

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

A RELIC.

We found, that night, when, free from pain... She slumbered in the darkened room below... A flower gathered fifty years ago... Wandering we scanned it there, so brown with age... A date, a dim initial—nothing more—

MARION'S NEW SOCIETY.

BY MRS. A. GOODWIN.
"Can you help me a few minutes, daughter?" "I would like to, but I don't see how I can." The tone was not impatient, but hurried.

"Through at last," said Marion, wearily, giving a finishing touch to "The Development of the Ideas of Religion among the Greeks," at the same time glancing quickly at the clock. Her attention was arrested by a strange sight, which made her forget the lateness of the hour.

"Ah, the hours are so crowded," said Life wearily. "Girls who are cultured or take an active part in life have no time to care for the mothers who spent so much time in bearing and rearing them."

"Then I must place my seal on her brow," said the Angel of Death, bending over the sleeping woman. "No! No!" cried Marion, springing from her seat. "I will take time to care for her if you will only let her stay."

"But, dear, I hate to take your time." "Seeing you have never given me any time! Now go to sleep, mamma dear, as I did, and don't worry about me. You are of more consequence than all the languages or church socials in the world."

So, after having been snugly tucked in a warm afghan, with a tender kiss from the daughter usually too busy for such demonstrations, Mrs. Hanna fell into a sweet, restful sleep. "I see we might have lost the best of mothers in our mad rush to be educated and useful in this hurrying, restless day and generation," Marion soliloquized as she occasionally stole a glance at the sleeping mother.

FOR WINE-BIBBERS.

In strolling about Havre, especially in the vicinity of the Bassin du Commerce, I observed large quantities of logwood in process of loading from ships that have come from the West Indies. "Can all this be needed for dyeing?" is the question that naturally occurs to me, and I repeat it to my friend who has told me of these uses of cedar. "Yes," he replies, "it is all used for dyeing, but not for the kind of dyeing you have in mind. Two-thirds of our importation of logwood is for the coloring of tissues, leather, and similar articles, and the other third is consumed in making wine."

The Choctaw language though rude and rudimentary is often poetic. Fingers are "sons of the hand," leaves are "tree-hair," a river is a "water-road," and the moon "the night-traveling sun."

MY PRAYER.

O Gift unsearchable,
Come thou to me,
May I thence receive,
And live to thee,
O wealth unsearchable,
Enrich thou me,
Fill thou my inmost soul,
My treasure be,
O rock immovable,
My refuge be,
When loud the waters roar
Of life's dark sea,
O love unchangeable,
Dwell thou in me,
Till, mirrored in my heart,
Thyself I see.
—N. Y. Observer.

THE STORY OF A PRINCESS.

The several current press notices of the royal order of Kapiolani, recently presented to the author of "Kalani of Oahu" by King Kalanui, failing to describe the religio-romantic incident which imparts intrinsic value to the name, I send a brief epitome of the story for publication. The literal meaning of Kapiolani "is prisoner of Heaven," Princess Kapiolani, of Hawaii, was daughter of the last King of Hilo, and among the first converts of the missionaries.

Kapiolani now came to the rescue, and, with a moral heroism equal to any act of her sect, she determined to brave Pele in her own fiery stronghold of Kilaua, testing the divine power of her new found God by defying the goddess and breaking her tabu in the presence of a multitude. News of her intended sacrifice was proclaimed all over the island, creating a feeling of consternation, not only for the welfare of the princess, but lest the very island should be destroyed.

Followed by eighty of her terror-stricken friends, Kapiolani walked a hundred miles through the mountain wilderness on her pilgrimage of terror. Approaching the scorching crater, Kapiolani was met by a shriveled old priest-ess of Pele, bearing a fiery malediction from Pele—hot from the dread Hallman-man (house of everlasting fire)—in which Pele threatened not only death to all comers but destruction of the island.

The multitude stood appalled, and begged the princess to desist from her rash act. But quoting some new learned passages from Scripture to the Kahuna wahine—woman priest—Kapiolani walked calmly and resolutely to the crater's verge, where the sea of molten lava raged like a storm-lashed ocean demonstrating the wrath of Pele. Gathering a handful of sacred obelo berries, ever consecrated to Pele, she ate them in derision of the tabu rite, instead of casting them into the crater as a peace offering to the goddess. Gathering up stones she threw them into the fiery flood instead of the accustomed berries. Standing there in the presence of the most awful natural phenomena on earth, confronting the most terrible conception of a pagan deity, Kapiolani calmly addressed the multitude as they stood appalled at their own fears.

