

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

"HE EVER LIVETH TO MAKE INTERCESSION."

BY HARRIET McEWEN KIMBALL.

I will arise and go unto my Father And say what shall I say? O to abide myself in silence, rather, And weep myself away!

A BIT OF EXPERIENCE.

I shall never forget that day—no, not if I live to be a hundred years old—when I lay on the bed and cried for something to eat. You might imagine that I was in a starving condition, but if you had seen the tray which the nurse had just placed beside me you would have been undeceived, and would probably have thought, as Charlie did, that I had taken leave of my senses.

INCOMPLETENESS OF LIFE.

It was Phillips Brooks who, in a sermon on "The Withheld Completion of Life," set me to thinking to how many in this world life does seem incomplete. The thing they are always striving to reach is always just beyond, and no matter how earnest the striving, it is never to be attained.

moner kinds. Hot-house bouquets had grown to be an old story and those seemed to bring the very essence of the fresh out-door air to her weary senses. I have never forgotten that sickness in a strange city; and now if I have a sick friend or neighbor I try to send some remembrance, even if it is nothing but bread and butter, provided it be of the best quality. It can be made to look tempting by spreading the butter on the loaf, cutting the slices very thin, and after taking off the crusts, rolling them up. With practice and a sharp knife one can soon learn to do it deftly, and though it is nothing but bread and butter, after all, yet to an invalid the appearance is very attractive.

A SHORT TEMPERANCE STORY.

In a large city a laboring man, leaving a large saloon, saw a costly carriage and pair of horses standing in front, occupied by two ladies, elegantly attired, conversing with the proprietor. As it rolled away, he said to the dealer: "Whose establishment is that?"

CASTING ALL YOUR CARES UPON HIM.

In the summer of 1878, I descended the Rhigi with one of the most faithful of the old Swiss guides. Beyond the services of the day, he gave me unconsciously a lesson for my life. His first care was to put my wraps and other burdens upon his shoulder.

not yet three-score years and ten, but I have gained enough wisdom to see how mercifully the "completeness" which would have been my choice at eighteen was withheld, and how, through the failure of my dearest plans, God has all the time been leading me through better paths, and will, I trust, lead me to the end, when the completion of all work done for Him will be all that we could have wished.

A HAPPY HOME.

A pretty story told about a German discloses the secret of a happy home, wherein joy abounded, though there are many to feed and clothe: A teacher once lived in Strasburg, who had hard work to support his family. His chief joy of life, however, was in his nine children, though it was no light task to feed them all.

DOES THE WORLD MISS ANY ONE?

Not long. The best and most useful of us will soon be forgotten. Those who to-day are filling a large place in the world's regard will pass away from the remembrance of man in a few months, or at the farthest a few years, after the grave has closed upon their remains.

PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

Captain Henry Talpey, of Boston, has lately arrived home after an absence of five years as master of the ship Wandering Jew. He and his wife, who has been with him much of the time, are members of the Walnut Avenue Congregational Church, Boston Highlands; and it is their habit on board ship, throughout their long voyages, to maintain divine worship regularly on the Sabbath.

On velvet slopes the shadows lie, The crimson pales along the west, The steadfast stars arise on high, And labor's weary hands may rest.

TERRORS OF THE SNOW-SLIDE.

To those who never witnessed a snow-slide, the term has no terror; while those who have seen an avalanche in the Wasatch mountains shudder at the very thought of it. The mountains in the vicinity of the Cottonwoods are steep and bare. It is said an Indian will not venture up little Cottonwood Canyon. When questioned as to the cause of this strange fear of that particular canyon, they shake their heads and say, "No good."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

In a time of great darkness, when priestcraft and intolerance were doing their worst to suppress divine truth, a party of soldiers, under a very cruel leader, were one day riding along a road in Scotland when they met a lad carrying a book. Upon being questioned as to the nature of the work he replied, with a fearless, upward glance: "The Bible."

A TRUE INCIDENT.

The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider.—Isa. 1, 3. A farmer who had recently listened to an exposition from this text was giving food to his stock, when one of his oxen, evidently grateful for his care, fell to licking his bare arm. Instantly, with this simple incident, the Holy Spirit flashed conviction on the farmer's mind. He burst into tears, and exclaimed: "Yes, it is all true. How wonderful is God's Word! This poor, dumb brute is really more grateful to me than I am to God, and yet I am in debt to him for everything. What a sinner I am!" The lesson had found way to his heart and wrought there effectually to lead him to Christ.

a new piece through once on her piano, and all would sing it, carrying their several parts correctly. They have an organ, purchased in San Francisco, as a gift from Queen Victoria, and Miss Young had learned to play it. She was evidently glad of some suggestions from her visitor in regard to the style of fingering, and it seemed rather strange to see her work the pedals with her bare feet, for the women and children and some of the men never wear shoes, and their feet are naturally quite large; but the fervor and sincerity of all in their worship and praise made everything seem comely.

MILLY'S LESSON.

Is it not strange that a little girl with a good home should want to run away from it? But this is what Milly did one morning. She did not like her breakfast, and she did not like mamma's shutting Carlo out of the parlor. "I will just take my Dolly and go on the railroad," she said to grandma's house. She knows how to treat little girls," she said to Dolly.

BARBERS' POLES.

In the records of the English Parliament for the last century we read that Lord Thurlow, when he opposed the Surgeons' Incorporation Bill in the House of Peers, on the 17th July, 1797, stated that by a statute still in force, the barbers and surgeons were each to use a pole. The barbers were to have theirs blue and white striped, with no other appendage; but the surgeons, while the same in other respects, were likewise to have a gallipot and a red rag to denote the particular nature of their vocation.

Wonderful words from one so young at such a time of peril! Another moment and he lay shot through the heart, but his spirit was with the Lord who gave it.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

On a person coming in to be bled, the tape was disengaged from the pole, and bound round the arm, and the pole was put into the person's hand. After the operation was concluded, the tape was again tied on the pole, and pole and tape were often hung at the door for a sign or notice to passers-by that they might there be bled. Doubtless the competition for custom was great, for our ancestors believed thoroughly in bleeding, and they demanded the operation frequently. At length, instead of hanging out the identical pole used in the operation, a pole was painted with stripes round it, in imitation of the real pole and bandage and thus came the sign.

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