



## The Family Circle.

### IN HIS BEAUTY.

BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

I shall see Him in His beauty,  
For myself shall see the King!  
In the far-off land elysian  
Have that beatific vision;  
In His beauty I shall see Him  
When the wailing nations flee Him.

I shall see Him in His beauty,  
Who for me was crucified,  
By those cruel foes surrounded,  
Scourged and buffeted and wounded;  
From man's judgment who was taken,  
And of God Himself forsaken.

I shall see Him in His beauty!  
See Him on the great white throne;  
With these eyes shall I behold Him,  
See the prophets who foretold Him,  
Saints and martyrs of Time's story,  
And the angels in their glory.

I shall see Him in His beauty,  
On His palm my worthless name;  
'Mid convulsions and dire wonders,  
'Mid earth's voices and Heaven's thunders;  
I shall see Him, He will own me  
And beside Himself enthrone me.

—Christian Union.

## LONE TOM AND HIS DOG.

BY AGUSTUA LARNED.

(Concluded).

By her neighbors Mrs. Disbrow was counted a shining light, a pattern of virtue; but there was an unregenerate fibre in her which would have vibrated agreeably if she could have overtaken Tom in some iniquity. She stole out at night, in her slippers, with the hope of pouncing upon the boy in the act of striking matches or burning a candle in the barn. But she was never repaid for her trouble. Tom and the dog always went to bed in the dark. If she had listened with a sympathetic ear, she might sometimes have heard a sound of sobbing, for the lad was a poor sleeper, and the aching in his heart for love and sympathy and home and for the mother who would never come again to give her boy a good-night kiss was always worse when he lay awake in the dark. One day Tom was carrying a pitchfork full of fresh grass across the dooryard lawn, when Mrs. Disbrow called to him, angrily, yet with an exultant tone, she scarcely tried to disguise.

"Now, sir, what do you suppose your miserable, good-for-nothing dog has been doing?"

"I don't know, ma'am," faltered Tom, beginning to quake so that part of his load slipped from the fork.

"The wretch has carried off our Sunday joint through the cellar-window."

Mrs. Disbrow's Sunday dinner was a very chilly meal. She had everything served cold, for she considered it wicked to heat herself and the viands on the Lord's day; and, if indigestion ensued, it was counted in the order of discipline.

"Oh! ma'am," returned Tom, when the power of speech came back to him, "Fido is not a sneak thief. He never stole anything in his life. I have known him ever since he was a small pup."

"You need not contradict me," rasped Mrs. Disbrow, the sallow hue of her countenance turning a sage green. "I tell you he did steal the meat; for what other creature is there on the place to do such a dirty piece of work? I would have the sneak shot out of hand; but Mr. Disbrow is too chicken-hearted, and, to make sure, he has gone and set a big spring-trap. I tell him it isn't safe to keep the animal about; for if he gets a taste of fresh meat the neighbors' sheep may disappear, and then we shall have the damages to pay."

Tom did not trust himself to answer this grade. He was slow to wrath; but now his breast was heaving with a storm of indignation. He took up the pitchfork, with its fragrant burden, and moved off to the stable with a slow and heavy step. The suspicion cast upon Fido was as odious to him as if the charge had been made against a human friend. The boy had no one to love save this poor dumb brute, and he gave him the loyal affection of his young heart.

After reflecting a while, Tom whistled to the dog, who was smelling about the roadside some little distance away. He knew Fido was innocent; but the idea that Mrs. Disbrow hated him and would sooner or later compass his death took firm hold of the lad's mind.

The two friends walked slowly across the green meadow to the alder-fringed brook. If the dog must die, Tom thought it would be kinder to put him out of the way tearfully and as a sacrificial act than to have him shot by order of his enemy, or mangled in a trap, or poisoned with arsenic.

