

OUR HOME CIRCLE

THE "THANKFUL DAY." Thanksgiving Day has put aside the curtains of the darkest night...

CONSECRATED EYES.

BY MARY R. BALDWIN. "Such eyes! Such splendid eyes!" Such exclamations might always be heard when Miss Constance Cone was seen...

—a child with whom her darling brother had played. The woman remembered this, and she came forward and took the young lady's hand, and said tenderly: "I have heard all about it. And I know your brother was a Christian, and he is safe! safe with my child!"

At the new year, when there was a meeting in the parlor of one of the members of the C— street church, one of the deacons said: "I have thought of a teacher for that class with which we have so much trouble in our school."

TAKE MOTHER TO CHURCH.

True; her eye is dim, she cannot see as she once did; her voice is weak, she cannot sing as she once did; her ear is dull, she cannot hear as she once did. She is not as she once was. The years have bowed her body, and her step totters.

flower and drop a tear where they laid loved ones to sleep in the old churchyard long years ago. It makes the whole week bright if they may but spend the Lord's day in the Lord's house, with the Lord's people, in the Lord's service. Why not take them? You must. God's holy commandment does not read: "Honor thy father and thy mother while they are young and strong and able to help themselves."

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Charles Dudley Warner, in the Sunday-school Times, thus describes the "old fashioned Thanksgiving:" "The night before Thanksgiving was perhaps the best of the whole, the anticipation and excitement almost reached their climax; it was the nocturnal truce of the hens—the hen-roost was invaded, and the boy could indulge his natural propensity for slaughter with a feeling that it was sanctioned by the Christian religion."

Whatever the breakfast was, and it was abundant, it always had one dish—chicken shortcake. I still believe that nothing else ever made is so good as chicken shortcake. What a lot of "dip" it had; and how it assimilated with the brown-coated, crystal-flanked baked potatoes. If The Times were a cookbook, I would give a recipe for it. But its moral quality I could not convey to any but a born New-Englander of the old days.

Everybody went to meeting, everybody young and old, except the mother or the trusted oldest daughter, who stayed at home to forward dinner. The meeting house was full—fuller than on Sunday. The sermon was a sober political "rouser." Was it Parson Hallock, or Parson Grout, or Parson Field that preached it? It didn't spare the Ammonites, nor the Hittites, nor the other "ites," who had strayed away from the good old Federal principles. It set National affairs on the right track, and everybody felt better for it.

It was all much like Sunday, and yet a cheerful Sunday—bright faces, greetings, and eager inquiries about "who had come." After the service and the long, long sermon ended, we did not stay, as on Sunday during the "intermission," to eat our doughnuts and apples in the church, and nobody warmed a piece of half-frozen mince pie on the stove; we went home, and went in perceptibly gayer spirits than we came. Dinner was late, as late almost as 3 o'clock. Everybody was as hungry as if he had fasted for a year.

ner, unrestrained till the great tall clock in the corner struck the awful hour of 10!

THE LOST CHORD.

Seated one day at the organ, I was weary and ill at ease; And my fingers wandered idly Over the noisy keys. I know not what I was playing, Or what I was dreaming then; But I struck one chord of music, Like the touch of a great Amen.

MRS. K'S FAMILY ALTAR.

"I want to tell you of a great good you have done me," said Mrs. K., one evening after meeting, to a lady who was passing down the aisle, and held out her hand for a kindly greeting. "Tell me. A good I have done you!" exclaimed the lady in surprise. "I was not aware I had ever been of any service to you."

she would have been met in all probability by the insurmountable "I can't." But putting her in the way of loving ministry to another, the Lord spoke to her, and she yielded. The trifling incident was certainly suggestive, and as the lady walked home the "in-season-and-out-of-season" work was well pondered.—American Messenger.

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE'S GRIT.

There were nine hundred wounded who were at once sent to the hospital at Scutari. Miss Nightingale had arrived here with her bevy of lady nurses. Her first act showed her wonderful energy and determination. The steamers laden with the wounded had cast anchor at Constantinople. There were not yet any mattresses or bed-clothes on the camp beds in the hospital, and the latter were not nearly sufficient in number for the wounded coming.

