

The Family Circle.

THY KINGDOM COME.

BY JEAN INGELW.

Thy kingdom come,
I heard a Ser cry: "The wilderness,
The solitary place,
Shall yet be glad for Him, and He shall bless,
(Thy kingdom come) with his revealed face,
The forests; they shall drop their precious gum,
And shed for Him their balm; and he shall yield
The grandeur of his speech to charm the field.

Then all the soothed winds shall drop to listen
(Thy kingdom come);
Comforted waters waxen calm shall glisten
With bashful trembling beneath His smile;
And echo ever the while
Shall take, and her awful joy repeat,
The laughter of his lips—(Thy kingdom come),
And hills that sit apart shall be no longer dumb;
No, they shall shout and shout,
Raining their lovely loyalty along the dewy plain
And valleys round about.

And all the well-contented land, made sweet
With flowers she opened at His feet,
Shall answer: and make the welkin ring,
And tell it to the stars, shout, shout, and sing;
Her cup being full to the brim,
Her poverty made rich with Him.

Her yearning satisfied to the utmost sum—
Lift up thy voice, O Earth, prepare thy song,
Lift up thy voice, O Earth, prepare thy song,
Lift up, O Earth, for He shall come again,
Thy Lord; and He shall reign, and He shall reign—
Thy kingdom come."

SOCIAL RANK IN ENGLAND.

Talking with a lady, the other day, about the differences in social rank which exist in England, she gave me a great deal of insight into the prejudices which make classes so distinct, and which serve to foster a feeling that causes subservience to assume almost the character of a virtue in the estimation of the humbler ranks. I have sat in the parlor of the merchant whose wife did not recognize the wife of the shopkeeper, though the latter might be the much higher style of woman of the two. I have talked with the pretty dealer in dry goods or groceries, who did not presume to bow to the gentleman on the corner, whose shop was "first class." I have conversed with the wife of the custom-house petty officer, who would hold her head down in due humility, if any of the "gentry" were named or recognized.

The doctor is one of the gentry.

"He never notices us on the street," said a woman to me, "though he has attended my family in illness ever since we have been in London; and his wife would never think of such a thing as speaking to us."

I took dinner yesterday with the wife of a master slater. Her husband is doing a good business in the East End of London; and though they live in an humble way, and are small tradespeople, or rather mechanics—in our country, with such a business they would be considered quite fitted for good society. Their parlor, plainly furnished, abounded in books of the most recherche kind. Music, birds, flowers and good taste made it a little paradise. Mrs. L. talked with feeling and correctness upon every subject that was started, from the fine arts to the practical details of business and of household labor. I felt myself instructed as well as entertained by her conversation and the aptness of her illustrations. By-and-by we came to the discussion of caste. I spoke of the effect it had upon me to see persons in good circumstances underrate their position, and speak of others to whom fortune or birth had given different advantages, as people higher and better than themselves; and who had a social right to do things which they never dared attempt. She acknowledged that it was a failing growing out of ages of aristocratic rule; that though the people often abused their superiors, laughed at and made light of their respect for them, yet subservience to the "higher orders" was ingrained, and the poorer or inferior were very proud of any little notice they might receive from the classes above them.

"My family have always been in trade," she said; "my father was a clothier, my grandfather and my uncles were tradesmen. I have two brothers, fine-looking young men of good education and well brought up, but they are both in trade." Here I was shown the photographs of two handsome, stylish-looking young men, far above the average of persons of their age and circumstances.

"The younger one," she went on, "loved the daughter of a clergyman, a very delicate, pretty little girl, and she also appeared to love him. They were, after a while, engaged to be married. But there was so much unpleasantness on the side of her relatives, who seemed to consider it a disgrace for Nelly to marry a tradesman, that it made us very uncomfortable. Whenever there was a meeting between the two families, there was an utter want of harmony. Hints and innuendoes were thrown out about tradespeople and the vulgarity of having to work for one's own living with one's hands instead of one's brains. Finally pretty Nelly concluded that she never should get accustomed to people so entirely out of their sphere; that she should be intolerably unhappy to become the wife of a man who "kept a shop;" and although the grace, refinement, and good common sense were quite equal on both sides, she decided to give up her lover and marry some one in her position, or not marry at all. Thus she risked her own peace of mind, if she loved him, for the sake of a social whim, injured the feelings of an honest, upright gentleman, (I think I may venture to call him a gentleman), and hurt the feelings of others as really ladies as she had a right to be called, though they were not the daughters or sisters of a clergyman.

