

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

WHEN YOU ARE IN TROUBLE.

BY REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

When you are in trouble,
What's the next best?
Bundle up your dismal doubts;
Fling them all away.

When you are in trouble,
Go to God for light,
He can make it clear enough
In the blackest night.

When you are in trouble,
Sing your gladdest song;
Sound the notes of coming joy
Loud, and clear, and strong.

When you are in trouble,
Never mind your fears;
Laugh away your gloomy thoughts,
Wipe away your tears.

When you are in trouble,
Wear your brightest face;
God will lighten up your heart
With his present grace.

When you are in trouble,
Smile your sweetest smile;
God will bring you safely through;
Only wait awhile.

AT EVENTIDE IT SHALL BE LIGHT.

EMMA WILMOT.

The stranger sat down and watched the sea while he listened to the old man's story. Often the narrator's voice broke and tears fell on his clasped hands while the eyes of the listener were dimmed, but the woman sat still as if a pain had settled on her heart which was so great as to numb her into silence.

"You see, sir, we had only one child and maybe we were too fond of him. He was like his mother; had the same curly hair and deep blue eyes. When he was sixteen there wasn't anything in the harbor could beat him at hauling a net and trimming a sail. He loved the sea, how he loved it! but we wanted to keep him on the farm. You see the fisherman's life is hard and what is worse it isn't always good. Well there came a man down on the coast not long after we were married and he set up a gin shop right by the beautiful sea, and he dealt out what was often death to the boys. It so unsettled their heads and hands that they were not fit to man the boats in storms. I preached and begged them to let him alone and when that wouldn't do I went to him and prayed him to go away. But he only laughed in my face. I couldn't rest happy because of him and his work, but I didn't think that the time would ever come when I would know all the misery of it, but I did sir. It does seem strange that God should let it come to me, who tried so to break up the sin. My boy loved the sea and at night when the plow was at rest and the stock led he'd dress himself in his sailor suit and go down to hear Jack Stover and the rest spin their yarns; and so, one night when it stormed and the lads were all in the gin shop, he was coaxed inside. The first he knew he was coming home with his legs that unsteady as if he'd spent all his life on shipboard. That broke mother up. Maybe we were over-harsh with him, but at any rate he ran away and left us. Yes we got up one morning to find that his bed hadn't a touch of him, and his clothes were gone. I guess as I've gone so far I'll tell you all. We thought he would come back but he didn't, and soon there was a cry raised that old Jack had lost all the money he had hoarded. Every bit of it was gone, and what more natural than that—that—. The barkeeper you know said he saw him."

The stranger sprang to his feet his face flushed and his fists clenched.

"It's a lie!" he said "a base lie! The villain!"

"Hush!" said the old man. "I thank you for your sympathy but do not sin. Sit down and hear me out. Jack said he didn't take it, and mother and I that's all. It was his way always to come dashing over the stile by the kitchen door and bound in at sunset. Such a cheerful lad he was. Why we could hear his whistle clear from the lighthouse bend. Mother always says he'll come in some sunset in the old way, but ah me!"

"Hush!" said the old woman. "He will come father. His love for me and mine for him will bring him, though a thousand seas stood between. He will come in at sunset."

"There is more," continued the father as though having broached the subject he could talk of it forever. "There is more, though he was only eighteen—our boy—he was in love. Yes he never told us and she's never said a word, dear Hetty, but mother found it out. One

night the child had come to see us and as she handed the plates mother saw on her finger the ring I engaged her with when she was a girl. Our own engagement ring that our boy had been wearing for a while. She wears it, Hetty does. Poor Hetty! We have no one but her to love us and she has no one but us to love her. That wasn't much you think to tell us of his love, but mother knows he'd never have given it to any one he thought less of than I did of mother when I put it on her finger."

"What of her?" asked the young man "what of Hetty. Does she think your son is dead?"

