

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

GOOD FRIDAY. I bore with thee long weary days and nights, Through many pangs of heart, through many tears; I bore with thee, thy hardness, coldness, slights, For three and thirty years.

"ONCE."

"There never was such an affliction as mine," said a poor sufferer restlessly tossing in her bed in one of the wards of a city hospital. "I don't think there ever was such a racking pain."

shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? A few days passed away, when, on a bright Sabbath morning, as the sun was rising, the nurse noticed the lips of the sufferer moving, and leaning over her she heard these words: "Going home! I have fought the good fight. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

GODLY WOMEN.

In his discourse at the funeral of the late Bishop Kavanaugh, of the Southern Methodist Church, Bishop McTear said: Like Timothy, the unfeigned faith that was in him "dwelt first in his grandmother and his mother."

There is but one true, real, and right life for rational beings; only one life worth living, and worth living in this world, or in any other life, past, present, or to come. And that is the eternal life, which was before all worlds, and will be after all are passed away—and that is neither more nor less than a good life, a life of good feelings, good thoughts, good words, good deeds—the life of Christ and of God.—Kingsley.

Rev. Dr. Cuyler says that if he had to begin his life-work again, he would devote less time to the reformation of fallen men and women, and much more to the salvation of children. Those who are thus beginning their life-work might profit by this hint.—Signs of the Times.

TRUE EASTER.

The world for the dead Christ weepeth, And holdeth her Lenten fast; Doh she think that Christ still sleepeth And night is not overpast? Nay, but the word is spoken, Nay, but the tomb is broken, And "Christ is risen! Yes, Christ is risen indeed!"

MAN AS A HOUSEKEEPER.

Man is a creature that has always elicited our unqualified admiration; he is in many capacities useful, and by a judicious arrangement of blue cloth and brass buttons, can often be rendered to a certain degree ornamental. In the sphere of action for which his many estimable characteristics have qualified him, we accept him without a murmur; but when it comes to have him foisted upon us as a house-keeper, we indignantly reject him.

YOUNG MAN, BRACE UP.

A lazy man is too contemptible to live, and has no rights his fellow-men are bound to respect. Young man, you may as well understand, first as last, that you have got to work for all you get in this world. You may not always get what you earn, but if you would keep out of the poor house, and have a competency in your old age, you will have to work for it.

"GO QUICKLY AND TELL."

To the women was the commission given to bear the joyful intelligence that Jesus had risen; they were able to testify by word of mouth to the vision of angels, and to the fact that they had seen him who, no longer dead, was soon to appear to them. And how the hearts of the disciples would have thrilled with delight had they believed the testimony of the women, instead of regarding their words as "idle tales."

It was the women more than the men whose faith ventured to show to Jesus those personal kindnesses which our Lord ever appreciated. How his heart went out in loving sympathy toward the woman who, though "a sinner," came into the house of a Pharisee when her box of ointment, and washed his feet with her tears, and kissed them, and wiped them with her hair, and then anointed them with the precious ointment. And Jesus enjoyed this personal devotion, and he said that though her sins were indeed many, yet they were all forgiven.

Jesus well knew what a power this woman would be to show forth what his love had done toward the worst of sinners. And her testimony was needed then as much as testimony is needed now. And we in this day have even greater advantages over those who lived when Jesus was upon the earth. We can have personal communion with him; to us, he may be an ever-present Saviour, a constant companion, a friend; and not only our conqueror, but our keeper. Mary and Martha enjoyed only occasional visits, to which, during his absence, they must have been ever looking forward; but he has said to each one of us, "Lo, I am with you always."

COUNT THEM.

