



The Family Circle.

THE HIGHER SERVICE.

"Would I had millions!"—so thought one
With sympathizing heart—
"How would I give my wealth to aid
Those who from loved ones part."

"To bear the glorious gospel light
Across the stormy wave,
And find afar from fatherland
A stranger's lonely grave."

"How would I build a cool retreat
Upon the mountain side,
Where they might rest when burning heat
Drank up life's ebbing tide."

"And if men followed them, I'd make
A Bethel, even there,
Where still might sound, like songs of hope,
The bells that call to prayer."

"O many, many ways I'd send
My treasure for His cause,
Who gave His Son our souls to save,
And write on them His laws;

"His gracious laws of truth and love,
The wondrous mystery
That binds us in most loyal bonds,
Yet makes the spirit free."

"The Cross has told us what we owe
For our redemption, won
Through blood, and death, and agony
Of God's beloved Son."

"And while we think of myriad souls
Still lost in sin's dark night,
Shall we not wish for means to spread
Abroad the Gospel light?"

It may not be thy Father's will,
Fond heart, to give thee gold,
But He will grant thee riches more
Than kingly coffers hold.

He'll give thee power to plead with Him
Through His own smitten Lamb,
That He will hear His servants' cry,
And answer, "Here I am."

That He will grant the word they preach
May hungering spirits feed,
Like bread the pitying Saviour gave
To thousands in their need.

Yet bring of whatso'er thou hast,
Thy farthings, or thy gold,
But ne'er thine earthly offerings
As highest service hold.

Remember sacrifice of old,
Though by Elijah given,
Could only prove the Lord was God
When fire came down from heaven.

The clouds were marshalled in the skies—
God's messengers—to bear
Once more a gift, that holy man
Had sought in fervent prayer.

And though, through ages long and dark,
Man's history seems a wail,
"Thy kingdom come!" the faithful pray,
And they shall yet prevail.

Behold! a universe of worlds
With untold riches ripe,
Is far outweighed in God's high scale
By one true Christian life.

—Zion's Herald.

THE MEN THAT SUCCEED.

BY THE REV. EZRA LINKER.

Banks, factories, mills, mercantile establishments, railway companies, all kinds of business are on the alert for men, competent men, leaders in thought, in enterprise. But before you are invited to the higher, you must prove yourself capable in the lower.

The late Henry Ward Beecher, who became the foremost pulpit orator, platform speaker, and writer of this century, began his unique career in a little church in a western village, where he was preacher and sexton at a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a year, paid in part in turnips, cabbages and onions.

It did not injure the son of the great Lyman Beecher to begin his ministerial labors in the little church at Lawrenceburg. He began there, but he did not end there. He began on one of the smallest salaries of any clergyman of his education and social surrounding, but he ended with the largest income of any Congregational minister on

the face of the globe. He began with a society of nineteen members, but he ended with a church of more than twenty-five hundred members. He began little and unknown—he ended with a reputation as wide as Christendom. He was born in the quiet town of Litchfield—he died in the "City of Churches," and in sight of the American metropolis. He was rocked in the rough cradle of eighteen hundred and thirteen; he was buried by weeping thousands in the glowing triumph of eighteen hundred and eighty-seven, and amid the beautiful surroundings of Greenwood.

Although educated at West Point, it did not harm General Grant to begin his military career as one of the lesser commissioned officers. Had he begun at a higher grade he might not have reached the highest. Had he begun as a commanding general he might have ended his career where Pope ended his, or Hooker his, or Burnside his, or Halleck his, or McClellan his. Years of lesser responsibility served to prepare him for the highest responsibility.

A short time since I overheard a hard-worked and sorely-pressed mother say to her son of nineteen years, who was living off her meagre earnings: "Joel, suppose you start out this morning and see if you can find something to do." Evening came, and I overheard this conversation: "Joel, what success to-day?" "I found a place where they wanted a young man; but they were not willing to pay me wages enough. I am not going to work for small pay."

The mother gave a sigh and simply said, "It would be better to work for small pay than to do nothing at all."

Work for small pay! No! He would rather see his mother wear her finger ends off to feed his hungry stomach, and clothe his fat and lazy back, than to work for small pay.

