



"THE HOME CIRCLE"

A LITTLE BIRD I AM.

A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To him who placed me there;
Well-pleased a prisoner to be
Because my God, it pleases Thee.

Nearby have I else to do;
I sing the whole day long;
And he whom I love most to please
Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering
wing,
But still He bends to hear me sing.

My cage confines me round;
Abroad I cannot fly;
But though my wing is closely bound
My heart's at liberty;
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of my soul.

Oh! it is good to soar
These bolts and bars above,
To him whose purpose I adore,
Whose providence I love;
And in Thy mighty will to find
The joy, the freedom of the mind.
—Madame Guyon.

DOROTHY'S THEORY.

Dorothy sat on the nursery floor
With dolly on her knee;
Now be perfectly quiet, dolly dear,
And pay attention to me.

Last night I saw up in the sky,
A great big dipper bright;
I was pinned with a few little stars,
But 'twas fastened very tight.

Mamma showed it to me, dolly,
And I hadn't much to say,
But I was thinkin' lots about it,
And I've been thinkin' again today.

And now I'm quite, quite sure, dear,
(But we will ask mamma soon),
That a dipper so high in the sky
Must belong to the Man in the Moon.

I suppose if he's thirsty at night,
When you and I are asleep,
He brings his dipper right down
And drinks from the ocean deep.

And when he is tired of water,
As I am most every day,
He takes his dipper 'cross lots,
And drinks from the Milky Way.
—Mattie Ingalls Sherman, in Herald and Presbyter.

YOUR LETTER.

How long has it been since you
Have written a letter to the old folks
at home?

Do you realize what such a letter
means to father and mother?

Father will get it after the mail is
distributed at the village postoffice,
along with the county paper, per-
haps, and a circular, and he will
know the handwriting instantly.

He will not open it.
Your letter is too precious for that.
Your letter is more than an incident;
it constitutes an epoch. And father
will put it into his pocket carefully
and go home.

"A letter from John, mother."
Mother dries her hands and sits
down in her chair, while father gets
out and carefully wipes his reading
spectacles. And father begins:—

"Dear father and mother."
That isn't much, to be sure. It
was the natural way for you to begin
your letter. But when father reads
that much he stops a bit to clear his
throat, and a tear rolls down the
wrinkled face of your mother.

Every word is read.
There are interludes when they stop
to make exclamations or comments.
They even laugh heartily over your
crude attempts at humor. And so on
to the end:—

"Your loving son."
Father holds the letter awhile and
after a time, at mother's request,
reads over again certain passages.
And finally, when they have talked
much together about your letter,
father puts it back into its envelope
and lays it on the mantelshelf.

Is that the last of your letter,
think you?
It is only the beginning of it. It
will be referred to for days and may-
be weeks. And you, to whom writ-
ing is so easy, are you not ashamed
of the long intervals between letters?

And oh, my son or daughter, when
you do write—
Do not be afraid to open your
heart and tell the dear old folks all
the love you have for them. Give
your feelings full vent. Make your
letter odorous with the perfume of
your affection.

I take it for granted you have not
embarrassed that shameful form of snob-
bery where you are ashamed of the
mother who bore you or of the father
who fed you?

Well, then, write often.
Letters cost you but a trifle of time
and effort.

To the old folks at home your let-
ters are worth their weight in gold.
—Edwin A. Nye.

He that will make good use of any
part of life must allow a portion of
it to recreation.—Locke.

THE CHRISTIAN BLACKSMITH.

Rev. Howard W. Pope tells the
story of a Christian blacksmith who
had a good deal of affliction, and, be-
ing challenged by an unbeliever to
account for it, gave this as his ex-
planation: "I don't know that I can
account for these things to your satis-
faction, but I think I can to my
own. I am a blacksmith. I often
take a piece of iron and put it into
the fire and bring it to a white heat.
Then I put it on the anvil and strike
it once or twice to see if it will take
temper. If I think it will, I plunge
it into the water and suddenly
change the temperature. Then I
put it into the fire again, and again
I put it into the water. This I re-
peat several times. Then I put it on
the anvil and hammer it, and bend it,
and rasp and file it, and make some
useful article which I put into a car-
riage where it will do useful work
for twenty-five years. If, however,
when I first strike it on the anvil,
I think it will not take temper, I
throw it into the scrap heap and
sell it at half penny a pound.

