

The Family Circle.

WE SHALL BE LIKE HIM.

We shall be like Him! Oh! beautiful thought, Well may our souls, unto rapture be wrought, After the sorrow, the woe, and the tears, We shall be like Him, when Jesus appears.

LITTLE MAY'S LEGACY.

That evening, as little May sat on her father's knee, on the bench in the porch, over which honey-suckles and China roses were clustering, Farmer Somers said, "Well, what crumbs has Robin Redbreast and you been picking up to-day at school? Eh, little one? Let me hear."

for when it rained heavily her mother did not let her take the long walk to school though Robin went in all kinds of weather. But she need not have feared, the day was bright, and golden beams were streaming from the east, as the sun arose to bless the glad earth with warmth and light once more.

THE MODERN CHRISTIAN HOME.

A house is not a home, but a home implies that there is a home. The style of human dwellings is an index of the varied stages of civilization. Nomadic tribes make use of movable tents; savages have holes or huts execrable with filth.

MR. BEECHER AND THE DRAMA.

During the past few weeks a curious contrast has appeared in the advertising columns of the New York City and Brooklyn dailies; so very curious, indeed, that it is not at all surprising to learn that a great many good people are still perplexed to know whether they ought rather to laugh or cry at it.

WHAT BREAKS DOWN YOUNG MEN.

From tables of the mortality of Harvard University, collected by Prof. Pierce from the last triennial catalogue, it is clearly demonstrated that the excess of deaths for the first ten years after graduation is found in that portion of each class inferior in scholarship.

part and faculty—are overtasked, worn, and weakened by the terrific energy of passion and appetite loosened from restraint, until, like a dilapidated mansion, the earthly house of this tabernacle rolls into decay.

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In one of the columns, the reader's eye would easily fall on this pleasant advertisement: "Just issued, Prayers from the Plymouth Pulpit, By Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Phonographically reported. Published by Scribner & Co."

No doubt, strong-minded and well-experienced men, are able to look upon this church building, with its flaming theatrical inscriptions, the stage occupying the place of the pulpit, and our greatest preacher furnishing the play there acted, without feeling that the stage and pulpit are not near so far apart as they were educated to believe.

We would not question Mr. Beecher's liberty to employ, as seems to him best, the wondrous talents with which God has so royally endowed him: Yet the mightier influence a man wields the closer his actions and words should be scrutinized. The feeble locomotive which can draw but a few half empty cars, at no faster rate than five miles an hour, would need to be little feared whether on the track or off.

This first step is, we fear, a very sad mistake. By it theatre-going has received an impetus no dozen other men in New York City or Brooklyn could possibly have given it. No man is more devotedly followed by young men than is the idolized pastor of Plymouth Church.

The shrewd theatrical managers are making the most of this affair. We are told that never before were the theatres, from the filthiest of the filthy ones in the Bowery to the filthier Black Crook establishment on Broadway, so overwhelmed with crowds. The managers are in ecstasies.

gregation were present on Sunday evening, how many were able to resist the temptation of attending the Monday evening's performance is hard to say. Those who did have strong reasons for deeming themselves theatre proof. For it is not possible a stronger temptation to enter a theatre will ever beset a member of Plymouth Church, save his pastor writes a better play, which we trust a kind providence will keep him from doing.

Judged, by the results so far as manifested, this experiment cannot be deemed other than a very grave mistake. Future developments may change this judgment. We trust they may.

This, and the other "mistakes" of Mr. Beecher have not lessened the crowds which flock to his church, as is reported, but have rather increased them. It is, indeed, marvellous to see under what fearful burden this wonderful man can stand erect. Last fall he carried Johnson and tottered but very slightly. And now he bears aloof Mr. Bonner, with his racers, the "Ledger," Silvanus Cobb, Fanny Fern, and how many more time would fail us to mention—a load far more stupendous than pressed the shoulders of the mighty Atlas; and yet, just when we expect to see his joints fail him, he straightens himself and grasps the metropolitan theatres, against which the clergy has been warring for so many years, and without stopping to run some Alpheus or Peneus river through these Augean stables like Hannah More, Mr. Bellows, and many more have desired, hurls them on top of the pile; and yet, we notice no other physical effect than that he bends slightly, and rolls less in his walk, and is growing gray faster.

Yet with all his faults a nobler, grander soul does not tabernacle in the flesh.—The Observer.

A PARTING WORD.

BY REV. NEWMAN HALL.

Now! A short word; a shorter thing Soon uttered; sooner gone.

Now! A grain of sand on a boundless plain. A tiny ripple on a measureless ocean. Over that ocean we are sailing, but the only part of it we possess is that on which our vessel at this moment floats.

But multitudes waste what they actually possess in vain regrets for what they once had, or vain intentions respecting what is not yet theirs. "Alas!" says one, "I have thrown away the choicest opportunities, and the best part of my life is lost! O, if those years might return, how differently would I now act!" Those years cannot return.

A passenger comes bustling into the railway depot. He is just too late, for the engine has sounded its whistle, and the cars are gliding rapidly out of sight. He looks after them in despair. He had important business to transact. Ruinous may be the consequences of delay. He sits down on his trunk, leaning his head upon his hand, and, absorbed in vain regrets, gazes vacantly forward.

But should we never look regretfully after the past? Certainly; but for this purpose, that we may be stirred up to improve the present. Let us think of past sins that we may repent now. Let us meditate on former failures that we may watch and pray against similar dangers now. But let us not be so foolish as to lose what yet remains, while poring over what is gone forever. Rouse thee, self-reproaching, desponding sinner! Thy guilt has been great, but thou canst not lessen it by merely regretting it. Bring it now to Christ, that he may pardon it! You cannot atone for the past, but you may improve the present. Often in by-gone years you might have sought God in an "accepted time," and have rejoiced in a "day of salvation." Great is your guilt and great your folly in having lost such opportunities. Yes, think of this, and be ashamed. Think of this and mourn. But so think of it as not to add to that guilt and folly. So think of it as to act at once on the Divine word, "Behold, Now is the accepted time; behold, Now is the day of salvation."

FEMALE TALKERS.—It was customary in some parish churches for men to be placed on one side, and the women on the other. A clergyman, in the midst of his sermon, found himself interrupted by the talking of some of the congregation, of which he was obliged to take notice. A woman immediately rose, and, wishing to clear her own sex from the aspersion, said: "Observe, at the better, the better, good woman, so much the better," answered the clergyman; "it will be the sooner over."—The Jest Book.