The stalwart young man who will sit by the blazing faggots around the fireside, without an effort to bear his share of the burden, and allow his mother to toil from earliest morn till latest eve, is a disgrace to the family name, and is not worthy of a mother.

It does not make so much difference from whence you came as whither you are going—as to your plans, purposes, aspirations. What though Lincoln was born in a log cabin—he died in the White House. What though he split rails in his boyhood days; he did it well—and learned the knack of splitting rebels' heads as well.

One of the most perfect gentlemen, and one of the most thrifty business men, within the range of my acquaintance was once a barefooted ragged boy from a miserable home. But he is a splendid specimen of a man nevertheless.

The surest way to get out of a small place is to perform your work well. If you do this the responsible position made vacant by the death of that trusted official may be offered you.

Form the habit of promptness. If you are a clerk in a bank, in a store, or an employee in a shop or a mill, or if you are in business for yourself, and there are definite hours, times, seasons, bend everything to the moment and the place.

Learn the important lesson which some people seem never to learn of being on time. It is just as easy to be prompt when once you have formed the habit of promptness, as to be five minutes or an hour late. There may be times when mountains of difficulty are suddenly thrown across your path and it is beyond your power to keep your engagements, to be in your place at the appointed time. But if you fail there should be some palpable reason for the delay.

Ten minutes late has cost many a young man his position, and his business reputation. It may be you never knew why you were discharged. It was not because you were profane, not because you drank, not because you pilfered from the till, but solely because that every morning you were at your post of duty ten minutes behind the time. The world moved too rapidly for your feet. The hour for business has come ten minutes too soon—and if it had come two hours later, it would have come ten minutes too soon for your gait.

The miserable imp of delay has captured you, and unless you shake him off and say to him, Get thee behind me, Satan, you will be effectually crippled, and perhaps finally crushed by the upper and nether millstone of business, for the god of this

world knows no forgiveness to the sluggard. Do you see that vast establishment, seven stories high, stretching from avenue to avenue, and covering a double block? That interest was built up by a single brain which realized the value of time.

At the early morning hour, and at the appointed time, and with unswerving regularity the man planted himself at the centres of trade. He was there to catch every favoring breeze, to seize upon every opportunity.

Some years since I called upon a millionaire in the morning hours on a matter of business. Although the gentleman was more than seventy years of age, yet he was just as prompt in his office engagements as if he had been in manhood's prime. He glanced at his watch then begged to be excused as he must be at his office within a half hour. Without doubt that habit of promptness had rendered him important service accumulating the millions which lay in his purse.

The same habit may not make you a millionaire, but it will add something to your meagre income, secure for you a larger place in the thoughts and good wishes of your neighbors. And if misfortune shall ever overtake you, you will have the consciousness that the miscreant of delay did not rob you.

There is not a young man in this city that is robust, intelligent, industrious, sober, conscientious, anxious to do, and willing to work, that need be without employment for a single week.

A well-educated, fine-looking, energetic farmer's boy of twenty-two started from New England to New York to make his own way. When he arrived in the city, he had only fifty cents in his purse and no friends. As he sat upon the steps of a large establishment, he overheard a man say to another that he wished he had a small boy to do errands for the afternoon. The young man sprang to his feet and offered his services, for which he received fifty cents. For two weeks he was employed at one dollar per day. Then he was placed at the ledger. His splendid penmanship made the pages fairly shine with beauty. In a few months he was placed on the road at a salary of three thousand dollars a year. To-day he has a large and thriving business of his own.

Sobriety, diligence, persistency, conscientiousness, Christian faith will give the highest possible success. Such persons shall stand before kings; they shall not stand before mean men.—Pulpit Treasury.

HIS HARD LESSON.

EMMA HARRIMAN.

"Of course you intend to vote the Prohibition ticket, Henry?"

"Of course I don't."

"You don't! Not vote the temperance ticket?"

"No."

"You astonish me! a temperance man, too. I thought you had more interest in the matter than to let that go."

"I have too much interest in my business to do it. Now, see here, Mary, don't look at me like that. I am no worse than other men. You know I am a temperance man, but I must consider my business, and it hurts a man to be too strong a temperance man."

"Well, then, I would be hurt; I would do right and take the consequences."

