



OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE LITTLE BEGGAR'S BOUQUET.

Two on a bitter Winter's day, I saw a strange, pathetic sight; The streets were gloomy, cold, and gray, The air with falling snow was white.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

James Lanning was a mechanic, a young, honest man. He had built himself a house, and there still remained a mortgage of five hundred dollars; but this sum he hoped to pay in a few years, if he only had his health.

One evening James came home more thoughtful than usual. His young wife noticed his manner, and he inquired its cause.

"What is it, James?" she kindly inquired. "Why, I never saw you look so sober before."

"Well, I'll tell you, Hannah," returned the young man, with a slight hesitation in his manner, "I have just been thinking I would buy a lottery ticket."

"How much will it cost?" she asked at length, looking half timidly into her husband's face.

"Twenty dollars," returned James, trying to assume a confidence he did not feel.

"And have you made up your mind to buy it?" "Well, I think I shall. What do you think about it?"

"If you should ask my advice, I should say do not buy it." "But why so?"

"For many reasons," returned his wife in a trembling tone. "She would not offend her husband, and she shrank from giving advice that he might not follow."

"In the first place," she says, "I think that the whole science of lotteries is a bad one; and then you have no money to risk."

"Oh, no! you look upon this matter in too strong a light." "Perhaps I do, but yet it looks so to me. What you may draw, some one else must lose; and perhaps it may be some one who can afford to lose it no better than you can."

"I wouldn't buy the ticket, James. Let us live on the products of our honest gains, and we shall be happier."

James Lanning was uneasy. He had no answer for his wife's arguments; at least, no answer that would spring from his moral convictions, and he let the matter drop.

When he reached home the next night, he was almost unhappy with the nervous anxiety into which he had thrown himself.

He took four half-eagles from the box and put them in his pocket. His wife said nothing. She played with her baby to hide her sadness, for she did not wish to say much on the subject.

A week elapsed from the time that James bought his ticket to the drawing of the lottery, and during that time the young man had not a moment of real enjoyment.

At length the day arrived. James went to the office and found that the drawing had taken place, and that the list of prizes had been drawn out.

When he returned home that night he told his wife that he had lost. She found no fault with him. She only kissed him, and told him that the lesson was a good one, even though it had been dearly bought.

But James Lanning was not satisfied. He brooded over the loss with a bitter spirit, and at length the thought came to him that he might yet draw a prize.

"Forty dollars!" was a sentence that dwelt upon the mechanic's lips. "Oh, I must draw a prize!" he said to himself, "I must make up for what I have lost. Let me once do that, and I'll buy no more tickets."

Another twenty dollars was taken from the little bank, another blank was drawn. At the end of three months the little bank was empty, and James Lanning had the last ticket in his pocket.

"I think there is," kindly but emphatically replied his wife. "All games of hazard, where money is at stake, are dishonest. Were you to draw a prize of twenty thousand dollars, you would rob a thousand men of twenty dollars each; or, at least, you would take their money from them for which you gave no equivalent."

"Yes, I will, said James, in a faint voice," yes, to-morrow I shall pay him."

"You are right my dear wife. You were right at first. And if husbands would often obey the tender dictates of the loving wife, there would be far less of misery in the world than there is now."

"Go look in our box—our little bank!" groaned the poor man. Hannah hastened away, and when she returned she bore an empty box in her hand.

"Robbed!" she gasped, and she sank trembling down by her husband's side.

"Yes Hannah," whispered the husband. "I have robbed you. The stricken wife gazed upon her husband with a vacant look, for at first she didn't comprehend; but she remembered his behaviour for weeks past, she remembered how he had murmured in his sleep of lotteries and tickets, of blanks and prizes, and gradually the truth broke in upon her."

"All has gone for lottery tickets. The demon tempter lured me; he held up glittering gold in his hand, but he gave me none of it. Oh, do not chide me! You know what I have suffered—what hours of agony I have passed—and you can not know how cold my heart is now. Oh, my wife, would to God I had listened to you."

"—sh!" calmly whispered the faithful wife as she drew her hand across her husband's heated brow. "Mourn not for what is lost. I will not chide thee. It is hard for your scanty earnings, but there might be many calamities worse than that. Courage, James, we will soon forget it."

"And Mr. Rowse will foreclose the mortgage. You will be homeless," murmured young Lanning in broken accents.

