



OUR HOME CIRCLE.

AN OLD SONG.

"God hath chosen the weak things of the world." It was an old and once familiar strain. A distant echo from the years gone by; And now we hear its melody again Beneath a foreign sky.

woman, one whose life had been a constant blessing to the poor; who sought them out with studious care, and to their needs was ever a minister. She had no means beyond her daily needs, but that concerned her not; she sought as well the generous rich, and interested them to lend from their abundant store, and to render to the indigent and sick the help which she herself had not to give.

plan to honor such an unaccustomed draft. The help came just in time; her wants were all supplied, and there was something left for future use. Again her grateful thanks went up to God, who never once in all her life had failed to keep his sacred pledge. Again the choicest blessings were invoked upon the unknown friend. And if the loving Father never forgot to hear her prayer of faith and answer it, when offered in her own behalf, was it not answered too, when offered for another? Yes, indeed, it was.

on why we should be doing what we are doing at this very moment, instead of some one among ten thousand other things? Until we can answer such questions as these, we are living not foolishly, but wickedly; we are not only not builders, we are reckless destroyers. It is the ever-present sense of devotion to a reason for our actions that alone makes them good for anything—a reason strong and clear enough to make itself evident in beneficial results, and yet, at last, so closely interwoven with the whole spiritual fabric of our lives that we hardly stop to think of its existence.—S. S. Times.

MY SERVICE. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much." I cannot do great things for him, Who did as much for me; But I would like to show my love, Dear Jesus, unto thee; Faithful in very little things, O, Saviour, may I be.

There are small things in daily life In which I may obey, And thus may show my love to thee, And always, every day, There are some loving little words Which I for thee may say.

There are small crosses I may take, Small burdens I may bear, Small acts of faith and deeds of love, Small sorrows I may share; And little bits of work for thee I may do every where.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF AGE.

Nothing sublimer can be said of a man than that Time as God's servant has done all that it can do for him. If one thinks how time is measured; what a vast machinery is concerned in the swing of its pendulum; on what a magnificent dial-plate its hours record their flight and with what exactness its seconds are registered; if one contemplates Time under this aspect in the motions of the physical universe, he can not but feel the grandeur of duration as conveyed to his mind through such an infinite clock-work.

"ONLY A SERVANT." "But they are only servant girls." This was said in reference to quite a number of nice young women who had learned to love the services of one of our churches. A number of them had united with the church and were very faithful in Christian work. "But they are only servant girls," said a somewhat worldly professor, with an unbecoming sneer. Indeed! But he who "thought it not robbery to be equal with God made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant."

"It is of unspeakable advantage," says a wholesome and wise writer, "to possess our minds with an habitual good intention, and to aim all our thoughts, words and actions at some laudable end, whether it be the glory of our Maker, the good of mankind, or the benefit of our own souls. This is a sort of thrift or good husbandry in moral life, which does not throw away any single action, but makes every one go as far as it can. It multiplies the means of salvation, increases the number of our virtues and diminishes that of our vices." It is the habitual good intention on which alone we can rely for progress in the Christian life as a whole or in any one of its departments. A thing done with a right purpose is better than a thousand apparently right things done with no purpose at all; and this fact we cannot press too closely upon our minds and souls. We should ask ourselves what is the why and wherefore of our lives and their smallest parts. Why do we live where we do or pursue the avocation in life which we profess to follow? What is the reason that we call ourselves Christians, or that we absent ourselves from church-going, and from religious thoughts and beliefs? Is there any particular cause for spending this very day in the way in which we are spending it? Is there any special reason why we should be doing what we are doing at this very moment, instead of some one among ten thousand other things?

over the ashes of Jerusalem, with nearly a century in his heart, and writing the Fourth Gospel with a perfected insight of wisdom and an immortal accent of love.—Southern Pulpit.

WHAT A MOTHER DID.

Some one who had noticed the influence of wives in promoting the good or evil fortunes of their husbands said, "A man must ask his wife's leave to be rich." We doubt not that a similar observation of the influence of mothers upon their sons would justify the remark, "A man must ask his mother's leave to be great."

