

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

MISTAKES. Vouchsafe to keep me this day without sin! Yes, Lord! from danger, too, for Christ's dear sake!

FOR THE TRUTH'S SAKE.

In 1703, says Jean Bion, at that time a Roman Catholic chaplain to the prisoners on the galleys, there came on board our galley a number of Protestants from Cevennes and Languedoc, whom we were ordered to watch.

tence of visiting the sick, where I found the surgeon dressing the wounds of the poor Protestants My tears flowed at the sight of the mangled bodies, on seeing which they, though more dead than alive and scarcely able to utter a word, told me they were obliged to me for the kindness which I had always shown them.

EXPANDING THE CHEST.

Take a strong rope, and fasten it to a beam overhead; to the lower end tie a stick three feet long, convenient to grasp with the hands. The rope should be fastened to the centre of the stick, which should hang six or eight inches above the head.

A MERITED REBUKE.

No lady had more dignity than Mrs. D.—, the admirable wife of Rev. Dr. D.—. She disliked slang expressions, and warmly disapproved of the disrespectful manner in which some young persons habitually speak or address their elders.

On one occasion she administered a severe rebuke to a young man, who had ridden up to the front gate and hallooed out, "Is the old man at home?"

Every Huguenot condemned to undergo the terrible infliction, having first had his irons removed from him, was handed over to four Moors or Turks, who having stripped him of his garments, leaving him not even his shirt, stretched him on a large cannon, his arms and legs being so held that he could not move.

LOVEST THOU ME?

If Christ the Lord should come to-day, As erst to Peter by the sea, And low and tenderly should say, "O, my disciple! lovest thou Me?"

THE MINISTRY OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

"When our little boy died," has been the beginning of pilgrimage for many bereaved parents. "When the baby died," dates impressions on the family circle that have matured to godliness.

The old may outlive their friends; the middle-aged may make enemies who are glad to be rid of them, or wandering off, die where none lament; but the babe is without prejudice in life, and mighty in death.

There is something so peculiarly affecting in the loss of a child that we sympathize with the parent who said he believed no minister prepared to bury another's child who had not buried one of his own.

There's many an empty cradle, There's many a vacant bed, There's many a lonely bosom Whose joy and light are fled;

In this way heaven is receiving large contributions from earth. Next to the conversion of a soul, the enemy of God and man may take least pleasure in the death of a child.

We bless God for our creation. The opening of a career of immortal existence is in itself a great event—a mission of praise and glory, which death cannot frustrate.

AMONG THIEVES.

It was reported to a London city missionary that a dead Asiatic had been carried from his neighborhood to the work-house. Desiring to know who he was, the missionary sought him, and was pleased to find the report of his death was premature.

Stooping to his ear, he whispered in the Hindi tongue, "Did you ever hear of Jesus?" He opened his eyes and looked wildly at first, as though he was endeavouring to recognize a face he had seen somewhere else. Then gradually the look of anxiety passed away, and was succeeded by a smile, which seemed to speak in the affirmative.

"So you have heard of Jesus, the sinner's friend," repeated the visitor. "Yes," he said, sighing, "I have heard of the name of Jesus in India, but never in England till to-day. The effort seemed too much for him; but evidently he had not said all he intended to say."

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His strength was exhausted, he had uttered nearly his last words, but the brightening hopes of a better land, and a view of the King in his beauty, seemed to soothe his last moments, for he occasionally opened his eyes and smiled, which seemed to say, "I can listen, if I cannot speak; tell me more; let me pass away under the spell of the precious name."

A GREAT HYMN.

Cowper's beautiful hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way," was universally sung in the recent memorial services to the President. By order of Bishop Littlejohn it formed part of the service in all the Episcopal churches of Long Island.

There never was more preposterous nonsense than this giving of children liberty about church going. The Sabbath never was meant for a novelty. Religious teaching cannot be a novelty—it is line upon line. To make going to meeting a "refreshing novelty" is precisely what the Bible forbids.

I believe that, ordinarily, the church-going habit will not become second nature unless it is formed before the child is five years old. The baby of three years ought to be asleep in church on Sabbath morning, and we ministers always will be thankful if nobody else is asleep by that time.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE CAMEL.

The expression of his soft, heavy, dreamy eye tells its own tale of meek submission and patient endurance ever since travelling began in the deserts. The camel appears to be wholly passive—without doubt or fear, emotions or opinions of any kind—to be in all things a willing slave to destiny.

Which will be sung as long as hymns are sung in religious worship.—John Banvard in New York Mail.

NAPOLEON III. AND HIS EXTRAVAGANCE.

