

OUR HOME CIRCLE

BEAUTY IN DUTY, I said, I cannot work to-day, I'm tired of hourly duty; O, had I wings to fly away...

JOSPHINE MEEKER.

Many Clemmer gives in the New York Independent, a touching sketch of one of those lives which reveal angelic fortitude, and perfect saintly virtues.

Not many weeks ago I told you of the funeral of a young and beautiful woman, the daughter of a justice of the Supreme Court, whose little mission-school scholars gathered around her coffin and heaped it with flowers.

What a world of tragedy can sometimes be concentrated in the history of a single family. The father of Josephine Meeker was an old friend and worshiper of Horace Greeley...

The country knows the result of this self-abnegation. "She was always thinking of what she could do for others, never of herself," said her bereaved brother, yesterday, his eyes full of tears.

Josephine Meeker, a young girl, less than twenty years old, went to the Indian Agency in the Ute country with her father and mother.

When "a brave" held a pistol to her face, declaring he would kill her if she did not do his bidding, she looked him in the eyes and said: "Kill away!"

I know another—"who loing dead yet speaketh." These volumes which lie by my hand are old and worn so that you can hardly read the words "Cottage Bible;" well do I remember a plain, sweet face, bending over these open volumes.

Secretary Teller, of the Interior Department, was an old friend of her father, and when he came to be the chief of this department, Miss Meeker was promoted to his own office. She was an accom-

plished stenographer, and the little remnant of her days was filled with satisfactory and honorable employment. From behind a great screen, in a small office of the secretary and assistant secretary passed-by heard the quick click of a type-writing machine.

On Saturday morning she by death entered into life. The brother who loved the "little sister" came on from New York in season to see her die.

THE BEST AND ONLY SUBSTITUTE. A friend asked us recently; What substitute can the Church offer young people who desire to enter its Communion for the ball-room, the theatre, and other worldly pleasures they are called upon to renounce?

THE POWER OF MOTHERS. I was in the company of a talented Christian lady when a friend said to her, "Why have you never written a book?" "I am writing two," was the quiet reply.

WHY SHOULD I FEAR? Nobody has spoken more justly on the subject of dress than Sydney Smith, who was as wise as he was witty.

ever I am or ever hope to be, or if I enter heaven, I owe it all to my mother. The effect was electrical. One mother arose and said, "When I am gone, will my children say this of me?"

THE WAYS OF SIN. How pleasant it seems when we enter in. The very first time, the ways of sin; How bright the prospect, how fair the flowers, How quickly fly the enchanted hours.

THE HODMAN'S ROPE. He felt the ladder swaying under him, and as he turned to descend, he found that the cord which bound in its centre the spliced ends of the two pieces of which it was composed was slowly unwrapping.

NO MORE GROG FOR CUNARD SAILORS. The antiquated practice of serving out staled portions of grog to seamen on ocean vessels has almost entirely gone out of fashion on the large passenger steamships which traverse the seas.

SEBASTIAN CABOT. Sebastian Cabot was certainly in one sense the discoverer of America; it was he who first made sure that it was a wholly new and unknown continent.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. WATCHING. Watching for somebody, wide brown eyes, Waiting to give him a rare surprise? Oh, is it father, whose horse's feet Fall in the distance smooth and fleet—

MID-WINTER HEAVENS. Children and young people, do you look often at the skies when you are out at evening? Do you know how to pick out the stars and the constellations?

WHAT O'CLOCK? When I was a boy, my father one day called me to him, that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the hands, and described to me the figures on the dial plate until I could tell the time quite readily.

ter appreciated fifty years later than in his own day. His truthful accounts for the time discouraged further enterprise in that direction.

One day she sat with us in her soft raiment, her dove-colored robe falling around her slight figure, her pale blue feathers framing her hair and gentle face.

"Do you not dread to die?" we asked, suddenly giving words to the thought which had possessed us. It was a smile of strange, half-unearthly loveliness that crossed the young face as she answered:

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. WATCHING. Watching for somebody, wide brown eyes, Waiting to give him a rare surprise? Oh, is it father, whose horse's feet Fall in the distance smooth and fleet—

MID-WINTER HEAVENS. Children and young people, do you look often at the skies when you are out at evening? Do you know how to pick out the stars and the constellations?

WHAT O'CLOCK? When I was a boy, my father one day called me to him, that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the hands, and described to me the figures on the dial plate until I could tell the time quite readily.

THE HEATHEN TO HAVE THEM TOO. The spirit and aim of those who are sending the Bible to the heathen is beautifully illustrated by an incident narrated of little Miller Bissell of Norwalk, a dear child of seven years of age, whose early death occurred a few months since.

He admired the verses and wanted the heathen to have them too. This was genuine benevolence, and it illustrates the nature of true love which seeks to give the heathen that gospel which is to us as the pearl of great price.

ter appreciated fifty years later than in his own day. His truthful accounts for the time discouraged further enterprise in that direction.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. WATCHING. Watching for somebody, wide brown eyes, Waiting to give him a rare surprise? Oh, is it father, whose horse's feet Fall in the distance smooth and fleet—

MID-WINTER HEAVENS. Children and young people, do you look often at the skies when you are out at evening? Do you know how to pick out the stars and the constellations?

WHAT O'CLOCK? When I was a boy, my father one day called me to him, that he might teach me to know what o'clock it was. He told me the use of the hands, and described to me the figures on the dial plate until I could tell the time quite readily.

THE HEATHEN TO HAVE THEM TOO. The spirit and aim of those who are sending the Bible to the heathen is beautifully illustrated by an incident narrated of little Miller Bissell of Norwalk, a dear child of seven years of age, whose early death occurred a few months since.

He admired the verses and wanted the heathen to have them too. This was genuine benevolence, and it illustrates the nature of true love which seeks to give the heathen that gospel which is to us as the pearl of great price.

He admired the verses and wanted the heathen to have them too. This was genuine benevolence, and it illustrates the nature of true love which seeks to give the heathen that gospel which is to us as the pearl of great price.