

HOME.

BY H. M. GOODWIN.

What constitutes a Home? Not high-raised roof, stone front or palace wall, Square tower or rounded dome; Not pillared porch, wide doors or stately hall; Not parlors richly dressed, Where curtained light, streaming through perfumed air, Fall from the crimson West On sculptured vase, gilt walls and pictures rare; Not terraced walks or lawn, Where elm-tree shadows mark the lingering hours And through the night lit dawn Moonlighted fountains fall in silver showers. These cannot make a Home; But Love, that nestles in a steadfast bond, Nor wishes e'er to roam; Hope, through East windows looking far beyond The narrow vale of Time, To the great mountains and the tideless shore; Sweet Memories that climb And cluster fragrant round the open door, Through which the blessed feet Of loved ones gone have often passed before; And winged fancies fleet Day dreams that young Imagination weaves That lightly come and go, Like twittering swallows underneath the eaves; Joy that doth ever flow From the clear fountain welling in the breast. And making all things glow, With radiance and celestial beauty dressed; Calm Trust in God and man; Contentment sitting by its own fireside, While winter's stormy van Gathers the household group in circle wide, Where old and young do meet Around the evening lamp and social blaze, And children's voices sweet Blend in the symphony of love and praise. These constitute a Home, However rude or humble be the cot; All else is empty room— A body garnished where the soul is not. —Congregationalist.

The Husbandman.

John Smith is a neighbor of mine, but no relation. He is a good farmer, but—well, I will let him tell his own story. He came to me the other day, and said: "I want you to advise me what to do. We are having awful times over at my house. The boys are falling into bad habits. The girls are gadding about all the time. My wife is as cross as a bear. She says it is all my fault that the children don't do better, and that I have nobody but myself to blame. But you know that I have always been a sober, hard-working man. I have made a good living for my family, and I can't see how things turn out so. What do you think I ought to do?" "Shall I tell you just what I think?" "Yes." "Well, John, my opinion is that if you had been as good a husbandman in doors as you are out of doors, your family would be in as good a condition as your farm is. You know that the Bible calls the farmer a husbandman, and we speak of farming as husbandry. And I take it, the idea is that a man ought to care for and cultivate his land just as he does his home. But if you had treated your farm as you treated your home, it would all be overgrown with weeds and thistles." "What do you mean by cultivating my home? I understand about cultivating land. But that is a very different thing from cultivating people." "I am not so sure of that. Let us look at the matter. Soon after you bought your farm you married your wife. In becoming a husbandman in regard to her the duties of a husbandman. She expected you to study her capabilities and her wants as you studied your fields. Your idea when you looked on your land was, How can I make it more productive, and yet keep it in good heart? If you saw the crops beginning to grow light, you summer-fallowed, or changed the seed. But did you study your wife in that way? Did you ever think she needed encouragement? Did you ever see how she was drooping from the monotony of her daily toil and cares, and try to give her a change? Did you ever say, 'Come, Sarah, we will take a journey to the mountains or to the sea-shore, and rest awhile?' I tell you, John, people need summer-fallowing as well as land. And if they don't get it now and then, their spirits grow worn and weary, and the crop of comfort for them, and for those who are dependent on them, will be very light. Nay, in spite of themselves they will get irritable. You say that your wife is cross. Don't you see why? She was a light-hearted girl. She loved you, and thought you loved her. But after you married her, how did you treat her? Did you cultivate her, or did you neglect her? Didn't you act just as if she had nothing to expect of you but to keep the family supplied with provisions and to eat your meals when she had prepared

them? And didn't you sometimes grumble even when she wanted money for things necessary to the comfort of the family? And didn't you complain of her cooking when she was doing the best she could to please you? Now just remember how much more careful you were of your land than you were of your wife! How much more time you spent in trying to mellow it and smooth it, and to find seeds adapted to it, than you spent in trying to make her happy, and you will see why you have such a harvest of thistles, when you might have had wheat, and fruit, and flowers! "And then about the children. You are the best man I know of to handle horses. I have often wondered at your patience with your colts. You seem never to get tired of petting and training them. You are so kind to them, and yet so firm with them, that by the time they are old enough to work, they will do anything you want them to. That pair of bay geldings that you drive is the finest team in the country, and it is because you have taken so much pains in breaking them. Now, if you had done as well by your children as you have by your colts, they would be just as nice boys and girls. But while you have petted your colts, you have repelled your children. I have seen little Johnny come to you when you were in a corral trying to gentle the horses, and you would order him away harshly and then turn and speak as softly and caringly to the beasts as a mother talks to her babes. You know that if you had spoke to Johnny you would have spoiled them. Is it any wonder, then, that you have spoiled him? "I tell you, John; your wife is right. You have nobody but yourself to blame. You have been a good land farmer, but a careless and shiftless house farmer. You have been a first-rate husbandman, but a very indifferent husband and father. And you are reaping just what you sowed. Now, my advice to you is to do just as you would if you had a field that had been neglected until it was covered with underbrush and thistles. Clear the land and begin to cultivate it. Take an interest in your wife and children, and it may not be too late for you to secure a happy home. Be kind to your boys and girls, and yet firm with them, as you are with your horses, and they will learn to love you and to obey you." I write out the substance of this conversation because I am afraid that there are a good many such John Smiths in the world. Men who have homes ought to know how to husband them. Husband as defined by Webster, is "to use in the manner best suited to produce the greatest effects." Every head of a family has a grand opportunity. What noble men and women have gone forth from the well-cultivated homes of Christendom to bless their country and the world! All our homes should be the nurseries of plants of righteousness. But to have a good nursery one must devote time and thought and toil to it. It won't grow and flourish of itself, uncared for. Neither will a home.—Herald and Presbyterian.

