OUR HOME CIRCLE.

RECOGNITION.

(H. W. L.)

BY JULIA C. R. DORR. Who was the first to bid thee glad all-hail,

O friend and master? Who with winged Over the heavenly hills flew fast and fleet, To bring thee welcome from beyond the

The mighty baids of old?-Thy Dante, pale With high thoughts even yet, Virgil the

sweet, Old Homer, trumpet tongued, and Chaucer, To clasp thy stamless hand? What night-

Of all that sing in heaven sang first to thee Through all the hallelujahs didst thou

Spencer still pouring his melodious lays, Majestic Milton's clarion, strong and free, Or, biessed link between the far and near, Bryant clear chanting of the eternal

Nay, but not these! not these! Even though Long rank on rank, with swift yet stately

They come to meet thee-the immortal Yet Love ran faster! All the lofty place, All the wide, luminous, enchanted space

Glistened with Shining Ones who thither The countless host thy song had com-

What light, what love, illumed each radiant The Rachels thou hadst sung to in the dark The Davids who for Absalom had wept, The fainting ones who drank thy balm

and wine. High souls that soared with thee as soare Children who named thee, smiling, ere they slept-These gave thee first the heavenly coun-

DOING GOOD.

-Christian Union

BY MRS. A. N. STOW.

"I wonder if there is anything I can do!" and as she spoke Miss Duffy closed the book she was reading and was scon lost in deep thought.

Poor little woman! She had always regarded herself as one of the least of God's "little ones," and that she could be of service to any one seemed almost beyond her comprehension.

When she was a girl at home she had not been regarded as " the flower of the family." There was nothing brilliant about her like her younger sisters, nor was she an adept at fancy-work. Her face wasn't pretty either, and so, instead of being flattered and caressed, she was let alone, as many another plain child has been. No one asked her hand in marriage; at least, no one whom her parents approved, so that, finally, she to be revarded as rather a nice, unobtrusive "old maid," who troubled nobody and was

troubled by nobody in return. Father and mother were both dead now; her two sisters were comfortably settled in homes of their own, and little Miss Duffy managed to keep soul and body together on the limited income that her small property yielded.

"Yes, I wonder if there is anything I can do;" and she rocked back and forth, humming a bit of | the door. a tune that she had heard a little child sing under her window. The

refrain was.-"There's a work for me and a work for you, Something for each of us now to do.

Presently she rose up in a determined sort of way, and going to a closet, took down her cloak and bonnet.

"Yes," she said aloud, "I'll run right over there now and see if I can be of any use."

Directly opposite lived a poor woman whose husband was dying of consumption. She had several ehildren-forlorn little things, with a hungry, starved look on their faces.

Miss Duffy's resolution was made. She found it difficult crossing the street, the roads were very muddy-but she got over at length and gave a timid knock at the door of the great tenement house. After waiting what seemed to her a long time, a man came staggering up and asked her what

she wanted. "I came to see the woman whose husband is sick," she stammered out.

"Well-hic-you go up-stairs -hic-and on the top floor I guess you'll-hic-find him."

For a moment she was terribly frightened, but her courage soon returned, and she clambered up the rickety stairway till she ter. reached the top floor. Here she knocked, and some one said, "Come in." On a miserable bed in a very miserable room lay a wasted form, apparently that of a dving man. In a wooden chair by his side a woman sat holding of twenty miles and more. Whea sleeping child, and weeping.

"I've come over," said Miss Duffy, "to see if I can do anything to help you. I have heard it was a rare occasion. In one that you were in a great deal of of its sessions the young pastor trouble."

Shure, an' its meself that's been appointed to take the lead, of perception, which, he tells us ture, breaking forth into bitter leaned over to an elderly minis- he acquired by educating his eyes

sobs. "Here's me poor Jim, an' it's hardly alive he is at all, an' me with no money to sind fur a docther or get him a sup of medieine. I have been a prayin' to man took the floor and said : the Holy Vargin to sind me help; discouraged I am intirely.

