



The Family Circle.

SONGS FOR THE SEWING-SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. CHARLES I. JUNKIN.

The position and the value of the sewing school, as an adjunct and auxiliary to the special work of the Sunday-school, are generally admitted. In connection with our own chapel we have, not only an industrial school for girls, including a sewing-school and a kitchen-garden, but also a club for the boys, with military drill and organization, based upon a pledge against liquor and tobacco for a limited period, and against coarse and profane language for all time. We have found these organizations helpful in many ways, but cannot speak further of them at present.

When we organized our sewing-school, in November, 1886, we found a difficulty awaiting us in the matter of sewing-school songs. It seems that very little attention has been given to the subject, and there are few songs specially adapted to the purpose. Some schools doubtless use their accustomed hymn-book, and we think it a good thing in every way to use one or more hymns as a part of the opening exercises. But songs bearing directly on the work in hand are very necessary and helpful. To be acceptable to the children (and they will not really sing them otherwise) they should be practical, pointed, and easy to understand and to sing. In the matter of tunes, simplicity and brightness are the main requisites. When we began to work, we found only a few songs that pleased us, and we therefore decided on an attempt to procure some new songs. We have now eleven of these songs, written for us by friends of the school. They are set to popular airs, and have proved very attractive to the children. It has been our custom to spend from ten to twenty minutes near the close of each session in singing, and we think the practice has had not a little to do with the success of our work. Our school numbers over two hundred scholars, and has resulted in the organization of three other equally prosperous schools in this city. Two of these use our songs.

We speak of our prosperity only by way of apology for venturing to write out a few of these songs for the readers of the *Sunday School Times*. If they prove to be of any assistance to other sewing-school workers, we shall be very glad; and if any of the said workers will return the compliment by sending us some songs, we will be grateful to them. We can quote but a half-dozen. First, a "Sewing Song," by Miss E. H. Rockwell, set to a bright Christmas carol:

Busy little maidens, singing as we sew,
What is it we're learning? Would you like to know?
Stitch and fell and gather,—gather, stitch, and fell,—
Turn the edges neatly, 'tis not much to tell,
Stitches short and even, set so strong and fast,
Not a minute wasted, soon the time is past,
Neatness, care, and patience,—patience, neatness, care,—
These are worth the learning, here and every-where.

We will help each other, though our power is small,
As the dear Lord bids us, he who loves us all.
Kindness, love, and service,—service, kindness, love,—
Make the golden staircase to the home above.

Another, "Never Quarrel with your Tools," by Mrs. E. G. Mayer, set to "Little Jack Horner":

Little Nell Warner sat in a corner
Trying her needle to thread;
The eye seemed too small, 'twould not work at all—
"The horrid old needle," she said.

Foolish Nell Warner! out of your corner!
Sunshine will help in your plight;
It happens this wise; the fault's with your eyes,
You'll see when you come to the light.

Little Nell Warner, shun the dark corner,
Darkness provokes many wrongs;
Make it one of your rules not to quarrel with tools,
But lay a fault where it belongs.

Two others, by Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, whose name is well known to the readers of the *Sunday-School Times*.

IN AND OVER.

In and over—out and in,
So the daily tasks begin,
As we sit with bended head,
Drawing out the knotted thread,
Watching how our needles gleam,
While we run the narrow seam,
Baste and stitch, and hem and fell,
Tryin' still to do it well.

Up and over—in and out—
So we turn our work about,
Ripping when we do it wrong,
Making merry with a song,
Never getting in a fret
If we pucker it, or let
Tangles come, as tangles will,
Spite of all our care and skill.

Sewing briskly, singing, too,
As we push our needles through,
Sure we're learning every day
Something useful in its way
So that when we grow to be
Little women, we will see
'Twas the very wisest thing
Thus to learn to sew and sing.

WHICH IS BEST?

If only our frocks and our aprons
Would grow like the leaves on the trees,
And out we could rush in the morning,
To gather and pick as we please,—

How nice it would be, and how easy!
We never should have a misfit;
No matter how much we might tear them,
We never need sew up a slit!

No tiresome mending or darning!
No use for a needle or thread!
No grief for a hole in the stocking,
No scolding from mother to dread!

And if there was never a lesson,
No writing nor spelling of words,
And nothing to do but be idle,
And chatter and sing like the birds—

How useless, and tired, and lazy,
And mischievous, too, we would grow!
No, no! 'Tis a thousand times better
To read, and to spell, and to sew!

And then two others, the first to the air,
"Sing a Song o' Sixpence." The second
one the children sing very sweetly as a
duet, one-third of them singing the alto
part.

