

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

UNEXHAUSTED.

Are all the songs sung, all the music played?
Are the keys quite worn out, and soundless
quite?
Which stave sweet fancy's dawning-day have
mailed?
Perpetual melody for man's delight,
And charmed the dull day and the heavy
night?
Must we go on with stale, repeated themes,
Content with threadbare chords that faint
and fail,
Till all the fairy fabric of old dreams
Becomes a jaded, oft-repeated tale,
And poetry grows tired, and romance pale?
I cannot think it; for the soul of man
Is strong to answer to such myriad keys,
Set and attuned and accorded on a plan
Of intricate and vibrant harmonies.
How shall we limit that, or measure these?
As free and urgent as the air that moves,
As quick to tremble as Eolian strings,
The soul responds and thrills to hates and
loves,
Desires and hopes, joys and sufferings,
And sympathy's soft touch and anger's
stings.

How dare we say the breezes all are blown,
The corals have no reserved sweet in store?
Or claim that all is tested and made known?
That nightingales may till, or sky-larks
soar,
But neither can surprise us any more?
The world we call so old, God names his
new;
The thought we christen stale shall outlast
men;
While moons shall haunt the sky, and stars
gleam through,
While roses blossom on their thorny stem,
And spring comes back again—and yet
again,—
While human things like blossoms small and
white
Are dropped on earth from unseen parent
skies,
The old dreams shall please, the songs
delight,
And those who shape and weave fair fan-
tasies
Shall catch the answering shine in new-
born eyes.
—The Advance.

GREAT MEN SPEAK ON
THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Dr. Lyman Beecher: "I defy any one to show that rum-sellers are not murderers."

The Bishop of Manchester, England: Beer and wine-shops with vaults are gateways to hell."

John Wesley: "They murder by the wholesale, neither doth their eye pity or spare, and the inheritance of blood is theirs."

Senator Morrill in the United States Senate: "The liquor traffic is the gigantic crime of crimes in this age and particularly in this country."

Dr. Willard Parker, of New York: "The alcohol is the one evil genius, whether in wine, or ale or whiskey, and is killing the race of man."

John Williams, the martyr missionary of the Pacific Islands: "I dread the arrival of an American ship, for though she may have more missionaries in her cabin, she brings in her hold the deathwaters of damnation."

Robert Hall, a very sober and eloquent orator, following in Shakespeare's line said: "It is a liquid fire and distilled damnation," and in our own day an eminent scientific authority says: "It is the devil in solution."

Dr. Humphrey, President of Amherst College, 1833: "It is plain to me as the sun in a clear summer sky, that the license laws of our country constitute one of the main pillars on which the stupendous fabric of intemperance now rests."

Rev. Dr. Prime, of New York: "If these fountains of crime and misery—the liquor saloons—could be shut up or be put under restraint of existing laws, we might hold a jubilee over the improved condition of our city's poor, and might disband many of our charitable associations."

Rev. Canon Wilberforce: "People talk about regulating the liquor traffic: they might as well try to regulate toothache, when the true remedy is to extract." The advocates of the license law would say: "Tie a stringent rag around the jaw, and leave the affected molar to throb and 'stoon.' Drawing the tooth would savor too much of coercive legislation."

The London Telegraph: "It is not poverty, it is beer, that has robbed the children of knowledge, liberty, morality and long life. It is not poverty that fills our hospitals and jails, it is gin. By the time that a child can use his hands and earn eighteen pence week, it is offered upon the altar of the great gin god."

The London Times: "It is far too favorable a view to treat the money spent on it as if it were cast into the sea. It would have been better if the corn had mill-dewed in the ear. No way so rapid to increase the wealth of nations and the morality of society as to annihilate the manufacture of ardent spirits, consisting as they do of an

infinite waste and unmixed evil." The great Frelinghuysen, a half a century ago, uttered the following sensible sentiment: "If men will engage in this destructive traffic—if men will stoop to degrade their reason, and reap the wages of iniquity, let them no longer have the law book as a pillow, nor quiet conscience by the opiate of court license."

