



### The Family Circle.

#### TRUE LOVE.

"How much I love you, mother dear!"  
A little prattler said;  
"I love you in the morning bright,  
And when I go to bed."

"I love you when I'm near to you,  
And when I'm far away;  
I love you when I am at work,  
And when I am at play."

And then she slyly, sweetly raised  
Her lovely eyes of blue,  
"I love you when you love me best,  
And when you scold me too."

The mother kissed her darling child,  
And stooped a tear to hide;  
"My precious one, I love you most  
When I am forced to chide."

"I could not let my darling child  
In sin and folly go;  
And this is why I sometimes chide—  
Because I love you so."

—Selected.

#### SOWING AND REAPING.

BY LIDA C. TULLOCK.

Katy Brooks was the child of a minister whose failing health had made it necessary for him to visit a warmer climate. His wife accompanied him, while Katy went to live with her Uncle Arthur in Washington.

One pleasant evening during her stay, Katy and her uncle took a stroll after dinner. They were in the habit of doing so, for they took great delight in each other's society, and would linger hand in hand in the walks of the many beautiful parks which adorn the city.

On the evening of which I write, the uncle and niece were returning from one of those delightful rambles. As they drew near home, they passed their own church, from which the sound of singing was issuing.

"What is going on to-night, Katy?" asked Mr. Raymond, stopping to listen.

"A prayer-meeting, I believe," she answered. "Hark!" The strains of the well-known hymn, "I know that my Redeemer lives," floated out on the evening air, sung by many earnest voices.

"Let us go in, uncle, do," pleaded the eager child.  
Mr. Raymond hesitated. It was many years since he had attended a gathering of this kind, and memories of the far-off past rose in his mind. But who can resist the gentle persuasiveness of a child's soft hand? Not Mr. Raymond, surely, when the hand is that of his beloved niece. He followed where she led, and they entered and seated themselves quietly near the door, in order not to disturb the exercises.

Soon there was a little commotion near them, and a good man who believed in the command,

"In the highways and hedges  
Go seek for the lost,"

entered, followed by six roughly dressed, unkempt men.

At the noise made by their heavy boots, many well-to-do persons shrugged their shoulders, and whispered to their neighbors, "Brother Hayward is a good man, but I do not believe in his bringing the scum of the city among us."

When quiet was restored, Mr. Hayward addressed the meeting, and said that he had found these poor souls roaming the streets, ready to become the prey of any temptation which might offer itself; they were about to enter a drinking den, when he accosted them, and after much pleading he prevailed upon them to accompany him to the prayer-meeting.

"And now," he concluded, "I want you to tell these poor hungry souls that Jesus died for them as well as for us, that they have only to ask and they shall receive."

Earnest were the prayers that followed, simple and eloquent were the short addresses in which the goodness, pity and love of the Saviour were portrayed. The strangers listened with interest and even emotion,

and at their close one of the ragged, uncouth fellows rose and said: "I haven't been in a church before for twenty years. I'm going down to the fishing-grounds to-morrow, and shan't come back until fall. We are rough down there; we swear, and sometimes we fight. I shall not hear any praying again for a long time. I should like to be good. I had a mother once who prayed and read the Bible, but she is dead, and I haven't any one to care whether I do right or wrong. I'm obliged to you all, and I will try to do better. I hope you will sometimes pray for such as I."

Katy had been intensely interested in the man, and when he sat down she seemed expectant of some response to his words. But the closing hymn was sung, and all prepared to leave.

"Come, Kitty," said Mr. Raymond; "aren't you ready to go?"

"Isn't any one going to speak to that poor man? Papa would have shaken hands with him, and encouraged him. It is too bad! I am afraid he will be bad again," almost sobbed the excited child. "Can't you speak to him, Uncle Arthur?"

"Why, my dear, I am afraid I should be but a poor preacher."

"Then I must speak to him," said the child, moved by an impulse she could not resist. "Come with me, uncle, please." They made their way up to Mr. Hayward, to whom Katy said, "I want to speak to the man who said he would try to do better." Mr. Hayward took her to him; and she, following the habit of her good father, held out her little hand to the man, and said gently, "I am so glad that you are going to try to be good. Please don't swear or fight in the rough place that you told about."

The man looked at her in amazement. In her white dress, with her flowing golden hair, she seemed to him a spirit. He could not reply at once. "Have you a Bible?" continued the soft, sweet voice. "No, miss." By chance Katy had her own little Bible in her pocket. "Here, take this one, and promise me that you will read it."