I remarked upon the superior appearance of a man and his wife passing by the window where I was sitting, one day, when the daughter of my hostess said, quickly,—

"O, he's not a gentleman; he's a printer."

Not long after two bear-eyed, half boorish looking fellows drove by in a dog-cart. They had segars in their mouths, and were evidently much the worse for the "drinks" they had been imbibing. Immediately they were pointed out as the sons of So-and-so, and they were gentlemen.

"I ventured to say that that did not look like gentlemen."

"O, but they really are; they don't work at all."

"And what supports them, pray?" I asked.

"Why, their father had plenty of money." So in the estimation of many, "tis money makes the man, the want of it the fellow."

"O, but I do so long to see how the great folks live," said this same young girl; (my informants were not even advanced to the rank of middle classes) "I would willingly stand outside or be a servant for just one night." Fancy an American making a speech like that! Though the father of this girl is a mechanic, he owns blocks of houses, and is what we should call in America very well off; yet poor A. seems conscious of a settled inferiority, and she is debarred from certain circles forever. It is not a healthy feeling; ambition is crushed, and a kind of apathy seizes the spirits which takes from youth all its freshness and brilliancy, and keeps it longing hopelessly for things it can never reach. Nor is this feeling confined to the so-called lower classes.

"Nobody considers the lord mayor of London a gentleman, except the lower orders," said a lady to me, one day, the wife of a leading physician. "Why, he might have been a fishmonger, and almost always is a tradesman."

"Then you don't consider tradespeople gentlemen under any circumstances?"

"Certainly not," with crushing emphasis. "By-the-by, C. is a soap-man, is he not?" asked another, referring to a man who keeps a large wholesale shop of fancy soaps and perfumery.

Go where you will, you see this contempt for trade. Of course the working people come in for a fair share; and as you may see, Parliament is trying very hard to keep them out of their rights. But it is not my province to write upon politics. I have not the slightest doubt but that England will outgrow these notions as she has others. The strong common sense underlying the foundations of the Saxon character will abolish these excrecences left from feudal and aristocratic rule.—*Christian Watchman & Reflector.*

BLIND ALICE.

"Oh dear!" said little Mary Dean, "now it rains, and I cannot go to see Cousin Emma, as I expected, but must stay cooped up at home all day. I am sure I am the most unfortunate girl in all the world. Whenever I expect to enjoy myself, or go anywhere, something wrong is always sure to happen. And now it must rain, just when I want to go so much. I am sure it is too bad. Oh dear! I don't think I shall ever be happy again."

A dark frown gathered on her pretty face, and she was just ready to burst into tears.

Her mother looked up calmly from her work, and said, in a soft voice, "Come here, Mary, and sit by my side."

Mary came forward, though not in a very pleasant manner, and seated herself beside her mother, who talked cheerfully to her until the frown had vanished from her brow, when she said:

"Mary, did you observe blind Alice at school last Sunday?"

"Yes, mother. She is only a little older than I am, but she talked so sweetly to my class, telling us how to be good, and to do right, that we all loved her for it. Then she told us so beautifully of Christ's love for us—oh, I am sure I shall never forget it! But I was ready to cry when I thought she was blind, and could see none of the beautiful sights of the world. How sorry I feel for her!"

"I fear," said Mary's mother, looking gravely and sadly into the face of the child, "that my little girl, too, is blind—much more so, I fear sometimes, than poor blind Alice."

"Me!" said Mary opening her eyes wide with wonder. "What makes you say so, mother? I am sure I can see very well. See, how green the grass looks, and the rain has almost stopped, and—O, mother! see there—there is a rainbow, just as pretty as anything can be. What made you say you thought I was blind? You surely could not have been in earnest?"

"And yet my little girl was blind to all this but a short time ago—blind to all the beauties of the world—blind to all the blessings she receives, and to all things besides save the fact that she was disappointed in a little anticipated pleasure—was she not, when I heard her complaining so sadly but a half-hour since?"

