

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE PLACE.

"I go to prepare a place for you."
O Holy Place, we know not where thou art!
Though one by one our well-beloved dead
From our close clasps to thy bliss have fled...

"HEARD AT ONCE."

BY THE REV. SAMUEL LEES.

The interruption was an unwelcome one, as one Saturday morning a strange messenger came to request me to go at once a mile away to visit a house where a child lay ill.

you all, for the glory of God, what happened to me three months ago. One Saturday I was in great trouble. I had almost despaired, and longed for death.

The moment of her prayer was the moment when I was so strangely impelled to go, for no known reason, to her home. The faith of that morning was never lost.

asked myself as I went along it, how many times unknown to the earnest and industrious crowd of mechanics and engineers...

Only one variation from fact occurs in this narrative: I have substituted the name of Mackay for the real name. Nor am I betraying confidence in now speaking of the generous act of Mr. Hugh Stephenson...

BOSTON WOMEN FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Mr. Quincy evidently sympathizes with the older time, and his account is so pleasant that we wish that he had brought it down to a later date. We should have liked an account of the way of living half a century or so ago.

TAME PORPOISES.

A writer in Land and Water who has studied the habits of the porpoise in an aquarium says: "The

intelligence and docility of some of those which have been kept at Brighton have taught me even to regard as not impossible an incident related by Pliny and Aulus Gellius, of a boy who, whilst frequently bathing in the sea, made friends with a dolphin...

THE MERCHANT.

Tare and net
Boxes, hogshead, dry and wet
Wholesale, retail; will you trade?
None can sell as cheap as I.

LITTLE CHILDREN'S WATCHES.

Yesterday an old man entered a Little Rock store, and, taking from his pocket an old buckskin pouch, he emptied two coins on the counter...

"He was killed in the war. I say that when John was a little boy I strung this quarter around his neck. One day his watch got out of fix, he said, and he filed these notches in it."

THE LAST SLEEP.

An illustration of the unspeakable horrors that are connected with the use of strong drink was witnessed by a policeman in Brooklyn, on the 19th of July, 1881...

When the lad discovered that the babe was really dead, and that he had sung it to sleep in the last slumber, he sat down in the corner and wept.

A WORD TO BOYS.

Ashamed of work, boys? good, hard, honest work? Then I am ashamed of you—as ashamed that you know so little about great men.

OUR DANGER.

Lord, with what care hast thou begirt us round!
Parents first season us: then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers.

OUR YOUNG POLKS.

COMPANY MANNERS.

"Will you please sit down and wait a moment till mother comes?" said a little girl to two ladies who came to see her mother.