Little Miss Duffy was a Christian, but she was at her wit's end now. How could she talk religion er of the Virgin.

"Can't I hold your baby?" she istry. said. "I had a little sister once; and I tended her very carefully long ago when she was sick with a tever. Is your baby sick?'

"Shure, an' it's hungry she is, 'm ateard, with me having hardly a mossel to est since yistherday, an' it's not much betther with the other childer."

"Poor woman! How little I knew of the suffering that was so rear at hand. I'll go out and get you some food, and then we'll see what can be done for you beside.'

It did not take long to fill a basket with good, substantial food, together with some dainties for the sick man; and with these Miss Duffy hurried back. She was not too proud to carry the basket through the street, though its weight was about all she could litt, and after quite an effort she deposited it sately on the floor of the room up stairs.

"Now, let me take the baby a few minutes. I can hold her almost as tenderly as you can.' "Shure, an' I know that, fur

it's a fine lady ye are; but who was it towld ye to be after comin' here at all, I wonder? Nobody thinks nuthin' of the likes o' me. rather help you if I can to-day | Christian Union. than to be out enjoying myself

somewhere else. I was reading this afternoon that we ought to bear one another's burdens, when it occurred to me that I might lighten yours a little; so He knoweth where the soft, green pastures that's why I came over.'

"An' ye've done it, I'm shure, my lady, fur it's almost starvin' we was; an' God bless your dear heart forever!"

Miss Duffy proved to be an angel of mercy in this forlorn home. She was not satisfied till she had interested several of her friends in the neglected family; and by her own frequent visits she brought comfort and hope to the lonely woman.

After considerable effort she the widow-the husband died within a few days of Miss Duffy's first call—and gradually the little room in the attic ceased to be the forlorn place it was but a few months before. Some plants grew by the window; a bit of carpet here and there gave a cheery look to the place; and instead of an empty cupboard and hungry children, there was food to eat and happyfaced younsters playing around

Miss Duffy found that she could do something; and from that time she was known among the poor of the neigborhood as the dear little body that carried comfort wherever she went.

Listless follower of Christ, "go thou and do likewise!"—Zion's Herald.

A FELLOWSHIP-MEETING

INCIDENT.

The old village of Brownington stands upon the summit of the high plateau of northern Vermont, Near its ancient meeting-house the stranger is charmed with the seen the view, he would have

" I stood entranced, and had no room for thought.

The White Mountains are in the east, with Mount Washington half hidden in the clouds; west are the Green Mountains; south lies the romantic Willoughby Lake, as far above the level of the occan as the sea of Galilee is below it; and to the north, around Newport and stretching across the line that separates the United States and Canada, is the farfamed lake Memphremagog; the Indian name for "Beautiful Wa

Not long ago there was a fellowship-meeting in the Brownington meeting-house. As is usual in such gatherings in the rural parts of New England, people came to attend it from a distance ther the meeting had its inspiration in any degree from the unrivalled scenery about it or not,

tor sitting by and whispered to detect a large number of objects through the street and blew the something. troductory to the topic of the hour | plan was to select a shop window were ended, the venerable clergy- full of a miscellaneous assortment

but nary a bit has come, an' it's him. I do so, and the more reathe ministry. I was once pastor of the church where he liv- to detect instantaneously all of to this Irish woman, this worship- seen him enter the church, the college, the seminary and the min- by scores. - Penn. Monthly.

When he had resumed his seat the leader replied :

"Yes, I followed him, my pashim spoken to me one day, as phere is not stirred by the winds, version. He had just made a in the heat, the sky stays cloudand to-day, after a lapse of twentyfive years, I am glad of this ophad upon my life.'

I think no one left that meeting without a new thought as to the power of personal influence, and the importance of a right use of the opportunities within the reach of every Christian for the conver- or so in diameter was spinning sion of others; especially the around in a great whirlpool, and young whose hearts are most fit. while the revolving mass slowly ted for the reception of good in- advanced, the central part moved "Oh, yes, they do. I would fluences through good words.-

MY SHEPHERD.

