



The Family Circle.

A LITTLE WHILE.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the gathering and the strewing
I shall be soon;
Beyond the ebbing and the flowing,
Beyond the coming and the going,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond this pulse's fever-beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet hope!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

H. BONAR.

HOW SHE TOLD A LIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GEN-
TLEMAN."
(Concluded.)

"At first he had been very sorry for me—had tried, all through that holiday Saturday when my punishment began, to persuade me to confess, and escape it; and when he failed—for how could I confess to what I had never done, to an action so mean that I would have been ashamed even to have thought of doing it?—then Tommy also sent me to Coventry. On the Sunday, all 'us children'—we didn't mind grammar much in those days—walked to church together across the fields; and Tommy always walked with me, chattering the whole way. Now we walked in total silence, for Will's eye was upon him, and even Tommy was afraid." Whatever I said, he never answered a single word.

"Then I felt as if all the world were against me—as if it was no use trying to be good, or telling the truth, since even the truth was regarded as a lie. In short, in my small childish way I suffered much as poor Jeanne d'Arc must have suffered when she was shut up in her prison at Rouen, called a witch, a deceiver—forsaken of all, and yet promised pardon if she would only confess and own she was a wicked woman, which she knew she was not.

"I was quite innocent, but after three days of being supposed guilty I ceased to care whether I were guilty or no. I seemed not to care for anything. Since they supposed I was capable of such a mean thing as pulling up a harmless jessamine-root out of spite, what did it matter whether they thought I had told a lie or not? Indeed, if I did tell one, it would be much easier than telling the truth; and every day my 'sticking it out,' and persisting in the truth, became more difficult.

"This state of things continued till Wednesday, which was our half holiday, when my cousins usually went a long walk or played cricket, and I was sent in to spend the afternoon with Tommy. They were

the delight of my life, those long quiet Wednesdays, when Tommy and I went 'mooning about,' dug in our garden, watched our tadpoles—we had a hand-basin full of them, which we kept in the arbor till they developed into myriads of frogs and went hopping about everywhere. But even tadpoles could not charm me now, and I dreaded, rather than longed for, my half-holiday. "School had been difficult enough, for Tommy and I had the same daily governess; but if, when we played together, he was never to speak to me, what should I do? Besides his grandmother would be sure to find it out; and she was a prim and rather strict old lady, to whom a child who had been sent to Coventry for telling a lie would be a perfect abhorrence. What could I do? Would it not be better to hide away somewhere, so as to escape going in to Tommy's house at all? Indeed, I almost think some vague thought of running away and hiding myself forever crossed my mind, when I heard Will calling me.

He and two of the others were standing at the front door—a terrible Council of Three; like that which used to sentence to death the victims in the Prigioni, which we saw last month at Venice. I felt not unlike a condemned prisoner—one who had been shut up so long that death came almost as a relief—which it must often have been to those poor souls. The three big boys stood over me like judges over a criminal, and Tommy stood beside them looking very sad.

"'Little girl,' said Will, in quite a judicial tone, 'we think you have been punished enough to make you thoroughly ashamed of yourself. We wish you to go and play with Tommy as usual; but Tommy could not possibly have you unless you were out of Coventry. We will give you one chance more. Confess that you pulled up the jessamine, and we'll forgive you, and tell nobody about you; and you shall go and have tea with Tommy just as if nothing had happened. Think—you have only to say one word.'

"And if I don't say it?"
"Then," answered Will, with a solemn and awful expression, 'I shall be obliged immediately to tell everybody everything.' "That terrible threat—all the more formidable because of its vagueness—quite overcame me. To be set down as a liar or to become one; to be punished as I knew my aunt would punish me on her son's mere statement, for a wrong thing I had never done, or to do a wrong thing, and, escaping punishment, go back to my old happy life with my dear Tommy, who stood, the tears in his eyes, waiting my decision.

"It was a hard strait—too hard for one so young. And Will stood glaring at me, with his remorseless eyes.

