



The Family Circle.

CHRIST WHO LIVES.

I love to think of a Christ who lives!
Whose sorrows and griefs are o'er:
I love to think that beneath his feet
Is the cruel crown He wore.
He hangs not now on the lifted tree,
Nor sleeps in the silent grave:
He lives; and often his face I see,
As he bids my heart be brave.

Softly I say to myself, "He lives!"
I know it was well He died;
I know it was death that atoned for sin,
And brought me to his dear side:
But glad am I that I gaze not now
On a sad and weary face;
Nor wipe the blood from an icy brow,
So marred by the world's disgrace.

I love to think of a Christ who lives!
I gaze on his open side;
But, oh! it is joy that a living heart
Thence poureth love's living tide.
I gaze on the eyes once dim in death—
They beam with a light Divine.
While I seem to feel his vital breath,
As He tells me He is mine.

He lives! 'tis a living Christ we serve,
'Tis a living Christ we love;
Who took our flesh, with its wounds and scars,
To the Royal Court above.
He lives, and knoweth each pressing need,
And sympathy sweetly gives:
He lives who died. Oh! 'tis joy, indeed,
To think of a Christ who lives.
—Wm. Luff, in *Christian*.

LEILA'S FOREIGN MISSION WORK.

BY JOSEPHINE L. ROBERTS.

Leila Kent stood in the porch, waiting for the sleigh to come to the door. The fierce west wind was driving away the storm of the morning, and, at the same time, was drawing warm tints of rose-color to Leila's cheeks, as she walked up and down to keep herself warm, while her thoughts were busy with pleasant anticipations of the meeting which she expected to attend that afternoon. A returned missionary was to address the auxiliary to which Leila belonged, and such an opportunity was rare in quiet Stonebrook. None the less was it thoroughly appreciated when it came.

The Stonebrook Mission Circle was only two years old, but it had been planted in the soil of sacrifice and had taken firm root. The gentle little lady who had first gathered her own class around her, and had talked to them of missions, had gone away to India, followed by the loving tears and prayers of the young society. Leila Kent had been one of the earliest to join the circle, and was one of the most enthusiastic of its members, and, although the wind was wild and keen, and the sky not clear as yet, it would have been a great trial to her to remain at home and miss the treat of hearing a missionary speak,—a missionary from India, too, and one who, not so very long ago, had even seen Leila's much-loved and valued friend.

So when the sleigh drove up to the door, Leila took the reins from Tom's hand, sprang to her seat, and, after tucking the buffalo robes about her, chirruped to the gentle horse, and turned out of the gate.

Even without sunshine, the day was beautiful. The world was clothed in silver-gray from the effect of a freezing storm. Without the aid of light, the breeze from the mountains had not yet been able to dislodge the ice which clung to the branches of the forest trees. The chime of the sleigh-bells fell harmoniously into the midst of this wild loveliness, and Leila, from her happy heart, sang clear, low hymns, as she passed over the deserted country roads.

She was not disappointed when she reached the place of meeting. It was in the lecture-room of Stonebrook Church. Leila was early, and had time, standing on the register, to look about her and notice the brightness and cosiness of the room. It was cheerier than usual, with the missionary map hanging in one corner and new mottoes on the walls.

The address was full of interest. The descriptions given were vivid, the incidents mentioned were many and varied, while now and then the sympathetic listeners were permitted a glimpse into the mission-

ary's heart. As Leila rose with the others at the close of the meeting and joined in the hymn

"From Greenland's icy mountains," she felt an eager desire to go across the seas. After the singing the members of the circle were invited to come forward, and examine the foreign curiosities which had been displayed. Leila did so, and then, to her delight, she had an opportunity of being introduced to the speaker of the afternoon. The lady clasped Leila's hand warmly. "Your interested face was a great help to me," she said. After a little talk, Leila moved aside, but still lingered, as the lady explained the uses of different articles, and answered eager questions.

"No, I shall not be in the neighborhood much longer," Leila overheard her saying. "I return to my work in about a month, so it is not probable that I shall meet you again in this country. But perhaps," she said with a smile, "I shall see some of these dear girls in India."

Leila moved slowly away with a serious face. Her ride homeward was a thoughtful one. "I wonder what constitutes a call to mission work," she pondered. "I have every advantage. Mother would be heartily glad to have me go, much as she loves me. She will not need me when my sisters come home from school, and I shall be too young to go sooner than that. I have had a good education. And I think—yes, I think, I am willing to bear trials, and, if not, I ought to be."

So Leila considered grave questions all the way home, but entered her invalid mother's room with a bright face, and sitting down beside her sofa, told her all that the missionary had said.

