The Family Circle.

THE AGED BELIEVER. I'm kneeling at the threshold, weary, faint and sore; Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the Waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of His

A weary path I've travelled, 'mid darkness, storm and Bearing many a burden, struggling for my life; But now the morn is breaking, my toil will soon be o'er, I'm kneeling at the threshold, my hand is on the

Methinks I hear the voices of the blessed as they

stand,
Singing in the sunshine of the sinless land;
O! would that I were with them, amid their shining

Mingling in their worship, joining in their song.

The friends that started with me have entered long ago; One by one they left me struggling with the foe; Their pilgrimage was shorter, their triumph sooner

How lovingly they il hail me when my toil is done! With them the blessed angels that know not grief nor

I see them by the portals, prepared to let me in, O Lord, I wait Thy pleasure; Thy time, and way are But I am wasted, worn and weary, O Father, bid me rest. Sunday Magazine.

OVERCOMING TEMPTATION.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

Mr. Winter, a prosperous merchant in Water street, advertised for a boy to tend store, and on the morning after his notice appeared in the evening papers, found a smart-looking boy standing on the steps of the store, waiting for him.

"Good morning," said the grocer pleasantly, "You mean to be in time, I see. Live in the city?"

"No, sir; five miles out of town. My uncle bought a paper last night with your advertisement in it, and I walked in this morning in hopes of getting the place."
"Well, I like that," said the merchant.

"And now can you do a little of every-

thing?"
"I can try, sir," said the boy.
"Very good. What is your name?"
"John Horton."

"Well, John, you may take down the shutters, and clean up the store, and if I find you prompt and honest, I'll engage you after a week's trial."

"Thank you, sir; I'll do my best." So John Horton went to work with a will, and soon had the store ready for the morning custom. Mr. Winter, though apparently engaged in reading his paper, had his eye on him. He liked to see him finish one thing before he commenced another, and he liked to see him fix his attention on his work, in stead of looking all about him, to see what others were doing. "If I was sure of his principles," thought the merchant, "I would be glad"

He did not think to ask him if he was a Sunday School scholar, for Mr. Winter, with all his years and wealth, and education, was lamentably deficient in Christian love, and any child could have taught him Bible truths. He wanted honesty, and uprightness, but he never reflected that the basis of a perfect character must be Christian principle or there is continued danger of ship-

John worked faithfully all day, and in the evening Mr. Winter left him alone, telling him he would send his son down before he shut up. About nine a young boy, of his own age came in, and entered into conversation. John was much surprised to hear him talk and act like a full grown man.

"Come, let's shut up," he said, "and go and have something hot."

"Something hot," said John vaguely,
"thank you, I've had my supper,"
"Oh my! ain't you jolly green," said the other boy, whose name was Fred. "Why,

I mean something to drink, of course!" "I mean something to drink, of course!"

"I don't drink," said John coldly, "except
when I'm thirsty."

"And then it's milk and water, may be,"

said the other sneeringly. "It's not poison, at any rate," answered

"Oh, very well," said the other; "I'm not particular. You seem like a goodlfellow, so we'll have a quiet little game of cards here after we shut up."

"I don't play cards," said John, "nor countenance them in any way; but I'll play chess, or chequers, or backgammon, or any scientific game that is not used to lead people astray. But I promised my mother I would never touch cards; nor enter a billiard room, and I never will."

"I tell you what," said Fred, "you would just suit my sister Mamie; she's a little thing; but so awful good we don't expect to

"Is she a Sunday School: scholar?" asked John interestedly.

"Two of them, I guess. Now I think Sunday the awfullest long day to get through and never feel like myself, unless I can slip off with some of the fellows; but, Mamie says she wishes there were two Sundays in every week."

"She is right," said John. "I think Sunday the best day there is. It is full of rest and peace, and and satisfying. I always feel sorry when Sunday night comes, and we hear the cars whistle, and know the whole world is going to work again. Do

you go to church?" 'Yes, once a day, for mother won't let me

I'll show you how to make yourself com-

fortable.'

The next day a little fair-haired girl came and left a small, silver portmonnaie, filled with change, lying on the counter. John did not see it until she was gone; then he it to Mr. Winter, but he forgot all about it that night.