Emphatic was the testimony of the late Archdeacon of Bombay, who, after thirty years' experience, said, at a public meeting in London: "For one really converted Christian as the fruit of missionary labors the drinking practices of the English made one thousand drunkards. If the English were driven out of India tomorrow the chief trace of their having been there would be the number of drunkards left behind."

The late Gen. Dix, Governor of New York: "I am very glad you have allowed the Woodland House to remain vacant instead of renting it for the sale of liquors. I would rather let it remain vacant till the end of time than to have it rented for such a purpose. I consider rum the cause of nine-tenths of all the murders, poverty and crimes in the country, and no earthly consideration would induce me to contribute in the remotest manner to its sale."

From an appeal to the American people, by Mrs. Elizabeth Thompson, of New York, we extract the following: "I stand aghast when I reflect upon the wretchedness of millions of my fellow-creatures in a country which ought to be the model for the world, a flower of civilization and joy. The great end of law, of taxation, and the perpetual effort of the noblest souls, is to insure conditions by which the community may realize the highest ideals of life, of progress and civilization of which the human soul is capable. I am convinced from long observation and earnest endeavor to effect reform that rum and ignorance are cursing my countrymen and women to their ruin. The molochs are our household gods. They eat up the souls and bodies of the noblest and best of our national life; they riot in hamlet and home; they fill the prisons, load the galleys, shriek in the maniac's cell, and gibber in the awful sounds of idiocy. Industry staggers under their load; justice is weary of penalty which never reforms and which seldom protects; crime laughs in her face. Well may it sneer at the blindness of the goddess. Let us remove the bandage from her eyes, that she may see where to strike. Let her smite rum and ignorance, and her courts will become cathedrals and her prison-houses will disappear from the face of the earth."

WHERE LIES THE BLAME?
BY JULIA A. TIRRELL.
"Mo', mamma, mo'," and the tiny hand was out-stretched towards the mother's plate; for, though two-year-old Ted had eaten more peaches than any one else at the table, he seemed to regard his mother's share of the fruit as his own.
"Yes, darling, mamma knows he loves fruit. With motherly devotion Annie removed the luscious fruit to baby's plate, and it was swallowed without even a "thank you."
"Only a trifling incident; but straws show which way the wind blows, and during my visit I saw a great many such straws blowing about.
Annie Sayle and myself had long been intimate friends, or I should not have taken the liberty to speak about her training of Ted. As it was, she only laughed about "old maid's children," and then seemed annoyed.
At the close of two weeks I returned to my home, and for several years circumstances were such that I did not repeat the visit. When I again saw Annie, Ted had grown to be quite a lad. Bright and active he certainly was, but oh, how selfish!
"Mother, I want my boots!" and up-stairs the tired mother would go, and bring them down.
"There's never any water in the pail!" Without a word, Annie would go to the well and draw some.
I was astonished that my friend could or did not see where her motherly unselfishness was leading the boy. When the father was at home, Ted was less dominating and less lazy. But even then Annie's mistaken kindness shielded him from many a punishment. If Ted was told to fill the wood-box, or brush the boots, or

perform any other duty, he always felt sure that some one would do the work it he did not; and Mr. Sayles was too busy to ask any questions. The boy always selected the best seat in the carriage, the biggest piece of cake at supper, and the easiest chair in the parlor for himself. Annie would reprove him when any one else would always defer her own comfort to his.

And so matters went on. We corresponded occasionally, but family cares kept Annie and myself apart for some time. There was something in her letters that troubled me. Whenever she referred to Ted, his pleasures and pastimes seemed so separated from her life! Now, I have an old-fashioned idea that mothers should so command the respect and affection of their children, that grown up sons shall be proud to escort them about. But I could see that Annie had become to her child merely a servant, to prepare his meals and keep his clothes and room in order.

Very suddenly Mr. Sayles died. His wife and son—the latter grown to young manhood—were left in comfortable circumstances, and now the fruit of Ted's early training showed itself more than ever. With money at his command, and no restraining hand to guide him, the youth plunged into to folly and excess. His own property was soon squandered. Of course his mother's followed; for he had never learned that her possessions were not his; and then the heartless son shipped on a whaling voyage, and the feeble, widowed mother was left homeless and alone.

