



The Family Circle.

NONE BUT GOD.

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? Rise and share it with another,
And through all the years of famine it shall serve thee and thy brother;
Love Divine will fill thy store-house, or thy hand-ful still renew:
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living grain:
Seeds which milder in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy? Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains, would'st thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle? Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that balm shall heal thine own.

Is thy heart a well left empty? None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless fountain can its ceaseless longing still.
Is thy heart a living power? Self-entwined its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving, and by serving, love will grow.

THE USE OF IT.

(Mrs. Harriet A. Cheever, in *Wide Awake*.)

Ben Low turned petulantly away with a familiar question: "Well, I say, Old Scruples, what's the use? S'pose it'll ever pay, being so awfully conscientious?"

"Time'll tell," said Joe cheerily, and beginning to whistle to keep up heart as they all turned away.

Joe remembered that his father had said he wished whoever went next to the blacksmith's would take the hatchet and have an edge put to it. He took it from the tool-chest, then unpacked his basket, making a smaller parcel containing a good lunch, and having been duly petted and pitied by motherly Mrs. Merriman, and telling her he might not return for several hours, he soon started off, riding Black Harry carefully, that the graceful creature might not grow lame from travelling too rapidly without a shoe.

Now and then he thought with a twinge of regret of his lost holiday sport, but after a long, hot ride over the country roads and through quite a stretch of woods, he at last reached the blacksmith's where it seemed as if every fine horse for miles around was waiting his turn to be shod.

The day would have been a trying one but for the fact that Joe, being an enterprising, intelligent lad, fond of seeing what was going on and learning something new if possible, became interested in watching the men at their work. He liked to see the fiery sparks fly from the forge; liked to see the grinding wheel go swiftly round gradually sharpening the dull edge; and there was not a little diversion in listening to the remarks and opinions of the different ones who had a horse to be shod or an axe to be ground.

At four o'clock in the afternoon Joe started for home thinking he would go around by the railway.

One topic of conversation at the smithy's that day attracted his attention more than any other, and had impressed him unpleasantly. Considerable had been said about the ponderously long train which was to bring the doctors home, leaving them at different towns all along the county, and how the time and signals had

been arranged with great accuracy to give the excursion train ample time to avoid the regular express.

"Wall, I s'pose Benjamin Low ought to know what he's 'bout," said a burly countryman, "but I tell you it's resky business, this switchin' an' signallin' great crowded trains. Wants a man o' stiddy habits and clear brains to keep his wits about him, and not make any mistakes, I tell you!"

There was a general concurrence in the man's views, and Joe noted the fact with an uneasy sensation. It seemed there must be a lurking suspicion or knowledge of possible unfaithfulness on past occasions regarding Ben Low's father, yet he must have been considered trustworthy to be left with such great responsibility.

The switch-tender's little station was still two miles further away from home; but mounted on Black Harry firmly shod, and impatient after standing still so long, it was the merest run.

So with the nicely sharpened hatchet across his lap sped Joe, and in a very short time he came unexpectedly upon the switch-tender himself lying flat by the side of the station in a heavy sleep.

In vain Joe shouted and called. The man could not or would not awaken. Joe grew cold with a strange anxiety and apprehension. The place was so very lonely; he had passed but a single habitation during his two miles' ride, and that about midway, fully a mile back. It would be hard

Black Harry, then climbed wrist over wrist the first low-branched tree he came to, firmly grasping the hatchet in one hand.

"Luckiest thing in creation I happened to have this hatchet along," he said aloud, as he began chopping off a long, firm branch.

It was dexterously done and hatchet and branch were dropped to the ground just as the excursion train whistled at the next station beyond. In five or six minutes more she would pass the spot where Joe was waiting.

Would they see him if he remained on the ground? No; he must mount Black Harry, holding him with one hand, and his signal in the other, then trust to his horsemanship and skill in coaxing and commanding to control the mettlesome animal when the train should come thundering around.

Tearing off his checked blouse, he tied it firmly with his handkerchief to the end of the long, willowy pole, and mounting Black Harry he waved his signal aloft as the train came with a swoop and a roar around the curve, only quarter of a mile distant.