What is it Makes the Difference?

It matters not where or when, but on a certain day I met two people so unlike each other that I propose to describe them, and then consider the question. What makes the difference? One was a man who appeared to be in pain. He looked as if he had never smiled in his life. Presently he gave vent to his feelings after this fashion: "How cold the people of this place are. Two years I have resided here, and no one comes to see me or holds out a friendly hand. The church folks are as stiff as those outside. I went to a social meeting once, and stood up in the corner all the evening, feeling like a fool, and not a soul came near to speak to me except the pastor and his wife. Catch me going again." This last sentence was uttered sharply, and was intended, no doubt, to be conclusive. The other person I happened to come in contact with that memorable day was a lady whose face was full of sunshine. "I must tell you," she said, "how delighted I am with this place. The people are so kind and friendly. Although I have been here only six months I have a host of acquaintances, and they seem to be sincere in their friendship. I have never found a more sociable place." Now what made the difference? Was it not chiefly in the individuals themselves? It was not in their surroundings, for they lived in the same place and attended the same church, and that, too, at the same period of time. Let us look at them again. One was cold and crochety, and allowed himself to be vexed because everybody in the matter of sociability did not meet him three-quarters of the way. Had he ever thought over the inspired words, "A man that hath friends must show himself

friendly?" Very unreasonably he expected everyone to come to him, and failed to see that he had any social duty himself to perform. I said to him, "Just opposite where you live is a new neighbor. He has lately moved hither from a distant city; have you called to give him the welcome hand, and make him feel at home?" He hung his head in shame and said, "No." "Around the corner is boarding a stranger who has come hither for medical treatment. I have just been to see him. He says he came from the city of S—, where you formerly resided, and sent you word he was coming, and wonders why you have not called to see him." A flushed face, but no reply. This croaker, like many others, could easily see the smallest mote in his brother's eye, but did not like to consider the beam in his own eye. If he happens to read this article, and sees in it his likeness, he will be sorely vexed. Had he not better crawl out of his corner as gracefully as possible, borrow a little sunshine, and go forth to make others happy, instead of waiting for everybody to dance attendance on him? How much more attractive the other character. She was like her Master, social. How could she be a cynic? She was constrained by the love of Christ. Her warm heart was ready to respond to every kind look and word. Such a person is sure to meet with a host of friends, as Jacob did at Mahanaim. He never for a moment imagines any one would slight him. Neither, on the other hand, does he expect that all the neighbors will rush up to grasp his hand and ask after his health. Sometimes I have thought the difference in these people is in their stomachs. One is a dyspeptic. Certainly his mind is bilious if his body is sound. The other is healthy, spiritually and mentally, if not physically. What shall the poor dyspeptic do? Let him go to Jesus, the great Physician. No one else can cure him. A little of the special grace of God obtained at the cross will do wonders for such a person. It will pour into his heart that charity which "never faileth," which "thinketh no evil," which "suffereth long and is kind." It will help him in daily life to see the bright sunshine, and cease to chase shadows. It will make him less selfish, and bid him seek and find true happiness in cheering those more destitute and lonely than himself. He will then cease his whining and fretting about the lack of sociability, and go forth to show Christians and the world what a humble, friendly soul can do for the honour of God and the good of poor humanity.—Dr Stryker.

Praying for what we do not Expect.

I happened once to be staying with a gentleman—a long way from here—a very religious kind of a man he was. In the morning he began the day with a long family prayer that he might be kept from sin, and might have a Christ-like spirit, and the mind that was also in Jesus Christ; and that we might have the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto us. A good prayer it was, and I thought, "What a good kind of a man you must be!" But about an hour after I happened to be coming along the farm, and I heard him hallooing, and scolding, and going on finding fault with everybody and every thing. And when I came into the house with him he began again. Nothing was right, and he was so impatient and so quick tempered. "This very provoking to be annoyed in this way, Daniel. I don't know what servants in these times are good for but to worry and vex one with their idle, slovenly ways!" I did not say any thing for a minute or two. And then I said, "You must be very much disappointed, sir?" "How so, Daniel—disappointed!" "I thought you were expecting to receive a very valuable present this morning, sir, and I see it has not come." "Present, Daniel?"—and he scratched his head as much as to say, "Whatever can the man be talking about?" "I certainly heard you talking about it, sir," I said, coolly. "Hear me speak of a valuable present! Why, Daniel, you must be dreaming. I've never thought of such a thing." "Perhaps not, sir, but you've talked about it, and I hoped it would come whilst I was here, for I would dearly love to see it." He was getting angry with me now, so I thought I would explain. "You know, sir, this morning you prayed for a Christ-like spirit, and the mind that was in Jesus, and the love of God shed abroad in your heart." "O, that's what you mean, is it?" and he spoke as if that weren't any thing at all. "Now, sir, wouldn't you be rather surprised if your prayer was to be answered—if you were to feel a

