



The Family Circle.

A FULL SURRENDER.

HOPE.

The longing heart is often dumb,
And no excuse can tender,
When Jesus sweetly whispers, "Come,"
And asks a full surrender.
His peace he promises afresh,
His joy we shall inherit,
If we are masters of the flesh
And servants of the Spirit.

Whate'er he bids we must say, "Yes,"
Put our whole hearts into it;
Responsibilities are his;
The work is ours—to do it.
And not infrequently one sees,
Outside of rhyme or story,
A life that's filled with humble peace
And hopes of future glory.

Some saintly life, sweet 'mid its toil,
Sheds on us its pure lustre;
We judge of all the Christian soil
By this rich Eschol cluster.
This soul has "lifted up" the Christ—
Exhibited his beauty—
Till faith has wrought and crystallized
Together love and duty.

Canaan seems near while fired with zeal
Distance has vanished from us,
A growing eagerness we feel
To tread this land of promise.
But giants dwell within this land;
Shall we rush into dangers?
Our foes at home we understand,
But these are total strangers.

Faith lifts us to some lofty cliff,
Courage and hope attend her,
And but for some intriguing "if,"
We'd make a full surrender.
There's many an Ananias soul
To-day, on land and ocean,
Who seems to give to God the whole,
But slyly keeps a portion.

And thus we pledge God's child to be,
Yet make some reservation,
Which we pretend we do not see,
And then expect salvation;
Bargain to get at smallest cost
That which most peace shall bring us:
We lie unto the Holy Ghost,
Till self-reproach doth sting us.

We shut our eyes and bend our knees,
And of our faith we prattle,
While such a faith brings little peace,
Nor wins one heavenly battle.
A living faith must haste and rout
This covetous pretender;
God honors him who "out and out"
Doth make a full surrender.

—Michigan Advocate.

WAYSIDE SERVICE.

MYRA GOODWIN PLANTZ.

"Bring me some pretty shells," said little Emma.

"And me a star-fish," said Freddie.

"Don't go bathing alone, and write often," said mamma.

These were the parting words Lena Richards heard as she left her home for her vacation trip. Her father waited until he had arranged everything for her comfort in the car, when he said:—

"You are on the shady side, and have good things to feed body and mind. But don't read much. Enjoy the scenery and people. Remember my directions about getting your sleeper, and don't forget, daughter, this vacation may be a time of blessed wayside service."

"Dear old papa never forgets the Master's work," thought Lena, winking back a few tears as her father hurried off the train.

Lena had thought of a visit at Aunt Anna's summer cottage as a time for rest and pleasure. She had worked hard to complete her high school studies with honor, and had long looked forward to this wonderful journey as the end of all labor for a time; yet her father had suggested that there was one kind of service that was not to be laid aside with school and home duties.

"Perhaps some great opportunity will come," she thought, noticing near by a

woman with a baby hunting for a seat. Lena wished for a moment the lady across the way would move some of her bundles, or the gentleman in front his valise, but her second thought was of the wayside service, so she moved her belongings and gave the woman a pleasant invitation to share her seat.

"Thank you. Billy's so heavy, I'm nearly dead. I travelled yesterday and all night from Kansas, you know. Mother's sick, and I'm awful anxious," said the tired woman, as she sank into the seat.

"I'm sorry, but you may find her nearly well," said Lena cheerfully. "Let me take Billy awhile. Perhaps he will look out of the window and let you rest."

This was a real sacrifice, for Billy proved a trying travelling companion, and Lena trembled for fear her new suit would be hopelessly rumpled. The tired woman leaned back and fell asleep, and when she awoke, her thanks repaid Lena for two weary hours. The country station was soon reached, and Lena saw the good old farmer welcome his daughter and grandson.

"Mother's better, sure enough," called the woman as the train started, and Lena felt some of the daughter's joy herself.

When she opened her lunch she noticed hungry-looking eyes watching her in the seat behind where two boys were keeping a delicate lady busy.

"May I give your little men some cake and fruit?" asked Lena.

"Thank you; they seem unable to wait until we stop for dinner, and in my hurry I forgot my lunch-box," was the answer that sent part of Lena's dainty lunch over to the delighted children.

"Have you anything to read?" asked the lady. "I'm so tired watching the telegraph-poles."