Mr. Winter, in his home, was comfortable and luxurious; he had but the two children a cherished darling, whose health, always ful, and frugal, and temperate. Thus, delicate, had been lately failing. Mr. Winter was watching his wife sew, and listening the charity of such Samaritans as did not to his little daughter's pleasant talk.

"And you saw him take it up?" he asked

tempt him that way." "Well, it seems he could not withstand the temptation. I am sorry, for I quite unto all things, having the promise of the liked the boy, and he stood his ground so life that now is, and of that which is to nobly against Fred that I really hoped to come." find him correct, especially as he is a Sunday School scholar?

Mamie flushed; "That did not make him sin, papa but it will help him to repent. I am not afraid if he is a good member of a Sunday School. He will not keep the money, I know."

And Mamie was right. The next day he handed the forgotten portmonaie to Mr. Winter, without a suspicion it had been left to test him. est hime. The sould then sould the work "Why did you not keep it? "asked his

The boy looked at him a moment in sus pense, "Why," said he, "it was not mine." Mr. Winter was satisfied, and John Horton soon became necessary to his interests; he did for him what every boy should do for his master—the very best; and Mr. Win- (among which we recognized "Old Hunter, in return, did for him what every master should do for his clerk, gave him a niche in his family, where he could spend an even- aisles, lofty arches, and small windows, was ing in proper social enjoyment.

boy, who was never rough or ill-tempered, with him to his country home, to see the widowed mother who had helped him to become what he was. But there came a day when the store was closed, and in one of the dreary shadow of death. Little Mamie was passing away to that world where Sabbaths passing away to that world where sabbaths have no end. "Pray for me, papa," she pleaded: but the strong, proud man, bent and sobbing, shook his head. But some one prayed, only a simple, child like prayer, but the different side of the prayer, but was finished, they entered upon the evening the dying child smiled sweetly as it ended, and folded her hands in serene satisfaction, and went up higher with the last echo of the petition. What was money, or influence, or worldly honor at that moment? Utterly powerless! Only the blood of Christ availed to make life desirable. What Mamie's life might never have done have been ludicrous, if we could have forgother death accomplished. Mr. Winter be ten that the intoners were supposed to be her death accomplished. Mr. Winter became bumble as a little child, while John read the precious Bible to him, and when he found here and there some meaning rendered clearer by the mark of a childish pencil, he felt as though guided by inseen angel hands. John Horton and Fred. Winter are the whole affair was got up for their amusenow partners in business; men who are well ment, the massive organ seemed to be very respected. Yet how few know of the influence one life has had on many, or what has been wrought by the example of a good conscientious boy.

It is to him that overcometh, all things are promised.

THE OLD ORGANIST.

Christian character is one of the best safe guards against poverty, and always helps to make even poverty respectable and comfortable. Dr. Guthrie gives a striking illustration of this in a sketch of his pastoral visits. He says:

"I have met little else than sights of dirt, poverty and misery in all shapes and forms. In one large building swarmed with inhabitants, I hardly found a family who enjoyed the ordinary comforts of life, or made any profession of religion. It was depressing, I may say, heart-breaking work. Saddened and wearied; and wearied because saddened, I at length opened a door, to be as much astonished as the traveller when he lights

on an oasis amidst the desert sands. The door opened on an apartment lighted by windows whole and clean, neither patched with paper, nor stuffed with rags, nor crusted with dirt like bottles of old wine; a floor white with washing and sprinkled with yellow sand, stretched to the fire-place where the flames, reflecting from shining brasses danced merrily in the grate over a ample folds, the furniture polished like a Just think of it, four fifths intoning and mirror, gleamed in the light of a cheerful chanting, and only one fifth preaching. This fire, and around the white-washed walls hung a variety of neatly framed prints and pictures. The room had an aspect of tidiness and comfort anywhere pleasant to see, but there surprising. And I remember, as if it were yesterday, of saying to myself before I had crossed the threshold or asked the one question, this is the house of a church-going family! So it proved to be. It was a Bethel; God was in that place; and though, like the patriarch; I was in a

angels of his dream; Those who knew Edinburg some five and twenty years ago, may recollect an old man with a face frightfully scarred by small pox, and his gray head swathed in yards of flan-

and the key to this material difference lay into the store, bought some trifling thing, in the moral difference between him and his neighbors.

