

OUR HOME CIRCLE. SWEET DAY OF REST. Sweet day of rest! the very sound is healing— A hush amid the conflict and the strife; The calm of heaven is softly round us stealing— We hear the whispers of a holier life.

ALMIGHTY HELP. I often think of what Dr. Hitchcock said before the Union Theological Seminary: "Young gentlemen, study theology, yes, study theology, but preach the Gospel." I study theology, but I try to preach the Gospel, theology or no theology. You say: "This will not stand the straight-edged, extreme sanctification view."

THE HIGHER MOTIVE. John B. Gough, in a temperance lecture, related a conversation he once had with a Christian gentleman in England on total abstinence. The gentleman remarked: "I have a conscientious objection to teetotalism, and it is this: our Saviour made wine at the marriage of Cana in Galilee."

THE SIZE AND SPEED OF STEAMSHIPS. The fierce competition among the trans-atlantic steamships has about expended itself in one direction. The limit has been reached in the matter of size. Larger ships than the City of Rome won't be put in the New York trade, for the excellent reason that when loaded they are likely every trip to get stuck on the bar near Sandy Hook. No vessel that draws over twenty-six feet can get in or out

You must trust me, Job." So he does with hundreds and thousands. There was David who wrote the prayers and poetry of the ages. What a man he was! Yet he succeeded in pleasing God, not by his sins, but he pleased God. The truth is, the Bible is a record of all the bankrupt cases of men who were full of the wreck and ruin of sin, and yet grew up into this perfect stature of men in Christ Jesus our Lord. What an encouragement it is for everybody to seek to be perfect before God!

LITTLE DUTIES. A letter-carrier in one of our large cities, a few months ago, found on reaching the post-office, after a long round of delivery, a letter in his bag that he had overlooked. It would have taken him half an hour to return and deliver it. He was very tired and hungry. The letter was an ordinary unimportant-looking missive. He thrust it into his pocket and delivered it on his first round next day.

PROVIDENCE AND THE WOOD PILE. One snowy Saturday night, years ago, when the wood-pile of the Alcott household was very low, a neighbor's child came to beg a little wood, as "the baby was very sick, and the father off on a special business."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. NO ANSWER BUT A KISS. Our home is bright and jocular now. Dear mother smiles again; No shade of care is on her brow, Her heart is free from pain. I often wonder who or what Has turned our grief to bliss; But I can get no answer yet From mother but a kiss.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. WINGS BY AND BY. "Walter," said a gentleman on a ferry boat to a poor, helpless cripple, "how is it when you cannot walk that your shoes get worn?"

DO NOT TAKE IT TO HEART. There's many a trouble, Would break like a bubble, And as the waters of Lethe depart, Did we not rehearse it, And tenderly nurse it, And give it a permanent place in the heart.

SEARCHING QUESTIONS. What right has a Christian lady to give herself away to a skeptical scoffer—a man that hates her Bible, her Christ and her God—a man that tramples the law of God under his feet? What right has a Christian man to become linked with a scoffing, swearing woman, that has no faith in God and the Bible?

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DO NOT TAKE IT TO HEART. There's many a sorrow, Would vanish to-morrow, Were we not unwilling to furnish the wings; So sadly intruding, And quietly brooding, It hatches out all sorts of horrible things.

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