Lena's father had provided for her a book she had not read—"The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life." She doubted its being appreciated, but she handed it over, saying, "Papa said this was a good book for my journey, as I was starting out for happiness."

"That's something I know little about, though I call myself a Christian," sighed the lady, beginning the book at once.

Lena gave her illustrated magazine to the boys, which kept them still for some time.

"Do you believe God really plans everything for our good, even our trials?" the lady asked, leaning over to Lena.

"Yes, of course, if we love Him. There are ever so many promises, you know," was the answer.

Just then a dear old lady came along with whom Lena was glad to share her seat. She had heard the lady's question as she entered, and she soon began to talk to Lena, telling a bit of her own experience the young girl will never forget.

"That is very helpful," the lady said as she returned the book, "I will buy a copy at once and try to find that kind of happiness."

There were other little opportunities for kind words or helpful acts, which made sunny places in the long journey. At noon the next day Lena found herself at the little seaside station, where her cousins were waiting with the carriage and a warm welcome.

Sea Nymph Cottage was a beautiful summer home half way between Long Branch and Ocean Grove. Of course Lena must step on the veranda and have a good view of the ocean before even lunch was a temptation. Lena forgot all about "service" for the rest of that day, being carried away with the beauties of the ocean, in sunlight, twilight, and moonlight.

The next day she began to realize that even this little Eden had its thorns. First, she found Gretchen, the up-stairs girl, crying over a letter from the "old country."

"My mother is sick. She may die already," sobbed the girl.

Lena tried to comfort her, and at last found the real trouble.

"There is no church near. I would go and pray to the saints, and have the priest pray for her, but now she can have no help," Gretchen said.

"O Gretchen, God will hear you just as well here," said Lena.

"But I haven't confessed for a long time," sighed the girl.

Then Lena sat down on the stairs Gretchen was cleaning, and explained how unnecessary a priest was to be heard of God,

and Gretchen dried her tears, promising to pray as Lena did.

Later, Aunt Anna came into Lena's pretty bed-room with a troubled face.

"Lena," she said, "Ralph liked you when he visited your home last year, and I hope you can influence him. He used to spend the time in his natural history work, but he has become intimate with some wild young men at Long Branch and is constantly slipping off to play billiards or ride behind their fast horses."

"Auntie, why can't we go to Ocean Grove to the meetings? I've heard they were splendid and Clara says it's a pretty ride or a nice long walk by the ocean," said Lena.

"My children don't care much for those things, Lena. Ralph laughs when I suggest the Grove, and says they do nothing but pray and bathe, then bathe and pray. I'm afraid we've done too little of the latter in our house," replied Mrs. Andrews.

Lena began making a special study of her young cousin, putting his name first on the little list for whom she prayed every night. Clara was too indolent to go with him on his excursions, and he was much pleased at Lena's joining him in his natural history study. She mended his butterfly nets, held "specimens" for him without showing her "crawly" sensations, took long walks or sails, soon learning to help in the management of his boat, which was only allowed out when the ocean was very quiet unless the old sailor-gardener had the sail in charge. In return for all this Ralph was very willing to drive over to the Grove with the girls. At first Lena chose lectures and concerts, and then proposed the 9 o'clock young people's meeting. Clara declined this, but Ralph felt that Lena had too often been of service to him for a refusal, so he was ready the next morning for the early service that Mr. Yatman held in the young people's temple. It was a very impressive meeting, Mr. Yatman being full to overflowing with interesting anecdotes, and yet unusually solemn and tender in his pleading for the young souls that had not yet enlisted for the King.

Ralph hardly spoke on his way home, and Lena made it a time for silent prayer that the good seed might take root. She waited a few days and asked him to go again, and he consented after a moment's thought. That morning he was among the number who arose for prayers, and a few days after he announced, with beaming face, that he had found the peace of believing in Jesus.

"You blessed child!" Aunt Anna said that evening, as she stopped in Lena's room a few moments. "You have done me good and made me wish for the childlike, Christian faith I had once; but most of all, I rejoice over Ralph's giving up his old habits. I'm sorry Ethel Harper is coming now. I suppose it will be dancing, card-playing, and beaux until she has gone."

