



The Family Circle.

THE LAST HYMN.

The Sabbath day was ending in a village by the sea; The utter'd benediction touch'd the people tenderly...

But they look'd across the waters, and a storm was raging there; A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air...

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast; Lest the coming morrows should be telling of the dead...

With the winds blowing round her, And the waves beating on her side; A large vessel...

Oh! what a sight!—Approach'd the wreck; And the waves were breaking on her side...

Then the vessel's crew, from their homes and throng'd beach; Oh! for power to save her...

And the waves were breaking on her side; And the waves were breaking on her side...

Any memory of his sermon—firstly—secondly—thirdly—fourthly—fifthly—sixthly—seventhly—eighthly—ninthly—tenthly...

Then they listened. He is singing, "Jesus, lover of my soul!" And the winds brought back the echo...

He could have no other refuge. "Hang my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, ah, leave me not—" the singer dropped at last into the sea...

—Friendly Visitor.

A MAN in a passion is like one standing on his head; he sees everything the wrong way.

CAPITAL MIL—A TRUE TALE OF SMALL BEGINNINGS.

BY FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

"A lovely day in June. In the country—balmy, enjoyable, life-giving. In London—dusty, dry, stifling..."

Under the doorway of a corner house, with close-shuttered, dusty windows, stood a boy, so weary, so forlorn and hungry-looking, his pitiful aspect might have attracted notice in any less busy throng...

Both laughed and hurried on their way, jabbering their business lingo. The boy had heard, had known, the remark was applied to himself, though he most likely had no idea what the words meant...

Always, with the same result; no one wanted a friendless boy who had none to speak for him. Alms had been offered him by kindly but thoughtless persons. But the boy would not readily accept charity. He wanted work...

What to do next? That was the thought that was occupying him. It seemed to him that he had done everything there was to do. Some people, when they ponder, look down on the ground, others turn their eyes upwards...

Involuntarily the boy began to read the name and calling set forth upon the plate, which was a big one. "How dirty it is, no one can read it," he said to himself...

Then, in conformity with a habit of his, he began to rub a small piece of the plate. "Some difference that makes," he said half aloud, and he rubbed again with the sleeve of his old jacket...

In a few minutes the brass shone radiantly. He had been rubbing only listlessly at first, but suddenly he took off his cap, tore away a piece of the old leather lining, and dipping it in the accumulated dust in a corner of the doorstep he redoubled his efforts...

A band of young street skirmishers had collected at the foot of the steps, staring at the lad. "Out of the way, youngsters! out of the way!" exclaimed a bustling city man, issuing from an adjoining warehouse, and half tumbling over them...

"Well, but—I say, my lad, who set you to do that, eh? The place is empty! What's it all about?"

The boy had stopped his work. By this time several men had gathered round. The little skirmishers had dispersed; only two or three remained, open-mouthed, listening. The boy came forward. "If you please, sir, no one told me I hadn't anything to do; I want work..."

"Of course, yes, all right. But who's to pay you? where's the joke? I don't see." "It was so very dirty, I had nothing to do," said the boy simply. "Here's a go!" exclaimed the city man, "there's a boy works for the sake of working! He's a natural curiosity..."

"Should be in the museum!" put in a friend, who had stopped to speak to him. "But if you must clean doorplates, don't, for mercy's sake, be rubbing up dead and gone ones to shame the living," went on the voluble city man. "Here, come and furnish up yours; it wants it bad enough. Hope you'll do as well with it as you have by this. Why, it makes one's eyes blink. Ha, ha!"

"Bread! why, haven't you had your dinner?" But the boy was already across the road. "He's half-starved," said one of the party, who had been watching the hungry eyes of the lad, which gleamed with joy as he grasped the lump of bread the shop-woman handed to him with his twopence change.

"Bread!" ejaculated the prosperous city man, to whom the idea of an appetite to be gratified by such fare was utterly unknown. The boy ate and worked together, putting good will into both operations. "Well, it looks as if never has since the day it was first put up," said the new employer. "Come in a day or two and give it a rub..."

But the brightness of that plate was not to be stood by its neighbors. Five more that afternoon, the boy bestowed his attentions upon, with such good success that the sun seemed setting in half a dozen different places in the chief street of the city that evening. "You must come oftener, my lad," was the command, when next he made his appearance. "Come every day, and give it a rub; and here—these handles. What dye use? how d'ye do it? They can't make it out; my fellows can't make it out at all."

