

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

WITNESSES.

"I am working alone, and no one needs!" Who says so, does not know; There are clear eyes watching on every side, And wherever our feet may go...

LETTERS TO GIRLS.

TRUTHFULNESS AND SINCERITY. "But I we, if we want to succeed in life, be always frank and truthful?" is a question a girl asks...

you are so "delighted" to see her and give a Judas kiss to show your delight, when you don't care a fig for her. I heard a person say to an acquaintance, "I am so glad to see you! Why did you stay away so long? Do come again soon. I have missed you so much!" following to the gate to kiss a goodbye; returning to the house to tell how disagreeable the person was and to hope she never should see her again.

to ask, "What do I think of myself if I do this or leave undone that?" Do you ever weary of "they say?" Who are the "they?" Do you respect them? Why do you care for them? To what will they help you to become? Answer these questions to your own satisfaction. There is no one you can depend upon, except your own father and mother, beside yourself. Be your own best friend. You never will amount to very much in this life until you reach that point. All the success in life which comes from any source but from within will never be of great help. It is your own determination and perseverance which will make you a power in the world.

—two hundred dollars. The bank discounted his own note, endorsed by its president, for two hundred more. When his client came in, the following conversation ensued: "Well, squire," said the client, "have you secured my note?" "Yes," answered Mr. Hackett. "What have you got it on to?" "This is what I've got it on to," taking from his desk a roll of bank-bills. "Why, what does this mean? If I'd supposed he was that kind of a man, I wouldn't have sued him."

DISCONTENT. The other day we stood by a cooper who was playing a merry tune with his adze round a cask. "Ah," said he, "mine is a hard lot—driving a hoop." "Heigho!" sighed the blacksmith on a hot summer day, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow, while the hot iron glowed on the anvil; "this is life with a vengeance, melting and frying one's self over a hot fire."

But the girls didn't believe it and they spoiled two miles of that ride in fretting. They found a lovely old tree and smaller ones near it, and a stream of clear water trickling down from somewhere. "Oh, oh!" they both said, "Father, do please stop here!—Mamma, only see what a lovely place!" But father had been looking at the sky for some minutes, and he shook his head. "It wouldn't be safe, girls. There is a heavy storm coming this way, I think. We must drive on, and reach a place of shelter. It wouldn't be good for little Joe to get a wetting."

THE SUN. OBEDIENCE. All questions circumstances lawful to resist must be left for whom they are written, with St. Paul construed to the effect of faith and yield absolute authority, else the early mart authorities of ship idols, when they Protestantism. Verse 1-23. of government says nothing form of civil Christian government, enacted, and sion to the au government, apostle, in a tions as to the stand to con should remind ties of that re them equally point out the on which civ is a part of t should live to the control of should admir erto enforce, form, is ess willars of co would be in any time be possessed the force. Will would be gi and for angry passio of anarchy life, and pre civilisation e. 3.—"Rule good works better than school who never afraid but the othe he can disor out, is alwa is going hor and behaving the tall polie the corner, performing the one who stolen applie in verse 4 th vice intenc powers—the to those who of punishme The divine world of frustrated by man wicked tional cases, make obedi conscience (of which we press hardl we may do as; but, w as Christia 6. 7.—"H sore point best gover people pay much unpopu and the ling at the in taxes. The gover in its ma government be. What little com we get in on to a on he "honor to thoughtl "honor at the humb spect, re transcend mon hum recognize the claims offices of doming his maintain dence, he and homo ity by th this ackn all the va city are 11 14— force all drawing before us out of sle alert; "nearer are in the nal day. ent state soon give light of th earthly tions and belong to holy des higher s truth, ad mouds we have slumber should, us every and seek those gr for its On this horatio Maq.

A GOOD LAWYER.

Lawyers rule this country. Of the seventy-six members who lately made up the United States Senate, fifty were practicing lawyers. The same profession furnishes heads to nearly all the government departments. Why is this thus?—is one of those questions to which several different answers may be given. But the fact has formed in the Senate, a standard by which the ability of each new senator is measured. "He is a good lawyer, and will make a good senator," is a remark frequently heard, when the name of an incoming senator is mentioned. But there are lawyers and—lawyers. Besides, the epithet "good" is so equivocal as to leave one in doubt as to its meaning, when applied to a lawyer. If all members of the profession were as "good" as the late Mr. Hackett, of Portsmouth, N. H., the country might rest in peace, that flows from confidence, while lawyers ruled it. "He did not," says a former student in his office, "look upon his profession simply as a means of earning money, but as his place for doing good in the world."

EVERY DAY.

