



The Family Circle.

WHERE DO THEY LEARN?

BY CLARA G. DOLLIVER.

In the yard of the tenement over the way
Four wee little children are busy at play:
On the step of the door they have spread out
a feast
That is fit for—the daintiest chickens at least.

The oldest plays "mother," and very severe;
The youngest plays "baby," so cunning and dear

That I am quite sure she has practised the part
For so many years that she has it by heart.

There's one who plays "son," and is willful
and wild;
The other plays "daughter," a very bad child!
Small comforts such housekeeping surely
must bring,
For scolding and whipping's the principal
thing.

Oh, where did they learn it, these wee little
ones?

From their mothers' own ill-behaved daughters
and sons?

In their innocent glee displaying the gloom
Where Discord presides as the Goddess of
Home.

Ah! mothers, so busy with broom and with
brush,

Come, listen a moment, and not to cry "Hush!"
But to take to your hearts the lesson to-day
That is taught by the little ones over the way.
—*Christian Union.*

"GIVING UP."

BY M. E. WINSLOW.

"I would, Miss Mary, I would like to be a
Christian, ever so much; I know I should be a
great deal happier, and it seems so ungrateful
not to be willing to serve Him who has done
so much for me; but, whenever I think of it,
something seems to hold me back: I always
remember how much I will have to give up,—
I am so young, and I do so love to have fun.
When you asked all the girls, last Sunday, if
they were not willing to give up all for Jesus,
and talked so sweetly about how much He
gave up for us, I wanted to say yes; but sud-
denly thought about Mrs. Jones' masquerade
party that is to come off week after next, and
I couldn't. Why, Miss Mary, they are to
have a band up from the city, and the house
all decorated with flowers, and such a supper!
—and I'm to be Cinderella; my dress is almost
ready, only I don't know how I am to manage
about the glass slipper. Amanda is to be
Red Ridinghood; her mother has made her
the cunningest little scarlet cloak you ever
saw; I am almost sorry I didn't take that
character myself, now. I couldn't give it all
up. Could you?" And Alice, having talked
herself out of breath, as is apt to be the case
when we are arguing with conscience, ended
by saying, somewhat mournfully, "Yet I
would like to be a Christian."

Miss Mary did not answer; the masquerade
seemed all glitter and tinsel to her; yet she
knew that, to a lively, imaginative girl of
fourteen, its prospect must present many at-
tractions; she had, moreover, great sympathy
with the girls of her charge, who, she knew,
were hedged in with the manifold temptations
of the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes,
and the pride of life, and she offered a silent
prayer that God's Holy Spirit would so reveal
Jesus to Alice, as that all other things would
pale in the splendor of His glory. Then she
spoke:

"Alice, let me tell you a story as a friend
of mine once told it to me. My friend was a
young man living in England, and one day he
took his little brother to a neighboring town
to attend the 'fair' which was held there in
the open market-place. They stopped to buy
some apples from a countryman, who had
covered them with thorny sticks for protection
against the inquisitive noses of the donkeys
and the pilfering fingers of the boys.

"I want one of those sticks," said Johnnie,
seizing one and holding on to it in spite of the
representations of his brother and the country-
man that he would certainly hurt himself or
some one else with an ugly-looking crooked
stick whose thorns were an inch long. What
was to be done? To take it away from him
by force would have torn his poor little hands
to pieces, and no promise of candy or picture-
books would induce the obstinate little fellow
to give it up.

"So the wise elder brother walked quietly
along by the side of his dangerous companion,

till, on the outskirts of the town, they came to
a toy-store.

"Would you like a drum?" said my
friend, stopping suddenly at the door.

"Oh! yes," said Johnnie, quite delighted.
The drum was bought and hung by a string
round the little boy's neck, and one drum-
stick put into his empty left hand, with
which he immediately began to make a fear-
ful din.

"What shall I do with the other stick, sir?"
said the shopman; "the little man's hands
seem quite full."

"Oh! here; you may take this ugly old
thorny stick, if you want it," said Johnnie; "I
don't," and, throwing away the dangerous
weapon, he seized the other drumstick and
marched delightedly homeward, making the
fields and lanes ring with the music of his new
possession."

