



The Family Circle.

TEMPLE BUILDERS.

BY MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

You have read of the Moslem palace—
The marvellous fane that stands
On the banks of the distant Jumna,
The wonder of all lands.

And as you read, you questioned
Right wonderingly, as you must,
"Why rear such a noble palace,
To shelter a woman's dust?"

Why rear it? The Shah had promised
His beautiful Nourmahal
To do it, because he loved her,
He loved her—and that was all!

So minaret, wall and column,
And tower and dome above—
All tell of a sacred promise,
All utter the accent—love.

We know of another temple,
A grander than Hindoo shrine,
The splendor of whose perfections
Is mystical, strange, divine.

We have read of its deep foundations,
Which neither the frost nor flood
Nor forces of earth can weaken,
Cemented in tears and blood.

That, chosen with skill transcendent,
By wisdom that fills the throne,
Was quarried and hewn and polished,
Its wonderful corner-stone.

So vast is its scale proportioned,
So lofty its turrets rise,
That the pile in its finished glory
Will reach to the very skies.

The flow of the silent Kedron,
The roses of Sharon fair;
Gethsemane's sacred olives
And cedars are round it there.

The plan of the temple, only
Its Architect understands;
And yet he accepts—(oh wonder!)
The helping of human hands!

And so for the work's progression,
He is willing that great and small
Should bring their bits of carving,
As needed to fill the wall.

Oh, not to the dead—but the living,
We rear on the earth he trod
This fane to his lasting glory—
This church to the Christ of God.

For over the church's portal,
Each pillar and arch above,
The Master has set his signet,
And graven his watchword—Love.

CHILDREN OF THE SAME FATHER.

BY EMILIE GOODCHILD.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

"Mamma, won't we have butter on our bread for supper?"

"No, Freddie, but Mamma has just gone to get a pint of milk; and you know, bread and milk is a dish fit to set before a king," said mamma, cheerfully.

Freddie's eyes brightened, and 'twas evident from the expression of his face the promised fare had a sumptuous sound to him; then his face clouded again. "Mamma, can we have as much as ever we want?"

Mamma seemed not to hear, being very intent at that moment arranging the folds of satin and costly lace on the dress she was making. Then Mamma came in with the pitcher of milk, so Freddie's question remained unanswered, though it had not escaped Mrs. Smith's notice.

Mamma was a child of eleven years, but she seemed as matured as many a young lady of eighteen, so early do the children of the poor learn to know the weight of the iron hand of necessity. She covered the table with a white cloth, put on three plates, three cups and saucers, three knives, and three spoons, divided the pint of milk equally into the three cups, sliced up a loaf of bread, then said, "Mamma, supper's ready."

"You and Freddie eat yours now, Mamma," replied mamma. "I want to get all I can done to this dress before we light the lamp. I don't feel very hungry, so put a slice of bread on my plate; then eat all you want."

Mamma looked searchingly at her mamma.

"Are you well, mamma?"

"Quite well, dear," and the pale face brightened at the child's thoughtfulness.

"Hurry up, Mamma, I'm awful hungry," exclaimed Freddie; and Mamma seated herself at the table.

"You've forgotten to say grace, Freddie," said Mamma, as her brother began hastily to break up his bread into the milk.

The children folded their hands.

"Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and every where adored.
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.
Amen."

Truth compels us to own, Freddie didn't repeat these words very reverently, and seemed relieved when he was at liberty to give attention to his bread and milk. But then, Freddie was only seven years old, and was very hungry; he had only one slice of bread thinly spread with butter, and a cup of coffee without sugar for his dinner. I don't wonder he was hungry, do you?

The children ate their supper, and the mother worked on, while her thoughts kept pace with her fingers. "The rent is paid for another month," she thought, "that is comforting. But only ten cents in my pocket-book, enough for breakfast. Where is our dinner to come from unless this dress is paid for immediately, and Miss Cook seldom does that. Well, I suppose I must ask for it; but it's hard to be obliged to plead for what one has fully earned." There was a tremulous expression about Mrs. Smith's mouth that bespoke inward conflict.

"Good-night, mamma!" Freddie held his lips up to be kissed.

"Good-night, Freddie."

