

*Family Circle.**"Be Ye Light-Bearers."*

Midnight and darkness and the mighty sound

Of currents flowing this great planet round,

Under the glowing stars, and with the boat

Of angel's wings in accords full and sweet.

What pathos in lives beneath thy gaze,
O patient watchers! In what gloomy ways

Tired, hungry, smitten with strange terrors still,

Earth's children stumble on with aimless will.

True, there are flocks of light in happy homes,

Tall spires of churches and white temple domes,

Spring blooms, song-happy larks and harvest glees,

And Christ-taught children at their mother's knees.

But under the calm angel's tireless eyes
How wide the desert's desolate misery lies

In throbbing, anguished hearts that have not heard

Of pale Gethsemane and Calvary's blessed ward.

Through Barman wood, Corea's unsealed hills

Thibet's desiles and Cashmere vales there thrills

The same good news the earlier priesthood bore

To Frisia's isles and Norway's wave-hewn shore.

O watchers of sin-dark, midnight earth,
Hints of the dawn, songs struggling into birth,

And starry glimmers and faint points of fire

You see; and love shall crown our long desire.

Tribes, peoples, races in the light shall sit

One brotherhood, with joy the heart of it.

The hymns low sung in Sabbath afternoons

Shall gird the world with their familiar tunes.

Old wrongs shall perish, and no more be known,

And new hopes blossom from the seed long sown,

Till to the hearts of all men, wise and clear

The love of the Divine One groweth dear.

—Sel.

Thanksgiving to God for his continued mercies should be perennial, dwelling in the soul and finding expression at all times, not waiting for set days and official proclamations.

God means every man to be happy. He sends us no sorrows that have not some cure.

Fred Wilton's Faith.

"Mamma," said little Fred Wilton, "I want a canary bird just dreffully."

"Why, darling, you have that rocking-horse that Uncle Grant gave you last month; you have a fort of tin soldiers, a Noah's Ark, a top, a box of bright marbles, a train of cars, a set of building blocks, and I don't know how many Chinese puzzles and picture books. What could you do with a bird?"

"But, mamma, all those things ain't alive, and can't sing. I want a birdie to love it."

"I'm afraid I must say no, Fred. Mamma hasn't time to take care of a bird every day, and you are not old enough."

Fred's face looked very grave as he went on with the depot he was building.

At length he said,

"Mamma, didn't you tell me always to pray to God for what I wanted?"

"Yes, dear."

"And he will give me what I ask him for?"

"If he sees it is best for you to have it."

"Then, mamma, I'm going to ask God for a birdie, and I do b'lieve he'll give it to me."

Fred said no more to mamma about a bird, but night and morning at the end of his little prayer he would say, "Oh, God, please give me my birdie."

For several weeks, Fred did not fail to add this request, but mamma remained firm. Grandpa Wilton came to make a visit, and listened one evening, as Fred knelt at his mother's knee, to the oft-repeated petition still offered in unwavering faith. Next morning he said,

"Fred, my boy, God often sends gifts to his children through people, and he has sent me to give you a canary."

"I knew 'twould come," said Fred, gleefully, and sure enough, by noon a beautiful yellow canary was trilling in a silver cage in the bay-window.

"My dear," said mamma, suppose you should pray a long time, and God did not send what you wanted what then?"

"Then," replied Fred, "then I s'pose 'twould be like the cocoanut candy Miss Ellis gave me, and you wouldn't let me eat it, 'cause you said it would hurt me, and I cried for it, but that didn't make any difference—you didn't give it to

me."

"Did I give you any thing instead, darling?"

"Oh, yes, a great, big, juicy orange. It was good."

"Well, dear, God may not always give you what you want, but when he denies you it will be to give you something a great deal better. Always trust him. Now run and watch 'our canary.'—*S. S. Advocate.*

Willie's Journey to Heaven.

"You will play alone for a while Nellie," said Willie to his little sister, "I am going to heaven to see papa. Aunt Nannie says that he is too happy there to wish to return to us; but if I could only bring mamma word from him, perhaps she would not cry for him as she does."

"Isn't it strange that mamma never talks of heaven as Aunt Nannie does, nor about Papa's being happy there? Maybe she doesn't believe that he is happy; but when I return, she will be happy too. I will put on my scarlet sack with the pretty frill, and my braided frock so that the angel will be glad to see me."

The eyes of the child were fixed on the blue hills, and in his childish innocence, he never doubted that they reached straight to heaven; for did not the hills meet the sky; and could he not step from the hill-top into heaven?

So little sister must play alone awhile, and the message he would bring from dear papa should repay her; and donning his Sunday suit he set out on his mission.

Through the valley and on to the hill-side he went. The hills seemed steeper than he imagined, but he clambered up. His hands and his feet were torn and bleeding, but his young heart never failed him. He sat down on a rock to rest and then clambered on his heavenward way. He was hungry but in heaven they neither hunger nor thirst, and he must hurry on.

At last the shadows of night gathered around him, and, longing for his warm bed at home, yet much more for papa in heaven, he lay down on the ground and slept for weariness. In the morning he was chilled and stiff, and could go but a little way; true to his purpose that way was upward.

Again the shadows gather around him and he lay down; but not to rise. He was too chilled and weary to go on, and he would not turn

back.

When the moon came in silvery glory, she saw a scene fit for the eyes of pitying night. The dews of evening were on the child's wan face, and the golden curls were heavy, and tangled with damp. His tiny hands folded, praying God to show him the *Heavenward Way*.

Again the moon came up, but as if in sorrow, she shrouded her face behind a cloud, and only a dim light lit the place, where lay the form of the trusting child. He was hungry no more, no more he thirsted, and no more he needed to fold his hands in prayer, for God had showed him the *Heavenward Way*.

Kind friends missed him, and only knew that sister Nellie said that he had gone to see papa, yet never dreamed that he sought heaven from the hill-tops; and it was many days ere they found him, half-way up, a picture of silent beauty, lying white and gold, in his scarlet sack, with the dainty frill and braided frock, with torn hands and feet, yet with a smile on his sweet, upturned face.

His youthful dreams were realized. He had gone to see "papa in heaven;" yet only in dreams, and by the light of faith, her unbelief rebuked by the trusting faith of the child, does he bring the coveted message to the lonely heart of mamma. But it is enough; she has been comforted, and she looks forward to that time when she shall meet Willie and Papa on the hill-tops of glory.—*Jennie Gage.*

The Fine Art of Cooking.

Good cooking is an important element in home life and happiness. Many people think that while a girl must go to school for years to accomplish a knowledge of her own and foreign languages, and must have masters for this and that accomplishment, she may be safely left to pick up an acquaintance with cooking after she has a household of her own. This is a mistake. I myself once had a dreadful time in trying to prepare a dinner, in the absence of my faithful Bridget, and I would have given up Latin, Greek and French that day to have known when the potatoes were done, and to have discovered how to get the peas and beans out of the water in which they were floating.

To be a good cook, girls, one needs a light, firm hand, an accurate eye, and a patient temper. One needs, too, a few rules and a trust worthy receipt book. We have all