

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

RECOGNITION.

(H. W. L.)

BY JULIA C. B. DORR.

Who was the first to bid thee glad all-hail, O friend and master? Who with winged feet...

DOING GOOD.

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...

sobs. "Here's me poor Jim, an' it's hardly alive he is at all, an' me with no monee to find fur a docther or get him a sup of medicine..."

"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 towid ye to be after comin' here at all..."

After considerable effort she succeeded in procuring work for 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...

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

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 lovely landscape.

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 ocean as the sea of Galilee is below it...

tor sitting by and whispered something. When the words introductory to the topic of the hour were ended, the venerable clergyman took the floor and said:

"The leader asked me to follow him. I do so, and the more readily because he followed me into the ministry. I was once pastor of the church where he lived when he was a boy..."

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 conversion of others...

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

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

USING ONE'S EYES.

How many of us go through life without ever realizing that our eyes have to be educated to see as well as our tongues to speak, and that only the rarest outlines of the complex and ever-changing images focused on the retina ordinarily impress themselves upon the brain?

On a bitter winter night, many years ago, two persons stood talking together at the corner of a street in New York. One of them (who had been bred as a mechanic) was a warm-hearted Sabbath-school teacher...

to detect a large number of objects at a single glance. His simple plan was to select a shop window full of a miscellaneous assortment of articles, and walk rapidly past it a number of times every day...

HURRICANES.

In the season of hot weather in the central part of the Mississippi Valley there often come successions of days when the atmosphere is not stirred by the winds, but remains as still as the air of a cave...

If we were just beneath the gathering clouds we should find that the air over a space of a mile or so in diameter was spinning around in a great whirlpool, and while the revolving mass slowly advanced, the central part moved rapidly upward...

OUR YOUNG FOLKS. 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...

KITTY'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Kitty's mother went to a missionary meeting, and she wanted to go too. Her mother said: "Kitty, you had better form a society of your own."

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...

ON THE SPOT.

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.

through the street and blew the snow in their faces, but the good man held on, and kept saying, "Now is the time, and God is, through my words, calling you to decide."

An hour passed. The storm 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 service."

Nobly did he keep his promise. He not only became a devotedly religious man, but he determined to enter college and prepare to preach to others the glad message he himself had accepted.

It does not take much time to make a right start when you are in earnest. What that young man did was to give himself to a divine 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...

One of the greatest generals in the world was asked how he had gained so many victories. His answer was, "By never putting anything off." Young friends, you will conquer evil and win heaven at last, if you will resolve always to obey God, and to do right, do it on the spot.—Selected.

HELPING GOD.

A young woman was leading a little boy by the hand. The boy was gazing silently and intently at the red and gold and green of the sunset sky. After awhile he said suddenly: "Auntie, I think I should like to be a painter."

That was a charming thought of the little boy. He did not say "It would amuse me. It would please me to be able to paint." No, he thought, "I could help God."

Dear young readers, you are mistaken! Be sure that God never awakens a holy aspiration in a child's heart that is altogether vain. And this aspiration of the little boy was a holy one. He loved God, and wished in the simplicity of his little heart, to do something for him.

STRAIGHT PATHS.

Some of my readers, no doubt, never lived out on the prairie; so perhaps you would like to hear a short story about some of the little folks who live on the prairies of Western Iowa.

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