



The Family Circle.

"NOT TO BE MINISTERED UNTO, BUT TO MINISTER."

BY LUCY A. BENNETT.

Would'st thou be blessed? Ah, choose to be a blessing.
 Would'st thou be loved? Nay, rather seek to love.
 The cup which thou to other lips wert pressing,
 Thy solace sweet would prove.
 Would'st thou be great? Oh, stoop to lift the lowly.
 Would'st thou be heard? Learn first to listen well.
 Dost thou aspire to service high and holy?
 Some childish grief dispel.
 Does fame attract thee to her temple hoary?
 Learn for another's sake to stand aside;
 Arise, and crown a rival with the glory
 To thy white brow denied.
 Perchance thou tread'st a pathway dark and dreary,
 And yearnest for a heart whereon to rest!
 Prefer to let the head of one more weary
 Be pillowed on thy breast.
 Climb by the pathway of humiliation;
 Stoop, and thy trembling hands shall grasp the prize;
 Outpour thy life's rich treasure as oblation,
 Nor count it sacrifice.
 For love of Christ, and not for pride or merit;
 For love of Christ esteeming "gain" but "loss";
 Who stooped that thou his kingdom should'st inherit,
 Who triumphed by the cross.
 For he is worthy who hath gone before thee.
 Yea, he is worthy, follow him to-day;
 Deny thyself, his banner floateth o'er thee,
 He leads himself the way.
 —English Paper.

ONCE ONE IS ONE.

(Good Housekeeping.)

The Christmas holidays were well past, and as Mrs. Burleigh jogged the cradle with her foot, and put new sleeves in Ethel's night-gowns, she sighed a little regretfully as she thought how much the filling of the Christmas stockings had cost; and now she would have to pinch the rest of the winter to make up for it. Here were Ethel's elbows out already, and she did not like to ask Erastus for another cent. Then the baby settled into his nap, Mrs. Burleigh prepared dinner, and her husband came in from the shop and the children from sliding.
 "I wish Christmas was coming again next week," said Ethel.
 "I think once a year quite enough," replied her mother. "And yet it is a blessed season for the poor! It always does my heart good to hear of Christmas contributions; I always wish I could do such things."
 "Well, I don't know," responded her husband, slowly, as he filled the children's plates. "I wish, myself, that the spirit of Christmas giving could somehow be made to extend through the year. It seems to me I would rather give some poor body a good dinner after Christmas than just then. There is Miss Jepson, for instance. I saw her in the market this morning when I stopped to order the dinner. She looked more pinched and prim than ever, if that is possible; and she bought five cents' worth of liver and two sausages. Of course she goes over to Rowland to eat Thanksgiving dinner with her cousin Jared and his wife, but she never goes anywhere else. I believe it would be a good thing to ask her over here to dinner or tea once in a while."
 "That makes me think of something Arthur Parker was talking about on the pond to-day," said Theo, the eldest child. "His father heard about it at a minister's meeting. It is something about every one trying to influence ten other people to be good, or doing something for them,—like asking them to dinner. Arthur could explain it beautifully, and it is called 'Ten times one is ten.'"

Mrs. Burleigh looked up from cutting meat and mashing potatoes for Ethel, and pushed the spoon-holder farther beyond baby's eager grasp.

"Dear me, Erastus, how in the world could I invite people to dinner or tea, even if we could afford the expense? It is all I can do to get the meals as it is, with nobody to do a hand's turn but myself. And ten people! Mrs. Parker keeps two servants, and has only one child, and he in the grammar school! She has plenty of time for 'Ten times one is ten.'"

"That is the end of the table," piped up Fred, aged seven. "The beginning is 'Once one is one.' You ought to say that first."

Everybody laughed, as we elders do when the children interject their little remarks into our wise conversation and we think they do not understand; but oftentimes their innocence reaches farther than our wisdom.

"There you have it!" said Mr. Burleigh, nodding at his wife. "Fred, it is a great thing to know your multiplication table. Amelia, we can't do 'Ten times one is ten,' but perhaps Miss Jepson will be our 'Once one is one.'" And Mr. Burleigh picked up his hat and passed out.

"That is just like a man!" thought Mrs. Burleigh, as she piled the plates together. "As if I could ask Miss Jepson in here at any time! The baby would be sure to take that very day to cut a new tooth, and I couldn't even ask her to tea without sponge-cake and custard, at the very least. She would expect it, of course. And what would she think to come right in here—in the midst of the children's litter and din?"