"He leadeth me !" And so I need not seek my own wild way Across the desert wild:

lie, Where the still waters glide, And how to reach the coolness of their rest Beneath the calm hill-side.

"He leadeth me!" And though it be by rugged, weary ways Where thorns spring sharp and sore, No pathway can seem strange or desolate Where Jesus " goes before." His gentle shepherding my solace is, And gladness yet in store.

" He leadeth me !" I shall not take one needless step through In wind, or heat, or cold; And all day long he sees the peaceful end

Up the fair hill-side, like some sweet sug-

USING ONE'S EYES.

life without ever realizing that the storm center, which on one our eyes have to be educated to side of the whirlwind adds the see as well as our tongues to speak, speed arising from its circular and that only the barest outlines movement to the translatory veof the complex and ever-changing images focused on the reina ordinarily impress themselves upon the brain? That the education of the eye may be brought to a high from an explosion of gunpowder, state of perfection, is shown in while others, that had their doors numerous ways. There are many delicate processes of manufacture which depend for their practical success upon the nice visual perception of the skilled artisan, who almost unconsciously detects variations of temperature, color, density, etc., of his materials, which are inappreciable to the ordinary eye. The hunter, the mariner. the artist, the scientist, each needs to educate the eye to quick action in his special field of research before he can hope to become expert in it. The following lovely landscape. Had Dryden story, which is quite apropos, is related of Agassiz, and it is sufficiently characteristic of this remarkably accurate observer to have the merit of probability. We are told that once upon a time the Professor had occasion to select an assistant from one of his classes. There were a number of candidates for the post of honor, and finding himself in a quandary as to which one he should choose, the happy thought occurred to him of subjecting three of the more promising students in turn to the simple test of describing the view from his laboratory window, which overlooked the side-yard of the College. One said that he street in New York. One of them saw merely a board fence and a brick pavement; another added a was a warm-hearted Sabbathstream of soapy water, a third detected the color of the paint on good that he never lost an opporthe ience, with a green mould or tungus on the bricks, and evidences of "blueing" in the water, besides other details. It is needless to tell to which candidate was awarded the coveted position. Houdin, the celebrated prestidigitator, attributed his success in his profession mainly to his quickness of a neighboring church, who had

When the words in- at a single glance. His simple snow in their faces, but the good of articles, and walk rapidly past "The leader asked me to follow it a number of times every day, decide." writing down each object which dily because he followed me into impressed itself on his mind. In this way he was able, after a time, ed when he was a boy. I have the articles in the window, even though they might be numbered

HURRICANES.

In the season of hot weather tor, into the ministry; but I will in the central part of the Missisnow say what he has never yet sippi Valley there often come sucknown, that it was a word from cessions of days when the atmos-I held his horse for him that but remains as still as the air of was the instrument of my con- a cave. Despite the steady gain call at my father's house, and less, or at most is flecked by those as he came out and took his horse light clouds that lie five miles or he said, 'Don't you feel about more above the surface of the earth. ready to be a Christian? All the All nature seems cowed beneath rest here are Christians, are you the fervent heat, yet there is nothalone to be left out?' These ing of distinct portent in earth or words made a deep impression on air. At last, towards evening my heart, and were not forgotten; | there may be seen a sudden curdling of the western sky; in a few minutes the clouds gather, comportunity to tell him what an in- ing from nowhere, growing at fluence those words of his have once in the lurid air. In less than half an hour the forces of the storm are organized, and its dreadful advance begins.

