



The Family Circle.

THE SECRET OF A HAPPY DAY.

Just to let thy Father do
What he will ;
Just to know that he is true,
And be still ;
Just to follow hour by hour
As he leadeth ;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth ;
Just to trust him,—this is all.
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, and whate'er befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to let him speak to thee
Through his Word ;
Watching that his voice may be
Clearly heard ;
Just to tell him everything,
As it rises ;
And at once to him to bring
All surprises ;
Just to listen, and to stay
Where you can not miss his voice.—
This is all ! and thus to-day,
Communing, you shall rejoice.

—*Calcutta Paper.*

THE TWO CLERKS.

In Market Square, in the pleasant city of Merryport, was a crockery store, over the door of which was a black sign bearing in gilt letters the name of Benjamin Hudson. For many years this crockery store had been there, with the great pitcher hanging in front for a sign ; indeed, when Mr. Hudson first opened the stores some forty years previously, he was quite a young man, and the sign over his door was bright and handsome ; but now his eyes had grown dim, and the owner was called "Old Hudson" by all the boys and girls of the city.

Mr. Benjamin Hudson had grown rich in his business, for he had conducted it all himself, and taken care that nothing should be wasted or lost by neglect. He had made mistakes, to be sure, as every man will make some blunders during a lifetime, but by skilful management he quickly recovered from them. Sixty-five years had begun to bend over Mr. Hudson's shoulders and dim the brightness of his eye, and he found business more irksome than it formerly had been.

"I must have a partner," said he one day to himself as he sat before a cheerful fire. "I must have some one interested in the business who is young and active, and will take the weight off my shoulders, for I do not care to do as much as I used to."

Now, in Mr. Hudson's employ were two young men—Herbert Bond and Charles Schmour. They had been with him an equal length of time, and had performed their duties faithfully and well. Charles did his work quickly, and had a smart way about him that made people think him greatly superior to Herbert, who had a more quiet demeanor and accomplished quite as much without making a great stir about it.

"I must have Herbert or Charles for a partner," soliloquized Mr. Hudson ; "on which can I decide ? They both do very well in the store, but I ought to know something of them out of the store, and I am sorry to say that is a point I have never paid proper attention to. My clerks come here in the morning and go away at night ; what becomes of them over night, I know not, and yet I ought to know. Neither of them have parents in the city ; they live in some of the numerous boarding-houses, and I hope are steady and well behaved. I must see them in their homes, and then decide which shall be my partner."

The next day Mr. Hudson ascertained the boarding-house of his clerks, without letting them know for what purpose, and after supper that evening his wife and daughters were somewhat astonished to see him go to the hall and put on his coat and hat.

"Where are you going, papa ?" asked Lily, the youngest daughter, who could hardly remember the evening when her father had not remained at home.

"I am going to make a call, Lily, on two young men of my acquaintance ; I shall not

be long gone," replied Mr. Hudson, and bidding them good-by, immediately started out.

Herbert's boarding-house was the nearer of the two, and here Mr. Hudson stopped first.

It was a neat-looking house, in a very pleasant street. Mrs. Buntin, the landlady, opened the door when Mr. Hudson rang.

"Does a young man named Herbert Bond board here ?"

"He does. Walk in, sir, and I will call him," replied the woman.

"I will go to his room, if you will show me where it is," answered Mr. Hudson ; "I presume he is in it ?"

"I think so ; he is seldom out in the evening. You can step up there if you like, sir ; go up two flights, and the first door to the right is the one," replied Mrs. Buntin.

Mr. Hudson puffed up the stairs and knocked with his cane at the designated door. It was opened by Herbert, who looked very much amazed when he saw his employer, and said :

"Why, Mr. Hudson, is anything the matter in the store ? Nothing happened out of the way, I hope ?"

"No—nothing—nothing at all," said Mr. Hudson, walking in and taking a chair, "I took a notion to call around and see how you were this evening."

Bond expressed himself very glad to see his employer, and while he took his hat and cane, Mr. Hudson glanced around the room.

It was an attic room, with dormer windows ; a good fire was burning in an open grate ; a book-rack filled with books adorned one side of the room, and the centre of the floor was occupied by a table on which were writing materials.

"You look very cosy here, Herbert ; but why do you have an attic room ? Are there none you can have below stairs ?"

"Oh, yes, sir ; but this is a dollar a week cheaper, and I have all the more money to send to my father," replied Herbert.

