



"THE HOME CIRCLE"

LIVE IN THE SUNSHINE.

Live in the sunshine, don't live in the gloom;
Carry some gladness the world to illumine.

Live in the brightness and take this to heart—
The world will be gay if you'll do your part.

Live on the housetop, not down in the cell;
Open air Christian live nobly and well.

Live where the joys are and, scorn-
ing defeat,
Have a good morrow for all whom you meet.

Live as a victor and triumphing go
Through this queer world beating down every foe.

Live in the sunshine—God meant it for you!
Live as the robins and sing the day through.
—Margaret E. Sangster.

THE THING SHE DIDN'T SAY.

"I think the very meanest thing you can say, sometimes, is just nothing at all!" said Prue Elder, with a decided nod of her auburn head.
The girls gave a shout of laughter. "How can you say anything mean when you say nothing at all?" asked Bessie Snow.
"Well, I will tell you. I was staying up at Aunt Riah's last summer, you know, getting strong after typhoid fever. All the girls were nice to me, because they knew I couldn't play, or even read very much, and needed to be entertained. I never knew before that girls could be so nice. I got to love them all.
"There was one in particular. Her name was Alice Otis, and you'll all know her I hope, because she's coming to visit me next vacation.
"At first I thought Alice rather odd. She is very quiet, and she would have been hard to get acquainted with, only that she was sorry for me because I had been ill, and took particular pains.
"I just can't tell you all the things that Alice did for me. She had a pony and cart, and almost every day she used to take me for a drive. Then she would bring me flowers and read to me, and even play and sing for me, though I found afterwards she would hardly ever do that for any one—she is so timid.
"Well, there was a crowd of girls that call themselves 'the stickers,' because they always stick together. They are a little bit—just a little bit—noisy and slangy, but after all, they were good-natured and popular, and I—well, to tell you the truth, I felt flattered that they took me into their bunch and seemed to like me.
"One day we were all out on Aunt Riah's porch with our fancy-work—all 'the stickers,' that is, and myself. Alice Otis' name was mentioned, and they all began at once to talk about her. 'O, the stuck-up thing,' they said. 'She is just as prim and horrid as she can be! She won't be anything if she can't be the whole show,' and all that sort of thing. And what do you suppose I said,—I, after Alice had been such an angel to me, and after I had learned so well how shy she is, and how hard it is for her to make up with people? I didn't say one word! That's why I said a little while ago that sometimes the meanest thing one can say is nothing at all.
"I believe you are right, Prue," said Bessie. "I have had some experience like yours, and I don't believe that even foolish or unkind words could make me more ashamed of myself."—The King's Builders.

THE FROG'S COUSIN.

If the doctor's boys had not been mowing the grass, they might never have noticed him; for he was a little fellow, and he had been trying hard to escape their notice when the lawn mower ran him down.
Now he lay quite still, and Harry and Ralph looked down at him sorrowfully. He was only a toad; but, as Ralph said, he might have a wife and family waiting for him at home, and, anyway, maybe even toads were some good in the world.
The doctor was looking out of his study window, and he overheard them.
"Bring him in, boys," he called to them. "Maybe we shall be able to restore Mr. Toad to his family."
"Now, while I am trying to bring him back to life," he said, "I would like you to tell me what you know about a toad."
"He's—he's a kind of first cousin to the frog, isn't he?" Harry asked, doubtfully.
"But a frog has smooth skin and his is rough," Ralph put in.
"And he gives people warts when they touch him," declared Harry. "That's why we brought him in on a leaf."
The doctor laughed and looked at his own hands. "Then I seem to be in for it," he observed. "I have

touched him more than once in the last few minutes. What else?"
"I'm afraid that's all we know," Ralph said, after a pause.
"Suppose you look it up in the natural history," the doctor suggested. "When you come back, maybe Mr. Toad will be on his feet."
Sure enough, they returned in a few minutes to find the little fellow looking very spry indeed.
"Oh, I'm so glad!" Harry exclaimed. "We wouldn't want him to die now for anything. Why, we've found that toads are useful! The natural history says they kill more than their weight of caterpillars and bugs in a single day. We need him in the garden."
"How about the warts?" asked the doctor.
"There isn't very much in that," Ralph asserted. "The book says that they have a liquid which roughens the skin when you get it on your hand; but then that's their only way of defending themselves."
"Because they haven't any teeth, like the frog," Harry explained.
"Frogs have tiny teeth on their upper jaw and palate. A frog has a forked tongue, but a toad hasn't."
"Good! Now I think our patient is ready to go. He can do duty in the garden for a few weeks longer, then he will be ready to take his winter's sleep in some hole or burrow. Who will carry him out?"
"We'll both go," the boys exclaimed, and they took up the leaf, to escort Mr. Toad out again; but, just as they reached the last step, he gave a flying leap and landed in a flower bed. Then he started away at a lively pace, as if to make up for the time lost.
"Good-bye, Mr. Toad," Harry called after him. "Remember us to your family!"—Paul Suter, in Sunday School Times.