If we were just beneath the gathering clouds we should find that the air over a space of a mile rapidly upward. Beginning slowly, all the movements of the storm, the whirling action, the vertical streaming of the air, its onward movement, all gain speed of motion with astonishing rapidity. In a minute or two some cubic miles of air are in a state of intense gyratory movement, mounting upward as violently as the gases over a volcano. To replace this strong whirling uprush, there is an indraught from every side toward the center of the whirlwind; and as this center moves quickly forward, the rush of air is strongest from behind toward the advancing hurricane. The rate at which the storm goes forward is very variable, though it is generally as much as forty to one hundred miles an hour; but this is not the measure of its destructive power. The rending effect of the storm is much greater than would be given by a simple blast of air moving at this speed. Much of this peculiar capacity for destruction may perhaps be due to the How many of us go through gyratory motion of the wind in

locity of the whirlwind itself. Some of the records tell us that houses with closed windows have been known to burst apart, as and windows wide open, remained essentially unharmed. It has been conjectured that this action may be due to a sudden rarefaction of the air on the outside of the building; but this cause cannot be sufficient to produce such effects, and if such explosions occur the cause must be looked for elsewhere. After the storm is once developed, it seems very quickly to acquire its maximum of destructive power and its speed of translation. At the outset and during the period of most efficient action, the strip of country affected is generally very narrow, not often exceeding a mile in width: as the storm advances the path seems gradually to grow wider, and the gyratory movement as well as the translatory motion of the meteor less considerable until at last it fades into an ordinary thunder-storm, or dies into a calm.—The Atlantic.

ON THE SPOT. On a bitter winter night, many years ago, two persons stood talking together at the corner of a (who had been bred as a mechanic) school teacher. He so loved to do tunity to say a judicious and faithful word for his Master.

The other person was a young fellow from the country, who had come into New York to earn his living, but was in great danger of falling into the traps of the drinking saloons and the dance-halls.

The older man stood and pleadthat same," replied the poor crea- as he rose to go into the pulpit, in his entertaining autobiography, there on the spot to begin a life of a "one member society."—The fections, keep your eyes on your ed with the younger one to decide service to God. The wind howled Sunshine.

man held on, and kept saying, "Now is the time, and God is, through my words, calling you to gazing silently and intently at the

An hour passed. The storm suddenly: howled on; but the teacher was so much in earnest that he did not mind the cold. At length the youth said, "Mr. P-, I will decide for God to-night. I will give myself to Christ and to his child, "I could help God to paint service.

Nobly did be keep his promise. He not only became a devotedly of the little boy. He did not say religious man, but he determined to enter college and prepare to please me to be able to paint," preach to others the glad message he himself had accepted. By and God. by he came back to New York, and was so useful a preacher that sharp little reader? Oh, you say, nearly two thousand persons were won to his Master by his persua- How could a boy so small that he sions. He is an old man now; must be led by the hand, help but when I saw him a few weeks God? It is just as if a fly should ago he was as happy as a lark. light on the frame of a house, and All his long useful, and honored say, "See! I am going to help life, has turned on that winter build this house.' I am sure a night talk at the street corner, little boy can never help God!" when he decided on the spot to Dear young readers, you are heed God's message.

It does not take much time to make a right start when you are in earnest. What that young the litle boy was a holy one. He man did was to give himself to a loved God, and wished in the simdivine Master. His reason was convinced that he must become a better man, and a nobler man if he did what is the duty of every person to do, and that is to ack- Not by painting the sunset sky, nowledge God's claims for love and obedience, and accept them as his rule of life. It then took him no more time to say yes, than it would have taken him to say no. And so could you. You could When anything to be done is right, give a piece of bread to the hunthe quicker you do it the better.

One of the greatest generals in shivering limbs with one of your the world was asked how he had warm garments. You could speak gained so many victories. His kind words to him, and then you answer was, "By never putting would see the joy coming into his anything off." Young friends, face as bright perhaps as the sunyou will conquer evil and win heaven at last, if you will resolve always to obey God, and to do you made one of his dear little right, do it on the spot.—Selected. ones happy?

OUR YOUNG POLKS.

YOUTHFUL DUTY.

Duty, like a strict preceptor, Sometimes frowns or seems to frown; Choose her thistle for thy scepter, While youth's roses are thy crown,

Fairest damsel of the green Thou wilt lack the only symbol

That proclaims a genuine queen

And insure those palms of honor Which selected spirits wear, Bending low before the donor, Lord of heaven's unchanging year.