"I believe my heavenly Father has
been testing me to see if I will take
temper. He has put me into the fire
and into the water. I have tried to
bear it as patiently as I could, and
my daily prayer has been: 'Lord,
put me into the fire if you will; put
me into the water if you think I
need it; do anything you please, O
Lord, only for Christ's sake, don't
throw me into the scrap heap!'"
—A. T. Pierson, D.D.

TO FRESHEN THE HOUSE.

"When spring comes around each
year and nature begins to put on her
gay clothes, we naturally feel that it
is time to brighten and freshen the
house. It is not so much that things
are shabby and stuffy from the win-
ter's use as that we want our sur-
roundings to express the general re-
newal, the clean and airy freshness
of the spring," says Woman's Home
Companion for April. "Our grand-
mothers made life a burden at this
time with the nightmare called house
cleaning. Everything was torn up
and for one frantic week, at least,
there was no comfort to be had. Now
house cleaning is managed with more
ease, for there have been countless
inventions to simplify it, and also the
modern housekeeper uses the simple
expedient of having one room at a
time cleaned, so that the whole is ac-
complished without wear and tear,
and the family is allowed to feel that
home is still home.

"If some of the rooms need paper-
ing and painting, choose a color
scheme that is not too dark and will
harmonize with the furniture so that
the rooms may reach their highest
possibility of attractiveness. The
curtains, if new, may be either mus-
lin or net or scrim or one of the
many dainty fabrics that are offered
in the shops. The fancy scrims, both
in natural color and these printed in
colored designs, are charming and
range in price from twenty-five cents
to about one dollar and a half a yard.
Shades should also be renewed if ne-
cessary. They can often be given a
new lease of life by turning them up-
side down. This brings the less worn
part at the bottom. Such work must
be done accurately and neatly and if
you can have help in handling the
shades it will make it much easier
for they are unhandy things.

"Simplify wherever you can. Change
the pictures about a bit and put up
some new simple prints in place of
some of the old ones for a change.
Banish useless bric-a-brac, for a few
well-chosen and well-placed
ornaments are worth more, from an
artistic point of view, than a motley
array of small jugs and vases. Put
away as much as possible, leaving
out bowls and vases for flowers, and
let them be the chief summer orna-
ments. It will also make the bore-
some work of dusting easier."

READ IRVING.

You will do well to allow your-
selves to become really familiar with
Irving's warm, wise humor, his easy
culture, and his delightful style, so
flexible and full of color, flowing as
freely and naturally as a noble
stream.

The book I am thinking of in par-
ticular is his "Life of Mahomet," in
which is related the history of that
strange genius, founder of one of the
great world religions; an Arab born
in poverty, left an orphan at an early
age, with not a friend but a faithful
black woman, and who managed to
become one of the forces that have
made an immense portion of human-
ity what it is to-day, who created an
empire, and whose book, the "Ko-
ran," is to-day read and believed as
the living truth by millions.

Certainly there are exciting possi-
bilities in a life like that, and Irving
has made his story of this amazing
man and of the times of the condi-
tions amid which he lived as thrill-
ing as you have a right to expect.
—March St. Nicholas.

Let me hear from thee by letters.
—Shakespeare.

AN OLD SAW.

Esaw Wood sawed wood.
Esaw Wood would saw wood!
All the wood Esaw Wood saw
Esaw Wood would saw. In other
words, all the wood Esaw saw to saw
Esaw sought to saw.

Oh, the wood Wood would saw!
And oh, the wood-saw with which
Wood would saw wood.