WHAT MAKES HAPPINESS.

I have peered into quiet "parlors," where the carpet is clean and not old, and the furniture polished and bright; into "rooms" where the chairs are neat and the floor carpetless; into "kitchens" where the family live and the meals are cooked and eaten, and the boys and girls are as blithe as the sparrows in the thatch overhead, and I see that it is not so much wealth and learning, nor clothing, nor servants, nor toil, nor idleness, nor town, nor country, nor station, as tone and temper, that render homes happy or wretched. And I see, too, that in town or country good sense and God's grace make life what no teachers or accomplishments, or means or society, can make it—the opening stage of an everlasting psalm; the fair beginning of an endless existence; the goodly, modest, well proportioned vestibule to a temple of God's building that shall never decay, wax old, or vanish away.—Dr. John Hall.

AN INDIAN ON BAPTISM.

Harper's Monthly gives the following: A Methodist minister, having many years ago been sent as a missionary to the Indians, found an old Indian who could read, to whom he gave a copy of the New Testament. After the noble red man read it thoroughly he expressed a desire to be baptized. The missionary accordingly procured a bowl of water and was about to baptize him, when the noble red man asked: "What are you going to do with that?" "Baptize you," said the clergyman. "Not deep enough for Indian; take 'im to river." The missionary exclaimed that "that is not our practice," to which the noble red person replied: "You give me wrong book then; me read 'em thro'!" The ceremony was postponed.—Home Mission Monthly.

A BIRD THAT NEVER FLIES.

The ostrich because of its resemblance to the camel, has been said to be the connecting link between beasts and birds. There is a horny excrescence on the breast of both the dromedary and the ostrich, on which they lean while resting; they have similarly formed feet; the same muscular neck; their food is much the same, and both can go an incredibly long time without water.
Moreover, an ostrich never flies, nor is it possible for it to lift itself from the ground in the slightest degree by the use of its wings; but, like the camel, it is very swift-footed. In its native country the shells of the eggs afford almost the only household utensil used. An egg will weigh from three to four pounds, and is equal to two dozen hen's eggs. It requires thirty-five minutes to boil one, and longer if required hard. A fresh egg is worth twenty-five dollars.
The keeper of an ostrich farm says the birds are the only thing he ever tried that he has not succeeded in taming. They are known to live to be seventy-five years old, and some think they will reach a hundred. They are about eight feet in height. Their hearing and sight are very acute and these seem to be about all the sense they are lessed with. Their legs are very powerful, and are the

only weapons of defense; when they attack an enemy they do so by kicking; but always strike forward, and never backward.
The choice "ostrich feathers" are found only in the wings. The undressed feathers vary in price, having been as low as twenty-five dollars a pound, and as high as three hundred dollars, and there are from seventy to ninety feathers in a pound. A single bird rarely furnishes more than a dozen fine feathers and the birds themselves, if fine ones, are valued at \$1,000 a pair.—Exchange.

CORRECT BREATHING REDUCES FLESH.

There is nothing more important in trying to get rid of that extra pound of flesh than correct breathing. The very corpulent do not breathe any more than is necessary to sustain life! Stand correctly first, with abdomen drawn in, shoulders back, shoulder-blades flattened and chin out. To exercise at home, the body should be loosely clothed, and the room flooded with fresh air.
After assuming the correct position practice drawing in long breaths, through the nostrils, balancing the weight upon the ball of one foot, then the other. Corpulent people are often heavy walkers, coming down flatly upon the entire length of the foot. Elasticity, besides adding grace to one's carriage, sets up a vibratory action of the muscle fibers that prevents fat. Practice, therefore, deep abdominal breathing, while balancing, as stated above, and a pleasing change in the general contour of the body will soon be noticed.—Exchange.

DANCING.

