

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

EVENING PRAYER

I come to thee to-night In my lone closet where no eye can see, And dare to crave an interview with thee, Father of love and light.

THE ATHEISTS TORN BIBLE.

John Moulton was the proprietor of a "general" store in a small village in the County of New London, Connecticut. He had the reputation of being shrewd and close in all his business transactions, and people who knew him well said he had a peculiar faculty for turning everything into good solid money.

him and his godless associates when such parcels were put up. John Moulton was sadly disappointed. He fully expected that in sacrilgiously using the Bible for wrapping paper he would speedily provoke the expostulations and censure of the minister and the deacons and sundry devout women in the parish, and thus have a fine opportunity of airing his infidel ideas that he had imbibed from his various readings from Thomas Paine down to the latest scientific and pantheistic diatribe against the Bible and the Christian religion. He felt himself to be safely entrenched in his position and fully able to defend it.

Pointing to that last verse, the letters of which now seemed to him to stand up from the crumpled page, he asked her with trembling voice and blanched face, "What shall my lot be at the end of the days?" "Alas, my husband, that you should ask me such a question, and that I should be utterly unable to help you!" she replied, bending in turn over the leaf. "This verse has marginal references, I see, to Isaiah and to the Psalms and to Revelation. Let us look them up," and she turned to the coverless mutilated old Bible. He knew nothing, and she very little, of the order of the books, but after considerable search they found that the two first-named books were missing. Presently they came to Revelation and eagerly read the thirteenth verse of the fourteenth chapter: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

ligion in her father's house spoke and prayed in the social meetings, and other men joined with them; but the women who had had the separate conversation there were silent here. "It is the same every where," thought the poor child; "the men are Christians, but are there no Christian women?" And the question was worse than perplexing—it was a real stumbling-block. She desired and hoped to be a Christian herself, but she found herself a girl and not a boy; and, though she did not quite think it would be impossible for her to be both a woman and a Christian, she did not quite see how it was to come to pass.

Of course, her question was asked in ignorance, and did injustice to her mother and the other women whom she knew; but was it a strange question, and could they have expected her not to have such thoughts? There are many ways of showing a Christian heart, and doubtless this child's life at home was very different from what it would have been if her mother had had no love for the Saviour. But no one can say that her perplexity was to be wondered at. If the women were marked off as separate from the men by silence on the subject, and by the omission of religion from the household when they were left alone, how could the child fail to wonder whether the religion was not all with the men?

There have been reef-building corals found at a depth of 1000 feet, but they were dead—drowned by being carried below their depth. This confines them to coast lines and submarine banks. Corals will not grow where the temperature is lower than 68 degrees at any time—that is the ocean, not the air. Therefore they are confined to the tropical regions. They will not grow except in clear salt water; hence there is always a break in reefs opposite the mouth of a river. Finally they demand free exposure to the beating of the waves. The more violently the waves beat, the more rapidly the corals grow, because the agitation gives them ventilation. Corals will grow in the face of waves whose beatings would gradually wear away a wall of granite. The four kinds of coral reefs found in the Pacific ocean are fringing reefs, barrier reefs, circular reefs, enclosing lagoons in the ocean, and small lagoons coral islands.

don't care, and I'll swear as much as I've a mind to." Willie said, "Well, you'll swear without me," and picking up his tops he put them in his pocket and moved on for home. Johnnie saw Willie would do as he said, and feeling somewhat ashamed at his conduct, called out, "Willie, if you'll come back and play, I won't swear any more." Willie came back, and saying, "Johnnie, my Sunday-school teacher says swearing is very wicked and wrong, and I dare not play with any boy who is wicked," resumed his play.

THE UNEXPRESSED.

No great thinker ever lived and taught you All the wonder that his soul received; No true painter ever set on canvas All the glorious vision he conceived.

No musician ever held your spirit Charmed and bound in his melodious strains, But he sure he heard, and strove to render, Feeble echoes of celestial strains.

No real poet ever wore in numbers All his dream; but the diviner part, Hidden from all the world, spoke to him only In the voiceless silence of his heart.

So with love: for love and heart united A twin mystery, different, yet the same; Poor indeed would be the love of any Who could find its full and perfect name.

Love may strive, but vain is the endeavor, Art and love speak, but their words must be Like sighings of illimitable forests, And waves of an unfathomable sea.

GIVING THE HEART.

"Mother," said a little boy who had numbered only a few summers, "what does it mean to give your heart to God?" The mother put down her sewing, and looking at her boy, said, "Charles, do you love any body?" "With a look of surprise the child answered, 'I love you, I love my father and my sister and Henry.'" Then you give your heart to your father, to Henry, to your sister, and to me, and you show that love by doing all you can for us and obeying our commands."

The child's face looked bright with a new thought. "And you ought," continued the mother, "to love God best, because he gave you your father and mother and all your friends and comforts; and he gave you his dear Son, Jesus Christ, who came from heaven to die that you may live forever.—'I do want to give my heart to him, mother! how shall I do it?'" The mother taught him to tell Jesus his wants, and led him by her example into the good way. His child-life did not disappoint her hopes. He always tried to live like Jesus. Charles is now one of the best of men, and he says he had one of the best of mothers.—Mother's Friend.