As she sat at her sunny window—sewing—that afternoon, Miss Jepson went by, with her old black shawl drawn tightly around her meagre shoulders, and the same rusty-black straw bonnet, with its limp ties, which she had worn for years.

"She does look forlorn!" thought Mrs. Burleigh. "It must be lonely for her to sit in that one room and make button-holes day after day. To be sure, she owns that little house; but she has nothing else except what she earns. I wish I could ask her in to just what we have ourselves; but I am afraid she would feel I had not 'made company' of her. Still, poor as we are, it must be better than what she has at home. I have a great mind to try it."

By and by Miss Jepson came back down the street, and, just before she reached the gate, Mrs. Burleigh made an errand out to the front door to bring in Fred's sled, which he had left just square across the walk, while he trotted off on some boyish errand. Miss Jepson looked up with her little half smile, and slightly paused as if longing for a friendly salutation. Mrs. Burleigh's heart warmed to her at once.

"How do you do, Miss Jepson?" called she cheerily. "You see what we mothers find to fill up our time." And she shook the snow off a little red mitten that lay beside the sled. Perhaps the mate was on Fred's hand; perhaps not.

"Fred does kite 'round consider'ble, don't he?" responded Miss Jepson, cordially. "He always makes me think of my little brother Jimmie,—just so full of life and fun,—and all you said to him in at one ear and out at the other; but Jimmie made a smart man, too," and a shade passed over the worn face.

Mrs. Burleigh knew that James Jepson, youngest of the large family of which the angular spinster before her had been the eldest, had been the pride and delight of his sister's heart from the time she took him out of her dying mother's arms until word had been brought her that he had fallen bravely at Chancellorsville; and then the sister, who had borne up bravely under loss of kindred and property, gave up all at once, and settled into a grim, silent, elderly woman.

Mrs. Burleigh spoke out impulsively. "Won't you come in and sit a while, Miss Jepson?" said she kindly.

"Well, I don't know but I will," replied the spinster; and she came up the walk and into the cozy room which served for dining-room and sitting room in one, with its little strew of toys and picture-books, and open sewing-machine, with Ethel's cut-out gingham aprons piled up on one end. The mending-basket stood there with its obvious indications of the presence of children, so different from Miss Jepson's own prim, orderly room,

with everything at its proper angle, and not so much as a canary to scatter seed about.

"Lay off your bonnet, and draw up to the stove," said Mrs. Burleigh, hospitably, resuming her low rocker, and taking up some sewing. The baby crept to Miss Jepson's feet, pulled up by her chair, and pounded her knee with his small fist to attract attention.

"You pretty little thing!" said she, taking him into her lap, to his mother's astonishment. When, in a moment or two, he squirmed down and crept away on some baby impulse known only to himself, Miss Jepson took the mending-basket into her lap and drew a thimble from her pocket. "Nothing seems so folksy to me as a mending-basket," said she, pulling Theo's stocking over her hand. "Mother and I used to have such good times over ours, years ago."

How fast her practised fingers reduced the pile in that basket!

"There," said she, replacing the missing string on baby's bib; "I don't know when I've taken a stitch for a child before, and it has done me good, I do believe. I've kept mother's old, big basket all these years, and it looks more like her than anything else I've got."

Mrs. Burleigh rose and substituted a white cloth for the red one on the dining-table, which occupied the centre of the room.

"How short the afternoons are!" said she. "You must have a cup of my tea, Miss Jepson;" and she clattered the cups and plates hospitably as she brought them from the closet. She brought out light, fresh bread, new gingerbread, (brown and spicy), cheese on a plate like a green leaf—the children wanted something on that plate every day, it was so pretty—a little brown and white platter of cold meat (because Mr. Burleigh liked something hearty), opened a glass jar of peaches, and that was all. It was only every-day fare—such as they always had—after all, and she wondered if she had laid herself open to criticism by inviting company without first making ready.

The children came in with their rattling tongues and little clatter of getting off rubbers and coats and mittens, hushed somewhat at the sight of the unusual visitor. Mr. Burleigh came in with his cordial hand-shake and hearty welcome, and then tea was ready.