"No. How strange women are. She has never called our Philip's name, never once; but I know she looks for him back for often at evening she sits on the beach and watches the ships come and always at sunset. It's funny they've both got that notion. Neither of them ever thinks of his being a man and changed. Hetty don't ever think that maybe he has a wife over the seas, but both look for him back just as he went away."

"Ah the women know best" said the stranger. "If it were not for them what would there be to come home to?"

The old man's face grew stern and his lips quivered with pain.

"My boy would never say that," he exclaimed, "I'm his father and he be alive good or bad, I'd lay down my life for him and he knows it. But sir, I fear I have wearied you. What are the troubles of two old people and a girl compared with those of the world?—and yet after all it is a world full, for the boy was our world."

"I will come to-morrow then," said the captain rising, "I will certainly come. I can hardly go away now."

"Won't you stay? I did not mean to hasten you. Come in and take the night with us."

"No, no," he replied, "I must go I have business to attend to. I—I am going to buy out the saloon on the beach."

"O please," urged the old man "Don't do that. A curse will come upon you if you do. I like you. You look too good for that. If you do I cannot sell the old place to you; I'd be cursed myself."

"I'll promise never to sell a drop if it will please you," was the reply. "Good-bye keep up a good heart. I believe with your wife that the boy will come back," and he turned away but again the hand of the old woman held him back and her trembling voice asked:

"Will you keep the door open at sunset?"

For reply he bowed his head and went on out the gate. He quite broke down when he had left the house and sitting on the wayside wept as he had not done for years, then walked away to the pine forest where he spent the day going back and forth unconscious of hunger and fatigue, murmuring over and over to himself: "The old place sold; the old place sold!"

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The sun was just going down beneath the water making the ships glow, throwing fantastic shadows on the waves and tingling the snowy wings of the gulls that dipped in sport, swaying from side to side. The pine trees tossed in the breeze giving back the murmur of the ocean.

At the door of the old farm house sat Elijah Fairmont and his wife hand in hand. Such a look of pain was on their faces as had never in all their sorrow been seen before. This was the last day on which the farm was to be theirs; the dear old place that had echoed the noise of little feet, and the tender lullaby that accompanied the motion of the cradle. The old barn where their boy had romped, and the dairy where he played, were to pass into other hands. It seemed to them like coming suddenly upon his grave in an unknown land and realizing that he had sickened and died without their tender ministry.

Their hearts were too full for utterance and they simply clung to each other.

At length the old man spoke as if he could no longer endure the pain of silence:

"Wife, do you remember when God told Abraham to take his child upon the mount?"

She nodded a response that her lips could not utter.

"He did not let him strike the cruel blow. Do you remember, too, he has promised that at eventide it shall be light? It is natur-

al for it to be dark at eventide, and this is the eventide of our lives. Wife, we have served him faithfully and he never breaks a promise."

"I know," she replied, "but, O father, father."

She clung to him sobbing in her great grief; and stroking her hair tenderly he murmured words of comfort.

There was a quick tread upon the walk again, and supposing it to be Hetty the comforter, they lifted their eyes to see before them the stranger who had that morning called to make arrangements for buying the farm.

"I have come back," he said; then noting their tear-stained faces, suddenly lost voice, and regained it by an effort. "I have come back to tell you—I—I. What would you think if I'd buy the old place and till it for you? I can't live on it by myself and you know all about it."

The husband smiled faintly as he laid his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"God bless you," he said, "whoever you are; but I—I—can take care of mother yet awhile. We'll live down by the sea, and be nearer the ships that come in, mother."

The captain lifted his hat and turned his face toward the light in the west. His heart was breaking with a weight of love for the two there and the suffering they bore it, yet he could not tell them was on his lips.

The old woman was gazing at him steadily, drawing nearer and nearer. Her hand was on his shoulder as he looked down into her face.

"Have you anything to tell me?" she said. "Any news from the sea? It is uncertainty that kills. You act as if there is something you would tell me."

"Yes, yes," he said, "I—I have walked the woods all day to grow calm. I am hungry. I am tired; my heart is breaking. The sun is setting, and O mother I have come home."

