

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

NEW EVERY MORNING. Every day is a fresh beginning. Every morn is the world made new.

All the past things are past and over. The task is done and the tears are shed.

Yesterday now is part of forever; Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight.

With glad days, and sad days, and bad days which never.

Let them go since we cannot re-live them Cannot undo and cannot atone;

Here are the skies all burnished brightly, Here is the part earth all reborn.

Every day is a fresh beginning; Listen to my soul, to the glad refrain.

A GIRL'S DISCOVERY. "Whatever the missionary spirit may be," said Bess, meditatively.

"Well, I don't suppose that matters particularly, does it?" replied Nina, opening her note-book.

"I'm not at all sure that it doesn't matter," said Bess; and I don't care about Shakespeare just now, either.

"I'm sure I don't," said Nina. "It seems queer and out of place, somehow, for girls to be mixed up in missions."

"Well, we are not so remarkably bad, either," replied Bess, candidly; "and we are members of the church, too."

"The missionaries themselves! Why, Bess Howard!" cried Nina, shaking with laughter.

"Well, don't I know it?" returned Nina, calmly. "I said we weren't especially good."

"But why aren't we? I'd like to know how they feel, and how the first missionaries felt. I mean to study it up and find out what the 'missionary spirit' really is."

"Nina caught at the suggestion. "All right. Do I and when you get it all straightened you can tell me. There are the lives of the three Mrs. Judsons. You would better read that. They must have been crammed with the missionary spirit, or they never would all three have married the same missionary. Mother has the book—a good sized black one, with rather fine print. I'll

bring it over to-morrow and now we can go on with our Shakespeare."

"I don't care one bit about the three Mrs. Judsons," responded Bess, with spirit; "and I wouldn't read it if there were three thousand of them. I want to know what started the first ones, and what makes girls willing to go now—not to read memoirs! and I shall find out, too; and if you want to know about it, you can ask me and I'll tell you what I've found. Where's my pencil? Will you read first?"

The end of it was that Nina, running up to Bessie's room one day, found her friend crying over her bible, and stopped short in sheer amazement.

"Why, Bess Howard! what on earth has happened?" she began; but something in the face that met her own checked her words.

"I've been looking for the missionary spirit," she said with a little smile.

"Oh—and you've found it!" said Nina slowly. "Well?"

"I remembered that the apostles were the first missionaries," said Bess, with the same bright earnest look in her eyes.

"Well?" said Nina again, after a moment's pause.

"Well, I supposed I knew what the spirit of Christ was—but when I tried to put it into words I couldn't—and so I read the Gospel to find out. It makes such a difference—reading to find out things—and oh, Nina, it seems to me that the spirit of Christ is just the spirit of service. All the New Testament seems full of it now."

"He that is greatest among you let him be your servant," and 'Love one another as I have loved you,' and 'If I, then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet, ye ought also to wash one another's feet.' And to think how little I have understood it all!"

There was a long pause. Bess sat thinking about the grand words she had just read, and Nina turned to the window and stood looking out silently.

"I'm sure I don't," said Nina. "It seems queer and out of place, somehow, for girls to be mixed up in missions. I think that sort of thing belongs to older people or to children. We have too many things to do. Besides, Annie Salter is a very good girl, I suppose, and you and I are not so remarkably good, Bess."

"Well, we are not so remarkably bad, either," replied Bess, candidly; "and we are members of the church, too. You see, I don't know why we shouldn't have the missionary spirit just as much as Annie and the other girls that go to the meetings; or the missionaries themselves, for that matter."

"The missionaries themselves! Why, Bess Howard!" cried Nina, shaking with laughter. "The idea of your talking as if we were the same kind of creatures as they are? Fancy you or me presenting a class of cannibals with a dress-skirt and a brush and comb apiece, and then teaching them Catechism or holding meetings!"

