



The Family Circle.

HYMN.

Oft when dark, foreboding fears
Cast their shadows on to-morrow;
When my eyes are dimmed with tears
And my heart is filled with sorrow,
Jesus comes and whis-pers peace;
Jesus brings a sweet release.

CHORUS.—Glory be to God above,
All is peace and joy and love;
Grief no longer shades my brow
I am happy, happy now.

Oh, my Father's watchful care
Leading me through pastures vernal;
Balmy sweets perfume the air,
Foretastes of the bliss eternal;
Raptures fill my longing soul,
Pressing onward to the goal.
Glory, &c.

S. MOORE.

JANET MASON'S TROUBLES.

(From the Sunday Magazines.)

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued)

"N—no, not very," said Janet, not quite knowing how to reconcile truth with courtesy. "Well, I daresay it won't keep you from sleeping, at any rate—will it?"

"Oh no, I don't think it will," said Janet.

And indeed it did not; for the truth was that, in spite of the hardness of her couch, the poor little girl went to sleep a great deal faster than she had either expected or wished to do. She lay awake listening for a little while, then she thought to herself, "I'll say my prayers. I can't kneel down to say them, because, if I were to move, Tabby would hear me; but perhaps God will forgive me for not kneeling just this one night;" and so she folded her hands and said her prayers, and after she had said them she lay still for a little, thinking and listening; and then, while she still thought that she was wide awake, her eyes began to close, and she fell into a sound sleep, and never knew anything more till the morning light came in and fell upon her face.

She woke up then with a strange, bewildered feeling. She was lying in her corner, with no covering upon her except her own clothes, and there was a sound in the room—perhaps it was that that had aroused her of low, angry talking. For a few moments she lay listening to it, confusedly and dreamily, as we often listen to things when we are half awake, and then suddenly she remembered where she was, and that one of the voices that was speaking was Tabby's. She was talking in a hard, defiant way. Janet could not hear the words, but she could very well hear the tone, and could guess what was going on well enough. "She is quarrelling with her mother about me," the poor child thought, and got hot and ashamed and miserable as she lay, not daring to move.

But, if Tabby and her mother were quarrelling, the quarrel did not last long. The talkers were in bed while it was being carried on. At the end of a few minutes the voices ceased, and Tabby sprang up and came with a skip and jump to the corner where Janet lay.

"I say, I've made it all right," she exclaimed. "Mother don't mind your stopping for a bit if you don't give no bother to her. I've told her you won't give no bother. There, ain't I done it neat? Come, get up and say something for yourself, can't you?" And Tabby unceremoniously caught Janet by the arm, and gave her a tug.

Admonished in this way, Janet accordingly got up; but though it was easy to get upon her feet, yet she did not quite know how to comply with the rest of Tabby's request; for she was a shy child, and not good at talking to strangers, especially to strangers like this poor mother of Tabby, who lay in her bed looking at the child with such hard, bold, unwholesome eyes, that Janet shrank instinctively from their gaze, as she would have shrank from something unclean. As she stood silent, however, the woman herself addressed her:

"Well, so you've come here by French leave, it seems," she said, in a loud, quick voice. "D'you know what French leave means? If you don't, I'll tell you. It means coming to a place as don't want you, and taking what you want. But other people

can play at that game as well as you. Come here, and let's see what you've got on." And she stretched out a dirty hand from the bed-clothes, and pulled Janet towards her as—pushed from behind by Tabby—the child unwillingly advanced. "That ain't a bad frock," she said quickly, "nor a bad petticoat neither. Let's look at your boots. H'm—they might be better; but any way they're too good for every day use. You'll have to take 'em off, my dear. We're very careful here over our clothes," she said, and gave a laugh that somehow—though she did not understand it—made Janet shrink.

"Mother keeps mine so careful that I never sees 'em at all," said Tabby. "She keeps 'em at her uncle's. He's such a safe man! When you sends anything to him, it's just as safe as if it was in the Bank o' England." And Tabby winked at Janet as she spoke; but Janet, happily for her, had no more notion than a baby what Tabby meant.

"Now, then, take off them things," said the woman sharply. "You ain't going into the street looking like that, you know. Take 'em off, and give 'em here. You'll have to wear some of Tabby's clothes, and very thankful you may be to get 'em. Come, strip, and look sharp about it."

What could Janet do? She gave one terrified look at the coarse face before her, and then with nervous, hurried fingers she began to unhook her frock. One after another she took off her neat little garments, and one after another, as she stripped them off, Tabby seized them and pitched them on the bed. In a very few minutes she had given up every article of her own clothing, and in place of it had received from Tabby a dirty ragged frock and petticoat, and an old pair of boots that had scarcely enough likeness to boots left in them to stay upon her feet.

"There, now you're set up!" said Tabby cheerfully, when this business was concluded; "and very neat and complete you looks," she added, standing back to contemplate the general effect of Janet's new attire. "Now just you wait a bit till I'm ready too. Don't you mind nothing about your clothes. Mother'll look after them. They're safe as anything with her—ain't they, mother?" said Tabby, with a chuckle.