We were glad to receive her among us. Loving hands ministered to her wants, and her health began to improve.

Two years later Ted was home again. His was now the hollow cheek and sunken eye. A life of selfishness had brought its own reward.

The mother-love in Annie's heart was still strong. The son's neglect was all forgotten. To-day she supports him by the labor of her own hands; while in return, he grumbles and finds fault that the house is so small and the fare no better. People call him heartless and ungrateful, and he is; but my heart aches as I think of the bright-eyed baby's outstretched hand and the mother's fatal unselfishness.

We hear much, in these days, of young people neglecting their parents, of their treating the aged with disrespect; but, let me ask, is it always the young who are wholly to blame?—Zion's Herald.

WHICH GUIDES US?

"Every man is the son of his own work;" that is, a man's actions are the fruits of his thoughts and purposes. Ignoble thoughts and timid purposes never produce noble deeds; but exalted sentiments and resolute purposes beget heroic actions. Hence those persons who at our summer camp-meetings have made professions of faith, are determining their future Christian standing by the strength and breadth, or the weakness and narrowness, of their present purposes. He whose purpose rises no higher than that of Erasmus, who said, "I will not be unfaithful to the cause of Christ, at least so far as the age will permit me," will be governed, not by Christ, but by the opinions and wishes of the ungodly who surround him. Like Erasmus, he will be a vane, moved hither and thither by the changing wind of popular opinion. But he whose purpose is fixed to be unalterably, thoroughly, heroically, loyal to the Christ, will, with little doubt grow into a brave, lion-like, unflinching soldier of Christ, and as fearless in his sphere as Luther and Wesley were in theirs. Search thyself, therefore, O convert, and see to it that there is no mental reservation in thy resolves! Remember, as Bacon said, that, "not to resolve is to resolve;" that is, what you consciously exclude from your purpose, you are actually resolved to do if occasion shall prompt. Therefore, as you hope for heaven, let your consecration be complete.—Zion's Herald.

HINDU WIDOWS.

That the youthful wife or wives of the budding Hindu are very much under the personal jurisdiction of their mother-in-law has always been regarded as a peculiar fact in Indian society; but the appalling consequences which result from this arrangement have rarely been brought to light in so

forceful a manner as in a case of female suicide which has recently been the subject of inquiry in Bombay. It was proved that the girl, almost a child in age, who had committed the dread act of self-destruction, had been driven to it by the persistent persecution which she had undergone at the ruthless hands of her husband's mother ever since her marriage. In directing the jury, the coroner stated the remarkable fact that by far the largest number of female Hindu suicides are those of women between the ages of twelve and twenty, and it is beyond question that the cause which impels these hapless women to put an end to their existence, just when at an age to reap most enjoyment from it, is in nearly every case the organized despotism of the mother-in-law in the interior of the zenana. How this state of affairs is to be remedied it is difficult to see, although, in the instance referred to, the coroner declared the need of a complete change in Hindu social habits. The only change which would be effectual is for the young Hindu not to bring his wife home to the maternal mansion; but to set up house for himself with his matrimonial partner, according to European custom. This, however, would be such a complete revolution in native habit, seeing that several generations usually live and have their being under the same roof-tree, that centuries would be necessary to bring it about. We should rather, perhaps, look to the ameliorating and humanizing tendencies of the noble efforts of those Christian ladies who penetrate into the secret depths of the zenanas and carry into them the lessons of a higher morality.—Daily Telegraph.

INTERRUPTIONS.

