

Family Circle.

Better Than Gold.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than ranks and titles a thousand fold.
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
And share its joys with genial glow,
With sympathies large enough to en-
fold,
All men as brothers, is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toil for bread in a humble
sphere,
Doubly blessed with content and health
Untired by the lust or cares of wealth;
Lowly living and lofty thought—
Adorn and ennoble a poor man's cot;
For mind and morals in nature's plan;
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors
close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep
And the balm that droop in his slumber
deep.
Bring sleepy draughts to the downy
bed
Where luxury pillows its aching head,
But he his simple opiate deems
A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is the thinking mind,
That in the realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of
yore;
The sage's lore and poet's lay,
The glories of empire pass away;
The world's great dream will thus er-
fold.
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
When all the fireside characters come,
The shrine of love, the heaven of life;
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife;
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's de-
cree,
The blessings that never were bought
or sold,
And center there, are better than gold.
—Rural Home.

My Only Refuge.

Let me fly to Jesus' arms!
Let me find a refuge there,
When the foe my soul alarms,
And would tempt me to despair;
I will trust the changeless love,
That hath pledged itself to save;
Jesus! help me from above,
While life's beating storms I brave.

To thy cross I lift mine eyes,
There in thy dear wounds I see,—
Though my sins before me rise,—
That thy death is life to me!
On this Rock my soul shall rest,
No keen dart shall reach me here,
Leaning on thy loving breast,
Thou wilt calm each rising fear.

Jesus near thy wounded side,
Let me walk from day to day;
Ever with my soul abide,
While I tread life's thorny way;
When the evening shadows fall,
Fading in the darksome west,
O, be thou my all in all,
Thou my everlasting rest.

—Sel.

Bearing Our Houses About
With Us.

In "Breton Folk," a book written by Henry Blackburn, there is a picture that impresses me sadly. It is of a crazy-looking man who goes upon crutches; his head is bare and his hair flies in every direction; his garments are poor, and one leg is missing below the knee. Around his waist is a strong rope, which is also attached to a miserable shelter made of sticks and dried ferns, which he calls home. A dog and one or two children help him to drag his singular house from point to point. All his energies seem engrossed in the task of dragging this poor habitation wherever he goes.

It is a wonderfully truthful representation of many seemingly rational people, who go through life thus burdened with their temporary houses. Not a step along the beautiful pathway but is impeded by this weighty attachment which calls for every effort. Mind and body are occupied with the shells which cover us. The lillies of the field and the birds of the air, with their blessed lesson of dependence and trust, escape our notice. We fail to observe the glory that is in the earth and sky. Our very breath comes pantingly, as we struggle along with our self-imposed burden.

Does the heavenly Father look upon us as I do upon the wretched creature of "Le Faouet?" Scarcely, since most of us have sound minds in sound bodies, and this poor, wretched one, appears mentally weak and physically mutilated. Few men are excusable, even in the sight of their fellows, for giving heart and soul to the things of time and sense wholly. We severely criticise each other, when so cumbered as to have no moment for high and noble thoughts and deeds. We have little pity even for the miserably poor who never rise above their earthly hovel.

And how will God regard us if we go along dragging our worldly goods as hindrances to our better progress, and losing all the buoyancy and joy of that free life a perfect dependence on him will give?
—Rural Home.

Dowry of A Hindoo Bride.

One of the daughters of Meer Coylan Baba, Nawab of Surat, was lately married at Surat. The procession which carried the bride's dowry to the bridegroom's house was worthy of special mention. A

number of elephants, horses, carriages and palkees led the procession. After them came a number of female servants, all in snow white clothes, each bearing in her hands a covered tray. About fifty youths followed with rosewater, decanters of silver on silver salvers. Then came 500 coolies, some with magnificent bedsteads, with curtains, pillows, etc.; others with swings, benches, boxes, cupboards of various designs, sofas, chairs, tables—and, in short, all the paraphernalia of a modern house. These were followed by seventy-five women, each carrying a tray of sweetmeats. One hundred men, with cooking utensils, brought up the rear. Some of these men carried on their heads basket loads of lamps, wall-shades, chandeliers, etc.—*E.c.*

Please The Children.

We read the other day of a dear little girl who is so helpful in her ways that her busy mamma seemed really to have forgotten that she is only a little girl, with girlish desires and feelings, and not a grown-up woman who has "put away childish things." But one day the mother was surprised to hear her say "O dear! I do want a pretty doll as big as Carrie's. I should like to make its clothes so much. Why, mamma, I am growing older all the time, and by-and-by I can't play with dolls." Then she burst into tears. Her mother understood the matter at once, and said: "Dear child, you shall have a doll. If you were to live a hundred years, you would never be a little girl again. You shall have a doll, and time to play with it, too." And so the patient little stocking-darner and dish-washer's heart was made glad with the prospect of a new and pretty doll to dress and care for.

Let us learn to please the children and make their childhood happy. It will soon pass away.—*Evangelist.*

The Dignity of Lowly Duties.

Women are particularly inclined to look at the struggle for subsistence as something that ought not to be, they feel that there is no real worth in it, and so there can be no beauty or dignity. Those teachers who have assumed that this life, rich as it is in promise, and full of possibilities for the great soul, is of no worth and value in itself; that the lesson to be early learned and to be acted upon always is that we are merely pilgrims who lodge here

for a night in order that we may go on the next day—these teachers have done more to narrow and restrict woman in the exercise of her best powers than all the petty tyranny of which the avowed woman's rights women declaim. I have often thought that if I had time to be a woman with a mission, I would take the wide world for my field, and go up and down helping to convince the tired woman who lies down in her bed at night with the profound consciousness that another day has been frittered away in doing things without relation to eternal affairs, but which for the comfort and well-being of her family were required, that in her being the patient mother of her children, and the good housewife, she has done that which for her is the best thing to do. If this could be done, we should not so often hear woman whose work is that of doing the near duties which are so plainly theirs, that unless willfully blind they cannot overlook them, say, "Oh, if I could only do something that amounts to something!" One who can help us to see that this doing the work, simple and common though it appear, which really lies at the root of all things, and without which life is impossible, and who shall at the same time teach us to simplify our task so that while living we may also live nobly, will be a great benefactor to the race. Then shall we see calm-browed women performing lowly duties with satisfaction instead of unhappiness.—*New York Evening Post.*

Two Cheap Medicines.

One of the cheapest medicines that mortal can use is sleep. It is a sovereign remedy for weakness; it cures restlessness, uneasiness and irritability; it will remedy headache; it also cures nervousness. When exhausted we should sleep. To resort to stimulants is suicidal; what weary men need is sleep. The lack of sleep causes neuralgia, paralysis and insanity. Many a person dies for want of sleep, and the point where many a sufferer turns his feet from the very gates of death to the open path of life is where he sinks to sleep. Of almost every sick man it may be said, as of Lazarus, "If he sleep, he shall do well." Another excellent medicine is sunshine. The world requires more of it, morally and physically. It is more soothing than morphine, more potent than poppies,