



THE HOME CIRCLE

IO VICTIS.

I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the battle of life, The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife; Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame.

But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart, Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part; Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away, From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day

With the wreck of their life all around them, unpitied, unheeded, alone, With Death swooping down on their failure, and all but their faith overthrown.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary; Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary. Furl it, fold it—it is best; For there's not a man to wave it, And there's not one left to love it, In the blood which heroes gave it; And its foes now scorn and brave it: Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered; Broken is its staff and shattered, And the valiant hosts are scattered. Over whom it floated high; Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it, Hard to think there's none to hold it, Hard that those who once unrolled it, New must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner—furl it sadly; Once ten thousand hailed it gladly, And ten thousands wildly, madly, Swore it should forever wave— Swore that foemen's swords could never Hearts like theirs entwined sever. And that flag should float forever O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it!—for the hands that grasped it, And the hearts that fondly clasped it, Cold and dead are lying low; And the Banner—it is tralling, While around it sounds the wailing Of its people in their woe: For, though conquered, they adore it— Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,

Weep for those who fell before it, Pardon those who trilled and tore it, And oh, wildly they deplore it, Now to furl and fold it so!

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory; Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory, And 'twill live in song and story, Though its folds are in the dust! For its fame, on brightest pages, Penned by poets and by sages, Shall go sounding down the ages— Furl its folds though now we must!

Furl that Banner softly, slowly; Treat it gently—it is holy, For it droops above the dead: Touch it not—unfold it never; Let it droop there, furlled forever, For its people's hopes are fed.

—Abram J. Ryan.

THE WISE MICE.

Harold and Edith and May were trying to play a game, but they all wanted to play in different ways. Two or three times they had it beautifully started, but each time they fell to quarreling about it, and it looked as if supper time would come without their having had any game at all. At last fat, jolly Nurse Belle, who had been watching them, called to them to see a picture she had found in a book. It was a picture of three mice carrying a stick across a bridge.

"Right across the bridge from where those mice lived," said Nurse Belle, "was a beautiful bunch of sticks. At least the mice thought they were beautiful, for their nest was made of little straws, and they wanted one big stick to put in it to give it style. So they put their heads together. If one carried the big stick, he might step too near the edge of the bridge, and fall over. If two carried it, one might pull too hard on one end, and take them both over. But if three carried it, the big one in the middle would hold the little ones on by the stick, and all could lift together.

"Scamper, scamper, scamper, went the three mice over the bridge, and creep, creep, creep, they came back again with the stick. Then they had the nicest nest in all Mousetown, and all because they worked together."—Sunbeam.

CLEVER DOG.

Many Bath people think that the most knowing dog in the State is "Paddy," the bull-dog owned by Dr. W. E. Rowe of this city. Last Saturday evening Paddy was looking for the doctor, who happened to be at the Elks' Home. As the doctor says, Paddy has got his habits down pretty well and so sauntered into a store where the doctor generally drops in during the evening. About that time the doctor called on the phone and asked if the dog was there. On being informed that he was, he asked that they put the receiver of the phone to the dog's ear. This was done and a second later a familiar whistle came piercing over the wire. The dog gave one bark and went for the door. It was opened for him and a few seconds later Paddy was clamoring for admission at the Home. The truth of this story is testified to not only by the dog's master, but several other trustworthy witnesses.

—Kennebec Journal.

NAPOLÉON'S GIFT

was of the unconquerable, never-say-die kind, the kind that you need most when you have a bad cold, cough or lung disease. Suppose torches, cough syrups, cod liver oil or doctors have all failed, don't lose heart or hope. Take Dr. King's New Discovery. Satisfaction is guaranteed when used for any throat or lung trouble. It has saved thousands of hopeless sufferers. It masters stubborn colds, obstinate coughs, hemorrhages, lagrippe, croup, asthma, hay fever and whooping cough and is the most safe and certain remedy for all bronchial affections. 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at all druggists.

GOLD NUGGETS.
Live in the sunshine, God meant it for you,
Live as the robins and sing all the day through.
—Margaret Sangster.

It may sometimes be wiser to strengthen than to shelter.

Oh, how rare it is to find a soul still enough to hear God speak!

Life is something while the senses heed the Spirit's call. Life is nothing when our grosser need engulfs it all.

And what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and do love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?—Micah.

Who knows the joys of friendship? The trust, security, and mutual tenderness, The double joys, where each is glad for both.

"The man who cannot be beaten is the man who holds his head up when he has been beaten."

The blessed work of helping the world forward happily does not wait to be done by perfect men.—George Elliot.

To the man who loves his work life is all a vacation; to the man who does not love his work, there is no bright spot.

The shepherd loves his sheep, And faithful watch doth keep; Safeguarding his flock so white, All through the long, dark night, The while the world doth sleep, sleep, sleep.— Selected.

Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness; he has a life purpose.—Thomas Carlyle.

Remember that besides living with others we must all live with ourselves. We cannot escape our own company.—Spalding.

In the Inn of Decision men sleep

A KENTUCKY RAFT STORY OF DANIEL BOONE.
The scholar told some strong stories—now that we were in a region of historical interest—where Boone planted his first fort and where Boonesborough once stood, but he always prefaced his tale with the overwhelming authority that—

"Hist'ry says!"

He declared that hist'ry said that a bull, seeing some cows across the river, had jumped from the point of a high cliff straight down into the river; had swam across and fallen dead as he was climbing the bank.

"He busted his heart," said the scholar.

Oddly enough, solemn Tim, who had never cracked a smile, was the first to rebel.

"You see that cliff yander?" said the scholar. "Well, hist'ry says that Dan'l Boone druv three injuns once straight over that cliff down into the river."

I could see that Tim was loath to cast discredit on the facts of hist'ry. If the scholar had said one or even two Indians, I don't think Tim would have called a halt; but for Daniel, with only one lead in his gun—and it not a Winchester—to drive three— it was too much. And yet Tim never smiled, and it was the first time I heard him voluntarily open his lips.

"Well, hist'ry mought a' said that," he said, "but I reckon Dan'l was in the lead." The yell that went up routed the scholar and stilled him. Hist'ry said no farther town that stream, even when we were passing between the majestic cliffs that in one place are spanned by the third highest bridge in the world.

There a ferry was crossing the river, and old Ben grew reminiscient. He had been a ferryman back in the mountains.—From "Down the Kentucky on a Raft," by John Fox, Jr., in Scribner's.

THE NEW LAMB.
A minister of a fashionable church in Newark had always left the greeting of strangers to be attended to by the ushers, until he read the newspaper articles in reference to the matter.

"Suppose a representative should visit our church," said his wife. "Wouldn't it be awful?"

"It would," the minister admitted. The following Sunday evening he noticed a plainly-dressed woman in one of the free pews. She sat alone, and was clearly not a member of the flock. After the benediction the minister hastened and intercepted her at the door.

"How do you do?" he said, offering his hand. "I am very glad to have you with us."

"Thank you," replied the young woman.

"I hope we may see you often in our church home," he went on. "We are always glad to welcome new faces."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you live in this parish?" he asked. The girl looked blank. "If you will give me your address, my wife and I will call on you some evening."

"You wouldn't need to go far, sir," said the young woman. "I'm your cook."—Philadelphia Ledger.

THOSE PIES OF BOYHOOD.
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