The pleading upturned face was not to be resisted. "I'm not much at reading, miss, but I'll pick out a little to please you."

"Thank you. I shall pray for you, and when you come back you must come and see me, and tell me how you have got along. Uncle, please write our number in the book. And now good-by; I know you will do your best."

The tears stood in the man's eyes as he grasped the little hand in his own hard one; and he stood looking after the child, as she flitted away by her uncle's side, as if he were gazing at an angel, who had descended to earth for a little while, and would soon soar upward again. Mr. Raymond had also shaken hands with him, and had left some money in his palm, saying, as he did so, "Buy yourself something comfortable with it. Do as the child says, and all will be well." He put the little Bible carefully away in his breast pocket, and went silently and thoughtfully away with his comrades. Contrary to his usual habit, he did not spend the money for drink, but put it away for some future necessity.

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Weeks and months had gone by in their ceaseless round. Spring had been followed by summer, and that in turn by autumn. October found Katy Brooks still an inmate of her uncle's family, endeared to them by her gentle, loving ways.

One evening the servant entered the sitting-room where the family were gathered, and said that there was a man in the hall to see Miss Kate.

She tripped away, and, going into the hall, saw a decently dressed man awaiting her appearance.

"Don't you remember me?" he asked, as she hesitated.

"N-o," Kate replied. "Not just yet." He took a little worn book from his pocket, and when Katy saw that it was her own little Bible, she looked again at his face, and exclaimed: "I remember you now; you are the fisherman! How do you do? Have you read my Bible? Have you tried to be good? I am so glad to see you!" Pouring out these eager words, she took him by the hand and led him to the library, where she asked him to tell her the history of the months which had passed since the memorable evening of the prayer-meeting.

"We went down the river the next morning, miss, and commenced work at once. We were very busy from early in the morning until late at night dragging the nets, but I

thought of my promise to you, and tried to spell out a bit in the little book every night before I turned in. The boys laughed and joked about me awful, but I most generally managed to pick out a little."

"I am so glad," said the child. "And did the words comfort you?"

"That they did, miss. Some of the verses was marked, and that made them easier to find. So I soon had some that became precious indeed to me."

"What were they? I think I know some of them. My papa marked them for me."

"Yes, miss. There was one, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' You see I learnt it by heart, for it seemed to mean me, for my work was hard, and at night I was tired; and when I read that 'the kingdom of heaven is like a little child,' I thought of you, miss."

"Oh! thank you. And did you try not to swear?"

"It was hard, miss; but I did my best, as I said I would."

"Did you read the Bible to any of the men?"

"I read a little of it to my mate sometimes; but he used to laugh at it, and say it would do for old women, he didn't want any of it. But one day he fell sick, and the doctor said he must die. Poor Jerry didn't say much, he kinder groaned and turned over. But after the doctor had gone, as I was doing what I could to make him easy like, he called softly, 'Tom!'—Tom is my name, miss, Tom Waters. 'What?' says I. 'Have you got the book what the little girl give you?' 'Yes,' says I. 'Read a bit, Tom,' says he. So, miss, I read as well as I could about the mansions on high, and Jesus' love, and other things that I knew where to find, and, miss, it seemed like he couldn't hear enough."

"And did he die?" asked the child, who had listened to the recital with clasped hands and bated breath.

"Yes, miss, he died, poor Jerry! He often begged to hold the book, and at the last he kissed it, and said, 'Be merciful to me, a sinner.'" The man drew a cotton handkerchief from his pocket, and wiped his eyes. Katy's tears were falling fast.

"You have changed very much since I saw you, Mr. Waters," said Katy, after a pause.

"Yes, miss," he replied as before; "I left off drinking, and after Jerry died I left the fishing and worked on a farm. I saved my money and got these clothes, so I don't wonder you didn't know me. I got out of work, and came up here to find something to do. You wanted me to come and see you, and I wanted to. I wanted to thank you for your kind words. And Jerry he wanted me to say 'thank you' for him. So now my errand's done, and I'd best be going."

"Oh no! Don't go yet. I want my uncle to see you. He was interested in you, and perhaps he can find you some work."

"Thank you, miss; I don't want to trouble the gentleman. He spoke kind to me too, and gave me some money."

