

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE BABY OVER THE WAY.

Across my neighbor's window,
With its drappings of satin and lace,
I see, beneath a crown of ringlets,
A baby's innocent face.

My God forgive my envy!
I knew not what I said;
My heart is crushed and humbled,
My neighbor's boy is dead!

ONE OF OUR GIRLS.

Very delicate indeed. Can't stand any exercise, and with the exception of a little fancy work, there is really nothing that the child can do.

"What is the principal trouble?" a friend inquired.
"Nervous headache, pain in the back and sides after the slightest exercise; shortness of breath, which makes me fearful of lung trouble; and a strangely capricious appetite. The doctor doesn't seem to know what to do for her, and I am in despair."

The young lady passed languidly through the room at this point, and shortly after a few chords were feebly struck upon the piano, followed by a song which had neither voice, skill, nor enthusiasm to recommend it; then a few more slovenly chords, and the sounds ceased.

"Poor child," said her mother, she tries every day to practice a little; but this is a fair sample of what she can do.

"I should think those slippers with the high French heels would be very bad for one in her state of health," the friend suggested.
"They throw her body forward in such an unnatural manner as to be as trying to the nerves as they are to the muscles."

"O, you couldn't persuade Maud to wear a slipper or a boot with a low heel," was the singular reply. "The doctor asked me what kind of shoes she wore, and I tried to get her to adopt something a little less fashionable; but it was no use. Of course, folks who are opposed to style in dress, and the radicals who advocate the same kind of costume for men and women, are constantly crying out against high heeled shoes and every thing else that is tasteful and pretty; but I don't believe they are a hundredth part so detrimental as they are made out to be. I always wear them."

"And yet you are never free from backache by your own showing."

"My weak spine is constitutional. My mother had it before me, and that is what Maud inherited."
"If that is the case, then you should be doubly careful how you use it. It is impossible for any one to take a sufficient amount of exercise in the open air with such heels as you and your daughter wear, and no person can do well who is not out of doors enough to thoroughly oxygenize the blood. This must be accomplished by brisk walking, and that is out of the question when the principal weight of the body is thrown forward on the toes."

"It isn't possible that you think Maud's weakness is due entirely to high-heeled shoes? What of her terrible nervous headaches?"

"Her inability to breathe pure air in a sufficient amount will be quite enough to account for those; but there are probably other causes quite as potent. I noticed that for dinner Maud partook of oyster pie, with its rich flaky crust; and pickles. Her dessert was ice-cream and nuts. She should not have been allowed to eat one of those things."

"But that is the way she always eats. If she did not have what her appetite craves she would eat nothing."
"Much better eat nothing than such indigestible stuff as that. If she went without long enough she might perhaps be induced to eat something that would benefit her."
"I tell you, Maud must have what she wants, or it is impossible to do any thing with her. She is very determined as well as very high strung and sensitive, and on these accounts is exceedingly hard to manage."
At this point the young lady appeared again. She was very pale, and seemed to be suffering acutely. There were dark rings under her eyes, and she moved in a manner that told of a throbbing head.
"Do something, quick," she said to her mother, with white drawn lips; "my head is killing me."

"But that is the way she always eats. If she did not have what her appetite craves she would eat nothing."

"Much better eat nothing than such indigestible stuff as that. If she went without long enough she might perhaps be induced to eat something that would benefit her."

"I tell you, Maud must have what she wants, or it is impossible to do any thing with her. She is very determined as well as very high strung and sensitive, and on these accounts is exceedingly hard to manage."

At this point the young lady appeared again. She was very pale, and seemed to be suffering acutely. There were dark rings under her eyes, and she moved in a manner that told of a throbbing head.

"Do something, quick," she said to her mother, with white drawn lips; "my head is killing me."

This proved to be an unusually severe attack, and the doctor was summoned. The little high-heeled slippers were removed, and an attempt was made to unfasten the front of her dress, but in spite of the agonizing pain the sufferer steadily protested.

"It don't make any difference what she endures," her mother remarked, as she bathed the aching head. "She never will be undressed and put to bed like other folks."

