

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE HELPING PRAYER.

BY ADLAIDE ANSE PROCTOR. The monk was preaching: strong his earnest word.

From the abundance of his heart he spoke; And the flame spread, in every soul that heard.

"Still let the glory, Lord, be thine alone!"— He prayed the monk, his heart absorbed in praise.

"Thine be the glory; if my hands have sown The harvests ripened in thy mercy's rays.

DUTY DONE.

BY SARAH K. BOLTON.

Hadassah Granger sat alone by the open grate, her hands crossed, her head bent, her brown eyes filled with tears.

She had known Ralph Guernsey as a school boy, a college youth, a manly man, and there had been a half-felt but never expressed belief that in the years to come they would walk together.

But she had not said, like many girls, because I shall probably marry, therefore I shall not need, like Ralph, a college education.

There will be no place to use it in the quiet routine of home-life. But she said, rather, just as thousands of men say who go through college, but take up no profession.

An education is a development that makes one appreciate life better, get more happiness out of it, stand on an equality with one's fellows, and be fitted for any sphere to which circumstances may call.

The best-educated woman finds need for every particle of knowledge she has ever acquired. Socially it gives power, with her children it begets honor and confidence as well as love, and with her husband it makes her a companion, and her judgment so broad and wise that she is something more than a creature of intuitions, swayed by fitful feeling.

Hadassah had laid the foundation broad and well for a useful life. She had studied Latin and Greek, with mathematics, under the best of teachers, and while she had lost none of her feminine graces, she had gained strength, such as one needs in a life where each has to bear its own burdens and give its own individual account to its Maker.

Mutual dependence the world needs, but it has no place nor use for helpless or idle women.

And, now that Ralph's college life was over, he had come to tell Hadassah of what each so well knew, that the life of one was essential to that of the other.

And, with beating heart and intense joy, Hadassah had listened, as we do to a sweet song that we know that we shall never hear again, or give ourselves up to a rapturous hour that we are sure can never come but once.

There is an indefinable joy in knowing that you are more than all the world beside to some winning soul, that your presence makes all the days sunshiny, that your love completes the circle of human needs.

And this hour had come and gone, and was only a memory, as Hadassah looked into the firelight of the grate. Ralph was her ideal. Perhaps we rarely, if ever, see that person but once in life, and that early. We either become more practical as we grow older, or we are more fastidious in taste or keener in judgment.

But, with all her love, she had told her heart and him that her first duty was to her father and mother, both aged, and the latter of whom, an invalid, could not give her up.

A brother was also at home, but he could not fill the daughter's place. For weeks and months she had been coming to this decision; but to-night it had taken all the courage and all the prayer of a trusting, devoted heart to say: "I will let nothing come between my mother and myself, while she lives and wishes it."

lands; and finally, for a man need a home with all its tender and delightful associations perhaps more than a woman, Ralph's heart almost unconsciously went searching for its counterpart.

Far from it; but he rarely saw her, and when he did it only added bitterness to his life. It was the old story. A gentle woman cared for him in sickness, loved him and he was grateful for the care and the affection, and he married her.

Meantime, Hadassah's father had lost all his property; and she had become our teacher, a noble, self-possessed woman whom we all loved and revered.

Her face had grown more beautiful with that sort of marble fixedness that stern duty gives; while the face of the young mother, even though it gets lines of care in it, grows more noble and tender, with its changeful expression wrought by the sweet surprises and restful joy in the love of husband and children.

To Mrs. Granger, growing more and more like a child in her need of care and consideration, Hadassah was indeed a ministering angel. The mother seemed never to comprehend the sacrifice made for her sake, if, indeed, it be ever a sacrifice in the highest sense, to do one's duty.

Hadassah was certainly happy in her work. She was moulding the characters of a hundred young women, whose power in the world, whether married or single, would be very great.

She was making her own home a centre of refinement and Christian labor. She was a constant incentive to all her friends to live for something other than mere personal happiness.

Sometimes, people said, "What a pity Miss Granger isn't married! She would make such a noble wife." But some one answered, "Who could fill her place? Is she not doing more good where she is?"

But after both the aged father and mother had died, and Hadassah was quite alone, the good people of the village who knew her heart-history thought it was very sad indeed that Ralph was not free now.

Novels almost always end with the lovers coming together, but things are not always in real life as they are in books. At least the neighbors hoped that she would marry somebody. Probably Hadassah had never seen any other man whom she loved; but she did her duty, and left results with God.

