

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE FIVE LOAVES.

What if the five Jewish lad, That summer day had failed to go Down to the lake, because he had So small a store of loaves to show?

A STEWARD INTERVIEWED.

"Good morning, Bro. S. In passing I thought I would call and inquire after the family, and know if you had had any success in the way of collecting quarterage."

paid. Why, my dear sir, we once had a Bro. E. on this district who seldom ever mentioned money either from the pulpit, or the chair. And you will please pardon me when I say I think you mention the matter too seldom."

A GENUINE LOVE STORY.

A young clergyman and his bride were invited guests at a large party given by a wealthy parishioner. In all the freshness and elegance of her bridal wardrobe the young wife shone among the throng distinguished by her comeliness and vivacity and rich attire; and when during the evening her young husband drew her aside and whispered to her that she was the most beautiful woman in all the company and that his heart was bursting with pride and love for her, she thought herself the happiest wife in the world."

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

One of my neighbours in town and church, is an old lady, whose dress is of a style belonging to no period of fashion. I wonder, sometimes, if for forty years the cost of it has exceeded as many dollars. Her step is light as a girl's, her manner bright and cheery, and over her otherwise homely face spreads the glow of a heart at peace with God. Her youth was spent in a struggle for daily bread, and scarcely was this pressure removed before she was called upon to mourn the loss of first one and then another loved member of her family, until she has outlived every relative. Her home is plain, almost bare of the luxuries considered as indispensable to comfort, yet there is not one from whom I so much enjoy a visit as this solitary woman, ever so warm in greeting, so cheerfully companionable."

A FLY ON THE CATHEDRAL PILLAR.

There is a striking passage in which a great philosopher, the famous Bishop Berkeley, describes the thought which occurred to him of the inscrutable schemes of Providence, as he saw in St. Paul's Cathedral a fly moving on one of the pillars. He says: "It requires some comprehension in the eye of an intelligent spectator to take in at one view the various parts of the building, in order to observe their symmetry and design. But to the fly, whose prospect was confined to a little part of one of the stones of a single pillar, the joint beauty of the whole, or the distinct use of its parts, was inconspicuous. To that limited view the small irregularities on the surface of the hewn stone seemed to be so many deformed rocks and precipices."

TOO LATE.

What silences we keep year after year, With those who are most near to us and dear; We live beside each other day by day, And speak of myriad things, but seldom say The full, sweet word that lies just in our reach; Beneath the commonplace of common speech. Then out of sight and out of reach they go— These close familiar friends, who loved us so; And, sitting in the shadow they have left, Alone, with loneliness, and sore bereft, We think with vain regret of some fond word That once we might have said and they have heard. For weak and poor the love that we expressed, Now seems beside the vast, sweet unexpressed, And slight the deeds we did, to those undone, And small the service spent, to treasure won, And undeserved the praise, for word and deed That should have overflowed the simple need. This is the cruel cross of life, to be Fulfilled only when the ministry Of death has been fulfilled and in the place Of some dear presence is but empty space. What recollected services can thou Give consolation for the night have been? —Independent.

BIRTHDAYS IN GERMANY.

An important matter in the German household is the birthday. Nothing seems to give more pleasure than celebrating one. The birthday of one of the housekeeping young ladies was in June. The night before, a box came addressed to the lady of the house from her home. Upon going down-stairs at 7 next morning, we were surprised to see no appearance of coffee, so opening the glass doors, we went into the garden where a gay scene presented itself. A large arbor was hung with garlands and white curtains, and in the center was a table covered with white, on which were spread the presents, and a huge round cake occupied the place of honor, surrounded by a wreath of flowers; and in the middle a candle was burning. Outside were two smaller tables, with coffee, cakes, etc., standing around which was a large party talking and laughing. Upon seeing us approach they came forward to wish us good morning, and to enjoy our looks of surprise. The birthday child (a substantial maiden of 21) advanced blushing with a wreath of flowers on her head. The young ladies of the house had been up early decorating the arbor, and making things as homelike as possible for her on her birthday. The winter birthdays were equally interesting. That of the lady of the house was then, and the sitting-room was adorned with branches of trees from the woods, and wreaths surrounded the table laid out with presents. One table was devoted to useful articles, such as pots, pans, etc., and these were also surrounded by garlands. At 4 company began to arrive, but with no invitation, although preparations in the way of coffee and supper had been made for above 20, and it is a great disappointment if friends fail to appear. —Christian Leader.

READING AND TALKING.

We need not say that we are heartily in favor of religious conversation, of the regular relation of religious experience, and of all the social means of grace. Our tongues should be always ready to "tell the old, old story." Profession should always accompany practice. The lips and the life should exactly tally. We should tell the truth, nothing but the truth, and yet the whole truth. But while all this is true, we cannot but agree with Mr. Wesley in insisting that "it cannot be that the people should grow in grace unless they give themselves to reading. A reading people will always be a knowing people. A people who talk much will know little." We have often sadly observed that among the first to pop up, like corks, in an experience meeting, are certain persons who don't know much intellectually or spiritually, who don't seem to know that they don't know much, who don't know enough to wait until somebody speaks who could increase their scanty stock of knowledge, but who feel that they must go to every testimony meeting far and near, that they are in duty bound to speak in every one of them, and that if they hold their peace they will bring upon themselves condemnation. They read few books; indeed they say they need read no other book than the Bible; they take no pains to inform their minds; they give no attention to the apostolic command to "give attendance to reading." They

GIRLS AND DOMESTIC DUTIES.

