

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

TO-MORROW.

Who says "To-morrow still is mine?" As if his eye could peer Through the thick mists of future time, And trace out life's career.

AT CHAUTAUQUA.

"Yes," said the professor, looking over his spectacles, "the word Chautauqua is of Indian origin, and means a bag tied in the middle."

So I sat in gloomy silence, watching the beautiful shores of the lake glide by till I was aroused by hearing the voices of some women in conversation near me.

I did not hear any more. I walked away from where they sat, but as the moralists say, I had food for reflection. I wish that nice old lady knew herself to be what she is—a drunkard-maker.

Of course the young mother would learn to like the wine. That is a taste easily acquired. The trouble is, it is not so easy to rid one's self of it.

turbed by any such reflections. It is so odd, she thinks, to take up these new fangled ideas about temperance. People always have had brandy in mince pies and wine-sauce for pudding.

I am glad Chautauqua has such a temperance programme for this Summer. Two sessions of the Chautauqua Woman's Missionary Conference will be devoted to woman's work for temperance in her family and her neighborhood.

Rue came wearily upstairs. Auntie's chair was over by the window, where she could see the sunset, but Rue was too tired to enjoy that to-night; instead she sat down on the cricket at Auntie's feet.

Auntie laid her hand lovingly on the weary, aching head, and waited silently. Presently Rue spoke:—"It is of no use, Auntie; I cannot be good. I have tried so hard, but it seems to me that I only grow worse, and I am so tired!"

ceives the most honor, he who has been only in light skirmishes, or the one who fought bravely in the thickest of the fight? Which would you rather be?"

"The real soldier, of course, Auntie." "Then, my dear, why do you complain because your Heavenly Father has given you hard fighting to do in the battle of life?"

"But I ought to be good all the same, oughtn't I?" interposed Rue in surprise.

"Certainly; but, 'the Lord knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are but dust.' That verse has been such a comfort to me, Rue, for it is much harder to be good, to be patient, cheery and helpful when we are worn and weary and aching.

"O Auntie," sobbed Rue, "you have no idea what a comfort that thought is to me!"

"And one other thing: You say that the more you try, the worse you grow. Is it wholly that, or partly that you have a species of varnish mixed with pulchre realization of the perfectness of your pattern, Christ Jesus, and so see more clearly how far short you come of it?"

"I am afraid that you will encourage me too much," said Rue; "aren't you?"

"No," was Auntie's reply. "For if you are really in earnest, instead of growing careless, the more clearly you realize God's loving, compassionate goodness, you will grow more anxious to please Him perfectly. And now, Rue, I believe the most acceptable service you can offer is to go to rest. You have found that your physical condition is an important factor against the wiles of the wicked one; therefore it is your duty to see well to it, is it not?"

"O Auntie!" exclaimed Rue; "I am afraid I was to blame for to-day, then, for I sat up late last night to finish my book. I never thought of it that way before."

to entertain very different notions from those which I once cherished as to the observance of this day, and subscribe fully to the views which the Church, and, I may add, the Legislature, have laid down with respect to its importance.

Encouraged by the latitude of discussion which your Majesty has so long and so kindly vouchsafed, I lately took the liberty, though in opposition to your Majesty's opinion, to maintain that not merely a part but the whole of this day should be devoted to those great purposes for which divine authority has set it apart.

There was a long pause; then Rue spoke sorrowfully:—"But, Auntie, I was utterly vanquished in the conflict to-day. I am very much of the time. It seems to me I was never so cross and impatient, so willful, as since I have tried to be like Christ."

"There are two things to be remembered, my dear, before you decide that question. In the first place, you are worn out physically."

"Mr. Hamilton adds, 'The sequel was no less worthy of the King. Next morning, while they were seated round the breakfast table, a royal messenger arrived, charged with an invitation to the pavilion that evening. His Majesty made no allusion to the letter; but, to show how perfectly he appreciated the motives of his guest, he went beyond his usual urbanity and kindness, and to the close of his reign no interruption occurred in a friendship equally honorable to the frank and warm-hearted monarch.'

ANCIENT CHINESE BURIAL.

The Celestial Empire gives in a recent number an account of Chinese burial in former times. A man of means purchased his coffin when he reached the age of forty. He then had it painted three times every year with a species of varnish mixed with pulverized porcelain—a composition which resembled a silicate paint or enamel.

"Can I have that jelly?" asked Davy. "Mrs. White sent it to me," said Davy's mother. "She has had company to dinner, and made this jelly very nice. But I don't care for it; so you may have it if you won't be stingy with it."

David took the saucer of jelly and went out into the yard; but he did not call his little brothers and sisters to help him eat it.

THE TAILOR'S STITCHES.

The president of a Boston bank once redeemed a counterfeit fifty-dollar bill on his own bank, not doubting for a moment that the signature upon it was his own.

"And this reminds me," he added, "of my story of the tailor. A case of life or death was being tried, and the testimony was very important."

"Why, I know it by my stitches of course." "Are your stitches longer than those of other tailors?" "Oh no!" "Well, then, are they shorter?" "Not a bit shorter."

"Anything peculiar about them?" "Well, I don't believe there is."

"Then how do you dare to come here and swear that they are yours?" "This seemed to be a poser, but the witness met it triumphantly. Casting a look of contempt upon his examiner, the tailor raised both hands to heaven and exclaimed—

"Mercy on us! as if I did not know my own stitches!" "The jury believed him, and they were right in doing so," continued Mr. Webster. "The fact is," he added, "we continually build our judgment upon details too fine for distinct cognizance."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

IN SUMMER TIME. Flowers and fruits of the summer, Can you hear us children shout, When, over the fields and hill sides, We seek and find you out?

