



The Family Circle.

UNRETURNING.

Three things never come again :
Snow may vanish from the plain;
Blossoms from the dewy sod,
Verdure from the broken clod,
Water from the river's bed,
Forests from the mountain's head,
Night may brighten into day,
Soon in midnight fade away,
Yet the snow shall come once more
When the winter's tempests roar,
Blossoms each returning spring
In her laden arms shall bring,
Grass be green where ploughshares run,
Rivers flash in autumn's sun,
Time shall bid the forests grow,
Noon and midnight come and go,
But though all the soul complain,
Three things shall not come again.

Never to the bow that bonds
Comes the arrow that it sends;
Spent in space, its airy flight
Vanishes like lost delight,
When with rapid aim it sprang
From the bowstring's shivering twang,
Straight to brain or heart it fled,
Once for all its course was sped,
No wild wail upon its track
Brings the barb of vengeance back,
Hold thy hand before it go;
Pause beside the bended bow;
Hurled once across the plain,
No spent arrow comes again.

Never comes the chance that passed;
That one moment was its last,
Though thy life upon it hung,
Though thy death beneath it swung,
If thy future all the way
Now in darkness goes astray,
When the instant born of fate
Passes through the golden gate;
When the hour, but not the man,
Comes and goes from Nature's plan,
Never more its countenance
Beams upon thy slow advance,
Never more that time shall be
Burden bearer unto thee,
Weep and search o'er land and main,
Lost chance never comes again.

Never shall thy spoken word
Be again unsaid, unheard,
Woe its work the utterance wrought,
Woe or woe, what'er it brought:
Once for all the rune is read,
Once for all the judgment said,
Though it pierced a poisoned spear
Through the soul thou holdest dear,
Though it quiver fierce and deep,
Through some stainless spirit's sleep;
Idle, vain, the flying string
That a passing rage might bring,
Speech shall give it fangs of steel,
Utterance all its barb reveal.

Give thy tears of blood and fire;
Pray with pangs of mad desire;
Offer life, and soul and all,
That one sentence to recall,
Wrestle with its fatal wrath,
Chase with flying feet its path,
Rue it all thy lingering days,
Hide it deep with love and praise;
Once for all thy word is sped,
None invade it but the dead,
All thy travail will be vain—
Spoken words come not again!

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

THE YOUNG JOCKEY.

BY REV. W. HASLAM.

Sitting in my vestry one morning to receive any person who desired to call upon me for conversation or inquiry, I heard a knock at the door. "Come in," I said. Who should appear but a young man whom I had observed for several Sundays in the congregation. I bade him enter, take a seat, and tell me his business.

"If you please, sir," he said, "I should like to become a communicant."

"Very well," I replied; "tell me something about yourself. I have seen you in church several times; and I think I heard you singing heartily."

"Yes, sir," he answered, "I am fond of singing, and now I love to sing the praises of God."

"That is right. 'It is a good thing to give thanks, and to sing praises to our God.' Were you always fond of such kind of singing?"

"Oh, no, sir, I am sorry to say, not by any means. I used to sing jocular, comic songs, and keep people in roars of laughter."

"Where was it that you used to sing like this?" I inquired.

"Oh, in the servants' hall, sir," in different places, sometimes at the hotels, you know, and at the bar."

"What made you change from that?" I asked.

"I will tell you, sir. I got thrown from a horse, you know, and broke my leg very bad. I am a light weight," looking at his own slim figure, "and my master, Lord —, said I was bold and likely, so he got me to ride his horses at races in different parts of the country. I have often had bad falls, but last time I came down a regular cropper. They thought I was dead; but when I came to, they found it was only my leg that was broken. I was much hurt inside as well. They did all they could for me; and it last brought me to the hospital. Master was very sorry, and came to see me more than once there."

"After lying for six weeks, sometimes suffering a good deal, I began to get better, at least I thought so, and the doctor said so too. Still I had strains, and every now and then severe pains inside. The doctor did not take much account of this; but I couldn't help a-thinking that, perhaps I should die in that hospital."

"One night the chaplain came to my bed-side at nine o'clock, and talked very kindly to me. He wanted me to take the communion; but I was afraid to do that! 'My poor fellow,' he said, 'I am sorry to have to tell you, that you will die to-night. The doctor has sent me to break this solemn news to you. May God have mercy upon your soul!'"