How pleasant it all was to the poor, lonely woman! It was a long time since she had enjoyed anything so much as that simple family meal, for the cousin who always invited her to Thanksgiving dinner had no children, and, as Mr. Burleigh had said, she never went elsewhere. He escorted her down the street to the little cottage of which she only used two rooms, except in the heat of summer, when the cooking-stove was moved in the "out-room." She let herself in, hung up her bonnet and shawl in the little entry, and sat down in the old wooden rocker, with its cushion of red and blue woollen patch-work, before the stove, which emitted a rosy gleam as soon as she opened the drafts and poked it a bit.

"Well, Amanda Jepson," she said to herself, "I don't know when you've taken a whole afternoon to visit your neighbors before. It was just as well, though, seeing Ferguson wouldn't have any button-holes till to-morrow, and then he'll send them down by the boy. The Burleighs are bright and cheerful, that's a fact; the children fly 'round just as ours used to. I had a real good time, anyway, and I'd like to pass it on. Wonder if I couldn't now!"

She glanced round the room. The floor had a warm rag carpet, the lounge was gay with a cover and cushion of big-flowered calico, a covered sink was in one corner, and a little stand between the windows held the Bible and almanac, while the rush-bottomed chairs, ranged round the walls, stood up as stiff as soldiers on parade.

"I'll invite Widow Parkinson," soliloquized Miss Jepson. "She's as lonesome as I be, and I don't know but lonesomer. Parkinson wa'n't one to set the river afire when he was alive, but she always seemed to set store by him, too, and the children all died when they was little. She ain't got much of this world's substance, any more than I have, and I guess not as much, finally. I'd have to do a little cooking be-

forehand. 'Taint with me as 'tis with Mrs. Burleigh. Of course, with so many children, she has to keep cooked up, and so she's always ready if a body comes in unexpected."

(To be Concluded.)

MISS HAVERGAL'S CONSECRATION HYMN.

Rev. E. F. Baldwin writes:—I recently met a devoted Christian nurse, who attended upon Miss F. R. Havergal in her last illness, and was with her when she "fell asleep in Jesus." The minute details she gave me of those days were most thrilling. Some other circumstances she narrated, which I had not seen so fully in print, interested me, and none more so than the story of the origin of those incomparable lines known as the Consecration Hymn, which have since sung their way into many human hearts. As the readers of *The Christian* well know, they begin—

Take my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee;
 Take my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

The nurse of whom I speak was walking with Miss Havergal one day, in the spring of 1878 (about a year before her call home), around the garden at Leamington, where she then lived. She said, "I want to tell you of the gentle way by which the Lord led one to himself whom I have long known. He had, for years, avoided all services. But in the first year of this leading he began to come to the church, sitting just inside the lobby. The next year he sat just inside the church. The third year he began seating those who came and took a comfortable seat himself. A short time after this I went by invitation to stay with his family. As I alighted from the carriage he met me at the door and said, 'Miss Havergal, I hope you have come to be a great blessing to us.' On his saying that I went straight to my room and asked God to give me every soul in that house, and before I left my prayer was answered. Ten in number, they all became anxious about their souls and found peace. The night this transpired I was so overjoyed I could not sleep. As I lay awake, the lines of the hymn—

Take my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to Thee,

passed through my mind, and I put them down in pencil. The next morning I was writing to Rev. —, the head of the Irish Society, and I enclosed these pencilled lines. He had, strange to say, just been preparing an address on Consecration, which he delivered to several hundred people. In the middle of his discourse he read these lines aloud. After the service a gentleman came to him and asked if he might have them printed. He did so; and thus within three weeks after they had passed through my mind thousands of copies were circulating in England and Ireland."—*Christian*.

TOBACCO-USING TEMPERANCE REFORMERS.

The temperance reformers who talk so earnestly about alcohol, and have not one word to say about tobacco, opium, and intemperate hours, are superficial workers indeed, with little care or little idea of the real character and importance of their work. It is a well-understood fact that not one half of the real drunkards who take the total abstinence pledge are permanently reclaimed who continue the use of tobacco, and the reason is quite obvious to anyone understanding the elementary principles of physiology. Tobacco has as powerful an effect on the nervous system as alcohol, and its tendencies are to nervous derangement, creating an appetite and almost necessity for alcohol. In the face of this well-established fact, is it not sickening and disgusting to see a temperance worker a habitual tobacco-user?—*Exchange*.

WHEN IT RAINS.

Do?—like the things in the garden. Oh! Just keep quiet a while and grow.
 Do?—like the bird. It shuts its wings, And waits for the sun. Do you hear?—it sings!
 Do?—like the lilies. Let it beat, Nestle below it and be sweet.

MRS. S. M. B. PLATT.