"Bess laughed a little, too, but went on undaunted. "They do have missionaries that are no older than we are—Annie said so—and I don't suppose they are very unlike other American girls, for they've been brought up in the same country and have gone to the same schools, and all that. But I don't see how they could give everything up and go off to the end of the earth to teach a lot of people that they don't know or care for, I couldn't have done so, I know, and neither could you, Nina Gray?"

"Well, don't I know it?" returned Nina, calmly. "I said we weren't especially good."

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much for its own sake, as because it is the abode of a truly royal family. The king, Oscar II., is a noble and upright sovereign, and his queen, Sophia Wilhelmina, is an exemplary Christian. The king's only sister, the Princess Eugenie, is one of the most remarkable women in Europe, and her name ought to be more familiar to all Christian people in America.

She inherited an immense fortune from her grandparents, and being unmarried, she had the strong temptation to expend much of it upon personal luxury; but, like Mary she has "chosen the better part." A most devout and enthusiastic Christian, she has consecrated her time and wealth and personal efforts to the direction of hospitals and to the spread of the gospel to her destitute countrymen.

No one in Sweden contributes so largely to home and foreign Missions among the Lapps and Norwegians as the Princess Eugenie. She spends her summers at a villa called "Fridhem," or the Home of Peace. Around it she has reared asylums for orphan children, and beautified the grounds with trees, walks and flowers. She is the directress of societies for providing employment for poor women; she has opened schools for destitute girls; on the Sabbath she has an evangelical service at her villa for her many guests and neighbours.

During Miss Sarah Smiley's "gospel visit" to Sweden, the Princess gave effective assistance to her public meetings, and sent for our countrywoman to visit her often at the palace.

When the Princess Eugenie built her hospital she found her ready funds inadequate; so she sold her jewels to finish and furnish the building. One day she visited the hospital, and the tears of gratitude rolled down the cheeks of a poor invalid as she came to his bedside. The happy Princess was so melted by his tears that she exclaimed "Ah, now I see my diamonds again!" Wonderfully had the jewels which had been once mere baubles become transmuted into priceless gems of gratitude.

The plain, homely features of the princess kindled with a holy joy. Her diamonds were brightened by the smile of her approving Lord. Verily, is no gold so precious as when it bears the "image and superscription of Christ," and no jewelry so lustrous as when it is taken from self and given to the Saviour.—Dr. Cuyler, in Christian Weekly.

ANSWERED. I thought to find some healing balm For her I loved; she found that shore, That city, whose inhabitants Are sick and sorrowful no more.

I asked for human love for her The Loving knew how best to still The indute yearning of a heart, Which but infinity could fill.

Such sweet communion had been ours, I prayed that it might never end; My prayer is more than answered; now I have an angel for my friend.

I wished for perfect peace to soothe The trouble's anguish of her breast; And, numbered with the loved and called, She entered on untroubled rest.

Life was so fair a thing to her, I wept and pleaded for its stay; My wish was granted me, for lo! She hath eternal life to-day. —Phoebe Carey.

SYMPATHY FOR THE DRUNKARD. I tell you there is not a village or town in this country that sustains and supports the liquor traffic but is bound in honor to furnish places of refuge for every poor victim of the drink. My sympathies go out to these men. I do not believe in coddling them or making pets of them, but I believe in helping them to help themselves, and in removing, as we can, temptation out of their way. One thing more. When the poor wrecks come to me by the score I sometimes thank God I had no son. One Scotchman said, "I am a lost laddie." And so many of them are lost! I sometimes thank God I have no son to be lost; but if I had, I would rather take him to the vilest and dirtiest grogshop that could be found, and keep him there for half an hour, than to take him into the most respectable social drinking circle in Saratoga. If I took my boy fresh from his pure home, fresh from his mother's knee, fresh from Sunday-school exercises, into such a den as that it would frighten him. He hears strange sounds; he does not like the odor of the place; he puts his hands to his ears, "Take me out of this, papa. What are these men doing? I don't like it. Oh! take me away." But in the social circle, where the mother smilingly offers the wine to her guests, and the minister under whose preaching the boy has sat gives assent to it by a

