# The Kamily Eircle.

#### SUBMISSION.

Thus saith the Lord, "Thy days of health are over!" And like the mist my vigor fled away, Till but a feeble shadow was remaining. A tragile frame, fast hastening to decay. The way of life, with all its blooming flowers,—
The joys of life, in colors bright arrayed, The hopes of life, in all their airy promise, I saw them in the distance slowly fade.

Then sighs of sorrow in my soul would rise, Then silent tears would overflow my eyes! But a warm sunbeam from a higher sphere
Stole through the gloom and dried up every tear;
Is this thy will, good Lord? the strife is o'er.
Thy servant weeps no more.

"Thy cherished flock thou mayest feed no longer!"Thus said the Lord who gave them to my hand; Nor even was my sinking heart permitted To ask the reason of the dread command. The shepherd's rod had been so gladly carried, The flock had followed long and loved it well; Alas! the hour was dark, the stroke was heavy,

When sudden from my nerveless grasp it fell.

Then sighs of sorrow in my soul would rise, Then rushing tears would overflow my eyes! But I beheld Thee, O my Lord and God, Beneath the cross lay down the shepherd's rod; is this thy will, good Lord? the strife is o'er.

Thy servant weeps no more.

"Never again thou mayest feed thy people!" Thus said the Lord, with countenance serene, And bade me lay aside at once, for ever, The robes of office, honored long and dear, The sacred mantle from my shoulders falling, The sacred girdle loosening at his word; I could but feel and say, while sadly gazing,

I have been once a pastor of the Lord.

Then groans of anguish in my soul would rise, Then burning tears would overflow my eyes; But his own garment once was torn away,
To the rude soldiery a spoil and prey;
Is this thy will, good Lord? the strife is o'er,
Thy servant weeps no more.

"From the calm port of safety rudely severed, Through stormy waves thy shattered bark must go, And dimly see, amid the darkness sinking;
Nothing but heaven above; and depths below!"
Thus said the Lord; and through a raging ocean Of doubts and fears my spirit toiled in vain.
Ah! many a dove went forth of hope inquiring, But none with olive leaf returned again!

Then groups of anguish in my sould rise.

Then groans of anguish in my soul would rise, Then tears of bitterness o'erflowed my eyes! Yet through the gloom the promised light was given From the dark waves, I could look up to heaven! Is this thy will, good Lord? the strife is o'er. Thy servant weeps no more.

"Thou shalt find kindred hearts in love united, And with them in the wilderness rejoice; But stand prepared, each gentle tie untwining, To separate at my commanding voice! Thus said the Lord! he gave as he had promised; How many a loving heart has met my own! But ever must the tender bonds be broken, And each go onward, distant and alone!

Then sighs of sorrow in my soul would rise, Then tears of anguish overflowed my eyes; But thou hast known the bitter, parting day,-From the beloved John hast turned away. Is this thy will, good Lord? the strife is o'er. Thy servant weeps no more.

#### THE GOLDEN TEXT.

The minister of Isley sat in his study late one Saturday night, a weary, disheartened man; he had just finished a week of arduous duties and harrassing cares, and had not expected to preach on the next day, as he was suffering from a severe cold; but his anticipated help had not come, and his sermon was unwritten, and himself in anything but a devotional frame of mind-for ministers, after all, if they are ambassadors of Christ, are very human. Their physical natures are often weak, and their spiritual condition is not always perfect, even with the Divine help they constantly implore. On this night Mr. Redmond leaned his

aching head on his study table, and almost wished he were not a minister, that he might at least provide his family with the comforts they so much needed; that so much would not be expected of him, and so little given in return. He was not even sure that he had the sympathy and prayers of his people; they were so distant toward him, he felt strongly tempted to have no service on the next day in the church, and so excuse himself altogether.

But was that doing his Master's work? No, he could not prepare a written sermon at that late hour in his present depression of spirits, but he would talk to the people affectionately from the pulpit, as a father to his children. He opened a Bible to select a text, and chose the first his eye rested on: "Bear ye one another's burdens." And never had he spoken so impressively as he did on that day; never had the relation of pastor and people seemed nearer to him, or his sacred office of more enduring beauty. He spoke of the saintly fellowship of Christians upon earth, and his heart was in what he said. His people had only respected him before—that day they loved him. There were some narrow-minded men in the congregation; one of these sat the next day in his comfortable home and talked with his wife over yesterday's sermon.

"It seemed to me Mr. Redmond felt badly," he said. "Kitty, I've been thinking over that text, and about concluded to bear his burden a little. I've got a sight more of that smooth hickory wood than I can use in two years, and I'll give him a couple of cords. I think that will help a little.