Miss Mary was too wise to draw any moral
from her story; most children are quite
capable of doing this, and prefer doing it
for themselves; but, dismissing Alice with an
earnest "God bless you, darling," followed
her homeward with a prayer that God would
write the lesson on her heart.

And Alice thought a great deal about it.
The Spirit of God was moving in the hearts of
her companions, and He did not pass Alice by.
Day by day she grew more and more thought-
ful, and, at last, was able to say with several
of her classmates, "I hope I have found
Jesus."

I need not tell you who know how precious
this hope is, and how our dear, loving Saviour
fills the hearts of His children, just as full as
they can hold, with his own pure joy, that
Alice was happier than she had ever been
before. She was talking with her teacher
about it one morning and laying plans for use-
fulness in the service of Christ, when Miss
Mary said:

"Alice, what of the masquerade? I thought
it was to be this week."

"Why, Miss Mary, so it was—last night. I
absolutely forgot all about it. I went to
prayer meeting, you know, and we had such a
splendid time. I believe I'm just like Johnnie:
I've got the drumsticks and I don't want the
thorny sticks any more."

That is it, dear friends, young or old: don't
let us talk about "giving up;" but, with our
hearts full of God's wonderful love, our souls
full of His transcendent joy, and our hands
full of His gifts and His work, we shall
gladly let the "beggary elements" of this
world's dangerous pleasures go to those who
want them.—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S ECONOMY

In an article of some length upon German
affairs, the *Cleveland Leader* says that the
conduct of the Emperor William during his
recent visit to Italy has occasioned both in-
dignation and surprise in the aristocratic
circles of Europe. His tour was the occasion
of but little show on his part, accompanied by
no lavish expenditure of money, or pompous
display of regal power. He caused a credit of
1,400,000 francs, in gold, to be opened for his
expenses in Milan, of which he expended but
100,000 francs, or \$20,000. The remaining
1,300,000 francs were returned to Berlin.
Because the German Emperor did not scatter
this money around at random, he is looked
upon as a sceptred miser. All the European
papers, not wedded to his interests, accuse
him of stinginess, and many fair-minded jour-
nals express their opinion that a greater de-
gree of liberality would have been more in
keeping with the character of the Emperor of
Germany.

This action of Kaiser Wilhelm reveals a
trait that has always characterized the chiefs
of the Hohenzollern family. In the chaotic
mass formed by a multitude of feudal chiefs,
it was this economy, coupled with stern
courage, industry and far-seeing sagacity that
enabled the Burgesses of Nuremberg to make
successive purchases of lands, until, by loans
to the rollicking Emperor Sigismund, one of
them was made the Elector of Brandenburg.
Frederick II., called *Dentibus Ferratis* (iron
teeth) on account of his indomitable energy,
was able to purchase Pritz Wernigerode and
other principalities, and one of the Queens,
while planting the grand park and drive,
where now stand the statues of Frederick and
Blucher, increased the revenue of the State by
supplying the people of Berlin with milk from
her farm. When the twelfth elector was
raised to the dignity of King of Prussia, the
economy of the Court had been such that he
was able to purchase Quedlinburg, the coun-
ties of Lingen and Tecklinburg. The second
King left his successor nearly \$7,000,000 in the
treasury, with no debts. The third swelled
this sum to \$52,000,000, and left the nation in
such a condition that all travellers were aston-
ished at the comfort of its houses, and the smooth-
ness and regularity of its roads. The economy
of the king in his tour to Italy, is but an ex-
hibition of the great ruling trait in his family;
of an influence that his family has com-
municated to a whole nation, from the silent

and ceaseless operation of which have ema-
nated the wealth, power and heroism which
won Sadowa and Sedan.

A PERCENTAGE FOR CHARITY.

A proportionate giving of one's annual
income, for charity, carries God into the work-
shop and into the counting room, sanctifies
toil and traffic, and makes Jesus Christ a
silent but effective partner in every business
interest of life.

