The Family Circle.

ST. OHRISTOPHER.

"Carry me across!" The Syrian heard, rose up and braced His huge limbs to the accustomed toil: "My child, see how the waters boil? The night-black heavens look angry-faced; But life is little loss.

"I'll carry thee with joy,
If needs be, sale as nestling dove:
For o'er this stream I pilgrims bring In service to one Christ, a King Whom I have never seen, yet love." "I thank thee," said the boy.

Cheerful Arprobus took The burden on his shoulders great, And stepped into the waves once more; When lo! they leaping rise and roar, And 'neath the little child's light weight The tottering giant shook.

"Who art thou?" cried he wild, Struggling in middle of the ford: "Boy as thou look'st, it seems to me The whole world's load-I bear in thee, Yet-" " For the sake of Christ, thy Lord, Carry me," said the child.

No more Arprobus swerved, But gained the farther bank, and then A voice cried, "Hence Christophoros be! For carrying, thou hast carried ME, The King of angels and of men, The master thou hast served."

· And in the moonlight blue The saint saw-not the wandering boy, But Him who walked upon the sea And o'er the plains of Galilee, Till, filled with mystic, awtul joy, His dear Lord Christ he knew.

O, little is all loss, And brief the space twixt shore and shore, If thou, Lord Jesus, on us lay, Through the deep waters of our way, The burden that Christophoros bore,— To carry Thee across.

-Miss. D. Muloch.

GOOD INVESTMENT.

"No home, no home."

There was something very plaintive in the intonations of the voice, and the words fell sweetly, though sadly, upon the ears. " No home."

I was hurrying along Randolph Street, in the city of Chicago. Perhaps I should not have stopped, only that the voice reminded me ef a little girl of my own, who was at that time fifteen hundred miles away. I felt a slight twitch at the heart, as the words came pleadingly on the night

"No home, no home."

These words were repeated at intervals, and the one speaking them could not have been more than seven years old. She stood in a dark place, few were passing, and the night was threatening, no police-man appeared to be within hearing; it was somewhat chilly, and as late as half-past ten in the evening.
What should I do?

I had been accustomed to dismiss from sight and mind all mendicants; ragged children, poor widows, old men, and the whole disgusting crew, as cheats.

I walked a few paces past the little girl.

"No home!"

How the words smote me. What if a little girl of mine should some time be thus desolate and alone, and should cry out in her anguish to passing strangers unheeded. The thought went to my heart like a knife.

I stopped, almost by impulse. I could see no person in sight. I could hear no footfall on the pavement. It was possible her cry was genuine, as some good souls by strange circumstances get drifted in with outcasts from society. Perhaps, also, this girl was uttering an honest cry among the thousand false voices.

I thought then, it is better to be deceived once in awhile, than never make an effort to assist the unfortunate. I thought so, and yet I cannot tell why I thought so at that particular time, since I had been accustomed to think directly opposite. Isuppose it was the loneliness of my house during the few days preceding; wife and children absent, had something to do with it.
"What is the matter, my little one?" I

said kindly.

She shrunk back as if afraid of the assistance she had invoked. Perhaps I did not speak as kindly as I imagined. I had not experience in addressing children under such circumstances. ·

"Where do you live, dear?" I said. "Way off."

"Don't cry, now, my darling, and I will lead you home." "I don't want to. I han't got any home,

sir. Mamma died, and aunty whips me so that I can't stay."
Well, thought I, this is the old story, and the little one is unworthy, after all. She is

provoking and disobedient, and runs away from a kind aunt, who wishes to correct I turned to go. The child sobbed No. I could not leave her in the dark street

alone, to suffer, worthy or unworthy. "Will you tell me your name, little one?"

I asked.

"Luty, sir."
"Well, Luty, dear, I am going to your aunt's. I guess she won't whip you any more. If she does, I will take you to my home. Come, now, don't cry any more. We must walk as fast as we can, and you must show me the way."