Kitty said, "Yes, do," and mentally resolved that when pork time came a snug ham and some sausage meat should find its way to the parsonage.
Somehow the wood was accompanied by

a barrel of flour, the gift of another member, and shortly after a real donation visit, made the minister's home a happy one for that winter, so that he was able out of his small salary to spare the means for a few needed books. But that was not all the good that text

John Collins was a night watchman at the great warehouse of Barker & Co.; he was poor, and his wife was sick, and do what he would be could not make ends meet. There was a trifle of money coming to him from a past employer, but it would not be due until three months. If he could borrow that, John, but he somehow thought Mr. Redmond needed all the money he got. Mr. Barker, his employer, was rich and would product of other minds for the growth of never need it, but he was close. John knew her own. that. However, for the sake of his little Nelly at home sick, and his wife a pale suf- add infinitely to the comfort of them both ferer, he made bold to ask, standing by the and the congregation. Woe be to them all rich man's comfortable desk and twirling if the mechanism by which it is swung his rimless hat, and telling his story plainly works so perfectly as to be a near approach and pathetically. Mr. Barker heard him to perpetual motion. Woe to all if she rethrough, and looked at him from head to peat some half uncharitable opinion of a text to his mind, "Bear ye one another's burdens." As he counted the money out and gave it to the man, "You have been scandal, without shouldering responsibility. all he said, "be so in the future."

Mrs. Weston had never thought to inquire into the circumstances of the woman who did her washing, standing all day at so homely a trait in the ideal—it is really one—a widow with four little children. Mrs. Weston gave her some warm clothes for the children, and promised to call and see her, and encouraged her by kindly

"Oh, ma'am," she said, "it's not the rethinks they put things in when I am just out to the minister. finishing, for me to wash and starch, and if Many other things me scrubbing the floor, so as to get a day's leave you to complete the model for your-work out of me. It's a long day to the self.—Lutheran Observer. children. The baby doesn't mind it, for the others amuse it; but sometimes they don't have a bite to eat till I get home—that makes it so hard!"

And Mrs. Weston resolved never to be guilty of such thoughtlessness again. "Bear ye one another's burdens," yet rang in her ears and softened her heart.

It had been a great wonder to the people of Mr. Redmond's church to see the old miser, Thomas Fulton, come up the aisle upon that Sabbath. It was a still greater wonder when they heard he had sent to the almshouse for his daughter Mary and her crippled boy. Had the pastor's sermon touched that flinty heart? Under God's grace it had. "Can I ever be so discouraged again?" thought Mr. Redmond, when he heard of its influence. "Surely the angel of deliverance was near me on that night!"

There are other parishes in which that text could be preached from with good effect There are other hearts for it to reach and touch. It has a universal meaning; for wherever toiling, weary humanity is, there should be learned the golden text, "Bear ye one another's burdens."

#### MINISTER'S WIVES.

If God gives a good wite to any man, that man ought to be the minister of the Gospel. None so much as he needs the support and help of a good and true woman. No man's wife needs to be so much of a woman in the true and full sense of the word. And yet how often is it otherwise. I speak not from a stand-point of criticism and fault finding; but from the side of the minister, and desiring to say the very best I can for minister's wives. Brethren of the sacred desk, how many of you dare open the closet of your heart to public gaze, how many of you have not a skeleton hid there?

But I speak to the young-let the dead bury their dead—their mistakes cannot be rectified, yea though they seek bitterly with tears. Young men looking to the ministry -but one thing is of more importance than the choice of a companion, and that is your own salvation. Pause, think, study. The woman you choose will increase or hamper your usefulness; will be wings to your soul or a dead weight. You have no right to fancy yourself strong enough to lug along such a dead weight and make advance up the steeps of perfection in spite of it. Better have a balloon than a lump of lead. Use good sense and prayer in choosing, and leave the rest to God.

Good sense will tell you that she ought to be pious. It is not enough that she be converted, barely inside of the death-line. She must be a decided Christian, heartfull of love to the Master and the good cause. Only with such a heart can she counsel with her husband, with him devise measures for Zion's good, stand by him with her faith and zeal when the rest leave him to work alone. With a soul wholly enlisted in the cause, she can reach many her husband cannot. She must have the decided Christianity that will leave no room for question. So decided that t can stand by itself. Often her husband will be from home for days and weeks; and she must keep burning the sacrificial fire on the family altar, lest haply the minister's home and little ones are left prayerless and godless in his absence.