A month later the missionary sailed away, carrying the memory of that bright face, and two or three years slipped away. Among many fancies that came and went, the one idea of a missionary life kept its hold on Leila. With reference to that, the young girl learned and practised many forms of work in themselves distasteful to her. Her sisters, meanwhile,—one merry, busy, energetic, the other, the best of nurses,—returned to their home.

India began to look near. Sitting alone in the twilight, Leila could almost see its strange foreign shores, its tropical plants, and its dark-eyed inhabitants. Seriously, yet gladly, she awaited an opportunity to talk over her future with her mother. The right time soon came, and Leila received free consent to go as a missionary. Tears of sorrow, and wondering questions, followed the announcement of her wishes to the family, but no remonstrance was made by any one, and the words of her mother's blessing made glad echoes in Leila's heart.

It had been thought best that she should not immediately offer her services to the Board. There were several little ways in which she might render herself more useful, so four or five months were to pass before the important letter was written. Those months were busy and happy ones—at first. Then a grave doubt arose. Leila seemed almost sad at times. Her mother watched her, wondering, and often thought of her in sleepless nights. Never before had she been often inattentive and preoccupied—or could it be that Leila did not hear?

The months of preparation hastened away. Still Leila's letter was not written. Two weeks of anxious wonder went by, and then Leila came to her mother with a request. "I should like to see the best aurist in the city," she said. The fears of mother and daughter were soon realized. Leila did not become entirely deaf, but the missionary work was found to be, for her, out of the question. Her love of music could no longer give her satisfaction, and it was often a painful and unsuccessful effort that she made to listen to the conversation of her friends.

Leila gave up her hopes quietly, and tried to engage in work at home, but it was, at first, a weary labor;—there seemed so little to do in that lonely country place. Her heart was far away. Her loss of hearing obliged her, before long, to give up her Sabbath school class.

"It is like coming back from India, and beginning all over again," she told her mother once. "It seems as if I ought to do something special for missions," she said to herself. "Only I don't know how."

Having plenty of idle time, Leila took up her drawing, which had long been neglected for more important things. "It seems strange to come back to amusement," she

said to Carrie. "I mean, to spending hours in recreation. But I cannot sew for the poor all day. It tires my back. And people can't talk with me much." And Leila ended with a weary little sigh followed by a patient smile. Carrie leaned over and kissed her.

"I wonder," she exclaimed, "whether you could not draw designs for wall paper and carpets. It is rather in your line Leila. I had a friend at school whose bills were paid by an older sister engaged in that way."

Leila's face brightened at the thought, and she put yet more careful touches into her work. She tried her skill, made inquiries, wrote letters, and after a time received regular employment. "Now, I can send a substitute!" she exclaimed, on receiving her first check.

Leila's life was full again, full of work and of interest. Her deep sympathy with missionaries could hardly fail while she knew of the labors and trials, joys and cares, of her "other self."

For Leila found her substitute, and while she worked for her in her quiet room doubly quiet now, her thoughts and prayers followed her in and out of heathen homes, and along narrow, sun-blinded streets. She wrote her long letters of loving encouragement. And when anybody told Leila that she was not interested in missions, she sometimes asked, "Have you ever considered whether you ought not to go yourself? And, if you ought not, have you come as near as you can to sending a substitute?"—*Watchman*.

TEN CENTS IN THE DOLLAR.

Many years ago a lad of sixteen years left home to seek his fortune. All his worldly possessions were tied up in a bundle which he carried in his hand. As he trudged along he met an old neighbor, the captain of a canal boat, and the following conversation took place, which changed the whole current of the boy's life:

"Well, William, where are you going?" "I don't know," he answered. "Father is too poor to keep me any longer, and says I must now make a living for myself."

"There is no trouble about that," said the captain. "Be sure you start right, and you'll get along finely."

William told his friend that the only trade he knew anything about was soap and candle-making, at which he had helped his father while at home.

"Well," said the old man, "let me pray with you and give you a little advice, and then I will let you go."

They both kneeled upon the towpath (the path along which the horses that drew the boat walked). The old man prayed for William, and then this advice was given: "Some one will soon be the leading soap-maker in New York. It can be you as well as any one. I hope it may. Be a good man; give your heart to Christ; give the Lord all that belongs to him of every dollar you earn; make an honest soap, give a full pound, and I am certain you will yet be a great, good and rich man."