Mary was silent for some time, and then she said, slowly, "I see, mother; you mean that my heart or mind was blind to all the blessings I enjoy. Was not that what you meant?"

"Yes, Mary, that is what I meant. If Alice, who sees none of the beautiful things which are everywhere spread out for our pleasure, yet with her mind sees enough to

make her happy, and feels in her heart the love and goodness of God, how much more ought my little Mary, who has so many more comforts and pleasures, and enjoys, too, the blessing of sight—how much more ought she to be thankful for all these things, and to cease to murmur at every trivial disappointment."

"Yes, I begin to see the things which you wish me to," said Mary, "and will try to think about them, so that I may no more complain at my little troubles. I know that you mean that I shall see my blessings instead, and will try to remember them when I feel like complaining. But poor Alice! will she never see as I do?"

"I fear not, my child—not in this world—but there is another world, where if she remains good and pure as now, her eyes will be opened, and she will see more beautiful sights than this world affords."

"I know, mother; you mean in heaven."

"Yes, my child. Do you, too, wish a place there, that you may behold its glorious beauties?"

"Yes, mother."

"Then open your eyes to all that is bright and beautiful around you; cease to complain, and pray to God daily to lead you aright."

And the voice of the little girl was very low and sweet as she answered, "I will try, mother."—*Children's Hour.*

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

The rosete hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day;
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven!
Oh, for the golden floor!
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!

The brightest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins!
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
For weary day nor night!

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by Thy love and angels' Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown.

—*The Shadow of the Rock.*

THEM THAT HONOR ME I WILL HONOR.

"That is right, my boy," said the merchant, smiling approvingly upon the bright face of his little shop-boy. He had brought him a dollar that lay among the dust and paper of the sweepings.

"That's right," he said again; "always be honest, it is the best policy."
"Should you say that?" asked the lad timidly.

"Should I say what? that honesty is the best policy? Why, it's a time-honored old saying—I don't know about the elevating tendency of the thing—the spirit is rather narrow, I'll allow."

"So grandmother taught me," replied the boy; "she said we must do right because God approved it, without thinking what man would say—"

The merchant turned abruptly towards the desk, and the thoughtful-faced little lad resumed his duties.

In the course of the morning, a rich and influential citizen called at the store.— While conversing, he said, "I have no children of my own, and I fear to adopt one. My experience is that a boy of twelve, (the age I should prefer) is fixed in his habits, and if bad—"

"Stop!" said the merchant, "do you see that lad yonder?"

"With that noble brow?—yes, what of him?"

"He is remarkable—"

"Yes yes—that's what every body tells me who has a boy to dispose of—no doubt he'll do well enough before your face. I've tried a good many, and have been deceived more than once."

"I was going to say," replied the merchant calmly, "that he is remarkable for principle. Never have I known him to deviate from the right, sir—never. He would restore a pin—indeed (the merchant colored, he's a little too honest for my employ. He points out flaws in goods, and I cannot teach him prudence in that respect—common prudence, you know, is—is common—common prudence,—ahem?"

The stranger made no assent, and the merchant hurried on to say—

"He was a parish orphan, taken by an old woman out of pity, when yet a babe. Poverty has been his lot; no doubt he has suffered from hunger and cold uncounted times; his hands have been frozen, so have his feet. Sir, that boy would have died rather than be dishonest. I can't account for it; upon my word I can't."

"Have you any claim upon him?"

"Not the least in the world, except what common benevolence offers. Indeed the boy is entirely too good for me."

"Then I'll adopt him; and if I have found one really honest boy, I'll thank God." The little fellow rode home in a carriage, and was ushered into a luxurious home; and he who had sat shivering in a cold corner, listening to the words of a poor old pious creature, who had been taught of the Spirit, became one of the best and greatest divines that England ever produced.

"Them that honor me, I will honor."

NELLY'S PRAYER.

Nelly Graham's pleasant birthday party was over, and she went to the garden gate, to say good-by to her cousin Mary, who was the last to leave. She watched her until a turn in the road hid her from her sight, and then she turned toward the house. The shade of sadness on her face was not entirely because her playmates had gone; she was thinking of her brother Randolph, who had been sick all day, and she felt quite lost without his sympathy in his birthday pleasures. On looking up to his window, she saw him beckoning to her; and it was scarcely a moment before she stood beside him ready to pour into his kind ears the story of the day.