Turner, the artist, said to one who interrupted him with a question, "There! you have made me lose fifty guineas!" Sir Walter Scott says in his diary: "Various visitors began to drop in. I was sick of these interruptions. God send me more leisure, and fewer friends to peck it away by tea-spoonfuls." Others besides Sir Walter have had to breathe this prayer. People call on a well-known minister out of the ildest curiosity, and invent the most perverse excuses for dragging him away from his work. One would think we were wild beasts to be stared at. Just as a sermon is shaping itself, in comes a paste-board man from an old lady who has nothing on earth to do but to call round on everybody she knows, and rob them of their time,—wretched thief that she is. We have seen her and lo! another knock; no message can be sent in, the party must see the minister himself, as his business is strictly private: that means begging. Here's another, whose pretended errand is to ask if he knew the Rev. Mr. Jones, of Lillwall, for he was her mother's uncle's cousin by marriage. Why should we be thus at every mortal's beck and call, and have neither space for meditation, nor time for devotion? People do not call on doctors at this rate, and our time is quite as precious as theirs. We cannot protect ourselves by fees, and yet if we do not see every one, there will be such an outcry. All we can say is—they must cry, for we cannot neglect our Master's business to play lackey to everybody who is moved by the powers of darkness to call us away from the Word of God and prayer.—C. H. Spurgeon.

NEVER LOOKED AT IT
IN THAT LIGHT.

There are some people who have great sympathy for hotel keepers when a town goes no-licence and the bars are closed. We met a man a few days ago who said: "You temperance people are depreciating the value of property; our hotel keeper will lose \$2,000 on his property if this town remains no-licence. You will admit this, won't you."
"Yes, of course we will admit this, but my dear sir, let us see if this hotel has not been a means of depreciating the value of real estate."
"Do you know how much Carton paid for his farm ten years ago?"
"Yes, he paid \$10,000 for it and at that time it was a bargain."
"I was by there to-day a d I saw the barn doors were off the hinges, the fence down, the house needed painting; all 'along the tumbled down fences I saw elders-briars, e. c. How much would you give for it now. You are a good judge of property?"

"I would not give more than \$6,000 for it; in fact I would not want it at that price."
"How did this farm come to run down as it has? Why, you know, Carton spent all his time at the hotel in the village, neglected his farm, has a heavy mortgage on it now, and it came from the hotel; am I overstating it?"
"No, his farm has run down in the way you have mentioned."
"How is it with John McLary, Bill Allen, McCormie, and others I might mention? Has not this hotel you helped to keep run-ning been the means of depreciating the real estate of this town? Look at the farms mortgaged because the owners spent their time and money at this bar."
"I guess you are right. I had never looked at it in that light before."

We then commenced to figure, and at the figures this man set himself. We found on seventeen farms a loss of \$27,000 coming direct from the hotel he had desired to keep open. He came to the conclusion it was better for the hotel to lose in value \$2,000, than taxable property to the amount of \$27,000.
How much longer will it be before the people will see the wholesale ruin coming from the bar rooms.

THROUGH PAIN TO TRIUMPH.

Be quiet, O my soul!
My Master's hand is on me now; I must obey his will.
His hand is very strong; his word he must fulfill.
What can his subject do but to lie dumb and still?
Be quiet, then, my soul!
Be hopeful, O my soul!
That if my life be blighted, life is short at best;
And then my worn-out frame shall taste the grave's sweet rest,
While my freed spirit soars to dwell among the blest.
Be joyful, O my soul!
It is my Father's hand that keeps me down so low,
My Father weeping while he smites, because he loves me so.
I can do more than bear, while I his love do know.
Be joyful, O my soul!
Exultant be, my soul!
It is my Saviour that I see; he takes me to his heart.
He binds me to himself by every wound and smart,
From him and from his sufferings, O let me never part,
Exultant be, my soul!
—Christian Union.

MARBLES.—This morning coming across Boston Common I saw a group of boys playing marbles, and this made me wonder if it was purely an American game. It seems not, because the boys in Rome used to play with them about 2000 years ago, and the word marbles comes from the Latin marmor. They are manufactured principally in Saxony, and are sent from there to all parts of the world, even China. They are made of a hard stone, which is broken in square pieces and then ground round in a mill.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

GUESS.
Papa, in the twilight sits
Nodding, half asleep,
Through the doorway two bright eyes
Full of mischief peer.
Two small feet on tiptoe steal
Softly o'er the floor,
Forward papa's sleepy head
Gently nudge once more.
Suddenly two small, soft hands
On his eyelids press,
And a voice behind him calls—
"Who I am, now guess."