She must have a mind, a degree of culture is absolutely necessary. No more does the chameleon take the color of the bark it rests on than we receive the impress of minds with which we are in daily contact. An intelligent woman will stimulate thought. An uncultured mind cannot appreciate intellectual intercourse, and this deprives the minister of what is absolutely necessary to keep thought active, mind vigorous. I do not mean that in seminary routine she must have committed so many problems in geometry, skimmed over rhetoric, touched astronomy, and be able to locate the constellations, looked at botany, and know the language of a hundred flowers—this is not culture of mind. A woman may have done all this and be the most insipid, brainless doll.

where could he borrow it? His companions the mighty winds of God. The questions were as poor as he. The minister might of the ages must not be Samsonian riddles lend it, for he had been a good friend to to her. The books on her husband's library and against human life itself, which are too clover, nor a blade of grass could grow, he

She must have a discreet tongue. It will foot, and "I cannot help you" was on his neighbor expressed to her without the caulips, when like an inspiration came Sunday's | tion not to repeat. Trouble to herself, husband honest and faithful in the past, John," was Trouble, confusion, and final rout to the minister whose wife does not know how to let other people's faults and failings alone.

that wearying work. But that Monday, essential. Your wife must be neat and when she went into the kitchen, and saw cleanly, never indifferent to personal appearthe bent form swaying to and fro over the ance, never guilty of the sin of being slatsteaming suds, she thought of her as a wo-man and a sister, and by a few questions would not mention them if observation had learned her whole history, a very common not made me wise, but what I aim at more especially is economy-ability to keep a comfortable house on say \$500 a year. The average of ministers' wives must keep within those figures. Some make twice as much comfort with the amount others do. Any one can keep a good house on \$2,000 or \$3,000 gular washing I mind, but the ladies never a year, but only a few on the pittance doled

Many other things she must have and be, they see I'm likely to be done early, set but I only want to provoke thought, and I

> FRETTING JENNIE. Little Jennie, fretful Sitting in a tree. Worried at the buzzing Of a bumble-bee;

Said she had a headache, Wished it would be still; Knew it buzzed on purpose, To defy her will.

Buzzing bee was happy, Busy at its work, Gathering stores of honey— Never thought to shirk;

Never thought of Jennie, Fretting in the tree; It was such a happy, Busy little bee. Jennie grew more fretful

When it answered not, Said it was really hateful— That was what she thought. Still the bee kept buzzing,

Glad its sphere to fill

Discontented Jennie May be fretting still. Are there not some Jennies.

Boys and girls, you know, Who fret at others Are not slack or slow? Forth to duty, children! Like the busy bee, Minding not cross Jennie, On her fretting tree.

#### JUST ONCE.

Somehow, I can hardly tell in what way, we began in our Sunday-school lesson lately to talk about theatres and theatre-going. One of my boys asked me if I thought it was wrong to attend a theatre. I told him I did, and gave my reasons. Then came the question.

"Is it wrong to go just once, to see what

I said I thought it was. "But many church-members do go," was the reply. \*\*\* They say they go to see what the evil is, that they may warn others, though I guess they have as much curiosity as any of us, and go because they like it."

"All this does not make it right," I said. Robert looked into my face with a questioning look, but said nothing. "What is it, Robert?" I said, "for I see

a question in your eyes.' "Well, teacher, if you won't think it impertinent, I wanted to ask if you ever went

to the theatre." I stopped a moment ere I answered this home-thrust-stopped, thinking how happy I was that I had been so little tempted in this respect. At length I answered-

"No, I never went to a theatre, and I never mean to do so. I don't believe I shall be sorry in heaven."

"I'm glad of it," Robert said. "Glad of what?"

"Why, glad that you have never been to the theatre. If you had said 'yes,' after all your talk to us, it would have done me no good. I should have thought, 'Well, I'll mise you I never will go, God helping me'"

How thankful I was that my feet had been kept from the way of evil. More than ever I felt, if theatre-going is a sin, then it is wrong for me, for all, to go just once." S. S. Times.

In a recent pastoral, Bishop Arthur Cleve-

land Coxe says: "When I see the tawdry fashions, the costly vulgarity and the wicked extravagance of the times, I feel sure that thous-

manners and attire. "When I see that thousands of American women read the most shameful romances and the most degrading newspapers; freit would make him straight again. But up threateningly on humanity's ocean by fields we have wrested from the Indians.

gross to be mentioned more particularly, I feel that too many of our country women are without God in the world, and that radical reforms are necessary in the systems of ed-America are dependent for their training.

pleasure, without reference to duty, I can not wonder at these results, nor at the misery in which they involve families and communities. Sow the wind and reap the whirl-

"As a Christian bishop, therefore, I make my appeal to you, Christian women, and I ask you to begin the reformation, by faithcircles which ought to be exemplary."