So Mr. Raymond was called in to see the reformed, converted man, and talked with him in his usual kind and friendly way. He did more than this. He took Thomas Waters into his employ, and found him a useful and worthy assistant. He kept the little Bible as one of his most precious possessions, even as he kept the memory of the giver enshrined in his heart. His wife and children learned to call her blessed, and she was ever a welcome visitor in their modest dwelling.

Thus did the little seed sown by a child in apparently barren soil bring forth abundant fruit for the harvest.—S. S. Times.

#### GIVE.

BY MRS. ADA C. CHAPLIN.

Mr. Rathbun closed his door forcibly, emphasized the act by a decided pressure of his foot on the lower panel, bolted it and sank back in his office-chair with something like a growl. The occasion of this movement was not a mad dog or a highwayman, no, not even a tramp or a lightning-rod agent, but a very mild-eyed, white-haired man, who passed quietly by the office-window of the factory as if wholly unconscious of Mr. Rathbun's existence.

There was a sigh of relief, followed by a slight scowl.

"Only a postponement after all. I shall meet him in the street. There's no escape

for me unless I keep a body-guard. Home Missions, Foreign Missions, new school-houses, sick widows, Sunday-school libraries, Children's Aid Societies, picnics, church repairs, beset my path like a pack of wolves, and I must either lie down and let them devour me, or else buy a six-shooter and keep them all at bay. I've no idea where all the money goes, and I've no time to find out. And the worst of it is that when I do give they are never thankful, but always look as if they thought I might have done more. Why, if I were to do for these money-suckers all they think I ought, my family would suffer."

Now, this last sentence was the solitary true one in the whole series. Mr. Rathbun was acting-agent for the Millville Woollen Factory. The owner, being non-resident, had intrusted to him heavy responsibilities, and his salary was good. But he had a young family, and his expenses were heavy. He never drank nor smoked. He was never extravagant in dress. He was considerate as an employer, and, notwithstanding his bearish speech, courteous to all, not excepting the solicitors of contributions. Five had visited him for various objects that day. Four had received a small contribution each, and as neither knew of the appeals of the others, had looked surprised that the sum was not larger. Their looks haunted him, so that the fifth received a quiet "No." He retired without even a look, and that haunted Mr. Rathbun most of all.

The next morning, bright and cheerful, Mr. Rathbun entered the factory. At the door stood two horses.

"I believe there's something due me for extra teaming," said the driver.

"Certainly; come right into the office," Mr. Rathbun passed on.

"We must order more wool, I suppose," remarked one of the superintendents; "and by the way, Kennet says there's a flaw in the main belt in the card-room."

Mr. Rathbun looked up-surprised.

"Will you come and see it?"

"No; I would trust Kennet's judgment as soon as my own. Tell him to mark down exactly what is wanted, and I will order it."

As Mr. Rathbun entered the office, the book-keeper accosted him with, "We must have a new set of books next month."

Mr. Rathbun glanced at the well-filled ledger, and his cheerful look brightened to a smile.

"And Standish says you should order timber for boxes in double the quantity," added the book-keeper. "So far we've ordered just the same as when we were doing only half the business."

It was the joy and pride of Mr. Rathbun's life, as agent, that the factory was doing double the business it did five years before, and therefore, payments for supplies of every sort must be twice as frequent or twice as large.

"Scroggins says the underpinning of the dye-house needs attention," met Mr. Rathbun as he left the office, after giving the necessary orders to the book-keeper.

"Tell him—no, I'll examine it myself. I wouldn't risk anything for a good deal, but I can't trust Scroggins' observations," and Mr. Rathbun went to the dye-house.

Still sunny and cheerful, he passed from room to room. Everywhere his presence was an inspiration. It was not from lips of flesh alone that demand for money came; there were wooden and iron speakers wherever the wear and tear of the rapidly growing business had left marks, and each demand, whether silent or spoken, was recorded in his memorandum.

The last was for a new coat of paint for one of the buildings, and that was pleasantly refused.

"I would like it, but I am not sure we can afford it now. I will consult the owner."

This was spoken as he left the factory for the depot, where he welcomed Clarence Markham, owner of his and half a dozen other of the Millville factories. They walked together to the office.

"By the way, I'll take what money you have on hand," said the owner. "I've a little matter to settle to-night," and Mr. Rathbun paid the money, rather glad to be relieved of it, and then, as Mr. Markham left the office, very gently closed the door.

Squeak, squeak. It certainly did sound as if the hinges squeaked, "Give, give," and Mr. Rathbun understood it so.

"I must send for oil," he said, and took out his memorandum.