She began rapidly to dress herself, and in a very few moments her brief toilette was completed. The woman had rolled up Janet's clothes into a bundle and put them under the bedclothes, and had turned herself round to the wall. She did not speak to the children again, nor take any further notice of them.

"There's a pump down-stairs if you'd like to wash yourself," said Tabby presently.

"Oh, is there?" cried Janet eagerly, shuddering in her dirty clothes.

"Yes, it's out in the yard. I goes there sometimes. It ain't bad to get a good sluice now and then."

"I should like to wash myself very much," said Janet.

"Well, you can go and do it. I'll come and show you the place. You mustn't be long about it, though, you know," said Tabby, and led the way down-stairs, and introduced Janet into a little square, paved yard. Here they found the pump, and here Janet did such washing as she could without the help of soap or towel. And then side by side the two children sallied out into the street.

"We've got a sixpence still, you know," said Tabby, in a whisper, as they left the house behind them. "I didn't tell mother," and she gave a chuckle. "We'll go and get a stunning breakfast, and then, I say, we'll have a bit of fun. Shall us?" she said, looking with her sharp bright eyes into her companion's face.

"I—I don't know," answered Janet faintly, not knowing what else to say.

CHAPTER IX.

A hundred times during this day, and during the days that followed this one, the thought came to Janet's mind that she would run away, and try to make her escape from this dreadful new life that she had stumbled into. She would run away, she thought, for it was too terrible to bear. And yet the days went on, and she did not run away. Perhaps she had not courage enough to try to do it; perhaps she would have failed in accomplishing it, however much courage she had had. For, whether it was by accident or design, Tabby never left her to herself. She stuck by her all day long; wherever she herself went, there she took Janet; wherever Janet desired to go, there she would accompany her. One or two feeble efforts to escape poor Janet made, but they ended in nothing almost in the same moment that they began. And even if it had not been so, even if she had tried to run away and had succeeded, what would have been the good of it, for what could she have done next? She asked herself this again and again, and the question was so hopeless that she could never answer it.

But what a sad, strange life it was! They used to turn out in the early mornings and go wandering in the streets, prowling about,

like animals, in search of food. It was not often that Tabby was so lucky as to have sixpence in her pocket, as she had had on the first morning that they were together, or even anything like sixpence, with which to begin the day's campaign. Most often she had not a penny, nor so much as a crust of bread, and they could not break their fast till somebody gave a penny to them, or till Tabby, by doubtful means of her own, contrived to provide them with either money or food.

By very doubtful means indeed she did this sometimes; by such doubtful means that poor little Janet, knowing how their meal was procured, would often feel as if the bread she ate must choke her; and yet, when she was penniless, and starving, and friendless, what could she do but eat it?

"You can turn your head away if you don't like to look, and then what do you know about it?" Tabby would say, as bold as brass, and would go about her small thieveries with a conscience as much at ease as if she had been a young savage feeding herself with roots in the backwoods; but Janet could not turn away her head, and manage in that way to think that all was right. She might turn away her head, and even run out of Tabby's sight, but that did not prevent her, when Tabby came back triumphantly with some bit of property in her possession which did not lawfully belong to her, from feeling that she was so miserable and ashamed that she almost wished she was dead.

Sometimes, when she was in the humor for it, Tabby would argue the matter with her.

"There ain't no harm in taking what you can get," she would say. "Why, there can't be, you know. Ain't we got to get food somehow? Mother won't get it for us (catch her bothering herself!), and if she won't we must. There ain't no question about it! If you lives in the streets, you must take what you can."

"But couldn't we do anything else than live in the streets?" Janet piteously asked one day. "It seems such a dreadful thing to do. Do you think there isn't any work that we could get?"

"Werk?" echoed Tabby, opening her great eyes. "Well, I never! Catch me working!"

"But you wouldn't mind it if you could get money by it?" said Janet.

"I gets money without it," replied Tabby, with a knowing wink. "What a game—to think of me a-working! Why, I don't know but for the fun of the thing I wouldn't like it. Just fancy me in a situation! My eye, wouldn't I look after the silver spoons! But the worst is," said Tabby gravely, "they'd want a character, and I'd have to get up early in the morning the day I went to look for that."

"I don't know that people always want characters; do you think they do?" asked Janet wistfully. "I thought perhaps somebody might take us, just out of charity perhaps—"

"Oh, bother charity!" exclaimed Tabby, scornfully. "I ain't a-going nowhere on them terms. If you knowed of a nice family now, as wanted a spivy young housemaid as could clean plate, and make herself generally useful in the pantry, I might p'raps think o' that; but as for getting took out o' charity—!" And Tabby broke off her sentence with a whistle, finding words unequal to express the contempt with which she regarded such a prospect.

Before Janet had been a day in Tabby's company the poor little shrinking, timid child had been forced by her bold companion to make her first attempt at begging.