nice, gentle, loving kind of spirit coming down upon you, all patient and forgiving and kind? Why, sir, wouldn't you come to be quite frightened like and you'd come in and sit all in a faint, and reckon as you must be agoing to die, because you felt heavenly minded." "He didn't like it very much," said Daniel, "but I delivered my testimony, and learned a lesson for myself, too. You are right, Captain Joe, you are right. We should stare very often if the Lord was to answer our prayers."—Daniel Quorn and his Religious Notices.

A Touching Incident.

There are often wells of thought and feeling in childhood, of whose depths parents little dream. We are so accustomed to think of our children's tastes, desires and will as being reflections of our own, that we too often forget to study their natures, recognize their individuality, and treat them as sentient beings. With such reflections I listened to the relation of the following touching incident. A little girl of this city, about ten years of age, was visiting her aunt in the country. They were discussing a certain book, and the aunt remarked: "Your birthday is near, and perhaps your mamma will buy it for you for a birthday present." A tinge of sadness rested on the sweet young face, as she quickly answered: "She could give me something else I would rather have than anything else in the world." "I'm sure," said the aunt, "your mother will get it for you, if it does not cost too much." "It will not cost money," replied the child, "it will not cost anything." But she could not then be persuaded to tell what it was. After a long time the shrinking little spirit said: "Aunt, I will tell you part; it is something she gave me before little brother came. It is just not to do something for that one day; now don't you know?" The discerning aunt drew the little one to her and asked: "Is it that mamma should not scold you on your birthday?" A trembling "Yes," and long the dear head rested in silence on the bosom of that loving, patient aunt. When I heard this little incident related by that aunt herself my heart wept, and I quickly asked myself, "Am I not that mother? Have not the cares of a growing family caused me to be often less patient with my first-born, my darling Edith? Have not I, in the multiplicity of duties, been unresponsive to the heart longing for a mother's tender caress and loving recognition of little services rendered?" May the reading of these little paragraphs do other mothers good as the writing of them has done me good. That mother is a pious woman. I know she loves her little daughter as tenderly as I do mine. She didn't think how each impatient word was wearing a sore in the sensitive little heart. She didn't think she was robbing her child's future of the sweet memories of a beautiful childhood. She didn't think how she was cramping the powers of a lovely spirit that needed a continual sunshine for its development. Mothers, pause and reflect.—Selected.

A Mother's Counsel.

The great men of the world have generally owed much to the character and training of their mothers. If we go back to their childhood, we see there the maternal influences which form the aims and habits of their future life. Bayard, the flower of the French knighthood, the soldier without fear or reproach, never forgot the parting words of his mother when he left home to become the page of a nobleman. She said to him, with all the tenderness of a loving heart: "My boy, serve God first. Pray to him night and morning. Be kind and charitable to all. Beware of flatterers, and never be one yourself. Avoid envy, hatred, and lying, as vices unworthy of a Christian; and never neglect to comfort widows and orphans." When Bayard was foremost in battle, confessedly the bravest warrior in the field, or when, in his own great thirst, he was giving water to a dying enemy, he was only carrying out his mother's counsel, and striving to be worthy of her name. The memory of a mother's love is a talisman against temptation, and a stimulus to a good life.—Selected.

Don't close your bedroom windows because it is getting colder. There is nothing so dangerous as to breathe the exhalations from your skin or lungs or from a burning lamp.

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JANUARY Oh, well! That in whom When to sou his hat He often As often know And a summi "I tell you worth But what "You ma counte And yet at a And up the her la If you wa ly clim The world, leather As misfor as we But we ca By pressin away. Oh, the shoem Adown the alone But often I His whim And of en saying That all the offer, It only g away. The M BY Among th lic-schools years ago heard the s It shows st is attached who has e truthfulness Alfred K classmates studies, bu unlike in ever be qui said was rec in so m the contra boy, whose pended on, fault or ser ment by a one. All the were requi once a wee was the tim brought in the teacher ed up the o brought to his drawer signal bell stairs into he stood in of the lot through th hurriedly wh the school who told h and join th sible. Wh Hart follow After th pal of the his, who h foreign cot had consen account of but as he smaller ro would first the girls younger ch the rooms So when partment own room, gentleman time of nee he had see all in the room. O were there remember ing he ask Alfred re table when his books. "Are yo Hart; "it right in th I laid it by." Mr. Ha that the c on the tab could hav nothing of as he kept on a set of If a comp it must h returned have seen the floor found th the last t