

Home Circle.

Put to Sleep in the Dark

The weary child, the long play done,
Wags slow to bed at set of sun,
Sees mother leave, fears night begun,
But by remembered kisses made
To feel, though lonely, undismayed,
Glides into dreamland unafraid.

The weary man, life's long day done,
Looks lovingly at his last sun,
Sees all friends fade, fears night begun,
But by remembered mercies made
To feel, though dying, undismayed,
Glides into glory unafraid.

—Bishop H. W. Warren, in *The Independent*.

A Scotch Sermon on Charity.

"The congregation will noo be seated and gie their undivided attention to the followin' intimations. Some o' them are maist as important as the sermon," said the Rev. Tammas MacPherson, as he finished "addressin' the throne of grace."

He was in his eightieth year, and during fifty-five years had worn out five Bibles in beating the dust out of the pulpit desk of Auchterbirnie kirk. His parishioners worshipped the ground on which he walked, and though he was practically penniless—for he gave most of his income to the poor—they saw to it that the minister lacked for nothing. Their old minister read the announcements, and then said:—

"I hear that Widdy Tamson is in destitute circumstances. This maunna be. Nane o' God's heritage maun suffer in the midat o' the guid folk o' Auchterbirnie. Think o' this on the way to yer hames. We have it in Holy Writ, that nivver fails, that 'he that giveth to the puir lendeth to the Lord.' There is a blessed privilege. Think o' the farmers o' Auchterbirnie being lenders, and haein' the Lord for a customer! And nae need to foreclose to get back payment, for it'll be returned twenty, thirty, fifty and a hundredfold. Noo ye can a' raise fine crops o' wheat and corn, and tatties, as I can weel testify; for the Lord has moved yer bowels o' compassion, and ye hae been unco generous to me. Then see if ye canna raise guid crops o' britherly compassion, and bring the first fruits o' the harvest to puir Widdy Tamson."

"Sanders Grant'll send her a load o' firewood. Fine dae I ken that; I see't in Sanders' generous e'e. Fine kenlin he keeps, too, as I weel ken; for I'm burning some o't myself, thanks to Sanders' kindness." Sanders, sitting in his pew, the observed of all observers, was completely won over, and would gladly have given Widdy Tamson the earth, and the fulness thereof, had he owned it, at that moment.

"Peter Michie'll send her a pickle tea. Oh, but it'll no be sair missed oot o' Peter's abundant store. Peter is behouden to the Lord for many things, and is a living example o' the nivver-failin' truth o' the Holy Writ, 'The han' o' the diligent maketh rich.' Peter's a hard-workin' chiel, as we can a' testify." Peter, too, immediately fell into line.

"Jimmy Grant was tellin' me the ither day," continued the Rev. Tammas, "that he was millin'

some fine meal the noo. I quite believe it. He is the only miller in Auchterbirnie, and there's no miller from Maidenkirk to John o' Groat's can compare wi' him. Better send a pickle to the widdy, Jimmy, and keep up your account wi' the Master." Jimmy registered a full pock of best oatmeal in his own mind.

"Beaton Scott'll send the widdy some o' the fine tatties I saw in his barn last Tuesday. I needna ask Beaton, for I ken fu' well he wouldna be backward in daeing a kind act to a deservin' widdy in Auchterbirnie."

"And oor guid freend, Wull Crapman, by the looks o' him, can hardly keep his seat, sae anxious is he to dae something to fill the widdy's pat."

"Nae fear o' the widdy's starvin' when the Lord has put the saut o' the earth in the parish kirk o' Auchterbirnie. The Lord has promised to be a husband to the widdy, and He wants ye all to be brithers-in-law, and I'm glad ye respond so nobly. Ye're a gallant lookin' lot o' Christians, and yer hearts are as big as yer bodies. The Lord'll reward yer work o' love. Noo let's praise his name for raisin' up in Auchterbirnie sae many who honor the faith." There was a lull all through the kirk, and then the minister's voice was raised in prayer.—*Family Friend*.

A Noble Apprentice.

Young men of wealth who are expecting to fill responsible positions in the world of affairs are coming to realize that a man's worth depends not on the number of his father's dollars, but on his own individual merit and ability. A case in point, which may be quoted, is that of a young man employed in a famous steel mill in Massachusetts.

The young man is the son of one the most prominent nobles in Sweden. His father is high in favor with the king who has given him special honors and entrusted him with extraordinary functions. His ancestors in every generation for several centuries past have been illustrious in their country's service.

The young man's object in obtaining employment in an American rolling mill is to gain experience that will fit him to control a large iron and steel business which his father owns. He came here immediately on leaving the university, from which he was graduated with high honors. He expects to remain a full year in Massachusetts, after which he will go to other rolling mills for further experience.

He works hard and the foreman says that he does not shrink from any duty, however laborious, and expects no consideration on account of his rank. He lives with the other men and dresses and fares as they do.

Flowers of the Forest.

"Did you ever laugh until you cried, Tommy?"

"Yes, only this morning."

"What at?"

"Well, pa stepped on a tack and I laughed, then pa caught me laughing, and I cried."

Old Lady (reading newspaper)—I declare! The poor fellow arrested yesterday is deaf.

Listener—How do you know?

Old Lady—Why, it says here that he is expected to have his hearin' next week.