THE BRADLE ON THE
TONGUE.

"How have you prospered to-day, my son?" said Mrs. Stone.
"First-rate, mother; and I think it is because I remembered the verse you gave to Sadie and me this morning. You see we were playing at 'blind-man's-buff,' and the boys would peep so as to see us. I was so provoked that I wanted to speak right out sharp but every time I began I could see that verse real plain; 'He that is slow to anger, is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city,' and I did not say a word. It was hard work though, to keep from speaking."
"I do not doubt it, Willie; but I am very glad that my little boy was so brave. I think it often requires more courage to hold the bridle of the tongue, than that of a horse."
"That verse helped me, too," said Sadie. "I was hurrying a long, so as to call on Julia Howard before she left, but just as I turned the corner I saw Mr. Lane open her window and asked me if I would go to Mr. Pinkham's store and get a bundle for her. I was

so disappointed I wanted to say 'No;' but that verse came into my mind so quick, I said, 'Yes,' and ran along."
"You did quite right, my children," said Mrs. Stone, and have each gained a victory that is better than taking a city.—Well-
Spring.

AFRAID OF SPIDERS.

Carrie jumped from her seat because a spider was spinning down before her from the ceiling. "They are such hateful black things!" she said.
"They are curious things," said Aunt Nellie. "They have eight fixed eyes."
"Dear me! And maybe she's looking at me with all eight of them," groaned Carrie.
"They are very fond of music." "I shall never dare to sing a gain, for fear they'll be spinning down to listen."
"They can tell you whether the weather is going to be fine or not. If it is going to storm, they spin a short thread; if it will clear, they spin a long one."
"That's funny."
"They are an odd family," Aunt Nellie went on. "I saw one on the window-pane the other day. She carried a little gray silk bag about with her wherever she ran. She had spun the bag herself. When it burst open, ever so many tiny baby spiders tumbled out like birds from a nest, and ran along with her. Perhaps you didn't know that the spider can spin and sew, too? She spins her web, and she sews leaves together for her summer house."
"What a queer thing a spider is," said Carrie, beginning to forget her dislike.
"Yes, and she has a queerer sister in England, who makes a raft, and floats on pools of water upon it in search of flies for her dinner."
"I should like to know what it's made of."
"She binds together a ball of weeds with the thread she spins."
"I wish we could go to England."
"And there's another of the family who lives under water in a diving bell, which she weaves herself."
"How I should like to see her!"
"Maybe you would rather see the one in the West Indies who digs a hole in the earth. She lines it with silk of her own making, and fits a door to it, which opens and closes when the family go in and out."
"Yes, yes," said Carrie, "how delightful!"
"But you would be afraid of the inmates?"
"Perhaps not, now I know their family affairs."
—Our Little Ones.

NO USE.

BY MRS. M. A. HOLT.
"I don't believe that there is any use in doing all these long examples in division. I have done two or three of them, and know how just as well as though I had worked them all out upon my slate."
"But practice makes perfect, Fred," was the answer of a school-mate.
"I am as perfect as I want to be in long division, any way," the boy said in reply.
When examination day came, Fred failed in coming up to the required standard of "passing" in all his studies. He failed in long division.
"There is no use studying every moment of time; I must rest occasionally," he said again later in the Winter.
"So he failed again, and this time it was in all his studies. In two or three years Fred went away from home to learn a trade. For a little time he did well, but one day he said to himself—
"There is no use in my working every moment." And from that time he began to lose the confidence of his employer.
"I don't think that you are the right boy for me, or else you are not learning the right trade," his employer said to him one day; and so Fred was discharged.
Fred went into business for himself, and for awhile he prospered. But as before he said:
"There is no use in my applying myself so closely to my business," and the result was that he failed utterly of succeeding in it.
So it was all through life; he failed in everything he undertook, and his "no use" reasoning ruined him.
Don't reason in that way boys, for there is use in doing every thing well, and in sticking to it.