smile, there he will take his first glass. So it we wish to prevent this evil, we must assail the drinking customs of society that are made fashionable and respectable. The moderate drinker tells us we are very hard on him. I do not pretend to say that the moderate drinker intends to do this mischief. A lady said to me, "My son, eighteen years of age, came from his chamber one New Year's morning, and said, 'Happy New Year, mamma.' While seated at his breakfast he said, 'Now, mamma, I am going out for the first time in my life to make New Year's calls, and I mean to make a business of it; good morning;' and he kissed her on both cheeks. She said she stood in the bay window, and watched him till he turned the corner, and then drew a long sigh of satisfaction. 'My boy, sweet, pure, clean, lovely!' I was proud of him. I thought of him all day." At night came a ring at the bell—a strange sort of ring—and instead of permitting the servant to go, she went herself, and there she beheld two young men holding up her drunken son. She said, "Bring him in." They laid him on the carpet. "And then," she said, "I sat down and lifted his head in my lap. I tried to comb his hair: it was all matted and damp; his lips, that were so pure and sweet, were cracked and dry, and his breath, that was like the newly-gathered violets, was a horrible stench. My boy! The eyes half-closed, just showing the white, the horrible breath pouring forth its effluvia. My boy! His face seemed to be so changed. It was so smooth when he went out, but now it looks coarse. 'Mr. Gough,' she said, 'if that had been the work of my boy's enemy it would have been a comfort to look upon him and feel that it was the work of my boy's bitterest foe; but if that is the work of my boy's friends, God have mercy on me! for I have but very little hope for the future.' And she said that it was not the last time by many that he came home to her drunk. Who gave him his first glass?—John B. Gough.

A STORM IN THE SUN. After a time of comparative quiet another storm has burst upon the sun. Two or three weeks ago the great disk of the luminary shone in the telescope with hardly a spot or a variation anywhere in the brilliancy, except the ordinary mottling which sometimes appears strikingly suggestive of a mass of tremendous flames, on the tops of which the spectator is looking down. Then a spot of small size appeared and moved slowly across the disk. Presently a congeries of little spots broke forth like an eruption, surrounded by faculae in growing waves and tortuous banks. In a day or two the outlines of a large spot could be seen coming around the eastern limb of the sun. It seemed to grow as it advanced. In a short time a white filament pushed its way across the very centre of the spot, looking like a snow-bridge over a dark chasm, and then the spot split in two and slowly disappeared. Now the eastern edge of the disk began to be crowded with on-coming spots. The wrinkled lines of faculae showed where the surface was agitated, and where new spots were likely to break forth at any moment. They came in groups, and one huge spot with a dark central chasm, capacious enough to swallow the earth seemed to lead their leader. Cloudy days intervening interrupted the sight, but with every return of sunshiny weather the telescope revealed new spots and new groups, until now the sun is spotted like a leopard. The sight, with a magnifying power low enough to show the whole disk at once, is wonderful. The spots are of all sizes, from great caverns in whose dark purple depths the eye-fancies it can detect strange forms, mysterious creations of the sun, to little spots that but for their congregating in the neighborhood of the larger spots, would hardly be noticed. It is a beautiful spectacle, and only systematic observations and measurement can convince the beholder that he is witnessing such a battle of elemental forces as this earth has never beheld since it hardened from a rotund mass of fiery gases into a firm and habitable globe. A little careful watching and calculation show the real meaning of what the telescope reveals. It is the heaving, and lashing, and swirling of a storm, not in any sense in which we understand the word from our experience here on earth, but a storm born, probably, in the interior of the sun itself, and exercising its

