

THE HOME CIRCLE.

"THE NINETY AND NINE."

The following is one of Sankey's favorite hymns, which he sings with thrilling effect at the Moody and Sankey revival meetings. It was written for Mr. Sankey by a lady in England, but the music is Sankey's own:

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away
Far off from the gates of gold;
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

Lord thou hast here thy ninety and nine,
Are they not enough for thee?
But the Shepherd made answer, one of mine
Has wandered away from me.
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find my sheep.

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed
through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost,
Out in the desert he heard its cry,
Sick and helpless and ready to die.

Lord, whence are these blood drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?
They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back.
Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?
They were pierced to-night by many a thorn.

And all through the mountains, thunder riven
And up from the rocky steep
There rose a cry to the gate of Heaven,
"Rejoice, I have found my sheep!"
And the angels re-echo around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own."

CONJUGAL HARMONY.

Says the illustrious Thomas Jefferson—Harmony in the married state is the first thing to be aimed at. Nothing can preserve affections uninterrupted but a firm resolution never to differ in will, and a determination of each to render the love of the other of more value than any earthly object whatever on which a wish can be fixed. How light, in fact, is the sacrifice of any other wish when weighed against the affections of one with whom we are to pass our whole life? Opposition in a single instance will hardly of itself produce alienation; that only takes place when all the little oppositions are put, as it were, in a pouch, which, while it is filling, the alienation is insensibly going on and when full, it is complete. It would puzzle either to say why, because no one difference of opinion had been marked enough to produce a serious effect by itself. The affections are wearied out by the constant stream of little obstacles.

Other sources of discontent, very common indeed, are the little cross-purposes of husband and wife in common conversation; a disposition to criticize and question what the other says, a desire to demonstrate and make the other feel in the wrong, especially in company. Nothing is so goading. Much better, therefore, if our companion views a thing in a light different from what we do, to leave him in quiet possession of his view. What is the use of rectifying him if the thing be unimportant? Let it pass for the present, and wait a softer moment and more conciliatory occasion of riveting the subject together. It is wonderful how many are rendered unhappy by inattention to the little rules of prudence.

HEALTH AND FASHION.

The *Science of Health* says: Not until we deal conscientiously with nature, as we do with tradesmen, shall we, as individuals, be entitled to rewards of merit. We ask for a load of good wood, pay the market price for it, get the worth of our money, and have the satisfaction of warmth from the fire it makes. Suppose the dealer knew we would not pay for it. He would not be likely to give full measure of the best quality. The dainty bits of lace, jet ornaments and plume, rosebuds and velvets composing a hat are very becoming to some faces. The dressy hat has a price. It takes money to pay for it. The little woman wishes to look stylish, pays the price, and is satisfied and happy until the fashion changes. She desires health and elasticity of step, buoyance of spirit. Could they be purchased at Stewart's or of Worth, millions of dollars would roll to the credit of their bank accounts. Alas, poor child of fashion! gold cannot buy for you the dewy freshness of vigorous life. The sunshine and raindrops are gifts. Roses in cheeks, cherries in color of lips, come from within. The price is service, and

faithful service too, under the most exacting physicians, Mother Nature. Her rewards are sure, her punishments certain. There can be no appeal to a higher court—no amendment to her divinely appointed "constitution." Will you enter a willing student? Are you willing to measure your life by her rule and compass and square? "No." Then there is little hope for you.

A HEROINE BY MISTAKE.—The Lexington (Ky.) *Gazette* heartlessly spoils a thrilling story which recently came from that city. It says: "One dark night, not long ago, a burglar entered a private residence on Broadway. On ascending one flight of stairs he observed a light in a chamber, and while deliberating what to do, a large woman suddenly descended upon him, seized him by the throat, pushed him down through the hall, and forced him into the hall before he had time to think. 'Heroic Repulse of a Burglar by a Woman' was the way the story was told the next day. But when friends called and congratulated her upon her courage, she exclaimed, 'Good Gracious, I didn't know it was a burglar. If I had I should have been frightened to death. I thought it was my husband come home drunk, and I was determined he shouldn't stay in the house in that condition.'"

GOOD BYES AT THE SHIP'S SIDE.—Don Platt, writing back from Europe, describes some parting scenes which he witnessed on the wharf at New York: We looked calmly at all going on all about us. How frantically wives threw themselves into the arms of fond husbands, and wet their shirt bosoms with the salt water of our life's sea.