"Oh, that's very easy for you to say, but it's another thing for me to do it. I'm willing to do everything in reason, but I can't be a saint."

"So you'll vote with the whisky men?"

"I shall vote with the same party I've voted with for years."

"Yes, the party that has licensed these saloons. I think you will have to answer for your share in the business then."

"Nonsense, Mary; don't be so extreme."

And Mr. Lane, an influential and official member of his church, went to his store in a slightly ruffled state. He met a lady on his way who bade him good-morning.

"It's terrible, isn't it?" she said, making a slight gesture toward the saloon close behind them, where a man was sweeping out the accumulated filth. "These places all along the best streets, too, where one can't avoid them. I hope the new party will be strong enough to do away with the whole business before long. That is your party, I suppose, Mr. Lane?"

"You ladies seem to be going into poli-

tics in earnest," he answered, evasively; "my wife talked nothing else at breakfast," and he raised his hat and passed on. But he did not feel altogether comfortable. He had known this lady, Mrs. Lewis, since she was a child—her husband, too; a fine man, but he would drink, sometimes. Mr. Lane wondered if he was at it now. He remembered that Mrs. Lewis had come out of a drug store; she looked pale, too; and it was strange, her being out so early in the morning. He had not thought of it before, but he had not seen Lewis for some days. That must be the trouble. Why couldn't the man be a man, and let liquor alone, he asked himself, impatiently. Then, like a flash, there came the remembrance of a pale face, and he seemed to hear the words, "You don't know what a struggle I have every day of my life. Oh, if the saloons were only closed!" He hurried on to his store, and cast aside all thought of the matter in attention to his business.

In the afternoon, as he was passing along the street, he came suddenly upon a knot of excited people. Two policemen stood there grim and silent. The men were speaking in low, quick tones.

"He's dead!" said one. "I'm sure of it. The bullet went through his brain, they said." A young man stood in the doorway motioning the people back from the closed door. His face was deathly white, and there was blood on his hands, and on the piece of goods he still held mechanically. Mr. Lane started when he saw him; it was Mr. Lewis' brother, and 'twas Lewis' store; he had not seen that before.

"What is it? What is it?" he asked excitedly. The young man opened his lips, but made no sound. "Lewis has shot himself," said a man at his elbow in a low tone; he's been on a spree for a week, and he got away from home and came here and shot himself. I beg pardon for being so blundering about it. I did not know you were a friend of his; come in here and sit down a minute," and he drew him toward the next door, for he had grown so white it had frightened the man. But Mr. Lane shook his head.

"Lewis shot himself," he said slowly; he could not make it out. Why, he had been almost like a son to this middle-aged man standing there half paralyzed by the terrible news; Lewis shot!

It could not be. Men did shoot themselves; he saw it every day in the papers, but not like this. Why, he knew this man—such a smart, handsome young fellow, and now he had shot himself!

"You don't know what a struggle I have every day of my life. Oh! if the saloons were only closed," the words flashed through his mind. He looked around at the waggons rattling up and down the street, the people hurrying along the sidewalk, the grim policeman, the white-faced young man with the blood on his hands, and the hot sun glaring down on them all, and over across the street a big white sign, "Wines and Liquors."

He felt a sickening feeling of terror. "You had better come in here and sit down a minute," said the man at his elbow again. He shook his head. "His father and I were friends, you see, and I've known him since he was a boy," he said, by way of explanation, then he walked slowly along down the street.

An acquaintance met him, rushing excitedly along the street. "Where is Dr. Hammond's office? You know about Lewis? Terrible, isn't it?—and I believe it's killed his wife. Where is Dr. Hammond's office?" He rushed on and Mr. Lane went slowly on toward home. His wife met him at the door. "Have you heard?" she cried, but she saw by his face that he had. "They have sent for me; they think Stella is dying," and she stepped into the carriage that stood waiting for her, and was driven away. Mr. Lane will never forget the hours that followed, as long as he lives. "I am glad Stella lived, Mary," he said that night. "I couldn't have endured it, if she had died too. I helped kill her husband, for I voted for these men that licensed these saloons, but I'll never do it again, never, not if it costs my last cent to be a Prohibitionist. It has been a terrible waking up for me, but I'll never countenance half way work in this matter. The saloons must be closed."

—Union Signal.