"Well, now—say, once for all, did you pull up my jessamine?"

"It was too much. Sullenly, slowly, I made up my mind to the inevitable, answered, 'Since you will have it so—Yes.' But the instant I had said it, I fell into such a fit of sobbing—almost hysterical screaming—that my cousins were all frightened and ran away.

"Tommy stayed, however. He got me into the quiet arbor as fast as he could. I felt his arms round my neck, and his comforting was very tender, very sweet. But I was long before I stopped crying, and still longer before anything like cheerfulness came into my poor little heart. We played together all the afternoon very affectionately, but in a rather melancholy sort of way, as if we had something on our minds, to which we never made the smallest reference. Tommy was a timid boy, and Will had cowed him into unkindness; but he loved me—I knew he loved me. Only, as is often the case, if his love had had a little more courage it would have been all the better for me—perhaps for him too.

"We spent a peaceful, but rather dull afternoon, and then were summoned in-doors to tea.

"Now, tea at Tommy's house was a serious thing. Tommy's grandmother always sat at the table, and looked at us through her spectacles, and talked to us in a formal and dignified manner, asking if we had been good children, had learnt our lessons well, had played together without quarrelling, &c., &c. She was a kind old lady, but she always made us feel that she was an old lady, years upon years older than we, and quite unable to understand us at all. Consequently, we never did more than answer her questions and hold our

tongues. As for telling her anything—our troubles especially—we would as soon have thought of confiding in the Queen, or the Emperor of all the Russias.

"I never opened my lips all tea-time, and at last she noticed it. Also that my eyes were rather red.

"This little girl looks as if she had been crying. I hope you did not make her cry, Tommy, my dear?"

"Tommy was silent. But I eagerly declared that Tommy had not made me cry. Tommy was never unkind to me.

"I am glad to hear it, Evangeline (she always gave me my full name); and I hope you, too, are a good child, who is never in mischief, and above all never tells lies. If I were not quite sure of that, I could not allow Tommy to play with you."

She looked us full in the face as if she saw through and through us—which she did not, being very short-sighted—yet I felt myself tremble in every limb. As for Tommy, he just glanced at me and glanced away again, turning crimson to the very roots of his hair, but he said nothing.

"What would have happened next, I cannot tell; we waited in terror, holding one another's hands under the table-cloth. But mercifully at that very instant the old lady was fetched to speak with some one, and we two children had to finish our tea alone.

"It almost choked us—me, at any rate. But as soon as ever it was over, and Tommy and I found ourselves safe out in the garden, I flung my arms round his neck and told him all."

"And Tommy believed me. No matter whether the others did or not, Tommy believed me—at last! Tommy sympathized with me, comforted me, thought I was not so very wicked even though I had told a lie, but not the one I was accused of telling. Tommy wept with me over all I had suffered, and promised that, though perhaps it was better to let the matter rest now, if such a thing were to happen again, he would not be afraid of Will or of anybody, but would stand up for me 'like a man.'

"And did he do it?" asked Cherry, with slight ineredulity in her tone.

"He never had the opportunity. A week after this he was suddenly sent for to join his parents abroad, and I never saw my friend Tommy any more."

"But did you never hear of him? Is he alive still? He must be a very old gentleman by this time."

"Very. No doubt a father—possibly even a grandfather," replied Cousin Eva, smiling.

Cherry blushed. "I didn't mean that, since he was barely as old as you, and you are certainly not a grandmother. But I want to hear more of Tommy. Is he married?"

"I really cannot say. The last time I heard of him was ten years ago, when he was living somewhere abroad—I rather think at Shanghai. He was not married then."

"I wish," whispered Ruth, solemnly, "I wish he would come back to England and marry you."

Cousin Eva laughed. "There might be two opinions on that question, you know. But oh! my children, when you are married, and have children of your own, remember my story. If ever a poor little thing looks up in your face saying, 'I didn't do that,' believe it! If it sobs out, 'I'm not naughty,' don't call it naughty! Give it the benefit of the doubt. Have patience, take time; and whatever you do, don't make it afraid. Cowards are always liars. Of the two evils it is less harmful to believe a person who tells a lie, than to doubt another who is speaking the truth."

