



The Family Circle.

MIRACLES.

"I go where reason leads," he said;
"I trust the record of my sight—
But human logic sheds no light
On miracles."

Above his head
The everlasting heavens were spread
With the fair miracle of night;
And in the darkness at his feet
A glow-worm lit its phosphor-lamp
And shed a ray across the damp
Lush grasses; all the air was sweet
With odor delicate, intense,
Blown from a field five furlongs thence;
And nestling at his side, there smiled
An angel in his little child,
Ah, slow of heart! ah, blind and dull,
To apprehend no miracle!

—*Ida Whipple Benham, in Youth's Companion.*

IN THE DAYS OF THE GREAT ARMADA.

By *Crona Temple in Sunday at Home.*

CHAPTER I.

Just outside the town of Exmouth, there stood three hundred years ago—and it may be standing still in virtue of its strong walls and solid workmanship—a low-built, wide-roofed house, from whose windows one might see the whole beautiful width of the harbor on one side, and on the other the sweeping stretches of hill-side and valley, which make the county of Devon one of the loveliest in England.

A girl of about eighteen, tall and straight as the hollyhock stems beside her, was standing on the doorstep, shading her eyes with her hand, and peering down the hollow-way that led towards the town.

There was no one to be seen along the road; no one coming up the path through the spears of the rye that filled with its silvery rustling waves the fields beyond the road. The girl's foot tapped the ground impatiently as she waited and watched, and her left hand nervously broke the twigs of a cluster-rose that showered down petals from its open-eyed snowy flowers upon her hair.

"Doris!" it was a faint and rather tremulous voice that called through the open door.

"Doris!"

She turned, lingeringly, and entered a room—a long, low, oak-lined room—where a man sat within the wide chimney arch. Logs burned brightly on the hearth, and it was hot July weather, a mantle was folded across his shoulders, and a rug wrapped his knees, but he shivered as he said "Doris, you must close the door, my child; I feel chilly."

She obeyed him without a word. There was a look of suppressed excitement on her face; her lips were set tightly together; her eyes, bright hazel eyes they were, had an uneasy gleam in them. She moved to and fro restlessly, and at last took up her station by the farthest window and stared again at the road, and the town, and the sea.

"Is there any news?" asked the invalid presently.

"None. There is never any news now that Robert is gone."

"Dear Doris, it is natural that you should take anxious thought for Robert; but you should remember that, as it is a man's part to go forth to danger and to fighting for the honor of his country and his sovereign, for the safety of his home and his dear ones, for the defence of the right and true faith; it is a woman's part to cheer him and to help him, to bid him god-speed, and to hearten him by her ready self-sacrifice and courage. Robert will do his part—you and I are confident of that, Doris—and it remains for you, my child, to do yours."

"Oh, it is so easy—so easy to talk!"
"And you think that I can only talk?" he said, and a sad little smile crossed the pale, patient face. "Doris, in the stormy times before you were born—"

She turned suddenly and ran to him, kneeling beside him, and hiding her face against his arm. "Forgive me," she sobbed; "I know it—oh, I know it. I know what you did, and how you suffered long ago, and I am not worthy to be your child. But you see, my father, it is the uncertainty, the suspense, and the silence, and the waiting that are worse to bear than pain."

He smoothed her hair with his thin fingers caressingly. His heart ached for the girl. He knew, none better! what the misery of the "waiting time" can be.

"Where is Earle?" he asked, after a pause.

Earle was Doris's brother, a lad of fourteen, the merriest, most mischief-loving boy on all the shores of Exe. He had gone down to the town for news, and Doris said so in answer to her father's question.

"It is hard to know what share to believe of the reports which do come," the sick man said with sigh. "Doris, child, stir the fire; this ague-fit has hard-hold of me to-day. There—that will do; come here once more, and let me feel your warm soft touch. Tell me, how long is it since Robert left us?"

"It was Wednesday night, father; and to-day is Sunday."

"Wednesday night. There have been uneasy tales floating in the wind for twelve

Philip and his priestly crew? Do I not know, my father, what you endured in those dark days, for conscience' sake? What has been done once can be done again. Our ships may fight while a spar or plank of them can swim; but what can a handful do against a multitude? What can Robert, and men like Robert, do against the Invincible Armada?"

"You remember many things, my child, but one thing you forget. The battle is not always to the strong, the race is not always to the swift. Our God will help us in our need. We fight for our open Bibles, for our pure worship, we fight to keep—Hark, Doris! what sound is that?"

The soft evening sunlight came in at the open casement, with the twitter of the swallows in the eaves, the gentle monotone of the rustle of the breeze. One might hear, too, the distant stir of the town floating upwards on the air, and perhaps the long rush and wash of the tide rising against the shingle of the shore. It was the quietest hour of the summer-day, a Sunday evening-time, the season for peace and rest.

"Listen, Doris!"
She heard it now, the low distant sound—a mere moan and murmur of a sound—and she knew as well as her father did what it meant.

It was the hoarse voice of the Spanish cannon thundering at England's "wooden walls." It was the first shout of defiance of the Invincible Armada!

Then swift steps came up the field path, and Earle rushed headlong in.

