

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

LIGHTS ON THE LINE.

Lights on the line! I watched them brightly glowing: Their cheery radiance on the iron track In varying colours ever gladly throwing.

Then were there lights that on my weary sorrow And on my darkness shed their radiance bright: And dark to day became a glorious morn'g.

MOONSTRUCK.

"The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night." This beautiful verse expresses the belief, common in ancient days, that the moon exercises a baleful influence upon those exposed to her direct rays.

uncovered. The aboriginals of Australia do the same as well as they can with the fishing nets, etc. A fire answers the same purpose.

THE BELL RINGER.

"I've been a bell-ringer for forty-five years," said William Brown, as he deftly manipulated the bellropes in the belfry of St. Stephen's last night.

Brown is a full-faced, healthy looking Englishman of perhaps fifty-five. He has been ringing the chimes in St. Stephen's for twenty years or more.

Last night was the forty-third time that he had ushered in the anniversary of our Saviour's birth with the grand old Te Deum, and as he caused the bells to peal out their rhythmic psalm of praise he talked.

"I couldn't tell you how many funerals I've tolled the bell for—a great many times in forty-five years you can depend. And then the weddings—what a contrast.

"It is something of an art, this handling of the bells. You would hardly believe that in what we call change ringing it takes eight men twenty-eight hours to complete the peal, would you?

don—a set of twelve bells, all tuned in perfect harmony. Be careful getting down the stairs; they're a trifle steep."

THE DEPARTING COMET.

On a recent evening Prof. John K. Rees read a paper on the comet of 1882 before the New York Academy of Sciences, in which it is said it should be termed Gould's comet, since Prof. B. A. Gould, of Cordova, was the first to see it.

SPEAK TO STRANGERS.

Some years ago, on leaving home for the first long separation from the familiar scenes of youth, I found myself an entire stranger in a city quite remote from the scenes of my earlier life.

them! I have written this to urge everywhere that we see to it that there are no strangers left in our church, to feel that not one of God's people cares a thought for his welfare or spiritual growth.

AN OLD, OLD QUESTION.

A spirit that from earth had just departed Lingered a moment on its upward way, And, looking back, saw, as though broken-hearted.

THE WORK OF OUR HANDS.

"The work of our hands establish thou it." I read the words over again, going back a little. "Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us, and the work of our hands, establish thou it."

I patted and smoothed my boy's tangled locks. "The work of my hands," I said, and perhaps more gentle than usual turned up my boy's face to kiss his lips as he went to school.

AGAINST ANXIETY.

It is distrust of God, therefore; which lies at the root of unlawful anxiety. A feeble apprehension of God, as the Agent who overrules everything, and determines those causes which lie outside of our reach, and those events which escape our foresight; this it is which shakes the soul with vague uncertainty, and fills with causeless alarms the darkness of to-morrow.

how the evils which we most dread never overtake us; but just because this distrustful heart of ours is so prone to prophesy, and so lively to exaggerate, misfortune? Like a soothing, cooling breath from a serene world, there comes down upon the feverish, self-tormenting spirits of men this word of one who was the messenger of Him whom we distrust.

FATAL MONOTONY.

There are exceptional natures that seem to love sameness and hate variety, but that must always be a stunted nature that clings to a dead level of life; and it is probable that an actual and literal monotony of scene for any length of time, even if the scenery were not entirely cheerless, would exhaust the dulcist soul.

"I think we were more worried and depressed by the sameness and dreariness of the scene—the utter solitude—than anything else. To go upon deck every day and look out upon the same vast, endless waste of ice—it was that which we appeared to feel the most. The utter monotony and dreariness, after a while, affected the spirits of some, and they would go aside, so as not to infect the others with the momentary depression.

SUNDAY.

O day most calm, most bright! The fruit of this, the next world's bud, The indorsement of supreme delight,

The other days and thou Make up one man; whose face thou art, Knocking at heaven with thy brow;

Sundays the pillars are, On which heaven's palace arched lies: The other days fill up the spare And hollow room with vanities.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE SPOOL OF COTTON.

Once a young man with a very little money opened a small store in a New England city. So few people came in to buy his goods that he grew discouraged, and said to himself as he shut up his store on Friday night, "If I don't have more customers to-morrow I'll give it up and go away."

The young merchant could not refuse the child's pleading voice; so he unlocked the store, went in, lit his lamp, found for her the spool of thread and took her six cents. She went happy on her way home; and the next day her mother came in with two other ladies, thanked him for his kindness and bought some goods, as did the other ladies also who heard the story.

They told it to others, and more customers came in, and from that day his store was successful. Afterward he became very rich, and used to say, "I owe it all to that spool of cotton."

LET ME PRAY FIRST.

A sweet and intelligent little girl was passing quietly through the streets of a certain town a short time since, when she came to a spot where several idle boys were amusing themselves by the dangerous practice of throwing stones.

She was carried home in great agony. The doctor was sent for, and a very painful operation was declared necessary. When the time came, and the surgeon had taken out his instruments, she lay in her father's arms, and he asked her if she was ready for the doctor to do what he could to cure her eye.

"What do you wish us to wait for, my child?" "I want to kneel in your lap, and pray to Jesus first," she answered. And then kneeling, she prayed a few minutes, and afterward submitted to the operation with all the patience of a strong woman.

FOLLOWING IN THE DARK.

"Mamma," said little Bessie, "I should lose my way in the dark." Her mother did not say a word, but went out and turned off the gas in the hall. Then she opened the door a little way and said: "Come dear, it is your bed-time. Take hold of my hand and I will lead you up stairs."

So Bessie put her hand in her mother's and trotted bravely up stairs in the dark. After she had said "Our Father," and "Now I lay me," and had laid her curly head upon the pillow, her mother said: "You were not afraid coming up, were you, Bessie?" "Oh, no, mamma," she answered. "I couldn't be, 'cause I had hold of your hand."

WHAT TOM DID.

It was the first clear, cold day after Christmas. The boys and girls were on the hill coasting. They were shouting and laughing as loud as they could, even those who had no sleds.

"Happy New Year to you!" shouted Tom Ross, as away he went on his pretty sled. A brand-new sled it was, too; his uncle had given it to him on Christmas Eve.

When Tom had been up and down the hill ever so many times he suddenly thought, "What a great, big, selfish boy I am! Why don't I ask some other boy to get on my sled and have fun too?" There was little Joe King, who had no sled.

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