When the doctor arrived, the patient was threatened with convulsions. "Get her into a warm bath, at once," he ordered, and now the sufferer was past protesting. It proved to be an impossibility to unclasp the girl's corsets, and the laces were accordingly cut. Now, this young lady's waist could not have measured less than twenty-three inches—small enough for beauty in all conscience—and she had laced herself inside of eighteen inch corsets, heavily boned and steeled. As soon as this instrument of torture was removed the girl opened her eyes and breathed a long breath, and did not lapse into complete unconsciousness.

"The-e," said the doctor, after the immediate danger was over, taking the corsets and the high heeled slippers, "are chiefly responsible for your daughter's miserable physical condition. These corsets are at least five inches too small for her, and such shoes as these should never be worn or tolerated by any civilized person. At least two-thirds of my lady patients are victims to just such diabolism, and I am so completely out of patience now that I have registered a vow to examine the corsets and the shoes of all the ladies who require my services, before treating them. I am also determined to know what kind of food they are in the habit of eating. I shall doubtless make a good deal less money, but I shall have the approval of my conscience, and that is worth something even to a physician."

—Eleora Kirk, in Home Science.

THE REST OF THE SABBATH.

A few months since, Mr. A., a driving, energetic man of business, who worked in his office and at his accounts on the Sabbath just as any other days, committed suicide. He was not embarrassed in his business, but prospered in all his undertakings, but his brain was overworked, and under the excitement of bewildered thought and dreaded evil—he knew not what—he took his own life. His physician said it was the overworked brain, and the temporary insanity arising from it, that led to the fatal result.

Mr. L. was the president of a large manufacturing company, the business of which engaged him all the week. And on Saturday, as he went to his home, he almost always took to his carriage a large bundle of papers, which he spent Sunday in carefully examining, that he might bring them back on Monday to the office, thus neglecting the house of God, and taxing his brain and body as fully on the Sabbath as he did on all the other days of the week.

One day a Christian friend, with whom he was intimate, said to him, as he was going to his carriage with the usual bundle of accounts and papers: "Mr. L., why do you labor and toil so incessantly as you do? Six days are surely enough for one to work, even for health's sake; for no better reason. You will kill yourself by working as you do, through all the seven. And, besides, my dear friend, you are taking no time for eternity, or to prepare yourself or train your family for heaven."

Hesitating a moment, in tones which showed he was touched by the kind exhortation, he replied: "I must do it, or my business would overwhelm me. By and by I hope to get more time, or have some one to share my duties, and then I will think of better things." And so he went on in his course of Sabbath work till his mind was so overtaxed that softening of the brain came on, and he died a victim to his violation of the fourth commandment.

A distinguished merchant of Boston, who for twenty years did an immense and successful business, said to a friend: Had it not been for the weekly rest of the Sabbath, I have no doubt I would have been a maniac long ago. It was nothing but the quiet of that day which gave rest and repose to my brain, and saved it from giving way under the constant pressure.

And as this was mentioned in a company of merchants, one of them said: "That remark applies to the case of Mr. F. He was one of our largest importers, and he used to say that 'Sunday was the best day in the week to plan successful voyages,' showing that he gave his mind no rest on the Sabbath, and as a consequence, he has been in the insane asylum for years, and will probably die there." And said another, "I have had a very extensive acquaintance with business men, and I have never known one who worked seven days in the week, who did not kill himself, or break down his mind." And Dr. Farre, in his testimony before a committee of the House of Commons, in England, said, that "men who labor six days in the week, and rest on the seventh, will be more healthy, and live longer, other things being equal, than those who labor seven; they will do more work and do it better."

fell from the top of a high building where he was working, and was picked up from the ground white and limps as if he were dead. Then there was confusion in the wretched home, made more wretched by the presence of sickness and the approach of what seemed like death. For many days the boy lay in a stupor from which it was impossible to rouse him. Anxiously the watchers stood around, expecting him soon to breathe his last. But to their surprise he opened his eyes and seemed to know them. Long before this his friends had discovered his fondness for books, and I do not suppose they were surprised when he asked for a certain book which he had been reading before he fell. When he was refused he was unable to understand what they meant, and grew impatient with what looked to him like stupidity. And when he exclaimed, "Why don't you answer me?" one of his friends wrote on a slate, "You are dead!"