I gave her no time to reply, but took her by the hand and led her along the pave-

"Down this way, sir."

I followed where she led the way in among a row of small wooden houses, set on posts. The houses were not old nor rickety, but they were small and cheap, with mud in unmeasured quantities all a ound and underneath them. I had pretty | it is beyond my power to mak' him a gentleman." | Christian Church. The Jew was confounded, | 3d, 4th, and 5th of August.

much made up my mind that I would test the truth of the little girl's story, then leave her or take her home with me, according as the story should prove true or false.

"This is where aunty lives, sir," she said, stopping before a house which looked respectable among its fellows.

I doubted the truth of her account more than ever, at the same time remembering that cruelty exists in connection with good circumstances sometimes.

"Now, you go in, my dear," I said, "and I will stay here. If she whips you come and tell me."

"I don't want to, but I will. You are real good, sir."

She stepped into the house while I remained in the street. She was no sooner out of sight, than the plan which I had adopted appeared to me to be anything but judicious. If she should be abused, I could not see it; and more than likely she would not be permitted to come and tell me. I was not long in this state of mind regarding the plan, for in two minutes after the door closed on little Luty, it was opened again by a coarse woman, and the child pushed down the steps.

I walked quietly to the little girl, lying upon her side, at the foot of a half dozen steps leading up to the door. She was hurt badly from the fall, and utterly overcome

with grief. I knew then precisely how the case stood. This coarse aunt was teaching the child to beg; exercising the inhuman treatment to accomplish her object, she required a stipulated sum every night. I did not suppose that the woman could be cruel enough to leave the child out all night in the street; I presume she intended to keep her out long enough to impress the child with the importance of bringing home the necessary

amount in future. I took her up in my arms, and placed my face to hers. The unexpected kindness unsealed the fountain, and the hot tears poured fast down upon my face. Her arms found their way around my neck, and she pressed me closer and closer. I had upon that day toiled since early early morning to add to my store, but no sweetness of the day, though marvellously successful, was like the sweetness of Luty's clasp and tears.

I carried her in my arms all the way to my house upon the west side. The next day I procured her suitable clothing. The loneliness left my house, and no child of my own loves me more fondly now than dear little Luty, just twelve years old to-day.

Seventy five thousand dollars invested in bonds have never yielded me so much happiness as the affection of this girl. Investments in flesh and blood, made in the right spirit not for slavery, but for emancipation—are, I am convinced, the most judicious and best-paying investments on earth. -Christian Instructor.

HE PRAYS FOR THE CHILDREN.

shall like him, because he prays for the children. Not in a stiff, formal manner, but with language fresh and tender, as if gushing from a fount within. "Father, bless these dear little children," and asks for grace to help the child's soul in its strug- spy's report was produced in the police court, temptation its reachir out towards the better life.

Ah, yes, we know he loves the children, and will not only pray for them, but will work for them with an earnest sympathy and devotion! And what better qualifications for his office can a pastor have than a loving appreciation of the worth and wants of the precious lambs of his flock? Is it not the most promising field of labor? Are not the children the most hopeful part of his charge? While the gray heads and world-hardened hearts will sit unmoved under his most eloquent appeals, a few tender, earnest words will win scores of young souls to

Oh then, pastors pray for the children, and don't forget to add to your prayers a loving effort to gather them into the fold .-

BUDGET OF ANEODOTES.

GOD ROCKS BOTH CRADLES.—On a recent Sabbath morning, I learned that a neighboring Methodist church was to come over and worship with its sister church, in our village, on the occasion of the visit of the Presiding Elder of the district. A "love feast" was to be held before the regular services; having never attended one I dropped in; and not only satisfied my curiosity, but was spiritually profited. Soon after entering, I heard, amid earnest Amens, the pastor's wife say, she "was rocked in the cradle of the Methodist church, and dandled on its knees." The pastor asking me to "come forward and say something," I referred to that remark by his wife, and said, "I was rocked in the cradle of the Congregational church. I thanked God that these different organizations were only cradles; that if we were true Christians, God was our Common Father, and Jesus Christ Elder Brother to all of us." To this remark there were many fervent Amens. The Elder following, clinched it by saying: "These different de-nominations are only cradles; these two churches here, so unlike in so many respects, are a unit in Christ; they are only cradles, but God rocks them both." - Congregationalist.