Count what? Why, count the mercies which have been quietly falling in your path through every period of your history. Down they come every morning and evening, angel messengers from the Father of lights, to tell of your friend in heaven. Have you lived these years wasting mercies, treading them beneath your feet, consuming them every day, and never yet realized from whence they came? If you have, heaven pity you! You have murmured under your affliction; but who has heard you rejoice over the blessings? Do you ask what are these mercies? Ask the sun-beam, the rain drop, the star, or the queen of night. What is life but a mercy? What is the propriety of stopping to play with a thorn-bush when you may just as well pluck sweet flowers and eat pleasant fruits! Happy is he who looks at the bright side of life, of providence and of revelation; who avoids thorns and sloughs until his Christian growth is such that, if he cannot improve them, he may pass them without injury. Count mercies before you complain of afflictions.

seven out of the eight die bankrupts, financially, morally and otherwise.

When a father brings up his son in idleness, never teaching him the first principle of economy or the value of a dollar, he commits a terrible blunder. The father guilty of such a crime generally has to saw wood for a living in his old age. Nine out of ten of the boys with fathers who bring them up in idle luxury, ere they reach the meridian of life are total wrecks—wrecked on the rocks of total depravity which lie beneath the stream of life, and on whose sharp and ragged edges thousands of lives have been wrecked and ruined. Money bags may, like bladders, keep you above the waters of distress for a time, but puncture them, let their contents escape, and you sink.

A young man, you have undoubtedly meant to do well. No young man ever goes astray intentionally, but in some idle, thoughtless moment he graduates from soda water and lemonade to something stronger, and before he is fairly aware of it he has not only lost caste; but has a whole menagerie on his hands and is employing a doctor to help dispose of his immense elephants and snakes that laughingly cuddle in his boots. Yes, the world presents too many temptations for the minds of all to withstand, and the only safe way for a young man is to keep away from the temptation.

Boys, the recklessness of youth is what has caused so many mothers' hair to turn as white as the driven snow. It's this that has caused so many fathers and mothers to give up by the wayside and be laid in premature graves. The follies of our youth hang heavier upon the hearts of our fathers and mothers than the mill-stone that grinds the kernel into the finest flour. It's almost a pity that some of our young men of to-day didn't fall in between the mill-stones before they had caused the trouble they have.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

EASTER. Give flowers to all the children this blessed Easter Day; Fair crocuses and snowdrops, And tulips brave and gay.

EASTER FLOWERS.

The church on the Heights was decorated with flowers for Easter. The pastor was in the pulpit, and the people were in the pews. The organ was filling the house with music. The sexton, standing just inside the door, felt a pull at his sleeve from behind. He looked around. Two children, a boy and a girl, stood outside.

"Wanth to thee the flowerth," said the little girl.

"I don't know about you," said he. "You mightn't sit still." "We will! We'll sit just as still as can be," said the boy.

"Well, you may sit in one of the side pews. You can't see the flowers there, to be sure. But if you wait till service is over, you can go near the altar and have a good look at them."

Many wondered at the little shabby pair, sitting so quietly in the pew nearest the door. One young lady stopped to ask them: "Why don't you go home now? The service is over."

"Waitin' to thee the flowerth," said the little girl promptly. "The man said we might go up there and see them at the folks are gone," said the boy.

"O! Well, come with me. I'll take you to see them." The children followed the young lady up to the altar, and stood feasting their eyes in silence. At last they seemed satisfied, and turned away.

"We must go home now," said the boy. "Mother'll be pleased that we got in to see the flowers." "Why didn't your mother come with you?" asked the young lady.

"O, she can't never go nowhere, 'count o' the baby and Lil. Lil is a cripple, you know." "Where do you live?" "37 M. street, top floor," said the boy.

"A awful long wayth," said the girl. "Would you like a ride home," asked the young lady, "in a carriage with me?"

There was no reply to this strange proposition. The little couple were dumb with amazement. But their shining eyes and smiling lips were answer enough. She spoke to the coachman, and then the children were put into the carriage. Crack went the whip, round went the wheels, and off they rolled, in such state as they never rode before.

A QUICK TEMPER.

What did I hear you say, Theodore? That you had a quick temper, but were soon over it; and that it was only a word and a blow with you sometimes but you were always sorry as soon as it was over?