A telegram came one morning. In a fearful railroad accident at the West, that all the country read about, Ralph Guernsey and his wife were among those of whom no word was ever heard.

The blackened heap of ashes and iron girders in the stream told no names or last words or wishes. The telegram spoke only of little Mabel Guernsey, a child of four, left motherless and fatherless.

Hadassah at once started for the West, and in a few days returned with the fair-haired creature with eyes as brown as her own. Perhaps, said the good people, if she had children of her own, she couldn't have cared for this little thing, and maybe God's way is the best, after all.

She seemed to have new life come into her heart. The marble-like look faded out of her face, and the mother look crept in. And this was Ralph's child, almost his own self again! Henceforward, school duties were easier; for a baby's arms twined about her neck every night, and little hands gathered daisies and buttercups for her every day.

As the years passed, how thankful she grew for the gift of that precious child! She has Ralph's mind, thought Hadassah; and its unfolding was more beautiful than that of the daintiest rose. With doubtless the gentleness and devotion of her mother, she had the strength and nobility of her father.

A child at four easily forgets its sorrows, and to Mabel, Hadassah soon became both father and mother in one. Their walks and talks together were blest to each other. One grew toward maturity, and the other grew toward childhood again. Miss Granger's influence in life almost doubled, if that were possible, for the new cheer and hope she gave to all about her. Life seemed a satisfaction, a rounding out of early purposes. Duty done had brought its fulness of blessing.

GOOD LOGIC.

"Patrick Flanigan," said the district attorney one day in court, "stand up and plead guilty or not guilty to the charge the commonwealth has preferred against you."

When Pat had complied with the polite request thus made by the officer of the law, the attorney proceeded to read from a paper in his hand a very graphic description of a certain transaction in which Pat had been engaged a few days before.

"What say you? Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the attorney. "I am not guilty of half the things you've read to me," said Pat, looking at the Court; "but I did have a bit of a row last Saturday with a week. And I dunno just what I did: for ye see I was stavin' drunk on the manest corn whiskey yer honor iver tasted."

"But Patrick, we never tasted it," said the judge, while a smile lurked in ambush behind the grave judicial countenance. "Sare, now, don't ye, though?" said Pat, with a look of mingled surprise and incredulity.

"Well, thin, ye ought, jist once, to know how it acts, an' to pity a poor fellow that does. Sure, yer honor grants license: an' how do you know the mischief: yer going to honest men like myself unless you take a drink now and thin jist to see how it makes a man behave hisself?"

"Who gave you the liquor, Patrick?" asked the Court, on a voyage of discovery. "Well, I dunno wat's his name," said Pat, too honest to turn informer, while a gleam of true native humor twinkled in his eye.

"But I know I seed a license hangin' behind the bar. You see judge, I was wroughtin' for the city, in the streets, jist close by, an' I was drouthy; and it was so handy I went in an' took a drink that ortent to have hurt a baby, and in tin seconds I was crazy drunk; and that's all I remember, till nixt mornin', when I was boardin' at Sheriff Ryan's hotel."

"But," said the court, "you are charged with perpetrating an aggravated assault and battery on Mr. S., the hotel-keeper." "Well, yer honor," said Pat, "if I did, I only gin him back what's in his own whiskey. An' if yer honor hadn't give a license I wouldn't 've bin drunk; and if I hadn't bin drunk I wouldn't 've got into the fight; and if I hadn't got into the fight I wouldn't 've bin here this mornin', onyhow."

This was a process of reasoning new to the Court. It was a self-evident truth dressed in plain clothes; and while the law was with the Court, Pat evidently had all the logic, and here summed up the mischief of the license system in a few sentences.

LIVINGSTONE AND THE BIBLE.

Probably no human being was ever in circumstances parallel to those in which Livingstone now stood. Years had passed since he had heard from home.

The sound of his mother tongue came to him only in broken sentences of Chuma or Susi, or his other attendants, or in the echoes of his own voice, as he found it in prayer, or in some cry of home-sickness that could not be kept in. In long pain and sickness there had been neither wife nor child nor brother to cheer him with sympathy, or lighten his dull but with a smile.

He had been baffled and tantalized beyond description in his efforts to complete the little bit of exploration which was yet necessary to finish his task. His soul was vexed for the frightful exhibitions of wickedness around him, when "man to man," instead of brothers, were worse than wolves and tigers to each other.