fearful energy upon a ball of glowing gases. But those gases are in the most unheard-of and marvellous condition. Among them are many names only familiar to students of chemistry, and which in our laboratories are airy things that reveal themselves only by their effects. In the sun they are heated up to such a degree that no earthly chemist would recognize them, at least not by their conduct, for in that unparalleled furnace they are freed from many of the laws which chemistry imposes upon them here. And, more wonderful yet, men of science tell us, so tremendous is the pressure to which they are subjected in that heart and centre of gravitation, that, though they are gases still, they must resemble in their mechanical behaviour rather tar or honey than the airy substance which we know under their names. These gases, continually ascending or moving away from the center, become partially cooled at what appears to us as the surface of the sun, and fall back in showers of hot, metallic rain. It is amid such surroundings that the sun-storms rage, and from such that they are born.—New York Sun.

ASHWORTH AND FINNEY. In 1860 President Finney visited England as an evangelist, and was desired by the Rochdale ministers to come to that place and preach. Accordingly, the late John Ashworth and another gentleman were invited to wait upon him and invite him thither. On being introduced, they told him what they had come for; but found that he was just about to sail for America. There were only a few days left, and he had already been invited to preach in the Corn Exchange at Manchester. It was impossible for him to go to both places; the question was, which should it be? The Rochdale deputation wanted their town to have the preference; and at last Mr. Finney proposed that they should all "kneel down and pray about the matter."

"We knelt down," says John Ashworth, "and I do not think either of us will ever forget that moment."

Mr. Finney began first, and said, "Lord, here are two self-him come from Rochdale, to request me to go to town to preach; they say they know I am requested to go to Manchester. I cannot go to both, and they want me to give Rochdale the preference; they care nothing about Manchester souls, only about Rochdale souls. But, Lord, souls are souls, equal in value everywhere; teach these two men that souls are souls."

Then laying his hand on my shoulder, he said, 'Pray brother.'

What I said I cannot tell, but I know I was very short. He then laid his hand on my companion, saying, 'Pray brother.'

He also was very brief, and we arose from our knees with no little confusion.

After a considerable pause, Mr. Finney rose up, paced quickly about the room, and abruptly said:—

"I feel I have nothing to do at Rochdale."—Ashworth's Life.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. FOUR DAISIES. One worked in colored crews, Adorns Aunt Esther's chair; Through half a dozen winters It still has blossomed there.

One nods among the ribbons Of Blanche's Paris hat; One feeds from grandpa's meadow Could hardly vie with that.

Another dainty painted Upon a satin screen Spreads out its buds and blossoms The lamp and me between.

But these are dainty trifles; The Daisy I would choose Can love and laugh and frolic, Play tag and wear out shoes.

She pulls her pretty namesakes, And strews them in the hall; We only smile and call her The sweetest flower of all. Ruth Mariner in the "Congregationalist."

JACK'S REZURLUTIONS. Jack started for school in a brown study. He took out his diary and wrote: "Resolved that I'll be xtry good if I have a chance. John Appleton Willis."

Jack surveyed this production with much pride; he took it out every few minutes and read it over, until recess drove it out of his mind. He never thought of it again until the next morning; then he came rushing into the kitchen where mamma was helping Bridget.

"O mother, I want something to eat now, and some luncheon put up. We have got a holiday, and we are going chestnutting,—the whole school of us," he said. "How's Maggie?" asked Mrs.

Willis of the washerwoman, as she put up the desired luncheon. "She's better, ma'am, but she don't gain so fast as if she could get out some of these nice days."

Jack swallowed the gingerbread nut bag. There on the table lay the diary, open at the "Rezurlution."

"If I have a chance," Just then Mrs. Donovan's words flashed back on his mind, and the thought came with it how the sick girl's dull eyes would brighten at the prospect of such enjoyment as he was promising himself that afternoon.

"I wonder," he said, "if this is a chance! But nobody would expect a fellow to do it," he said to himself, then bent his energies to finding his bag; but the voice whispered on: "If you were sick and poor in that dingy little street, think how you would like to get out for a nice ride."