Said one, between sobs, "It was so cruel of you not to let me take Ned. I know—ow—ow he'll be neglected and sur-sur-suffer."

Ned, pet name for a child we thought, how hard to have the mother separated from the darling of her heart. But the husband, his eyes wet with tears, assured her that Ned should not be neglected. He would see to Ned himself.

"And out his meat and make his bed?" sobbed she.

"Yes, darling."

"And bathe him in bran and warm water, and comb and cu-cu-curl his tail?"

"Yes," there was no mistaking it, Neddy was a dog, little dog, a wretched poodle or black and tan, that was drawing from the depths these burning tears.

We turned away disgusted, to hear another grief-stricken creature say:

"Do take care of yourself, dear, and write every steamer. If I miss a steamer I shall be wretched. And, dear, couldn't you telegraph me what that jury does in the Beecher trial? Very mean in them. I was certain they'd do something before we sailed."

TRUE POLITENESS.—One cannot be polite and well-mannered without kind feelings and a good heart. All the rules of etiquette, and all the hand books and "Guides to Society" in the world are worthless, if you have nothing within your soul which teaches you to do unto others as you would have them do unto you. You may learn to bow and to shake hands according to the best rules of deportment; you may make calls at the right time, and understand the corner of your visiting cards thoroughly; but if you have spite in your heart, and envy in your soul, you will not be well-mannered. If you desire to boast, to be conspicuous, to monopolize attention, to hurt the feelings of innocent people, and to sow dissension between friends, you cannot make a lady or gentleman of yourself by any number of airs and graces. But if you are kind and good, and wish people well, and prefer to say pleasant things when you can, you will be polite without trying to be, and only silly people will criticize any form of hearty welcome, any effort to make them comfortable that may occur to you.

MAKE home the sweetest spot in all the world for the children. Their hearts will become so much attached to it that ever afterwards they will recall the days spent there with emotions of pleasure.

How much do we long sometimes for somebody to know us. Someone to whom our little troubles may be told, and from whom a word of kindly cheer will be a stimulant to action.

A TRUTHFUL SKETCH.—Let a man fall in business, what an effect it has on his former creditors! Men who have taken him by the arm, laughed and chatted with him by the hour, shrug their shoulders, and pass on with a cold "How do you do?"

Every trifle of a bill is hunted up and presented, that would not have seen the light for months to come, but for the misfortune of the debtor. If it is paid, well and good; if not, the scroll of the sheriff, perhaps, meets him at the corner. A man that has never failed knows but little of human nature.

In prosperity, he sails along gently, wafted by favoring smiles and kind words from everybody. He prides himself on his name and spoils character, and makes his boast that he has not an enemy in the world. Alas, the change! He looks at the world in a different light when reverses come upon him. He reads suspicion on every brow. He hardly knows how to move, or to do this thing or the other; there are spies about him; a writ is ready for his back. To know what kind of stuff the world is made of, a person must be unfortunate, and stop paying once in his lifetime. If he has kind friends, then they are made manifest. A failure is a moral sieve—it brings out the wheat and shows the chaff. A man thus learns that words and pretended good will are not and do not constitute real friendship.

A MOTHER'S WORTH.—Many a discouraged mother folds her hands at night, and feels as if she had done nothing, although she has not spent an idle moment since she arose. Is it nothing that your little children have had some one to come to with all their childish griefs and joys? Is it nothing that your husband feels "safe" when he is away at his business, because your careful hands direct everything at home? Is it nothing, when his business is over, that he has the blessed refuge of home, which you have that day done your best to brighten and refine? Oh, weary and faithful mother! you little know your power when you say, "I have done nothing." There is a book in which a fairer record than this is written over against your name.—*Star of Pascagoula.*

NEARNESS OF DEATH.—When we walk near powerful machinery, we know that one mis-step and those mighty engines would tear us to pieces with their flying wheels, or grind us to powder in their ponderous jaws. So when we are thundering across the land in a railroad carriage, and there is nothing but an inch of iron flange to hold us on the line. So, when we are in a ship, and there is nothing but the thickness of a plank between us and eternity. We imagine then that we see how close we are to the edge of the precipice.

