

## The Family Circle.

A REVERIE.

BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG.

There's a fresh green meadow on the countryside,  
And an orchard on the hill;  
A river that flows so deep and wide,  
And a home serene and still.

A joy thrills my heart as I gaze on the place,  
Where my childhood's days were spent;  
Before I entered on life's stern race,  
On fortune and fame intent.

This world's great pleasures I've found a snare,  
Its honors an empty show;  
Its wealth delusive as shadows and air,  
Its peace often mixed with woe.

The innocent pleasures of youth are gone,  
No more can their joys be given,  
I find through faith in God's dear Son,  
I renew my youth in heaven.

London, Ont.

### ALL'S WELL.

For somehow the poor old earth blunders along,  
Each son of hers adding his mite of unfitness,  
And, choosing the sure way of coming out wrong,  
Gets to port, as the next generation will witness.  
You think her old ribs have come all crashing  
through

If a whisk of Fate's broom snaps your cobweb  
asunder;  
But her rivets were clinched by a wiser than you,  
And our sins cannot push the Lord's right hand  
from under.

— James Russell Lowell.

### STUDENTS WHO "MOVED."

Fifty years ago the faculty of a noted theological seminary announced that, by order of the Presbyterian General Assembly, students must *preach* their sermons and not *read* them, as no student would be allowed to take his manuscript into the pulpit. It was the custom then for each member of the Senior class to deliver, during the term, one discourse for the criticism of his fellow-students and the presiding professor.

It happened that the first student to preach after the promulgation of the rule was a young man noted for his self-confidence and self-assertion; but, to the surprise of all present, his voice trembled as he gave out his text—the absence of the manuscript had made him fearful of failure—Acts xx 21: "But none of these things move me." Then there was a pause which indicated mental confusion. "None of these things move me," he repeated, with a stammering tongue, and again there was a solemn pause.

Gathering himself up for a final effort, he shouted, nervously: "None of these things move me!" and stood, unable to utter another word.

"Pray, sir, what will move you?" asked the Professor.

The young man moved rapidly down the pulpit stairs, amid the laughter of the students. The witty question seemed cruel, but it was the cut of a moral surgeon who knew what he was about. From that evening the student began to cultivate humility.

The *Presbyterian in America* tells of another theological student who was also "moved" by the pressure of extemporaneous discourse:

It is said that the late Mr. Spurgeon was in the habit of testing the ability and self-possession of the theological students under his care and instruction by sending them up into the pulpit with a sealed envelope in their hands, containing the text of the sermon or address each one was to deliver on the spur of the moment.

One of these occasions the student, on opening his paper, found this subject and direction given him:

"Apply the story of Zaccheus to your own circumstances and your call to the ministry." And the student promptly delivered himself in the following way:

"My brethren, the subject on which I have to address you to-day is a comparison between Zaccheus and my qualifications.

"Well, the first thing we read about

Zaccheus is that he was small of stature, and I never felt so small as I do now.

"In the second place, we read that he was up in a tree, which is very much my position now.

"And, thirdly, we read that Zaccheus made haste to come down; and in this I gladly and promptly follow his example."  
*Selected.*

### A BRIGHT OUTLOOK.

Mrs. Ruth G. Havens has a few remarks to make about the girl of the future:

The girl of the new era, if she marries, will be set free by co-operative methods from household drudgery. Half the families on a square will enjoy one luxurious, well-appointed dining-room, where the expenses will be divided among the families and where excellent cooking and wholesome diet will be served. We are passing dangerously through the era of animal sacrifice, sweetened starch, boiled dough and celluloid pie. The girl of the future will abandon these means of suicide and adopt a wholesome, natural diet, largely of the fruits, which come to us in such orderly succession and generous abundance.

House cleaning will cease to be a bugaboo, for the house of the future will be cleaned by companies organized for the purpose, and will be the work of a day, instead of the labor of weeks. Its results will be a sense of freshness and immunity from disease, instead of backache, nervous prostration, collapse and an influx of patent medicines.