Do you blackberries know how you glisten? You raspberries know how you glow? Or you gooseberries know how you pickle? If not—then you ought to know.

Do you hide from us, ever, on purpose, And, deep in the green, keep still? Or is it quite social and pleasant When basket and pail we fill?

And the bumble-bees—how can you bear them? Well, sometimes I think it is true They have their sharp stings for us people, And only their velvet for you.

And how do you berries, I wonder, Feel, spread on a beautiful dish, All covered with sugar? That strikes me As just what a berry would wish.

It's a sort of reward, I am thinking, That every good berry should meet; And yet, I'm not sure we should like it, To be—so delicious to eat! St. Nicholas.

STINGY DAVY.

Davy was a very pretty little boy. He had light, curly hair, dark blue eyes, and rosy cheeks. But he was very stingy. He did not like to share anything with his little brothers and sisters. One day he went into the kitchen, where his mother was at work, and saw on the table a saucer of jelly.

"Can I have that jelly?" asked Davy. "Mrs. White sent it to me," said Davy's mother. "She has had company to dinner, and made this jelly very nice. But I don't care for it; so you may have it if you won't be stingy with it."

David took the saucer of jelly and went out into the yard; but he did not call his little brothers and sisters to help him eat it.

"If I divide with them, there won't be a spoonful of a piece," he thought. "It is better for one to have enough than for each to have just a little."

So he ran to the barn and climbed up to the loft, where he was sure no one would think of looking for him.

Just as he began to eat the jelly he heard his sister Fanny calling him. But he did not answer her. He kept very still.

"They always want some of everything I have," he said to himself. "If I have just a ginger-snap they think I ought to give them each a piece."

When the jelly was all eaten, and he had scraped the saucer clean, David went down into the barn-yard and played with the little white calf, and hunted for eggs in the shed where the cows were. He was ashamed to go into the house, for he knew he had been very stingy about the jelly.

Poor Davy! How mean he felt! And he was well punished for eating his jelly alone.—Our Little Ones.

BAKING BABIES.

Miss Stagg, a missionary in India, writes: One of my pupils, named Macom (which means butter), said to me after her lessons were finished: "Oh, mem! you must not go away without seeing Khooki."

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THE ECHO BOY.

A little boy once went home to his mother and said: "Mother, sister and I went into the garden, and we were calling about, and there was some boy mocking us."

"How do you mean, Johnny?" said his mother. "Why," said the child, "I was calling out 'Ho!' and this boy said 'Ho!' So I said to him, 'Who are you?' and he answered, 'Who are you?' I said, 'What is your name?' He said, 'What is your name?' and I said to him, 'Why don't you show yourself?' He said, 'Show yourself?' And I jumped over the ditch, and I went into the woods, and I could not find him, and I came back and said, 'If you don't come out I will punch your head!' And he said, 'I will punch your head?'"

So his mother said: "Ah! Johnny, if you had said, 'I love you,' he would have said, 'I love you.' If you had said, 'Your voice is sweet,' he would have said, 'Your voice is sweet.' Whatever you said to him he would have said back to you." And the mother said: "Now Johnny, when you grow and get to be a man whatever you say to others they will, by and by, say back to you." And the mother took him to that old text in the Scripture, "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

A WISE LITTLE GIRL.

The Italians have a proverb that "some things, if not true, ought to be true." Perhaps the following dialogue between a Roman Catholic priest and a little girl is one of them. Being asked to attend the religious instruction of the priest, she said it was against her father's wishes. "You should obey me, not your father," said the priest. "Oh sir!" answered the little girl, "we are taught in the Bible, 'Honor thy father and thy mother.'" "You have no business to read the Bible," said the priest. "The Lord said, 'Search the Scriptures,'" was the answer. "That was to the Jews and not to children; and you do not understand it," said the priest. "But sir," replied the girl, St. Paul said to Timothy, "From a child thou hast known the Holy Scriptures." "Timothy," said the priest, "was being trained to be a bishop, and was taught by the authorities of the Church." "Oh, no!" says the little girl, "he was taught by his mother." Thereupon the priest left her, saying, she knew enough of the Bible to poison a parish; that is according to his idea of poison.

THE... which the cleaved to transform instead of and more still as the enemy of Christian first proba honorable cuts down, routing G he who c and to sho god, chap rod—That so called it afraid (H 3. It was reel, and w of Jezreel from a rude glomerate the base of were a n from Midia Keturah, remarkable ber of their Judges 6. wealth in gments, show a gold cut were allies tively, "the The Lord on was a to receive through the as did other were inspire to distingua arising from pie...are too less was (I any particula in effecting pence with the more indebt them than he their service humble his p ardice in tan yoke of Mid themselves—The tural explan of man that he Proclaim in The appeal G to make was (Deut. 20. 8) object was to army, by rem depending. the intention prive his peo glorification, and two thoua prise, two of G more faithful so many thoua deserting the them down to obey one divid us another, th cording to o and guiding G doubts. Gided Him shall the who, when the fore the battle selves time to ty their thirast manner, but s ter with thei in their milit strengthen the and then pra against the lo This mode o ticed in the E can give that erally excites ers. The inte tween the wa managed with and with near pidity as the t same act. The out of the han jork, is throw the hand is br fresh supply a ceding has be constitutes an the action of t red. Jened de their weapo off guard, and to the momen all the othe per seven hundred three hundred ones alone. Y service in the Midianites. So the people to be assumed men took all other thousand of the army wa this little troug mon soros as Aed their ter property being of divisions, w signals. But a about to be dis would not me eon, doubtless retained them tent. The peopary duty, but d entirely disband The attack wa The three hund stretched in a around the ene considerable di other, (ver. 18, o fight but to tem was simple concealed in the