A softened expression came into Mrs. Smith's face. Mother-love had conquered.

"Won't you have your supper now, mamma?"

"Not yet, Mamma; you must be tired, child, let the table stand and go to bed, you have been working so hard all day."

"Shall I thread some needles for you first, mamma?"

"No, dear, you have done enough for to-day."

"Good-night, mamma."

"Good-night, dear."

Mrs. Smith worked on alone with no sound, save the soft breathing of her children and the movement of her needle; and as she worked, one thought was uppermost, "Will I get the money for this when I take it home?"

Ding-a-ling-a-ling!

"I do hope that is the postman with a letter for me," said a young lady who for more than an hour had languidly reclined upon a blue plush couch, bemoaning the dreariness of her lot.

As this remark received no reply except a faint smile from her sister, who, in marked contrast to herself, was working industriously on some remarkably pretty sachet bags, she added impatiently, "You make me sick, Ethel, putting so much energy into such trifles, and actually looking happy over it."

"Louie, dear, the 'Woman's Exchange' has offered to sell, at a good price, one hundred of these bags before Christmas. The money I get for them will buy flannel for poor Auntie Green, and may save the dear old lady some rheumatic twinges. It will buy medicine and some juicy fruit for little Bob Jones; and I hope to have enough to pay for a steerage passage to Ireland, and send consumptive Mary Boyle to the home she longs for. These you must own are no trifles, for they affect the welfare of human lives."

Miss Louise shrugged her shoulders, but was prevented from making another impatient reply by a tap at the door.

"Come in!"

"Please, ma'am, it's Mrs. Smith brought your dress home, an' she's waitin' for an answer to the note."

"Put the dress on the bed, Kittie, and tell Mrs. Smith I will answer the note when I have time to attend to it."

As the servant left the room, Ethel paused in her work, and fixed her great dark eyes on her sister.

"Well!" exclaimed Miss Louise in no very gentle tone, "what have you to say?"

"Why didn't you read the note, Louie; perhaps Mrs. Smith needs the money."

"Because I didn't choose to. I don't find my chief delight in charity if you do."

"But, Louie, that is not charity; it is Mrs. Smith's right."

"My! you're turning champion for the working women now," was the reply, accompanied by an angry flash of her eyes which was not at all becoming to Miss Louie. It was a constant source of irritation to her that her sister should be so happy and generally beloved while she was miserable. That this state of affairs was the result of her own inordinate love of self seemed never to have entered her mind.

Ethel resumed her work quietly; and Miss Louie untied the package to look at her dress, and soon, with evident satisfaction, was surveying herself in the mirror.

"What do you think of it, Ethel?" she asked, turning to her sister.

"It is beautiful, Louie, Mrs. Smith certainly does excellent work."

Miss Louie understood her sister's remark, and opened the envelope containing the bill. It was accompanied by a slip of paper on which was written:—

"I have sat up all night to finish your dress as my only resource to get bread for my children. The poor, you know, can not get credit; for my little ones I can plead—for myself I would prefer to starve."

"Read that, Ethel, quick!" exclaimed Miss Louie, who was not without feeling, though selfish and thoughtless. "Just think of any one being in such straits! What shall I do?"

"Send her the money you owe her at once, Louie; and remember this is not an isolated case of suffering among the poor from a failure on the part of those who employ them to pay promptly."

Miss Louie's heart was softened now, and she lost no time in sending Mrs. Smith the money due to her. This done, she drew a chair to her sister's side, and asked affectionately, "Ethel, how is it you always do the right thing?"

"I fear I fall sadly short of that, Louie; but I often think how poorly we fulfil the command, 'Bear ye one another's burdens.' And yet, God is our Father, Mrs. Smith's no less than yours and mine. Children of one family, only think of it! and to show such lack of consideration for one another. Now, dear, my bags are finished, I must go out."

Left alone Miss Louie pondered well the words, "Children of the same Father." She never thought of her relation to her fellow-beings in that light before. Have you, dear reader?—*Morning Star.*

A DREAM.

I dreamed that I saw an angel of mercy from heaven looking for some of God's children to do a little work for the day in his vineyard.

As he passes down the street he meets a well-dressed gentleman in his easy carriage, and the following conversation ensues:

The messenger inquired: "Are you a child of God?"

