

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

ENDURANCE. How much the heart may bear, and yet not break! How much the flesh may suffer, and not die!

TOUCH-ME-NOTS.

Returning from a trip down town this morning after our church festival, I met my neighbor and sister in the church, Mrs. Jones; and after the first salutations I remarked with a probably an interrogation point in my voice: "I didn't see you at our festival last night. I counted on you as one of the helpers."

HOME-MADE WINE.

Says a man in California: "We find here that a wine-making community is a community of drunkards."

WHITTIER'S FIRST POEM.

We have before us, in Mr. Whittier's handwriting, the first poem of his that was ever published.

has not solicited them to take a class. "Perhaps that is the reason Bro. Jones doesn't come to class, because you didn't appoint him leader."

office of the Free Press, a weekly paper then published by William Lloyd Garrison, in Newburyport. Garrison had just attained his majority, and this paper was his first venture in journalism.

One day he was at work with his Uncle Moses repairing the stone fence by the highway, he going along on the outside, replacing the stones knocked from the wall by sheep that had scrambled over it.

Garrison was so impressed with his new contributor's work that he sought him out, coming up to Marble Hill on horseback to interview him. When Garrison called young Whittier was at work in the field.

HERE AND THERE. We sit beside the lower feast to-day, She at the higher.

VAMPIRES.

In speaking of Shylocks, money-mongers, monopolists, etc., the term is frequently used. The following description of the real vampire will not only prove interesting, but show how apt is the name when applied to the above classes.

THE LITTLE WANDERER.

BY REV. A. W. M'LEOD, D. D. A lively boy, six years old, wandered one afternoon from his home in one of our large cities, looking as he went on into the windows of the beautiful stores, and gazing at the pretty things so temptingly displayed.

new, tiny, chased ring. The sharp points caused such pain that I involuntarily exclaimed "Oh, mercy!" Slowly and searchingly the Doctor looked around till his mild eyes rested on my blushing face.

He looked about and was startled at finding himself in a strange place. How many corners he had turned, how through what streets he had passed, he knew not. He became alarmed and began to cry, appealing to the passers by to take him home.

There were so many Thompsons in the city that Mrs. Somerville was at a loss which way to go. "Come with me and remain at my home to-night, and I'll try to get you to your mother to-morrow."

There was sorrow in Mrs. Thompson's home that night. Her boy was lost. Where was he—what had become of him—was he dead or alive—would she ever see him or hear his pleasant voice again?

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

CURED BY KINDNESS. "You oughtn't to do so," shouted Willie, as the butcher dashed past in his wagon, giving the whip unmercifully to his poor, half-starved horse.

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The wagon was broken to pieces and the man thrown out and bruised. Next day the vicious brute was offered for sale. Willie's father bought the horse to please Willie, whose tender heart was full of pity for the poor animal.

Before long Mr. Ely and Willie began to drive the horse. They were surprised at the change in him. He would go as slow as a snail, stop instantly at "Whoa," and rub his head on his shoulder.

One night Mr. Ely was away from home. He had taken the early in the afternoon, but when bed-time came he had not returned. Thinking he would not be home that night, the family closed the house and retired.

Stephen was an exceedingly goodly person; it is fair to render him the glory which is his by right. He was a natural leader, and his family but a second hand as it were. Faithful deliverer of his faith inspired when she felt faith suggested hope of down-coming.

AM I A SINNER?

"Papa," said Richie one day "am I a sinner?" "Yes, my son," said the father. "But, papa," continued the boy, "I don't steal or lie; I never lied or stole anything; I study hard; I love to go to church and to Sunday school. Why am I a sinner?"

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THE COMING

1. Moses' mother's love was not a mere sentiment, it was a power.

2. There is a great difference between a man who is a sinner and a man who is a saint.

3. The greatest of sins is to be proud of our own goodness.

4. The most dangerous enemy we have is the one who is our friend.

5. The best way to win a friend is to be true to him.

6. The only way to be happy is to be kind to others.

7. The best way to be wise is to be humble.

8. The only way to be brave is to be true.

9. The best way to be rich is to be generous.

10. The only way to be powerful is to be just.

11. The best way to be loved is to be kind.

12. The only way to be free is to be true.

13. The best way to be happy is to be kind.

14. The only way to be wise is to be humble.

15. The best way to be rich is to be generous.

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