She was in his arms so still and white that he thought her dead, and the old man lunged over her begging her to speak.

They laid her down in her room where she had held her babe upon her breast, and at length she opened her eyes to fix them on the face of her boy and murmur:

"At eventide it shall be light."

Hetty's watch from the seaside ceased. The old place was tiled and the good father who had cursed the barkeeper in his heart stood smiling by one day while the sailors of the yacht broke out the barrel heads one by one and turned their contents into the sea. Then going back with his boy to the farm house he clasped his wife's hand and said exulting:

"Mother, I did not curse him to-day, not even in my heart. I prayed God bless him as he went away."

"UPSETTING MOSES."

"I say, Deacon, Darwin's theory of evolution is a little hard on Genesis. Of course we don't know yet how it will turn out; but it looks a little as though they were going to upset Moses."

The Deacon made no answer. He surely must have heard Jim's remark. Presently he was observed to be counting his fingers slowly, and with pauses for thought between each enumeration. After awhile Jim ventured to ask: "Counting your saw-logs, Deacon, aren't you?"

"No," said the Deacon; "I'll tell you. Your remark se me to thinking. I was just counting up how many times in the course of human history somebody has upset Moses. First of all two old jugglers, named Jannes and Jambres, undertook this, but they failed. Then a certain king named Pharaoh went at the work of upsetting Moses. He must have found it more of a work than he anticipated, for he has not reached home yet. Then three leaders of liberal thought, Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, went at the Job. They failed in the upsetting part; but they secured a bit of ranche for themselves which they and their children hold quiet possession of until this day." Later on a king named Nebuchadnezzar entered upon the upsetting business. He did not succeed either. He spent seven years chained to a stump; and when he had changed his mind was a sadder and wiser man. His successor met with a still greater disaster in a similar attempt. Since that time there have been no end to persons who have tried to upset Moses. Some ancient heathen, Celus, and Porphyry, and Julian the Apostate; and latterly these German critics

and those scientists, so-called, are at the same thing. Years ago when I was in Boston, I heard of a meeting of Free-thinkers at a place called Chappin Hall. I could not resist the temptation to go just once and hear what they said. I found about twenty persons there. Three or four of them were women; all the rest were men. And what do you think they were doing?—They were engaged in the old enterprise of upsetting Moses. And yet Moses bath to-day in the Synagogues of Boston more persons that preach him than he ever had before.

"It is astonishing how much upsetting it takes to upset Moses. It is like upsetting a granite cube. Turn it on which face you will, there it stands as solid as ever. The cube is used to being upset, and does not mind it. I always amuses me when I hear a fresh cry from some man who nobody has ever before heard of has found out a sure way of doing what all others have failed in. And now here comes Jim Manley, and Moses has to be upset again. Ah, well"—and the Deacon sighed.

There was a roar of laughter which made the rafters of the saw mill ring, and all joined in it except Jim.—*Christian Observer.*

A PRECIOUS PILLOW.

Dr. Judson, one of the earliest missionaries to Burmah, completed the translation of the New Testament in 1823. The manuscript within a year was destined to enter on a strange history. The Judsons went to America the capital of the empire, very hopeful of doing effective missionary work there. War, however, broke out between England and Burmah, and all foreigners were soon regarded with great suspicion. On June 8, 1824, Dr. Judson was apprehended, and with cruel violence and gross indignity was cast into the death-prison. In a few days, through a money payment, he and other prisoners were removed from that awful place to an open shed within the prison bounds. There they lay with iron upon their limbs. When her husband was cast into prison, one of the first acts of Mrs. Judson was to bury the manuscript of the New Testament under the house in the soil, lest it should be found and destroyed by their persecutors. When Mr. Judson was permitted to receive a visit from his brave wife, and they could speak together a little naturally, one of his earliest inquiries related to the safety of the work which had cost him so much time and toil. The rains had set in, and the manuscript would be destroyed if it remained long in the ground. A plan for the preservation of this priceless treasure was soon devised. Mrs. Judson sewed it up in some cotton stuff, which she further encased with matting, thus making a pillow for her husband, so unsightly and so hard, that she supposed no one would care to take it from him.