SING A SONG OF SEWING-SCHOOL.

Merry little maidens, learning how to sew,
Shiny little needles flying to and fro;
When the sewing's over the girls begin to sing,
Isn't it a pretty sight to set before a king?

The teachers sat before them, and told them what
to do,
And how to push the needle in and how to pull it
through;
The maidens stuck their fingers and dyed the
cotton red,
They snapped the shiny needles, and they tangled
up the thread.

But soon the little maidens will learn to help their
mothers,
And learn to sew on buttons to please their little
brothers,
And then they will be useful, as maidens ought
to be,
As useful and as happy as "the little busy bee."

A SINGING SONG.

Happy hearts and voices sweet,
Merrily all we sing:
: Blithely hearts and voices meet—
: Gaily our song shall ring.

When the sun shines clear and bright,
Merrily all we sing:
: Glad songs bring new delight—
: Gaily our songs shall ring.

When the skies are dull and grey,
Still we bravely sing:
: Thus we drive the clouds away—
: Gaily our song shall ring.

When we work and when we play,
Still in our hearts we sing:
: Loving hearts sing every day—
: Sweetly our song shall ring.

We have added choruses to a number of
them, with good effect. This is easily done,
if the tune chosen requires it.—*Sunday-
School Times*.

IT WON'T DO.

BY LYDIE L. ROUSE.

"It won't do, Cynthia," said Mr. Amos
Parker to his wife as they reached home
after attending the regular Sabbath morn-
ing service. Regular service, we said, yet
something out of the usual order had hap-
pened to disturb him.

"What won't do, Amos?"
"This everlasting cry of give, give. A man
no more than shuts his purse before he
must open it again. There is something to
give to all the time; if it isn't one thing, it
is another, and just so long as a man will
stand this sort of thing just so long he may.
Just now it happens to be missionary money
that is wanted, next Sunday it will be some-
thing else."

"Why, you have not given anything to
the mission cause this year. Of course you
meant to give something?"

"Well, I gave pretty liberally last year
and I thought I would skip over this time.
I'd like to know how a man is to lay up
for his old age if he can't keep a dollar
by him."

"Now, Amos!" said Mrs. Parker re-
proachfully.

"Now, Amos, what?"
"Just this. Be a little more consistent
when you speak. You gave only two dol-
lars for missions last year and you laid up a
thousand."

"Well, if I manage to save something,
that's my own business. If I am more sav-
ing than other folks, who but myself should
be the gainer?"

"Say rather, that if God has blessed you
with more means than others you are un-
der greater obligations to him than others
are."

"You always go against me, Cynthia.
Suppose I gave all that you and the parson
think I ought to give, who knows if the
money sent to the mission cause ever reaches
its destination?"

"Amos Parker! Are you not ashamed
of yourself? I never thought that I would
hear you bring forward such an excuse."

"Why not? Money has been kept back,
and once in a while we hear of it. Who
can tell how often it happens when we don't
hear of it?"

"Will you please tell me of any invest-
ment that is perfectly secure against loss?
Yet you do not lock up your money for fear
of losing it. Now I calculate that if a man
wants to invest his money where it will
bring him a large interest he will do well
to lay it out in the cause of Christ. There
is that scattereth, yet increaseth, and there
is that withholdeth more than is meet, but
it tendeth to poverty. Poverty in this life
is bad enough, and while I would pray to be
delivered from it, would pray much more
earnestly to be delivered from poverty in
the life to come. You spoke about laying
up money for your old age. You may not
live to be old, and then you will not need
it. But if you lay up your treasures in
heaven you will surely need them sooner
or later."

"I'll warrant that I give more for missions
than Deacon White does, and he is a richer
man than I am."

"That does not prove that you have done
your whole duty. I suppose a man might
get along without paying anything if he
were mean enough. Indeed, I have heard
of a man who was recommending religion in
a meeting, and he said by way of argument
'religion is a good thing, and it does not cost
anything. Here I have been a member of
the church for ten years and it has not cost
me one cent.' The minister followed this
speech with the appropriate remark: 'God
bless your stingy soul!'

"But, Amos, I was not speaking about
giving to our own church, though you give
less than you should. You ought to do
more for the support of missionary work.
We don't realize the privations and needs
of our own home missionaries. Even if
we give to the best of our ability we do lit-
tle in comparison with those who leave
home and friends and brave hardships and
dangers to proclaim the Gospel of Christ."

Mrs. Parker spoke very earnestly, and
her husband's manner softened as he re-
plied:

"Well, well, Cynthia, if you feel so
badly, I suppose you must have two dollars
to give to the missions' cause this year."

