

OUR HOME CIRCLE

AT NIGHTFALL

The day is done, dear Lord, the weary day; And I have tried so hard to do Thy will, And faithfully the tasks Thou gavest fulfill!

PUT YOURSELF IN MY PLACE

"I cannot wait any longer. I must have my money, and if you cannot pay it I must foreclose the mortgage and sell the place," said Mr. Morton.

her husband's sake. After the table was prepared, there was nothing on it but bread and butter and tea. They invited the stranger to eat with them, saying: "We have not much to offer you, but a cup of tea will refresh you after your long journey."

"I do not know. It seems strange, after the way he talked to me yesterday morning. I will go right over to Mr. Morton's and tell him how happy he has made me!"

THEN AND NOW When first I heard of Jesus It seemed some mystic tale, A root of barren dryness, No fragrance could exhale;

SLEEPY CONGREGATIONS In old times many pious individuals have considered it a good work to set apart their worldly worth for keeping the congregation awake.

GOD IS THERE TOO. Nurse came in and found Bessie wide awake, lying very still in her little bed.

GOOD NEWS FROM LUCKNOW. Do you know where that is? Away off in India. Rev. Mr. Craven, a missionary there, wrote a letter to a certain Sabbath-school in America, and among other good things in it, he paid a compliment to the boys in the mission school at Lucknow.

WHEN I ACCEPTED CHAMP ARNOLD'S INVITATION TO VISIT HIM AT HIS HOME IN NEW YORK CITY, I WAS AT THE TIME IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.