Imagine what that would be to any eleven year old boy! To be deaf, never to hear the voices you love, never to listen to the singing of birds, or the babble of brooks, never to hear the wind sighing through the pines, not even to be startled by the roar of thunder—can you imagine it? And this is what befell John.

Things did not mend at home, and when John was fifteen years old he was sent to the almshouse. Here he was set to work making shoes, and here he remained several years. Once in the time he was bound out to a shoemaker, but he was treated so badly by his master that the authorities interfered and he returned to the almshouse, where he had to work very steadily, but he contrived to find time for a great amount of reading and study.

After a time some benevolent gentlemen found out how he was trying to gain knowledge, and planned a way to help him. He left the place where he had been so long, and went to live with a gentleman who gave him every opportunity for study. You may be sure he improved these opportunities, and soon became a fine scholar. Then he had an opportunity to travel. He wrote many books, and I have no doubt you may find in your father's library some of them, as "Cyclopedia of Biblical Literature" or "History of the Bible."

His writings are of great value, and the world could not well have done without John. Yet how many laboring under his disadvantages would have felt excused from doing anything to add to the literary wealth of the world. How many would have persevered in study under such difficulties? From his very babyhood, his life was one of struggle and privation, yet by steady, persevering industry he rose above circumstances, and at length gained an honored name and position among men of letters, and for several years before his death, which occurred in 1854, he was known as Dr. John Kitto.—The Pansy.

THE VANITY OF RICHES.
I never look at the great brick house of William Astor and the glaring white walls of the Stewart mansion opposite, but I think of the vanity of riches. When A. T. Stewart began to build his marble palace right in the face of the Astor plain brick house, he and his wife were not recognized socially by the Astor set, although they kept accounts at his store. He had come from the linen drapery business too recently to rank with the descendants of the successful furrier of fifty years before. Stewart felt the slight, and he built his finer residence opposite theirs, with the idea of humiliating the Astors. He never did, however; but before his house was finished Stewart had to protest against the appearance in Fifth Avenue of others more plebeian than himself. When he began to build there was not a shop or store in all Fifth Avenue. By the time he had moved into his palace one W. H. Bormor had opened a confectionary and ice-cream saloon on the corner above. Stewart not only could not prevent him from committing this desecration, but he could not buy Bormor off. To-day the Stewart mansion is unoccupied except by the servants, who show you the pictures on an order from Judge Hilton. Even Mr. Stewart's latest style tomb, cut quite fashionably decorated in his beautifully and expensively trimmed cathedral in his job lot, Garden City, is unoccupied, and the inscription on it, which says, "Here lies," is applicable only to the body of the epi-

tap, and not to that of the millionaire. And to think, too, that Vanderbilt should have the hardihood thus early to build a mansion higher up on Murray Hill, in the picture gallery of which you could stow the whole of Stewart's boasted mansion. O, the vanity of riches!—New York Cor. Washington Capital.

THE LITTLE HAND.

This is a little hand—
A tiny little hand—
But if it clasp
With timid grasp
Mine own, ah! me, I well can understand
The pressure of that little hand!

This is a little mouth—
A very little mouth—
But oh! what bliss
To steal a kiss
Sweet as the honeyed zephyrs of the South,
From that same rosy little mouth!

This is a little heart—
A little fluttering heart—
Yet it is warm
And pure and calm,
And loves me with its whole untutored art
That palpitating little heart!

Thou art a little girl—
Only a little girl—
Yet art thou worth
The wealth of earth—
Diamond and ruby, sapphire, gold and pearl—
To me, thou blessed little girl!

PUSS IN THE ELEVATOR.

Dogs not only learn what the cars are for, but which train will take them where they like to go. The instance here given from the

THE PAPERERS.

