OUR HOME CIRCLE.

UNFINISHED MUSIC.

I sat alone at the organ At the close of a troubled day. When the sunset's crimson embers On the western altar lay. I was weary with vain endeavor, My heart was ill at ease,
And I sought to soothe my sadness With the voice of the sweet-toned keys

My hands were weak and trembling, My fingers all unskilled, To render the grand old anthem With which my soul was filled. Through the long day's cares and worries,
I had dreamed of that glorious strain, And I longed to hear the organ Repeat it to me again.

It fell from my untaught fingers Discordaut and incomplete, I knew not how to express it, Or to make the discord sweet, So I toiled with patient labor Till the last bright gleams were gone, And the evening's purple shadows Were gathering one by one.

Then a master stood beside me, And touched the noisy keys, And lo! the discord vanished And melted in perfect peace. I heard the great organ pealing My tune that I could not play, The strains of the glorious anth m That had filled my soul all day.

Down t rough the dim cathedral The tide of music swept, And through the shadowy arches The lingering echoes crept. And I stood in the purple twilight And heard my tune again, Not my feeble, untaught rend ring, But the master's perfect st: ain.

So I think perchance the Master, At the close of Life's weary day Will take from our trembling fingers The tune that we cannot pla . He will hear through the jarring discord The strain, although half expressed, He wid blend it in perfect music

And add to it all the rest. -MEKonny.

ONLY ONE SCENE.

It was a dreary, miserable morning; a heavy fog hung over the wretched street; the rain had tallen constantly through the night, and still drizzled in a forlorn way. Pedestrians jostled along, occasionally hitting one another with their wet umbrellas and sloshing the mud right and left over the dirty pavement.

Crossing a filthy street where the thick black mud entered the soles of her sodden shoes and clung with tenacity about her thin ankles, was a young girl of thirteen or thereabouts. She breasted the driving wind and swerved Katy, tell the cook to give her day is at hand. Light is comenot from a straight course ahead, part of my beef tea in a bottle, a the light of immortality, the light although her weapons against the elements were only a ragged dress and a thin faded shawl, of many colors. Tied about her untidy mass of hair was an old hood, while upon her feet an old one sided shoe, unlaced and torn at the other walked bravely on in a seemed utterly indifferent to the rain. And why should she be otherwise? For when one is thoroughly wet and worn a few drops more or less either of water or trouble make no difference. She hurried around the corner; and a shiver passed through her frame with the cutting blast of wind. She shuffled on as fast as possible, considering her soaked feet, held her poor wet garments closely to her as if for protection, and soon turned up a dark court, opened a creaking door in arickety tenement house, and entered. How cold and dark and damp! although just what she expected. A deep sigh escaped her. The "bundle of rags" (called father) on the straw in the corner did not move, and she softly opened the door into another smaller one and looked in. All was hushed and still. On a low couch of straw, covered with a thin, patched army blanket, lay a little girl of seven, pale and faded; but though a clammy sweat stood upon the fair brow, one could not but say, "how lovely!" Yes; though a drunkard's forsaker child, Lena Croft's pinched features were classically beautiful. Amy knelt down by her side, took the little thin hand in her own, and, poor child, although she did not intend to awaken her sick sister, the hot tears that fell from her eyes had that effect, and the blue eyes opened and fastened upon her imploringly. She had begged her father with all the strength and pathos of her young voice to call a physician for Lena, even getting down upon her knees before pleading; but no, this heartless rumseller who was licensed to flood vulsive sobbing.

haps something worse. have something now?" laughter, and her heart sank was too full to speak. within her. She felt such a "I'll ask God to come for you mised to get something for the sinless sleeper was at rest. sick child and had failed. She but the servants had bade her be- little feet have gone. But oh. gone. "Shure," said one, "oi've | Father, the other!-National Temenough to do without waitin' on perance Advocate. the loikes of yez."

"You may, dearie; you shall, my little lamb! Just wait a minute." And out again she bounded (that freezing, wet, starving child), resolved that she would ring the front door bells and see the ladies themselves as a last resort.