"Behold! my people, the gods of Hawaii are vain gods. Great is Jehovah, my God. He kindles these fires. Fear not Pele; she is powerless. Should I perish, then fear her power. Should God preserve me, then break your tabu, knowing there is but one God, Jehovah." In commemoration of this brave act of Kapiolani Ke Nui (the great), the king's present wife, was named, and his royal Order of Kapiolani was proclaimed, for the "recompense of distinguished merit to the State, for humanity, genius, science and art, services rendered to Ourselves or Our Successors."—Boston Courier.

ORIGIN OF A HYMN.

"Jesus, lover of my soul," was written by Charles Wesley in a spring-house, where he had taken refuge from a mob. He, with his brother, John Wesley, and Richard Pilmor, were holding one of their evening meetings on the common, when a mob attacked them, and they were compelled to flee for their lives.

That the flight from the mob and the cooling waters of the stream helped to form this hymn no one would doubt. "Let the healing streams abound," and that last stanza, "Thou of life the fountain art, freely let me take of thee, Spring thou up within my heart, Rise to all eternity."

are creations of the mind as it felt the presence of the material fountain. But how wondrously the writer, that night of flight from a mob to a protecting shelter, penned the words which have helped thousands to fly to the bosom of Jesus.—Religious Telescope.

GOD'S WILL.

God's will is the best. We do not know what is or will be the best for us. We think we do. We think if we could only have our own will and our own way we should be perfectly happy. We think if we could be rich, or honorable, or healthy, or learned as others are, how happy we should be. But he who sees the end from the beginning, who knows our present and our future, knows best and will's best. Sometimes it would seem as if he permitted us to have our own will and way for a season, just to show us how much better it would have been had we submitted cheerfully to his will.

Soon after the great Edmund Burke had been making one of his powerful speeches in Parliament, his brother Richard was found sitting in silent reverie; and when asked by a friend what he was thinking about, he replied: "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talent in our family. But then I remember that when we were doing nothing, or at play, he was always at work."

AN EMPTY SPOON.

A young minister, who was quite self-satisfied with his own discourses, was always very curious to know what others thought of them. The Lord permitted him to gratify his curiosity one Sabbath evening, as he was passing the cottage of an humble but pious laborer. The good man was kneeling with his family, and the young minister paused a moment to listen. He was thanking the Lord for their spiritual mercies, and for the blessed Bible on which their souls might feed, "for thou knowest, oh, Lord," he said, "that we have been fed this day out of an empty spoon."

Some people are like eagles which raise easily and sail high; others remind us of the bobolink, ever ready to fly, but slow to leave the "swinging briar or weed." Napoleon conquered his enemies before they began to organize. The unready is the unsuccessful. Dispatch ends the business before the cautious and dilatory man draws his boots on.

EYES OR NO EYES.

When I first began to teach school in the country, I said to a bright boy, one pleasant spring morning, who had a long mile to come to school every day "Well, my young man, what did you see this morning on your way to school?"

"Nothing much, sir." I said, "To-morrow morning, I shall ask you the same question." The morning came; and, when I called him to my desk, I would have been surprised to hear how much he had seen along the road—cattle of all sizes and colors, fowls of almost every variety, sheep and lambs, horses and oxen, new barns and houses, and old ones; here a tree blown down, and yonder a fine orchard just coming out into full bloom; there a field covered with corn or wheat, here a broken rail in the fence, there a washout in the road; yonder a pond alive with garrulous geese and ducks, here he had noticed a kingbird making war on the crow, and here a little wren pursuing a hawk; yonder he had seen robins flying from tree to tree, and over there the bobolink mingling his morning song with that of the meadow-lark. A new world had sprang up all around him—earth, water and air were now full of interesting objects to him. Up to this time he had never learned to look and think. Things around him had not changed in number or character, but he had begun to take note of them.—Golden Days.

WHO KILLED WILLIE?

"Please, mamma, what are you thinking about?" said Ernest to his mother one day, when she did not answer one of his questions, but appeared to be lost very deep in thought.

"I am thinking about who murdered Willie," said his mother. "Who was Willie?" "and "Who murdered him?" and "Why did they murder him?" were questions all asked in one breath by Ernest.

"I'll tell you about it, Ernest. There is a green grass mound in the church yard of a village on the hill, where the stone quarries are. The little fellow who now lies in that humble grave was the sweetest and best beloved boy in that rural place. He was the son of a poor but decent woman whom you know very well. She had other children who were all very dear to her, but she had none so lovely as Willie. He was the flower of the flock," she said. Indeed, he was so gentle and affectionate and obedient, that all who knew him loved him.