No, they could not. The messengers, and the porters, and the city loafers were all greatly exercised in spirit to discover what was the secret. "He must have a secret, ye know, to make them things blazon out in the way they do." "What is it now, old man?" one would blandly ask; "just rotten stone, I s'pose." "No, not rotten stone," the boy would answer. "Oh! not rotten stone; maybe it's bath-brick."

The boy shook his head. "Oh, well, I don't want to know" his questioner rejoined. "This just grease?" put in an old fly-driver, who had taken to the boy "greedily" as he phrased it. "Grease?" The loafer opened his eyes. "Aye, grease as thou knows nowt about—elbow grease."

The laugh went against the loafer. "Anyway, you can come and do ours," said a caretaker of some offices. "There's four of 'em; I'll give you twopence apiece all round." So the boy's work grew. Every day brought him fresh customers: idle office-keepers, busy porters, newly-established firms wanting to make grand impressions, old-established firms ashamed of their rust.

Earlier and earlier the boy began his rounds. Each day saw his work finished later. The early dawn found him polishing away into the twilight hours, sometimes when the gas was lighted in some inner office or hall, he might be found everywhere creating fresh brightness by the work of his hands. His active little figure was familiar to the night policeman long before relief time came. "It's easy to see where your beat lays, mate," said that functionary; "the brass plates tells the tale where you've been." Before the early breakfast stalls were afoot

the boy polisher had often earned more than many a city clerk's daily wage. So he went on, year in and year out. The fogs of winter were his most persistent enemies; against these even the waged active warfare, often beaten, but never disheartened. "You don't make your dinner of dry bread now, eh?" said his first employer to him one day. "Not much more, sir," replied the boy. "What?" "I'm saving, sir," replied the boy. "Oh! all quite a capitalist, I suppose. But you might get into a warehouse. I believe a friend of mine would take you."

"Thank ye, sir; but I would rather keep at this. It's always in the fresh air, and then if I left them they'd get so dingy again." "It must be hard work." "I like work, sir." One day a speculator tackled him. "I say, my boy, what'll you take for that polishing powder of yours—I mean for the secret of how you make it? They say there's nothing like it. Now I'd buy it of you at a reasonable figure, eh? What d'ye say?"

"I can't sell it," said the boy. "Can't say you won't. You're a fool for your pains. You can't do anything with it; wants capital." When the speculator was gone, the old fly-man, who had heard all, grinned. "Why didn't ye sell him the secret, my boy?" he said. "It isn't worth anything," was the reply. "He'd ha' made something of it. Bless you, he'd ha' patented it, and brought it out as the 'Thingummy Patent Polish.' But right you are, lad; don't you let on to none of 'em what it's made of. I've a pretty good notion myself. It don't cost you much, but that's neither here or there."

He was right, the powder did not cost much, though the boy kept it carefully in small boxes, as if it might have been a precious discovery. It was simply the clean dust of the pavements, a compound of the powdered stone and granite, mixed with the impalpable particles of iron, from the nails in the boot soles, and, maybe, other undiscoverable ingredients. Anyway, it formed an unrivalled polishing powder which nothing else ever equaled. Late at night, in the most remote quarters of the town the boy all unobserved, gathered in his peculiar treasure. With a little sitting and damping and parceling out it was soon ready; that and a choice soft leather were his stock-in-trade.

One dull October morning the boy had finished polishing the large plate by which he had made his first fee. He was looking at it regretfully. He bestowed yet again an extra rub, and still he lingered. "It is no use bothering over that this foggy weather," said the voice of his first employer, as he bustled past to enter. "It's the last time, sir," said the boy almost sadly, though there was an exultant light in his straightforward eyes. "Last time! what d'ye mean?" "I—we sail to-morrow, sir."

"Sail!" "I am going to emigrate to Australia, sir." "Emigrate! stuff! Can't you do better than that?" cried the testy city man. "I've saved enough to pay my passage, sir; I always meant it." "Never! And a boy like you! no capital! no interest!" The lad smiled. He had often thought of those words the young men had used when they passed him in the dusty porch. He knew the meaning of them now. "I think I'll do, sir," he said. Then he looked almost affectionately at the doorplate, with a final rub. "They'll soon get dingy," he said, and something like a sigh followed.

"Let us hear of you—how you get on," said the city man, kindly, as he bade the young fellow a cheery farewell. "You'll get on fast enough, not a doubt." As the years passed on they did hear of the young emigrant from time to time. He was getting on always steadily and surely. Comfort and plenty have gradually surrounded him. A very rich man he is not. He remembers too keenly his own once forlorn state to be insensible to the needs of others. Such men never grow wealthy. "Ho! oh! sir, that is the same fellow!"