

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

SAD TO-DAY.

BY REV. PETER STRYKER, D.D. My heart, dear Lord, is sad to-day, Sad to-day, Sad to-day, But thou shalt make it glad to-morrow, Glad to-morrow, Glad to-morrow, And so I come to thee, Thou blessed Trinity, And ask that thou wilt give to me Freedom from sorrow. If best that I be sad to-day, Sad to-day, Content I'll be if glad to-morrow, Glad to-morrow, Glad to-morrow, Trusting all in thee, Holy Trinity, All things shall work for good to me, In joy or sorrow. Quite sure am I, if sad to-day, Sad to-day, Sometime there'll be a glad to-morrow, Glad to-morrow, Glad to-morrow, It may be far or near, But certain will appear. The happy day, all bright and clear, And free from sorrow. So cheer up heart, though sad to-day, Sad to-day, Anticipate the glad to-morrow, Glad to-morrow, Glad to-morrow, E'en now sing songs of joy, Be naught thy peace destroy, Be prayer and praise thy chief employ; Away with sorrow! But why must I be sad to-day, Sad to-day, And wait for joy until to-morrow, Glad to-morrow, Glad to-morrow? Does not the picture feed the shade? With at the wood, how have the glades? Is not that tree, which God has made? Oh, then, why sorrow? I'll not be sad at all to-day, Sad to-day, Nor wait for joy until to-morrow, Glad to-morrow, Glad to-morrow. For though I suffer sharp pain, And, waking, ever nerve and strain, Trusting Christ, my sweet refrain, Shall be, "No sorrow!" —New York Observer.

OVERWORKED.

BY MRS. J. H. BEMAN.

"Good morning, Mis' Potter, you've come to keep me company awhile, haven't ye?" "Yes," was the smiling reply; "I was just a sittin' down in my back door, with my pan of pens to shell, when I happened to look over here an' see you doin' the same thing; an' your piazza looked so shady an' comfortable, I thought I'd come and have a little chat with ye. So I clapped a couple of hard wood sticks into the stove, and took up my pan, and here I be." "Well, I'm glad ye did," said Mrs. Brown, cordially, as she brought a chair for her guest; "it seems real sociable and neighborly. I suppose you've heard of Mr. Fairbanks' death?" "No, indeed! Jacob heard last evenin' that he'd had a shock—apoplexy or somethin', but I didn't know he was dead." "Well, he is, Hiel Burnham says he died at midnight, last night. Hiel's to work here to-day." "Well, it does seem pretty hard that he should be taken right in the prime of life, an' with so much business on his hands, too. I'm 'fraid it won't be very easy settlin' up his affairs." "That's jest what was the matter," was Mrs. Brown's earnest reply; "Hiel says that the doctor says his death was caused by overtaxation of mind an' body. You know he has his factory an' his farm, an' his store, besides something to do with the marble works, an' I don't know what all. They say that for the last year he ain't slept only about five hours out of the twenty-four. Ye see, it ain't possible for a mortal to stan' so much; but he kep' a goin' hard as ever, till all at once he dropped in his harness, as it were." "He's been lookin' pale and thin for quite a spell back," said Mrs. Potter, musingly. "He was in the store the day I bought my new curtains, and I said to him that he looked kind of worn, an' I guessed he needed a restin' spell; but he only laughed and said there was no such thing as rest for him. But he went on to say he had too many irons in the fire." "That's it!" echoed Mrs. Brown, "too many irons in the fire. I don't b'lieve in bein' lazy, but it does seem as though some folks try to do more'n what Providence appoints for 'em." "It makes me think about our minister's wife, down in Massachusetts," remarked Mrs. Potter after a brief silence. "Did I ever tell you about her?" "No, as I remember." "That was—let me see—that must have been eighteen years ago. We lived in the village of Newfield, and Jacob was overseer in a sash and blind factory. Our house was next door to the parsonage, so we had a chance to see a good deal of the minister's folks. Well, we had lived there a year or so, when the old minister moved away, an' they got a new one by the name of Evans. He was a nice smart young man, an' the folks liked