They never went to church, he did. They had no respect for the Sabbath; he kept it laid it up on the shelf, intending to speak of holy unto the Lord They had no religion; he was a man of devout habits. They in- in dulged their vices; he practised the virtues of Christianity.—So, even in this world, his religion was of more advantage to him than a son who was wild, and the little Mamie, their eyes were to them. It made him care-cherished darling, whose health, always ful, and frugal, and temperate. Thus, pass by on the other side, he lived amid "Yes, papa! he picked it up, and then I him at his death, not only the memory of out as soon as the preacher entered the pulran off, I felt ashamed, it seemed so mean to an honest and upright life, but moneys in the bank not very much short of two hundred pounds sterling. "Godliness is profitable

AN EDITOR AT TRINITY, N. Y.

The editor of the Cincinnati Christian Herald, New School Presbyterian, on his recent trip east made a visit to the famous Trinity Church one Sunday afternoon, and gives the following account of his impres

Being in New York the last Sabbath in July, we attended vespers, at 4 o'clock, P. M., in Trinity Church. No Protestant place of worship was open at that hour, and we thought there would be no harm in looking the products of his intellect into forms of in once, upon this attempt to revive the dark ages in the noon of the 19th century. The bells began to chime at 31, P.M., and for half dred") and portions of tunes until the serfilled with a "dim religious light." But Little Mamie became very fond of the within the chancel twenty-four wax tapers boy, who was never rough or ill-tempered, were burning. (Wax light is far more renor used a profane word, and often she went ligious and devotional than God's sunlight,

At 4 o'clock, as the last note of the chiming bells faded on the air, chanting was heard through the doors (still closed) between upper chambers of the merchant's elegant the chancel and the vestry. It sounded home a strange, sad presence brooded, the weird and ghostlike. Seen the door was opened, and out came the procession of whiterobed priests, deacons, and boys, perhaps service as laid down in the Prayer-Book Many things were added, and nothing was read except a part of the Scripture lessons. The psalms, the prayers, and the litany were all intoned; that is, they were uttered

bass its loud amens until the walls trembled.

Much of the intoning and the chanting mingled with it was unintelligible without the book; and it was often difficult, even with the book before us, to find out what the droners were droning; and the singers singing. To most persons present the whole service was evidently a mere jargon. They heard many strange and some sweet sounds. They saw white-robed men and boys in the distant chancel, now standing, now kneeling, now facing this way, now that way; but they did not feel that there was anything in the performance solemn, earnest, adapted to reach and melt the heart. They were spectators, and not worshippers.

And the men and boys in the chancel did not seem to feel or care for what they uttered. We could detect in their countenances no devotional expression. They evidently felt that they were actors. They were particular about their parts; they chanted and intoned with great accuracy, and often with a richness of voice, or a harmonious olending of voices, that thrilled the hearer. But it was all artistic. They thought only of the manner, and not of the matter. At least such was the impression made upon us.

There are two reading desks in the chan-

well-swept hearth-stone. Toasting on a performance came a sermon, or "lecture," acreen hung a pair of English blankets in as they call it, just fifteen minutes long.

"Yes, once a day, for mother won't let me off; it's tiresome though, when a fellow hasn't any interest."

He and his wife, a decent vesper service in proving "baptismal report of Plymouth church and how generation" in proving it, not from the Prayer Book. This was comple, belonged to my church; and how generation in proving it, not from the Prayer Book. This was completely when has no motive to misrepresent, I must be the hungry water to the wounded; as all yet had that way before. But come: Father told me you were to sleep in the office, and was the only house there where dirt might ages. We were glad the little sermon was that staple of apostolic preaching, 'Christ in him.

be excused, and the signs of poverty ex- no longer; and when we went out into the pected. It was remarkable by their absence; | blessed sunlight of that Sabbath afternoon | we thanked God that it was the 19th century still, and not the 15th, in spite of the God's people in spiritual stature and strength efforts of Trinity Churchmen to roll the ages backward. After the sermon the priests and boys formed into procession again, and convince men of their sins, or to build up went out chanting, just as they had come | believers in Christ."

The audience present did not fill a quarter of the church. Many of them were evidently strangers, like ourselves, who had heard of these strange doings, and were curious to witness them; others had strolled in from the street to hear the music. Not a quarter of the 200 to 300 present seemed to be stated worshippers there, or to regard comfort to a good old age, and left behind the performance as worship. Scores went

MILTON AND OWEN.