Answer: "I will describe myself, and you can judge for yourself. I belong to one of the large churches in Los Angeles. I pay heavily, and bear a large burden of the expenses of the church, and am advised with in all important steps. I attend its meetings and have entered into all the plans that have made it a success. Also, at home I attend strictly to the daily reading of the Bible and family worship. Even this morning we were rejoicing over God's goodness to us in giving us so many religious privileges, as well as worldly prosperity; for in my financial investments I have made a large amount of money the past year."

Messenger: "Well, I, no doubt, have come to the right one. Yonder in that building is a man sick and about to pass away to the judgment. He needs counsel and help from one of his earthly brothers, in order that he may save his soul. Will you go?"

"Well, now, that kind of little missionary work I used to do when I did not have these larger financial matters to look after. My calling now seems to be of a larger kind. Now, there is about to be a large committee meeting to plan a large hotel to cost thousands of dollars, and its success largely depends upon me. There is neighbor B. coming, who is another of our good church-members, and he has much less responsible business to attend to. Please excuse me, for I must hurry along."

Happy B. drives up.

Messenger: "Are you a child of God?"

Answer: "I am, and a favored one, both spiritually and financially."

"Make haste, then, for yonder lies a sick man inquiring the way to heaven. A word in time may save his soul."

Brother B.'s head drops a little, but he says: "God bless the poor man! If there was no one else to go, I would go; but really, I have pressing business and an engagement to meet up-town this morning. I have just entered a syndicate that is making money by thousands, and as soon as I can make a good round sum I am going to give one-half of my time to this work. Please excuse me."

The messenger turns away with a sad face, and says: "O that I might do this work! but my heavenly Father has given this precious work to man. I will try again."

A sister of the same church passes by, pail and mop in hand. The messenger asks: "Which way are you going?"

"To yonder building to scrub an office, that I may earn some bread for the two little children that God has given me."

"Are you his child?" asks the messenger. "I hope so; yet I have done but little for him—now and then a little errand by the wayside. I have but little means, and these hands are very busy earning plain fare for my darlings. I have just been asking God to give me one little errand of mercy to do for him to-day."

Messenger: "I have one for you. In the same building to which you are going, in room number five, is a sick man. Enter there, and do or speak as God shall direct."

A gentle rap on the sick man's door.

"Come in," is spoken. She enters and makes kind inquiries. Sick unto death,

the doctor says, and far away from home and loved ones. A few orderly touches are given to the room and a cooling bath to the fevered brow. An expression of thankfulness passes over his face and he says: "How soothing! How much like the touch of my mother! She had a Comforter, and wanted me to accept him as mine; but I was too busy then. Can you tell me how I can find my mother's God? I need him very much. Oh, how I long to know how to take hold of the promises of God! I prayed that he might send a messenger to tell me how. As all my loved ones are so far away that I am very much in need of some one to direct me, it seemed, when you entered, that you must be the one sent."

"I may be," she answered, "if God so directs; yet I am unworthy."

"God says: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden.' That is I. Also, again: 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.' Again: 'Come unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved; for I am God and there is none else.' Again: 'Knock and it shall be opened unto you.' Again: 'The day thou shalt seek me with thy whole heart I will be found of thee; 'Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me.' These must include me. I am heavy laden. I mourn, and want comfort. I knock, and want God to let me into his peace."

The woman asked: "Do you believe Christ came to save sinners?"

"I do, and I am sure I am the chief of sinners."

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"I will—I do!—I am saved!" came faintly from the dying man's lips, and a glad smile lit up the sad face. A sweet, cheering message was left for the loved ones far away, and then, with a stretched-out hand, as if to grasp a hand from heaven, and with that glad smile, he was gone.

The poor woman kneeling by his side thanked God for the privilege of directing one more soul to heaven, and then went to her work, not being aware that she was the willing instrument in God's hand of saving a soul. The others first called upon passed on to their worldly pursuits, and were successful. They have their reward in dollars and cents, but an account of their stewardship must be rendered hereafter.—*Southern California Advocate.*

THE ONE who will be found in trial capable of great acts of love is ever the one who is always doing considerate small ones.

F. W. ROBERTSON.