

The Home Circle.

Sometime.

"Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned, And sun and stars forever more have set; The things which our weak judgment here has spurned...

Gleanings from Astronomy.

[Miss GEORGE D. W., in Rural Press]

'Tis nightfall; and once more the Evening star, in her effulgent brightness, glorifies the western sky, descending (as it were) in eagerness to hail the Pleiades...

diagrams, the position in which we view the heavens is of the utmost importance. In observing the south circumpolar constellations, let it always be understood, that the face is directed to the south, with the zenith for the north, east for the left hand, the west for the right hand...

for it to wound, no anger to kindle? What is neglect, if we have no ambition for it to dis appoint, no pride to mortify? And what is penitence, if we have within our bosoms the conscious assurance of a true and virtuous life?

Millions are perishing, not because their bodies are starving or freezing, but because their souls are. The inward war for soul's life is the cry. "No man cares for my soul!"

Young Folks' Column. Excess in Novel Reading. [From the Pacific Rural Press.] [A Davisville school girl sends us the following with a note in which she says: "Excuse me for the liberty I am taking in sending you this piece. I am going to school, and this is an essay I read there."]