"Poor old fellow, you will forgive me," he said, mutely, while a thick mist obscured his sight. They sat down now just as they had many a time before to take their dinner together. There were big stones lying about on the bank. It would be easy to brain the dog in a moment of confidence, when he was licking and fawning on the hand that meant to do the treacherous deed. There would be a plunge in the water, a few ineffectual gasps and writhings. That was all. Tom had heard that death by drowning is easy. The dog, seeing his master's gloom, crawled up and rubbed his shaggy head against the boy's knee, and wagged his tail with unutterable sympathy, and licked his hands all over, and gave him a thousand mute tokens of endearment. His eyes were such fountains of humble fidelity and trust and love that Tom began to feel as guilty as a murderer. His resolution died completely out. He could sooner cut off his right hand than hurt a hair of the old and homely friend who had been faithful to him so many long years. They would still cling together, and hope for some means of escape into a sweeter and better life. The boy and dog lingered down by the brook until chime time, and then went reluctantly home.

"Hullo, Tom!" called Mr. Disbrow. "See the ugly customer I have just caught in the spring-trap," and he held up to view a big barn-cat, a fierce creature, bristling all over like a hedge-hog, and with great glaring yellow eyeballs.

The innocence of Fido had been established, the dog's reputation was cleared; but that night at supper nothing was said. Mrs. Disbrow made it a point never to acknowledge herself in the wrong. Tom hated to stay in her presence; for her injustice cut him deeply. He could do nothing but fumble with his knife and fork. After he had left the room, Mr. Disbrow remarked, as he again helped himself to the mashed potato:

"I am afraid, Didamy, you have hurt Tom's feelings about the dog. He is sensitive, you know, and, for my part, I shouldn't like to wrongfully accuse a dumb beast."

"You thought it was the dog yourself! You know you did!" retorted his wife, spirit-edly. "I am not going to get down on my knees to that boy. If he don't eat the good, comfortable victuals set before him, he may go without. He ought to leap for joy to get a home like this, when he was never used to anything before in his life. His mother was a miserable poor housekeeper and they were always short of provisions. You would suppose that boy would show some grain of gratitude for what he gets. But, instead of that, he goes moping and sulking about, as if somebody had abused him. I do his mending and darn his socks regularly, every week, with my own hands. I should like to know what more is expected of me?"

"Didamy"—here Mr. Disbrow cleared his throat. He was about to exercise the unaccustomed privilege of conjugal criticism. "I wouldn't watch the boy so closely. Let him feel freer about the place, and not as if there was a detective on his track. It's a good many years since I had much to do with young folks, and more's the pity; but I know a boy of that age can't thrive in a strait-jacket. For my part, I should like to hear him sing indoors and out, and to see him growing rosy and plump like a robin in the tree."

Mrs. Disbrow had been struck utterly dumb by the audacity of her spouse. Now she slowly rose to her feet. "Mr. Disbrow," said she with awful emphasis, "I do believe you would have me admit that dog into the house."

The poor man was cowed. He said not another word, but took his hat and went away. Some days later, Mr. Disbrow hastily entered the house, with a very troubled expression of face. His wife was in the sitting-room, sewing on some work for a home missionary box and plying her arm as methodically as the piston of a steam engine.

"Tom has got hurt," said he, in a distressed sort of hurry. "He is as free a boy at his work as ever lived. We were laying up a piece of stone wall down by the creek, and I'm afraid he has strained himself lifting a heavy stone. I saw him turn white and go and lie down under a tree; but he wouldn't own that he was injured, and after a while he crept away home. Won't you go out, Didamy, and see what ought to be done for the poor lad?"

"I don't 'spose its anything but a faint spell," returned Mrs. Disbrow calmly. "I often have them, and get over them, without making much fuss. But, of course, I will go out and see what's wanted. If it's a sprain, I had better take along some arnica and camphor liniment."

"Do, Didamy," returned her husband,

eagerly. "If anything serious happens to that boy, I shall never forgive myself."

