

## The Family Circle.

### LOVE GOD AND LIVE ON.

If I might only love my God and die !  
But now he bids me love him and live on ;  
Now, when the bloom of all my life is gone,  
The pleasant half of life has quite gone by.  
My tree of hope is lopped that spread so high,  
And I forget how summer glowed and shone ;  
While autumn grips me with its fingers wan,  
And frets me with its fitful windy sigh.  
When autumn passes then must winter numb,  
And winter may not pass a weary while ;  
But when it passes spring shall flower again,  
And in that spring who weepeth now shall smile ;  
Yea, they shall wax who now are on the wane ;  
Yea, they shall sing for love when Christ shall come !—*Sel.*

### SOME THINGS ABOUT "SELF."

**SELFISHNESS.**—Selfishness is the most patronized idolatry in the world.

**SELF-LOVE.**—The motives of the best actions will not bear too strict an inquiry. It is allowed that the cause of most actions, good or bad, may be resolved into the love of ourselves ; but the self-love of some men inclines them to please others, and the self-love of others is wholly employed in pleasing themselves. This makes the great distinction between virtue and vice.

**SELF CONCEIT.** The higher a man stands in his own estimation the lower he sinks in that of his friend. To be covetous of applause is weakness, and self conceit is the ordinary attendant of ignorance.

**SELF-PRAISE.**—Be very cautious in commending yourself ; for he who is continually entertaining his companions with commendations of himself, discovers a weak understanding, and is ever the object of contempt and ridicule to men of sense and judgment.

**SELF-EXAMINATION.**—"Tis as disagreeable to a prodigal to keep an account of his expenses, as it is for a sinner to examine his conscience ; the deeper they search, the worse they find themselves.

**SELF-EDUCATION.**—There is no man, however scanty his faculties, however limited his advantages, who may not make the most and the best of himself. Nor can he tell what he may attain to. He may carry on this first great work whether he be in private or public life, whether he be servant or master, whether he live in obscurity or publicity, whether studying in the halls of learning or plying his daily task in the manufactory, at the loom, or the smithy on the anvil, or in the field following the plough, whether and however he may be occupied, he may still be developing, regulating, controlling, perfecting the little world within his own breast.

**SELF-RELIANCE.**—Self-reliance and self-denial will teach a man to drink out of his own cistern and eat his own sweet bread, and to learn and labor truly to get his own living, and carefully to save and expend the good things committed to his trust.

**SELF-GOVERNMENT.**—No man can safely go abroad who does not love to stay at home ; no man can safely speak who does not willingly hold his tongue ; no man can safely govern that would not willingly become subject.

**SELF CONTROL.** A great matter is to learn to rule oneself. Who would be free himself must strike the blow. The government of oneself is the only true freedom for the individual.

**SELF-DENIAL.**—The secret of all success is to know how to deny yourself. If you once learn to get the whiphand of yourself, that is the best educator. Prove to me that you can control yourself, and I'll say you are an educated man ; and without this, all other education is good for next to nothing.

**SELF-HELP.**—Help thyself, trust in God, and He will help thee.—*Sel.*

### A CUP OF COLD WATER.

THE man stood by the window, looking out upon the street that was still noisy in spite of the Sunday pause in its traffic. Up town, perhaps, there were church bells ringing ; out in the blessed country he knew just how the clear, sweet call rang across the farm lands from the little white meeting house, but down here was no suggestion of such music. The Sunday shave had brought out all the furrows of his weather-beaten face, and the leisure of the day allowed a weary, dissatisfied look to settle about his close-shut mouth and faded blue eyes.

He was looking at the dingy lace curtain, with a bunch of paper flowers pinned smartly against it, that flapped and fluttered before an open window across the way, but his heart saw a very different picture—a small country farmhouse, miles and miles away, and a clean, bright window gay with scarlet bloom and vivid greenery. The mouth shut a little closer, and the knotty fingers drummed a nervous tattoo on the window ledge that drew a troubled glance from a sweet, serene woman, who was moving quietly but briskly about, setting the room in order, putting away the breakfast dishes and doing the score of small, unnoticeable things by which the true home-maker sets her seal upon her domain.

"Now, father's thinking about old times again," she said to herself. "Seems he never can git wonted to living in town."

Still the nervous beat went on, and presently she spoke.

"I guess I better git on my things. Its considerable of a piece to church. You got a clean han'kerchif, father?"