But we do not see it. Whether on the sea or on the land, the partition that divides us from eternity is something less than the oak plank, or a half-inch iron flange. The machinery of life and death is within us. The tissues that hold the beating powers in their place are often not thicker than a sheet of paper, and if that thin partition ruptured, it would be the same as if a cannon ball had struck us. Death is inseparably bound up with life in the very structure of our bodies. Struggle as he would to widen the space, no man can, at any time go further from death than the thickness of a thin sheet of paper.

He that always waits upon God, is ready whenever He calls. Neglect not to set your accounts even; he is a happy man who so lives, as that death at all times may find him at leisure to die.

GAYETY.—There are two kinds of gayety; the one arises from want of heart, being touched by no pity, sympathizing with no pain, even of its own causing; it shines and glitters like a frostbound river in the gleaming sun. The other springs from excess of heart—that is, from a heart overflowing with kindness towards all men and all things; and suffering under no superadded grief, it is light from the happiness which it causes, from the happiness which it sees. This may be compared to the same river, sparkling and smiling under the sun of summer, and running on to give fertility and increase to all within, and even to many beyond, its reach.

WHAT is the difference between a saloon keeper and a printer? One "sets up" the people; the other sets up what they say.

GOLDEN SHEAVES.

What comfort when with clouds of woe
The heart is burdened, and we weep
To feel that pain must end—to know
"He giveth his beloved sleep."

When in the mid-day march we meet
The outstretched shadows of the night,
The promise, how divinely sweet,
"At even-time it shall be light."
—Alice Carey.

MISERY haunts the ways of vice.

NEVER lose an opportunity to speak a good word or do a good deed.

—We hear the rain fall, but not the snow. Bitter grief is loud, calm grief is silent.

—The mere man of pleasure is an unsatisfied being, and miserable in his heart.

—Mankind like and respect men of decision; border men, neutral men are detested.

MONEY is the bottomless sea, in which honor, conscience and truth are often drowned.

LEISURE for men of business, and business for men of leisure, would cure many complaints.

—Temptation rarely comes in working hours. It is in their leisure time that men are made or marred.

—Lost, yesterday, between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, as they are gone forever.

—Christ, when he blesses, blesses not in word only, but in deed. The lips of truth cannot promise more than the hands of love will surely give.

—The height of earthly promotion and glory lifts us no whit nearer heaven. It is easier to step there from the lowly vale of humiliation and sorrow.

—Speaking truth is like writing fair, and comes only by practice; it is less a matter of will than of habit; and I doubt if any occasion can be trivial which permits the practice and formation of such a habit.—*Ruskin.*

—The ways of the world are strange and devious. Yet there is great good in it, for "a touch of misfortune maketh all mankind kin." Many a man deeply engrossed in business, hurrying along the pathway of life, absorbed in worldly cares, turns now and then aside for retrospections and kindly acts. And these are the flowers he strews along the pathway of his earthly existence.

—Come quietly away with me, and we will walk up and down the narrow path by the sweetbrier hedge; and, as we listen to the low song of the blackbird, the fresh air will cool our aching brows, and we shall find comfort. In these things, fresh air and the bird's song, and the fragrance of the lovely flowers, God has given a blessing; like sleep, they are His medicines—"balm of sweet minds." We will walk to and fro under the shade of those elms, and we will be calm; bitter recollections shall be made sweet by the thought of His mercies; and, in the midst of the sorrows we have in our hearts, His comforts shall refresh our souls, and our minds shall be stored with many thoughts, sweet like the perfume of the flowers.

—I recommend no sour, ascetic life. I believe not only in the thorns on the rosebush, but in the rose which the thorns defend. Asceticism is the child of sensuality and superstition. She is the secret mother of many a secret sin. God, when he made man's body, did not give us a fiber too much nor a passion too many. I would steal no violet from the young maiden's bosom; rather would I fill her arms with more fragrant roses. But a life merely of pleasure, or chiefly of pleasure, is always a poor and worthless life, not worth the living; always unsatisfactory in its course, always miserable in its end. Read the literature of such men, from Anacreon of old to Anacreon Moore of your times, and it is the most unsatisfactory literature in the world. There is the banquet, and the wine circles and flowers are gay; but behind all these is the emblematic coffin, and the skeleton stands there to scare the man from his roses and cups. No lamentations of Jeremiah are to me so sad as the literature of pleasure. It is well to be ascetic sooner than waste your life in idle joys. The earnestness of life is the only passport to the satisfaction of life.—*Parker.*