think this would be the better course?—Central Advocate.

THE BLESSING AT MEALS. A correspondent who asks why it is that thanks or blessings at meals are so strictly observed, not only by professors of religion, but even by numbers of the irreligious, when there are so many blessings of every day life that would seem to demand a return of gratitude and no notice is taken of them or thought of the donor, gets this answer from the Illustrated Christian Weekly.

"We had not supposed it was common for people refusing all other expressions of thanksgiving to God to still give thanks at meals; but so far as this is a custom, it may arise from an earlier and fuller performance of Christian duty now fallen into disuse from worldliness, this only retained because the conscience has yet some sensitiveness to duty. Or, those repeating a formal blessing at meals and showing no gratitude at other times, may have been taught that much of Christian form in early life, without ever expressing true, grateful affection towards God, and now retain the habit simply as a habit.

"The practice of asking a blessing on what we eat is as old as the era of Samuel at least. (1 Sam. ix: 13.) Indeed we cannot doubt that pious families from the beginning were always impelled when brought together at the daily meals to recognize the Giver of food, asking his blessing upon and giving thanks for it.

"The Saviour (Matt. xiv: 19) blessed the food He provided for the thousands when he was incarnate, and this was a customary if not an invariable habit with him. (John xiv: 23.) And we learn from Rom. xiv: 6 and 1 Tim. iv: 4, what every pious heart feels, that thanksgiving for daily temporal blessings is most fitting to the God who gives us all things to enjoy.

A COUNTRY CONGREGATION. It is related of a distinguished professor that he said to a class of young ministers: "Gentlemen, if you are to preach in the city, wear your best coat; if in the country, carry your best sermon." We think the best sermon is wanted everywhere and every time, and we have never seen a congregation that did not like to see its minister in his best coat; but there are no better congregations for close attention, for a good, hearty relish for the truth earnestly and sensibly presented, and for first-class ability to recognize a good thing, than a country congregation.

The hard-working farmer is proverbially spoken of as a sleeper in the church. But give him something to think about, and he will keep wide awake. There is not to us a more inspiring sight than to stand in the pulpit of some grand old church, so situated that the congregation drive or walk miles to reach it, and look into the browned, strong, serious, honest, intelligent and sensible faces of the men and women who, with half-a-dozen bright children, sit at each end of the long, straight-backed pew.

The earnest look they give you, as if in anticipation of something to nourish the mind and heart, and the disappointment depicted on their countenances when the bread they expected proves to be dough, and soft at that, will convince any man that the best he can do will be appreciated by his hearers. A country congregation differs from a city congregation in that it is more devout, more reverent in its ways, more serious in the attention, and more sympathetic in its attitude. A country congregation takes a position as much as to say, "We expect to worship God and be blessed in the service." A city congregation has the air of thinking, "We have complimented the preacher by coming to hear him, and now let him interest us if he can." A country congregation leaves the church, if fed, saying one to another, "We have been blessed to-day in the faithful presentation of the truth." A city congregation leaves the church, if the sermon was able, saying, "Was not that splendid? What a smart preacher!"

The reason for all this is, that the country is practical, seeking the best things it can find. The city is in a rush and cannot stop for anything but a passing word. We have to say to our brethren in the country, no better fields to cultivate, no more appreciative audience, no warmer hearts, and no larger purses, according to the wants of life, are in the city than in the country.

If you have a good church and are appreciated, do not be writing to your city friends who are city pastors, for an empty pulpit which may have fifty applicants. Stay where you are, to enjoy the best home and life that any man can have.—Golden Rule.

better than your boy can afford to and who pride themselves upon their special position. Good society for a boy is the society of boys who are honest and straightforward, who have no bad habits, who are earnest and ambitious. They are not in a hurry to be men. They are not ambitious for the company of shallow, heartless women, old enough to be their mothers, and are not envious of their friends who fancy there is something grand in dulling all the edge of their heart's hope upon such jaded favorites.

There is nothing sadder than to see either young men or women priding themselves upon the society which they enjoy, when verily it is a Dead Sea apple that will choke them with its dust when they need some generous juicy fruit to cool their lips and stay the hunger of their souls!—Christian Register.

"TURNING-POINTS IN LIFE."

Rev. Frederick Arnold thus happily illustrates the difference between the "Providence that shapes our ends" and what men call "luck" and "chance." What we call the "turning point" is simply an occasion which sums up and brings to result previous training. Accidental circumstances are nothing except to men who have been trained to take advantage of them. Erskine made himself famous when the chance came to him of making a great forensic display; but unless he had trained himself for the chance, the chance would only have made him ridiculous.