"O Rannie! papa gave me a Bible with a gold clasp, just like that one of yours; and mother gave me a beautiful gold thimble. Mary and all the other girls have been here all the afternoon, and we had a real nice time, only we were sorry you were sick."

"Nelly," said Randolph, "bring me my portfolio, and let me see if I cannot find something for my little sister's birthday." Nelly's eyes sparkled with pleasure as they looked over all those beautiful pictures, and at last she selected one. To the left of the picture was a heavy arched door, all overgrown with rank weeds and vines. One in the dress of a pilgrim, though with a crown upon his brow, stood knocking at the dismal door; he held a lantern in one hand, which shed light over his form, and showed the exceeding tenderness and sadness of the face.

Nelly looked at the strange scene until her eyes filled with tears, and her voice was very low and gentle as she turned to her brother. "Rannie, why is it called 'The Light of the World'? I would like to know what it all means." And Randolph told her how the door was an emblem of each human heart, that men keep choked up with the weeds of sin, and will not undo to give entrance to the royal Pilgrim who is Jesus Himself. And then he went on to tell how the dear Saviour stood even then knocking at the door of her poor little sinful heart, waiting for her to open unto Him, that He might enter and go no more out forever. Nelly's heart was too full to speak; but Randolph said gently, "Nelly, shall I ask Jesus to come?" They knelt down, and the brother prayed that his little sister might give herself to Him who had given His life for her. And he knew that his prayer was answered; for the soft light that shone in Nelly's eyes, as she threw her arms around her brother's neck, could be nothing else than the reflection of the Light of the World.—*The Standard Bearer.*

PRAYING AND TRYING.

Two little girls went together to school. One always said her lessons well, and was commended; but the other was always getting into disgrace, because she could not say hers. So she went, one day, to her schoolfellow, and asked her how it was that she always said her lessons so well. She replied that she always prayed that she might be able to say them well, and then found them quite easy. Well, the little girl thought, this was easy enough; she would pray, too, and then she should be able to say hers as well. She did so; but the next day, instead of saying her lessons well, and being commended, she did worse than ever, and could not say a word of them! She soon came in tears to her companion, complaining bitterly of her having been deceived. Her schoolfellow heard what she had to say, and then quietly asked her if she had tried to learn her lessons.

"O no," said the little girl; "I only prayed that I might be able to say them. I thought that was all I had to do!"

The next day she tried the better plan of bringing work into her religion, and religion into her work, and succeeded.

The Bible teaches us that whatsoever we do, we should do all to the glory of God; and it also teaches us that trying and praying should go hand in hand.

FAMILY PRAYER.

When St. Paul tells us to "pray without ceasing," or St. Peter exhorts us to "watch unto prayer," we are not to understand either of these Apostles as urging upon us so exclusive and absorbing an intercourse with God, as to prevent a due observance of the duties incumbent upon us in our intercourse with men: their object is to enforce upon us the habit of spiritual discipline. As a soldier prepares himself for action in times of danger by regularity of exercise and discipline even in seasons of safety and repose, so the Christian is taught to prepare for the practical exercise of his various graces in seasons of unlooked-for severity of trial, by the habitual exercise of them in those hours of life, which peace and quiet may have blessed to him.

In this view of the subject I would earnestly call your attention to the duty and advantage of daily family devotion. When your household, like Joshua and his house, "serve the Lord"—by daily reading together his holy word, and daily offering up with one accord their prayers for his Holy Spirit, they will be trained to guide their steps as under His all seeing eye, and bear the severest visitation of his Providence with fortitude and resignation. When occasions may call them to act upon the principles, in the profession of which they live, they will prove a holy faith by a holy practice. They will bring into action affections well trained by daily intercourse with God; spirits well

disciplined by the daily service of the word of God; and views of the nature and character of this transitory life, already well regulated by the Spirit of God, for whose aid they daily pray. Thus, if they be called to suffering, however unjust, they meet their trial firmly; "It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good." Envy, hatred, and malice; the tongue of pride, and the voice of the slanderer, may come against them; but every trial is reconciled by the thought, that God, whom they serve, ruleth as "Head over all." Come the arrow of affliction from what quarter it may, it reacheth not its mark without the permission of Him who wounds only that we may seek his healing; and permits his faithful servants to endure severity of trial, to prove their soldierlyship, and reward their fidelity.—*Churchman.*

THE FATAL FLOWER.