His wife brightened a little, then said,
"Look here, Amos, I want you to multiply
that by five."

Amos Parker shook his head, saying,
"No, no, Cynthia, now you are going be-
yond all bounds."

"All bounds of what, Amos? Not the
bounds of your ability, not the bounds of
Christian love, not the bounds of the
Church's need, and certainly, not beyond
the bounds of the command: 'Go ye into
all the world and preach the Gospel to every
creature.'"

"Since you quote that text, Cynthia, I
must say that I think the support of foreign
missionary work more binding than the
support of home missions."

"Well, give to both. We are able.
Let us not deceive ourselves by proposing
to substitute one duty for another, and
then, perhaps, neglect both. Give me ten
dollars for home missions and then give to
foreign missions just as much as your heart
prompts you."

"No, Cynthia, you ask too much. Why
are you so unusually anxious to give this
year? I can't understand it."

"I will tell you why. I have had my
eyes opened. The day before mother died
we talked of the duty of giving. 'Cyn-

thia, she said, 'do you remember how you
used to grudge your pennies to the mission-
ary box?' I smiled, and she went on,
'How is it now that you can give dollars in-
stead of pennies?' I winced a little, for I
had paid almost no attention to your con-
tributions. She saw my embarrassment,
and she said, 'I fear you have forgotten
what I tried to teach you. I am sorry that
my words did not make a more lasting im-
pression. I gave the little I had and gave
it cheerfully, but, my child, as I lie here I
feel both sorrow and shame because I did
not do more for the cause of Christ. Yes,
I might have done more, I see it now.
How of that hymn:

"I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?"

"That is the question, Cynthia. What
have I brought to Him, what have I given
to him?"

"She was very sad, and I wanted to com-
fort her, so I said, 'Perhaps eternity will
show that you have brought more than one
soul to him, and you have given him
your own heart. Surely he will not de-
spise that gift. The Lord knows that you
had no opportunity to give liberally. He
knows that you have borne privation with-
out murmuring and tried hard to do right.
He will not withhold for you the praise he
bestowed on another, 'She hath done what
she could.'"

"Perhaps he will accept my poor en-
deavors. I hope so, I hope so. But, Cyn-
thia, this view of the case will not answer
for you. You have means, and you can do
much more than I have done."

"I did not reply, for I was thinking of
you. Mother read my thoughts and she
said, 'Amos will not hinder your giving if
if he knows that your heart is set upon it.
Besides, he needs only to be convinced of
his duty and he will do it. Promise me
that you will give to the spread of the Gos-
pel as the Lord gives you strength and
prosperity.'"

"It was a good deal to promise, and I
hesitated a moment. Great tears stood in
her dim, faded eyes, and I answered, 'I will,
mother, I will.'"

"God bless you, Cynthia, for I know if
you give me your promise you will fulfil it,"
said mother, and she looked so satisfied that
I repeated the promise in my heart.

"You may easily imagine how her words
came back to me the following day as I
stood beside her helpless form. 'How
could she have done more?' I said aloud.
I remembered all her little sacrifices and I
thought if she had reason to reproach her-
self because she had not done more for the
spread of the Gospel, there was no excuse
for me. I made a solemn vow that from
that day I would do more for the Master,
that I would not be like those of whom he
spoke when he said, 'I know thy works,
that thou hast a name, that thou livest and
art dead.' I thought of all our means, that
we have not even the excuse of laying up
wealth for our children."

Here Mrs. Parker stopped suddenly and
wiped her eyes, and Mr. Parker's head bent
low, for both were thinking of the bright
little son who had once been their joy.

A moment later Mrs. Parker continued:
"Since mother's death I have saved as
much as possible of the money you have
given me. I shall give it to the mission
funds together with the sum you give me
now, and please, Amos, let it be no less
than I asked for."

Amos Parker scraped his throat to clear
away its huskiness, then asked, "How much
have you saved?"

Very slowly came the words, "Fifty
dollars."

"Then I will not be outdone by you,
Cynthia, I will add fifty dollars more."

In her joy and surprise Cynthia Parker
put her arms around her husband's neck
and gave him a hearty kiss. He was not a
little touched by such an expression of her
gratitude, but wishing to appear unmoved,
he said, "There, there, Cynthia, that will
do. Aint we going to have any dinner to-
day?"—*Christian Intelligencer*.

WE NEVER KNOW through what divine
mysteries of compensation the great Father
of the universe may be carrying out his
sublime plan; and those three words,
"God is love," ought to contain, to every
doubting soul, the solution of all things.—
Miss Mulock.