-The Wilmington (Illinois) Independent edited by Mr. Steele, says: "A printer last week proposed to go into partnership with us. His name is Doolittle. The firm name would sound very bad either way you put it- Steal and Do Little,' or 'Do Little and Steal.' We can't jine. One of us would soon be in the poorhouse and the other in the penitentiary."

-King James I. was once entreated by his old nurse to make her son a gentleman. "Nae,

-A Boston paper says that a little more than two centuries since a woman in that city was condemned, according to law, to stand half an hour in front of the meeting-house on a lectureday, with her tongue hanging from her mouth in a cleft stick, for speaking against the minister. T. K. Beecher thinks if such a law were executed in Elmira there would not be a clothespin left in the city.

-A correspondence is reported to have taken place recently between Quesada the leader of the Cuban rebels, and the Spanish General, Lesca, the substance of which is this; Quesada sent an officer, under a flag of truce, to Lesca, with a list of the names of a few Spanish officers and soldiers in his power, and proposed to exchange them for an equal number of Cuban chiefs and soldiers, held as prisoners by the Spaniards. Lesca's reply was to the effect "that Spain would indeed display some pride were she to accept such a ridiculous proposition, looking to the fact that she counts upon the loyal hearts of 17,000,000 of people to defend her, and that the loss or salvation of ten or twelve persons was of but little consequence, especially as it was a matter of one's country being at stake." "Besides," he said, "that he held none of Quesada's men as prisoners, for, as soon as they fell into "There you little lying heathen, don't his hands, he had ordered them to be shot, and show your face again till you bring the he should continue to pursue the same course." his hands, he had ordered them to be shot, and When this answer was received by Quesada, he called the Spanish prisoners together, and said: Senors: I hold in my hand a death-warrant issued against you, drawn up by your own chief, Lesca. The reading of it inspires me with horror." So saying, he handed the paper to one of his aids, who read it aloud. Seeing that the prisoners were full of indignation at the sentiments contained in Lesca's note, Quesada then said to them: "Senors: Gen. Quesada is not a Gen. Lesca. I pardon you all. You can leave when you will, and, to effect a safe exit for you, I will issue the necessary passports." When the General had finished speaking, the liberated Spaniards burst forth in shouts for Quesada and free Cuba. Only two of them asked for the necessary protection-papers to go to Havana, where they had families; and all the others immediately incorporated themselves with the liberating army.

-The enterprise of newspaper reporters at Washington has always been famous. The Pall Mall Gazette says the following story was told lately in the "Correspondent's club," which White House, the correspondent of a New York journal, unable to get a ticket of admission, got us. clergyman was engaged in prayer, the reporter observed a roll of paper in his hat. To seize and fly was the work of a moment. When the clergyman turned to find his sermon, he found it not. He attempted to deliver his remarks. from memory, but made a wretched failure of who were present. The next morning he had the satisfaction of reading his discourse in the New York Herald.

The Advance quotes from the "Dodge Club; or Italy in 1859," one of the best illustrations We have a new minister. We are not (though not intended for that purpose) of fashmuch acquainted with him yet, but we ionable quartette and choir singing, in what

Ma ouillina sola ouda ste ensoce fremas dis ansit ansin assalef a oue tu affa lastinna belis. No body could interpret it, or tell what lan-

guage it was in, any more than a church audience can tell in what language, the singers are performing." But after attentive study, and refreshing his memory, the Senator declared that what he had said to the lady was:

My willing soul would stay In such a frame as this. And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

-An irreverent correspondent of the Protestant Churchman gives the following account of a funny scene at the late Convention of Bishop Huntington's diocese in Central New York.

