

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again, No matter which way I may turn, Always find in the Book of Life Some lesson I have to learn.

We cannot measure the growth Of even the finest flower, Nor check the flow of the golden sands That run through a golden hour.

Over and over again The brook through the meadow flows; And over an over again The ponderous mill-wheel goes.

The path that has once been tried Is never so rough for the feet; And the lesson we once have thoroughly learned Is never so hard to repeat.

CAN I REFORM HIM?

BY MARY H. VILLARS.

As Mrs. Dudley leaned back in her chair by the open window, her face wore a disturbed and anxious look. "I cannot understand you, Myra. I don't understand why it is that out of all the young men of your acquaintance you should choose Martin Rogers."

Mrs. Dudley's eyes filled with tears as she listened to the excuses which her daughter made for the habits of her lover. A widow, with only two children, a son and a daughter, she naturally centered her happiness in their prosperity.

"Myra," the mother said, after a few minutes of silence, "you know I have always been willing to sacrifice my own preferences to see you happy, but I cannot see any happiness in store for you as the wife of Martin Rogers, for, rest assured, if he will not give up drink for your sake now, he will not do so after you are married."

Mrs. Dudley looked up at her daughter in pained surprise. "O my child, God grant that your own words may not prove a prophecy. But let us not make it harder for both by multiplying words. If your mind is made up I suppose persuasions are useless; but I fear for your future."

A quiet wedding in Mrs. Dudley's home, three months later, and then the young couple went to housekeeping in a pretty residence, the gift of young Rogers's father. But the wedding day did not bring the promised abstinence from intoxicants.

And Martin Rogers intended to keep his promise. But he lacked that firmness and decision of character necessary to a true manhood. He had acquired the appetite for intoxicants, and he had not the will power to overcome.

The day following he was dull and half sick and she did not think it prudent to remind him of his pledge. Before the day was over he had taken an extra glass to drown the memories of the preceding day.

The wife was hushed, but not satisfied by any means. However, as she saw how useless were her remonstrances, she ceased to complain and settled down to what seemed the irremediable. Martin Rogers did not go down at once, but step by step, as thousands had done before and are doing now.

About the close of the second year after their marriage a babe came to their home, and the mother hoped it might be the means of awakening a desire in her husband's heart to lead a sober life, but her hope was vain.

meeting in a state of intoxication and had laid himself down upon the bed and fallen asleep, and that she, without thinking of his being likely to move, had left her child sleeping near him.

The years went by slowly to the weary wife and mother, yet all too swiftly it brought ruin to her husband. Her own words had indeed proved prophetic, and day after day she saw her husband come home reeling under the influence of drink.

But what need to repeat the oft told tale? Martin Rogers went down until at the age of forty he slept in a drunkard's grave, and Myra, a widow of thirty-five, broken in health and crushed in spirit, came back to her mother's roof, bringing with her the little Edith, her only remaining child.

One aim only seemed to control her life, and that was to prevent Edith from committing a similar mistake. And while she shrank from blighting the mind of her daughter by recounting her father's weakness, yet she felt that duty to her child bid her hold up her own sad experience as a warning.

MARTHA.

Yes, Lord!—Yet some must serve! Not all with tranquil heart; Even at Thy dear feet, Wrapp'd in devotion sweet, May sit apart!

Yes, Lord!—Yet some must bear The burden of the day, Its labor and its heat, While others at Thy feet May muse and pray!

Yes, Lord!—Yet some must do Life's daily task-work; some Who faint would sing must toil, Amid earth's dust and toil, While lips are dumb!

Yes, Lord!—Yet man must earn, And woman bake the bread; And some must watch and wake Early, for other's sake, Who pray instead.

Yes, Lord!—Yet even Thou Hast need of earthly care; I bring the bread and wine To Thee, a guest divine, Be this my prayer! Atlantic Monthly.

FAMILY RELIGION.

Do your members keep up family religion? Is there an altar in the house of every member of your church? Alas! alas! in many portions of the country where I have been family devotions are greatly neglected.

"Don't weep, wife," said he on his dying bed.

"Jesus can make a dying bed, Feel soft as downy pillows are; While on his breast I lean my head, And breathe my life out sweetly there."

That's a consolation, but not so much as the morning prayer and the evening hymn and the Scripture lesson. And that man of God knelt down, and lifted his voice and hands and eyes to heaven, and said, "God bless me, and my companion, and all my children, and make us all Christians!"

