

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

A LOVING WORD TO AN INVALID. Christ's love now lying on a bed of sickness. What message shall I give to thee today? What I thought shall I suggest that may bring comfort? "He knoweth" seems the only word to say.

PUTTING DOWN THE BRAKES.

"Good morning, Mr. Oliver." "Good morning, good morning! Glad to see you," was replied to this greeting when the speaker had removed a fragrant Havana from his lips.

this state. I have been expecting such an attack. The only wonder is that it did not come long ago. He must change his habits or there will be a recurrence. "You must give up the use of tobacco entirely, or you must give up your life, and that too, at no distant day," said the physician seriously, when his patient was in a condition to listen.

same strength to ask a fellow-workman to forgive the sharp words he had spoken to him the previous Saturday. "I've had the happiest day I ever spent," John remarked to his wife that evening. I know I've long been a professor, but I have not shown by my behavior that I do really want Jesus to be seen in me.

WHAT CAN WEALTH DO?

The following story is told of Jacob Ridgeway, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who died many years ago, leaving a fortune of five or six million dollars. "Mr. Ridgeway," said a young man with whom the millionaire was conversing, "you are more to be envied than any gentleman I know."

A NEGRO'S PRAYER.

A teacher in one of the colored schools at the South was about to go away for a season, and an old negro poured out for her the following fervent petitions, which we copy from a private letter. "I give you the words," said the writer, "but they convey no idea of the pathos and earnestness of the prayer."

THE OLD PASTOR'S DISMISSAL.

"We need a younger man to stir the people, and lead them to the fold." The deacon said; "we ask your resignation, because you're growing old." The pastor bowed them out in silence, and tenderly hid his face in his hand, within his lonely room.

A GRUDGE-KILLED CHURCH.

We were riding through a pretty village up in the hill country, when we came to what had once been a neat, attractive church. "That is deserted; there has not been a meeting in it for five years," said my friend. "We call it the 'Grudge Meeting-House,' because old grudges held on to shut it up. Every minister tried to do something, but it was of no use. He was short-handed at best, and he had to do so much manoeuvring, not to put grudges together, that in the end each and all got discouraged and left the field."

CONVERTED BY A TELEGRAM.

A young telegraph operator in an English provincial town was anxious about his soul. But he could not have guessed that a message could reach him as it did. He had been sleepless all night, thinking of his need of a Saviour, and in the morning he went to his work with his heart uttering the publican's prayer.

brought peace to the anxious soul of the poor servant girl. It saved two instead of one. And those words are living words still, and as potent to bless and save—not only two, but ten thousand times ten thousand.—Christian Herald.

AWKWARD SITUATION.

Ministers who mind little things in meeting are sure to have their hands full. In most cases of trifling annoyance, from children or from any innocent cause, some one in the congregation will notice and attend to it with less observation than a call from the pulpit would excite.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE LOST DREAM. I found our baby one evening, With her eyes all full of tears, Grieving, I thought, 'tis Dolly, Or perhaps some childish fears.

"I SHOULD KEEP HIM."

I was very much struck with an answer I received the other day from a little boy who was visiting me. He had been playing a long while and was very tired. One of his playmates, I am sorry to say, was not a very good boy; he did not mind his mother, and sometimes uttered words I do not wish ever to hear from children's lips; but he was a generous, merry kind of a boy for all that, and was quite a favorite.

many mothers act upon little Charley's resolute reply, "I should keep him!" He is my boy; God gave him to me. He may be unfruitful and disobedient sometimes, but I shall keep him—work with him and for him, pray with him and for him, still hoping, and never quite despairing.

GOD'S MESSENGER.

Into a very elegant palace entered a weary-faced, poorly dressed woman with three little children, one a baby in arms. A look of joy crept into her face as she sat down in one of the luxurious chairs. But it was quickly dispelled as she was asked rudely to "start her boots."

ROBERT'S CERTIFICATE.

"Have you a recommendation?" "Yes, sir." Robert had been seeking a situation for almost a week; and now that he had at last met with something that promised success, he was as nervous as a boy can be. His hand went down in his jacket pocket—a handkerchief, a strap, but no recommendation. He emptied another pocket and another and another without success. "Ah, there it is, I suppose; you have dropped it on the floor," said the gentleman who was standing by, waiting, as a bit of paper fluttered to the floor.