"The clergy went surpliced and bare-headed into the church; and when they came out, in long line, it rained, nay, poured! What should they do? It was no time to stand halting between two opinions.' The first man (doubtless a 'staunch' Churchman, but not waterproof,) set the example. He doffed his surplice, tucked it under his arm, and ran for the rectory, some fifty yards from the church. Fortified by the rubric of common sense, the rest of the whiterobed throng followed, helter-skelter-the rain irreverently pattered on bare heads and bald pates. My informant added : It was supremely funny, and enough to discourage "Recessionals in Central New York forever more. If we must have such performances, would it not be well, when the sky is unpropitious, to provide an awning; or better still, would it not be wise for every minister to add an India-rubber cloak to his wardrobe? Then, especially in a rainy season like this, notice should be given through the church papers, "The clergy will please bring their surplices and water proofs. It might add to the effect if those who sing were prepared, in such an emergency, with some selection from the Psalter, suitable to a wet time, and the music adapted to a doublequick."

SHARP PRACTICE.

Once on a time, an English Jew threatened to disinherit his son for seeking marriage with a Christian damsel. The love struck son took into his counsels a lawyer, who apprised him, to his great satisfaction, that by becoming baptized he might take advantage of a law of the realm, which accorded to an apostate Jew the half of his father's fortune.

The young man did not hesitate a moment, and quickly gave his father to understand nae, nurse," was the reply of the British Solothat unless he gave his consent to the marmon. "I'll mak' him a lord, au' ye wull: but riage, he would enter into the bosom of the

and made all haste to Henry Fielding, to ask if such a monstrous law was really in existence. Fielding answered in the affirmative, and then added:

"I could perhaps indicate to you a way of frustrating the designs of your son." "Speak! speak!" cried the Jew. "I must have a retainer of twenty guin-

"And you assure me that I can disinherit my son, so that he will not have right to a

"I promise you." "All right, take the guineas!"
Fielding carefully laid away the gold, and then said to the Jew: "The only thing

PRAYER IN THE NAME OF JESUS.

you need to do is to become a Christian

Oh! since from those mighty words, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, whatsoever ye shall ask of the Father in my name, he will give it to you," the veil has withdrawn itself from before me; I stand before them in amazement as before an open sanctuary, and scarcely know how to bear myself, for astonishment and rapture at the abundance of magnificent and blessed thoughts I see contained therein. I behold, as it were a throne of God erected upon this saying. Gleaming lightnings shooting forth therefrom on all sides, only to illumine to my view the holy of holies in the temple of Christianity. The most blessed articles of the New Testament stand there grouped around it, unveiled splendors, like sweet messengers of peace; and in its center appears the whole glory of the Gospel condensed into one wonder teeming, majestically refulgent, burning point.

Oh! how these mighty words chastise us! How disgraced do we stand before them! For, if the prayer in the name of Jesus is the ship that is to carry us to the opposite shore, where all that is desirable is to be obtained, it is evident that there must be among us some lack of people who know how to sail with this bark. The condition in which we are proves it; otherwise things would have a different appearance in the little known and enjoyed. Spiritual barrento sleep over things about which the little known and enjoyed. Spiritual barrento of God cannot keep their composure.

It shall not always be so. I imagine that the shall not always be so. I imagine that midst of us. Heaven would not remain so has been formed in that city: At the funeral of flourish like the lily, and gift upon gift the late General Baker, which was held in the would be showered down upon us from on high. Our weakness judges and condemns We know not how to make use of the down through a coal hole, and, after groping his key which has been given to us; and what way, reached at last the East Room, directly in Jesus said to His disciples may also be apthe rear of the officiating elergyman. While the plied to ourselves: "Hitherto, have ye plied to ourselves: "Hitherto, have ye asked nothing in my name."-Krummacher

TO BE AND TO SEEM TO BE.