Travellers who visit the Falls of Niagara are directed to a spot on the margin of the precipice over the boiling current below, where a gay young lady, a few years since, lost her life. She was delighted with the wonders of the unrivaled scene, and ambitious to pluck a flower from a cliff where no human hand had before ventured, as a memorial of the cataract and her own daring. She leaned over the verge and caught a glimpse of the surging waters, far down the battlement of rocks, while fear for a moment darkened her excited mind. But there hung the lovely blossom, upon which her heart was fixed; and she leaned, in a delirium of intense desire and anticipation, over the brink. Her arm was outstretched to grasp the beautiful form which charmed her fancy, the turf yielded to the pressure of her feet, and with a shriek, she descended like a falling star to the rocky shore, and was borne away gasping in death.

How impressively does the tragical event illustrate the way in which a majority of impenitent sinners perish forever. It is not a deliberate purpose to neglect salvation, but in pursuit of imaginary good, fascinated with pleasing objects just in the future, they lightly, ambitiously, and insanely venture too far. They sometimes fear the result of desired wealth or pleasure, they seem to hear the thunder of eternity's deep, and recoil a moment from the allurements of sin; but the solemn pause is brief, the onward step is taken, the fancied treasure is in the grasp, when a despairing cry comes up from Jordan's wave, and the soul sinks into the arms of the second death.

Oh, every hour life's sands are sliding from beneath incautious feet, and with sin's fatal flower in the unconscious hand, the trifler goes to his doom. The requiem of each departure is an echo of the Saviour's question, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

OUR NEWS-BOY CORRESPONDENT.

For some year or two past there have appeared from time to time articles in the *Agriculturist* from a correspondent then personally unknown to the editors. We had a pleasant call from him a few weeks ago, and as he was leaving he said: "This ground was very familiar to me some twenty years ago." Knowing that our office stands on the ground which the "Old Brick Church" occupied, we said: "You used to attend Dr. Spring's church, perhaps?" "No," said he, "not much—in those days I used to sleep in the grass inside the railing." He went on to tell how he used to sell papers and black boots all day—spend his new pennies, some for food and the rest to get admission to some place of amusement or show in the evening, and sleep in the street at night. The narrow grass plot around the church, made a very soft bed for tired boys, if the police did not notice them and drive them out. He told us, too, how he had, by avoiding bad companions and diligence in business, acquired a competence and a good education. The little boot-black he employed looked up to him with mingled reverence and wonder, when he told him that at his age he used to brush boots for one to three cents, and never thought of getting five or ten cents as boys do now-a-days. So he called to a mate saying; "Look-er here, Big Billy, ain't this a fine gent'leman to ha' used to shine boots in the streets, same as us?"—*American Agriculturist.*

"COULD I KEEP THE GOOD NEWS?"

A New Zealand girl was brought over to England to be educated. She became a true Christian. When she was about to return, some of her playmates endeavored to dissuade her. They said, "Why do you go back to New Zealand? You are accustomed to England now. You love its shady lanes and clover fields. It suits your health. Besides you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed and eaten by your own people—every body will have forgotten you."—"What!" she said, "do you think that I could keep the 'Good News' to myself? Do you think that I could be content with having got pardon, and peace, and eternal life for myself and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they can get it too? I would go if I had to swim there."

NEVER HEARD HER FATHER PRAY.

"During the first year of my ministry," says Norman McLeod, "a mechanic, whom I had visited and urged to the great duty of family prayer, entered my study, and burst into tears. 'You remember that girl, sir?' said he. 'She was my only child. She died suddenly this morning. I hope she has gone to God. But if so, she can tell Him, what now breaks my heart, that she never heard a prayer from her father's lips. Oh! that she were with me but for one day again.' See to it that your child cannot bear the same message to the throne of God."