"You run after that woman and ask her for a penny," said Tabby suddenly, after they had been for an hour in the streets together, nudging Janet's elbow, and speaking in a quick whisper, as a young woman passed them with a market-basket on her arm.

"Oh, I can't!" cried Janet, flushing scarlet, and drawing back; and then, before she knew what was coming, Tabby had given her a cuff on the side of her head.

"What do you mean by saying that you can't? Do you think you won't have to?" cried Tabby furiously.

"Oh, I don't know! I don't know how I can!" said poor Janet.

"You'll have to learn then," retorted Tabby, with the most cutting contempt. "You've lost this chance; it ain't no good now; but if you don't go after the next one as I tells you to—!" And then Tabby gripped her companion's shoulder, and gave her a look that made Janet shake in her shoes. The poor little thing rested no more after that. When Tabby issued her next order she ran after the person whom Tabby told her to follow, and held out her hand, and tried to utter the words she had been told to speak. "Please, will you give me a penny!" was the sentence she had been ordered to say, but it stuck in her throat and she could not say it. Of course, the lady whom she was following understood what the little stretched-out hand meant, and she turned round to her, and shook

her head, and said she had nothing to give her.

"You shouldn't beg in the streets; if you do, the policeman will take you up," she said severely; and then looking at her and noticing the ashamed look and pleading face she gave her a penny and passed on her way.

"Well," said Tabby on her return, "did you get anything?"

"Yes," said Janet, the words sticking in her throat, "I got a penny." She afterwards followed her companion, who kept on chattering, feeling as if every person in the street who passed her by must know the miserable thing that she had done.

But, of course, though she was so overwhelmed with shame after this first effort at begging, as time went on the poor child gradually got accustomed to beg. She never got to do it boldly, but she did get to do it without her heart beating and the color coming to her face, as it had done at first. If it was bad to beg, it was at least so much better to beg than to steal, and Janet had not cast in her lot with Tabby for many hours before she learned that, as long as she kept to that companionship, a choice between begging and stealing was the only choice she had.

As for Tabby, as I am afraid you guess, the bolder way of earning her livelihood was the one that she preferred.

"What's the use o' being sharp if you don't make use o' your sharpness?" she would say in the frankest way in the world. "I'd steal a deal more than I do if I'd the chance. I'd like to get into somebody's house—I would. I'd like to creep in at a window; or, my eye, wouldn't I like to make a grab at one o' them jewellers! Think o' getting both your hands full o' rings and brooches! Oh! don't it make your mouth water? But la, I'll never have such luck as that," Tabby would say with a sigh, as she thought of the glorious prizes of her profession that it would never fall to her to win.

I daresay you think that if Janet had been as good a child as she ought to be, she would not only have thought of running away from Tabby, but would really have done it when she found out what a bold little naughty thief and beggar Tabby was. But Janet did not run away. She had not courage enough to part herself from the only living creature who seemed willing to be a friend to her, even though the companionship she clung to was nothing better than the companionship of a little street thief.

It was an odd thing to see these two children who were so unlike each other sitting side by side. They used to spend a large part of every day sitting on doorsteps, or under railway arches, or amongst the litter of new-built houses. It never seemed to occur to Tabby that the room in which they slept was a place in which to pass any portion of their waking time. They regularly turned out of doors as soon as they were up in the morning, and passed the whole day in the streets. All Tabby's occupation, you see, lay there; and all her pleasure lay there too. Even when the weather was bad, and it rained, she rarely proposed to Janet to go home. "I'd rather stop here than go in and have mother jawin' at me—wouldn't you?" she would say; and, weary of the streets though she might be, Janet would agree with her with all her heart. Better to stay out and be wet to the skin six times a day than to go in and sit with Tabby's mother! "Oh, I don't mind the rain. We'll get under shelter somewhere," she soon got to answer Tabby quite readily and cheerfully.

(To be Continued.)

HENRY WILSON.

LATE VICE PRESIDENT, U. S.

Go back with me sixty years and more, to the little village of Farmington in New Hampshire, and I will give you a glimpse of the boy's early home—a rude, log-cabin like building, standing in the midst of a country, rough and rocky, and yielding but scanty harvest to the tillers of the soil. Every one in this region was poor, and Winthrop Colbath, the father of Henry Wilson, was no exception to the rule. With eight boys to be clothed and fed, no wonder that it took every penny of the day's earnings for the day's necessities; and each of the children must begin to take care of himself as early as possible. Of this family of boys Jeremiah Jones Colbath (better known to us as Henry Wilson) was the eldest; and at the age of ten years we find him apprenticed to a farmer, bound out, as the saying is, till he should reach the years of manhood. (When the late Vice-President was a candidate for the office, he told the story of his early struggles with poverty, in an address to laboring men: "I was born in poverty: Want sat by my cradle. I know what it is to ask a mother for bread when she has none to give. I left my house at ten years of age and served an apprenticeship of eleven years, receiving a month's schooling each year, and at the end of the eleven years of hard work, a yoke of oxen and six sheep which brought me eighty dollars. I never spent the amount of one dollar in money