The morning-glory hangs her blossoms out Fresh every day. Yesterday's bloom-lived out their little hour, And then were gone. So live to-day with patient, steadfast will And loyal heart. So shall to-morrow find thee truer still To bear thy part. And if no morrow ever wakes for thee Best thou content. If but to-day has borne its very best Before it went.

A RAILWAY LADDER.

Marshall Pass, by which the main range of the Rockies is crossed, is a great railway ladder. I do not propose to describe it; a whole article by itself would be needed for that. At its foot you are 6,000 feet above sea level; at its summit you are 10,000; yet on either side weather-beaten peaks rise nearly 4,000 feet above your head. If you will carefully toss a cord down on the floor (only guarding against its making any cross loops) you will have a fair idea of the way the track runs here. It is always a steep grade upward, but then to attain the regularity of ascent the train must go away up to the head of the deep indentations and skirt the outmost rim of the headlands. There are no tunnels, except the semblance made by the long snowsheds; few deep cuttings or bridges. It is simply a winding trail, accomplishing, by many and devious turnings, the required ascent of 217 feet to the mile, shown by a straight line on the profile from the Arkansas plains to the summit of the pass, and down again to the valley of the Tomichi on the western side. Sometimes you can look out of the window at two or three tracks below and two or three more above—the steps you have come and those which remain; but intervening links are invisible, and you wonder how you are to attain those successively higher levels. From one spot on the western slope six of these tracks are seen at once down the opening made by a great ravine which the road crosses and recrosses. This side is a kaleidoscope of far-reaching views, changing with each moment, for your headlight turns to every point of the compass in its doublings; and while you admire the sky-kissed heights above, you may turn and tremble at the awful depths just below. It is a railway in midair.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

MOTHER'S WING. Some little birds lay in a warm sunny nest Before they had learned to hop round in the trees, And fluttered, and flattered, and dear little breast, Singing: "Chick-a-dee-dee, We are three, if you please." The mother bird waited and watched, for she knew They only could fly in a soft, gentle breeze, And she wanted to show just how they should do, Singing: "Chick-a-dee-dee, This way, if you please." But the little birds ventured one beautiful day, Found they could fly, with such pleasure and ease, And together, the three of them floated away Singing: "Chick-a-dee-dee, Good-by, if you please." But very soon, wearied of motion so new, Each thought, "How unwisely a little bird see!" And back to the nest in the sunny place flew, Singing: "Chick-a-dee-dee, Mother's wing, if you please." And if little children, when filled with unrest, Would stop to look up to the blossoming trees, They might just recall three birds in a nest, Singing: "Chick-a-dee-dee, Mother's wing, if you please!" —Wide Awake

FATHER KNEW BEST.

"Oh, dear!" said Emma, and she looked disgusted. "I think as much," said Laura, and she pouted. It was all because in a lovely wood they had some miles to find, there was a great picnic party, filling the boats on the little river, filling the swings, using the croquet-ground, using all the nice, cosy sitting places under spreading trees, using the tables and benches, swarming everywhere. Now the fact was that Emma and Laura wanted that grove for their picnic, and the people who were to attend it were mother and father, and baby and Joe, and their two selves. It was an quite an event to the Lawrence family; for father rarely had a day to spare. "Never mind," said the mother, trying to smile away the frown on her daughters' faces. "Our party is so small, we can find a pleasant place elsewhere,

ROBIN REDBREAST.

There is no bird more gently loved than Robin Redbreast. He makes his appearance the earliest of the birds of spring, and is always warmly welcomed as the harbinger of sunshine and flowers. He is easily tamed, and will sit on the fence near those who dig among the flower-beds or gardens, ready to fly down and hunt bugs and worms as soon as he considers he can do so without being caught. He is very fond of angle worms, and will almost risk being made a prisoner in order to obtain them as they are rolled out of the earth by the spade of the gardener. The young robins are not handsomer than any other fledglings until their plumage is grown. They have enormous yellow mouths, which fly open at the slightest noise around the nest, and the quantity of bugs and worms which these little mouths will receive is simply astonishing. Robin Redbreast, especially in the country, is very friendly and domestic in his tastes. He builds his nest, not very high up, on apple trees around the house, and sometimes even under the woodshed of the farmer's house, and the farmer welcomes him as a friend whose presence is a good omen. Farmers' boys seldom disturb Robin's nest, or hurt the little ones. Robin and his wife have the most tender attachment for their young, and whenever ill befalls the fledglings their mournful cries and attitude are enough to melt a heart of stone. Rob no bird's nest, dear young friends, but be particularly kind and tender with gentle affectionate Robin Redbreast. —Human Journal.