Every member of the family of the future will be a producer in some degree. The only one who has the right of exemption is the mother. The production of human souls is the highest production of all, the one requiring gravest care and holiest consecration. But apart from this condition, every member of the family shall be a material producer, and then the producer in the kitchen will get such remuneration for her skill as will forbid her to be the hopeless, shirking, migratory creature she is now.

The girl of the future will hold and enlarge her place in the profession, she will monopolize the lighter occupations, she will fill some of the government offices, she will be chief of division, head of bureau, consul, superintendent of industrial schools, director of insane, inebriate and orphan asylums. She will be on the civil service commission, immigration boards, inauguration committees, college faculties, in the senate and house, probably on the supreme bench, possibly in the cabinet.

### THE MYSTERY OF CHRIST'S ATTITUDE TOWARDS SOCIAL REFORM.

Was Jesus a Social Reformer? Was the renovation of society the special object of his mission? Did he come to regenerate the individual, or to rectify the community? These questions will open the gateway into the field before us.

It is a wonderful vision we see when we look across the ocean and back through the centuries to the country and the times of our Lord. There lies little Palestine, rugged with mountains, rich with orchard and vineyard, her soil fertile with the blood of countless battles against heathen invaders, her people ennobled by a history which no other nation could even approach; but now a province prostrate at the feet of pagan Rome, her people corrupt, her temper soured, her religion degraded, her character baughty, provincial, intolerant, hypocritical, her burdens fierce, her masses a slumbering volcano ready to burst into flame at the first word of revolt. In the midst of these disorders stands a central figure of light, calm, collected, busy with his own mysterious project. He recognizes the wrongs, the confusions, the oppressions, the perversions of character and justice and truth all around him. But he does not appear to be alarmed. He is not in a hurry. He starts no

crusade against Rome. He breaks no lance with Herod, nor with the priesthood, nor with the laws, nor with existing institutions, nor with social custom. It is not along these lines that he appears to be working.

And yet when we think of the evils which afflict the race, it would seem as if were would be the point at which Jesus would begin. The wars, the oppressions, the cruelties, the class hatred, the feuds between capital and labor, the business monopolies, the passions and crimes which prey upon society, the sufferings of the unemployed, the homeless, and the starving,—surely such calamities show how badly the planet needs disinfecting. Here is a Cause of sufficient magnitude to enlist even a reformer from heaven.—*From the Social Ethics of Jesus, by Professor John Sewall, D.D., in the Bibliotheca Sacra.*

### LORD DUFFERIN IN ALASKA.

Lord Dufferin wrote as follows to Dr. Field of the New York *Evangelist*, when the latter was about to visit Alaska:

"Such a spectacle as its coast line presents is not to be paralleled by any country in the world. Day after day, for a whole week, in a vessel of nearly 2,000 tons, we threaded a labyrinth of watery lanes and reaches that wound endlessly in and out of a network of islands, promontories, and peninsulas for thousands of miles, unruffled by the slightest swell from the adjoining ocean, and presenting at every turn an ever-shifting combination of rock, verdure, forest glacier, and snow-capped mountains of unrivalled grandeur and beauty. When it is remembered that this wonderful system of navigation, equally well adapted to the largest line of battle ship and the frailest canoe, fringes the entire seaboard of your province, and communicates at points sometimes more than a hundred miles from the coast with a multitude of valleys stretching eastward into the interior, at the same time that it is furnished with innumerable harbors on either hand, one is lost in admiration at the facilities for intercommunication which are thus provided for the future inhabitants of this region. It is true that at the present moment they lie unused except by the Indian fisherman and villager, but the day will surely come when the rapidly diminishing stores of pine upon the Continent will be still further exhausted, and when the nations of Europe, as well as of America, will be obliged to resort to British Columbia for a material of which you will by that time be the principal depository. Already from an adjoining port on the mainland a large trade is being done in lumber with Great Britain, Europe, and South America, and I venture to think that ere long the ports of the United States will perforce be thrown open to your traffic. I had the pleasure of witnessing the overthrow by the axes of your woodmen of one of your forest's giants, that towered to the height of 250 feet above our heads, and whose rings bore witness that it dated its birth from the reign of the fourth Edward, and where he grew, and for thousands of miles along the coast beyond him, millions of his contemporaries are awaiting the same fate."