Black Harry plunged and reared, but obeyed astonishingly the peremptory voice of his young master, as the rushing thing came on. In his excitement as the train swept by, Joe not only waved his signal wildly, but shouted at the top of his strong young voice:

"Stop! Oh stop! For Heaven's sake, stop, I say!" Then he heard the sharp alarm whistle, saw the brakeman hastily twisting the metals, and still waving his

were unrewarded." And the doctor had to give in, because the people would have their way; and they went off leaving their gift in Joe's hands.

That night, after recounting the events of the day to his father, Joe added: "I suppose I can use some of my present for a bicycle, can't I?"

"No, my son," said Dr. Benner, laying his hand on Joe's knee, "no, my boy, the bank will be the best place for that at present. I hardly approved that way of rewarding a simple act of humanity, but not wishing to wound the feelings of any one waved my own inclinations in the matter. But I shall buy you a bicycle myself in a day or two, because I think—well—I think, my boy, all things considered, you have earned one. You lost your holiday sport, but saved your honor as to trustworthiness."

Then he added with his occasional startling energy: "But I want to tell you one thing, my child, Benjamin Low was once before found sleeping at his post. It was a long time ago, and people began to feel assured he would not be guilty of like infidelity a second time. But if in your youth you yield to temptation of that kind, I doubt if in your manhood you are either loyal to duty, or possess so much as a thimbleful of pluck. And I don't believe a son of yours would own a bicycle half a hand high—remember that, my boy!"

"And as to the use of faithfulness in little things: Well, if you had let Black Harry go without his shoe and risked disappointing me to-morrow, it is doubtful whether you and father would be talking safely and contentedly with each other to-night as we are doing—extremely doubtful, Joe."

HOLD IN.

Hold in your temper! Keep it under control. Like a spirited horse, it may prove a strong force to help you along when discouraged; but, like such a horse, it may become unmanageable and run away with you. Then you can not tell what may be the result. Hold it in.

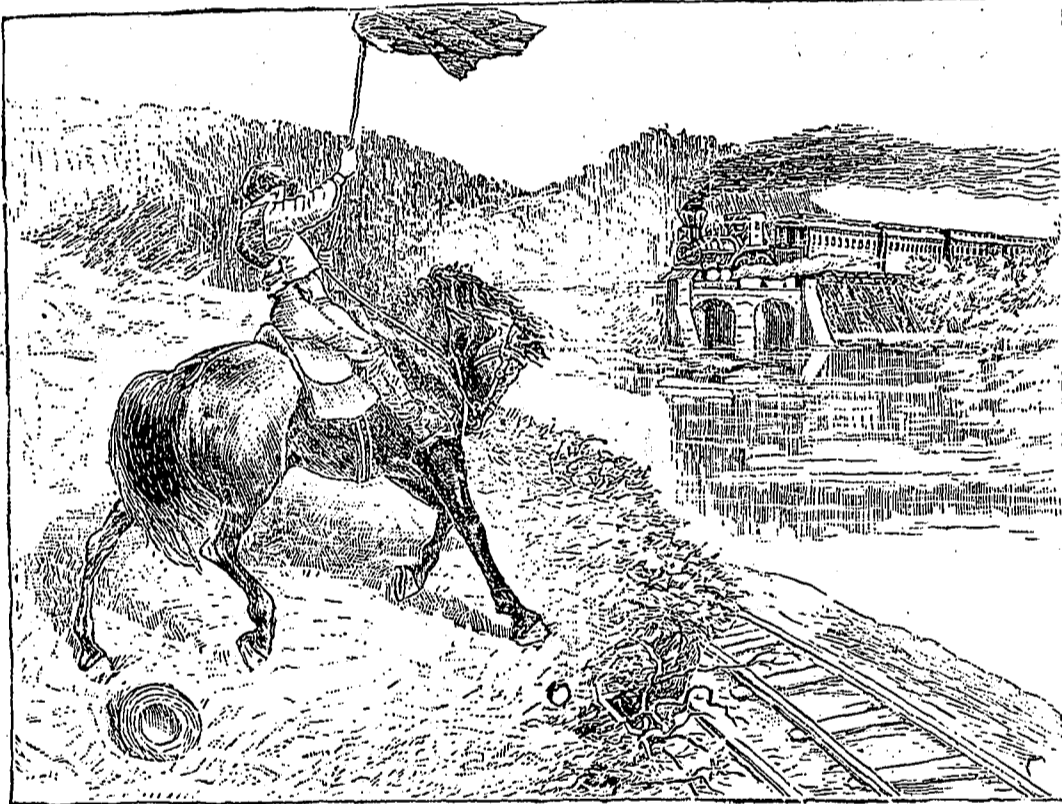
Hold in your tongue! It is a useful member, and may prove a blessing, but allowed to run wild will ruin you, and not you alone. Be careful that it never gets control of you; never allow another to control it. Do not say what you are unwilling to utter, no matter who may request, if such words be improper.