him first rate. But his wife! oh, I never could describe her to you! She was a pale little slip of a thing, with great dark eyes an' the sweetest smile you ever saw, an' her voice was just like music. She didn't look to be out of her teens; but she was twenty-three or four years old, an' she had two children. Well, everybody took to her right off—they couldn't help it; but 'twas as natural as life for 'em to say when they came a callin', 'Mis' Bentley,'—that was the old minister's wife—'used to do so and so.' "I happened to be in there once or twice when that was said, an' I see a kind of worried look creep over her face. But she took right hold of work brave as could be, an' folks got to thinkin' there was nobody like her. But, after all, the more they set by her the more they expected of her, till finally there wa'n't nothin' a goin' but she must help about and manage; an' as to callin' and visitin', there was no end to it. Well, as time went by, I could see her face grow thinner an' whiter while her eyes grew bigger an' darker. "One winter evenin', the fourth year of their livin' in Newfield, the minister had gone out of town to lecture, an' I thought I'd just run in an' see if the family was all right, as I reckon she might be feelin' lonely. She was lyin' on the lounge in the sittin'-room. "Why, Mis' Evans," says I, for she didn't offer to get up, "be you sick?" "Oh, I guess not very," she said, quite cheerful; but she glanced over at the table where Johnnie and Sarah sat with their picture books, an' I thought she looked kind of anxious an' pitiful. Pretty soon she told 'em it was time to go to bed; so they come an' kissed her good-night an' went off as happy as kittens. As soon as 'twas quiet, she looked up an' said, 'Mis' Potter, the thread's been too tight this long time.' I didn't know what she meant, an' I turned an' looked in a dazed way at her sewing machine in the corner. "No," says she, "not that; it is me." "I have given out." "Of course, Mis' Brown, I can't say it just as she did, for she was a scholar an' amazin' proper an' smooth-spoken; but I'll put it in my words." "Yes," says she, "I've wanted to do so much, an' I haint done hardly anything. I haint even satisfied my own best friends, to say nothing of folks in general." "Oh, Mis' Evans," says I, "don't say that; I'm sure we all think everything of you." "Yes," says she, kind of slow, "I suppose you do; but you know that I don't come up to what is expected of me." "Well, I couldn't deny that, for I know how disagreeable some folks talked when she resigned the presidency of the sewin'-circle, an' I know that some complained because she didn't call on 'em enough, an' I remember what a fuss there was once when she stayed away from the monthly missionary meetin', an' how it had been pronounced her duty to always lead the female prayer meetin'." "Well," says I speakin' up pretty hot, you're made of flesh an' blood, an' you can't do everything—the Lord don't demand impossibilities; them that criticise better hold their tongues." "She shut her eyes an' said real solemn. 'He knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust.' Then she said: "Yes, I'm made of flesh an' blood," an' she held up one slim little hand. "There wa'n't much material put into me; but I'm 'fraid what little there was has been pretty thoroughly wasted. I've accomplished almost nothin'; an' now the end has come, an' though I wish my work had been better done, I can't say I'm sorry to go." "Why, Mis' Evans!" says I, as scared as could be; "you ain't goin' to die!" an' I began to bustle round to see about sendin' for the doctor. Well, as true as I live, her strength was clean gone; an' I undressed her an' put her in bed just as though she had been a baby. She never set up a minute after that, though she lived about two weeks. She didn't seem to have any pain, an' when we asked how she felt, she said: "Everything was done for her that could be but't was no use; she just grew weaker and weaker. Sometimes when she'd be taking her medicine, she'd look up at me kind of patient like, as much as to say, 'You see, I try to get well to please 'em, but I know.' She didn't appear to worry about anything or take any interest in what

