

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

OUR ONE LIFE.

It is not for man to trifle, life is brief,
And this is here—
Clear age is but the falling of a leaf,
A dropping tear
We have no time to sport away the hours;
All must be earnest in a world like ours.

THE CHURCH COUGH.

BY AUNT SOPHIA.

The coughing season has come round once more and brought with it a little annoyance to some communities. For the worst of it is that in this matter no man liveth to himself.

I wish to make two general remarks in regard to this trying complaint, the church cough and the prayer-meeting cough.

First, there is more coughing than there used to be.

It may sound harsh, but I do not mean it unkindly, when I say that much of the coughing in public assemblies is due, not to colds or diseased lungs, but to thoughtlessness or ill-breeding. Coughing is one of the many forms of self-assertion.

That lusty brother just under the pulpit is no invalid. He coughs by way of expressing in the manner most proper under the circumstances his satisfaction with things in general.

That young girl under the gallery coughs because some one has looked at her and made her nervous. That boy coughs because he must do something or burst.

The quietest persons in our congregation are several ladies who have suffered for years from serious lung difficulties. At home I know they are sometimes distressed by sharp attacks of coughing.

On for a sage's pen, to treat suitably of this great theme, the American cold; that evil offspring of our sharp winter and the Moloch who has set up his throne in our houses and our churches.

Here is Mrs. A., who has walked perhaps half a mile snug and safe in her fur sacking. She enters church in a pleasant glow, her lungs filled with pure frosty air. What does she find to breathe there?

Blasts of hot, devitalized air laden with dust and woolen fibers, puffing up, perhaps continuously into her own pew, for such is the latest triumph of malevolent invention, and coming, perhaps, direct from an unventilated malarial cellar.

Now our model family—for we have a model family in our town—never have colds. They have occasional illnesses, which are treated as illnesses; the patient put to bed for a day or two and cured.

We are becoming "as a people," so sensitive on this subject of overheated houses that no one dares do more than hint at it.

A recent distinguished English visitor to this country said that he found everybody ready to own up to this in general as a national vice.

STICK TO ONE THING.

"Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel," is the language of the Bible. Whoever expects to succeed in any undertaking, must enter into it with a hearty and earnest will to do his best.

trades, of unstable character, who dritt from post to pillar, and who succeed in nothing but strolling along the highways of life, melancholy wrecks of men.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

One hundred years ago not a pound of coal nor a cubic foot of illuminating gas had been burnt in the country. No iron stoves were used, and no contrivance for economizing heat was employed until Dr. Franklin invented the iron-framed fireplace which still bears his name.

WEBSTER AND CHOATE.

Thirty years ago, when a student of Amherst college, I remember going over with several of my classmates to Northampton, where Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate were the opposing lawyers in the great Oliver Smith case.

Choate spoke for nearly two hours in a manner the very counterpart of Webster's, and yet equally appropriate to the speaker's individuality.

His plea lasted two hours. The day was hot, and when he had concluded he sank into the arms of his attendants in a state of perfect exhaustion, and was borne out in the lobby like a corpse.

MY FRIEND!

What hast thou been to me, my friend? In the first dawning of our early love Something so strangely sweet, so true and strong.

THE SUNDAY REST.

Here is the experience of Colonel H. W. Payne, Civil Engineer, in regard to resting upon the Sabbath. "Some years since, before a railroad was built, or a stage line established across the plains, there was a large emigration to California overland.

chance that mother had to tell that child about the glorious privilege of prayer! What an opportunity to cast an anchor that will hold in the wildest storm!

EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

Many a good mother, looking back over the long road of the past and gazing on her horny hands, resolves that her daughter shall have a better time.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

AN ANSWERED PRAYER. A mother knelt in the twilight By the bed of her little child, And prayed that the years before it Might leave it undisturbed.

WINNING THE VICTORY.

All day long and many a day Harold had worked to get rid of the ill weeds which troubled his grandfather's garden.

acquaintance of a cousin who was a Christian. With him the fatherless lad attended church and became a serious hearer.

One evening his cousin suggested that they should attend the church service preparatory to communion, and he went. The lecture exactly suited Harold's case.

THE FIRST FRUIT.

A little girl was once made the owner of the grapes upon a large vine in her father's yard.

"Now for a feast," said her brother to her one morning, as he pulled some beautiful ones for her to eat.

"Yes," said she, "but they are the first ripe fruit."

"Dear father told me that he used to give God the first of all the money he made, and that then he always felt happier in spending the rest; and I wish to give the first of my grapes to God, too."

"Ah, but," said her brother, how can you give your grapes to God? And even if you were able to do such a thing He would not care for them."

"Oh, I have found out the way," she said. "Jesus said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me; and I mean to go with them to Mrs. Martin's sick child, who never sees grapes, because her mother is too poor to buy them.'"

And away ran this little girl with a large basket of the "first fruit" of the vine, and other good things, all beautifully arranged, to the couch of the sick child.

"I have brought Mary some ripe fruit," she said to Mrs. Martin. "Dearest, child, may God bless you a thousandfold for your loving gift! Here, Mary, see what a basket of good things has been brought you!"

The sick one was almost overcome with emotion as she clasped the hand of her young benefactress, and expressed her sincere thanks.

EVERY DAY A LITTLE.

Every day a little knowledge. One fact in a day. How small is one fact! Only one! Ten years pass by. Three thousand six hundred and fifty facts are not a small thing.

Every day a little self-denial. The thing that is difficult to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self-mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for!

Every day a little helpfulness. We live for the good of others, if our living be in any sense true living. It is not in the great deeds of philanthropy that the only blessing is found. In little deeds of kindness, repeated every day, we find true happiness.

Every day a little look into the Bible. One chapter a day! What a treasure of Bible knowledge one may acquire in ten years! Every day a verse committed to memory. What a volume at the end of twenty-five years!

It is to be meaning is to Peter That was his home, have had presence began ed upon the that they bread.

2.—If H the Scribe say. They self devil- miracles to scries ap- tion sent d deavor to d fence. T this to H among the this, as on their thoug them to H This rep- nificant.

—How can Satan? himself? can. He ability; he certain kin- to ability of deducant lent in Sat- Ver. 28-30

ty of the omitted. T miracles w power, and the Holy G This was Holy Ghost given. It the Divine givenness in pardonable volves a wition of the those guilty selves into beyond all r who are an- times get it are very m that they h onable sin. clearly expl unpardonab is so disti Christ, that about it; who are th sciences can very passag for which t that "All s sons of men

3.—It w relatives ha attempt to course He v His mother intention of she, at any His mission led; and t that the pro of kindly re sive toil. Himself to plishment natural ties He did. T ed kinship believe in spiritual re man being Every one c dear to the or sister, or us "A Fri a brother, H school Maga

Christian of the world the free exc butes of th and gifts, a grouped ar cross of a hope of a G. Williams