



The Family Circle.

THE SAVIOUR.

TRANSLATION OF "LE SAUVEUR" BY PASTOR THEODORE MONOD.

'Tis done! I have entered the way,
The way of deliverance and rest;
In Jesus, who setteth me free,
With peace and with joy I am blest,
Oh! all my companions in woe,
Together His help let us crave:
He waits but the voice of our prayer,
The Saviour who alway doth save.

His blood, the redemption of man,
Takes all our transgressions away
His Spirit, full freely bestowed,
Heals all our diseases each day.
If ours be a wound beyond cure,
If sorrows come wave upon wave,
He shows us His mercy the more,
The Saviour who alway doth save.

I knew, and alas! it was all,
While tempted without and within,
A Saviour who often could save,
Who often the battle could win.
But oh! more than conqueror now,
Through Him who arose from the grave,
My weakness is learning to trust
The Saviour who alway doth save.

My Captain is He and my Shield,
My Guide in the path that He trod,
My glory, my strength, and my song,
My Brother, my Shepherd, my God.
So whether I live or I die,
My rock every tempest can brave;
Thou wilt save me again and again,
O Saviour, who alway dost save!
—Christian.

WHY BROTHER JOHN LOST HIS HORSE.

BY REV. MANSFIELD FRENCH.

"The Lord has given me light this morning I never saw before," said Brother John, as he rose in meeting to speak of the Lord's dealings with him.

Our brother John was a farmer, and no one in his county could show fields better tilled, better fenced, or stock better cared for. He was a man of sound judgment, fine taste, and, withal, a man of sterling integrity. He was "a close buyer" but always a good payer. He never bought the blind or the lame, however cheap. His rules was, sound articles and sound prices. If his horse, steer, or sheep, could not recommend themselves, they got no help from his lips. His industry, good judgment, prompt and fair dealing, soon made him independent and much envied among his brother farmers.

Brother John was also a member of the Methodist Church, and a worthy one, too. He was a trustee and steward. He loved the Church, and was liberal in his support of her institutions, and he was often tried sorely with brethren who gave, as he thought, stintedly. Indeed, he took great pride in having the preachers' claims all met and their families well cared for. Though he carried on extensive farming, no amount of business or number of men, even in harvest time, ever led him to neglect the family altar. He was punctual, also, in attendance upon prayer and class meetings. He never allowed visitors to keep him from these means of grace. He loved "protracted meetings," and labored to get sinners converted. Such, in the main, was Brother John, as a business man and as a Christian. We began to tell our readers about getting and losing a horse, but we must first show some of the Lord's dealings with an honest Christian man such as Brother John was. The preacher on the circuit appointed a "protracted meeting." The members promptly rallied: the soldiers burnished and buckled on their armor with equal readiness. Many soon found they could not wage war on sin in others while they allowed it in their own hearts. Sinners were soon, however, crowding the altar seeking for pardon; but this fact seemed to deepen the impression of many true-hearted ones, that they must seek for clean hearts. The twofold work of pardon went on powerfully and harmoniously. Our good Brother John was soon seen at the altar, and no one prayed more earnestly for pardon than did he for purity. Again and again did he come, nor did his earnestness abate, though the blessing seemed to be delayed.

At length, rising and facing the large congregation, he said: "Brethren, I have something to say to you. Some of you may think me very foolish and weak; I can't help that. I have been seeking, as you know, to have my heart cleansed from all sin, and made perfect

in love. The Lord has required a work of me first before He will answer my prayer. You know, my brethren, many of the farmers about us went to raising tobacco, because, it was said, it would pay better than anything else. They seemed to do so well I finally went into business too. I have done quite well, made some money; but the Lord has shown me how worse than useless tobacco is—how injurious to men's bodies and souls it is, and how wrong it is for me to misuse my beautiful fields, which He has given me, to raise that which does harm, and only harm. I would not use it myself nor allow my family to do it, but I have been raising it for others.

"But I am ashamed of it; I am sorry for it. And now all this tobacco business the Saviour has put right between me and the cleansing stream. I don't know what my brethren or my neighbors will think or say about it, but I tell you all I now give up the business. My farm hereafter grows bread, and not poison for my fellow-men."

This announcement cut many to the heart, and some of the nobler ones soon followed Brother John's example.

After bearing the cross of cleansing his business, he quickly found the blood applied that washed his heart and made it clean before the Lord. None could easily doubt the change wrought in him, for, while he was careful to confess that the blood of Christ had cleansed his heart from all sin, his spirit and his prompt sacrifice of everything shown him to be wrong by God's Word, or by the Holy Spirit, convinced all of the truth of his profession.

Some months had passed when he came into a morning meeting in an adjoining circuit now in charge of his former pastor. There were deep heart-searchings going on; the Holy Spirit was uncovering to many sincere hearts the real, though often partly concealed, motives of past conduct. After a season of deep retrospection of his heart, our Brother John rose and said:

"Brethren, I see some things this morning as I never saw them before. God has been giving me light. I see now why I once lost a fine horse. I see it as clear as day. I must tell you all about it. Be patient with me; I feel that God wants me to tell you.