"I was struck all of a heap; my worst fears were come to pass. The pain in my poor chest was so bad, too. I was in the greatest distress. Then the nurse came, and put a screen round my bed. I thought, 'It is all up with me!' Dear me! it makes me feel quite bad again, even to tell it. What a night I had of it! The hours passed very slowly, and every time I heard the clock strike, I thought to myself, 'Is this the last time I shall ever hear it? Then I shall lie down in the ground, and the clock will go on striking, and I never hear it!'"

"How I did long to send for mother. What a bad, wicked boy I had been! She gave me good advice, and I never followed it. I knew better than I was doing. I knew that I was going wrong, and that my master was going wrong too."

"When the daylight began to show at the hospital window, I looked about, and over the top of the screen I could see a text. When there was light enough, I read, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.'

"Ah, I said to myself, 'I used to know and say that text. Oh, if I had come to Jesus when I was young! Then the pain came back again very bad indeed. I said, 'O Lord, don't take me away to die. I will come to Thee. Do have mercy upon my soul, and spare me a little longer. Thou didst shed thy blood for me.' I went on something like this, till at last my burden and sorrow went away. I felt happy. I felt as if I did not care now if the Lord did take me away to die; I should be with Him."

"Soon after the nurse came, and felt my pulse; then she looked at me and said, 'Well, I don't think you want this screen. You are better!'"

"I am, I said, 'I am better; my soul is better, anyhow.' Then the doctor came round, and there was a whispering with the nurse. 'Oh, no,' I heard the doctor say. 'It is quite a mistake. I meant the poor man upstairs, he died at three this morning.'

"After this he stepped up to the bed-side and examined me. He said, 'I think we will get you up to-day. You must be careful, you know, about that leg; mind you don't break it again.'

"I inquired, 'Did the chaplain make a mistake, then?'"

"Yes, he said it was not me at all, who was to die that night, it was another man. But the fright the chaplain put me in was the saving of my soul, praise the Lord."

"The next time the chaplain came round the ward, he told me how sorry he was."

"Don't say a word about it," I said, "for the terrible fright you gave me was the means of my salvation. I don't mind having the communion now." But he did not care to talk with me."

"Having heard his story, I said to him, 'So you would like to come to the communion next Sunday?'"

"Yes, sir," was his reply, "if you please."

"It is the Father's table for his children," I continued; "I am; his servant, and shall rejoice to see you there. Where are you living now?"

"Oh," he replied, "I am with the same master still. I told his lordship the story about the dying, you know, and told him I was a changed man since then, and could not go out racing any more."

"No, no," he answered, "and I have done with that too. His lordship has been to church, sir, for two Sundays; and oh, I do pray for him. Will you pray for him, sir?"

Having previously noticed that this young man had a good voice for singing, I said to him, "Would you like to join the choir? I want living souls to sing there."

"Oh, yes, sir," he said, "I should like that very much, if you would let me come and practice a little."

My happy jockey friend from this time became a good and efficient help in the choir, and, more than that, he was a regular and consistent communicant. While I had the pleasure of ministering to him he remained an earnest worker for Christ; and I have not the least doubt he is still holding on his way. His interesting story and remarkable conversion won for him a ready hearing. He was a bold witness for the Master, and as happy as he was bold.—*The Christian.*

THE STORY OF OUR FIRST COTTAGE

BY DR. BARNARDO.

I shall never forget how I got the first cottage at Ilford. Would you like to know the story? I will tell it very briefly. I had felt that the work of massing a number of little girls together in Mossford Lodge was wrong. I resolved that, by God's help, I would close that house as a home for girls, and if we could not gather a family more in accordance with what I knew to be right principles, I would give up that phase of work altogether. However, in a very wonderful way the money to purchase the land on which to build separate cottages was sent to me. So I had the land, but as yet I had no cottages. I drew up a scheme of what I intended to do. It appeared in the pages of *The Christian*. Some weeks passed. I received from my oldest friends only letters of rebuke for the presumption, as they called it, of my scheme. I do not think I had, in response, one letter of sympathy or offer of help from anybody! I was very sad when I reflected upon this, as you may suppose.