Both Lena and Ralph found it hard to be true to conscience after gay Ethel came for she and Clara were constantly teasing them about the camp-meeting town, or begging them to help fill up a dance or a game of cards. Ralph watched his cousin narrowly, and at last said, "Lena, you are a brick—pardon my slang—I mean true to your colors. I shall take your stand, for, as Mr. Yatman says, it is the uncertain soldier that is apt to desert."

The night of Clara's grand party Lena wondered what she should do by way of service. There were many fashionable young people from West End and Long Branch, and, in her modest white dress, Lena looked like a daisy in a tulip bed. As for helping to entertain the young gentlemen, Lena knew there were at least five girls to every young man, so there was nothing to do in that line. Seaside invitations are often family affairs, so there were a few old people and a sprinkling of very young folks at this gathering.

"Lena," Ralph said, "I feel badly to think I can't dance when there are so few gentlemen, but I had to refuse. Can't we get up some games for the children?—though they are so high-toned they act like little men and women."

Lena thought this a fine suggestion, and she soon had a dozen young people, who did not quite "fit" any place, enjoying merry, old-fashioned games on the lawn where the full moon smiled down on the little lights hung in the trees. The elderly people in the summer-houses and on the

veranda smiled over the fun, and later found Ralph and Lena ready to serve them refreshments. Lena found an opportunity for her word.

"Why don't you dance?" asked Daisy Drew, a much-dressed young lady of fourteen. "Most of the young ladies refuse to notice us girls."

"Because, dear, I belong to a church that forbids dancing, for it thinks we cannot be good Christians and dance."

"I never heard any one but a minister talk as you do," said Daisy. "If I come over some day, will you tell me about your church?"

And this started Lena's Sunday-school. Daisy came with a little friend the next Sunday afternoon, and for the rest of the summer Lena met all the little girls who would come, in a pretty summer-house overlooking the sea, and there taught Bible lessons and read helpful stories to her devoted companions.

The day after the party every one was too tired for walking or riding, and towards evening Ralph proposed a sail, as the sea was very quiet. As Peter was to accompany them, the girls consented; but even with his skill an unexpected accident happened. A fishing vessel bore down upon them, which was manned by some half-drunken men, and as the little boat could not get out of the way in time, it was capsized. Ralph and Clara could swim, and were able to take care of themselves until they received help from Peter and the men on board. Lena thought of the loved ones at home, then of the Friend who was always near her, and after a few brave struggles she went down with a peaceful face. On coming to the surface Ralph and Peter were ready to pull her into the fishing vessel; but Ethel was not so fortunate. During her struggles there came before her, as is often the case in drowning, the panorama of her whole selfish, worldly life, and the shriek she gave was as much despair as fear when the cold water was closing around her. But the second time she rose to the surface one of the fishermen had reached her, and she, too, was soon safe. It was some time, however, before the vigorous measures to which the men resorted brought her back to consciousness, and for several days she was really ill.

"Lena, I saw you when you thought you were facing death, and you looked really happy, while I was in agony. Why were you not afraid to die?" Ethel asked one day.

"Because I trusted Jesus—that is all," answered Lena.

"I wish I had that faith," sighed Ethel. "I will go to church oftener when I get home."

"O Ethel, don't wait for that time! Begin trusting Jesus to-day. Ask him to forgive your past sins and make you his child, and lead you every day," said Lena, her face glowing with feeling.

"I will," said Ethel, her tears falling fast as Lena bowed her head and whispered a little prayer as they sat together on the beach.

It was a quiet beginning, and the soul just born again had many lessons to learn before it became a true disciple; but the angels must have sung for joy over even that small beginning.

"Stay here," pleaded Clara, as Lena was packing her trunk a few weeks later. "I can't bear to think of your wasting your life in a village school. Think of all papa offers you if you will go to New York with us."

"It is a temptation," replied Lena, "but I've had a long rest and a pleasant summer and now mamma needs me, and I must help papa a little."

"Your resting is of more use than most work," said Ralph, who was lingering near.

"It seems to me I've had an ocean full of fun and frolic, papa," Lena said when she met her father.

"What, no wayside service?" he asked with a smile.

"Yes, papa—all I could find. Perhaps it may not amount to much, but it was 'in His name,' and was the happiest thing in this happy summer."—*Zion's Herald*.

DON'T FORGET to train the smiling muscles if you wish to remove traces of worry and irritability. A pleasant countenance is largely a matter of will.—*Wide Awake*.