One day he was sent to the stone quarry with the dinner of a man who was working there, and when he got there a man gave him a glass of ale. He might as well have given him a glass of poison. Poor child! His father had been a drunkard and killed himself with drink, and yet—he can it be believed—Willie's mother had never told him there was any danger in tasting, and so the poor unwarned child tasted that one glass of ale, and it was his last. As he was returning from the quarry he felt the poison running through his limbs, making them tremble at first, and then bow beneath him; so he got on the cart, with which he was going back to the village. They were expecting him at home and wondered why he stayed so long. Little did they think they should never hear little Willie's voice again. The cart went rattling on over the rough road, then jolt, jolt over a large tree, which, as Willie could not steady himself, threw him off. Again the broad wheel jolted—crash. It had crushed little Willie! Poor murdered Willie! There he lay, the curls and the blue eyes, and the dimpled mouth, and the rosy cheeks, were all crushed in the cart rut. There lay one of the many victims of strong drink! Strong drink murdered Willie!"—The Morning.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

FIVE STEPS.
A little sip of cider,
A little sip of beer;
A taste that's rather bitter,
But what is there to fear?
A glass of foaming lager,
A choice perfumed cigar;
It's funny what families
Those temptance people are.
Say, boys, here's to our welfare—
May none here lack a dime
To buy a glass of liquor
At any other time.
Say, can't you trust a fellow?
Give us a drop of gin
To stop the dreadful gnawing
That's going on within.
Found dead—a common drunkard!
Alas! how came he there?
It was the beer and cider;
Beware! beware!! BEWARE!!!
—Temperance Banner.

IF YOU WOULD RISE.

Soon after the great Edmund Burke had been making one of his powerful speeches in Parliament, his brother Richard was found sitting in silent reverie; and when asked by a friend what he was thinking about, he replied: "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talent in our family. But then I remember that when we were doing nothing, or at play, he was always at work."

must largely fail? This would be ludicrously... protest against a policy that must imperil the interests of those who can no longer vindicate their own rights.

protest against a policy that must imperil the interests of those who can no longer vindicate their own rights. We are aware that affluent laymen and well-protected officials...

Presidents, and Rev. T. Coiling, of St. Catherine's, Secy. A magazine has been started in its interests, called the 'Expositor of Holiness, and is meeting with much success.

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FIRE-SIDE MUSINGS.

My youth, ye have vanished away,
Hopes of my youth, thou hast gone to decay,
Hopes of my youth, ye have bloomed but to fade...

REV. T. TWEEDE.

We are indebted to Rev. T. J. Deinstadt,
of Montreal, for these extracts from his address...

I can scarcely understand why I was requested by our dear brother to take the position I now occupy...

In sorrow I am not in a position to say much as touching the fact of Mr. Tweede's conversion and his preparation for the work of the Christian ministry...

Mr. Tweede was a man of great activity, though never in robust health. He worked well to improve his circumstances...

"No room for mirth or trifling here For worldly hope, or worldly fear If life so soon is gone,"

and to be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Master's doctrine concerning his own personal work and ministry...

He was a man of prayer—in it he had boundless faith. He was not among those who bring it in harmony with scientific theories, or the views of opponents...

As a preacher, he delivered his message as one who expected to give an account, Christ was the Alpha and Omega of his preaching...

I do not remember much about the style of his sermons. I know, however, there was no attempt at ostentation and show...

Now, if I am correct, in this estimate of his preaching there must have been success, and, thank God, success there was...

bestow. But his anxiety for their welfare was not confined to this life. He lived and died for their salvation. Oh, dear! how happy are they who have died in his arms...

CORRESPONDENCE.

EFFECT OF UNION ON MISSIONARY GRANTS.

MR. EDITOR.—Some of your correspondents seem opposed to the Basis of Union because they think it will result in lessening the missionary grants to domestic missions...

As things now are, many fields of labor are in receipt of missionary aid in each of the churches, where Union would remove all such need. Union of congregations would result in saving of a great portion of local running expenses...

An argument is sought to be made out of the union of 1874 with the New Connexion Methodist Church, which is exceedingly fallacious. Three important particulars make this false...

(1) The New Connexion had no strong circuits anywhere. The M. E. Church has a large number of such. In some parts they are nearly equal to ourselves. They are people who have been disposed to get out of school-house appointments and build churches...

The Primitive Methodist are about the same in number as the New Connexion were. As to their position, I think extremely good. Their funds are in excellent condition; so it appeared before the Union Committee...

There will be a decrease of salaries in the proposed union in some churches without the elements that would create similar financial difficulty to that which the New Connexion did possibly create.

(2) The fact of decrease of salaries is not well established, and the cause is not certainly union at any rate. We increased the item called salary at the time of union \$60. Deficiency may appear greater and yet income not be diminished...

argument used in such cases. Now, we are not confined to this life. He lived and died for their salvation. Oh, dear! how happy are they who have died in his arms...

ALBERT LAY.

