

Our Home Circle.

BEYOND.

Never a word is said / But it trembles in the air, / And the faint voice has sped / To vibrate every where; / And perchance far off in eternal years / The echo may ring upon our ears.

A PRAYER HEARD.

On a pleasantly situated country-seat not far from the little town of B— lived Herr L—, a very worthy Christian man. His wife was an estimable woman, who was his true helper in training up their little ones to the same throne of grace where they themselves sought from the Lord wisdom and strength.

counsel of God's will that my house should be a prey to the flames, I hope to be able to say, 'Lord, thy will be done!' only it is certain that you have no power to accomplish this; God is almighty; but whatever godless designs you may have determined on, he reigns.

At this moment there was again a loud knocking at the outer door, and the servant hastened to take his master's letter to the strangers. They read the writing by the aid of a dark lantern, and in a tone of the utmost menace called out to the servant, 'A friendly greeting to your master; we shall soon present our thanks to him in person.' With these words they hastened away.

When the servant returned to the sitting-room the master barred all in, and then said, 'Let us kneel down and pray to that powerful One without whose will can no hair fall from our heads.' All obeyed, and followed with deep devotion their master's words of entreaty, as he commended himself and his household to the care of his God for strength.

Midnight has just struck. They could not go to the little town for help, because it was too far off, and they feared to meet the robbers on the way. The great bell, which they generally use to call together the neighbors in case of any unexpected emergency that required their help, had been sent to the town a few days before to be repaired.

But what happened? About two o'clock in the morning loud peals announced a severe thunder-storm. Soon one flash of lightning followed another with great rapidity, accompanied with loud resounding thunder. If any one could have observed the little family now, they would have seen that they all appeared more calm.

The lightning has struck! cried one of the servants. 'See, see, the hay-shed is burning!' It was true, and soon they saw the building of which he spoke in flames; it was a happy thing that it stood far enough off to prevent any danger of the house catching fire.

The fire was soon quenched by the help of kind neighbors, and Herr L— related the remarkable circumstances to them. Deep astonishment seized them all. When they went to carry away the dead man they found a paper on him which put them on the track of the other miscreants, who had for a long time made the neighborhood insecure.

REUNION. I think, sometimes, when sitting all alone, / What would it be to see the faces blest / Of those who long since entered into rest, / Whose brows with light celestial long have shone;

AN EAST INDIAN STORY. The following story is perfectly true, and was told by the Colonel of the 1st Highlanders. There was a terrible stir in the barracks of the —th Native Infantry at Sekunderland (Alexander's Town) one bright morning at the beginning of the "dry season."

The officers' native servants and the Sepoy soldiers, to a man, stoutly declared that they knew nothing about it; and the officer of the day, with very great disgust, went to make his report to the Colonel. Now the Colonel was a hard-headed old Scotchman who had spent the best part of his life in India, and knew the Hindoos and their ways by heart.

MRS. CARLYLE'S GRAVE. A New York editor, travelling in England, made a visit to old Haddington cathedral, and with this interesting and pathetic result: With pride the sexton showed the obelisks, showing also other titled names that decorate the spot.

At the name of this terrible god-de (who holds the same place in the Brahmin religion as the evil one in our own) the swarthy faces turned perfectly livid, and more than one stalwart fellow was seen to shiver from head to foot. 'There is a thief among your soldiers,' she said, 'and I will teach you how to detect him. Give each of your men a splinter of bamboo, and the thief, let him do what he may, will be sure to get the longest; and when he is found let him dread my vengeance.'

By this time every soldier on the ground was looking so frightened, that had the Colonel expected to detect the thief by his looks, he might have thought the whole regiment equally guilty. But his plan was far deeper than that. At his signal each man in turn drew a bamboo chip from the bag which the Colonel held; and when all were supplied, he ordered them to come forward, one by one, and give the chips which they had drawn.

getting the longest, bit off the end of his, and so I knew him at once. Take my word for it, there'll be no more thieving in the regiment while I'm its Colonel. And indeed there never was.—Harper's Young People.

SOD HOUSES. On the prairies, far from the woolls, where log cabins are impracticable, the sod house is made as a substitute. To build one, a man goes on to the prairie with his team and breaking plow, and turns a straight, smooth sod some three or four inches thick. This sod is very tough. When sufficient has been turned over, the sod is cut into squares and laid up in a wall as though it were flat stones.

SISTER DORA. A woman died in England, a few weeks ago, with a strange history:—Dorothy Patterson was the daughter of a clergyman, a delicate and even sickly girl in childhood, and a member of a family of high social position in a class where women are carefully sheltered from the world as are Easter lilies from the winter wind.

THE LITTLE SNOW SHOVEL. The front yard had a thick coat of snow on, when Lewis put on his greatcoat and comforter, shouldered the new big snow shovel, and went out to clear a path to the street. The storm was over, and as the bright morning sun shone on the snow-capped twigs, rails, and posts, they sparkled with a thousand brilliants.

MARRYING FOR MONEY.—There never was a time when heiresses were in so great demand, or when worldly mamma's smiled more approvingly on the attentions of prosperous young men to their daughters. This fact has been very plainly shown at all the watering places this summer.

that matrimony is safer; and perhaps it is. Young men who are on the hunt for heiresses do not deserve to be encouraged; and young women who put a money price on their affections may well be left among the unsold goods.

See him, mother," cried Mary, who stood at the window watching Lewis, and enjoying his somersets in the snow before beginning the more serious business of shovelling. Mary thought it was delightful; she thought everything Lewis did delightful. Lewis, in her eye, was a hero of heroes, and she never was happier than when she could do some service for him.

Is it not rather biting for a little girl who is not very well?" asked her mother. "I won't play in the snow, mother," said Mary; "let me have Lewis's little shovel, and go out and help him." "Perhaps he doesn't want you," said her mother, quite willing to throw a hindrance in the way.

Our Mary is getting to be a real cry-baby," he said, marching off, but with a small twinge in his conscience. Oh, if Lewis had only known it was to be his last chance of being kind to his dear little sister and making her happy! That night the scarlet fever set in, and after ten days Lewis saw her no more.

IV.—THE OF He grew opulent—at in intellect development.

Our Young Folks. THE LITTLE SNOW SHOVEL. The front yard had a thick coat of snow on, when Lewis put on his greatcoat and comforter, shouldered the new big snow shovel, and went out to clear a path to the street.

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Sunday LESSON THE PRO I.—THE CO This was though he own son wa ment of the "Was ris is either a in mercy of was now vis angelo's pr of second c under the d God himself the purpose redemption actually red from guilt Satan and t "A horn prophetic to cxlii. 16: a box in the O animals the develop val at mat thus a y "In the h The whole feely Zach spective un children w nounced by carries us b succession o told the cou b-gan with promise was through No Isaiah and there had testimony, i and more d in course o dark and sil dred years, Zacharias s sublime str an illustra Isaiah wrote