

THE HOME CIRCLE.

PROPHESIES.

Sometimes you will look back to these bright days
With grateful eyes
And think of all our quiet, happy ways
With soft and gentle sighs
You will remember how we read or talked
In the library
Or, summer evenings, how we roved or walked
Through fragrant glades

Sometimes alone, or in a busy throng
As you will sing
Soft, clear and sweet, a sweet and true song
We used to sing
And oft, awake or sleeping, you'll recall
Those happy days
Books, music, and the pictures on the wall
And flowers in bloom

You will remember every tender word
You're used to me
The knowledge that you're spoken to in kind words
Will comfort thee
Something you'll miss when I pray, but all in vain
As far you roam,
For one short hour to rest from grief and pain
In this sweet home

Dear heart I grieve that I must leave this home
To walk alone
But some time we shall find each other there
Around the Throne

THANK GOD FOR MOTHER.

After one of the hard-fought battles of the war, a Confederate chaplain was called hastily to see a dying soldier. Taking his hand, he said, "Well, my brother, what can I do for you?"

He supposed, of course, the young fellow would want to cry to God for help in his extremity; but it was not so.

"Chaplain," said he, "I want you to cut a lock of hair for my mother; and then, chaplain, I want you to kneel down, and return thanks to God for me."

"For what?" asked the chaplain.

"For giving me such a mother. O, she is a good mother. Her teachings are my comfort now. And then, chaplain, thank God that by His grace I am a Christian. What would I do now if I were not a Christian? And thank Him for giving me dying grace. He has made this hard bed feel 'soft as downy pillows are.' And, O chaplain, thank him for the promised home in glory—I'll soon be there."

"And so," said the chaplain, "I knelt by his bed with not a petition to utter, only praises and thanksgiving for a good mother, a Christian hope, dying grace, and an eternal home in glory."

HIS ANSWER.

During the February term of the Supreme Court in one of our Eastern States, occurred a trial that caused a great amount of excitement and enlisted the sympathy of the entire community. A lad of nineteen years was before the bar of justice, to plead for life and liberty. He had been indicted for murder. Beginning by taking a few coins from his benefactor, he entered upon his career of crime which ended by his taking that which he could not give—the life of a fellow creature. After the verdict had been pronounced by the grave, white-haired judge, one of the jurors entered the dock, and taking him, who was only a boy, by the hand, asked: "Henry, what led you to do it?" With tears streaming down his pale cheeks, he replied: "Because I had no mother." The boy or young man who has a mother to influence him toward purity of life, possesses a gift that is inestimable and "above rubies." How hardly we realize that but for that tender influence, we might be passing our lives, unloving and unloved, behind the gloomy walls that have enclosed, for life, a mind and soul placed here to do the Master's will.

REVERENCE FOR OLD FOLKS.

The car was crowded when an old man, leaning on a cane, entered, groping along with the aid of his cane for a seat. He had gone more than half-way without finding one, when a boy of about ten years old caught sight of him, and was on his feet in a moment.

"Here, sir," he said kindly, "take this seat, sir, if you please."

"But what will you do?" the old man asked.

"I'll stand," was the smiling answer, which he did.

"Well, bless you, my lad," said the old man as he sank down in the comfortable seat. "I'm a thousand times obliged, and I am sure when you get lame and old there'll always be a seat for you."

A Greek historian tells how in the pure and early and

most virtuous days of the republic, if an old man entered the crowded assembly, all ranks rose to give room and place to him. In the "Iliad" this respect for the aged is prominently portrayed.

A company with several young friends, a boy was hurrying along the walk of a busy street. Suddenly he stopped, with a glad exclamation, took off his hat and bowed, while his face grew radiant. A country carriage, in which sat an old-fashioned but smiling old lady, went rolling by.

"Who's that old lady that you're so mighty polite to?" asked one of the boys.

"That's the best and dearest old lady in the whole world," was the quick, proud answer. "That's my grandmother."

Many a boy, could he voice his thoughts, would sing with the poet:—

Who shall guess what I may be?
Who can tell my fortune to me?

And we can easily answer the questions when a boy who respects age asks them:—

For bravest and brightest that ever was sung,
May be—and shall be—the lot of the young.

"GOD IS LOVE."

People said that she was an odd little girl, but every one loved her. Her name was Betty, and her years were very few, but then they had been such happy years!

Her mamma had taught her many wonderful things about the world around her—of the flowers, and the little shells by the seashore, and of the tiny bugs which she found in the grass. Most wonderful of all, of the love of God which numbered all these tiny creatures, and cared for each one. She knew nothing of sin or of selfishness, so that it was a very beautiful world to Betty; she made friends with everything and loved everything, and was happy. "She will learn soon enough of the sin and sorrows of the world," said her mother. "I will teach her the love of God."

One morning Betty was playing on the seashore. It was a lovely, summer day. The ocean seemed to have forgotten that it would be angry, and dozens of children played about on the beach, busy with their houses, and forts, and cities of sand. On a bench, not far from Betty, sat a young man. He looked tired and sick, and as if he alone of all that throng was friendless or unhappy. An older person would have seen in a moment that he was a scholar, his face bore the marks of hard thought and study, and everything about him seemed to show that he was one whose life was spent among books. But to Betty he was simply a person who seemed to have nothing to do and who would doubtless be glad to play with her.

"She had been playing 'store' all the morning, with sand and pebbles, so she moved her wares up to the bench and smiled up at the young man in a friendly way.

"Don't you want to play store with me?" she asked, as he seemed to take no notice of her friendly glances.

The young man stared, and did not seem to understand, till the child explained that she was keeping a grocery store of sand and shells, and that she greatly desired his custom.

"But suppose I have no money," he said, smiling. "What do you do when you have no money little girl?"

"O, I ask mamma, don't you?" said the child.

"I have no mamma, she has been dead a long time," said the young man, the sad look coming into his face again.

Betty looked down. It was really too dreadful to think of any one without a dear, good mamma. She felt very sorry, indeed, for the poor young man, and when she spoke again she said very gently:

"Is your papa in heaven, too?"

The student hesitated. What should he say? He could not tell this child that he had no belief in heaven—that he had studied, and reasoned, and doubted, till he had come to the conviction that there was no God, and that his lack of faith had brought his father's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

"My father is dead," he said, at last, "and I hope that he is in heaven."

"But haven't you anybody?" insisted the child.

The student shook his head. It had been different when he had been a college boy in the pride of youth and health, and sure of his own opinions. Unbelief had not brought peace; and in his disappointment, and saddened by many sorrows, even this childish sympathy was sweet to him.

"I have no one in the world who cares for me, or loves