The dancing of a silly girl gave occasion for the loss of life to the first Baptist preacher who ever lived; and the refusal of a Baptist lady when invited to dance now is blessed of God to the opening of a wondrous avenue for truth into the priest-ridden country of papal Mexico, with a prospect of a glorious result in the enlightenment and salvation of many precious souls. All Baptists should be opposed to dancing, for it has never yet done otherwise than injure those who engage in it, while its reproofs and refusals have been blessed of God. Faithful old brother John would be rejoiced, were he now on earth, to think such a great blessing was about to come upon a race of people by one of his sisters manifesting his spirit boldly before the Governor. We want more such women.—Exchange.

NATURE'S INCUBATOR.

On a ranch in a valley of the Colorado desert we find a new and strange method of hatching chickens.
Many artesian wells are in this valley to furnish water for irrigation. They are made by drilling a hole in the earth, and as the dirt is drawn out a pipe is pushed in till water is reached, which then rises to the top and flows over the edge.
One hole was drilled for 750 feet into the earth, and a flow of water came up with a temperature of one hundred and two degrees. Since the chicks will hatch when eggs are kept just about as warm as this for twenty-one days, the people who own this well decided to use its heat to hatch eggs.

The earth was dug away from the pipe, so that the water, as it flowed over, formed a pool, in which an ingenious form of incubator can be submerged.
Of course, the eggs would spoil if placed directly in the water, so a round can of galvanized iron was made, eighteen inches in diameter and six inches deep. By stretching the arm and hand down this chimney, the eggs are placed on straw on the bottom of the can. In this way, too, they are turned twice each day, and out of the chimney the chicks are drawn when two days old. They are then placed in brooders and given their first food and water.

The can is securely fastened in the warm pool by weights. The only things that appear above the water are the chimney and the end of a small tube which is inserted in the bottom of the can and curves upward.
Through the chimney the foul air rises and escapes. Into the tube rushes fresh air with moisture which ascends as vapor from the water. Both are necessary to give health and strength to the little birds growing in the shells.
These chicks are as strong as any chicks have ever been, and hatched in this way, it is claimed that they are out of their shells one day earlier than when a hen sits on the eggs.—St. Nicholas.

When King Alfred the Great was reigning over England a thousand years ago, school children pondered over problems in arithmetic much as our boys and girls do now.
Here are two taken word for word from the lesson book of that day:
"The swallow once invited the snail to dinner. He lived just one league from the spot, and the snail traveled at the rate of only one inch a day. How long would it be before he dined?"
"An old man met a child. 'Good-day, my son,' said he. 'May you live as long as you have lived, and as much more, and thrice as much as all this; and if God give you one year in addition to the others, you will be a century old.' What was the boy's age?"—Exchange.

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VICTOR BUGS ON IMMORTALITY.

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest that has been more than once cut down. The new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me its generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds. You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul the more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, and eternal spring is in my heart. Then I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvelous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale and it is history. For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, satire, ode, song. I feel I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the one-thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave, I can say like so many others, I have finished my day's work, but I cannot say I have finished my life. My day's work will begin again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes with the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour because I have the world as my fatherland. My work is only beginning. My monument is hardly above its foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity.—The Standard.

THE SONGS IN YOUR HEART.

Some people's religion has very little song about it, new or old. It walls and groans. True religion sings here, and will sing more hereafter. Distrust your religion unless it is cheerful, unless it turns every act and deed to music and exults in attempts to catch the harmony of the new life. "Let the saints be joyful in glory; let them sing aloud upon their beds"—that was David's exhortation. Blessed be our Christian faith, that does not let us creep dolefully along the path, but turns each new advance into a new hymn of triumph, and bursts the walls of the narrow way with the triumphant voices of the pilgrims, and keeps before us always the promise of the new song before the throne!—Phillips Brooks.

OLD PROBLEMS.

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Take a walk to refresh yourself with the open air, which, inspired fresh, does exceedingly recreate the lungs, heart and vital parts.—Dr. W. Harvey.

To take up the cross of Christ is no great action done once for all; it consists in the continual practice of small duties which are distasteful to us.—J. H. Newman.

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"Neither my sister nor myself might be living to-day, if it had not been for Dr. King's New Discovery," writes A. D. McDonald, of Fayetteville, N. C., R. F. D. No. 8, "for we both had frightful coughs that no other remedy could help. We were told my sister had consumption. She was very weak and had night sweats, but your wonderful medicine completely cured us both. It's the best I ever used or heard of." For sore lungs, coughs, colds, hemorrhage, la-grippe, asthma, hay fever, croup, whooping cough—all bronchial troubles—its supreme. Trial bottle free. 50¢ and \$1.00. Guaranteed by all druggists.

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