-William Wordsworth,

KITTY'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

to go too. Her mother said: "Kitty, you had better form a

society of your own." So Kitty went to see Minnie and Fannie and Jennie and Nellie.

They said they'd come Wednesday, at three o'clock. Wednesday came, but Minnie concluded to go skating, the ice was so good, so she didn't come. Fannie's sister's baby came to visit, so she thought she must stay at home and play with it. Jennie believed her head ached, and she'd

go next time; besides she had a new story book she wanted to read. Nellie got started but met Madge Gray, and she didn't approve of missionary societies, so they went down town and bought some candy with the penny Nellie was going to take to the society.

Kitty waited, but no one came, so she thought: "Well, I'll be the society." So she read and straight?" prayed and sang and took up a collection. The collection was tell," said Charlie, I took that the great thing. Kitty didn't pole for my mark and kept my know what to do with it. It eyes on it, and never looked down amounted to just five cents. Kit- once.' ty's mother said she thought it "But," said Joe, "I took that had better go to India. It might bush for my mark, and I didn't buy a book for some one. So the get my path as straight as yours. collection of the "one-member Why was that?" missionary lady knew Kitty, so us," said the others, "instead of she bought a Tamil book, and gave keeping your eyes on the mark." it to a Hindu man. He threw it So remember this, boys and on the s reet going home, but girls too. You all have a path to another heathen man picked it up make, and the steps are your acand read it, and learned to love tiens. They will show more plain-Jesus. So Kitty's society was a ly than you think. Better begin success. I think a society with right then, and make a determione member that does something nation to live a Christian life, askis much better than a society of ing help from the Lord, and doing one hundred members who never all the good you can. Then you come and don't do anything. will make straight paths in life, What do you think, children? If as Charlie did in the snow. Inthe other girls won't come, have stead of looking at others' imper-

HELPING GOD.

A young woman was leading a little boy by the hand. The boy was red and gold and green of the sunset sky. After awhile he said

" Auntie, I think I should like to be a painter.

" Why?" returned his compan-

"Because then," answered the the sky.

That was a charming thought "It would amuse me. It would No, he thought, "I could help

What do I hear you say, my "What a foolish little speech!

mistaken! Be sure that God never awakens a holy aspiration in a child's heart that is altogether vain. And this aspiration of plicity of his little heart, to do

something for him. And he could, in his little way. help that great and good Being. that would be beyond the highest mortal; but, perhaps, he could paint the colors of joy in some little unfortunate being's breast, gry. You could cover his little face as bright perhaps as the sunset in the West.

Would it not be helping God, if

Then you could, by setting a good example, by always telling the truth, by being obedient and striving always to do right, help God to restrain others from evil.

and lead them also to do good. So, little children, remember this. When you have put one touch of beauty into the gray life of the suffering and forlorn, awakened one good thought in the sinful, you have done something to help God. And he will accept the

Never be discouraged, then, and say, "I am small and weak, and can do nothing for God !"

STRAIGHT PATHS.

Some of my readers, no doubt, never lived out on the prairie; so perhaps you would like to hear a Kitty's mother went to a mis- short story about some of the little sionary meeting, and she wanted folks who live on the prairies of Western Iowa.

When I commenced teaching, my school consisted of quite a number of boys and girls who were always busy; in fact I never knew one of them to be idle. The time of which I speak was early in the winter, and cold weather had just begun. One evening a light snow fell, and next morning the children were very busy making snow balls or snow men, and were all having a very good time when Johnnie cried out,

"Let's make a wheel!" So at it they went. Selecting a hazel bush as the center, they all started out in different directions, each taking twenty steps from the bush. This being done. they looked behind to see their paths, which were to be spokes of the wheel. But alas ! there was only one straight track.

"Charlie," said the others, "how did you keep your track so

"Why, that is easy enough to

society" went to India. The "Because you kept looking at

perfect mark.—Sel.

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