After about seven months had passed the prisoners were suddenly thrust again into the inner prison and loaded with extra fetters. The few poor mattresses and pillows, which had scarcely seemed to ease their aching bones, were taken from them, and among these the rough bundle on which Dr. Judson was wont to lay his head. The first night of this new misery the prisoners expected speedy execution, and Dr. Judson's thoughts dwelt a good deal on the contents of the strange pillow he had lost. He thought of passages in that New Testament which might be more perfectly translated. He wondered what the future of the manuscript would be. Would Mrs. Judson ever see it again? Would it in some future year be found, and be a source of light and blessing to the benighted people of Burmah? The jailer, however, to whose share the pillow fell, found it so uncomfortable, and apparently so worthless that he flung it back into the prison. Tastes differed, and if the prisoner liked that sort of thing to rest his head upon he might have it for all the jailer cared. Presently came a day when the prisoners were stripped of nearly all their clothes, "tied two and two," and driven barefooted over sharp gravel and burning sand to a wretched prison some miles away. When, on that occasion, the fierce Burmans were seizing all the spoil they could, the mat was unfastened by one of them from Dr. Judson's pillow, and as the hard stuff within seemed to be of no value it was thrown away. A Christian convert picked it up as a relic he would keep in memory of the dear teacher he

feared he would never see again. Little did he imagine what the mean-looking cotton roll contained. Months afterward, when the troubles were over, and the Judsons were free again for their loved work, the New Testament was found no worse for the perils through which it had passed. In due time it was printed, and today the men and women of Burmah read in it "the wonderful works of God."

ON THE SPOT.

On a bitter winter night, many years ago, two persons stood talking together at the corner of a street in New York. One of them (who had been bred as a mechanic) was a warm-hearted Sabbath-school teacher. He so loved to do good that he never lost an opportunity to say a judicious and faithful word for his Master.

The other person was a young fellow from the country, who had come to New York to earn his living, but was in great danger of falling into the traps of the drinking saloons and the dance halls.

The older man stood and pleaded with the younger one to decide there on the spot to begin a life of service to God. The wind howled through the street and blew the snow in their faces, but the good man held on, and kept saying, "Now is the time, and God is, through my words, calling you to decide."

An hour passed. The storm howled on; but the teacher was so much in earnest that he did not mind the cold. At length the youth said, "Mr. P., I will decide for God to-night. I will give myself to Christ and to his service."

Nobly did he keep his promise. He not only became a devoted religious man, but he determined to enter College and prepare to preach to others the glad message he himself had accepted. By and by he came back to New York, and was so useful a preacher that nearly two thousand persons were won to his Master by his persuasions. He is an old man now; but when I saw him a few weeks ago he was as happy as a lark. All his long, useful, and honored life has turned on that winter night talk at the street corner, when he decided on the spot to heed God's message.

It does not take much time to make a right start when you are in earnest. What that young man did was to give himself to a divine Master. His reason was convinced that he must become a better man and a nobler man if he did what is the duty of every person to do, and that is to acknowledge God's claims for love and obedience, and accept them as his rule of life. It then took him no more time to say Yes than it would have taken him to say No. When anything to be done is right, the quicker you do it the better.

One of the greatest generals in the world was asked how he had gained so many victories. His answer was, "By never putting anything off." Young friends, you will conquer evil and win heaven at last if you will resolve always to obey God, and to do right do it on the spot.—*Selected.*

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

EMMA'S AMBITION.

