



## The Family Circle.

COME.

BY MARIA J. BISHOP.

Come! He calls thee. Go with Mary;  
By the sepulchre He stands;  
Love His accent; do not tarry;  
Kiss the Master's outstretched hands.

Think not of thy way-soiled garment;  
Think not of thy sin-stained brow;  
See! He waits with shining raiment—  
Calls thee His beloved now!

Come, though weary, sad and dying;  
Jesus calls thee by thy name;  
On the moor He saw thee lying—  
His poor, wounded, wandering lamb.

Fear not; He will not upbraid thee;  
He will make thee fair as light.  
Art thou weak, His arm will aid thee,  
'Till thou walk with Him in white.

## BOYS, LEARN TO DO THINGS.

BY REV. ASA BULLARD.

Henry Bell was brought up on a farm. His father was a physician, but he had a large farm on which he worked more or less, when professional duties would allow, and he taught all of his seven boys to work; and not one of them, even those in professional life, has ever regretted this early training.

Henry, from his boyhood, had a great desire to do everything he saw anyone else do. He liked to spend his play-hours with the tools in his father's shop, making bows and arrows, sleds, boxes, etc., which he learned to make very neatly.

In those days each family had their boots and shoes made at home. A shoemaker, or a cobbler, as he was then called, came with his bench and tools on his shoulder, and spent days, and even weeks, making all the boots and shoes of the whole family for a year. Those occasions were full of interest to Henry. He begged the privilege of going into the chamber with the shoemaker, and learning his trade. He very soon learned to peg and sew and make himself quite useful in the work. To be sure, there were times in after years, during his college vacations, when his knowledge and skill in mending old boots and shoes were of more use to the family than of recreation to him. Still he has never regretted that he came so near being a shoemaker.

Henry had a great taste for the garden. Raising all kinds of vegetables, flowers, shrubbery, etc., was his delight. While his brothers and the hired men were resting at noon-time in the summer, he would seek his rest among his thriving beds of beets and carrots, watching the growth of his melons and cucumbers, and enjoying the varied beauties and sweet fragrance of his roses and pinks, etc. And this interest in horticulture has grown ever since, as every one can see who visits his vine-clad home, in the midst of choice shrubbery and ever-blooming flowers.

This knowing how to do things, which Henry so early learned, has been an unending source of pleasure, as well as a practical benefit, to him all his life. For the forty years he has had a home of his own, there has been scarcely a week, or even a day, when his knowing how to do things has not been of service to him. There is hardly any little repair or improvement needed about the house, but he can make it. And while it is usually a pleasant recreation to lay aside his studies for a short time, it is also an important matter of economy.

He is told that a pane of glass, or the cord of a window, has been broken; there is a hole in the bottom of a tin dish, or the handle has unsoldered; the pump, the clock, or the lock on a door or trunk, is out of order; or a few things need painting; all these things he can usually repair and put in order, and do it in less time than it would take to get the glazier, tinker, pump-maker or painter to come and do it; and at the same time he saves his dollar, or his fifty cents, for every little job. A new shelf or bookcase is wanted, or a trellis for his clematis, honeysuckle or grapevines; he has a work-bench and tools in the barn-chamber, and some hour, when he needs relaxation and exercise, the work is done. His house needs shingling, or a new room is needed; and, if he can spare a little time from his study, he can turn his skill to account in aiding the carpenter; and thus hundreds and hundreds of dollars have been saved to him by having learned to be his own mechanic.

Now, boys, is it not worth your while to be learning to do things? All may not have an equal tact or natural genius, for turning

their hand to almost everything. But everyone ought to know enough—no matter what his employment in life is to be—not to harness a horse—if called to harness one in an emergency—with his head towards the carriage, or to put on a saddle wrong end foremost, or to think he has done a smart thing by making a round button for a door.

## HOW TO GET RICH.

In Mr. Tyler's tract, "How to Get Rich," he says:

"Either a man must be content with poverty all his life, or else be willing to deny himself some luxuries, and save, to lay the base of independence in the future. But if a man defies future, and spends all that he earns (whether his earnings be one dollar or ten dollars every day) let him look for lean and hungry want, some future time."

I tell you, reader, what the writer of this pamphlet ought to know. About ten years ago, when a clerk on a small salary, being convinced that saving is the secret of wealth, he started on a plan of laying by, each week, a portion of his wages, with a firm purpose to stick to the plan for a period of ten years. Those ten years are now ended; and the result is, he has a yearly income from his savings that amounts to the same as his salary was at the time he commenced to save ten years ago. Or, in other words, the yearly interest from his savings will now support him all the rest of his life. And this he did, with others dependent on him, nearly all the time. What think you of this, all ye who never tried faithfully to save a little every week from your earnings? Habits of economy, growing stronger year by year, have rolled up a sum total just as much again as he expected.