There is a story told of some gentleman who, on a battlefield, happening to bow with much grace to some officer who addressed him, a cannon-ball just went through his hair, and took off the head of one behind him. The officer, when he saw the marvelous escape, justly observed that no man ever lost by politeness.

There is a man in Berkshire, England, who has a park with a walled frontage of several miles, and he tells of a beautiful little operation which made a nice little addition to his fortune. He was in Australia when the first discovery of gold was made. The miners brought in their nuggets, and the bankers were a little nervous about the business, uncertain about the quality of the gold, and waited to see its character established. This man had a taste for natural sciences, and knew something about metallurgy. He tried each test, solid and fluid, satisfied himself of the quality of the gold, and then, with all the money he had or could borrow, he bought as much gold as might be, and showed, as profit, a hundred thousand pounds in the course of a day or two. His luck was observation and knowledge, and a happy tact in applying them.

The late Joseph Hume went out to India, and while he was still a young man he accumulated a considerable fortune. He applied himself to the work of mastering the native languages, and turned the knowledge to most profitable account. On one occasion, when all the gunpowder had failed the British army, he succeeded in scraping together a large amount of the necessary material, and manufactured it for the troops. When he returned to England he canvassed with so much ability and earnestness for a seat in the East India directorate, that he might carry out his scheme of reform, that, though he failed to get the vote of a certain large proprietor of stock, he won his daughter's heart and made a prosperous marriage. And marriage is, after all, the luckiest bit of luck, when it is all it should be.

There is, then, in truth, no luck. There are turning points in life, moments, critical moments that are worth more than years; nevertheless a great occasion is only worth to a man what his antecedents have enabled him to make of it; and our business in life is to prepare for these supreme moments, these hours when life depends on the decision of the instant. Whatever of truth is veiled under the popular idea of luck and chance is, rightly considered, an incentive to the busiest industry, not an incentive for folded hands and dreams.—Sel.

GOOD SOCIETY. Many parents who have sons and daughters growing up are anxious for them to get into good society. This is an honorable anxiety, if it interprets good society after some lofty fashion. Parents, your daughter is in good society when she is with girls who are sweet and pure and true-hearted; who are not vain or frivolous; who think of something besides dress, or flirting, or marriage; between whom and their parents there is confidence; who are useful as well as ornamental in the house; who cultivate their minds, and train their hands to skillful workmanship. If society of this sort is not to be had, then none at all is preferable to a worthless article. See to it that you impress this on your children, and above all, that you do not encourage them to think that good society is a matter of fine clothes, or wealth, or boasting to be somebody. As you value your child's soul, guard her against these miserable counterfeits; and impress upon her that intelligence, and simplicity, and modesty and goodness, are the only legal coin.

The same rule holds for boys as well as for girls. You must have these enter into good society. Do not imagine that you have accomplished it when you have got them in with a set of boys whose parents are wealthier than you, who dress

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. FIVE CENTS. "Well my boy," said John's employer, holding out his hand for the change, "Did you get what I sent you for?" "Yes, sir," said John; "and here is the change, but I don't understand it. The lemons cost twenty-eight cents, and there ought to be twenty-two cents change, and there's only seven-

"Perhaps I made a mistake in giving you the money?"

"No, sir; I counted it over in the hall, to be sure it was all right." "Then perhaps the clerk made a mistake in giving you change?" But John shook his head: "No, sir, I counted that too." Father said we must always count our change before we leave a store.

"Then how in the world do you account for the missing five cents? How do you expect me to believe such a queer story as that?" John's cheeks were red, but his voice was firm; "I don't know how to account for it sir; I can't. All I know is that it is so."

"Well, it is worth a good deal in this world to be sure of that. How do you account for that five-cent piece that is hiding in your coat sleeve?" John looked down quickly and caught the gleaming bit with a little cry of pleasure. "Here you are!" he said. "Now it is all right. I couldn't imagine what had become of that five-cent piece. I knew that I had it when I started from the store."

"There are two or three things that I know now," Mr. Brown said with a satisfied air. "I know you have been taught to count your money in coming and going, and to tell the exact truth, whether it sounds well or not—three important things for an errand boy. I think I'll try you, young man, without looking farther."

At this John's cheek grew redder than ever. He looked down and up, and finally he said, in a low voice, "I think I ought to tell you that I wanted the place so badly I almost made up my mind to say nothing about the change if you didn't ask me."