"The Spanish fleet is come, it is round the Start!" he cried. "Father, I must

And so the father blessed him and bade him go. Could he refuse to do so? But the words of blessing died away, inarticulate, and the hand that lay on the sunny curls shook as if palsied. Earle was his only son, the last of the old line, the pride of his heart, the gayest, happiest creature that ever entered that room where the sick man passed his weary days. And Earle was going out in Lavin's sloop, going to help, if so it might be, to beat off the formidable array that was threatening the destruction of England.

"My son," he whispered, "may the God that helped David of old help thee now... Doris, give the boy my Psalter—my marked book—"

But Doris was kneeling at the window—weeping, and Earle was gone. And again, from the far distance, came the heavy booming of the guns.

(To be Continued.)

CONVERSION IN CHICAGO STREETS.

Open air services were recently held in the streets of Chicago, the speakers going from place to place in a large truck drawn by two bay horses. An organ and some chairs were in the truck, and Tom Wright, the colored cornetist, sat beside the driver. The meetings were not disturbed anywhere, and in some cases there were blessed results. One young man came to the superintendent and said, "I'd like to join your Mission Band, but before I give my name to the secretary, I feel that it is my duty to tell you, sir, who I am; then, if you will take me, I'll be glad." He continued, "I am not a drunkard; I look a little rough to-night, but I am not a drunkard. I'm a professional burglar, a safe-blower, a criminal all my life, and only out of goal a few weeks; but I'm a changed man to-night; I've given my life to Jesus Christ, and if you will let me join this band maybe I can do some good." He was assured that if he had given himself to Christ he was just the fellow that was wanted.

Another man, a large handsome fellow, who is employed in a dry goods house, was so affected at the street meeting that he sobbed like a child. He came to the superintendent after the above conversation and said, between his sobs, "Oh, sir, whiskey has nearly ruined me; my wife and family are separated from me; and I was fast going to ruin; but the singing in the street attracted me, and Oh, I'm so glad I came here to-night; I'm a changed man; I've started in a new life, and by the help of God I'll redeem the past." He was assured God would help him, and bring his family back to him if he was true to Christ.—*The Christian Herald.*

FIRMLY FIXED.

The memorizing of Scripture acquires additional importance in connection with the Sunday school, because, as a rule, that is the time and place in the life of a boy or girl when it must be done, if it is ever done at all. Youth is the golden age of memory; what is thoroughly learned in early life is not forgotten. Like an axe or other object imbedded in a young tree and bound there by all the subsequent growth, a great fact or truth once firmly fixed in the mind of a child will not be lost, and can never be removed by other and later influences. A sailor boy was once thrown on ship-board among a company of rough men who wanted to teach him to drink rum and chew tobacco and to swear, but he persistently refused. At last one of the men said to the rest: "We might as well give up; we cannot spoil the lad, for he is 'chuck-full' of the Bible." A little Irish boy had obtained a New Testament. The parish-priest learned of the fact, and coming to the cottage requested to see the book; no sooner did he get possession of it than he threw it into the fireplace. "You may burn the Testament," said the boy, "but you cannot take from me those first seven chapters of John's gospel that I have learned by heart."—*Rev. C. H. Morgan.*



SHE HEARD THE LOW, DISTANT SOUND, AND KNEW WHAT IT MEANT.

months or more; this alarm may pass as former ones have done."

"Father," and the girl's eyes flashed as she looked full at him, "every month every day, brings the end nearer; the gathering forces that are arming against us will strike at last, and the King of Spain is not likely to strike feebly or uncertainly when his chosen time arrives. And what can we do against such might as his?"

"My girl is eloquent!" he answered. "Who has taught you all this, Doris? Did Robert?"

"Robert? No. Robert is sure that we shall beat off anything and everything that can be sent against us; he talks of Agincourt where the French outnumbered us by five to one, and of Crecy where the archers stood their ground against enormous odds; and he laughs at the idea of that huge army in Flanders, and the hoards which King Philip has collected on board his warships. No, my father, it is not Robert, but you yourself that have made me see the peril that is closing about England now."

"Doris!"

"Do you think me deaf father, or indifferent? Have I not heard you speak of the times of your own youth when the land, from Scotland to the sea here, was bound as it were, hand and foot, and delivered over by Queen Mary to this same Spanish

some standing there before them; his eyes—they were the very counterparts of Doris's eyes—shining like stars, his fair hair flung back from his forehead, and his whole face and figure full of enthusiasm. And the falter in his voice struck on their ears like a knell as he said, "Good-bye, good-bye to you and Doris."

"Earle, my son, Earle, you are too young, too young to bear a man's part in this struggle! and I, God help me! am a wreck, a useless log! No, my boy, other hands must be stretched out for England now; the Clatworthys can do nothing."

The sick man bowed his head with a groan. It was a bitter thing for him to say such a word as that.

The boy came close to his father's chair, and his manner suddenly took to itself such pride and calmness that Doris looked at him amazed. Was this Earle, her heedless, careless, graceless brother Earle?

He laid his hand, a strong and steady hand it was, upon his father's shoulder, and his tones were clear and quiet as he said: "I am only a boy, but even a boy's service may be of value. I remember always how my forefathers lived and fought for honor and for freedom. You, too, my father, have done your part. Is it not my turn now? Do not say that we Clatworthys can do nothing. It is not true. The old race has not perished yet."