was goin' on—I wished she would. But one day—for I was with her every minute I could possibly spare—she asked me to get a book of verses from her shelf, and told me what to read. This was the particular verse—I shall always remember it: "There's no place where earthly sorrows Are more felt than up in heaven; There's no place where earthly failings Have such kindly judgment given, He is calling, 'Come to me!' Lord, I gladly come to thee!" "When I looked up her eyes were shut, but her face was all a smile and her lips were movin' to say, "Lord, I gladly come to thee." "Well, to my dyin' hour I never shall forget the next day. She slept most all the time an' didn't seem to notice much of anything. Once she spoke kind of soft an' mournful, "I shall be too tired to go right to singin' an' playin' on a harp; maybe they'll let me lie down quiet and listen a spell till I get rested." "Then she seemed to be asleep. But pretty soon she spoke again, an' her face actually shone with her smile: "There remaineth therefore a rest—" "Too—were the last words she spoke. Her breath jest came softer an' slower till finally there wa'n't any, but you couldn't tell when it stopped. Well, everybody felt dreadfully bad; there was a great funeral, an' words were spoken beside her dead body, which, if they had been said to her when she was alive, would have done her more good than all the medicine or money in Newfield. The doctor gave her disease some great long name that I forgot, but I didn't need to know any name for it—I knew some things that the doctors didn't. She died of overwork." "There, I must run right home," and Mrs. Potter wiped her eyes on her apron; "it's time my peas was a cookin'." "And mine, too," replied Mrs. Brown, also wiping away tears. "I was so interested in your story that I forgot all about dinner. Come over again, I'm real glad to have ye, for you always give me something to think about." "Well, when I have housework that I can bring with me, I'll come." —Zion's Advocate.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

Says St. Paul to the Corinthians: "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith, prove your own selves." And from the tendencies of our natures, together with the influences of the world upon us, it is sufficiently evident that the same word of counsel comes not amiss to us of to-day. We do need at times, more or less frequent, to examine and prove our own selves, whether our Christian lives be genuine and true, or have degenerated into a more formal profession of religion. How shall this self-testing be done? The first impulse with many people is simply to turn attention within, and look upon present feeling, inquiring of themselves somewhat after this fashion: "Do I feel that I love God with all my heart? Have I strong faith in his promises? Are there joy and peace in my soul? Is my spirit cheered by bright hopes of the future life?" And if the answer does not come back a quick and hearty response in the affirmative, but sluggishness and indifference seem to be found, then doubt and discouragement ensue, and fears of having fallen from grace are entertained. Now while a careful and intelligent self-examination with reference to the emotions, desires, and purposes is to be commended, such as the foregoing are unreliable, deceptive, bad. Jesus proposes a better way. He says: "If ye love me, keep my commandments." It is along this line of obedience to his commandments, faithful compliance with the revealed will of God, that the surest test is to be made. Let the inquiring one, then, instead of interviewing his present feelings, reflect upon his life, asking: "Does my conduct show that I have no other gods before him—no god of gain, nor of fashion, nor of pleasure? Does it show that I reverence his name and carefully keep his Sabbath? Does it give evidence that I neither covet nor steal? (Every one who ever buys, or sells, or trades, ought constantly to keep this question before him). Does it show that I love my neighbor as myself, and God far above all?" Examine yourself, O reader, by this test. Let all the Church do the same, and a better day will quickly dawn. —Western Adv.

BEFORE THE CHILDREN CAME.

It used to be so very trim, So quiet and serene, With nothing ever out of place, (Oh, little home I mean!) The chairs stood ranged against the wall, From floor to ceiling the floor, No swinging doors, no littered floors, No fire for the children came! It seemed so still one might have heard The patter of a mouse, As we with soft and slippers feet Moved silently round the house; We never stepped up in a doll, A humming-top, or kite, We never heard a hissing word, From morning until night. Ah! there was something wanting there, To make our life complete; It was the laugh of baby hands, The sound of little feet, The cry of "mother," here and there (A consecrated name), From girl or boy, to give us joy Before the children came! Fatigue by one they ventured in, To bless our empty cot; Wee darlings, very sweet and fair, And happy in our lot; The roses climb up on the sill To see our children play; The sunbeams glance and brighter dance Than in the childless day. Now, looking in the little nook That holds the precious toys, I bless the heaven with fervent heart For all my girls and boys; For they have brought far more to me Of earthly wealth and fame Than e'er we had to make us glad Before the children came.

I AM FOLLOWING YOU.

During one of my holidays in North Wales I was staying with my family near a range of hills to which I was strongly attracted. Some of them were slanting and easy to climb, and my children rejected to accompany me to their summit. One, however, was higher than the others, and its sides were steep and rugged. I often looked at it with a longing desire to reach the top. The constant companionship of my children, however, was a difficulty. Several of them were very young, and I knew it would be full of peril for them to attempt the ascent.