"Isn't your father well off ?" enquired Mr. Hudson.

"Not very, sir ; he used to be pretty rich, but his business was disastrous, and he lost a good deal of money," said Bond.

"What do you find to do evenings ? Does not time hang very heavy ?"

"Oh, no, sir ! I have books to read and letters to write. To-night I am writing home ; they want me to make them a visit, but I write that it is a pretty busy time just now, but when it is over I shall ask you for a few days of absence," answered Herbert.

"You shall have it willingly," said Mr. Hudson, and then he added : "Are you contented here in this boarding-house ?"

"It is a very good boarding-house, and Mrs. Buntin is very kind ; but I have often wished that I could live at home," answered Herbert.

"And why can't you ? How far is it from here ?" asked his employer.

"Twenty-five miles, sir ; rather far to travel every day, and then I can't afford the expense," was Herbert's reply.

"What time could you reach the store in the morning ?"

"At half-past eight, sir."

"And you would have to leave at what hour in the afternoon ?"

"At about half-past five, sir."

"Not very bad hours for the business. Perhaps it can be arranged so that you can live at home, Herbert."

"Oh, I should like it so much if I could. I am so homesick here in the city !" was the clerk's reply.

"Well, I'll look into the matter, Herbert."

It seems a pity that one who is so fond of his home can't live there, in these times of railways and fast travelling," said Mr. Hudson, as he arose to depart. Herbert thanked him for his visit, and said it would please him to have Mr. Hudson call again.

The old gentleman descended the stairs well satisfied with the call, and said to himself :

"Now for Charles Schmour. I hope I shall find him as well occupied as Herbert Bond."

The boarding-house was reached, the bell rang, and Mr. Hudson was admitted. The servant said Schmour was in, and ushered him to the chamber door. Mr. Hudson knocked, and the door immediately swung wide open, and a voice exclaimed, "Well, old fellow, got along at last, have you ? We're all ready for you ; have got the—"

Charles Schmour stopped here, and his face

turned suddenly pale at seeing, instead of one of his boon companions, his venerable employer. It was several seconds before he could recover his speech. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Hudson ; you must excuse me. I expected a friend this evening, and in the dim light of the entry I thought you were he. Walk in, sir, and sit down."

Mr. Hudson entered the room, and was somewhat surprised to see three young men who had insulted him on the street ; they were smoking cigars, and had their feet elevated on the bureau, mantel-piece, and bedstead. Mr. Hudson saw at once that he was in confusion, and Schmour's actions were painful and awkward. Nevertheless his employer started a conversation, and had been there but a few minutes when a foot-step was heard on the stairs ; the door opened a little, and a bottle of champagne came rolling across the floor, followed by a round Dutch cheese, a bunch of cigars, and two more bottles. Schmour looked dreadfully distressed, but could do nothing. It was a fourth friend, who had been out after refreshments, and took this facetious mode of introducing them into the chamber. Mr. Hudson thought it was time for him to go, so he took his leave and returned to his home.

Mr. Hudson was not long making up his mind as to which one of his clerks would make the most faithful and efficient partner, and in less than a week it was announced in the papers that Herbert Bond was a member of the firm of Benjamin Hudson & Co. It was a happy day for Herbert, and it was not many years before he managed the whole business himself ; and he became a wealthy man.

Charles Schmour knew very well the reason of Mr. Hudson's choice, and he had always reason to regret having formed such unprofitable acquaintances as were assembled in his room that unlucky night.—*William L. Williams, in Exchange.*

A SKETCH FOR BOYS.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

Young Charles Marshall was spending the summer vacation with his college chum, Fred Davenport. The Marshalls, who lived in an adjoining State, were people in quite moderate circumstances, and Charles had been brought up to practise a pretty strict economy. The elegant living and lavish hospitality he found at the fine Davenport residence was a striking novelty to him.

He enjoyed it all exceedingly, and was greatly flattered by the polite and considerate attention he received, although he did not approve of some of the ways of the household, which were unfamiliar to him. Sometimes he would indulge in satirical comments, which he doubtless thought to be very smart, but which were, in reality, unbecomingly rude.

One damp, rainy day, Miss Margaret, his chum's sister, stood by the open library fire cutting into narrow strips a letter she had that morning received and had just read. She then deftly twisted them into paper-lighters, placing them one by one as they were finished into a quaint old green porcelain jar that stood on the carved mantel.