Her firmness at surgical operations was something marvellous. Her appreciation of her mission was grand. She stood one day with spirits, instruments and lint in hand during the performing of a frightful amputation. Half a dozen young lady nurses were beside her, holding basins, towels and other things surgeons might want. A harrowing groan from the patient put them all to flight, except Miss Nightingale, who turning calmly round, called to them: "Come back! Shame on you as Christians! Shame on you as women!"

Miss Nightingale's work was duly appreciated. At a large dinner party given by Lord Stratford, when peace had been made, to the superior officers of the army and navy, Miss Nightingale also was among the guests. When the ladies had withdrawn, the Ambassador made a speech recording the services rendered by those present, and graciously alluding to the important part played by her. Where I was sitting flattering remarks were made on the conduct of those whom Lord Stratford had so warmly praised. It was at last proposed that every one should write on a slip of paper the name which appeared to him most likely to descend to posterity with renown.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.—A mother one morning gave her two little ones books and toys to amuse them while she went up stairs to attend to something. A half an hour passed quietly away, when one of the little ones went to the foot of the stairs, and in a timid voice cried out, "Mamma, are you there?" "Yes, darling." "All right," said the child, and the play went on. After a little while the voice again cried, "Mamma, are you there?" "Yes, darling." "All right," said the child again, and once more went on with her play.

And this is just the way we should feel toward Jesus. He has gone up stairs to the right hand of God to attend to some things for us. He has left us down in this lower room of the world to be occupied here for a while. But to keep us from being worried by fear or care, he

speaks to us from his Word, as that mother spake to her little ones. He says: "Fear not; I am with thee, Jehovah Jireh, the Lord will provide."

THE LITTLE ONES.

O' when at the dawn the children wake, And patter up and down the stairs, The flowers and leaves a glory take, The rosy light a splendor shares, That ne'ertheless these eyes would see, If my sweet ones were gone from me.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

I CAN AND I WILL. How many boys there are who can, but never do, because they have no will-power, or if they have, do not use it! Before undertaking to perform any task you must carefully consider whether you can do it, and once convinced that you are able to accomplish it, then say, "I will do it," with a determination that you will never give up till it is done, and then you will be successful. The difference between "Give up" and "I can't" and "I can and I will," is just the difference between victory and defeat in all the great conflicts of life.

Boys, adopt for your motto, "I can and I will," and victory will be yours in all life's battles. "I can and I will," has fought and won all the great battles of life and of the world. I know of a boy who was preparing to enter the junior class of the New York University. He was studying trigonometry, and I gave him three examples for his next lesson. The following day he came into my room to demonstrate his problems. Two of them he understood, but the third—a very difficult one—he had not performed. I said to him: "Shall I help you?" "No sir! I can and I will do it, if you will give me the time." I said, "I will give you all the time you wish."

SHE SAW THE DOXOLOGY.

A little girl, ten years old, went up Mount Washington on horseback. She was ten then; if she lives till next summer she will be twenty. The ladies and gentlemen of our party dismounted upon the rugged summit, where the only vegetation that dared make an attempt to grow was a little stunted, pale-green moss, and gazed, as those lifted up from the world, into limitless space. Below, stretching outward in all directions, lay a deep silver sea of clouds, amid which lightnings were seen to part and writhe like gilded serpents, and from which the thunder came up to the ear peal after peal. We knew that down there rain was descending in a torrent; while on us, who were above the clouds, shone the sun in unobstructed and awful splendor. The eye wandered away like the dove from Noah's ark, that found no place to rest her foot. "Well, Lucy," said her father, breaking the silence, "there is nothing to be seen, is there?" The child caught her breath, lifted her clasped hands, and responded reverently. "O papa, I see the doxology!" "Yes, everywhere nature speaks to us and says, 'From whom all blessing flow.'"

SUNDAY

NADAB

1.—The against G common; he comm violation offer no s (Ex. 30: 5) ly mona their roy violate an deed, be c and rebel near to G. careles light thin Still great fore great case—of worship of Their pu den. "I mocked," but in ev-tine. "I out." "The Lord, died before us to note, on the you punishment as the dt transgress in trying to dab and A the other c similar kin Dathan, a hundred au bly, who v their sin; into the sa work to wh was smitten who unlav touch the Compare al with the wo those whose the lip. The from this pa ligious act- God's will, a blessing.