A correspondent of the Churchman, writing about the controversy as to whether an actor can be a good Christian, comes to the following conclusions:—
The great majority of operas, plays, and farces are licentious, pandering to the worst passions of the idle and corrupt, setting a premium on vice and sneering at virtue, abounding in oaths and indecent jests. There are said to be a few pure plays, but to discern these, and patronize these only, requires an amount of good taste (not to say religious sentiment) possessed by very few. The theater has in all ages been the first lesson learned by the beginner in vice. It stands at the entrance of a way-station on which are the race-course, the liquor-saloon, the brothel, the gambling-house, and the end—death. When a young man sets out to be a rake he begins first of all with the theatre. The theatre, by exacting large outlays of money and giving little in return, encourages extravagance. It also compels late hours and waste of time. Its surroundings are the resort of the idle and the vicious. Where the theater is, the bar-room and the brothel are usually not far off. Nor am I entirely ignorant of what I am talking of. I have been considered a veteran theatergoer. During ten years of my life I rarely missed an opportunity of attending the theater. I have seen all sorts of plays, in all sorts of theaters, both the "high-toned" and cheap. I have seen nearly every living American actor and actress of note. A few years ago I determined to live a Christian life. Result: I do not go to theaters now, and I try to keep every one else from going. Why? My observation teaches me that religion and the theater are two conflicting things.

THE PIN PRICKS OF DAILY LIFE.
It has been said over and over again, yet there is always a fitness in the repetition, that the small worries of every day do a great deal more towards wearing women out than the occasional large troubles. Who has not observed the brave bearing of sudden misfortune on the part of a delicate person, who had been fretful and irritable enough under the petty annoyances of the household? Bereavement, calamity, dire distress are undergone, endured and made light of by people who are wretched if some trifling delay occur about a meal, crushed to the earth if a favorite dish is broken, and ready to perish if a servant prove unfaithful.

Many plausible reasons have been assigned for this state of affairs, with which we are all familiar. The one reason which lies deepest is not always remembered. If we are in the habit of directing our prayer unto God, making special mention of our perils of impatience in the household, asking for special guidance and help there to bear even the pin pricks, we shall certainly receive it. Nothing is too small to lay before our heavenly Father.—Christian Intelligencer.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THEY LITTLE HAND.
This is a little hand—
A tiny little hand—
But if it clasp
With timid grasp
Mine own, ah! me, I well can understand
The pressure of that little hand!

THEY LITTLE MOUTH.
This is a little mouth—
A very little mouth—
But oh! what bliss
To steal a kiss
Sweet as the honeyed zephyrs of the South,
From that same rosy little mouth!

THEY LITTLE HEART.
This is a little heart—
A little fluttering heart—
Yet it is warm
And pure and calm,
And loves me with its whole untutored art
That palpitating little heart!

THOU ART A LITTLE GIRL.
Thou art a little girl—
Only a little girl—
Yet art thou worth
The wealth of earth—
Diamond and ruby, sapphire, gold and pearl—
To me, thou blessed little girl!

PUSS IN THE ELEVATOR.

Dogs not only learn what the cars are for, but which train will take them where they like to go. The instance here given from the

New York Tribune proves that cats may have equally intelligent ideas of passive travelling and equal appreciation of their own comfort in adopting the improved methods. A recent number of the paper tells what a visitor found out about the Tribune cats:

The Tribune elevator car had started on its upward trip last evening, and the elevator boy was gazing upward into the furthest corner, evidently lost in reverie. Presently there came a distinct call in the shape of a plaintive "Miaow!"

The elevator boy checked his car forthwith on a level with the floor whence the sound came. There was no one to be seen, and the smallest boy would have been visible.

"Going up?" asked the elevator boy.
"Miaow! miaow!" was repeated.

The elevator boy slid open the door, and a gray cat walked demurely in, sprang upon the seat and began licking her paws until two floors had been passed, when she uttered another cry and sprang down before the doorway.

The car stopped, the door opened and Tabby passed out.
"Is she a regular passenger?" was asked.

