

OUR HOME CIRCLE. OUR FOOLISH WISDOM.

Often and often doth he hear, a said. The many importunities where-with we press. Our wants on him, this prayer: "O God, forbid That we should live beyond our usefulness!"

TRYING TO BELIEVE.

REV. G. F. FENTON. It was during the last week of the meetings in the great Terminus Hall, St. Paneras, that I fell in with a very intelligent young lady on her way to the inquiry-room. She seemed to be quite anxious about her soul, and greatly troubled that she could not find peace. I asked her if she was a Christian? She replied, "I am trying to be one, sir."

"Oh! yes, sir! I am not in doubt there in the least. I fully believe that he was God's Only Begotten Son, just as the Bible says."

"Very well. Now, do you believe that God sent him into the world to save sinners?" "Of course! What else did he come for? If I did not believe that, I would not be here trying to get my own soul saved."

A TEMPERANCE LECTURE.

The strongest temperance lectures are given many times to only one person in privacy. The one given below deserves universal reading: "I drink to make me work," said a young man. To which an old man replied, "That's right; the drink and it will make thee work! Hearken to me a moment, and I'll tell thee something that may do thee good. I was once a prosperous farmer."

"Yes," I said: "Salvation is not the object of our faith. Indeed, salvation is the fruit or end of our faith. Further, we are not to look within for salvation, but to Him who is our salvation."

"Very good; that seems to be clear. Here are two or three points concerning Jesus that you do believe without a doubt; and so we rule them out from among the difficulties in the way of your faith. Do we both agree, so far, that you are not trying to believe but that you really do believe?"

RACE AND INDUSTRY.

No English ship-carpenter will work like a Chinese, no laundress will wash as many clothes, and a Chinese compositor would very soon be expelled for overtool by an English "chapel" of the trade. The Chinese peasants and boatmen work all day, and every day; and, in fact, but for untiring industry the closely-packed masses of China could not be sustained as they are by artificial irrigation.

WHICH SHALL IT BE?

I am sadly conscious that thousands of mothers are so overburdened that the actual demands of life, from day to day, consume all their time and strength. But "of two evils choose the less;" and which would you call the less, an unpolished stove or an untaught boy? Dirty windows, or a child whose confidence you have failed to gain? Cobwebs in the corner, or a son over whose soul a crust has formed so strong that you despair of melting it with your hot tears and your fervent prayers?

I know not what you need, my brother, sister; But this I know—my God will listen now In tender sympathy and deep compassion, If in your troubles you before him bow.

You need submission? Hath his love afflicted, And do his ways seem hard to understand? Then ask for grace to say, amid the darkness, "My Father, though thou smitest, hold my hand!"

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

GRANDMA'S ANGEL. Mamma said: "Little one, go and see If grandmother's ready to come to tea."

CONCEALED WORKERS.

At the manufactory of "Gobelins Tapestries," in Paris, the weavers sit concealed behind the beautiful fabrics on which they are engaged, working from a pattern designed by some great artist, and perhaps only taking occasional peeps at the fair exterior and the marvellous effects which their patient labors are producing.

part of a trophy of the Lord's great design of loving kindness and tender mercy to His chosen ones. For truly the work is all His—in direction, in design, and in development.

I cannot tell why I have recalled a scene which must have lain long buried in the dark places of my memory; perhaps it is intended to comfort or reassure some timid, troubled worker who can see no beauty or utility in the service which yet he feels constrained to render, because of the love he bears his Lord and King.

THE BIBLE IN SILVER.

At Upsala, in Sweden, is carefully preserved a curious and renowned old manuscript known as the Silver Hand-writing. It consists of a translation of the Bible into the original Gothic, and the best authorities claim that it was written toward the end of the sixth century.

THE LITTLE BUILDERS. John Brown and Jimmy Atkins were great friends. At school, at play, everywhere they were together; and when one learned anything new, it was not long before the other knew it also.

"Did you know that we are builders, John?" said Jimmy, as he watched the men putting brick after brick upon the wall. "No, we're not; we're boys," said John. "But we are; we are building a house which is to last forever and ever," said Jimmy earnestly.

WEAVING SUNSHINE.

"You can't guess, mamma, what Grandma Davis said to me this morning when I carried her the flowers and the basket of apples!" exclaimed little Mary-Price, as she came running into the house, her cheeks red as twin roses.

THE S...

Our lesson statement that for 2000 years, the world's best good, the only one, is the love of God...

THE B...

It is in vain to talk of running the Christian race without putting off woefully incumbrances.