

THE FAMILY.

DON'T LEAVE THE FARM.

Come boys, I have something to tell you,
Come near, I would whisper it low—
You are thinking of leaving the homestead,
Don't be in a hurry to go;
The city has many attractions,
But think of the vices and sins;
When once in the vortex of fashion,
How soon the course downward begins.

You talk of the mines of Australia.
They're wealthy in gold no doubt;
But ah! there is gold in the farm, boys,
If only you'll shove it out.
The mercantile life is a hazard,
The goods are first high and then low;
Better risk the old farm a while longer,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

The great busy West has inducements,
And so has the busiest mart;
But wealth was not made in a day boys,
Don't be in a hurry to start!
The bankers and brokers are wealthy,
They take in their thousand or so,
Ah! think of their frauds and deceptions;
Don't be in a hurry to go!

The farm is the safest and surest,
The orchards are loaded to day,
You're free as the air of the mountains,
And monarch of all you survey,
Better stay on the farm awhile longer,
Though profits come in rather slow;
Remember you've nothing to risk, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to go!

STRIKING OUT FOR HIMSELF.

A TRUE STORY.

Somebody opened the door of a great counting-room—a small boy with patched pants. He spoke to the cashier.

"Can I see Mr. Allen?"

Mr. Allen, the proprietor, was often too busy to be seen. But the cashier, won by the pleasant face and funny little air of business, pointed the little stranger to the inner office.

"Thank you, sir," said the boy and hastened to enter the door.

Mr. Allen sat before his desk reading a letter. He was so interested that he did not see the boy who stood a moment at his elbow, and then said almost in his ear:

"Good morning, Mr. Allen."

Mr. Allen started, turned his head, and, eyeing his caller from his smooth hair to the well blackened but worn shoes, asked:

"Do you wish to see me, youngster?"

"Yes, sir. I'm striking out for myself," looking as tall as possible. "Mother's sewed for both of us long enough. I'm going to earn my living now."

"Ah," said Mr. Allen, leaning back in his chair and fixing his keen blue eyes on the brave young face, "can't your father support you?"

"No, sir. He died when I was a baby. And before that mother had to sew for both. He never struck out, sir, except to drink."

"You don't propose to strike out in that way?"

"No, sir!" He spoke with manly decision.

"Have you anything for me to do? I like the looks of things here."

"Thank you. I fear we have nothing for a small person like you. My clerks, you see, are all men."

The boy looked through the open door into the wide, elegant counting room. Yes they are all men some gray-haired and dignified.

"Don't you have any errands, sir?" he persisted. "I'll do them very quickly."

"Those two porters at the lower end of the room do all such work."

"I should think one was too fat to get along very fast, there are such crowds in the streets."

"Would you have him turned away on that account?"

"Oh, no, sir! I wouldn't have nobody put out into the cold to get me in," shivering as if he had often felt the cold. "I only thought I might slip about where he couldn't. May be I ought not to bother you; but I liked your store, and mother heard you say you was once a poor boy yourself!"

"So I was! So I was!" The fine blue eyes kindled. "That's why I talked with you, my little man. I like your spirit. I believe you will be successful. Keep trying—you'll find a place—apply at the large dry goods stores who employ boys. Let me know how you succeed."

Two weeks later somebody entered the office again, dressed in a rubber coat so long and large that he looked like a miniature tent; but the bright face was instantly recognized by the cashier. As before, he asked to see Mr. Allen, entered the private office, and again startled the absorbed gentleman with a cheerful

"Good morning, Mr. Allen."

"Well, how do you get on?"

"First-rate. I'm so engaged at White's, sir, for two dollars and a half a week. I thought I'd drop in and let you know."

"That is good news. Where do you live?"

"At Cambridge."

"Won't the car-fare make quite a hole in your salary?"

"No, sir. I spend no money on railroads. I walk."

"You'll succeed!" Again the merchant's eyes kindled. Well, call often, I'd like to hear from you."

The boy lingered.

"I don't go to work till to-morrow, sir; loafing this afternoon. Haven't you something I can do? I'd like to give mother a lift to-day."