"Is she?" said the elevator boy. "Of course she is. She lives in the building, she does. She never walks up or down stairs 'cept on Sunday, when the elevator ain't a-running in front. If it's evening she uses the back elevator."

"Where is she going now?"
"She's just dropping in to see a friend of hers. He's a lawyer and he often stays late to write, and she goes in and sits on the table and watches him, and he gives her a bit of something to eat. In 'bout an hour, before my time's up, she'll come back to go to the top floor. Mebbe she'll stop a little in the editorial rooms; then she goes up to the restaurant. She always gets there about twelve o'clock, when the printers get their lunch. They all know her."

"Sometimes," he added, "she sits down in the car and keeps me company for awhile. She ain't any bother. She knows how to behave herself a great deal better than some of them lawyers and sharp chaps who are always asking a feller when he's going to get married. She goes all around town by herself, she does. The other morning one of the fellows saw her down in Fulton Market. She knew him and came up and rubbed against his legs. Top floor here, sir, if you want to get out."

SELF SACRIFICE.
The tower door of St. Leonard's Church, Bridgnorth, England, was left open; and two young boys, wandering in, were tempted to mount up into the upper part, and scramble from beam to beam.

All at once a joist gave way. The beam on which they were standing became displaced. The elder had just time to grasp it when falling; while the younger, slipping over his body, caught hold of his comrade's legs.

In this fearful position the poor lads hung, crying vainly for help; for no one was near.

At length the boy clinging to the beam became exhausted. He could no longer support the double weight. He called out to the lad below that they were both done for.

"Could you save yourself if I were to loose you?" replied the little lad.

"I think I could," returned the older.

"Then good bye, and God bless you!" cried the little fellow loosening his hold.

Another second and he was dashed to pieces on the stone floor below, his companion clambering to a place of safety.

This is a true story. The record of it is preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. Some tales of heroism excite one to pour forth one's admiration, one's approbation in many words; but this one strikes us dumb, this little fellow unwittingly had followed so closely in the steps of his most loved Master.

Listen to the words of our Lord, spoken while the disciple whom He loved was leaning on His breast: "This is my commandment, that ye love one another as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends."

Surely this little boy, in this one brief, awful act of self-sacrifice, had found his way to keep his Lord's commandment.

THE SUN.

THE SUN.
The author was in the later years some think it was close of the eye, known as to the of the psalm. P. Posed, like many of Fraise, for use ship. Moses, so vite, and his wife 20; had a brother named Miriam; being hid in Nile when an from death and ace of a royal Ex. 2: 1-10, wh in all the wis Acts 7: 22. Wh and had to bee 11-16. There b appointment to from the tyrant them into Cam This he did, an ed the tables of but Moses did seeing the prof without enteri years, Deut. S from of Jacob or the Hebrew na

Within me, heart, will and not, to forge. titude. This ist is addressing Diseases, sickne out God's gra physician can illly, includi only "forgive soul," healt to health, an whole life an tion, but also crowning gift love and merc 5: 22, 23. G giver of every of which Chris like the eagle's to the annual and other bird old leathers an

The Psalm personal bless the divine law all. Executed ry out justice, burning bush will not alwa of, Isa. 57. mph over ju cherish a gre the, east a are always o utterly does move our sit children, fear parents. K ture with all tations; for upon him ou 4: 15. Dut, 2: 7. Graa, season, in it 5: 6; Isa. 50 wind, the b that blast e tenes and e kind. Kw man is soon But, etc., transitorie lasting qua ness and ri ies were f ment in Ch Remember. His angelo who are e Dan. 8: 1 31. Excel strength," as messen out his g Heb. 1: 7 His, also r to differen we know

1. We thoughts,
2. Forgul and l
3. Wh comes fr
4. His b
5. Our plea for
6. Our ply to be
7. God
—Abr book.
PR
Cover a stewi minutes them bu while b of the top tigh place. air strik The jar he clos method sidewise ful that the mo or the whil, I run ov stove d immed employ