"No; I will see that all is safe in that quarter," added Hannah. At that moment the baby awoke, and the gentle mother was called to care for it.

"Hear," said she "the interest is paid. Now let us forget all that has passed, and commence again."

"But how—what has paid this?" asked James, gazing first upon the receipt then upon his wife.

"Well I have sold my gold watch." "Sold it?" "But I can buy it back again. The man will not part with it, if I want it. But I don't want it, James, till we are able. Perhaps I shall never want it. You must not chide me, for never did I derive one iota of the pleasure from its possession that I now feel in the result of its disposal."

James Lanning clasped his wife to his bosom and murmured a prayer, and in that prayer there was a pledge.

"The wife shuddered but made no reply." "Ah," continued the young man, "I have never forgotten that bitter lesson, and even now I tremble when I think how fatally I was deceived by the tempter that has lured so many thousands to destruction."

"But its horror is lost in this happy moment," said Hannah looking up with a smile.

"Its terror may be lost," resumed James, "its lesson must never be forgotten. Ah, that luring lottery ticket has a dark side—a side which few see until they feel it."

"And are all its sides dark?" softly asked the wife. "If there is any brightness about it, it is only the glare of the total ignis fatuus, which can only lead the wayward traveller into danger and disquiet."

"You are right my dear wife. You were right at first. And if husbands would often obey the tender dictates of the loving wife, there would be far less of misery in the world than there is now."

ONLY A LINE. Only a line in the paper, That somebody read aloud, At a table of languid boarders, To the dull indifferent crowd.

OUR CHILDREN. Is it not true that scores of the children of Methodist parents know no more of Methodism, of its history, doctrines, polity and status than a horse knows of mathematics?

HERE AND THERE. Here is the sorrow, the sighing, Here are the clouds and the night, Here are the sickness, the dying, There are the life and the light.

A KIND ACT PAID. About twenty-five years ago a young man took a horseback ride to Virginia, where his father came from, and on his way he met a man and his family removed west, who was so poor as to be almost reduced to starvation.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. SHUT THE DOOR. "Shut the door, dear do," Gently coaxes Cousin Sue, "Shut the door, Fred, please," Auntie calls; "I feel a breeze."

SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG. "Why, that's not four o'clock! I'm certain that it cannot be so late," exclaimed Minny, starting from the seat on which she had been amusing herself with a book, while her work lay neglected beside her.

THE PHA. 1.—Fasting punitively of the E in the temple twice in the fasts ostent public with d hevelled hal that they u fast [Matt. 23] ted the imp imposed up which there v law; but to s observance o Fasting "is a self-denial w time and othi odious bit of simply regar superiority o The discipli ly fasted, bu anoirity abt came "neith At this time the Praisers fact that the do so led to o to inquire its says it was J [Matt. 9: 13 able to them, by them rat Jesus comp friends of the marriage fest be more inap such a time. his disciples but a day wa fast without so. This anci force to Master had them, and w

ears. One must be blind not to see that such a spirit and such expressions will at last bear bitter fruit. All reverence for sacred things is destroyed, and the children will inevitably be driven into some other communion or into the world.

Sometimes even the children of a preacher have been known to leave the church of their father's choice, and go into other communions and this without any change in their religious opinions. But if you look into this you will see that it is not without cause.

There is a class of preachers who are hard to please, as in all churches are to be found members who possess like peculiarities—men whose appointments are never just what they want, or what they are conscientiously fitted to fill.

It becomes a subject of conversation at the table and around the domestic hearthstone (stove). The bishops are accused of partiality and of indifference to the preachers. The great "iron wheel" is made to revolve with the inflexibility of fate, while gory beads and hearts and limbs drop from their terrible periphery, to the consternation of the listening children.

Or it may be that the children of the minister are in the church, and the father and mother are old and superannuated. They have given all their lives to the service of the church, and are now poor as to money; but the church neglects them, does not to them, if anything, the merest pittance, and leaves them to suffer alone.

Or ye who read this short sketch, look at home! Take care what you say, and how you say it, in the hearing of the children, remembering that such seeds of doubt and disaffection find in these tender hearts a ready entrance and a congenial soil.—Rev. M. Trafton D.D. in Zion's Herald.