Tom had crept into bed and covered himself with the clothes. He was in a chill, and a sick sensation diffused itself through his whole being. His face looked singularly old and gray and pinched; and his eyes were full of a dumb, patient kind of suffering. The dog was close beside him. He sat upon his haunches and laid his black nose on the coverlid; and Tom's hand was near enough to pat the ragged lop ear. When Mrs. Disbrow came in, Fido crept under the bed as far as he could, and relieved himself by giving a low growl, while the end of his stubbed tail impatiently tapped the floor. She stood up at the foot of the bed, tall and rigid and angular and far from reassuring.

"Did you hurt your back?" she asked, in her metallic tones.

"No, ma'am. My chest, I think," and a painful flush overspread the boy's white cheek.

"It's only a strain, likely. You will get round again in a day or two, if you try. Here is some liniment, to take out the soreness."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Tom, faintly, and he reached and took the bottle. That was all. Not one word of pity, one mute touch of love, one word of cheer or encouragement. She scanned the bleak room with her sharp eyes, to see if Hannah had swept under the bed; and then she went out and closed the door.

Mr. Disbrow, that evening, excused himself from the reading (they had got as far in the book as fore-ordination and free-will), and went and sat with Tom. He was not much accustomed to a sick-room and rather awkward and clumsy; but no one could be kinder. The short, stout old man had a heart hidden somewhere in his bosom, which living a quarter of a century with Mrs. Disbrow had not utterly withered. He patted the pillows and smoothed the bed-clothes, and gave the boy a cooling drink, lifting him up and resting his head against his bosom, as if poor Tom had been his own son. And when it grew quite dark he sat there with the lad's hand in his, and won him to speak of the old life at home and of his mother and little sister. When he left him for the night the boy was quite cheerful. He said he felt easier, and would be "all right" in the morning.

But before morning a strange sound was heard at the kitchen-door—a sound of scratching and pitiful whining. It sent a thrill through the house, for then they knew that Tom was worse. Mr. Disbrow ran half dressed to the carriage-house, without waiting to put on his shoes. A deadly sickness had come on in the night, with vomiting of blood, and the poor lad was too far spent to call for aid. Only his faithful dumb friend watched beside him in those hours of lonely anguish. The doctor came, and declared, what was but too evident, that the boy had sustained some serious internal injury.

They carried him to the house and put him in the spare room, between Mrs. Disbrow's company sheets. That room seemed to have the quintessence of stiff gentility congealed in it, and was never used except on grand state occasions. The dog slunk along behind, with his tail deprecatingly tucked between his legs, and casting about a timid eye, in anticipation of kicks and cuffs. But he was free to enter now. Mrs. Disbrow had declared that she would never admit a dog into her family; and here was the most obnoxious of canines installed upon her best bedroom carpet. We never know how many of our most emphatic words it may be necessary for us to quietly swallow.

Tom had made up his mind to all the possibilities before the doctor's face told him that his case was hopeless. Poor boy! he was happy at last. His thin, homely features were lit up with a kind of heart-sunshine, that made the bedside a holy place. He was glad there was no longer a need to live. He had neither heart nor strength to push and shoulder his way in a hard world, and he was unspeakably hungry for love he might never be able to win here. Now all was made plain and easy; he was at rest.

He lingered longer than they thought he would, after he ceased to retain any food. He was patient and deeply grateful for the least little service. Mrs. Disbrow roused herself to special activity in cases of great danger. The approach of death called forth all her energies. She busied herself making gruel and jellies and beef tea in a superior manner; but it was too late.

Mr. Disbrow sat with Tom at night. He and the dog were the only watchers. It was pitiful to witness the poor, gaunt brute's distress. He did not leave his post for a moment, to eat or sleep. His scared, agonized half-human look of enquiry went searching from face to face to find some explanation of the dreadful mystery that chained his friend to the bed and caused him to grow weaker every hour. The sick boy patted his rough coat and gave him a thousand mute tokens of affection so long as his hand could move or his filmy

eyes smile; but the bleak look of misery in the poor dog's face never changed.