"Exactly," said Mr. Brown, "and if you had done it you would have lost the situation; that's all. I need a boy about me who can be honest over five cents, whether he is asked questions or not."—The Pansy.

THISTLES AND GRAPES. Little Florence was so obliging and sweet, that her mother's visitor was much pleased with her behavior. "What a ladylike little girl she is," was her inward comment. She played a pretty piece for her on the piano; and was about to play another, when a poor little girl came in on some errand, and took a seat near the door, looking about her in a timid way.

"Please play me another piece, Florence," said the lady, as she busied herself with her embroidery. How astonished she was at the change which came over the young girl's face! Striking a scornful attitude, she sat back from the piano, and said: "I am not going to play before her."

It was like opening a glass window into that little girl's heart, showing what nests of evil things were crawling there. Worse than serpents are such feelings and dispositions. Florence was greatly lowered in the eyes of the lady, and how would the poor little girl be likely to remember her? A blow in her face would not have been more unkind, and I think she would not have remembered it any more painfully. "A wounded spirit who can bear?" "A high look and a proud heart are an abomination to the Lord." That shows us how she would appear in his sight.

Very different was the impression left on the mind of a stranger by a young girl who was walking before him on the street. She was beautifully dressed, and he wondered if her disposition and habits were as fair as her outward adorning. Just then a poor, old man came by, trundling a load of bricks. He tried to go in at the little gate before his small house, but the gate would shut before he could get in. The young girl stepped along quickly, and said: "Wait a moment, and let me hold the gate back for you."

It was done politely and pleasantly, and the surprised old man wanted words to express his thanks to the beautiful girl for her small charity. If she had been ever so plain, she would have looked lovely in his eyes, and in the eyes of the other one who saw her. It showed that her heart was like a garden where sweet flowers grew; that kind thoughts dwelt there, prompting her to kind and loving deeds. I fear the other little girl would have swept by haughtily, complaining, perhaps, that the wheelbarrow obstructed the sidewalk. "E'en a child is known by his doings," and we all make up our minds very quickly with regard to a boy or girl we meet. Little things give us, sometimes, a deep insight into the character: "By their fruits ye shall know them." Grapes never grow on thistles. I think grapes are by far the nicest to cultivate.

Though not met from Mathew. Brown in person. By off-hand he was in elsewhere—(Mitt. 17:20). St. Matt. he had heard in the of Christ. The disciples to ask about one of them the true blessing, which prompted it so easy to detect our own satisfaction of that he asked it? are hopelessly dry the matter.

It was not great at if his faith were in the solitude of easy to understand that confinement accustomed to the wilderness. Probably Jesus was not shut accordance with J. locations of it. At allow him a glimpse of exerting the which he heard so may have been a fully exercised his taken by Canon Fa in their lives of Ch many other high at theless, we incline that of John We amongst others—the asked for the sake of did not express any in John's own mind much more consist of Jesus and his to John's character which he had heard accordance with w these, a confirmation most of Messiah's that kingdom were it was the duty of transfer their dis however strongly to him. And so he with a question wh not be misunde they might become

II—The No direct answer The answer was of aces of healing w sense of the messer he sent to John acts in unmistak that he was "He for that message of from two of the gre by general consent to the Messiah (I The latter of them applied to himself Nazareth. The pa signs by which the known. He had them, for he add "up"—a unmanifest not mentioned in which he had shor marvellous exempt These works ought unmistakable sign not only with the the popular expect John's disciples to go and tell their engaged in the ver said the Messiah w two who had been their master in othrs. It is prop a discussion, and t two as a deputat of what they saw of the warping ones ples to a dozen words of Jesus (ve direction. They le allowing their pr eyes to the real ey sabbath. And so niscience which t ings with men, in of his message, to of their doubts. I prejudices do our S ing Jesus as not S possible to be off Saviour "a stone rock of offence," tion of our faith. ii. 4-8.)

III—John As soon as the parted Jesus pro most marked and to the greatness of mission of John. ently to counter produced by the sengers that Joh doubt as to his cla siah. He had pla that Jesus was "E (John i. 15, 25, 26 he was not a reed though he had be shut up in a d thought him a p forerunner he w and no greater i even in the roll ets. And yet— long to Christ's blest believer und generation is great perfect Gospel to seminate.—Abriq Meth. S. S. Maga

The Christian w for holiness, while living so as to fru era, is sowing amo