When the boy reached the city he found it hard to get work. Lonesome and far away from home, he remembered his mother's last words and the last words of the canal boat captain. He was then and there led to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." He united with the Church. He remembered his promise to the old captain. The first dollar he earned brought up the question of the Lord's part. He looked in the Bible and found that the Jews were commanded to give one-tenth, so he said, "If the Lord will take one-tenth, I will give that." And so he did. Ten cents of every dollar was sacred to the Lord.

After a few years both partners died, and William became the sole owner of the business. He now resolved to keep his promise to the old captain; he made an honest soap, gave a full pound, and instructed his book-keeper to open an account with the Lord and carry one-tenth of all his income to that account. He was prosperous; his business grew; his family was blessed; his soap sold, and he grew rich faster than he had ever hoped. He then decided to give the Lord two-tenths, and he prospered more than ever; then three-tenths, then four-tenths, then five-tenths. He educated his family, settled all his plans for life, and told the Lord he would give him all his income. He prospered more than ever. This is the true story of a man who has given millions

of dollars to the Lord's cause, and left a name that will never die.—*Gospel in All Lands*.

TOBACCO AND REFINEMENT.

Smoking is the least offensive use of tobacco; but one cannot smoke, and frequent the society of those who do not smoke, without bearing in his clothes the stale odor of his disagreeable habit. Much worse than this, he breathes it out in every expiration. The sweet air of heaven is turned by him each instant into a malodorous savor of an offering on the altar of appetite. Whether he bears the kiss of affection to those nearest him, or the words of prayer to the Spirit of spirits, both alike are under the immediate suggestion and taint of a physical system penetrated and permeated with tobacco. He himself, in losing the purity of a pure breath, loses the sense of wrong he is doing his own life and the lives of others; yet he brings that sense afresh to every one who, with quicker sensibilities, approaches him.

This loss of the feeling of offence in an offensive appetite marks an important point in which the habit interferes with refinement and true courtesy. The smoker takes it patiently when a superior power sorts him out and hems him in, in a place set apart to this disagreeable indulgence as a smoking-car—bearing what traces of its low uses! But when he is left to himself, on the street, in a public place, in legislative halls, he assumes at once the precedence of his unkindly habit, and lets his neighbor make what shift he can to avoid the air which he sends forth from the recesses of his mouth, laden with disturbance to eyes, nostrils, and lungs. There is scarcely a smoker to be found that does not, at some time, in a careless way, put upon others the discomfort of his habit. How can it be otherwise? He is driven by an exacting demand, whose disagreeable effects are very much hidden from him. The smoker loses the power to see himself as others see him. If those who use tobacco were decidedly in the minority, the habit would be thought to be a strange, outlandish, outrageous perversion of the decorum of life; and in its open indulgence, a surprising trespass on good taste and delicate consideration. I think we shall see this to be so if we consider the effect the habit of chewing, or smoking even, would have on our estimate of a refined woman. The union is almost an impossibility. Yet there is nothing but the nature of the habit that renders the use of tobacco unfit in a woman. It is superior purity and refinement only that banish it from such a presence.—*John Bascom, D.D.*

THE SILENT MAN.

Among the reminiscences of the war, the following extract from an interview with an old Virginia Methodist preacher is interesting: "Yes, my house was full of generals. There were Sheridan, Humphreys, Meade, Custer, Ord, and quite a number of others; and they were a lively set and full of fun, and quite jolly, with the exception of one officer whom I noticed sitting apart from the others, smoking, and taking but little part in their sports. They all went out of the house but this solitary, silent man; and as I was going out, he asked me where the pump was, as he would like to get a drink. On offering to get him some water he said: 'No, sir; I am a younger man than you. I will go myself.' And, as I passed out, he came out behind me. When in about the middle of the hall, my little granddaughter came running toward me; but the silent man, spreading out both arms, caught her, and taking her up, fairly smothered her with kisses, and said: 'This reminds me of my little girl at home, and makes me homesick.' To the question, 'Where is your home?' he replied, 'Galena, Ill.; but I have my family at City Point, and I am anxious to get back to them.' I said, 'Will you permit me to ask your name, sir?' 'Certainly. My name is Grant.' 'Grant!' exclaimed I: 'General Grant?' And I stood there, awe-stricken and paralyzed with astonishment. I thought to myself, 'Here is a man whose name is now in the mouth of every man, woman and child throughout the civilized world, and yet he exhibits no emotion and seems unconcerned and unmoved until the little child reminds him of his loved ones at home;' and I fairly broke down, as General Grant had been pictured out to us as a bloody butcher, and I had looked for a man as savage as a Comanche Indian. To say I was agreeably disappointed expresses my feelings but feebly."—*Dumb Animals*.