To save, is absolutely the only way to make a solid fortune. Every man may make or mar his life, whichever he may choose. Fortune is for those who by Diligence, Honesty and Frugality, place themselves in a position to grasp hold of Fortune when it appears in view. The best evidence of Diligence is the sound of the hammer in your shop, at five o'clock in the morning. The best evidence of Frugality is five hundred dollars or more, standing at your name in the Savings Bank. The best evidence of Honesty are both diligence and frugality, for these prove stealing illogical.

True it is that fortune sometimes is acquired by other means, but it is not to be by inheritance. But does not all our history, all our story show how such fortunes are not solid? They fritter fast away, or prove a curse of life to the recipient. Look around the world, and satisfy yourself, and you will find that many years of saving made the rich men rich; and that one year of spending often makes men poor.

Part of your plan must be, never to draw a dollar from the bank. Put as much as you please in the Savings Bank, but don't draw any out, for that is like trying to build a house and as fast as you get it partly up, pulling it down again. You can't get on in that way. You must stick to your plan.

Five dollars a week steadily saved and put in the Savings Bank, for five years, and you will then be worth \$1,515.

Then fifteen hundred dollars will ever afterwards earn you eight dollars a month.

## GIVING BROKEN THINGS TO GOD.

Wise heads are sometimes found on young shoulders. Infant lips sometimes utter sharp truths and biting sarcasms. A child's eyes see farther and a child's mind understands more than older heads imagine.

Clothing for the Freedmen! We want to send two or three barrels of clothing for the poor blacks at the South. Who will give to God's poor? "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

Such was the call from the pulpit. Of course the matter was talked over in the family. Clothes-presses were ransacked. Second-hand garments, with, perhaps, here and there a rent in them, were gathered together, and a respectable bundle was sent to the "barrel." Little eyes looked on with interest. Little thoughts were busy. Why did we send so many second-hand things to God's poor? Why didn't we lend some of our best things to the Lord?

Not long after, a valuable chair was badly broken. What shall we do with that chair? was a natural question. "I dees," said little three-year-old, "I dees we shall have to div it to Dod."

What a commentary on poor human nature! How prone we are to give broken things to God! How the old Jews set us the example! How they would persist in bringing the maimed, and the halt, and the blind, for sacrifice, when God demanded the spotless and the unblemished. In one of our secular papers, not long since, we saw the statement that the deacons of a certain church out West usually spent a large part of Monday mending the broken scrip which was put into the contribution box on Sunday. No doubt the statement was exaggerated. But we question if there

was ever a church treasurer who did not have considerable of such work to do. And sometimes the scrip aforesaid is not only broken, but not even worth mending. It is counterfeit.

Giving broken things to God! What multitudes of impenitent sinners are doing it or purposing to do it! "Give me thine heart," says God. Give it now. Give it in youth. Give it in manhood. Give your best days, your best strength, your best services, your best powers of mind and body to God. But no; not now, is the response. Wait—wait till old age comes—till sinful indulgences no longer exhilarate. Wait till death stares me in the face. Then I'll give myself to God; then, when I am brok-n, and helpless, and useless. Oh, for shame!

There is one broken thing which God calls for and never will refuse. It is a broken heart. Give Him that, but let all your other offerings be sound and wholesome.—N. Y. Observer.

## TRUST JESUS.

I was once expounding the seventh and eighth of Romans to a class of colored Bible-women, deeply experienced as to their hearts, but very ignorant, as I supposed, in their heads. It was before I had learned this blessed secret I have been trying to tell you, and what I said I cannot possibly imagine now, but it was certainly something very different from my present exposition. After I had been talking eloquently for a little while, an old colored woman interrupted me with—

"Why, honey, 'pears like you don't understand them chapters."

"Why not, auntie?" I asked: "what is the matter with my explanation?"

"Why, honey," she said, "you talks as if we were to live in that miserable seventh chapter, and only pay little visits to the blessed eighth."

"Well," I answered, "that is just what I do think; don't you?"

"Laws, honey," she exclaimed, with a look of intense pity for my ignorance, "why, I lives in the eighth."

I knew it was true, for I had often wondered at the holiness of her lowly life, and for a moment I was utterly bewildered. But then I thought, "Oh! it is because she is colored and poor that God has given her such a grand experience to make up. And I almost began to wish I was colored and poor, that I also might have the same experience. But, I rejoice to say to you to-day, that even if you are white and not poor, you yet may know what it is to abide in Christ, and to rejoice in all the blessedness of such abiding."

The necessary steps are very simple. First be convinced from the Scriptures that it is really in accordance with the will of God. Nothing can be done without this. Then yield yourselves and all your affairs up into the hands of the Lord, to have His holy will done in everything. Then believe that He takes you, and that He undertakes to keep, and save, and deliver you. And, finally, trust Him. It is all hidden in these two little words, Trust Jesus. When you have reached the point where you can really trust Him with everything and for everything, you have reached the land of rest. But remember that trust and worry do not go together. If you worry, you do not trust. If you trust, you will not worry. Let me entreat of you, dear friends, to trust Jesus. Perfect trust in Jesus will bring the soul out of every difficulty that ever was thought of. Trust in Jesus will carry you along triumphantly through every step of your Christian experience; will save you from going into the wilderness if you are not there; will bring you out if you are; will take you into the land of promise, and cause you to abide there continually, and will make you more than conquerors over all the enemies you may meet there! If I were about to speak my last word to you for ever, it would be only this—"Trust Jesus."—Mrs. R. Pearl Smith.