A mother has no right to bring up a daughter without teaching her how to keep house; and if she has an intelligent regard for her daughter's happiness, will not do it. By knowing how to keep house we do not mean merely knowing how books should be arranged on a centretable, and how to tell servants what is wanted to be done. We mean how to get a breakfast, a dinner, a supper; how to make a bed; how to sweep a room; how to do the thousand and one different things which are requisite to keep a house in order and to make it pleasant. A person who does not know how to do a thing well does not know how to have it done well. No number of servants makes up for the want of knowledge in a mistress. A family employed a girl to do general housework. She came just at night, and the first thing assigned to her to do was to wash the supper dishes. She washed them in cold water, and without soap. A gentleman sent home a roasted piece of beef, and a quantity of cut porterhouse steaks. When he sat down to dinner he learned that the new cook had roasted the steaks! Yet many a boarding-house mistress, at the time of her marriage, might make either of these mistakes. Not one woman in a thousand knows how to make bread as good as it can be made. And sour tempers, scolding, dyspepsia, with its indescribable horrors, and even death itself, not unfrequently result from bad cooking. Mothers, whatever else you may teach daughters, do not neglect to instruct them in all the mysteries of housekeeping. So shall you put them in the way of good husbands and happy homes.—The Housekeeper.

OPENING THE GATE.

The following article contains a hint which many boys may profit by. There are too many youths who sit down and wait for others to "open the gate" for them when they meet with any difficulty, instead of using their own hands and strength to remove the obstacle: "I wish you would send a boy to open the gate for me," said a well grown boy of ten to his mother, as he paused with his satchel upon his head and surveyed its clasped fastenings. "Why, John, can't you open the gate for yourself?" said Mrs. Easy. "A boy of your age and strength ought certainly to be able to do that." "I could do it, I suppose," said the child, "but it's heavy, and I don't like the trouble. The servant can open it for me, just as well. Pray, what is the use of having servants if they are not to wait upon us?" The servant was sent to open the gate. The boy passed out, and went whistling on his way to school. When he reached his seat in the academy he drew from his satchel his arithmetic, and began to inspect his sums. "I cannot do these," he whispered to his seatmate; they are too hard." "But you can try," replied his companion. "I know that I can," said John, "but it's too much trouble. Pray, what are teachers for, if not to help us out of difficulties? I shall carry my slate to Professor Helpwell."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A German clergyman, Pastor O'Fenke, tells a story in a very interesting book of his about things which have really happened to him, or which he has met with in his travels. In 1865, he stood before the beautiful Roman Catholic chapel of Werden under Ruhr, in Germany, waiting for the key to be brought that the door might be unlocked for them to enter. While they waited they saw something on the ledge of the roof, which they found to be a carved stone lamb, and began to wonder what it meant up there. So they asked an old woman who was hobbling along a little way off, if she could tell them about it, and she replied "Yes;" and then related why it had been placed in that strange place. Many, many years ago, she said, where the lamb now stands, a man was busy repairing the roof of the chapel, who had to sit in a basket fastened by a rope as he worked. Well, he was working in this manner one day, when suddenly the rope which held the basket gave way, and he fell down, down from the great height to the ground below! Of course, every one who saw the accident expected that the man would be killed especially as the ground there was covered with sharp stones and rocks which the workmen were using for building. But to their great astonishment, he rose

THE STONE LAMB.

up from the ground and stood up quite uninjured! And this was how it happened: a poor lamb had wandered quite up to that side of the chapel, in search of the sweet grass which sprang up among the stones, and the man had fallen exactly on the soft body of this lamb—it had saved his life; for he had escaped with the mere fright, and with not so much as a finger broken. But the poor lamb was killed by his pure gratitude the man had the stone lamb carved and set up as a lasting memento of his escape from so fearful a death, and of what he owed to the poor lamb. Do you not think this a beautiful story? does it not remind you of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God who was slain for us that we might live forever? Never forget that "he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities." And let us copy the poor man's example in being truly thankful, and showing we are so. He could not do anything more for the lamb which had so wonderfully saved his life, than make a little monument or memento of what it had done. But there is much that we can do for the Lamb of God who was slain for us. We can love him for what he has done, and we can give him the one thing he wants from us. Do you ask what it is for which even the God of glory longs, he who has all the riches of the world, and to whom heaven and earth belong? He says, "My son, give me thine heart."

pour out what little may be in them, and they never replenish the exhausted streams. Of course their testimony and their conversation are neither pleasant, profitable, nor powerful for good. They conspicuously display their ignorance of the deep things of God. In the absence of good books whole hours run to spiritual waste or degenerate into petty gossip. Their tongues involve them in trouble, and their public testimony touches too frequently upon these very trials, which need never have come, and need never be mentioned.—Christian Standard.

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