Jack hesitated. "How the boys would laugh to see a fellow taking her to ride; and just think of the fun I'll lose if I don't go chestnutting with them! It's too much to ask of a fellow. Where on earth is that bag? The voice kept whispering: "It's a good chance. You are not very brave if you can't stand laughing at."

There was the bag. Now he must decide whether to go chestnutting or get old Fan and take Maggie out to ride. All at once Jack bounded down stairs three steps at a time. "Say, Mrs. Donovan, don't you think Maggie would like to ride with me this afternoon? I drive mamma very often, so you needn't be afraid to trust her; and its real nice out to day."

Mrs. Donovan looked up in surprise for a moment, and then she broke down completely. "There's nothing in the wide world would do her more good, and I'll bless you forever!" she sobbed out.

"Inasmuch," whispered mamma, as she kissed him tenderly. Jack wrote in his diary at night: "Resolved, that I'll try being common good awhile 'cause I couldn't be xtry good if I did have a chance."—Sunday School Times.

"GIRLS, HELP FATHER." "My hands are so stiff I can hardly hold a pen," said Farmer Wilber, as he sat down to "figure out" some accounts that were getting behindhand.

"Can I help you, father?" said Lucy, laying down her bright crochet-work. "I shall be glad to do so if you will explain what you want."

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if you can, Lucy," he said reflectively. "Pretty good at figures, are you?"

"I would be ashamed if I did not know something of them after going twice through the arithmetic," said Lucy, laughing.

"Well, I can show you in five minutes what I have to do, and it'll be a wonderful help if you can do it for me. I never was a master hand at accounts in my best days, and it does not grow any easier since I have put on spectacles."

Very patiently did the hopeful daughter plod through the long lines of figures, leaving the gay worsted to lie idle all the evening though she was in such haste to finish her scarf. It was reward enough to see her tired father, who had been toiling all day for herself and the other dear ones, sitting so cozily in his easy-chair, enjoying his weekly-paper.

The clock struck nine before her task was over, but the hearty "Thank you, daughter, a thousand times!" took away all sense of weariness that Lucy might have felt.

"It's rather looking up when a man can have a clerk," said the father. "It's not every farmer that can afford it."

"Not every farmer's daughter that is capable of making one," said the mother, with a little pardonable maternal pride.

"Nor every one that would be willing, if able," said Mr. Wilber; which last was a sad truth. How many daughters might be of use to their fathers in this and many other ways who never think of fighting a care or labor! If asked to perform some little service, it is done at best with a reluctant step and unwilling air, that robs it of all sunshine or claim to gratitude.

Girls, help your father. Give him a cheerful home to rest in when evening comes, and do not worry his life away by fretting because he cannot afford you all the luxuries you covet. Children exert as great an influence on their parents as parents do on their children.—Selected.

There in a class of dangerous steady regular but the over it young more apt to advantage as I could harder appeared was qu of her c "Is a teacher. "She air of pr so much "How day" he tone, w about it you; it two-on b "The they?" Or of great s "But better t "Dun about it her for I was Marvyn as "Oa father" and wit helping ing in th halt and time b "How o just th shall se are dep he prote dustry to "Never honest o hands, b "I'll Then he "Cha has a r she? I with the "She boys if I tar-kett from th dipped i in a ton you to c "It's under h of us to "Cha "Ye please rogish h her but cream l rather f him aft And he as to w Mrs M great b of this wiser l It was h are not ing the here an cream, dust w SUNDAY Ever direct c sion wv Alred by our Mission Method year 18 and pe like wo said, b with b larger a given b It is v themes collect so be tr the per and the swelling able pe for aim neighbb thouse sort of case of one clas eloquent somewh Still, to colleo moral t indisci ing care diligent and gr have a the Lor parents so too, the Sc prompt ing the tions fr Our s Foreign they h have a they h entian