

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

COMFORT ONE ANOTHER.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANGSTER.
Comfort one another;
For the way is growing dreary,
The feet are often weary,
And the heart is very sad.

A VERY PRESENT HELP.

BY MRS. HARRIET A. HOBART.

Poor Mrs. Clements! She has given up completely. She says she cannot be reconciled to the way she has been dealt with. She used to delight in the thought that God was her loving Father. But since he has so cruelly afflicted her, she can only believe him to be an unjust, vindictive being. She has lost all hope and comfort!

hairs of your head are all numbered. That God deals with us as reasonable and accountable beings, 'For unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required.' Our sins and iniquities and ignorance are the causes of our misfortunes. Knowing these things, I seek to learn who is responsible when accidents or sickness occur, instead of blaming my loving, merciful Redeemer.

'Don't you believe God could have prevented his falling, if he had chosen?' eagerly inquired Mrs. Clements. 'Not unless he had, at the same time, changed all your husband's relations to himself, in regard to accountability, and altered principles in nature that give stability to life and enterprise. To have done this at that moment might have involved changes which would have affected the entire universe.'

and God is doing all that can be done for us, it is not right to charge him with afflicting us. Oh Martha, I am so glad to see this! I wanted to be at peace with God, but I could not before; it seemed so dark and strange. But now I see a little better why we can safely trust him. He has no pleasure in death.'

scenes, exclaiming, "I will really kill you, for I know you have done it purposely." The lady, Marie Berg, who is a member of the famous Meiningen Company, was rescued by the actors just as the infuriated tragedian had grasped her by the hair. Dawson's insanity is supposed to have been caused by the overstrain of mind and body during a brilliant campaign in America, from which he returned laden with money.

be sweet when you are surrounded by bitterness, to be gentle and calm when people are curt and unmanly, to preserve composure when you are treated with rudeness, in a word, to be self-controlled because Christ controls you, this is to leave out the petty trials of a transient existence, and to have heaven begun below.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. A FAITHFUL SHEPHERD BOY.

Gerhardt was a German shepherd boy and a noble fellow he was, although he was very poor. One day he was watching his flock, which was feeding in a valley on the borders of a forest, when a hunter came out of the woods and asked: "How far is it to the nearest forest?"

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear it, merrily little if dark or fair— Whole soul honest honesty printed there. Beautiful faces are those that show, Like chrysalis cases where heart-fires glow Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

MERE SHOW.

We live in an age of dress and show. The Church and the world vie with each other in the display of finery, and the spiritual senses of multitudes of professed Christians are smothered in silks and satins. The wearing of costly apparel, the display of fine ribbons, gold earrings, frizzes, and bangs that hide the beauty of womanhood, an apology for a bonnet propped on the back of the head, and flashy gow-gaws, steal away the affections from God, and leaness into the soul, and, instead of a full, round, deep and abiding experience, a shallow, sentimental utterance is instituted in the class and experience meetings.

INSANITY ON THE STAGE.

An Austrian journal reports the curious fact that four "Titans of the German stage," as it calls them, have lately become insane. The calamity is due in part, as we understand, to overwork, but in two of the cases the overwork was self-chosen, the actors being impelled by the ambition of making a fortune with undue rapidity. Herr Matras, of Vienna, whose wonderful memory was the amazement of theatre-goers, has suddenly become incapable of recollecting twenty consecutive words. During the last season he showed a painful absence of mind, and it was found that he had forgotten whole scenes from pieces in which he had played a hundred times. From that time to the present, his mental decline has been swift, though it has not shown itself by violent symptoms, but in a quiet and gradual dying out of the powers of his mind.

DISAGREEABLE DUTIES.

If life could always keep an even tenor, and duty always wear a smiling face, how pleasantly our days would glide away. But no life is set to sweet music all along its path. We must have our painful experiences as well as our joyful ones, our days of shadow as well as of sunshine. There are times of special and irritating friction, from which none of us can expect to escape. We must accept our share of things which we do not enjoy, and which at the best we can but endure with patience and fortitude. What is the reasonable course to take concerning disagreeable duties, from going to the dentist's to writing the letter from which we shrink, fearing lest it shall displease or annoy its recipient; from saying no firmly though gently, to spending a precious hour with a tiresome trifler, and so on through the varying number of illustrations which might be multiplied indefinitely?

NOTHING FINISHED.

I once had the curiosity to look into a little girl's work-box. And what do you suppose I found? Well, in the first place, I found a "bead purse," about half done; there was, however, no prospect of it ever being finished, for the needles were out, and the silk upon the spools was all tangled and drawn into a complete wisp. Laying this aside, I took up a piece of perforated paper, upon which was wrought one board of a Bible, and beneath it the words, "I love—"; but what she loved was left for me to guess. Beneath the Bible board I found a sock, evidently commenced for some baby-foot; but it had come to a stand just upon the little heel, and there it seemed doomed to remain. Near to the sock was a needle-book, one cover of which was neatly made, and upon the other partly finished, was marked, "To my dear—"