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2.—The w changed in "undres- d, the next ver of which a pvements as well words, as wel ing clearer. cloth sown s garment wou be wetted e or in washi the threads o make another rent, as every understand. New wine is i fermo: vessel not at itably burst would certa danger, and wine would d dered unles Jesus, no d he did not i austere obser not prepared were frail an striction ad To subject t would be as dressed clo to put the skins. Fr children, in d and in han habits and era, we m strength of of the wine should be su cumstances.

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POETRY.

THE MISSIONARY'S CALL. My soul is not at rest; there comes a strange...

COMMUNICATED.

JANUARY.

The new year, 1882, has come. Its birth took place in close connection with the death of 1881.

January is a time of change. In our documents requiring dates, one figure at least is changed.

It is with many a time of reflection. The events of 1881 are not yet obliterated from the pages of memory.

It is a time of anticipation. Hope is in lively exercise. It is full of joy because it sees only the good.

Children have more need of models than of criticism.—Joubert.

HOW THE RENT WAS PAID.

The following story was told to the correspondent of the Leeds Mercury by a sea captain, the son of an Irish landlord.

HOW IT IS DONE—TRINITY CHURCH, N. Y.

When an assistant minister in Trinity Church complains of the "Trinity Church Catechism" it cannot be expected that it will be liked by the Episcopal Church in general.

"INDEPENDENT" CHURCHES.

Soon after the great fire of ten years ago, while Mr. Moody counted himself still a dweller at home in Chicago, he raised the money that built a large brick church on the North side.

A THING TO CRY OVER.

Dr. John Hall touches in a pathetic manner the common habit of laughing at drunk-n men.

A FEARFUL PRANK.

The boys who were killed at the powder explosion at Oskaloosa, Iowa, on the 5th inst., were all of prominent families.

A STRANGE FACT.

On the steamer which comes from across the Atlantic to bring immigrants to our shores and to return with full cargoes of American products may now be seen the flags of England, France, Germany, Belgium and Holland, and occasionally those of Denmark, Italy and Spain.

SIXTY CENTS.

Sixty cents invested in whiskey in 1879 cost Fannin county in time and money more than the revenue arising from the whiskey traffic for five years apportioned to.

CREDITABLE.

A New York Tribune correspondent from Washington, says:—"A New Yorker, who has been for years a political lieutenant and intimate social friend of President Arthur, fixed his eye on a desirable office, and after thinking the matter over for a month, told the President he would like to have it."

BREVITIES.

A boy can pull four times more weight in boys on a sled than he can coal from the back-yard.

"Mamma," said a little boy, waking out from a sound sleep, and hugging her, "I love you; I love your head, and your hands, and your feet, your soul and your body, and all your stuffings."

The man who stepped out of bed, and put his foot upon a piece of oil-cloth says the occurrence is worth a fortune to him.

The institution of the "Order of the Bath" originated in the custom of the Franks who, when they conferred knighthood, bathed before they performed the ceremony, and from this habit came the title Knight of the Bath.

Talmage has found a man who wanted to borrow fifteen dollars to relieve his distress, but refused to accept enough money to open a new stand because the business was beneath him!

No, young man, it doesn't hurt you a particle to sow your wild oats. Go ahead and sow as many as you wish. But it's the gathering in of the crop that will make you howl.

The milliners complain that the following paragraph is ruining the sale of the fashionable wide brim hats.

There is a deeply rooted feeling among the best classes of English people that it is rather contemptible to pay much attention to dress.

This is the way one of the ladies who belong to the Atlantic Monthly's contributor's club remembers things: "Gen. Forrest was buried the day my new hat came home."

Richard Wagner, the composer, is said to have in his elegant home in Bayreuth a series of rooms decorated in different colors to suit his different musical moods.

"Ah, dear!" sighed Miss Fitzroy, as she yawned wearily, "There isn't anything to occupy one's mind now. I've made toilet cushions and tidies, and embroidered slippers, and painted majolica jugs, until I am weary of life."

The two Sheridans were supping with me one night after the opera, at a period when Tom Sheridan expected to get into Parliament.

A converted Hindoo, on being assailed with a torrent of profane and obscene words from his idolatrous neighbors, went up to them and asked: "Which is worse, the abusive words that you are using, or the mud and dirt you see lying on your dung hill?"

Americans desiring aristocratic titles may be pleased to know where they are for sale, and at what prices. The figures are given by "Chambers' Journal," and there is an agent in London who conducts the business.

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