During all his past life he had been sowing his seed weeping, but so far was he from bringing back his sheaves rejoicing, that the longer he lived the more cause there seemed for his tears. He had not yet seen the travail of his soul. In opening Africa he had seemed to open it for brutal slave-traders, and in the only instance in which he had yet brought to it the feet of men "beautiful upon the mountains, publishing peace," disaster had befallen, and an incompetent leader had broken up the enterprise.

Yet, apart from his sense of duty, there was no necessity for his remaining there. He was offering himself a free-will offering, a living sacrifice. What could have sustained his heart and kept him firm to his purpose in such a wilderness of desolation?

"I read the whole Bible through four times while I was in Manyema." So he wrote in his diary Oct. 3, 1871. The Bible gathers wonderful interest from the circumstances in which it is read. In Livingstone's circumstances it was more the Bible to him than ever. All his loneliness and sorrow, the sickness of hope

deferred, the yearning for home that could neither be repressed nor gratified, threw a new light on the world.

How clearly it was intended for such as him, and how sweetly it came home to him! How faithful, too, were its pictures of human sin and sorrow! How true its testimony against man, who will not retain God in his knowledge, but, leaving him, becomes vain in his imagination and hard in his heart.

till the bloom of Eden is gone, and a waste howling wilderness spreads around! How glorious the outbeaming of Divine love, drawing near to this guilty race, winning and cherishing them with every endearing act, and at last dying on the cross to redeem them!

And how bright the closing scene of revelation—the new heaven and the new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. Yes, he can appreciate that attribute—the curse is gone, death abolished, and all tears wiped from the mourner's eye! So the lonely man in his dull hut is riveted to the well-worn book, ever finding it a greater treasure as he goes along, and faint, when he has reached its last page, to turn back to the beginning, and gather up more of the riches which he has left upon the road.—The Rev. Wm. G. Blake, D. D.

"IN EVERYTHING GIVE THANKS."

Perhaps there is no command in the Bible that puts Christians more to the test than this. Life at best has much work and many burdens. By far the majority in the world, whether in the pulpit or the pew, the shop or the home, labor early and late with little compensation.

For the mother it is the old round of daily care, the turning dresses inside out, planning, hoping, working for the children are asleep; for the father it is the constant work at the bench, on the farm, or over the counter, amid the wearing competition of business, till the brain whirls and he longs for a place that he can sit alone for a moment and commune with himself.

Life is not the rosy thing he looked out upon when he was a boy. He hardly finds time to look at a paper to see what the great busy world is doing around him. He is trying to do his duty. But is he giving God thanks? Is life a Psalm of Praise to him? Is he thankful for each day with its dark hours and struggles?

Perhaps we are in work that is thoroughly ungenial as well as confining; and yet do we carry a merry heart that doeth good, like a medicine? Perhaps we are with those who fail to appreciate our ability or effort. We find the world grasping and each one living for himself. Others step in and fill the places we had hoped to obtain. Sickness, death even, comes to those who are dear to us; yet do we take all as from One who knows the end from the beginning, and do we in everything give thanks?

We are perhaps conscious of having made a failure on some public occasion where we had hoped to do ourselves great credit. Are we content to leave this with God if we have done our best? It is easy to be thankful for the successes of life, but it is poor Christian living that is not thankful amid its ills. What a world this would be if Christians lived up to this high privilege, command, even to be constantly thankful. In such a state of mind there is no gloom, no fault-finding with the place where God puts us; no irritability, no envy that another has succeeded, no distrust, but sunshine and peace and hope. Let us take this for our motto, for one week at least: "In everything give thanks." It will be a short, blessed week, and God will be honored.

A HINT.

"Why, my dear friend, how bad you look! I never before saw you looking so thin. My husband the other day met you in the street, and at first he did not know you. He said that you must have lost at least thirty pounds of flesh. Have you been sick, or what is the matter? Hadn't you better consult a doctor? You certainly want building up." Such is the substance of the salutation with which a polite and educated lady greeted a friend whom she accidentally met in the street, and who had for several months been in rather poor health and was in an exceedingly nervous and sensitive condition.

Did that lady stop to think of the painful and injurious impression which she made upon her friend? Did she know that her words shot through her friend's heart with a pungent and thrilling anguish? We presume not; and yet the discomfort which she caused was none the less real. Her mistake is often committed and never excusable. The rule of good sense and good manners is

never to tell invalids how bad they look. They will find that out soon enough themselves. Pleasant and encouraging words form the proper dialect with which to address them. These are just the words they need to hear. They are words of comfort, and because they are such they are positively medicinal in their effects.

