

Family Circle.

"Waiting for the Adoption."
(Rom. 8:23.)

Waiting amid the shadows
For the blushing of the dawn ;
Waiting amid the darkness
For the sunlight of the morn.
Waiting, because the appointed age
Has not told out its years ;
Waiting, because a groaning earth
Has not wept all its tears.

Toil-worn and very weary,
For the waiting time is long—
Leaning upon the promise
For the Promiser is strong,
Waiting, because some straying sheep
Are on the mountain still ;
They must be sought, and found, and
saved ;
It is the Father's will.

Waiting, 'mid cruel taunting
From many a scorning foe ;
Chilled by the bitter night winds,
The lamp of faith burns low.
Waiting, because a patient God
Is pitiful and kind ;
The seeking Shepherd may not leave
One halting lamb behind.

Waiting 'mid angry billows
For the breaking of the light—
Heart-sick, and sad, and fretful,
With toiling all the night.
Waiting, because the Master stands
To watch the rising tide.
And he would have us cast the net
Upon the other side.

Waiting, while skies still blacken
With storm clouds hanging low ;
Eyes fail with looking upward
To find the emerald bow.
Waiting, because the Master's eye
Is on the ripening grain ;
The impatient sickle must be stayed,
Waiting for the "latter rain."

Waiting, with hands still busy,
Chiding the tears that fall ;
Stopping sometimes to listen,
If haply he should call.
Waiting, because the mighty stream
Flows on with ceaseless tide.
There's room within the palace halls ;
The open door stands wide.

Beguiling waiting hours.
With rapturous thoughts of home,
Breathing a yearning whisper,
"When will the Master come?"
* * * * *
Hark! get thee to the mountains,
There is sound of distant song—
The Bridegroom King is coming,
For his bride has waited long. —Sel.

Rest for the weary hands is good,
And love for hearts that pine ;
But let the manly habitude
Of upright souls be mine.
Let winds that blow from heaven refresh
Dear Lord, the languid air ;
And let the weakness of the flesh
Thy strength of spirit share. —Whittier.

Within! within, oh, turn
Thy spirit's eyes, and learn
Thy wandering sense gently to control ;
Thy dearest Friend dwells deep within
thy soul,
And asks thyself of thee,
That heart and mind and sense he may
make whole
In perfect harmony.
—Gerhard Tersteegen.

A Lesson in Politeness.

One of the finest examples of tact and delicacy in dealing with a bashful boy is thus given in the *Advance*: When Daniel Webster's father found that his son was not robust enough to make a successful farmer, he sent him to Exeter to prepare for college, and found a home for him, among a number of students, in the family of "old Squire Clifford," as we of a generation have always heard him called. Daniel had up to this time led only the secular life of a country farmer's boy, and though the New Hampshire farmers have sent out many heroes as firm and true as the granite rocks in the pasture, there cannot be among the hard and homely work which such a life implies, the little finenesses of manner which good society demands.

Daniel was one of these diamonds of the first water, but was still in the rough, and needed some cutting and polishing to fit him to shine, in the great world in which he was to figure so conspicuously.

None saw this more clearly than the sensible old Squire saw it would be a kindness to cure him.

When not using his knife and fork he was accustomed to hold them upright in his fists, on either side of his plate.

Daniel was a bashful boy of very delicate feelings, and the Squire feared to wound him by speaking to him directly on the subject.

So he called aside one of the other students with whom he had been longer acquainted, and told him his dilemma.

"Now," said he, "I want you this noon at the table, to hold up your knife and fork as Daniel does. I will speak to you about it, and we will see if the boy does not take a hint for himself."

The young man consented to be the scapegoat for his fellow-student, and several times during the meal planted his fists on the table, with his knife and fork as strait as if he had received orders to arms.

The squire drew his attention to his position, courteously begged his pardon for speaking of the matter, and added a few kind words on the importance of young men correcting such little habits before going out into the world.

The student thanked him for his interest and advice, and promised reform, and Daniel's knife and fork were never from that day seen elevated at table.

When, after a vacation, Daniel's

father brought the lad for a second time to Exeter, he put in his saddle-bags a good fat turkey from the Franklin farm, which he gave to the Squire, as an expression of his gratitude for Daniel's improved manners.—*Ex.*

Don't

Don't live on the shady side of the street; flowers need sun. Don't live in the midst of gloomy and dark surroundings; you cannot afford it; economize in some other way. Don't live in a room with bare walls. Chromos, heliotype wood-cuts and prints are all cheap, and for frames you may make them of straws, or "splits." A cross made beautiful with twining tendrils of crimson woodbine may suggest that other cross on which the hopes of men are placed. A picture of clasped hands and raised eyes will suggest the All-Father, who hears our supplications. Pictures sunset sky, a running brook and waving meadow land, lead us away into the fresh, still country, even though the sound of drays and railway whistles and street-car tinkling bells be in our ears. If possible, do not have a home without music; let it soften and mellow the home-life, and hold young hearts together.

Don't read books and papers which suggests thoughts you would not utter. They stain the soul; they burn the heart. Can you thrust your hand into soot and bring it out white and clean? Can you singe your clothes and not have the smell of fire on your garments? Beware of books which are suggestive of evil, though they be clothed in the purple and gold of fine language. Don't watch for dishonesty and evil intentions in those around.

Hold every man honest until proved otherwise. Thus believing in others, you will draw out of them their best, for men, ordinarily, are their best to those who believe in them. Also keep your heart young and green by faith in your fellow-man. Don't forsake your church, even though its privileges are poor. Sermons will be helpful influences in your life. You may only carry away a single sentence of a sermon, thus: "Make the best of yourself." The sound, too, of music will help to drive away, the evil spirit of your soul, and raise you into a higher atmosphere; nearer to truth and to God. Don't live your life alone, without forming friendships and love; your nature needs love, you were made for it, and other na-

tures need you. You are robbing yourself, you are robbing others, if you live like a hermit. Therefore, go out into God's world and live your life out for others.—*Ex.*

Speak Pleasantly.

The habit of speaking in pleasant tones to the sensitive hearts within our care, is of the utmost importance. If we would have them learn to speak gently and kindly to all, we must teach by precept and example in their early years, while their minds are so elastic as be led to pattern after the influence which surrounds them.

I will relate a little incident of my own experience. I was unusually busy one morning preparing for company to dinner. My little son of four years was amusing himself with his playthings about the room. He, too, seemed hard at work building bridges, block-houses, and churches. He was continually coming to me and asking questions, and requiring assistance. After a little time I noticed he had left his play, and was under the table, sobbing as though his heart would break.

I said, "Georgia, dear, what is the matter?"

No reply.

When I repeated the question, the answer came between broken sobs, "You didn't speak pleasant to me."

"Well," said I, "don't cry; come and tell me about it."

So he came to me; I took him upon my lap and asked him to tell me just what I had said. Years have passed since then and I have forgotten all but the impression it made. A few pleasant words, the tears kissed away, and he was comforted and happy, and soon at play again, but I had learned a lesson never to be forgotten.

He is now grown up, and I would no more think of speaking unpleasantly or unkindly to him than I would to company who might be visiting me. On the other hand, a rude, selfish, or unkind word never passes his lips. His attention toward me are always most respectful, kind, and loving. If we would gain respect and esteem from our children, we must also speak to them in a kind and courteous manner. As we teach, so they will learn.—*Sel.*

Men who seldom mix with their fellow-creatures are almost sure to be one-sided.