Thinking only of Lena, her poor, tired feet seemed shod with wings. She hurried through the streets and rung the front door bell of the first respectable house. A tidy housemaid opened the door and in answer to Amy's pleading, "Please may I see the lady?" she received, "You dirty girl, to come up these clean steps with your muddy feet. Begone this instant!" and the door slammed in her face. She turned despairingly but re solutely (the sad eyes at home haunting her) and pulled the next bell. As, the servant opened the little sister is starving; please give me something for her.

" Beggars should go to the back her step in on the oil cloth so that I can see her.'

" But, shure, she's drippin' wet, ma'am, an covered with mud.' "Do as I say; let her in."

The door was opened reluctantly and Amy stepped in. "Oh how lovely, thought the

nice everything is!" And her individual lying upon the crimson hall couch. "My poor girl, what can I do

for you?' "Oh, ma'am! something for my poor sister; my poor little sister is sick and dyin', and

"Poor child; poor little girl! cup of jelly, and some bread and meat. And be quick about it."

The poor girl received the package with a thankful heart, and the world looked brighter to her young eyes as she ran to the hovel she called home, although the rain the toe, did duty for one, while still fell pitilessly. As she entered her door the tattered heap in man's discarded boot, hard and the corner moved, and the miserunwieldy though it was. She able father raised himself with difficulty to a sitting posture and looked at her with an ill tempered leer. He had grown so bitter and revengeful in his dissipation that Amy shuddered with dread.

> "What you carryin' so sneakin'?" be fiercely demanded. "Something for Lena; she's

> starvin,' father." "Bring me what you've got I'm starvin" and thirstin' too. "Oh, father! I can't; Lena's dyin'," moaned Amy, trying to pass the miserable wreck on the floor; but he raised himself slowly and uttered a threat so terrible, ending with the words, "Pity ve wan't both dyin'; ye better look out or ye will; bring me the basket, say;" and Amy tremblingly handed it to him. Snatching it from her, he swallowed the beef tea and as much of the bread as he could possibly eat; then he rose with difficulty, and, wrapping the cup of jelly in a paper, tottered to the door. Amy stood looking with horrified eyes, but with

"To Washburn's for a drink." "Oh, father! leave me the jelly or Lena will die." And poor Amy wrung her hands in agony.

great effort asked: "Where are

you goin' with the jelly, father?"

"Pick up the crusts that I left; they're good enough for such brats as ye are." And the brutal father turned away.

tremblingly. How could she face keep them capable of harboring her little sister without food again and tell her there was none? But there was no need; Lena had heard all. Through the little broken window came a feeble ray the degraded man with her earnest of light, revealing a smile on the in the work of the Lord and conwhite lips, sweeter and lovelier tinuing in well-doing." Giving father turned away from his eldest than sunlight. She held out her is one of the most precious means born's prayer and took the money thin hand to Amy, and the heart of grace. Thank God for every that, with God's will, would have broken girl caught it between her brought relief to his sick child own and covered it with scalding "keeping the heart open,"-Moraand gave it willingly to the cruel tears as she broke forth into con-

his home with poverty, and per-"Don't cry, Amy, my good Amy. I'm sleepy; but I love I am so glad you've come, you sister Amy. Kiss me, Amy, ance amount to guilt, particularly Amy! I'm so hungry! Can I for I'm goin' to mamma. I won't when, from negligence, we know be hungry any more, nor cry any not that which we ought to know. Amy looked at the thin cheek more, will I, sister?" Amy's -Abelard.

so touchingly white, at the blue tears were falling faster than the eves that had once beamed with raindrops outside, but her heard Two little feet so small that both may nestle

weight of oppression that she sister, soon-soon. No tears could not speak. She had pro- there-mamma." And the little

One little tired heart has found had rung at many basement doors, peace; up the golden stairs her

THE AGED CHRISTIAN.

" At evening time it shall be light."-

Oftentimes we look with forebodings to the time of old age, forgetful that at even-tide it shall be light. To many saints old age is the choicest season of their lives. A balmier air fans the mariner's cheek as he nears the shore of immortality; fewer waves ruffle his sea; quiet reigns, deep, still, and solemn. From the altar of age the flashes of the fire of youth are gone, but the flame of more earnest feeling remains.