Mr. Disbrow suddenly developed into a wonderful nurse. He eased the lad's weary limbs; he even made his bed and held him in his arms like a weak baby when any change of attire was needed. The paternal instinct that had so long been frozen down in him was coming to life. Something sweet and holy had taken hold of his heart and filled it with new emotions. Sometimes there was a little talk between the two, late at night, when Tom was feverish and wakeful. It all went back to the humble home, to Tom's mother, to the time when he was loved and cherished. It was after one of these whispered snatches of talk near morning when the gray shade of death passed over the lad's face and his weak voice faintly away.

"Are you afraid, my boy?" whispered Mr. Disbrow, awe-stricken, as the mist from the dark river rose up and chilled his blood.

A great light broke into the filmy eyes, and the lips motioned "No," though there came no sound.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Tom, my boy?"

He gave a faint pressure of the hand and his dying eyes turned to the dog. His friend understood that look and gave the promise, and then all was over.

Fido had lain for hours under the bed, struck with a kind of dumb despair. He pulled down his master's clothes and mouthed and caressed them, and lay coiled upon them, weeping, as it seemed, inwardly. In the busy funeral preparations it was not remarked that he had eaten nothing for a long time, and that his body was worn and wasted with grief.

After the funeral, when the medicine-bottles had been put away, the best room aired, and the house set to rights, Mrs. Disbrow was alone in the late autumn twilight. If she was softened by all that had happened, it did not show itself in the rigid uprightness of her spare form. But her husband was quite melted. He had found a son only to lose him; and, in a vague way, he felt that a great wrong had been done the dead boy. He wanted to confess and roll off the burden of his contrition; and, when the darkness gathered, so that he could not see the face of his wife, who sat quite still, he began:

"Didamy, now that poor boy is dead and gone, I begin to think I was very hard and unfeeling toward him. That boy had a heart worth its weight in gold. I discovered its value when it was too late. If we had cherished him, he would have been faithful and true to us in our old age; and now it seems as if we flung him away. It don't do to live with folks as if they were stocks and stones. It ain't enough to give them good food and clothes and a comfortable shelter. They may starve for something they don't get, when they are provided with all the necessities of life and in the midst of plenty. Don't the Bible tell us we can't live by bread alone? I am not a Bible scholar, like you, Didamy—only a plain man, of few words; but it is borne in upon my mind that I might have done more to make that boy happy, to give him a little heart and hope. Perhaps—who knows?—I might have saved him." He broke down and fairly sobbed aloud.

Mrs. Disbrow kept silence. She knew when to be discreet, and this new exhibition of feeling in her husband seemed worthy of study.

"Where is the dog," he enquired, suddenly, at last raising his eyes and looking around.

"I don't know, Luther. About the barn, probably," replied Mrs. Disbrow, in measured tones.

"Didamy, I want you to mark well what I say. I have adopted that dog for my own. I promised him that I would. Any one that gives that dog a blow or even a cross word will have to deal with me. Henceforth he may come in and go out as he chooses. He may lie in the parlor or sleep on my bed. I am now his protector and friend."

"Very well, Luther, I shall not dispute your authority," returned Mrs. Disbrow, with the same set intonation.

Mr. Disbrow got up, took his hat and stick, and left the room. He went to the barn, and whistled and called "Fido, Fido!" almost in tones of entreaty. There was no answering bark, no patter of feet. Silence and darkness everywhere. He wandered for half an hour about the fields, calling "Fido!" But still no answer. At last his steps turned slowly toward the graveyard. The night was getting overcast and torn masses of gray cloud hurried across the sky. The burying-ground lay a mile or more down a lonely road. Mr. Disbrow hesitated as he drew near, for his heart strangely misgave him. In one corner was the new grave, freshly heaped with brown mold. A tree flung its shadow down upon the little hillock and the white headstones gleamed faintly in the half light.

Mr. Disbrow stood outside the gate and softly called the dog. At last he pushed it open and went in, stricken with apprehension. Yes, he was there. Poor Fido, stone dead, lay stretched upon his master's grave. He had