#### REASONS FOR GOING TO COLLEGE.

ABour fifty thousand young men in these United States are students in colleges. About one fortieth of the entire male population, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-one years, are enrolled on the college-books. Not more than two-thirds of these complete the course of study upon which they have entered, so as to become the alumni of a college. In this estimate we do not include the students in academies, high-schools, and seminaries, which embrace perhaps as many more of the same age, but we confine our attention to colleges. Nor do we include in this estimate the great body of students of medicine, law, and theology, but simply under-graduates. We find here an army of at least

fifty thousand strong.
Perhaps a hundred thousand young men are now deliberating whether or not to "go to college," and for the advantage of this to college," and for the advantage of this great multitude of young men is this article written. cle written.

To answer this question, consider a few

facts. These facts illustrate a principle.

In Lianman's Dictionary of the United
States Congress, published in 1864, the names members of the United States Congress, from 1789 to 1864. Of more than one thousand of them it is expressly stated that they were educated in college. About as many more are said to have been well educated (probably some of them in college), and of many no information is given except the date of their office and the States which they represented, the fact whether they were educated or not being unknown, while a considerable number reached their honorable position by the reputation acquired in military pursuits. Colleges are now more numerous relatively to population than formerly, and we are sure, from a careful investigation of the matter, that considerably less than one in a hundred of the men in the country have been graduates of college Following the general average, therefore,

less than one in a hundred of the members of Congress should have been educated in college; but the fact shows more than one in three, perhaps nearly one in every two! This fact deserves attention.

In like-manner, according to general average, only one in a hundred of our Presidents of the United States should have been educated in college, and it would not have been strange if as yet not one such person had been chosen; but in fact, of the fourteen men elected directly as Presidents, all but five were graduates of college, and three of the five non-graduates owed their influence to their reputation as military leaders acquired in war, and the fourth, Abraham Lincoln, not able to go to college, surmounted difficulties by hard work, and made himself a statesman and an orator, and to a large extent a scholar. Five out of fourteen is the number educated in college, instead of one in a hundred! The same thing would be found true of governors, judges, and other such officers.

Again, take such a book as Allibone's History of Authors, and as you cast your eye over the catalogue of distinguished names, observe that nearly all of them have been educated in universities. All preachers, physicians, lawyers, teachers, and editors, at least, should have systematic education equal to that obtained in college.- E. O Haven, D.D.

### OROWDING.

I never heard it myself, but they told me out in Illinois, that on still nights you can "hear the big potatoes scolding the little ones for crowding so." The little fellows are growing, and there is no room for them all in one hill, and so the big ones scold, and go once to see what it is like, but now I pro-bid the little ones keep still. I do not be lieve all of this story, because potatoes have no mouths, and cannot talk. They have in the face? I wonder why my hands won't eyes, and if they had mouths they would go where I want them to? scold if they could, for potatoes do get terribly crowded sometimes—crowded all out of shape. There is a good deal of crowding, and

worse than crowding, going on all around me. A hill of corn came up beautifully and turned yellow and died, all because there away its sap and sunshine. The other cornands of American women are strangers to stalks a little way off saw it, and said it the first law of refinement—simplicity in was a shame for that great big tree to steal a living away from a little corn family not six weeks old! But when those scolding corn-stalks were grown up, I noticed that they spread out their blades and drank up quent the vilest dramatic entertainments and the sunshine, and would not let the little Wherever and however she came by her join in dances too shocking to be named turnips grow between their rows! and a culture, she must be able to grapple with among Christians; I feel that Christian squash vine got so mad at the cornsquash vine got so mad at the cornstern thought, to look with an understand- matrons are becoming too few, and that stalks that he came up, and ran away be- the defendant in any such case that came to stern thought, to look with an understanding eye on the great waves of tumult heaved
in threateningly on humanity's ocean by fields we have wrested from the Indians.

| matrons are becoming too lew, and blue way not contain any such assume the exstop to fix ish out a big leaf or grow a blospense of such professional service.

"When I read, daily, of the most ungodly som, and then he stopped and grew so rich, divorces and of crime against social purity and fat, and big-leaved, that not a leaf of covered all the ground so.