John Milton and John Owen were both Christians—both devout, both unceremonial, both advocating a wide liberty of conscience both averse to prelacy and to all Presbyterian dominion, both entertaining in general the same views of government, political and ecclesiastical, yet how unlike in many other not to see. That microscopic distinctness in respects! the one exhibiting in his religion the genius of a poet, the other the genius of are forever blaming, dissenting, complaining a systematic theologian; the one soaring disappears in the large calm gaze of love. with outstretched wing into the loftiest regions of Divine contemplation, the other measuring every opinion by the standard of a remorseless logic, based upon Scripture; the one inspired with classic taste, chiselling beauty, comparable to this of Phidias in the art of sculpture, the other careless respecting artistic style, and flinging out the treasures of his affluent mind after a fashion which is most excruciating to the æsthetical of this generation, the other a man of reason; the one a Homer, the other an Aristotle amongst Puritans. And as they differed in their manner of thinking, so also they differed in their modes of feeling and in their habits of life; the religious sentiments of Milton being calm and pure, with something in their tone almost approaching to angelic elevation, bearing scarcely any marks of such struggles as beset most other Christians, and suggesting the idea that his chief conflicts of soul must have been with spiritual wickedness in high places;" Owen, on the other hand, dwelling much upon "the trine of justification," "the work of the Holy Spirit in prayer," and "the glory of Christ," and ever indicating the strongest faith and the intensest feeling upon those evangelical points respecting which some defect may be traced in the religion of Milton; and whilst Milton was solitary in his devotion, at least during the latter part of his life, and in this respect, as in others, was "like a star, and dwelt apart," Owen delighted in social worship.—Rev. J. Stoughton's History of England.

H. W. BEECHER.

The following just and discriminating criticism upon the published sermons and lectures of the preacher of Plymouth church, we find in the correspondence of the last Watchman and Reflector. There is reason to fear that too much of the tonical and sensational preaching of the times is characterized by "the absence of those truths which lead sinners in the way of life, and nourish God's people in spiritual stature and strength:"

"There is one preacher in our country whom I never saw in the pulpit, but many of whose sermons and 'Lecture Room Talk,' as published in newspapers, I have carefully read, as I have the reported discourses of Mr. Spurgeon, that I might discover, not only the secret of his popularity, but his real, though often questioned views, both theological and ethical. All attempts to analyze his utterance have been failures, and I have been unable to conceive of any principle or plan upon which his discourses are constructed. None that I have examined are textual or expository; none have contained a development of any portion of Scripture truth; none have presented, in classified form, any of the related elements of Christian doctrine or Christian morals. Like the sermons of the late Theodore Parker, they were all topical, having a Bible text suggestive by a word or a statement of the main idea, and used merely "as a percussion cap to ignite a smart oration." But, while there was "a main idea," there was cel. At the northern desk the grayers were intoned, and at the southern the Scripture lessons were read. After an hour devoted to this liturgical to discover what the preacher intended to prove, or what one important point he aimed to impress on the mind of the hearer. Manifestly there had been little premedi

chanting, and only one fifth preaching. This tation, and much reliance on genius as equal apostle called "the wisdom of God unto the Word of God were very infrequent, and the few that shows how ritualists regard that which the to the demand of the hour. Citations from This fifteen minutes' sermon was remarka-ble for other things besides its brevity. It for some pungency of expression, or some was preached in a little, round, tub-like pul- convenient illustration. That in every serpit, fastened to one of the pillars of the mon the speaker aimed to do good, was evichurch outside of the chancel. There stood dent, but in no instance could I perceive the preacher, about fifteen feet above the that his aim, beyond present entertainment. heads of his hearers, in a box just large had reference to results having connection enough to hold him and his little sermon. with eternity. The production could hardly sort of wilderness, this pleasant sight was a No man could preach in such a cage. Why, be called a sermon, in any sense, as that reality—no vision, like the ladder and the he looked as if he had to stand as still and word is ordinarily understood. It was a talk as quietly as possible, lest he should succession of extemporized pictures rapidly tear the tiny box from off the pillar, and struck off by a master hand few of them tumble it and himself down upon the au- common-place, many of them original and dience. And even this short fifteen minutes graphic. More or less truth was enunciated, of the lecture could not be given to the Gosbut I looked in vain for any distinct exhibited. No. alas a the venerable looking, whitenel, who sat the live-long day at the top of pek. No alas the venerable-looking, white-tion 'as the truth is in Jesus.' With my limit the mound, grinding music, of a kind, from haired priest spent that final fifth of the ited knowledge I could not say, 'as many in proving the prismed and better analysis of the literature.