One bright morning when I thought they were all busy with their games, I started on my expedition. I quietly made my way up the hill till I came to a point where the path forked, one path striking directly upwards, and the other ascending in a slanting direction. I hesitated for a moment as to which of the two paths I would take, and was about to take the precipitous one when I was startled by hearing a little voice shouting, "Father, take the safest path, for I am following you." On looking down I saw that my little boy had discovered my absence and followed me. He was already a considerable distance up the hill, and had found the ascent difficult, and when he saw me hesitating as to which of the paths I should take, he revealed himself by the warning cry. I saw at a glance that he was in peril at the point he had reached, and trembled lest his little feet should slip before I could get to him. I therefore cheered him by calling to him that I would come and help him directly. I was soon down to him, and grasped his little warm hand with a joy that every father will understand. I saw that in attempting to follow my example he had incurred fearful danger, and I descended, thanking God that I had stopped in time to save my child from injury. Years have passed since that to me, memorable morning; but though the danger has passed, the little fellow's cry has never left me. It taught me a lesson, the full force of which I had never known before. It showed me the power of our unconscious influence, and I saw the terrible possibility of our leading those around us to ruin, without intending or knowing it, and the lesson I learned that morning I am anxious to impress upon those to whom my words may come. —Rev. Charles Garrett.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

The sun was bathing the beautiful island in a flood of golden light as we neared its picturesque harbor. In little boats we went ashore, in the primitive manner of running the boat aground and pulling it up on the shore. It was difficult to realize that we were, indeed, upon this historic, mysterious island that imagination had pictured from childhood's early hours in so many fanciful forms. The book tells you that it was on this lovely island in 1704, the celebrated English navigator, Dampier, landed his coxswain, Alexander Selkirk, with whom he had quarrelled, and left him alone on this uninhabited spot, with a small quantity of provisions and tools. Here he lived for years till he was picked up by a passing ship, and brought

back to Europe. It was from the notes he made during his solitary residence that Daniel Defoe composed his incomparable work of "Robinson Crusoe." No book, doubtless, ever held childish interest with greater fascination than that which describes his wanderings on this mysterious and enchanted island. That which had always seemed as a dreamy romance was now before you. The scenes where all the wild and wondrous experiences were described are just at hand, and you wander on, as it were, but just aroused from a fanciful dream. Purchase it was on this sandy beach along which you wander that Crusoe first discovered the footprints of his good man Friday. The island is about seven Spanish leagues in circumference, or about twenty English miles. It belongs to Chili, and for a number of years the government used it as a place for transporting convicts, till one night the prisoners arose in their power, killed their keepers, and taking the only boats on the island, sailed away and were never heard of more. Of late years the government has leased the island to one man, who pays something like \$2,000 a year for its use. This man has a small colony of workmen that he employs in cutting timber, drying the fish and goat skins, and sending them every few months to the market at Valparaiso. —Rochester Democrat.

MAN-WARD AND GOD-WARD.

"Wife, I don't like Jones very well. I have an idea he is rather a selfish man. He has everything nice in himself, but I guess cares but little for his neighbors. He strikes me as being very reserved. I guess we won't call at present." So spake Neighbor Brown of Neighbor Jones.

"Wife, I am rather prejudiced against Brown. He is an aristocratic feeling man, I take it. Likes his own folks pretty well, but looks down on the rest of the world, I think we won't bother about calling for a while." So spake Neighbor Jones of Neighbor Brown.

"Brethren," said the minister the next Sunday, "have you helped bear each other's burdens this past week? Have you been kindly affectioned one toward another? Have you been kind, neighborly and loving, and fulfilled the law of Christ?" "Believe I'll speak to Jones after service," thought Brown. "Don't care if he does seem a little distant."

"Guess I'll walk along with Brown towards home," thought Jones. "Don't care if he does patronize me somewhat." The two men shook hands cordially going down the aisle.

"Fraid I've been rather remiss," said Brown, "in not calling on you; mean to do better in the future."

"No, 'twas all my fault," hastily acknowledged Jones. "You came into the neighborhood a few days later than I did. It was my place to call first."