In affectionate remembrance of Albert, son of Jane and Alexander Lay, who was born June 11th, 1802, died Jan. 27th, 1883...

CRY FROM ITALY.

A cry from Italian Athletes has arisen from all parts of the world. The cry is being made for grandeur to signor Matteo Troceni, President of the Walensian Committee...

BREVITIES.

Time must be heavy, as those who carry it sixty or seventy years nearly always stoop under its weight.

The years write their record on human hearts, as they do on trees, in hidden, inner circles of growth which no eye can see.

Style is only the frame to hold our thoughts. It is like the sash of a window—a heavy sash will obscure the light.

The seasons come when wealthy philanthropists remember the poor by spending a couple of thousand dollars in charity ball that nets eight hundred dollars.

A cowardly fellow having kicked a new-boy for pestering him to buy an evening paper, the lad waited till another boy accosted the "gentleman" and then shouted in the hearing of all the bystanders: "It's no use to try him, Jim; he can't read."

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Wait for the sign, study whatever it is, take hold at once, then do the other thing without letting any moments drop between.

Dr. Johnson, when making his tour of the Hebrides, was asked to take a little with him, he replied: "With me moderation is excess." "But certainly you can carry off one glass," urged the tempter. "No, no," said the Doctor, "it would carry me off."

The relation between Mrs. Lydia Maria Child and her husband was very tender. For greater than for her husband she was a servant, in their humble but pleasant home, in Weyland, Mass. Once, when she said to her, "I wish for your sake, dear, I was as rich as Croesus," she responded: "You are Croesus, for you are king of Lydia."

A well New Yorker has a curious finger ring with the ten commandments engraved on it in such small characters that they can barely be read with the aid of a microscope. People who know him well are of the opinion that he has lost the microscope.

Just down by the stream where the bracken grows rank the place her eagle and sat by it, sketching from nature. "Peace, man, man, is that me you're drawing milking that cow in the pasture?" Why, yes, my little man, but I didn't know you were looking. "O, if that's me, continue the boy, mindful of the artist's confusion, "you put me on the wrong side of the cow, and I'll get kicked over."

A German brewer in Nevada, having heard of the lime process for mining coal, proposes to use yeast as an agent for rendering rocks. He has in his experiments blown strongly hooped casks to pieces, and forced out one end of his boiler. He desires to make experiments in the Comstock mine, the heat of which will set up fermentation the moment the yeast charge is damped, which will soon become so active as to overcome every resistance.

There is an old Baptist colored man in Hart County, Ky., named Tom Wood. There is also a certain Methodist doctor who was in the habit of twitting the old man about his close communion. On a certain occasion the doctor met him, and thinking he would get the old man in a tight place, said: "Uncle Tom, we may just as well settle this communion question now as any other time. As you won't commune with them here, I want to know what you Baptists are going to do with the Methodists and Presbyterians when they all go to heaven?" Uncle Tom hung his head while in meditation, and then looking up, to give the result of his deliberate conclusion, calmly said: "I tell you what 'it is, doctor, they not wine there." The doctor subsided.

Let the American citizen who groans because he has to give his horse to the barber's boy, or the parlor-car porter, a twenty-five cent fee read the following from London Truth, and congratulate himself that he isn't a member of some European family: "When a foreign sovereign visits England the financial member of his suite is always told by the Lord Steward how much his master ought to leave for the services of the Palace brand. It was fifty dollars in the usual sum, out when Louis Napoleon came to Windsor for three nights in 1855 he left \$7,500—an emblem of liberality which sorely vexed Prince Albert, who found, a few weeks later, when he went to visit St. Cloud, that they too must leave \$7,500. The Emperor of Russia left the same amount when he came to England. On such terms I confess that I should, with all respect to her Majesty, prefer a bed at a hotel to one at Windsor Castle."

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AVERY'S BALSAMIC SYRUP Can be confidently recommended as a most pleasant and efficacious remedy for recent coughs, colds, etc.

FAMILY COUGH MEDICINE Being more palatable as well as more efficacious than any of the advertised COUGH REMEDIES, and both better and cheaper than those commonly dispensed by Druggists.

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It is an unfailing relief and frequent cure. Its stimulant, rubefacient, and anodyne qualities adapt it to a large class of disorders, and make it a most valuable

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WILLIAM CROWE, 133 Barrington Street, HALIFAX, N.S.

THE PAD STARR KIDNEY INDUBITABLE EVIDENCE.

Some of the additional home testimony received since publication of last pamphlet. GIVING ENTIRE SATISFACTION. Pictorial, April 20. Gentlemen—I find that your pads are giving entire satisfaction, and wish you increasing sales for so valuable a remedy for disease of the kidneys.

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