crucified.' I have constantly been grieved by the absence of those truths which lead sinners into the way of life, and nourish I found abundance of pulpit pyrotechnics, brilliant and sparkling, but not adapted to

CHRISTIAN COURTESY.

Every man has his faults, his failings, his peculiarities. Every one of us finds himself crossed by such failings of others from hour to hour; and if he were to resent them all or even notice all, life would be intolerable If, for every outburst of hasty temper, and for every rudeness that wounds us in our daily path, we were to demand an apology, require an explanation, or resent it by retaliation, daily intercourse would be impossible. The very science of social life consists in that gliding tact which avoids contact with the sharp angularities of character. which does not argue about such things, which does not seek to adjust or cure them all, but covers them as if it did not sec. So a Christian spirit throws a cloak of love over these things. It knows when it is wise which all faults appear to captious men who And oh! it is this spirit which our Christian society, lacks, and which we shall never get till each one begins with his own heart.

THE CHAMELEON AND PORCUPINE-A FABLE.

A chameleon once met a porcupine, and complained that he had taken great pains to make friends with everybody, but, strange to say, he had entirely failed, and could not now be sure that he had a friend in the world.

"And by what means," said the porcupine, have you sought to make friends?'

By flattery," said the chameleon. "I have adapted myself to all I met; humored the follies and foibles of cevery one. In order to make people believe that I like them, I have imitated their manners, as if I considered them models of perfection. So far have I gone in this that it has become a habit with me, and now my very skin takes the hue and complexion of the thing that happens to be nearest. Yet all this has been mortification of sin in believers," dethe doc-in vain, for everybody calls me a turn-coat, and I am generally considered selfish, hypocritical, and base."

"And no doubt you deserve all this," said the porcupine. "I have taken a different course, but I must confess that I have as few friends as you. I adopted the rule to resent every insult, nay, every encroachment upon my dignity. I would allow no one even to touch me without sticking into him one or more of my sharp quills. I determined to take care of number one; and the result has been, that while I have vindicated my rights, I have created a universal dislike. I am called old Touch-me-not, and if I am not as much despised, I am even more disliked than you, Sir Chameleon."

SAVED BY FAITH.

Arminian advice to awakened persons is now so common that intelligent Christians need to press more earnestly than ever the absolute dependence of the sinner on the Holy Spirit for right feelings or true progress. It is quite too common to hear from young converts such language as this: I thought it time for me to be a Christian, and resolved to become one. I attended meetings, rose for prayers, and found peace." Such an experience rarely endures strong temptation. The following is much more scriptural:

"When I did resolve to become a Christian," said an intelligent person once to her pastor, "I found that my heart would not yield. I discovered that I was such a sinner that I could not convert myself. I gave that up, and cried to God for mercy and help. A while after that I began to be at peace. I did nothing for myself; but it seems as if, when I gave all up and cried to God for help, He did every thing for me."

This was the first chapter in the history of a useful religious life. This person opened the door to Jesus, and His omnipotent grace did the work of discovering her sin to herself and of renewing her heart from sin to godliness.

NEED OF RETIREMENT.

Christians now-a-days live too much in public. They neglect the closet for social religious duties, and lose in depth and strength of Christian character. Rev. J. C. Ryle gives a needed admonition:

Occasional retirement, self-inquiry, meditation and secret communion with God are absolutely essential to spiritual health. The man who neglects them is in great danger of a fall. To be always preaching, teaching, speaking, and working public works is unquestionably a sign of zeal; but it is not always a sign of zeal according to knowledge. It often leads to untoward consequences. We must take time . . . for sitting down and calmly looking within, and examining how matters stand between our own souls and Christ. The omission of this practice is the true account of many a backsliding which shocks the church and gives occasion to the world to blaspheme. Many could say, in the words of the Canticles, They made me a keeper of the vineyards, but my own vineyard have I not kept.