"Oh mamma!" she said, looking up with flushed face, as her mother came in. "There is just the loveliest story in here! It is about a little girl who was only ten years old, and her mother went away to see a sick sister, and was gone for a whole week; and this little girl made tea, and toast, and baked potatoes, and washed the dishes, and did every single thing for her father; kept house, you know, mamma. Now, I'm most ten year old; I was eight 'most a week ago, and I could keep house for papa. I wish you would go to Aunt Nellie's and stay a whole month, and let me keep house. I know how to make toast, mamma, just splendidly! and custard; and Hattie said she would teach me how to make ginger cake, some day. Won't you please to go, mamma?"

"I don't think I could be coax- ed to do it," said Mrs. Eastman. "The mother of that little girl in the book, probably, knew that she could trust her little daughter; but I should expect you to leave the bread while it was toasting, and fly to the gate, if you heard a sound that interested you; and I should expect the potatoes to burn in the oven while you played

in the sand at the door. I couldn't trust you in the least."

"Mamma!" said Emma, surprise and indignation in her voice. "What makes you say that? You have never tried me at all. Why do you think I wouldn't do as well as a girl in a book?"

"Haven't I tried you dear? Do you know it is just three quarters of an hour, since I sent you to dust the sitting-room, and put everything in nice order for me? Now look at those books tumbled upside down on the floor, and those papers blowing about the room, and the duster on the chair, and your toys on the table; while my little girl reads a story about another little girl who helped her mother."

"Oh, well," said Emma, her cheeks very red, "that is different; nothing but this old room to dust. If I had something real grand to do, like keeping house for papa, you would see how hard I would work; I wouldn't stop to play, or to read, or anything."

"Emma, dear, perhaps you will be surprised to hear me say so, but the words of Jesus Christ show that you are mistaken."

"Mamma!" said Emma, again, and her voice showed that she was very much surprised.

"They certainly do, listen; 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much.'

"And once he said to a man, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things; I will make thee ruler over many things.' Can I say that to you, this morning?"

BABY'S RECITATION.

They called her the baby, though she was two years old. Of course she was the "cuttingest little thing that ever lived." And among her other accomplishments, she could recite little cunning verses in the prettiest manner!

Behold her, perched on the mantel, her favorite place for practice, rehearsing her new "piece," so as to be ready when papa comes home.

"God bless my two little feet,
May they never go astray,
But swiftly and joyfully tread
After Katie, every day!"

Now the baby is puzzled. What is the next line? She can't think. She twists and untwists her little clasped hands, and finally puts them behind her, in a way she has when she is troubled. "In the straight and narrow way." Those are the words which have slipped away from her little brain just as her tongue was going to speak them. She thinks and thinks, but they will not come. At last with bright eyes and smiling lips, she slips out her next line, repeating the preceding one, that mamma may see just how it fits:

"But swiftly and joyfully tread
After Katie, every day!"

Katie is the ten-year old sister, and if there is anything in the world that baby likes to do, it is to trot after her from morning till night. If the verse really doesn't finish that way—and baby has her doubts about it—she thinks it is a very nice finish indeed.

"Oh, you little rogue!" says mamma, and lifts her down to half smother her with kisses.

"Katie!" said the mamma, that same evening when the baby was sleeping, "how do you think baby said her new verse this afternoon? She forgot the last line, and this is the way she put it:

"God bless my two little feet,
May they never go astray;
But swiftly and joyfully tread
After Katie every day!"

Do you know I have been praying ever since, that Katie's feet might be kept from going into places that it would not be safe for baby to follow."

What made Katie so quiet for the next half hour? Her lips had been parted, already to ask permission to go to Jennie Blake's for the next afternoon, when her mother spoke.

"But," said Katie, let me see. If baby has really prayed about following me, I must be careful. Jennie Blake is real funny, but she doesn't always tell the truth; and she says hateful things to her little sister Carrie, and Carrie is afraid of her and hides, and makes believe she doesn't hear Jennie sometimes when she calls; and baby might learn to do that; and oh dear! she might learn from Jennie not to speak the truth. I don't believe I ought to go to Jennie Blake's to-morrow."

And Katie worked away on her tidy, and said never a word to her mother about Saturday afternoon and Jennie Blake's home.