The pilgrims have reached the land of Beulab, that bappy country whose days are as the days of heaven upon earth. Angels visit it; celestial gales blow over it; flowers of Paradise grow in it, door, Amy said quickly, "My and the air is filled with seraphic music. Some dwell here for years, and others come to it but a few hours before their departure; but doors," angrily answered the girl, | it is an Eden on earth. We may and was about to close the door | well long for the time when we when a gentle voice called: "Let | shall recline in its shady groves, and be satisfied with hope until or short of peace and quietness, I the time of fruition comes.

The setting sun seems larger than when aloft in the sky, and a splendor of glory tinges all the clouds which surround all his going down. Pain breaks not the sweet calm of the twilight of age; poor outcast. "How bright and for strength made perfect in weakness bears up in patience eyes wandered to the sweet voiced | under it all. Ripe truits of choice experience are gathered as the rare repasts of life's evening, and the soul prepares itself for rest:

The Lord's people shall also enjoy light in the hour of death. Unbelief laments, the shadows fall, the night is coming, existence is ending. Ah, no I crieth Faith; the night is far spent, the of a Father's countenance. Gather up thy feet in the bed; see the waiting band of spirits. Angels waft thee away. Farewell, beloved one; thou art gone; thou wavest thy hand. Ah! now it is light. The pearly gates are open; the golden streets shine in the jasper light. We cover our eyes, but thou beholdest the unseen. Adieu, brother; thou hast light at even-tide, such as we have

"O long expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin; Fair would we tread the appointed road And sleep in death, and wake with God." -Spurgeon.

KEEP THE HEART OPEN

A pleasant story is told of Prof. Sophocles, the Greek professor of Greek at Harvard, recently deceased. He was passing along the street with a friend, when they met an Italian organ-grinder. Watching his opportunity, when be thought his friend was not noticing it, the professor threw a piece of money to the Italian. But the friend saw it and remarked somewhat disparagingly on the close home to our souls. You and charity that encouraged such vagrants. With characteristic diffi- | are unable to solve. We are held dence Prof. Sophocles shalf-apolo- in suspense. We can wait, lookgetically confessed, "I merely did it to keep my heart open!' Keeping the heart open—there is much practical wisdom in that. The human heart is too apt to freeze shut with a crust of selfishness. It needs to be continually kept open by breaking through this crust. If there were no opportunities any more in the world around us for the practice of beneficence, our hearts would grow hard and become quite petrified. Amy opened the bedroom door It is for our own hearts' sake, to the Christ, and of being influenced and moulded by his Holy Spirit. as much as for the sake of the good we do to others, that we single thing better for me than need to keep on ever "abounding to see Jesus. opportunity you have of thus

Sins committed through ignor-

LITTLE FEET

In one cares-ing hand, Two tender feet upon the untried border Of life's mysterious land.

Dimpled and soft, and pink as peach-tree In April's fragrant days; How can they walk among the briery tangles,

Edging the world's rough ways? These white rose feet along the doubtful future Must bear a woman's load;

Alas! since woman has the heaviest burden, And walks the hardest road. Love, for a while, will make the path be for them

All dainty, smooth and fair-Will cull away the bramble, letting only But when the mother's watchful eyes are

Away from the sight of men, And these dear feet are left without he

Who shall direct them then? Will they go stumbling blindly in the dark-

Of sorrow's tearful shades, Or find the upland slopes of peace and beauty Whose sunlight never fades

How shall it be with her, the tender stranger, Fair faced and genile eyed Before whose unstained feet the world's rude highway Stretches so strange and wide?

Ah! who may read the future? For our darling We crave all blessings sweet, And pray that He who feeds the crying

Will guide the baby's feet. -Florence Percy

PERPLEXITIES.