It is said that the illustrious men of Athens were once assembled to witness a. it, much to the astonishment of the dignitaries great patriotic drama. On this occasion an actor, speaking of one of the ancient heroes, repeated the words, "His purpose is not to add no more to the glory and pomp of that appear just, but to be so," and as he spoke one tune. All nations shall learn it. The them, the eyes of the spectators turned simultaneously upon Aristipes, who, by his unassuming excellence, had gained the name of "the just," and who alone, of the whole great choir : and when Christ shall give the audience, was unconscious that his inner nature had so eloquently spoken in his outward life. It is not the semblance of virtue, but virtue itself, that should shine out in a man's life.

> pocrisy. The man who professes what he shall strike their cymbals of victory. Undoes not believe, or keeps up a deceitful aptil that great harmony shall have some pearance, making pretensions to wealth, better name, I will call it "The Grand knowledge, friendship or virtues, that he March of the Church Militant!" is conscious of not possessing, is despised by all, as soon as the fraud is discovered. The large majority of persons, also, despise the same deceit in themselves, and most of them would scorn to do a deliberately hypocritical action. Yet few know the insidious nature of hypocrisy, or how unconsciously it creeps into the heart. The desire of the approval of our fellow-men is in itself right, but like every other virtue, when carried to excess, or unbalanced by virtues of a similar character, it becomes a vice, and unchecked will lead to degradation and contempt. The child, in the freshness of its young life, is chiefly attractive by its artlessness. Every word and gesture is at first a simple reflex of what is within, expressed without a thought of how others may esteem it. Soon, however, the child learns to distinguish between what is approved, and what is disapproved, and naturally desires the former. This is the opportune time for the influence of a wise parent. who will teach the child to be what he de sires to appear. Too often this lesson is not learned, and they go on, shaping their words and actions, so as to seem to be deserving of the approval so much coveted, while their hidden actions show them to be unde-

This form of hypocrisy exerts its influence so insidiously that people can only discover it by a rigid analysis of motives, and it is so wide spread that none are wholly free from its power. This it is that has introduced sets of manners and conduct for different occasions and professions, rather than those flowing naturally from inward sentiments Often self imposed rules of etiquette and fashion lead people to sacrifice individual judgment, comfort and taste, and the artificial distinctions of society take precedence of the eternal distinction between moral greatness and littleness. Wealth is deemed so meritorious that those who have it not, ape its exterior to deceive others. The evils of a selfish anxiety as to the appearance of what we are doing, injuriously affect all the affairs of life. Every energy is requisite to execute worthily the duties of ife; but if a large part of it is employed in studying how best to appear to perform those duties, so much less remains for their real execution.—Public Ledger.

-The 40th annual meeting of the Ameri can Institute of Education will be held in formed their bodies, and will you scorn His Congress Hall, Portsmouth, N. H., on the workmanship? Are you wiser than Jour

SINGING ALL TOGETHER. BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

Many contend that the singing of the Church should be done by delegation. χ_{0w} imagine a few of Heaven's choice spirits de. puted to do the singing for the Upper Tem. ple. There they are gathered in one place.
One! Two! Three! Four! Yes, just a
Heavenly Quartette! With subdued and almost inaudible sweetness it will begin Hark! they have begun! No! they have not! Yes, they have. Thrones and principalities be silent! Hush! David! though thou art the sweet singer of Israel! St Paul, be still, although thou hast received the crown of rejoicing. Richard Baxler, hold! though this is the saints' everlasting rest. Capital music! But such propriety cannot long be kept.... Hallelujah!" cries a soul from under the altar. "Praise the Lord," sings a martyr from among the trees of life. "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory!" cry a thousand redeemed voices. Amyriad spirits catch up the song of Moses and the Lamb, and the hundred and forty and four thousand break forthinto rejoicing. See how the palms wave. Look how the thrones quake. Stop that loud singing. All out of taste. Stop. But they will not cease. You might as well attempt to drown the thunder of the skies, or beat back the roar of the seas; for verily I be. lieve that every saint in heaven has resolv. ed to do his own singing.