IS IT SO?

Is it so, O Christ in heaven, that the highest suffer most?— That the strongest wander farthest, and most hopelessly are lost? That the mark of rank in nature is capacity for pain, And the anguish of the singer makes the sweetest of the strain?

Is it so, O Christ in heaven, that whichever way we go, Walls of darkness must surround us, things we would, but cannot know; That the infinite must bound us as a temple veil untorn, While the finite ever waries, so that none attain content?

Is it so? O Christ in heaven, that the fullness yet to come Is so glorious and so perfect that to know would strike us dumb; That if only for a moment we could pierce beyond the sky, With these poor dim eyes of mortals, we should just see God and die?

SUNDAY WORK IN ENGLAND.

When spending a happy Sabbath in a quiet mining English village, my host spoke of a marvellous religious awakening that had, some time before, sent nearly everybody thereabouts to worship God in church or chapel. They had heaven in their Sabbaths. I asked if letters were delivered there on the Lord's day, and being answered in the affirmative, I wished to know if the postman was a devout worshipper.

"He is a bad man, sir, he is a very devil, sir." I could not but be intimate very strongly that it was not improbable that the thoughtless saints had thoughtlessly driven him to denounce them in his heart as hypocrites and damaged himself; and urged them to take steps to discontinue the postal delivery on the day which the Lord had sanctified.

The postman needs a day of rest like other people; and all who claim it for themselves sin against the postman if they do not give it to him. "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye also to them: for this is the law and the prophets," enforced by Jesus Christ Himself in those words. Mr. Allen illustrates the evil effects that attend themselves in some cases from refusing body and brain the rest of the Sabbath. These may not appear in all cases, but they must exist in some measure.

While visiting a friend a short time ago, I was shown an album. One portrait in it was that of a fine, handsome man in the full vigor of life. "You might have taken a lease of his life," remarked his sister. "But now there is no hope of his recovery," observed his brother. His sorrowing wife is more lonely than a widow, and two dear little children are worse off than orphans.

Because the husband and father has lost his reason? Why? "Overwork and anxiety," was the reply. He held a good position, with a fair income, but he lost his position, lost his income and lost his reason for the want of rest. Ceaseless toil produced softening of the brain. "He had no time to go to the house of God on Sundays. He was too busy. He had writing to do." Poor fellow! how little did he think that soon all this time would be spent in the dreary society of those afflicted like himself! If he had only had his Sunday's rest and worship! If that busy brain had thrown away the accounts and books one day in seven, he might now have been happy in the bosom of his family.

Take another case, that of a man in more humble circumstances. For seven years he filled the position of a ticket-taker at a London pier. From eight o'clock in the morning till dusk, day after day, week after week, for seven years he stood at his post. During the whole seven years he had only two days' rest! At last his reason tottered, and he was carried away a victim of Sunday pleasure-seekers—a victim of those who carry out the principles of the Sunday League.—Day of Rest.

A WORD TO GIRLS.

Many a girl is careless as to how much money a young man spends for her. Three and five dollars for a horse and carriage he can poorly afford perhaps, yet she will go with him week after week, with no particular interest in him, unmindful apparently whether he earns the money or takes it from his employer's drawer. He makes her expensive presents. He takes her to concert, in going to which usually, save for her pride and his gallantry, a horse car ride for ten cents would

be far wiser than a carriage ride for several dollars. A young man respects a young woman all the more who is careful of the way in which he spends his money, and will not permit too much to be used for her. A thoughtful and well-bred girl will be wise about these matters.—Presbyterian.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

NELLIE AND HER DOLL.

Little Nellie Palmer, one night, after being undressed, knelt down as usual and began to say, "Our Father which art in heaven," but when she got as far as "forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive," she stopped short and burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my child?" said her mother. "Oh, mamma, I did not pray it all, and I can't pray it. I mustn't pray it," she replied. "And why not, Nellie?"

"Because, mamma, I haven't forgiven Susie Flinders for spoiling my doll's face this morning." "But I thought that you had forgiven her, Nellie, when you saved the orange for her to-day at dinner."

