

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

WENT AWAY.

I will not think of thee as cold and dead, Low lying in the grave that I can see. I would not stand beside when life had fled And left thy body only, there for me.

Thou wert not that! and so I turned away, And left the house when mourners staid; For did I come on that unhappy day, When in the tomb that dreadful thing was laid.

To me thou art not dead, but gone an hour Into another country, fair and sweet, Where thou shalt by some undiscovered power Be kept in youth and beauty till we meet.

Thus I can feel that any given day I could rejoice thee, gone awhile before To foreign climes, to pass but a week's way By wandering on the broad Atlantic shore; Where each long wave that breaks upon the sand Bears thee a message from me waiting here.

So I will think of thee as living here, And I will keep thy grave in sweetest bloom As if thou gavest a garden to my care 'Ere thou departed from our English bloom.

ANCECOTE OF DR. WILLISTON.

What is faith?—and, What is it to believe on Christ?—are very common questions in the history of every Christian minister.

I have an illustration that has been the means of leading at least one hundred sinners to Christ, as it fell from my lips.

When I was a student at Oberlin, I preached during the fall and winter of 1837-38, at Granger, Ohio.

Soon after he became hopefully converted, he got into darkness. He did not have as much feeling as he thought he ought to have had when he became a Christian.

Every Christian admits the duty of frequent reading of the Bible. To how many it is more than a duty, even a dear and thrice blessed privilege.

One afternoon, while I was engaged in rolling logs, there came a boy and told us that a missionary would preach at the house of one of my neighbors that afternoon.

"The story did the woman a great deal of good. I stayed till the minister got through with his story and the application, and then started for the woods. I rolled in

agony, and wept and prayed, till at length I felt that I had cast all my sins and doubts and fears on Christ. My joy was inexpressible.

Soon after I heard this anecdote I was engaged in a powerful revival of religion at Hinckley, Ohio. I saw a man rolling and writing for one hour and a quarter under a sense of sin.

The best time for Bible reading is in the morning. The mind and body are fresh, after the repose of the night, and the highest powers of thought may be brought to bear upon the chapter selected.

There is a lady living in a little four-room cottage in the environs of Boston, whose name is well known to literary people.

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LITTLE MINISTRIES. A single word is a little thing, But a soul may be dying before your eyes For lack of the comfort a word may bring.

A kindly look costs nothing at all, But a heart may be starving for just one glance.

A FLOWER FARM. A correspondent of the Boston Herald gives the following account of a noted flower farm in England.

In a corner of the county of Essex, Eng., Messrs. Carter, floriculturists, have established a farm devoted to the growth of flowers.

Another portion of the farm is devoted to Petunias, with purple and white leaves edged with green; these are followed by a yellow sea of Eschscholtzia crocea, and then comes a promontory of odoriferous sweet Sultan, white lilac, and yellow.

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One corner of the farm is devoted to the cultivation of the seed of the more useful products. Here may be found a bed of American parsley, and a plot of the new mammoth wheat lately introduced from the States.

A PLEASING INCIDENT. There is a lady living in a little four-room cottage in the environs of Boston, whose name is well known to literary people.

process, another distinguished poet called, and he also insisted upon being impressed into the service. It was a dreary day outside, and no one cared to leave the pleasant cottage, so they staid to lunch, one of the pies forming the piece de resistance of the occasion.

THE BORROWED BABY. "Please ma'am, I've come to borrow the baby."

When John came home to dinner and found the baby gone again he was just as angry as could be.

TWO PICTURES. The experience of a young man, recently given in a social meeting, shows forcibly the extreme dangers to which even those trained in Christian habits at home are exposed, when thrown out upon the world.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. A LETTER FROM A CONVICT. Yes, my dear teacher, I can trace away back to the days of my youth, the first step in crime, that resulted in bringing me here.

FAMILY WORSHIP. They who daily pray in their homes do well; they that not only pray, but read the Bible, do better; but they do best of all who not only pray and read the Bible, but sing the praises of God.

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