

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE LIGHTHOUSE.

O'erhead the storm-clouds gathering black were drifting. The wild sea foamed below. Against the lighthouse with their booming thunder. Dashed the white waves of snow.

SUCH AS I HAVE.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

You would not have said she had very much. Very few people would have been thankful for even a liberal share of what she counted as her mercies and blessings. She lived at the Old Ladies' Home. Visitors, if they cared to go to the further end of the hall, on the upper floor, saw her name on the little card, No. 78, Mrs. Mary Jessup.

"When a body is deserted by her own children," weeps Mrs. Barnes, with a shake of her head. "That's no worse than being forsaken by your father and mother," says the comforter, cheerily, "and that's just the time the Lord'll take you up. Seems as if some woman might have said that about taking a body up; thinking how a mother'll put her work away just to take up the child on her lap and comfort it."

DOWN WITH THE SABBATH. "Open the shows, concert-rooms, art galleries and all such resorts on Sunday. Let there be something open between a liquor saloon and a church to which workingmen can resort for innocent and profitable recreation."

THE FRIENDS OF CHRIST. "I stand at the door and knock," said he, "And if any man will open to me, I will come in and abide." And they answered, "Lord, we are friends of thine, Our home is dark till thy light shall shine;" And the door was opened wide.

A SECRET WORTH KNOWING. On a recent journey I met in a railway coach a gentleman well known in the Church as a devout and liberal layman of the best type. Having a long distance to ride together, we fell into an interesting and somewhat confidential conversation concerning our personal experience in the Christian life.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. GRANDMOTHER. Hush, little feet! go softly Over the echoing floor, Grandmother's reading the Bible There by the open door.

THE BALKY HORSE. There was no mistake, Puss was balky. She was sure to have one of her fits come on if we were in a hurry—and we were in a great hurry that afternoon. The boys had been digging potatoes all the forenoon, and the wagon-body full on the hill-side, and a shower coming up.

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