Within the last two or three generations the Psalmody of the Church has become more artistic and correct, but in unanimity of performance it has retrograded. I have been told that in olden times everybody sang, and not with teeth shut, the tune strained out thin and weak, but with mouth opened and the enthusiasm of a battle shout When they were thoroughly cheerful they sang Colchester. Where they were medita. tive, then the clap-board meeting-houses rang with South Street and Saint Edmund's Were they smitten with deep tenderness of soul, then they sang Woodstock. Were they confident in the honor and progress of the Church, then they sang Zion. Were they wrapt in visions of Christ, then they sang Ariel., But here we sit and hum ourselve

there is a magnificent tune yet to be composed. I know not who shall do it. But it will be in the last days of the Church. From all the national airs of the world the most triumphant strains shall be gathered for that one tune; and from all the innumerable chants and anthems that for hundreds of years have been the delight of Christendom there shall be collected the most thrilling passages of music to be set in that one great harmony; and the most jubilant expressions of Heaven's joy shall be brought down to pour their richness into it, until genius and piety and rapture and Heaven itself can one tune. All nations shall learn it. The universe shall sing it. Covering every mountain and stretching through every valley of the redeemed earth shall stand a signal for the beginning of earth's last great song of triumph, from the groves of India, and the cities of China, and the jungles of Africa; from all islands, from all zones, from all continents there shall ascend a sound of Every one, in theory at least, detests hy- exultation in which the armies of Heaven

> -A writer in the N. W. Advocate is discussing the adulteration of liquors. He says: "Liquor, to be made marketable, must contain the intoxicating power. Knowing what is to be done, it is not difficult to obtain substitutes. Some of the specific requirements are these: It must irritate the membranes of the body, benumb sensation, dim the vision, and produce dizziness and stupefaction. Decoctions containing these requirements can be manufactured for three or four cents per gallon. The chief poisons used are strychnine, stramonium, belladonna, cocculus, and opium. These do the work, Strychnine is known to be a deadly poison. Stamonium is made from the jimson-weed. It is common and very cheap It cramps the stomach, as experienced so often among drunkards. This is corrected by a little poppy-juice. The taste of the poppy-juice is tilled by potash. This compound produces dizziness, dimness of vision, and delirium. Belladonna is deadly nightshade. It is all poisonous, roots, leaves, stalks, juice, and all. Its symptoms are intoxication, hilarity, violent gestures, laughter, followed by stupidity. It is very cheap; two cents' worth will make a gallon of liquor. When one knows the symptoms it is not difficult to recognize them. Nor does it require a supernatural scent to detect its presence in the liquors of the saloons and shops. One drug house in London, in 1867, sold more strychnine to one liquor house than the whole city could use medically. Mark the progress in evil. A distiller adds one fourth by the use of strychnine. The wholesaler takes this adulterated stock and doubles it by the use of stramonium and opium. As the Yankee turns over the Connecticut River every mile to get the power out of it, so the retailer gives this another turn. He doubles it again by the use of belladonna. This brings ten cents a drink, and ere is the motive power. This is the practice all over the land. Dr. Cox was appointed in 1855, by the Legislature of Ohio, inspector of liquors for the city of Cincinnati, and in two years of thorough and extended examination he found more than ninety-nine per cent. of the liquor adulterated by the vilest poisons. Books are familiar to the trade, teaching how to make these adulterations. Often we see our streets and avenues posted with advertisements of men who will hire out to 'prepare and compound liquors.'

Jeer not others upon any occasion; if they be foolish, God has denied them understanding; if they be vicious, you ought to pity, not revile them; if deformed, God Creator?