"To invest the pursuit of truth," says Dean
Stanley, "with the sanctity of religious duty,
is the true reconciliation of religion and
science." So to invest the business of every
day with the sacredness of the Sabbath day,
because done in the name of the Lord Jesus, is
the only possible harmony of worldly engage-
ments with religious experiences. Christianity
is not exclusively for the Sabbath and the
sanctuary. The gospel requires men to buy
and sell, and transact all their business, with
as keen a sense of religious obligation as that
with which they offer their supplications at a
throne of grace. The infidel dogma that
eligion is one thing and business another
thing, will not obtain currency with men who
are reckoning their gains for the Lord, and
who are struggling to make more money, not
for pride or power, but that they may have a
larger percentage of income for the Master's
cause. They will also be saved from that
absorbing worldly spirit which gradually
freezes all Christian charity out of men's
hearts, and converts them into mere automatic
machines for the accumulation of property.

The business man who would retain his
Christian fervor must guard against an ab-
sorbing worldliness. A lawful occupation,
honorably conducted, may prove a snare to
the soul, if it require so much time and at-
tention as to prevent activity in the service of
God. In the main, American business life is
an anxious, feverish, care-worn, and self-con-
suming life. It engrosses every thought,
energy, power, and passion of our immortal
natures; it pants in hot haste to be rich; it
sacrifices, on the altars of Mammon, health,
home, the society of friends, intercourse with
one's own family, opportunity for travel and
culture, leisure for works of charity and reli-
gion; everything, in a word, which might
seem valuable or important to a being made in
the image of God. Such a life is entirely in-
consistent with Christian character; it is
idolatrous and infidel; it denies God, dis-
honors man, and leads to a practical abroga-
tion of all the claims of humanity and holi-
ness; the closet is forsaken, the family altar
broken down, the week-day prayer or confer-
ence meeting deserted, the necessities of the
sick or sorrowing disregarded, the impenitent
and disorderly left unwarned and uncorrected,
and the whole work of God shamefully and
persistently neglected; and all because time
cannot be spared from business.

From this servitude, which is idolatry, and
from this idolatry, which is oppression; from
this contempt of the creature which is so dis-
honoring to God, and from this infidelity
towards God, which is so degrading to the
creature; from these they are mercifully ex-
empted who toil and traffic, scheme and save,
with a high purpose of beneficence, who have
a constant regard to the Divine mind in every
transaction in which they are engaged, and
who find that their whole secular life is digni-
fied and made sacred by the recognized pre-
sence of their invisible but omnipotent partner,
who takes his share in every profit and leaves
his blessing with whatever remains.—*Rev.*
A. C. George, D. D.

POVERTY OF BARON ROTHSCHILD.

In the life of J. J. Audubon a good story is
told of Baron Rothschild, showing how mean
a rich man may be, and how deficient in esti-
mation of noble character or works of art.
Mr. Audubon carried a letter of introduction
from an eminent banker. He says:

"The Baron was not present, but we were
told by a good-looking young gentleman that
he would be in in a few minutes, and so he
was. Soon a corpulent man appeared, hitch-
ing up his trousers, and a face red with the
exertion of walking, and without noticing any
one present, dropped into a comfortable chair,
as if caring for no one else in this wide world
but himself. While the Baron sat we stood,
with our hats held respectfully in our hands.
I stepped forward, and with a bow tendered
him my credentials. 'Pray, sir,' said the man
of golden consequence, 'is this a letter of busi-
ness, or is it a mere letter of introduction?'
This I could not well answer, for I had not
read the contents of it, and I was forced to
answer rather awkwardly that I could not tell.
The banker then opened the letter, read it with
the manner of one who was looking only at the
temporal side of things, and after reading it
said, 'This is only a letter of introduction,
and I suspect from its contents that you are
the publisher of some book or other, and need
my subscription.'

