

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

ADRIFT. Ever the water lily rocked Upon the rocking stream, Where the little clouds, reflected, flocked And steered across her dream.

The bird in the alder further flew At the ending of his song; The rat plunged in where the rushes grew And paddled his way along;

Was she happier when the stars were born, And the bird sat mute in the tree? When she rocked and swayed, with her cables torn,

The river-mouth was broad and black, With currents counter-crossed, Where the foam churned white in the eddy's track

The sun uprose through a glory spread, And climbed by a cloudy stair, And "What is the thing, O Sea?" he said, "Your breakers are tumbling there?"

BECAUSE SHE ACKNOWLEDGED HIM.

"Rain, rain, rain! What a long, lonely day this has been!" sighed a weary-looking girl, as she glanced from her narrow window into the dreariness without.

In smoky London, up five flights of stairs in a small attic room, sat Madeline Stuart. Yearningly, almost tearfully, she gazed into the distance—

All alone in the world was she—a poor sewing girl, alone in London city; and yet she did not feel alone. Those threatening clouds in yonder sky were but a veil between her and mother, and heaven was very near to Madeline Stuart.

"I'm glad I've finished this work to-night," she said softly to herself, as she tied the bundle "for Mrs. Arden will surely pay me."

Swiftly she walked through the muddy streets until she reached the handsome mansion on B— Street. A trim-looking woman opened the door in response to her ring, and ushered her into the comfortable drawing-room.

"You are very prompt to-night, my dear," she observed, with one of her most patronizing smiles; "I hope you have not slighted your work in your haste to finish it."

"Not at all, Mrs. Arden," answered Madeline Stuart, advancing toward that lady and laying the work in her hands.

"Very well; I will not stop to examine it now, as I have a pressing engagement to meet at seven, and it lacks but five minutes to that hour. Call to-morrow night for your pay please, and perhaps I may have more work for you."

"What a disappointment!" murmured the girl, as she retraced her steps. "She does not know how much I need that money."

Mrs. Arden did not mean to be unkind; she was simply thoughtless. She had everything herself; how could she realize Madeline's wants? Such people seldom do.

"Precious promise God hath given To the weary passer by: On the way from earth to heaven, I will guide thee with mine eye."

Madeline walked in and took a seat. Presently a tall, handsome man, past middle age, entered and

passed up the aisle to the chair behind the desk. As the music ceased, he rose, opened the Bible on the table and read: "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Three times he read it in clear, earnest tones, and then closed the book.

"My friends, God has never yet broken one of his promises; what is more, he never will break one of his promises. Is there a soul in this room to-night who is worried and perplexed because they cannot see the way before them—any one who is in trouble because the future looks so dark to them, and they cannot see even one bright spot ahead? If so, let me say, this promise is meant for you.

Thought after thought rushed swiftly through Madeline Stuart's mind. She had been left an orphan at twelve years of age; God had placed her in a good family; through kind friends she had obtained an education and a business by which she might gain an honest livelihood.

"If you please, Miss Stuart, there's a caller for you below." "For me, and so early?" and Madeline hastened down stairs.

"I will explain my business at once," he added, after his self-introduction was over. "I am Mrs. Arden's brother. I stood in the back hall last night, putting on my overcoat, and the door being ajar, heard my sister defer paying you. I imagined your disappointment, but feared my offer of assistance might be deemed obtrusive.

Madeline bowed her head and answered: "I accept the position, and will strive to fulfil its trusts." Madeline has a happy home of her own now, but she will never forget that rainy evening in London, when the singing of a hymn led her into Woodside Chapel.

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Dr. Joseph Brown, of Glasgow, speaking in Edinburgh, at a recent meeting of the Scottish Temperance League, of Miss Weston and her work among the sailors, said: "Miss Weston told a very good anecdote about setting an example. At an evangelistic meeting, before she was an abstainer, a poor sweep who was a victim of intemperance, came up at the end of the meeting to take the pledge, and took the pen in his hand and was about to sign his name, and she was greatly rejoicing to see him doing so; but before signing he looked up and said, 'Be you an abstainer, Miss Weston?'"

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BLESSEDNESS. Blessed ones, a little while, Ye are gone before, Where eternal sunbeams smile On the better shore.

THE TRICYCLE.

It is to the tricycle, in some of the many forms it is now assuming, that we look as the travelling carriage of the future. Within a very short time it has come extensively into use; and as it is available for ladies as well as gentlemen, and is safe and steady for old as well as young, while the clergyman and doctor can use it without that sacrifice of dignity which is supposed to be involved in the use of a bicycle, it will be seen that the tricycle appeals to a very wide constituency indeed.

FISHING FOR THE BALOLO.

Only on two days in the whole year do these creatures come to the surface of the water. The first is in October, which is hence called "Little Balolo," when only a few appear. The natives know exactly when they are due, and are all on the lookout for them.

NO APOLOGIES.

Apologies for poor dinners are generally out of place. But when a lady has a forgetful husband, who, without warning, brings home a dozen guests to sit down to a plain family dinner prepared for three or four, it is not in human nature to keep absolute silence.

THE DISCIPLINE OF WEAKNESS.

One of the most trying accompaniments of weakness is the irritability which too often follows in its train. Temper, good and bad, depends more upon our physical sensations than we are apt to imagine. It is easy, comparatively, to be amiable, when every vein thrills with the exhilaration of full health; but when you are weak and suffering you are very apt to be cross too.

One great cause of our insensibility to the goodness of our Creator is the very extensiveness of his bounty.—Foley.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THAT LITTLE EAT.

I find it in the garden path, In the little crown half full, Of wilted flowers, where's the rogue Who dared my roses pull?

I GOT A-GOING AND I COULD NOT STOP.

I heard of a boy who was standing on the top of a hill, and his father was standing half-way down, and the father called to his boy, "Come."

This was all her apologies, whereupon the gentleman all said that such a wife was beyond price. The judge then explained the situation, and the next day there was a noble banquet.

A MOTHER OF CRIMINALS.

E. V. Smalley describes "A Great Charity Reform" in the July "Century," which has been due in the conception and mainly in the execution of the charitable work of Miss Louisa Lee Schuyler, of New York city, the leading member of "The State Charities Aid Association."

MISS POSITIVE.

The girls called her that because she was always sure she was right. Her real name was Ida. In Miss Hartley's school the scholars each said a verse from the Bible every morning at prayers.

I will tell you what happened. There was a young man, only twenty years of age, and he was lying in jail. He had killed a man, and was going to be hung. He had been a Sunday-school boy, and his teacher went to see him in prison.

It was a beautiful day; everything was lovely outside; the birds were singing, the sun was shining, and everything was green and beautiful! And this young man—only twenty years of age—was lying in this dreadful cell, his limbs chained together, going to be hung!

Now all the girls knew enough about the Bible to be sure there was no such verse in it, except Ida—she was "just as sure it was in the Bible as she was that she had two feet!"

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