Well, going down to certain meetings then about to be held at Oxford, one day I met at the railway station a Christian brother in a humble sphere of life, whom I knew as one of the godliest men it was ever my privilege to meet; a man of prayer, a man of faith, a man whose very face told you something of the peace of God which reigned within. We met on the platform, and he told me he was going to Oxford too. We talked together, up and down the platform, and then in the carriage when we got in. I had many burdens on my mind then, and was feeling sad and downcast about them. I suppose I showed my grief in the expression of my face, for he said to me, in a tone of very sincere sympathy, when we were in the railway carriage alone, "How is your work going on?" Then I told him all about my heavy burdens. We were alone. This man of God thought for a moment, and then he turned to me and said, "If God shows you that your proposed scheme is too large, and that you should give it up, are you prepared to give it up?" I thought for a moment, too. I thought if God's approval and blessing were not with me, it was better I did not succeed, from an earthly point of view. So I said, "Yes; I am quite prepared." He replied, after a moment's pause, "We are going down to Oxford for a special purpose—for spiritual

refreshment. Let us here, in this carriage, alone, kneel down and commit your case to God, and let us ask him, if it be his will, to show you clearly, before you leave Oxford, whether you should go on or turn back."

We knelt down together in that carriage. We committed the case of the children to God. We rose up after prayer, lightened and refreshed. We soon reached our journey's end. I went to my hotel. My friend said, "Good-bye." He was stopping somewhere else, but he arranged to breakfast with me at the hotel at eight o'clock the next morning. Well, in the morning, while I was dressing, a man came to the door, and knocked. I thought it was the servant bringing up hot water. I said, "Come in." The door was opened just about wide enough for a man to put his head in. A head was thrust in, but so that I could hardly see who the owner of it was. His head was all dishevelled, and he was evidently not yet fully dressed. "Is your name Barnardo?" he asked. I said, "Yes." "You are thinking of building a village for little girls at Ilford, are you not? You want some cottages?" Well, I was scarcely able to answer him. But I said, "Yes—yes." He asked, "Have you got any?"—never coming in beyond putting his head through the door. I replied, "No—not yet." "Well," he cried, "put me down for the first cottage; good morning;" and away he went.

But as to putting him down, I did not know his name; I had not seen his face properly. I rushed down the corridor after him, and caught him. I said, "You must come back." I got him back into the room. He came into my room. What was the history of his gift? He had had a dear child, a daughter, whom he had lost some months before; and he had resolved in his mind to commemorate that daughter by rearing some institution, such as his means would enable him to do. He had heard of our work, and had determined to help us, but had hitherto done nothing. The appeal in *The Christian* came before him and his wife, and they said to each other, "This is what we will do; we can afford that amount; we will build one of these cottages for little destitute girls." He never sent me word of his intention, but down there at Oxford, whither I had gone after having specially asked God's guidance, the message came to me in that striking manner. In the morning, while he was dressing, he had asked the "boots," who were in the hotel—"Whom have you got there? Who has arrived lately?" The man replied, "I will get you the book and you can see." He went down and got him the book of arrivals. There was my name, and my number! On the spur of the moment, in his impulsive manner, he dashed away, without finishing his dressing, got to my room, just opened the door, and made his announcement in the fashion I have told you. I need not assure you we did not leave that bedroom without both prayer and praise!

I went presently down to the breakfast room. My poor-rich friend of the previous night was there by appointment. When I came up to him, I suppose he saw in my face an expression somewhat different from that of the former evening, and he just looked at me, and then quietly said, "It shall come to pass that before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear." And we together there and then gave God thanks for that wonderful answer to prayer.—*Night and Day.*

EDUCATIONAL APHORISMS.

"It is better for boys to see something than to say something." **RUSKIN.**

"It is better that a boy should like his lesson, than learn it."

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK.

"Boys ought to learn what they should practise when they become men."

AGESILAUS (King of Sparta).

"Impressions received through the eye are the most definite and indelible."

PROF. JOSEPH HENRY.

"I regard science as the most powerful instrument of intellectual culture."

PROF. TYNDALL.

"Science properly taught is one of the best means of educating the faculties of the human mind."

WM. RUSHTON.