"Had a man the size of a mountain spoken
to me in this arrogant style in America, I

should have indignantly resented it; but
where I then was, it seemed best to swallow
and digest it as well as I could. So in reply
to the offensive arrogance of this banker,
I said I should be honored by his subscription
to the 'Birds of America.' 'Sir,' he said, 'I
never sign my name to any subscription list,
but you may send in your work, and I will
pay for a copy of it. Gentlemen, I am busy,
I wish you good-morning.' We were busy
men, too, and so bowing respectfully, we re-
tired, pretty well satisfied with the small
slice of his opulence which our labor was like-
ly to attain.

"A few days afterwards I sent the first
volume of my work half-bound, and all the
numbers besides, then published. On seeing
them we were told that he ordered the bearer
to take them to his house, which was done di-
rectly. Number after number was sent and
delivered to the Baron, and after eight or ten
months my son made out his account and sent
it by Mr. Havell, my engraver, to his banking
house. The Baron looked at it in amaze-
ment, and cried out, 'What, a hundred pounds
for birds! Why, sir, I will give you five
pounds, and not a farthing more!'

"Representations were made to him of the
magnitude and expense of the work, and how
pleased the Baroness and wealthy children
would be to have a copy; but the great finan-
cier was unrelenting. The copy of the work
was actually sent back to Mr. Havell's shop,
and as I found that instituting legal proceed-
ings against him would cost more than it would
come to, I kept the work, and afterwards sold
it to a man with less money and a nobler
heart."

HARD WORK IN YOUTH.

Many young people are impatient of the
hard work to be done as clerks, or in subordi-
nate positions, and are eager to make fortunes
without the long and painful toil which is es-
sential to success. They may learn something
from the experience of Vice-President Wilson.
He says of himself:

I feel that I have a right to speak for toil-
ing and toiling men. I was born here in
your county of Strafford. I was born in pov-
erty; I was born in my cradle. I know what
it is to ask a mother for bread when she has
none to give. I left my home at ten years of
age, and served an apprenticeship of eleven
years, receiving a month's schooling each
year, and at the end of eleven years of hard
work, a yoke of oxen and six sheep, which
brought me eighty-four dollars.

Eighty-four dollars for eleven years of hard
toil!

I never spent the amount of one dollar of
money, counting every penny, from the time I
was born until I was twenty-one years of age.
I know what it is to travel weary miles, and
ask my fellow-men to give me leave to toil.

I remember that in October, 1833, I walked
into your village from my native town, went
through your mills seeking employment. If
anybody had offered me nine dollars a month
I should have accepted it gladly. I went to
Salmon Falls, I went to Dover, I went to New-
market and tried to get work, without success,
and returned home footsore and weary, but not
discouraged.

I put my pack on my back and walked to
where I now live in Massachusetts, and learn-
ed a mechanic's trade. I know the hard lot
that toiling men have to endure in this world,
and every pulsation of my heart, every con-
viction of my judgment, every aspiration of
my soul, puts me on the side of the toiling
men of my country—aye, of all countries.

The first month I worked after I was twenty-
one years of age, I went into the woods,
drove team, cut mill logs and wood, rose in
the morning before daylight, and worked hard
until after dark at night, and I received the
magnificent sum of six dollars! Each of these
dollars looked as large to me as the moon looks
to-night.

SITTING STILL.

Last night, I had a half waking dream, and
I thought I stood out along the Hudson River
Railroad track, and I saw a man sitting on
that track. I went up to him and said, "My
friend, don't you know you are in peril? The
Chicago express will be along in a few
moments." I found he was deaf, and did not
hear. I tried to pull him away from that
peril, and he resisted me and said, "What do
you mean by bothering me? I am doing
nothing. Am I disturbing you? I am doing
nothing at all. I am just sitting here." At
that moment I heard in the distance the thun-
der of the express train. A moment after-
wards I saw the headlight of the locomotive
flash around the corner. I held fast the rocks
that I might not be caught in the rush of the
train. Like a horizontal thunderbolt it hurled
past. When the flagman came, five minutes
after, with his lantern, there was not so much
as a vestige left to show that a man had
perished there. What had the victim been
doing there? Nothing at all. He was only
sitting still,—sitting still to die. So I find
men in my audience to-night. I tell them this