A RIVER OF DIFFICULTY.

Between us and every thing bright and beautiful and useful and prosperous there is a river of difficulty that we must cross. "O!" said the Israelites to Joshua, "I wish I could get some of those grapes!" "Well," said Joshua, "why don't you cross over and get them?"

There are mountains to scale, there are rivers to ford, and there has been struggle for everybody that gained anything for themselves or anything for the Church, or gained anything for the world.

At one stride comes the dark. But looking up into the sky, we behold a vast orb which pours down a milder and more beneficent splendor than the great lord of the system. It is such a moon as we terrestrials cannot boast of; for it is not less than thirteen times as large and luminous as our own.

NOBLY DONE.

No braver deeds are done than those performed by heroic life-boatmen. They launch their boats, when to put off seems certain death. If the surf beats them back to the shore, they try again and again, until they can do their mission of life saving.

KNOWING AND TRUSTING.

I think if thou couldst know, O soul that will complain, What lies concealed below, Our burden and our pain, How just our anguish brings, Nearer those longed-for things We seek for now in vain— I think thou wouldst rejoice, and not complain.

I think if thou couldst see, With thy dim mortal sight, How meanings dark to thee, Are shadows hiding light; Truth's efforts crossed and vexed, Life's purpose all perplexed— If thou couldst see them right, I think that they would seem all clear, and wise, and bright.

And yet thou canst not know, And yet thou canst not see; Wisdom and sight are slow In poor humanity, If thou couldst trust, poor soul! In Him who rules the whole, Thou wouldst find peace and rest. Wisdom and sight are well, but truth is best.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

RICH BOTH WAYS.

One day I was sitting in a large meeting of people who had come together to promote a pious object. A father and his little girl sat near me. She was a bright-looking, curly-haired girl, about nine years old, and seemed much interested in all about her.

"O father!" I heard her say, "there's Carrie Morton!" and she looked in his face with an arch and knowing smile.

What could the child mean? I wished to know. Her father seemed also in doubt what kind of riches she had in mind as belonging to Carrie, and I listened for the answer when he asked, "How is that Katie? What do you mean by being rich both ways?"

Her father smiled, and so did I; but the proceedings of the meeting now began, and the conversation ended.

I have among my dear young friends some who are poor—that is, if their wealth were counted in money; others who are comfortably well off, as we say, having a good supply of the necessary things of this life; and others who are rich—whose fathers own costly houses, who can ride in a carriage when they will, and whose clothes are very fine.

Did you ever hear of any one being rich in faith, hope and love? Carrie Morton was rich in kind words and acts, else her little friend would not have spoken of her as she did; and I hope she was also rich in that love of Jesus which makes the poor child richer than a king, if crown and kingdoms are his all.

Would you not rather be rich in the love of those who know you, and, most of all, in the love of God, than rich in money but poor in all the rest? Dear children, if God has given you a home where your every wish is gratified, remember that at last you must give an account to him for such a home; and ask him to make you rich both ways—rich in the love of Jesus and in the love of heaven.

DO SMALL THINGS THOROUGHLY.

Hon. Josiah Quincy reports in the Independent a conversation he once had with Daniel Webster. The conversation was running upon the importance of doing small things thoroughly and with the full measure of one's ability.

Only a small amount was involved, and a twenty-dollar fee was all that was promised. He saw that to do his clients full justice a journey to Boston to consult the law library would be desirable.

He would be out of pocket by such an expedition, and for his time he would receive no adequate compensation. After a little hesitation, he determined to do his very best, cost what it might.

Years after this, Webster then famous, was passing through New York. An important insurance case was to be tried the day after his arrival, and one of the counsel had been suddenly taken ill.

Money was no object, and Webster was begged to name his terms and conduct the case.

"I told him," said Mr. Webster, "that it was preposterous to expect me to prepare a legal argument at a few hours' notice. They insisted, however, that I should look at the papers; and this after some demur, I consented to do."

"Well, it was my old twenty-dollar case over again, and as I never forget anything, I had all the authorities at my fingers' ends. The court knew that I had no time to prepare, and were astonished at the range of my acquisitions."

"So, you see I was handsomely paid both in fame and in money for that journey to Boston; and the moral is that good work is rewarded in the end, though, to be sure, one's own self-approval should be enough."

SUNDA

THE SHEEP

The peril of the wilderness; most of Egypt's new generation against God.

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