Doubtless the cry, "Why am

I thus?" sooner or later, comes

up out of the suffering experience

of every child of God. For twenty-five years, with intervals long have had these experiences of extreme perplexity and conscious- to find how much of it, if not ab- claim ness of being at my very wit's solutely lost, is frittered away. end, and void of all wisdom to She would discover that one or meet the demands of a seeming emergency and crisis. The emergencies of twenty-five years, as you see, have not only come, but also gone, and leave me unscathed. While impending they have ballast to her mind, as would an ed, "Where are we?" did she reoften seemed fateful as destiny. They were but our Heavenly Father's helps to a clearer vision of language, or to the study of ma- Faster fell the snow; harder blew Jesus, and to more perfect sym- thematics. pathy with him. In his hands they have proved nothing but find time for self-improvement, blessings. And I am able to give up novel reading for a time. testify for him who said, "Seek | She will find the deprivation will first the kingdom of God and his be far less than she would have righteousness, and all these things | imagined, and may console her- now, but I don't know which way shall be added unto you," that his self by reflecting that the taste of to go to reach the lane," said Nelword is true. So have I done, and so have I found. God's me | while the appetite for graver thod with me is not to be judged study cannot be found if once realor estimated by any visible or | ly lost. Girls who love poetry known adaptation to a particular | will be astonished at how much good result; but to be accepted they can get by heart by learning as his, and as the most advantage. ous, simply because it is his, and because that which it secures will surely be the best and most desirable. I am at no loss to conjecture how this may be. I can easily believe first, that my Lord desires to bring me into the most by committing to memory .perfect sympathy and oneness with himself. Second, that this consists particularly in a profound and unalterable deference to the Father's will, and his great tenderness of sensibility toward the burden-bearing and the suffering. And third, that he would bring me into the exercise of a faith in him that nothing can disturb. But to know whether Christian faith can be uprooted or blown down, it is needful that it should be blown upon most furiously by every wind of heaven. If it stands bravely through it all, we have an evident and most encouraging result, not to be reached in any other way. Let us bring this I have problems which as yet we ing up and saying, "Lord, I thank thee for this suspense. It throws me more directly, frequently, constantly, upon thee. It bids me cry out of the depths of my heart, My soul, wait thou only upon God, for my expectation is from him; he only is my rock and salvation.' "In John xv. 9, Jesus says, "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you.' Now I am going to believe that, just because Jesus said it; and believing that, I may well rest firn. as the everlasting hills upon his love, believing that if anywhere among all the inexhaustible treasures of my Lord there were a the things which try me most, then I should have it .- From How

REMEMBER.

A good part of duty is expressed in the simple imperative, Remember. In the hurry of daily life there are hundreds of thing. left undone which ought to be done, and in the majority of cases it is not willful neglect but forget.

whose trade is in the souls of men; break. and it is concerning those neglec ted duties, and concerning those in trying to walk as fast as Nellie. better things, unseen and apt to Just as she got down the middle be forgotten, yet all powerful for of the lane she got quite a fall weal, that the Spirit often speaks | over a huge stump. This stump in the ear of the forward and care- had stood in the lane for years less child of God the single, suffi- and was a very ugly old thing, cient word : Remember. Where | Mattie was soon on her feet again that word is heeded, the soul is and toddled along as best she snatched from peril; where it is could over the rough frozen roads. unheeded, another barrier in the They finally reached Aunt Fanway to Death goes down. Where | nie's, and O what a pleasant eventhe memory of God's teachings, ing they had popping corn and with respect to right and wrong, cracking nuts. is ever present to the mind, there is less chance of transgression; where that memory does not ex- ing fast. Aunt Fannie said they ist, transgression is absolutely had better start home early becertain. - Sunday School Times.

HINTS TO YOUNG WOMEN.

As a rule, grown up girls have and started. It was something more spare time than is good for | new for little Mattie to be out in them. Many of the occupations the snow, and it was such fun to they are accustomed to look on as catch the big flakes in her wide the toils of their lives—fancy work, paying visits, practising, ground and trees were soon covetc-are, as many married women and not a few girls could tell them, little more than healthful recreations. If any girl would but keep an account of her time for a week she would be startled two hours' reading would hardly I can't see you!" interfere, if properly arranged as to time, with any of her amuse- her up and carrying her in her ments and occupations, and would be simply invaluable in giving burden, and not until Mattie askhour a day devoted to the con- alize that they were lost. Yes, quest of a modern or an ancient lost! out in that dreadful storm!

Let a girl, even if she cannot novel reading is easily regained, one or two verses every morning while dressing, and to find how infinite a treasure through their whole lives will be those "jewels which on the stretched forefinger of fall time sparkle forever," and | thing. which they have made their own Cleveland Leader.

OUR YOUNG FO LKS.

REMEMBER, BOYS.

Little friends, when you are to the Half frantic with frolic, laughter and noise, Don't ever forget to bow when you meet-When you meet an old man with gray hairs, my boys.

