

The Family

Sunday Evening

BY CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, AUTHOR OF "FIVE AM."

The Sabbath-day has reached its close!

Yet, Savour, ere I seek repose,

Grant me the peace thy love bestows—

Smile on my evening hour!

O heavenly Comforter, sweet guest!

Hallow and calm my troubled breast;

W-ary, I come to thee for rest—

Smile on my evening hour!

Have I ever found it sweet

To worship at my Saviour's feet?

Now to my soul that bliss repeat—

Smile on my evening hour!

Let not the Gospel seal remain

Unfruitful, or to lose again;

Let heavenly dew descend like rain—

Smile on my evening hour!

O ever patient, ever mild,

Thou hast not left me in the wild;

Thou hast not left me in the wild;

Smile on my evening hour!

My only intercessor thou,

Mingle thy fragrant breaths now

With every prayer that I may vow—

Smile on my evening hour!

And O, when life's short course shall end,

And death's dark shade around impend,

May God, my everlasting friend—

Smile on my evening hour!

To Make a Happy Home.

I heard a father the other day—a hale, happy

man—praising his boys, for study fellows,

who had escaped the dissipation and excitement of a

city life, and were now as fresh in heart and

as ready in the face as when they crabbled about

their mother's knee. I had seen so much of

parental sorrow over some gone astray, corrupted

physically and morally, that I ventured to ask

my friend, the happy father, how it was that he

had been able to save his boys from the contamination

of evil associations and bad habits.

"The way is simple enough," he said, "neither

original nor in any way remarkable. I keep my

boys home of evenings, by making their home

pleasant places than they can find elsewhere;

I save them from the temptation of frequenting

disorderly places of amusement by supplying them

with better pleasure at home. Many things

which I considered improper, or at least frivolous,

I encourage now because I find my sons desire

them, and I prefer that they may gratify their

desire at home and in their mother's presence,

where nothing that is wrong will come and

amusement which, under some circumstances,

may be objectionable, less all their venom and

become innocent and even elevating. I have

found that the danger is more in the commitments

of many amusements than in the amusements

themselves; that many things which will

injure a young man in a club or among evil

associates, are harmless when engaged with the

surroundings of a home. As long as children

are children, they will crave amusement, and

nothing can convince them that it is wrong to

gratify their desire. When they hear certain

things denounced as sinful by those whose opin-

ions they hold in reverence, and are tempted by

the example of others who defend them, to dis-

obey their parents' wish and participate in them,

a long downward step is taken; parental author-

ity and parental opinions are held in less rever-

ence; the home that once attracted these amuse-

ments becomes a dull and dreary place; and, in

secret places, among companions, they seek

for them, until at length conscience is seared,

filial feelings overcome, parents are compelled to

sigh over the lost affections and confidence of

their children.

"I have endeavored," said this father, "to join

with my boys, and be a boy with them in their

pleasures. And I do believe there is no compa-

nion more worthy, and more delightful in itself,

than the old boy. If I think a place of amuse-

ment is innocent, and will please them, out we

go some evening, mother, boys, girls and father,

and enjoy the world all the more because we are

together, and do not go very often.

"But we don't care to be out from home much

"Have you no brother, no sister, no one to

take care of you?"

"No, sir."

"You will be glad then, I suppose," said the

good man, "when your father comes back

again?"

"No, sir, I don't want him."

"Don't want your father? Why not?"

"Because, sir, I am sorry to say, my father is

a bad man. He swears and says wicked words,

and the pale-faced child, sighing as she spoke,

"How do you know it is wrong to swear, my

dear?"

"Oh, sir, I learned that at Sunday-school—My

teacher told me that Jesus did not love those who

used wicked words."

"Do you know anything about Jesus then, my

dear?"

"Then the poor girl raised herself on her bed,

and looking eagerly into the good man's face,

said:

"Oh, sir, do you know anything about Jesus

Christ? I do love him, and I should like to

hear about him again. Do talk to me about Je-

sus."

The good man did so. He read for her from his

Testament also, and then prayed. As he was

about leaving, she said:

"Oh, sir, there is one thing more I should

like before you go. Could you sing a hymn to

me as you go? I have a book of hymns at

Sunday-school, but I never hear any now. Do

you know one which begins, 'How sweet the

name of Jesus sounds?' It is such a beautiful

hymn."

The good man sang 'How sweet the name of

Jesus sounds.' Emma joined in the singing as

well as her strength would permit, and then

the good man left her, promising to call again

soon.

Touched by what he had seen, the gentleman

went right to a kind-hearted lady and told her

of Emma's piety and of her miserable garret

and her extended entreaties. "All that she

lady gave me blankets, food and clothes,

and many good things to comfort her. Again

she went up the rickety ladder, knocked, heard

no reply, opened the door, went in, and found

Emma—dead on the bundle of hay!"

This account of poor little Emma is strictly true.

But I was a hard one outwardly, was it not?

But I have one little girl in my Advocate family

who would rather be Emma poor as the weaver

with her love for the Saviour, I shall be surprised

to find it out. If there is one such little girl

among my readers I don't want to write. I

should feel very bad to know that she preferred

riches, health, and wealth and friends to my Sa-

viour.—Sunday-School Advocate.

Welfare of Children.

Two men advanced in years, who had been

companions in boyhood, met for the first time

since they had entered upon the active duties of

life. They had many enquiries to make of each

other. It appeared that both had been success-

ful in business. One had retired from business

a year or more before the interview, and was

actively employed in works of benevolence. The

other was still engaged in the superintending his

widely extended enterprises. "You could not

find it out. If there is one such little girl

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"The state of things is different from what it

was formerly. It would not do for our children

to begin the world as we did—or at least as I

did."

"I hope our children will serve our generation

better than we have served it—or better than I

have."

"I hope they will do well. My carriage is com-

ing, and I must bid you good morning."

"What was Mr. B. doing for his children?"

"It seems he was devoting himself to their welfare."

"All I am doing now I am doing for my children."

Parents ought to devote themselves to the wel-

fare of their children. God says to every parent,

"This child shall be called by my name, and I will

bring him to me, and will be a father to the

fatherless, and a husband to the orphan."

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