## BOLDNESS.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUTLER.

Jesus was the meekest and gentlest of all beings, yet his courage never flinched. How he soothed the scoundrel Pharisees with the lightnings of his invectives! His Apostles were wonderfully calm and collected men. They never bluster; but adamant is not firmer. Stephen before the furious Sanhedrim, Peter confronting the rulers of Jerusalem, Paul on the castle stairs and in Nero's judgment-hall, are among the sublimest characters for moral courage in history. What models they were for us ministers of the Lord Jesus! Over and over again we read that they "spake the word of God with boldness." They did it at the cost of their lives. Shame on us that we so often conceal, or else muffle, the edge of God's truth, when it is not a question of life, but merely one of popularity or pay! We always cheat ourselves when we play the coward; for nothing "pays" better in the long run than fidelity to conscience. The secret of apostolic courage is found not only in the

presence of the Almighty Spirit, but in the fact, several times recorded, that they made special prayer, that they "might have boldness to open their mouths" for their Master. A notable example of this is to be found in the narrative of the prayer-meeting, which is in the fourth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. Yet in our modern prayer-meetings we seldom hear petitions offered for courage to speak the truth, and to "stand up for Jesus."

Every man admires moral courage, even though his own backbone be made of pulp. Luther's pluck on his way to Worms, and before the Diet, has been applauded by many a man who did not dare even to refuse a glass of wine in a polished company, for fear of a stare or a frown. The mass of professed Christians are guilty of too much time-serving, too much drifting with the current, too much concealment of needed truth, and too much compromise with Christ's enemies. The boldest are none too bold; the cowards are as much despised by themselves as by others. Men of the world expect more faithful dealing from Christians than they receive; secretly they feel an utter contempt for a shamefaced professor of religion.—Evangelist.

## THE TEA MISSION.

The *Christian Weekly* tells of a curious combination of trade and charity by which much good is being accomplished in Brooklyn. It says:—

Something more than a year ago the office secretary of the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association retired from the position he had so long held. His heart was still in the work of aiding the deserving poor by the distribution of garments, etc., which had so long formed a part of his duties, and he hired a room in Court street, at a rent of \$20 per month, over the window of which he placed the sign, "Voluntary Relief Work." The first bundles of half-worn clothing were brought by himself from his country home, but more kept pouring in, and by the first of March 1,764 articles had been distributed to those whose cases, on investigation, proved themselves in need and worthy. Situations have been furnished to the unemployed, meals and lodging to the stranger and homeless, and graves for the respectable destitute. The year's statistics represent about \$23,117.11, and left, October 1, a balance of \$696.22 in the treasurer's hands. There are no expenses save expenses on clothing, the mending of boots and shoes, rent, fuel, etc.

But how are these, as well as some items which must be paid for with cash, furnished? In a most ingenious and original way. Early in the year Mr. C—having received a donation of money, bethought himself of purchasing a box of tea at a low price to distribute to the sick poor. Trying it himself, and getting some of his friends to do so, they found it very superior, and desired to purchase some at a greatly advanced price. This laid the foundation of a brisk tea-trade, by means of which the self-appointed missionary supports his mission.

Mr. C—finds the work intensely fascinating in its details, and has many stories to tell to those who will drop in at 75 Court street, of the good work done by boots and shoes. Among them we recall a pair of boots sent in without a name, as being too insignificant for acknowledgement. They were sent to be repaired, and just as they were brought back, a young man, decently clothed, but almost bare-foot, entered. The boots were given to him, and on these foundations he was able to go to New York and procure a good situation, and in a few weeks returned to deposit his first week's wages as interest on the investment of the boots.

Another young man was met late one evening who had sold his sole possession, a copy of Tennyson, for food, and for the last five nights had slept in the streets. Mr. C—gave him an order on a lodging-house, but he was too late to present it, and spent that night sitting up in a station house. The next morning he presented himself at the Relief Room, was clothed, fed, and kindly cared for. Others were interested for him, and now he is preaching the Gospel to quite a large mission congregation on the east side of New York.

## "BIG AND QUICK."

BY "OLD MAN MILLER."

It is related, to the shame of a modern military commander, that he was intoxicated at the time he assumed charge of a certain army division, and made a maudlin speech to the troops, in which he took occasion to utter the boast: "Gentlemen, what I do shall be big and quick." The truth will readily be surmised that the term of this general's commandership was quick enough, and, in fulfillment of his boast, was indeed marked by some things big. But since the smoke of conflict has cleared away, unfortunately the memory of his record never brings to any cheek the flush of pleasure.

The "big and quick" plan of action is always