"A few years ago I found, about midwinter, I had more hay than I needed, and I concluded to buy some more stock, preferring to feed the hay out on my farm rather than sell it off. Neighbor H., a good Presbyterian brother, whom you all know, had some colts to sell. I went to see them. He had three, but he said he wished to sell only the two youngest.

"Let us take a look at them," I said. After viewing them, I asked his price.

"Now, Brother John," said he, "I put them low, because I am forced to sell in order to raise this money; but for that I would not sell one of them."

"What is your price for the oldest one?" I enquired.

"Oh, I can't sell him, Brother John. The boys have set their hearts on him. The other two will bring all the money I need, and it would almost break the peace of the family if I should sell the other, he is so great a favorite."

"I stood and thought a moment, when I said to myself, Now, I will buy the two anyhow, if I can't get the other, for his price is fair enough.

"But what would be your price for the oldest one, if you were going to sell him?" said I.

"Oh, I can't price him at all; can't sell him," he said.

"Well, there is no harm in setting a price, if you aint going to sell, you know, I said.

"Then I led him on till I got a price fixed, I knew he must raise money right away or be sued. I took advantage of his trait.

"Now, neighbor," said I, "your prices are all fair enough; I can't complain. But I don't want the two. I must have all, or I don't care about any; so I suppose we can't trade. I turned away, as if I was giving up the trade, but it was only to bring him to terms. I was so anxious to get the colts that I did not realize the wrong then, as I see it now. I lied to him, and lied before God, for I had said I would take the two if I could not get the other. God heard me say so, and that is the record I shall have to meet in the day of judgment.

"Well, Brother John," said he, "I am very sorry it is so, for I must have the money, and I know no other way to get it only to sell the colts, which I do not want to do. I wish you would take the two, and let me keep that nice three year old."

"I saw he was coming over, and after a little I said, 'No: I will give you your price for all three, but I don't care to buy one unless I can buy all.' He hesitated. It was a great struggle. I felt for him, but still I held him to my terms. At last he yielded. I paid him his price for the three, and took them all home with me, proud of my purchase, for they were all good stock and in prime order. I promised myself a good outcome.

"The winter was about over, and the colts had all done well. One fine morning I led out the oldest one, intending to let him run

awhile in the meadow near the barn. As he came out of the stable I gave him a little rope, and as he pranced around me I thought I never saw a handsomer colt, or the making of a finer horse. I was delighted with him. As I led him to the bars he seemed so spry and playful I thought I would see how well he could jump. So I only let down the top bar. He jumped, but not high enough; his knees struck the upper edge of the top bar and he fell over flat on his back. It seemed unaccountable how he could do so—the bars were not high—but so he did. He could not get up. I got help and raised him up, and braced him up with rails; but he could not stand. I was determined to save him; but the neighbors all said it was of no use—his back was hurt, and he would never walk again. 'Oh,' I said, 'he shall walk; I won't give him up.' What a struggle I had! How I loved him! As I looked on him, poor fellow, he gave me such a sorrowful and imploring look, it almost broke my heart, and I said, 'You shall live.' More remedies were tried, but all in vain. When, at last, I gave up that he could not live, I felt it was wrong to prolong his sufferings, so I tried to get some one to shoot him. They all refused, though I offered a poor young man-money if he would only do it for me.

"At last I went into the house, and got a gun to do it myself. As I came to him he gave me a look of such meaning, and seemed so innocent, that it broke my heart. Oh, how hard to shoot that dear colt! Why, he seemed now almost like an idol in my heart—perhaps he was. After summoning all my courage I fired, and as he fell I turned quickly away, dropped my gun, and cried like a child. Oh, what a sad morning was that to me! The Providence seemed so dark, I did not understand it.

"It was five years ago that I lost that colt, and never till this morning have I seen why it happened. I felt that I must tell you, as the Holy Spirit has revealed it to me since I came into this meeting. I see now that if I had done by my brother as I would be done by, I would never have bought that colt. My brother was needy, was in a straight, and I used the money God had blessed me with to wring that colt out of his hands. To this sin I added lying—for I had said in God's hearing I would take the two if I could not get the three, and then said to my brother, 'I must buy all or none.' Oh, I see it now as never before. Had I obeyed the law of love I should have left that colt where God would have left him. Then he never would have jumped my bars, broken his back, nor I have been compelled to take his life. God has, indeed, proved that 'with what measure you mete it shall be measured to you again.' My brother, if he had had heart to do it, could never have requited me for this wrong. God took the matter into His own hands. Why I got this light this morning, and have been led to speak of it, I know not."

Here Brother John sat down. A very deep and solemn impression pervaded the whole house. No one could doubt that the Holy Spirit had shed this light on his mind not only for his good but for the good of others.

