

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.

ONLY ONE SCENE.

It was a dreary, miserable morning; a heavy fog hung over the wretched street; the rain had fallen 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.

so touchingly white, at the blue eyes that had once beamed with laughter, and her heart sank within her. She felt such a weight of oppression that she could not speak. She had promised to get something for the sick child and had failed. She had rung at many basement doors, but the servants had bade her begone. "Shure," said one, "o'ive enough to do without waitin' on the loikes of yez."

tears were falling faster than the raindrops outside, but her heart was too full to speak. "I'll ask God to come for you sister, soon—soon. No tears there—mamma." And the little sinless sleeper was at rest.

LITTLE FEET.

Two little feet so small that both may nestle In one caring hand, Two tender feet upon the untrod border Of life's mysterious land.

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 or short of peace and quietness, I have had these experiences of extreme perplexity and consciousness of being at my very wit's end, and void of all wisdom to meet the demands of a seeming emergency and crisis.

OUR YOUNG FO LKS.

Remember, boys. Little friends, when you are playing on the street, Half frantic with frolic, laughter and noise, Don't ever forget to bow when you meet—

NELLIE'S PRAYER.

It was Saturday, and Nellie and her sister Mattie had been such good little girls all morning, that mamma said they might go down to Aunt Fannie's and stay all night with their cousins, Nellie and Katie.

ly to our attention in this mart of Vanity Fair are not the things whose acquirement by us would be to the greater glory of God or our own good. Beneath the noises which break upon the ear with their suggestions of forbidden pleasure, there are softer voices which whisper of better things than are to be found amid the brawling and blustering of those whose trade is in the souls of men; and it is concerning those neglected duties, and concerning those better things, unseen and apt to be forgotten, yet all-powerful for weal, that the Spirit often speaks in the ear of the forward and careless child of God the single, sufficient word: Remember. Where that word is heeded, the soul is snatched from peril; where it is unheeded, another barrier in the way to Death goes down. Where the memory of God's teachings, with respect to right and wrong, is ever present to the mind, there is less chance of transgression; where that memory does not exist, transgression is absolutely certain.—Sunday School Times.

hill just at the edge of the town. All around the house were large fields and meadows, and in front a long lane which led down to the road. Soon after dinner, Nellie and Mattie started down that they might get there before dark. It was a very cold day, and as mamma tied on their hoods she told them to do nothing wrong and not to go on the river as the ice might break.

Little Mattie had some trouble in trying to walk as fast as Nellie. Just as she got down the middle of the lane she got quite a fall over a huge stump. This stump had stood in the lane for years and was a very ugly old thing. Mattie was soon on her feet again and toddled along as best she could over the rough frozen roads. They finally reached Aunt Fannie's, and O what a pleasant evening they had popping corn and cracking nuts.

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