The gentleman's hand moved toward his pocket, but was withdrawn as the boy suddenly receded, with a hot flush on his wan and hungry cheek.

"I wanted to earn money, sir. Have these men done all your errands? Or may be you'd like some windows washed? My rubber coat would come in handy."

The idea of the little fellow cleaning the massive plate glass! But Mr. Allen did not laugh at him. "We have a regular window-cleaner," he said.

The boy sighed.

"I wouldn't want to spoil his job, especially if he had a family."

The merchant laid aside his pen and went into the counting-room.

"Can't you hunt up something for the little chap to do?" he asked the cashier, as anxiously as if he were pleading for himself. "He ought to be encouraged."

"Those three flights of stairs to the store-room need sweeping."

"Very well, set him at them."

So the cashier got the watering-pot and brushes, and led the way to the upper story, the atom in the tent rustling after, beaming and brisk.

"You may sweep the store-rooms, too. It requires judgment not to throw dust on all those bundles of paper."

"I'll be careful, sir; you can depend upon me."

"Well, take your time," said the cashier on leaving. "If any one interferes, send them to me."

The boy fell to work with a will. By-and-by the janitor heard the queer scratching noise along the neglected stairs.

"What are you doing? Who put you here?" he asked sharply.

"Mr. Allen," was the reply, without a pause in the brushing. "See here, mister, when I got

through, can't you give me something to do, too? You see, I'm loafing this afternoon. I've got a steady job to-morrow?"

"I don't hire nobody," said the crusty janitor, and went away.

When the sweep had finished, received his pay and gone, Mr. Allen came out of his office.

"Where's the little man?" he asked and seemed disappointed when told he was gone. "I wanted him to carry these to my son."

The good man held two small parcels that had lain in his desk a long time. He hunted them up for the sake of employing the boy. The cashier says Mr. Allen will keep his eye on that lad. If he continues faithful, self-reliant, and eager to aid his mother, possibly there will yet be a place in the stately counting room for the boy who decided to "strike out" for himself.—HELEN PEARSON BARNARD, in *Well-Spring*.

JOSEPHINE W. SMITH.

Our acquaintance with our beloved Sister Smith commenced at Island Park, August 4, 1883, and continued in the most intimate relations till the day of her entrance into the Paradise of God. From the time of our meeting in St. Louis in September, 1883, we have been one family, being in one house. Her life can be written in a few words, yet its fruits can never be told, and by Divine appointment the fruits of her death will, we doubt not, exceed those of her life.

As a preacher's wife, she has been devoted to the cause, quietly hiding her work, under that of her husband.

In disposition she was quiet and calm; ever modest of her own worth, and apt to underrate her ability, being a woman of excellent judgment and of fine mental powers.

Though neither herself nor her husband had contemplated a missionary life, when they received the urgent call of the Board, they responded as to a voice from above, and went forth they knew not whither.

From the time of our arrival in Japan in October, till the next February, she studied the language faithfully, showing great aptitude for not only the sounds, but also for the difficult characters, and making good progress; yet not being in vigorous health the labors she desired to do she could not; however, she did all that an angel could. She possessed her soul in patience, submitting without complaint to whatever fell to her lot.

When we left Yokohama to come here, by sea a distance of seven hundred miles, by land practically separated by an impassable gulf, she cheerfully remained behind.

After her arrival here her health continued to improve till within about eight weeks of her death. She was not confined to her bed till about Feb. 7. From that time till the end she suffered much, but bore it all cheerfully.

We thought, at times, that the sickness might terminate fatally; but scarcely dared retain the idea till it could not be dismissed.

On the morning of March 23, at 11:10 o'clock, Josephine Estelle Smith, the first being her mother's name, was born, and remains with us as a precious charge.

About 1 p. m. Sister Smith became unconscious and remained so till about 10:30 p. m., when her spirit quietly took its flight.

Though in a strange and heathen land, she was, in this hour, surrounded by those of like precious faith—a great privilege after so short a stay in this land.

Sister Garst was too much overcome to remain till the last; but three Japanese sisters were present with the stricken, but strong in the faith, husband, little Elsie, only eight years of age, and Bro. Garst.