BETSY'S LESSON.

"Oh, dear! Nobody cares for me! Nobody loves me, it's 'Bet, do this,' and 'Bet, do that!' all the livelong day!" These were the words which proceeded from the mouth of a little girl, apparently about ten years of age, who sat in the shade of a very large tree twisting the strings of her sun bonnet. Her father was dead, and as her mother had six children and no hired girl she had more work to do than many little girls of her age. A neighbor had come in for a minute or two; and as her mother had gone into the other room Betsy slipped out of the back door to the old tree, where she had been sitting for five minutes when her mother called out, "Betsy, child, come in the house! Don't be loitering around the e!"

She got up and was going towards the house when her mother said, in a very loud voice: "Hurry in here, quick, or I'll be after you." Betsy hurried into the house and set about her daily task of taking care of baby and rocking him to sleep. While she was doing this she thought: "I believe I'll go down to Mrs. Wright's house after the baby goes to sleep, and see if she wants me to take care of her baby. It'll be better than taking care of five children."

So she sung to baby, and finally he went to sleep, and laying him in his crib, she put on her sun-bonnet and hurried down to Mrs. Wright's house on her errand. After she had rested awhile Mrs. Wright heard her story, and then wisely said: "My dear, while your mother has six children and no servant, I have one child and two servants; who needs your help more, your mother or I?"

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

YOU'LL SWEAR WITH-OUT ME. Several boys in the upper part of New York were playing with their tops, and one of the number, feeling chagrined at his inability to come up to the skill of his playmates, began to swear roundly. A Sunday-school boy promptly said, "Johnnie, if you swear I won't play with you." Johnnie very early answered, "I

ARE THERE NO CHRISTIAN WOMEN?

A child's questions are worth regarding, and it often happens that they go to the heart of matters much more directly than the slower investigations of their parents. I have placed at the head of this article a child's question that I lately heard. It was an honest question, and one that caused no small perplexity to the child who meditated long upon it. Extravagant as the question was, it might have stirred up some sharp thinking in the women who occasioned it, if they had known it at the time.

The story is this, as the lady herself told it to me a few weeks ago. Her home was a pure and quiet Christian home, and both parents were members of a Christian church. She was a thoughtful child, and many of her thoughts were turned towards Christ and his religion. She listened on the Sabbath, and watched at home, and began to feel that she must some time accept the Saviour and live the Christian life. But she became perplexed. When her father was at home, they always gathered about the family altar for prayers; but when he was absent the family went to its various work without praying. When he was at home, God's blessing was asked upon their food at every meal; but when he was absent no thanks were returned to the Giver, and no blessing was invoked. The neighbors were of a neighborly kind, and would often come in at evening; and at such times the men would form a group on one side of the room and talk about the Church and the interests of religion, while the women would make a separate circle on the other side, and their conversation would turn upon their families, and their work, and the affairs of the neighborhood. She went to church on Sundays, and did not wonder that the preacher was a man; but she went also to the prayer-meetings, and it was there just as it was everywhere else. The men whom she had heard talking of re-

CORALS AND CORAL REEFS.

Professor Joseph LeConte, in a recent lecture on corals, corrected a wide-spread misunderstanding respecting corals and coral reefs. The popular idea is, says M. LeConte, that these animals are little insects; that they build like ants and bees do, and when they are alarmed they disappear into their little burrows, and these reefs are accumulations of millions of these little insects in generation after generation. The fact is the coral animal is a polyp belonging to the group of radiata; that it consists of limestone deposits in the shape of a hollow cylinder with top and bottom discs, surmounted with tentacles, containing a stomach and enveloped with gelatinous organic matter. The tentacles or arms are provided each with a mouth for the absorption of food. The coral is coralline limestone after the gelatinous organic envelope is decayed and removed. The animals which build reefs are not much larger than pinheads. Reef-building corals will not grow at a depth of over 100 to 120

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John Moulton was the proprietor of a "general" store in a small village in the County of New London, Connecticut. He had the reputation of being shrewd and close in all his business transactions, and people who knew him well said he had a peculiar faculty for turning everything into good solid money. He was considered to be an honest man, especially when he was obliged to be, but he was an avowed atheist, and regarded himself as amenable to none other than human law. He despised the counsels and commands of God, and ridiculed the Christian religion, and its professors as well. He would secretly open his store on the Sabbath for the benefit of a godless, reckless set among the villagers who met therein behind the closed shutters to drink, smoke, play cards and generally profane the Lord's day. Consequently it was not surprising, when his father died and left him, among other things, a handsome family Bible, that he should at once declare his intention of using its sacred leaves as wrapping paper. "In the first place," said he, "father made a fool of himself in buying that old Bible, and in the second place in giving it to me. He gave ten dollars for it. It has never been read—none of any consequence—and it isn't of any account now surely in a literary or religious way. I couldn't sell it in the lump for more than a dollar if I should try, but it will bring me in much more than that if I retail it out by the ounce and pound. Its thick, heavy paper is just the thing to weigh up for small and costly parcels."