

## The Family Circle.

### HOPE ON !

Hope on, tired heart, hope on !  
Though dark thy lot,  
Nor one bright spot  
To cheer thy lonely way,  
Let not thy courage fail thee,  
When doubts and fears assail thee—  
Hope on !  
There shines a star above,  
Look up and find its ray.

Hope on, brave heart, hope on !  
Friends may deceive,  
And thou mayst grieve  
And mourn affection's loss.  
But do not yet despair, love—  
Hope on !  
And through the growing darkness nobly,  
Bravely bear thy cross—  
Hope on !

Hope on, tired heart, hope on !  
Let friends despair.  
One faithful heart is fixed and constant still.  
Then let this one thought cheer thee—  
In spirit I am near thee—  
Hope on !

Thy star is watching o'er thee  
To keep thee from all ill,  
Hope on, sweet heart, hope on !  
By night and day  
For thee I'll pray,  
Till all thy trials are past.  
These days so dark and drear, love,  
Are passing, never fear, love—  
Hope on !

### SERVICE FOR OTHERS.

"Anna, I say Anna, do you know where my racquet is? I have looked everywhere for it."

Anna Seymour came to the foot of the stairs, and answered her brother in low tones. "Sh—, Harry, you will disturb grandpa; he is just taking a nap. Where did you leave your racquet?"

"I'm always doing something to bother grandpa," muttered Harry under his breath. Then he said, "I don't know; it ought to be in my room, but some one has carried it off."

"I will look in the library, you may have left it there," said Anna, knowing Harry's habit of throwing his belongings down in any corner, and the boy went back to his room to finish his toilet. Presently he came down into the kitchen, where his mother was preparing a basket of delicate sandwiches, pickles, cake and fruit. "Look here, mamma, can't you stop a minute and mend my blouse? I forgot to tell you the other day that I had torn it. I guess it will not take long to fix it up."

"Oh, Harry," said his mother, dropping the biscuit she was buttering to examine the jagged rent. "I will try to mend it for you, but I cannot put much work on it now. Suppose you run into the fruit-closet and get a glass of jelly for me, while I mend your blouse. You will find the glasses on the second shelf near the window."

Harry went off, but in a few minutes as he caught sight of his sister passing the door, he called out, "Anna, can you tell me where to get a glass of jelly? I can't find it."

Anna soon found what he had been sent for, and as soon as Harry received the blouse from Mrs. Seymour's hands, he went whistling up the stairs. "Dear me," murmured Anna, "Harry never will remember about poor grandpa."

Several other demands were made upon his mother's and sister's time before Harry was ready to take his departure, but at twenty minutes past ten he started away, basket and racquet in hand, waving his hat to his mother and Anna as they stood on the porch.

"Harry is so thoughtless," said Mrs.

Seymour with a sigh as she came into the house.

Miss Maria Jewett, the seamstress, who took equal pride in her plain sewing and plain speaking, drew her needle vigorously in and out of the piece of goods upon which she was working as she said, "Thoughtless, indeed! Miss Seymour, that boy's downright selfish, an' there's no other name for it. He don't take no 'count of what anybody wants but himself. Here he's had you an' Miss Anna runnin' for him this whole mornin', an' I'm only surprised he hadn't his old grandfather goin' up an' down stairs to wait on him."

Mrs. Seymour made no answer, but with another long-drawn sigh went back to her work in the kitchen.

Meanwhile Harry, all unconscious of his mother's sighs and Miss Maria's uncomplimentary remarks, ran swiftly down the street, and in a few moments was with the other boys and girls.

The members of the Junior Society of Christian Endeavor were to have a picnic this bright June day, and Miss Kent, with two assistants, was to take charge of the children. There were more than forty bright-eyed, happy boys and girls, and they certainly made a pleasant picture as they went through the village. A shower the evening before had laid the dust, and this morning the sun was shining, the sky above was cloudless, the birds were twittering in the trees, and all nature seemed to be rejoicing with them. After a walk of less than half an hour the party reached the picnic grounds, a beautiful grove, which Mr. White had fitted up for athletic sports, and great had been the delight of the children when Mabel had delivered her father's invitation to them to spend the day in his grounds. Soon the boys and girls were engaged in sport; some swinging, others playing ball or croquet, while the older boys and girls hastened to the tennis courts.

"Only two courts, and about twenty children who wish to play," laughed Miss Mary Palmer, as she noticed the disappointment pictured on the faces of several boys who were slowly walking away.

"I am sorry," said Miss Ethel; "but you will have to be unselfish and try to give all a chance to play. Come back presently, Bert, and I am sure some of the boys or girls will give you a place."

After what I have told you of Harry Seymour, you will not be surprised to hear that, notwithstanding Miss Ethel's suggestion, he kept his place at the tennis court during the entire morning. Sam Prindle, Andy Ott, Bert Anderson and others gave up their places after playing for a time, but Harry cared more for his own pleasure than he did for that of his companions, and it was not until the summons came for them to take their places at the dinner table, that he threw down his racquet. Then, while several of the boys of his age ran to bring pails of water for the table, Harry busied himself in finding the most desirable seat. He fancied Miss Kent looked at him once or twice with a troubled expression in her eyes, but after wondering about it awhile, he decided he must have been mistaken.

