

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE MARCH OF THE NEW YEAR.

One by one, one by one, The year's march past, till the march is done; The old year dies to the solemn knell, And a merry peal from the clanging bell, Under the other, one by one, Will the march of the years shall at last be done.

that we are the temples of the Holy Spirit. The fruit of the Spirit is joy, love, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, and where we find these we will find the Spirit. These are the fruits of the Spirit. No wicked soul is solicitous about making its calling and election sure.

CURRAN'S EDUCATION.

Everybody has heard of Curran, the Irish wit and orator; but everybody does not know how he got his education. The following account is interesting: From the humble station in which his parents moved, and his father's limited means, there seemed at first but a slight prospect that Curran, or Little Jacky, as he was then familiarly called, would receive the advantage of a liberal education.

THE TEMPLE OF THE HOLY GHOST.

About forty-five years ago a funeral was passing through the streets of Carlisle, Pennsylvania. It was the funeral procession of John Hall Mason, son of the eminent Dr. Mason, President of Dickinson College, one of the most powerful and eloquent preachers in America. The son was distinguished for his piety and talents, and his death had cast a gloom over many hearts.

and blessed memories of the latter, having been brought fifty years ago into intimate acquaintance with him, and having derived no little benefit from his friendly counsels. He had much to do in Tonga with superintending the printing-press, and shared in the joy and glory of one of the most wonderful religious revivals of the last half-century.

A WORD ABOUT CHRISTMAS.

When what was designed to be a pleasure becomes a burden, it is time to stop and examine it carefully, and see if it is the thing itself which has grown to be such a weight, or whether it is simply an awkward manner of carrying it.

HE NEVER SNEERS.

A critic, describing a living writer, uses these three words in a very short sentence. I have never read a page of the author about whom he is writing. But the temptation is strong to turn aside at once and make his acquaintance.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE TELL-TALE. If I could find the little bird That tells of everything, I'd climb beside him on his perch, Ere he began to sing.

WOMEN AND LIGHT LITERATURE.

"Is the sale of these books confined to young ladies?" asked a reporter of a Washington librarian. "Not a bit of it! The mammae are as fond of light reading as their romantic daughters."

HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

I take my pilgrim staff anew, Life's path untraced to pursue, The guiding eye, my Lord, I view: My times are in thy hand.

IRREVERENCE.

Ubbelief comes oftener from irreverent association than intellectual doubt. The sneer of a Voltaire has killed more than all his arguments.

LEANING ON JESUS.

A little girl lay near death. She had been brought low by a sad and painful disease. Not long before, her step had been as light for a little while to play with her. Unfortunately, I lost one, and hunted the room over, but could not find it.

WHAT CAME OF A KIND DEED.

The following incident of Madame Malibran, a famous singer who lived some fifty years ago, is told in Harper's Young People. She was sitting in her room in a London hotel, very weary, when word was brought that a little lad wished to see her, and she allowed him to be admitted.

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