Hold in your thoughts! Evil deeds start with the thoughts. Thoughts are so quiet that we seldom suspect their power until they have gained control of us. Watch; hold them in control; and as soon as evil arises there, stop it at once. Thoughts are like horses that will run away; they must never be allowed to be without a master.—*Forward*.

WHEN YOU STUDY, STUDY.

Lord Macaulay, the celebrated historian, was a great student, and when he studied, he studied. He used to get up at five o'clock, and study till nine or ten. He got so that he could read Latin and Greek right off hand the same as you can this. He had the power of putting his whole mind on his book. Many people put part of their mind on their work and the rest on something else. But all this is wrong. Play when you play and when you study, study. In study all the faculties are needed; reason, to judge of what you read; memory to recollect it, and so with all the rest. Macaulay became one of the most distinguished writers of his time, and it was mainly by dint of this early habit of his, putting his entire mind at the disposal of the work before him. All can not study alike, but we can all be deeply in earnest in whatever it is that we do, and only downright earnestness will cause us to succeed in life.

A MAN who is not liberal with what he has, does but deceive himself when he thinks he would be liberal if he had more.—*W. S. Plumer*.



JOE FLAGS THE TRAIN.

work summoning aid. Hastily slipping from Black Harry's back, he secured him, then grasping Mr. Low by the shoulder he shook him as vigorously as he could.

The sleeper roused himself a little and gazed stupidly at Joe's face.

"Is the switch all right?" called Joe.

"You—six—switch," he mumbled.

"I say!" Joe called again, "wake up, Mr. Low, wake up, I tell you! Two loaded trains are coming along in half an hour! Are the switches attended to, and the signals all right?"

"You—see—sig'nals." Then the poor drunken man fell flat again overcome by the fatal drowsiness.

Joe realized the exact situation and set his sharp boy's wits to work. He himself was ignorant of switches and signals. There was not a moment to lose; he must stop that incoming train. But how?

For three precious minutes he thought intently, then exclaimed excitedly, "Yes, I have it!" Springing into the saddle he put Black Harry to his utmost speed.

A mile ahead, still following the track, was a high knoll; if only he could gain that point and rig up some kind of a signal, he might warn them in time, his precious father among the rest—he must do it!

He reached the spot, again fastened

signal high in air, he raced after the slackening train.

An hour later, when the danger was past, but fully realized, the grateful passengers from both rescued trains were forcing upon Joe's acceptance a generous gift hastily collected, the spontaneous expression of the boy's pluck and of their thankfulness; but his father held him back.

The doctor's shrewd eyes were decidedly moist as he asked for the third time in his dry, characteristic way, viewing the purse as if it were a natural curiosity:

"But what could he do with it—a lad like him who has a father?"

"Do with it?" roared a wealthy farmer from up country, who in company with his son a young physician, had attended the convention: "do with it? Why, man alive! let him buy peanuts with it if there is nothing else he wants more, but don't say a fellow shan't give a little thank-offering for the savin' o' his life and only son's, let alone there bein' several scores of us alive and whole, as might-a-been crushed to atoms, but for this young hero o' yours!"

The speech, so loud at first, ended in a tremble.

"Might as well give in, doctor, for this once," said another old gentleman; "we couldn't rest in our beds to-night if the boy