There is a crowding and a quarrel going on in my garden all summer long. The thistles quarrelled with my strawberries, so ucation on which the young women of that I had to go out and hit them with a hoe, and then they would not keep still for "When I see thousands of households in more than a week at a time. Then my which young girls are reared for a life of hens crowded on to my corn, and do all I could they ate it all up, leaving me not an ear, no, not a kernel. The cabbages did well until after frost; then a neighbor's cow came to gnaw at them, and leave them nicely white and open for bugs to creep in. So my cabbages got crowded.

In the woods the large trees keep the ask you to begin the reformation, by faith-fully bearing your testimony against all that tends to the degradation of your sex, and the more so when each of the sair the hawk catches the little bird. On and the more so, when such crime is not land the cattle eat up the growing grass, only winked at, but receives countenance in and by-and-by men eat up the cattle. That's the way it is and always has been in this world. The stronger crowds the weaker and uses him up.

Once a mad elephant came rushing along a village street in India, knocking down the village bamboo shanties, pitching men into the air with his tusks, and slapping down the women into the dirt with his trunk. Suddenly he stopped at a little baby in the very middle of the street, looked at him, picked him up tenderly, and set him in at a house door safely; and then went raging along down street again. Wonderful! beautiful! to see such a monstrous creature so kind to a little baby.

A doctor in England had a fine, large, black dog, larger than any dog anywhere around. One day he broke his leg. The doctor set it, and took care of him until his leg was quite strong again. A month afterward this great big dog, fat and black and curly, brought home a little sore, red-eyed doggy, running on three legs, and showed him to the doctor to be cured! Wonderful! than crowding or quarrelling!

Once I knew a tall, stout, good-looking man go to a picnic with at least eight little children, six women, and some boys and girls. He put up a swing between two and short biographies of three thousand eight hundred and ninety-two men (if we count aright) are given, who have been swings—away up in the air. He worked swings-away up in the air. He worked so hard that he could hardly keep awake long enough to get home, and the next day his arms were stiff and sore. But he is one of the best men I ever knew. He is so very strong that he helps everybody and so very kind that he never crowds anybody. He does not scold the little potatoes for growing, and he says we that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves. And when I tell him that everybody crowds everybody in this world, he says, we don't belong to this world, but to the kingdom of heaven, where He that is chief is servant of all. I've a great mind never to crowd or quarrel any more!-Little Cor-

#### A BABY SOLILOOUY.

I am here. And, if this is what they call the world, I don't think much of it. It's a very flannelly world, and smells of paregoric awfully. It sa dreadful light world, too, and makes me blink, I tell you, And I don't know what to do with my hands: I think I'll dig my fists in my eyes. No, I won't. I'll scrabble at the corner of my blanket and chew it up, and then I'll holler; whatever happens, I'll holler. And the more paregoric they give me the louder I'll yell. That old nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth in a very uneasy way, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spilled snuff in it last night, and, when I hollered, she trotted me. That comes of being a two days' old baby, Never mind, when I'm a man, I'll pay her back good. There's a pin sticking in me now, and if I say a word about it I'll be trotted or fed, and I would rather have catnip tea. I'll tell you who I am. I found out to-day. I heard folks say, "Hush, don't wake up Emmeline's baby" That's me. I'm Emmeline's baby," and I suppose that pretty, white-faced woman over on the pillows is Emmeline.

No, I was mistaken, for a chap was in here just now and wanted to see Boo's baby, and looked at me, and said I " was a funny little toad, and looked just like Bob." He smelt of cigars, and I'm not used to them. I wonder who else I belong to. Yes, there's another one—that's "Ganma." Emmeline told me, and then she took me up and held me against her soft cheek and said, "It was Ganma's baby, so it was." I declare I do not know who I do belong to; but I'll holler, and may be I'll find out.

There comes Snuffy with catnip tea. The idea of giving babies eatnip tea when they are crying for information! I'm going to sleep. I wonder if I don't look pretty red

## ANECDOTES OF DR. WAYLAND.

[From the Life published by Sheldon and Co.] "You remember the dialogue between

George the Third, I think, and the elder grew a foot high, and then stopped and Pitt. 'Mr. Pitt deserve my confidence, was a maple tree that crowded it and took confidence, and I will deserve it.' The king had the best of it. It is so with the public. If a man deserve confidence, he is sure, sooner or later, to have it."

Having been informed, that, in one of the inferior courts of Providence, innocent persons arraigned for alleged misdemeanors were sometimes convicted and sentenced because they were unable to employ counsel, he conferred with a competent lawyer on the subject, and requested him to appear for