"I thought so, too, mamma, but you know I have not seen her yet; and when I think of that great ink-spot soaked into the wax, and think how wicked Susie looked, my heart feels wicked, too; and I'm afraid if she could look so at me again, that I couldn't give her the orange then or forgive her either."

"Not if you remember that it is just such as she whom Christ told you to forgive?" "Oh, mamma, I don't know," said Nellie, still sobbing. "Poor dollie's face will never be clean again, and Susie need not to have done it; it would have been easier to bear it if it had been an accident."

"Yes, I know, Nellie, and there would be less to forgive; but if you can do it now it will be easier for you to forgive greater wrongs when you grow older."

"Why, mamma, what could be greater? Dolly's face is spoiled." "It could be greater when you are grown up, Nellie, to have somebody put a great black spot on your character by slander. It is done to somebody every day, Nellie; and you may not escape; and if you cannot forgive a wrong to dolly, how will you be able to do better toward one against yourself?"

"But, mamma, how can I make forgiveness, when it won't come itself into my heart?" "You can pray to Christ to send it, can't you?"

"Yes," she answered slowly; "but I would rather you would ask for me first; please do—won't you, mamma?"

So the mother sought the grace of forgiveness for the little girl, who then prayed for herself, and to her surprise added the Lord's Prayer. And she whispered, as she rose up, "I wasn't afraid to say that then, mamma, for I felt forgiveness coming into my heart when we were praying; and I shan't be afraid to give her the orange to-morrow."—Sunday-school Scholar.

LEARN ACCURACY.

Every boy and girl should determine to be accurate. In studying lessons be sure to get the exact meaning; in talking, state the truth of the thing; in working, do everything just right. I have lately heard of two boys who worked in the same store. They were named John and James. Their duties were alike, and they were required to be at the store at half-past seven in the morning. John was always there on the minute, or a few minutes before the time; James came the same number of minutes after. When John arranged the goods in the windows, they were accurately marked and priced; James forgot to put the number on, or priced them incorrectly.

These are only two of the things which marked the distinction between the two boys. But every day and week they grew further apart—John doing his work accurately, and therefore well; James slighting all he conveniently could. Soon John was promoted for carefulness in his duties. James was warned to alter his manner, and finally discharged. The accurate boy grew to be a wealthy, self-made man. Men liked to deal with him; they were sure of being treated fairly. James tried several positions; but lost them on account of his inaccuracy in little details, and though he gets through the world somehow, he has not the happiness and success which with the same opportunities John achieved.

There are many things that tend to make a noble character. Place accuracy in the list.—School Journal.

SUNDAY

FREE GIVING.

All the women in the worship bear a part in the whole congregation, with their daughters, and their person adorn the home here taken of for God as we like's. Mary head shall be of the women's help to the 16: 3. If the wise of heart generous, in the man'ship so the people—the use for the use with them. scarlet and pinized all but ors, such as decoration of their having colors for to adorn the vab. Scarlet—of the two his worm. And ties agree as the formerly called except in Jerusalem. obtained from chival insect was used in the well-known fly pear, was in In wisdom— to agree with the foregoing. dom," i. e., with goats' hair.—The furnished the Roman armies and to the Ara of all ages, as in the wilderness to be the chosen to be formed by the tents of his

For the ephod the ephod consisted of pieces of cloth by a shoulder-strap probably just pieces were kept attached to one Jewish authority stood the desert describes the ep sleeves. It is fashion of it in the time of the

Spice—The torious ingred played in the outting oil," or the altar of incense of the ark were in the incense of the altar.

A willing offer was answered by nothing to be done both sexes, the the rich and the aid. Nay, so to offer that M the people were required, as lamation through giving should of the gold givets amounts in pi 121,595, and about 475,444, 2207,039, or more lars. And it that this sum whole amount that actually et

The Lord he call of Bezaleel instruction. only that of hat thing that they scribed in a str original powers there taste. St self who called tanks, and the called upon to e iven crafts were given them by appears to be stify Hur, the g with the Hur supporting the the battle with (Exod. 17. 10), with Aaron in t while Moses w Exod. 24. 14.

was the husband 2, 4; vi, 1. Bezaleel was the chief artificer. He had apothecary's w of the amount (chap. 37. 29), b the artificer, b have had the e ile work. Chap

SMALL SAVIN

The man who year is on the r may not be poss not save a little, or a dime is too Everybody knows get away w few seem to kno that works both here and a dolla large hole in a u dimes and dolla