At the close of the day Miss Kent gathered the children around her, and after singing one of their familiar hymns, they turned their faces homeward.

"Mary," said Miss Ethel, after they had taken the smaller children home and had parted from the rest of the company,

"I am so surprised about Harry Seymour, and so disappointed in him."

Miss Palmer laughed as he said lightly, "Oh, you know, Miss Ethel, we all have faults that become apparent on close intercourse."

"Yes, I know," said Miss Kent thoughtfully. "Of course we have, but Harry's selfishness is so glaring. It made me sad to-day to see how little thought he had for the comfort and pleasure of others."

"Yes, he is very selfish. I visit his sister Anna; we are in the same class at the seminary, you know. I have often wished Harry would wait on himself more than he does, for indeed he imposes on Anna, and she is always so patient."

By this time they had reached Miss Kent's home, and Mary Palmer, bidding her good-bye, hastened on.

The next afternoon the members of the Junior Society were in their places promptly. Miss Kent loved to see the bright, youthful faces, and to hear the childish voices unite in song and prayer. Harry Seymour was seated beside his friend, John Parry, while on the other side sat George Jones. "Bear ye one another's burdens." That was the text Miss Kent read, and the children listened attentively, for they knew she would have something of interest and importance to say to them. As Harry listened, he grew very uncomfortable, and twisted his necktie while his face flushed up. Somehow he could not rid himself of the impression that Miss Kent was talking to him. He wondered if the other boys noticed it, but when he ventured to steal a side-long glance at John and George, they were looking straight into the speaker's face. How could Miss Kent know that he had said to himself, when reading over the verses for the week, "That'll do well enough for girls and grown-up people, but boys can't do much to help?" Surely she must know, for just now she was saying, "There may be some of you children who think you are too young or too insignificant to help bear burdens now. You may be thinking that you will show what you can do when you become men and women. Dear boys and girls, do not wait until then; the selfish boy or girl will never grow into the unselfish, helpful man or woman. Begin now to do what you can to help those around you. You all have opportunities to be burden-bearers, and it is only when you forget self and your own comfort in your desire to serve and aid others, that you are enabled to render assistance pleasing to our heavenly Father, and really helpful to those about you."

As Miss Kent talked, Harry looked down at George Jones's rough, red hands. He knew that George got up very early every morning to carry water for his mother, who was a washerwoman, and once he remembered to have seen the boy actually doing a washing when his mother was ill. He had looked down upon him for doing woman's work, but now he felt sure that Miss Kent respected George in his coarse, ill-fitting clothes, more than she did him.

At the close of the meeting Harry walked to the corner with John Parry, then turning abruptly, and looking in his friend's face, he said, "John, do you think I am selfish?" John looked in his with a curious expression, but said quietly, "To be honest, Harry, I think you are about the most selfish boy I know."

Poor Harry! If he had come to John for comfort, he had not obtained it, and he walked the remainder of the way home in moody silence. To have spent fourteen years of life with the idea that he was in most respects a very good sort of boy, only to waken up to the fact that he was regarded as extremely selfish, was hard. Certainly his fault must have made him very offensive. Miss Kent looked upon him with disapproval, though she had said nothing to him directly, and John, his warmest friend, had called him the most selfish boy he knew. Harry went up to his room and did not come down until tea time. He was resolved to make the attempt to forget himself and his own pleasure. He was trying to be a Christian, and from early childhood he had been taught to ask God's help; this he did not forget to do now, for he knew he was undertaking no easy task.

The next morning there was less of a commotion than usual when it came school time. Harry looked for his hat, which he had thrown down carelessly, without calling on his mother or sister to aid him in the search, and quietly gathered his books together. That afternoon he returned from school, and handing the papers from the postoffice to his grandfather, sat down to read an interesting book. His sister was seated in the library, and he could see her through the window bending over some writing at her desk. Anna expected to finish her school life in a few weeks, and was studying diligently, preparing for the examinations.

Presently grandpa's quavering voice was heard calling, "Anna, the papers have come; are you ready to read to me?"

It was Anna's habit to read the daily papers to her grandfather, whose eyesight was very dim. Harry thought it amazing that Anna could sit and read for an hour, or perhaps two hours, with no sign of weariness or impatience, for Mr. Seymour wished to hear literally all that was in the paper, and eagerly looked forward to the hour when the mail from the city arrived.

"Yes, grandpa," called Anna, in her clear voice; then she arose and was gathering her papers together to put them away.

"An opportunity," said Harry softly; then he went into the room, saying, "I will read to grandpa to-day. You want to study."

Anna looked at him in surprise. "But you do not like to read the papers aloud, Harry; I have heard you say so."

"Neither do you," was the reply, "only you are too good to complain. I can surely do that much to help you."

Anna looked relieved. "I was anxious to get this writing done this afternoon, and if you don't mind so very much — I will go and tell grandpa, so he will understand."

Harry followed his sister out on the side porch, where old Mr. Seymour was sitting in his large arm-chair.

"Well, well, child," he said querulously, "I am willing Harry should read to me if you are busy."

Grandfather Seymour, like many old people, was sensitive, and did not wish to be considered a care to those around him. Harry sat down and commenced to read; he had a full, clear voice, and was considered a fine reader. The tea-bell rang just as he was on the last page of the *Daily Record*, and they went into supper together, Mr. Seymour leaning on his grandson's shoulder.