Suffice it to say that a prominent brother in the house, who was both a trustee and steward, saw mirrored in Brother John's story one of his own transactions, which was as direct a violation of the law of love as was the extortion of the colt. Providence had called him to bury a horse obtained in violation of the law of love. A confession by the brother, frank and noble, followed; and it scarcely need be said that many Christian men in that region were more careful thereafter to buy and sell in accordance with the injunction of our Saviour: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."—*Central Christian Advocate.*

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.

BY W. WAYBRIDGE, ESQ.

When I was about eighteen years old (I speak of a very distant period), I used to go on Saturday afternoon, during the beautiful season, to spend the Sunday with my mother, who lived at V—, some five miles from my place of labor. I usually went on foot, and was sure to find sitting under an old oak on the route a great fellow, who always cried out to me in a squeaking voice: "Can you give a poor man a little something, my good sir?"

He was pretty sure to have his appeal answered by the clinking of a few coppers in his old felt hat.

One day, as I was paying my tribute to Anthony (for so he called himself), there came along a good-looking gentleman, to whom the beggar addressed his squeaking cry: "Can you give a poor man a little something, my good sir?"

The gentleman stopped, and having fixed his eye on Anthony a moment, said: "You seem to be intelligent and able to work—why do you follow such a mean vocation here? I should be right glad to draw you from it, and give you ten thousand dollars a year!"

Anthony began to laugh, and I joined in with him.

"Laugh as much as you please," replied the gentleman; but follow my advice and you'll have what I promise you. I can show it to you also by example. I have been as poor as you are; but instead of begging, I went out of an old basket a sort of sack, and went from house to house and village to village, and asked the people to give me, not their money, but their old rags, which I then sold readily to the paper-maker.

"At the end of a year I did not ask the rags for nothing, but paid the cash for them; and I had besides an old horse and cart to assist me in my work.

"Five years afterwards, I had six thousand dollars, and I married the daughter of the paper-maker, who took me into partnership with him. I was but little accustomed to the business, I confess, but I was young and active; I knew how to work and to undergo privation.

"Now, I own two good houses in the city, and have turned my paper-mill over to my son, whom I easily taught to labor and to endure hardship without murmuring. Now, do as I have done, my friend, and you will become as well off as I am."

Saying this, the old gentleman rode on, leaving Anthony so absorbed in thought that two ladies passed without hearing his old falsetto supplication: "Give a poor man a little something, if you please, to-day!"

Twenty years afterwards, I had occasion to enter a bookstore for some purchases. A large and well-dressed gentleman was walking through the store and giving orders to some half-a-dozen clerks. We looked at each other as people do who, without being acquainted, seem to have some faint impression that they have met before.

"Sir," said he to me, at the further end of the store, "were you not in the habit twenty years ago of walking out to V—on Saturday afternoon?"

"What Anthony, is it you?" cried I.

"Sir," he replied, "you see Anthony; the old gentleman was right. He gave me ten thousand dollars a year!"—*Christian Union.*

CHARACTER.

BY E. E. NEWMAN.

"I don't feel sure that Mr. Crawford would be the best superintendent you could have," said the good old deacon, slowly. "I never mean to interfere with the Sunday-school; if I can't help, I won't hinder, and I want you to suit yourselves; but somehow I hear that he's running up bills at a great rate, and 't' doesn't seem just the thing."

"I know he is a little careless in matters," answered Mr. Smith, a prominent Sunday-school teacher; "but he is not dishonest, and we can't find a perfect man for the place. Mr. Crawford speaks very well, and is popular enough to bring a good class of families into the school, and I think he is a good man."

"You ought to know best," said the deacon, with a little shake of his white head, as he moved off; "but character goes a great way."

Mr. Crawford was invited to become superintendent of the Lane Sunday-school, and he accepted the invitation with real pleasure; he was always present at the right time, always made graceful speeches to the school, did whatever he thought should be done with earnest good will, and believed himself to be forwarding his Master's work to the best of his ability. But the friends of the Sunday-school noticed with pain that it was not prospering; its members certainly increased with the incoming of the new superintendent, but the increase was not permanent, and a spirit of coldness and inattention seemed to take possession of the scholars. In vain the most spiritual among the teachers prayed over the declining school and redoubled their own efforts; no one realized the difficulty till a chance group of children enlightened their elders in passing.

"My father says Mr. Crawford never pays his debts till he has to. Now where's the use o' his talkin'?"

"He's owed Joe Styles for sawin' his wood these six months. I don't want to be that kind of a Christian."

"He's a fraud, anyway. Glad he don't owe me anything."

Troubled eyes met as the unconscious critic went on. What was to be done? Nothing, just then, it seemed. Nobody wanted to tell Mr. Crawford that his carelessness in money matters was ruining the school, and he wondered, with no little pain, that his fellow-workers were so ready to let him go at the end of the year. Some friend ought to have told him the trouble; but the duty did not belong to one more than another, and he never was told.

Warned by their misjudgment, the teachers elected a man of stern probity for their next superintendent. He was not a ready speaker, not a very popular man, but he brought a weight of character to his new office that made his few words effective. There was silence and attention when he spoke; the teachers ceased to feel that mysterious something working against