"I think so too," said Cherry sagely.

"Remember poor Jeanne d'Arc," added Ruth, kissing the well-beloved hand.

And so, in the fading twilight, the three rose up together, and went down the hill from Notre-Dame de Bon Secours.—*Sunday Magazine.*

A POOR WASHERWOMAN is mentioned by the London City Mission as having two collecting boxes, and this is her description of her treatment of them: "I puts a shirt into one box and a collar in the other this week, and next I puts a collar into the first and a shirt into the second. One box is for the general fund and the other is for the support of the mission hall."

HADN'T IT BETTER BE IN CIRCULATION?

BY REV. JAMES M. GRAY.

Katie is a quaint old maiden lady living up in this part of the country where we spend our vacation, a record of whose sayings and doings would be very interesting reading. She is a Christian, and, considering her religious advantages, an unusually intelligent and devout Christian. Many an agreeable conversation we had with her touching the "best things." Last season she learned we had a Zenana Band in our church in Boston, the cost of membership in which was but fifty cents a year, and she desired to become a member. She had been saving up her pennies for such an object a long time—she had now about sixty cents in store—and she hailed with joy this opportunity to apply it, as she had long wished, for the extension of the Master's kingdom on the foreign field. When we learned that the purpose to save this money had cost her the denial of fresh meat as an article of diet for a whole year, we at first hesitated about receiving it, but the spiritual finally overcame the carnal in us, and we rejoiced to be the vehicle for conveying such a treasure in the Lord's name to those who in a sadder sense were more destitute than she.

This year when we called upon her, she was ready with her offering again. Out came the little paste-board box, which, with one or two scientific shakes, unloaded its valuable contents upon the wooden chair—in all sixty-eight cents. "There," said Katie, "please give that for Foreign Missions to the lady who wrote me such a nice letter last year." "But," objected we, (knowing what a struggle she had to gather so many pennies together), "had we not better take only the fifty cents, the actual cost of membership in the society, and leave you the remaining eighteen as a kind of nest-egg for next year?" A pause of a few seconds, a very earnest, thoughtful look, and then with much solemnity, mingled with an "air of business" that would have been irrepressibly laughable under different circumstances, she replied, "Haden't it better be in circulation?" We could not smile much as the old man within us tried to have us do so. The ludicrousness of the remark faded out in the childlikeness, and yet sublimity, of this woman's faith, and with reverent fingers we lifted up the offering and placed it in a receptacle separate from other coin.

"Haden't it better be put in circulation?" This is the question which in God's name we would like to lay upon the consciences of our wealthy church members to-day. What Christian was that who, in explanation of his course in distributing his money, said, "It were a shame for a child of God to die rich." And is it not a shame? How can professing Christians be justified in laying up treasures upon earth when the cause of Him who made and redeemed them is in need of that silver and gold which are His? How can even the generous, charitable and religious bequests of a testator atone for the neglect, the want of faith of a lifetime in their application to those same objects? He gives twice who gives quickly. In the coffers of our rich church members at this moment, is the latent power which can put in exercise the influence that is to regenerate the world. We echo Katie's question, "Haden't it better be put in circulation?"—*Episcopal Record.*

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL CAN DO.

BY IDA M. BUXTON.

You think there's little I can do
To help the temperance cause,
Because I cannot go and vote,
And help the men make laws.

You think I'm small to do the work,
But now just let me say,
That there is something I can do
To help the cause each day.

Of course I cannot search the streets
The poor and sick to aid;
Of course I cannot write big books,
I'm such a little maid.

But there's one thing I'm going to do
On each and every day;
Now shall I tell you what it is?
I'll kneel to God and pray.

Yes, pray to Him that He will drive
The rum-fiend from our land,
That He will give us strength to work
And bless the temperance band.

—*League Journal.*