But one day Wood's wood-saw
would saw no wood, and thus the
wood Wood sawed was not the wood
Wood would saw if Wood's wood-
saw would saw wood.

Now, Wood would saw wood with
a wood-saw that would saw wood, so
Esaw sought a saw that would saw
wood.

One day Esaw saw a saw saw
wood as no other wood-saw Wood
saw would saw wood.

In fact, of all the wood-saws Wood
ever saw saw wood Wood never saw
a wood-saw that would saw wood as
the wood-saw Wood saw saw wood
would saw wood, and I never saw a
wood-saw that would saw as the
wood-saw Wood saw would saw until
I saw Esaw Wood saw wood with the
wood-saw Wood saw saw wood.

Now Wood saws wood with the
wood-saw Wood saw saw wood.
Oh, the wood the wood-saw Wood
saw would saw!

Oh, the wood the wood-saw Wood
saw when Wood would saw wood
with the wood-saw Wood saw saw
wood!

Finally, no man may ever know
how much wood the wood saw Wood
saw would saw. The wood-saw
Wood would saw would saw all the
wood the wood-saw Wood saw would
saw.—Wowan's Home Companion.

BILL NYE DESCRIBES A CYCLONE

"My brother and I were riding
along in the grand old forest and I
had just been singing a few bars
from the opera of 'Whoop 'em up,
Lizzie Jane,' when I noticed that the
wind was beginning to sough through
the trees. Soon after that I noticed
that I was soughing through the
trees also, and I am really no slouch
of a sougher, either, when I get
started. The horse was hanging by
the breeching from the bough of a
large butternut tree, waiting for
some one to come and pick him. I
did not see my brother at first, but
after awhile he disengaged himself
from a rail fence and came where I
was hanging, wrong end up, with my
personal effects spilling out of my
pockets. I told him that as soon as
the wind kind of softened down I
wished he would go and pick the
horse. He did so, and at midnight
a party of friends carried me into
town on a stretcher. It was quite
an ovation."

DO YOU TAKE THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.

John Wesley used to say that the
devil ought not to have all the good
tunes. The editors of The Youth's
Companion think that he ought not
to have all the entertaining reading,
either. So they make The Companion
one of the most attractive period-
icals ever published, yet one whose
influence can be trusted as you would
trust your father's or mother's. That
explains why The Companion has
thousands upon thousands of readers
who every Thursday night, under in-
numerable lamps, in village after vil-
lage, town after town, bend with
eager faces over the fascinating pages
of the new number just at hand, ab-
sorbing the accounts of strange and
perilous adventure, the droll sketches
of domestic predicaments, the de-
lightful stories of the good old times
when the world jogged a little slower
than now, the contributions by men
and women of light and leading.

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none that seems so to belong to the
home beautiful—the home which
typifies the best in family life, the
home of shared burdens and united
interests. Let us send you a sample
copy of the April sixth number. It
will do you good.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
144 Berkeley Street. Boston, Mass.
New subscriptions received at this
office.

A chief blessedness of intercessory
prayer is that we can use it for those
whom we love and care for when we
can serve them in no other way.
Their distance, their very nearness,
their unbelief, their pride, their dig-
nity, their resentments, their desper-
ation, may render our other helps—
helps of the hand or tongue, of coun-
sel or cheer or warning—of the most
delicate generality or the friendliest
sympathy, impossible or futile.—F.
D. Huntington.

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now suffer from. Cardui helps you
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to be feared than open and declared
hatred.—Noel.

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years of age, passed through here yester-
day on their way to get a home-
stead claim in the western part of
the State. They proved to a train
agent that the children were all under
five years by showing him the family
Bible with a record of five sets of
triplets and two sets of twins. The
thirteen children and their parents
all rode on two first-class tickets.

Most wondrous book! bright candle
of the Lord!
Star of Eternity! The only star
By which the bark of man could navi-
gate

The sea of life, and gain the coast of
bliss securely. —Pollok.

The pen became a clarion.—Long-
fellow.

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by day, but you must work as long
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