

OUR HOME CIRCLE

WE SHALL BE LIKE HIM.
What shall be like him, Oh, how rich the promise;
What greater could our Father's love prepare?

SOME WEAK HANDS AND THEIR WORK.

Few indeed are they who do not feel their endeavors fettered by the limitations of circumstances and nature.

"Whoever," says Bacon, "hath anything fixed in his person that doth induce contempt, hath also a perpetual spur to rescue and deliver himself from scorn."

And not only does the spirit of the worker live again in the work; often it long survives it: who reads Harriet Martineau's books now?

literature of the new world that to-day owes so much to her descendants in Channing, and Dana, and Holmes, was herself from childhood lame, and sickly, and feeble.

But there are still others that claim our remembrance—true and tender natures, fettered in helpless bodies, and yet like the hero of Miss Mulock's "A Noble Life," by their swift sympathy and self forgetful spirit, making their lives a blessing instead of a burden to the world, and proving in their very helplessness a tower of strength to the suffering and sorrowing.

Truly the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; and if, as the Italian proverb runs, "The world is to him who takes it," it would seem that the tenderness of sympathy, the courage of purpose, and the enthusiasm of patience—weapons that may be grasped by the weakest hands in the most hidden lives—can truly overcome the world in the best and truest sense.—Christian Intelligencer.

ties, she seemed to prove the truth of the aphorism, "If you have genius, industry will improve it; if you have none, industry will supply its place." Need I say she succeeded? By success I would not imply fame or fortune; but she made herself entirely self-supporting, rendered material aid to her younger sisters, and supplied her life with the stimulus of a happy interest and steady purpose.

There are persons who find amusement in the misery and madness of the intemperate; and there are temperance speakers who evoke mirth by picturing scenes which cause only misery. But those who have experienced the terrible evils of intemperance, find little amusement in such exhibitions.

"OH, MY POOR BOY!"

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There are some women,—God pity them!—who have known what it is to see for the first time a husband or son drunk!

About the year 1863, says J. F. Sanderson, I saw a scene I shall never forget. I was walking down the main street of Nashua, N. H., and came in sight of Jim Bright's saloon, a horrible place from which honest and sober people turned aside with disgust and dismay.

"OH, MY POOR BOY!"

It seemed as if a life time of agony was condensed into that one exclamation, which marked a revelation of such sorrow as she had never known before.

There are places all about us where mere boys are poisoned, debauched, and ruined by the accursed cup.

Dr. South, said, "If there was not a minister in every parish, you would quickly find cause to increase the number of constables. If the churches were not employed to be places to hear God's law, there would be need for them to be prisons for the breakers of the laws of men."

THE BELLS OF SAN BLAS.

What say the Bells of San Blas To the ships that southward pass For the harbor of Mazatlan?

"O FATHER! WONT YOU COME?"

About three years ago when engaged in special Mission Services I called at the house of an old pensioned soldier.

"And father," I said, "will you meet the loved ones in the better land?"

Two days had passed, and returning from a distant hamlet on the afternoon of the third day, I saw standing in conversation with the soldier a lady,—who among others had visited the people to invite them to the house of God.

a Catholic church. The rough stone floor is completely hidden by high-backed wooden pews, except where narrow aisles lead down to the obancel.

The left side of the church is reserved for women, and the right is entirely occupied by men. On Midsummer day not a seat was vacant. One snowy phalanx of white caps succeeded another far under the low galleries, where the reflection from sun-lit foliage tipped the linen with a tender light, contrasting with the cool gray of the whitewashed walls.

At times the battle-field had been his sphere; and the cries of the wounded, and the prayers of the dying, had oft reminded him of one whose gentle voice had whispered loving words, and whose kindly deeds had cheered his life, alleviated his sorrows, and brightened his home.

Love conquers wrath. A kiss is better than a blow. Good will ever overcome evil.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

KISSING THE UGLY OUT.

Love conquers wrath. A kiss is better than a blow. Good will ever overcome evil.

The girl dropped her hand, and looked up at her teacher, as if she did not understand her.

The teacher, looking very kindly at her and at George, said again, "My dear Mary, you had better kiss your brother. See how angry and unhappy he looks!"

There is a proverb that it is the second blow that begins the quarrel. Let us all see that the second blow is not struck, and then the first one will do but little harm.

ONLY A CENT.

Uncle Harris was a carpenter and had a shop in the country. One day he went into the barn where Dick and Joe were playing with two tame pigeons.

"Only a cent!" said Dick. "Who would work for a cent."

"I will," said Joe. "A cent is better than nothing."

So every day, when Uncle Harris was done working in the shop, Joe would take an old broom and sweep it. And he dropped all his pennies into his tin savings bank.

"What fine kites!" said Dick. "I wish I could buy one."

"I have fifty cents, said Joe, "and I think I will buy that bird-kite."

"How did you get fifty cents?" asked Dick.

"By sweeping the shop," answered Joe. "I saved my pennies, and did not open my bank until this morning."

LULU'S CARE OF KITTY.

They brushed the clothes, they beat the clothes, One sunny April day— Their winter clothes, I mean—and then They packed them all away

And when, their labor done, they took Their tea and toasted bread, "Why, where is Kitty?" some one asked, "And 'I know," Lulu said;

TO THE BOYS.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon says to the boys:—Water is the strongest drink. It drives mills; it's the drink of lions and horses, and Samson never drank anything else.

The beer money will soon build a house. If what goes into the mash-tub went into the kneading-trough, families would be better fed and better taught.

What has been in my heart a long time past, is the expression of a deep conviction that whatever elements go to make up good, noble Christian character, none of them can be complete unless the missionary spirit is superadded.

Do you ask what chiefly strengthens faith? It is having much to do with Jesus.

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