The father being laid aside by ill-health, the burden of supporting the family rested on the mother. She did her work in the house, and helped the boys do theirs on the farm. Once, in the dead of winter, one of her boys required a new suit of clothes. There was neither money nor wool on hand. The mother sheared the half-grown fleeces from the sheep, and in one week the suit was on the boy. The shorn sheep was protected from the cold by a garment made of braided straw.

The family lived four miles from the "meeting-house." Yet every Sunday the mother and her two sons walked to church. One of these sons became the pastor of the church in Franklin, Conn., to whom he preached for sixty-one years. Two generations went from that church to make the world better.

The heroic Christian woman's name was Deborah Nott. She was the mother of the Rev. Samuel Nott, D. D., and of Eliphalet Nott, D. D., LL. D., President of Union College.

BOYS, DON'T BLOCK UP YOUR WAY.

I was sitting in the office of a mechanic not long since, when a lad about sixteen entered with a cigar in his mouth. He said to the gentleman: "I would like to get a situation in your shop to learn a trade, sir."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HOW THE STORY GREW.

As Kitty Coleman and Maggie Weir were going to school one morning, Kitty said, "I was over at Uncle Fred's last Saturday, and came near staying too late. We had such fun that I did not notice how near the sun was to setting, and I was very much afraid I might meet a tramp."

"No one but Johnny Gates; he was coming down the hill whistling, and with a great big watermelon under his arm; I was scared at first, but when I saw who it was I got over it."

At recess Maggie said to Mary Ford, "Kitty told me that she saw Johnny Gates carrying a great big watermelon home Saturday evening. Wonder where he got it, and wonder what he is going to do with it?"

"Why, Johnnie Gates robbed Mr. Hart's melon patch one night last week." "Oh, dear, isn't that awful?" exclaimed Susie.

"I always thought that Johnnie was not so much better than the rest of us, for all he made believe he was so honest," said Jennie. "He couldn't have done it alone," Sallie said.

Whereupon Jennie hastened to a group of school children who were in the house and told them "Johnnie Gates and a lot of other boys had robbed Mr. Hart's melon patch and destroyed all they could not carry away."

"Who says I stole a melon?" cried Johnny in an excited tone; "I guess he'd better not tell me so." I was over at Uncle Henry's Saturday night, and he gave me a splendid one, and I saved it on purpose to give you all some; but if that's the way you are talking about me you may do without."

"Well, said one of the girls, 'that is what I heard anyway.'" "Who told you, I'd like to know?" Then all began to talk at once, and became so excited that they did not notice that their teacher was in the room until she spoke to Johnnie, asking him to explain the cause of the confusion. Then she carefully examined into the matter until she found that it all came from Kitty Coleman saying she had met Johnny with a melon.

The children that had taken part in the story felt somewhat ashamed of themselves, when they saw how much the story had grown in their hands. The teacher said, "I hope every one of you will learn a lesson from this incident and just now, before the habit becomes fixed, resolve that you will tell nothing but what you know to be true, and what you do tell, you will tell exactly as you heard it; and not tell anything to injure another, even if it is true. I hope Johnnie will forgive you, and that you will never forget the lesson you have learned to-day."

I am happy to say that Johnnie did forgive them, and gave them a piece of the melon all around; and I hope that neither they nor any of my little readers will grow up to be tattling, gossiping men or women.

"I didn't think it any harm to smoke, sir; nearly every body smokes now." "I am sorry to say, my young friend, I can't employ you. If you have money enough to smoke cigars, you will be above working as apprentice; and if you have not money, your love for cigars might make you steal it. No boy who smokes cigars can get employment in my shop." A word to the wise is sufficient.

THE WIDOW'S PRAYER IN WELSH.

A PERSONAL EXPERIENCE, STRICTLY TRUE.

Near twenty years ago there lived in Birkenhead, near Liverpool, (England), an aged woman, who had suffered four score years and six of poverty. Her husband and her sons and daughters, some ten or twelve, were in the grave. No living relative was left, or none whose whereabouts she knew; no one to care for her in this world, except her God and yours. I never saw her, never heard or knew her name, but God had printed it in shining golden letters in the book wherein the names and records of his best beloved are kept.

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