The great Napoleon assumed State and encouraged luxury from calculation; his nephew, both from policy and taste. Napoleon III. was fond of pomp and show, besides being a confirmed sensualist, and he derived a personal enjoyment from his entertainments. They were on a magnificent scale; but the only marked or lasting influence of the Imperial Court, as regards fashion or manners, was on female dress.

Hal dropped his head, half ashamed and troubled. He had studied and studied, but somehow the letters became unruly on the end of his tongue, and he slipped into a place, or a tried to pass for a. But they all went at it again, their lips buzzing like the angry bumble bees whose nest Hal stirred up in the orchard.

CHILDREN AND CHURCH.

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Profaneness, vile talking, and intemperance by young men begin with Sabbath-breaking by the boys. To confess that you cannot prevail on your children to go to meeting with you is to abandon them to the devil already. You can, God has given you the right, the authority and the power to enforce it. You are responsible if you cannot say with Joshua: "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord."

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course to his gutta percha cistern, which holds as much water as will last a week, or, as some say, ten days even, if necessary. Is he hungry—give him a few handfuls of straw a luxury. He will gladly crunch with his sharp grinders the prickly thorns and shrubs in his path, to which hard Scotch thistles are as soft down. And when all fails, the poor fellow will absorb his own fat hump. If the land-storm blows with furnace heat, he will close his small nostrils, pack up his ears, and then his long deflated legs will stride after his swan-like neck through suffocating dust; and having done his duty he will mumble his guttural, and leave perhaps, his bleached skeleton to be a landmark in the waste for the guidance of future travellers.—Harper's Young People.

HONEST HAL.

"If the recitation is not perfect to-day, you must remain after school hours," spoke the sharp decisive tones of the teacher to the B spelling-class.

Hal dropped his head, half ashamed and troubled. He had studied and studied, but somehow the letters became unruly on the end of his tongue, and he slipped into a place, or a tried to pass for a.

But they all went at it again, their lips buzzing like the angry bumble bees whose nest Hal stirred up in the orchard.

"B class!" brought them to their places with fear and trembling, but no one missed until excitable Hal, in his very anxiety to escape, blundered and stammered and hesitated until the awful word "next" trembled on the teacher's lips; but just then a knock called her away to the door. "M-e-a-s-u-r-e-s," whispered Tom Brown in his ear. What a friendly knock! Now he was all right. But his better judgment told him it would be "all wrong" to spell the word as though he had just thought of it. Then he thought of the fun on the ice, and how still and lonely the school-room would be, and almost concluded to do it; but his soul revolted against a mean act. The good in him triumphed, and when the teacher returned he spelled the word right, quickly adding, "some one told me though." She looked pleased instead of angry, for she prized honesty above smartness, and knowing Hal had tried faithfully, excused his single failure. So he skated and laughed with a merry heart, because he had a sense of having shown himself manly and above deceit.

TWO WAYS.

Two Picture Lesson Papers! Nellie had one, and Lou the other, and both were full of stories and pictures and the Bible verses for next Sunday's lesson. Nellie folded hers smoothly together—just once up and down—and put it into a strong envelope which mamma had made for her. Lou wrinkled hers all up in her hand and put it deep down into her pocket.

After supper, Sunday night, Nellie took hers from the envelope, and learned the golden text and the lesson for next Sunday; then she recited them to mamma, and they had a long, pleasant talk about them. Lou forgot her paper till mamma told her to take the things out of her pocket when she was undressing for bed; then she pulled out the poor, torn thing with her handkerchief, and threw it on the bureau.

Every morning during the week Nellie read the daily readings, and every night she said over the golden text just before she knelt to pray. The housemaid threw Lou's paper into the scrap-basket when she cleaned up the tumbled room, and Lou never once thought of it all the week long.

When Sunday came, Nellie recited the lesson to mamma again before going to church, put her collection penny into her pocket, and her picture paper with the others in a box in her closet, taking the envelope to Sunday-school for the next one. It was nice to look over this pile, especially just before review Sunday. Then about New Year's, the Sunday-school always sent a box of clothing and books to some missionary in the far West, and Nellie's pile of next lesson leaves was very welcome to the children there, even if they were a year old.

Sunday morning, Lou said, "O, mamma, what's my lesson paper? Mamma, what have you done with my paper? O dear, I haven't got one word of my lesson, and Miss Gay will look so cross. I don't care—so! How could I get my lies on if somebody stole my paper, I'd like to know?"

Which was the better way, Nellie's or Lou's?—Zion's Herald.

THE SW... THE GROW... I.—It should... 2.—The Divine... 3.—The design... As there has been... As I was riding... When Sunday came... Sunday morning, Lou said... Which was the better way...