Young Marshall at the time was lounging in an easy chair near by, watching the fair girl with an amused look as she rapidly wound the dainty spirals. At length he spoke up in a sarcastic tone of voice, "What queer ideas of economy you people seem to have. Now, when matches cost less than two cents a hundred, I am unable to appreciate the economy of saving them by devoting valuable time in making paper-lighters."

"I thought I had explained to you once," and Miss Margaret laughed pleasantly, "that we do not use paper-lighters as a matter of economy at all, although the fact that they save matches is not to be lost sight of. It is a matter of taste entirely. The smoke of a lucifer match of any kind, even parlor matches, is disagreeable and is almost sure to set some of us off coughing or sneezing."

"Well, it strikes me as a decidedly objectionable way of treating the missives of one's correspondence," went on the young cavalier presently. "Rather of an unfriendly 'cut' I should say."

"I fancy I am the best judge of what disposal I make of my correspondence," replied Miss Margaret, with some spirit. "All important letters I preserve, of course, but mere chatty notes from my school friends accumulate so fast that I think it is best to make way with them. Now, Ida Stanly,

who affects this pink stationery, does no object at all to my using her letters to brighten my jar of paper-lighters. Just look. Is not the shade lovely ?"

One morning, two or three days later, the young man handed Miss Margaret a roll of music which he had volunteered to copy for her. "I have had no end of difficulty over it," said he as he glanced impatiently out of the window. "I upset my inkstand in my writing desk, and so completely daubed over a letter I had just finished, that I was obliged to copy it. And at length in order to be in season to take a drive with your brother at the hour appointed, I was compelled to hurry this music. It presents a much less neat appearance than I wish it did."

The span of horses were now at the door, and the young man left the room, drawing on his gloves as he departed. He had been gone a few moments when Miss Margaret proceeded to look over the manuscript music. Lying between the sheets in full view was one page of young Marshall's blotted letter he had referred to. At the first glance she saw her own name, and before she was really aware that the blotted paper had evidently been placed in the roll by mistake, she had read :

"This is a rare old place to visit, I assure you. The Davenports spend money as if it grew on bushes, and yet they use 'paper-lighters' to save matches, and fancy themselves to be very economical, as we have to be at home. By the way, I suspect Miss Margaret is more than half in love with me. She refused to pay a visit at the home of her very intimate friend, Ida Stanly, while I was here. How do I know this to be a fact, ask you, brother Tom ? Why, thanks to those same 'paper-lighters.' This Ida Stanly's letter had been cut into strips, rolled up and placed in the economical porcelain jar over the mantel in the library. I just abstracted them from their receptacle, carefully unrolled them, matched the strips and so possessed myself of a pretty array of girlish secrets. Oh, this is a jolly place to visit, and one small economy is much better than all economy at home ; so I don't know but I had better make love to Margaret, although—"

Miss Margaret was very indignant, of course, but she quietly dropped the blotted sheet of paper into the grate and mentioned the matter to no one at the time. She treated her brother's college friend and chum with her habitual courtesy, until the vacation was ended and the two young men had left the Davenport residence for college.

It was a great puzzle to Charles Marshall why he was never again invited to visit the Davenports, and why Miss Margaret answered a letter he wrote to her, soon after he arrived at college, only by a brief and somewhat curt message to him in a letter to her brother. About the same time he was astonished to find, as he entered his room one evening, that his old friend, Fred Davenport, had taken his books, pictures, and his part of the furniture, to another room to share them with a new chum. Both the young men subsequently graduated, and for a long time Charles Marshall's path in life was unknown to the Davenports.

The other day on reading in the morning newspaper that Charles Marshall, a business man in —, had betrayed an important trust, Miss Margaret, now Mrs. Dr. Lawrence, said, "I am not at all surprised. Any young man with so little sense of honor as to abuse the sacred rites of hospitality as he did at our home, could not be expected to prove true in any position," and then for the first time she told this story.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

POLITENESS AMONG YOUNG PEOPLE.

A writer in the New York *Christian Intelligencer* says : In one direction we are conscious that we fail, and would like to call attention to this one link in the chain, which weakens so much that would otherwise be strong. There is too little regard paid to the manners of our young people. Parents take care to cultivate the minds of their children, and it is right they should. Nowhere can be found more intelligent young people than in America. Christian mothers and fathers cultivate the heart and the conscience of their little ones, and nowhere could we find the members of the family circle more upright and conscientious ; but it has come also to be generally noticed that nowhere else is there so little respect shown by children to