### THE GREAT WORLD OF THE POOR.

By those unacquainted with the poor it is not understood that there are as many different classes and grades among them as among the rich. Those who live with and study the multitudes have learned that they also have their feelings and prejudices, and ideas of caste, that make them live in so many little circles in the great underworld of poverty and misfortune. There are, for instance, the respectable honest poor, who work when they can, and through hard toil and thrift manage to keep their self-respect, and to a surprising extent fight the wolf from the door except in the hardest seasons, when many

of them would rather starve than beg. Then we find a class made up of the more unfortunate, who are constantly feeling the pinch of dire distress, who work occasionally, and whose homes become one or two rooms in a tenement of the poorest character, from which they constantly have to go for shelter into the many low lodging houses. By day they wander the streets, during their non-working hours. Again, there is the lower class that knows no home, the members of which herd together in the greatest squalor, and live the hand-to-mouth existence of a hopeless drifting life, where work is not sought, finding the means of a drunken subsistence from illegal sources. Another class is made up of criminals, who exist entirely through their crimes, and make a very much less precarious living than the aforementioned classes—"living on their wits" they would call it. Yet again there are vast multitudes who, alas, have drifted down from more fortunate circles through their abandonment to vice and drunkenness, and who continue going down further and further through all the different grades, until they come to the very lowest and most hopeless pauperism.—*From Salvation Army Work in the Slums, by Maud Ballington Booth, in Scribner's.*

### KEEPING YOUNG.

I have heard it said that to keep young one must keep the brain in good working order, and to do that one must pursue some plan of study if not steadily yet at frequent intervals as the years pass on. The fashionable party-going, theatre-loving woman ages quicker than the women of literary taste. The life of an animal is short. The life of a brain-worker, provided he or she does not work too hard, is longer than the life of an idler, or a person whose occupation and amusements are purely physical. The farmer's wife, with all her advantages of pure air, ages more rapidly than any class of woman, because, as a rule, her life is hard, monotonous, and she does not care to read or improve herself in any way, but just sink uncomplaining into a beast of burden. In these days when reading matter and books of the very best authors can be had almost for nothing, there is no excuse for ignorance of the best literature, and communion with great minds helps one to keep young and happy.

### HOW TO BE "NOBODY."

Loiter around your home all day Sunday in your soiled, unpatched apparel, when you should be clad in your cleanest linen and finest suit, occupying a seat in some gospel church.

When you return from your daily labor, eat your supper, and go up to the corner saloon, sit there upon the beer barrels, smoke tobacco and drink liquors.

Spend your leisure time in the barber shops, playing dominoes, checkers and cards, to kill the precious time God has given for nobler ends.

Withdraw from the society that is intelligent, moral and refined, and let your company be the non-church-goers, the forer-senders, and the dime-novel readers.

Be unambitious to reach elevated stations, listless in what you are engaged, given to idleness, and satisfied with your mental and moral growth.

It would be idle to multiply instances of the thought humanity and gentility of Agassiz. Everybody who knew him can tell anecdotes of his sympathy with all forms of life. Still, his conviction of the personality of mind was something wonderful. We happened once to please him by defining a jelly-fish as organized water. "Now, look at it through the microscope," he said. "But, Agassiz, the play of organization is so wonderful that it seems to me that nothing but mind can account for it." "You are right," was his answer. "In some incomprehensible way God Almighty has created these beings, and I cannot doubt of their immortality any more than I can doubt of my own."—*Boston Globe.*