Is the aged man feeble, decrepit and lame Does he lean on his staff with unsteady Never mock at his sorrow, but stop in your game And bow to the man with gray haire, my

If he sometimes halt in his tottering pare To witness the flow of your innocent joys Don't jostle the old man out of his place, But greet his gray tocks with a bow, my

Remember, the years are only a few Since he, on the street with his games

and toys, Was healthy and happy and active like you; And bright as the sun were his curls, my But age has furrowed the cheek that was

While sorrows have broken his once mellow voice: And now there is many a silvery hair On the head where the curls were so

bright, my boys.

The Spring day of youth is a gem; it is gold. But Time all its glorious lustor destroys; And gay little friends, if you live to be old, Your steps will be slow, your locks gray, my boys.

So, when you are blithely at play on the Half frantie with frolie and laughter and Remember to pleasantly bow when you When you meet an old man with gray

hairs, my boys. - Independant.

NELLIE'S PRAYER. It was Saturday, and Nellie and her sister Mattie had been such good little girls all morning, the camp look at it and directly that mamma said they might bring the tools, he inquired how go down to Aunt Fannie's and the chip told him what was wantstay all night with their cousins, ed? Being informed, he was Nellie and Katie.

Aunt Fannie's house was quite a that he might keep the talking great distance, as she lived down chip, returned; shouting as he in the valley, on the banks of the went: "See the wisdom of the ful neglect which is to blame. The river, while Nellie and Mattie had pale-faces! They can make the things which appeal most strong- a nice home away upon a high chips of wood do their talking !"

ly to our attention in this mart of hill just at the edge of the town Vanity Fair are not the things All around the house were large whose acquirement by us would fields and meadows, and in front be to the greater glory of God or a long lane which led down to the our own good. Beneath the nois- road. Soon after dinner, Nellie es which break upon the ear with and Mattie started down that they their suggestions of forbidden might get there before dark. It pleasure, there are softer voices was a very cold day, and as mamwhich whisper of better things ma tied on their hoods she told than are to be found amid the them to do nothing wrong and not brawling and blustering of those to go on the river as the ice might

Little Mattie had some trouble.

Morning came, and when they awakened they saw the snow fallfore it got too deep. As they had promised mamma to be home in time to go to church, they bade their little cousins good bye open mouth as they fell. The ered white, and the snow fell faster and faster. The wind and snow so beat against their faces that Mattie could scarcely get along, Nellie kept up a brave little heart till Mattie began to cry and ex-

"O. Nellie! I have lost my overshoe, and the snow is so thick

Nellie quieted her by picking arms! On she plodded with her the wind; nothing could they see but the big white flakes. Mattie cried, and Nellie called as loud as she could, but no one could hear her in that storm.

"I think we are on the hill ie, and they both were crying.

"O. what shall we do?" sobbed Mattie. I am so cold!" "Well," said Nellie, "we will

Down in the deep snow they knelt, and there they asked the good Lord to direct them to their home. This done they wandered on, but had only gone a few steps when they stumbled over some-

"O. Mattie, it's the stump in the lane, and now we can go straight on to our door!" joyfully cried Nellie.

Mamma was soon rejoicing over her lost children, and as they sat before the bright fire in the grate warming their cold little hands and feet, Mattie looked up and

"God answered our prayer. He found us the stump so we could find our way home."—Western

THE TALKING CHIP.

When the Pilgrims landed in Massachusetts, Dec. 21, 1620, they were truly "wanderers in a strange land"-hence the name Pilgrims. They were not the Puritans, though perhaps as much "haters of music." These people did not bring houses with them, and consequently were, as soon as possible, engaged in erecting buildings for comfort and protection. One of the carpenters, who had employed an Indian to assist him, who had previously learned to speak English a little, went to his work one day without his "square and compasses," so he took a chip and wrote upon it a request that the keeper of the tool chest would send them to him by the chip-bearer. With this chip the Indian was directed to go to the camp, show his chip, and to bring back the tools wanted, he being assured that the chip would inform the man at the camp what was desired.

The Indian did not understand how a chip could talk, since it had no mouth; but he carried it, as directed, and seeing the man at greatly astonished, and, begging THE C 1 TE When

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