

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE INNER CALM.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm, While these hot breezes blow; Be like the night dove's cooling balm Upon earth's fevered brow.

STRUGGLES OF A YOUNG PREACHER.

The next year John P. Durbin was sent to the Greenville work, then quite isolated. It was generally understood that if he did not develop more promisingly during this year he would not be given work afterward.

his friend, and gave his assent. Brother Eddy encouraged him in a most judicious manner. John then sought his mother, who was on the ground, and told her what was expected of him.

ly carried away on the tide of beauty, and exclaimed, "Bless God!" Patting him again on the arm, brother Eddy repeated, "I can pay the cost. I can pay the cost, brother Sale!"

THE "BEST HAND ON THE FARM." Up with the birds in the early morning— The dew drop glows like a precious gem; Beautiful tints in the skies are dawning.

GOD'S PLAN FOR YOU.

Go to God himself, and ask for the calling of God; for, as certainly as he has a plan or calling for you, he will some how guide you into it.

THE JOY OF DECISION.

"Do you dance?" we asked a young miss. "I do not dance now," she said. For a long time I danced. My conscience opposed it.

ROMANISM IN ITALY.

A recent volume furnishes the following description of the religion of the poor people of Italy: "Between the knife-blade and the fist they pray to the Madonna.

SELECTING A PASTOR BY CHANCE.

The selection of a minister by the Mennonites who worship at Weaverland, Pa., a few days ago, was an occasion of intense interest in the neighborhood.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

FOR LITTLE CHILDREN. Who made all things? God made all things in earth and sky. From worms that creep to clouds that fly.

HOW THE CHAIRS WERE BOUGHT.

Our primary school meets in a separate room from the main school, and, until recently, we had nothing but the ordinary growl-neck chairs for the little ones to sit on.

STICK TO YOUR BUSH.

One day when I was a lad, a party of boys and girls were going to a distant pasture to pick whortle-berries. I wanted to go with them but was fearful my father would not let me.

LIBER.

There is a Christian at the Gate of the Ghetto, and a pointed deputation had been sent to him by a prophet to doubt that, by liberally at the ly through they had had much worse brethren in Gethsemane had a ready to prom collection, but somewhat st promises. The generous a st Apostle had a pieces, and by up many to a not otherwise Now he gave their credit as previously in Macedonia, denians to st