"Wife," said Brown, "I spoke to Jones this morning, and he's a remarkably genial, cordial fellow. We must call at once. How mistaken I was in my opinion of him!" "Wife," said Jones, "you don't know what an affable, agreeable man Brown is. We spoke together this morning, and I was greatly misled in my estimate of him. We must call just as soon as possible."

Neither Jones nor Brown knew just what had wrought so great and sudden a change of opinion each toward the other. But the preacher could have told them that it was because for a moment each ceased looking man-ward and looked God-ward.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

AT THE TABLE. "I wish mother would never have company. A fellow can't get enough to eat when people are staring at him." As I was visiting Frank's mother at the time, I thought this remark rather personal. I suppose I blushed. At any rate, Frank added: "Now, Aunt Marjorie, I did not mean you; I meant strangers, like ministers and gentlemen from out west, and young ladies." "Oh," said I, "I am very glad to be an exception, and to be assured that I do not embarrass you. Really, Frank, it is an unfortunate thing to be so diffident that you cannot take a meal in comfort when guests are at the table. I suppose you do not enjoy going out to dine yourself?"

"No," he said; "I just hate it." Perhaps the reason boys and girls do not feel so comfortable and at ease as they might on special occasions at the table is because they do not take pains to be perfectly polite when there is no one present but the ordinary householders. In the first place, we owe it to ourselves always to look very neat and nice at our own table. Boys ought to be very careful that their hair is brushed, their hands and face clean, their nails free from stain or soil, and their collars and ties in order before they approach the table. A very few moments spent in this preparation will freshen them up, and give them the outward appearance of a little gentleman. I hope girls do not need to be cautioned thus. Then there are some things which good manners render necessary, but about which every one is not informed. You know you are not to eat with your knife. When you send your plate for a second helping, or when it is about to be removed, leave your knife and fork side by side upon it. It is not polite to help yourself too generously to butter. Salt should be placed on the edge of the plate, never on the table cloth. Do not drink with a spoon in the cup, and never drain the last drop. Bread should be buttered on the plate, and cut a bit at a time, and eat in that way. Eating should go on quietly. Nothing is worse than to make noise with the mouth while eating, and to swallow food with noticeable gulps. Do not think about yourself, and fancy that you are the object of attraction to your neighbors. —Harper's Young People.

THE LITTLE BIRD.

A little bird with feathers brown, Sat singing on a tree-bough, The song was very soft and low, But sweet as it could be. And all the people passing by, Looked up to see the bird that sang, That made the sweetest melody. That ever the world had heard. But all the bright eyes looked in vain, For birdsie was so small, And with a more than dark brown coat, He made no show at all. "Why, papa," little Grace said, "Which can this birdie be? If I could see a song like that, I'd get where folks could see." "I hope my little girl will learn A lesson from that bird. And try to do what good she can, Not to be seen or heard." "This birdie is content to sit Unnoticed by the way, And sweetly sing his Maker's praise From dawn to close of day." "So live, my child, all through your life, That be it short or long, Though others may forget your looks, They'll not forget your song." —Selected.

MAGNA CHARTA.

Many pieces of old paper are worth their weight in gold. I will tell you of one that you could not buy for even so high a price as that. It is now in the British Museum in London. It is old and worn. It is more than 668 years old. It is not easy to realize how old that is. Kings have been born and died, nations have grown up and wasted away during that long time. There was no America (so far as the people who lived at that time knew) when this old paper was written upon. America was not discovered for nearly three hundred years after it. A king wrote his name on this old paper, and though he had written his name on many other pieces of paper, and they are lost, this one was very carefully kept from harm, though once it fell into the hands of a tailor, who was about to cut it up for patterns, and at another time it was almost destroyed by fire. Visitors go to look at it with great interest. They find it a shivered piece of paper, with the king's name and the great seal of England on it, but they know that it stands for English liberty, and means that—as the poet Thomson wrote in the song, "Rule Britannia"—"Britons never shall be slaves." It is called the "Magna Charta," which means simply the "Great Paper." There have been other great papers, and other papers that have been called "charters," but this one is known the world over as the "Great Paper." —Wide Awake.

Would you have the peace which Jesus gives? You will find it just where you find him—in the child-like spirit of faith that takes him as your Saviour from sin, and then seeks to live his life over again.

PAUL

ACT

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EXI

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VENTILATI

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