



The Family Circle.

ONLY.

(Charlotte Murray, in The Christian.)

Only a word for the Master,  
Lovingly, quietly said  
Only a word!  
Yet the Master heard,  
And some fainting hearts were fed.

Only a look of remonstrance,  
Sorrowful, gentle, and deep.  
Only a look  
Yet the strong man shook,  
And he went alone to weep.  
Only some note of devotion,  
Willingly, joyful done  
"Surely 'twas nought!"  
(So the proud world thought,)  
But yet souls for Christ were won!

Only an hour with the children,  
Pleasantly, cheerfully given.  
Yet seed was sown  
In that hour alone  
Which would bring forth fruit for  
heaven!

"Only"—But Jesus is looking  
Constantly, tenderly down  
To earth, and sees  
Those who strive to please;  
And their love He loves to crown.

SEEKING PROMOTION:

FOR YOUNG MEN AS WELL AS BOYS.

"I wish, father, you would find me a good situation," said Thomas earnestly, "I should like so much to be in business; but it seems long to wait for a good place."

Mr. Read, lifting his eyes from the evening paper, looked at his son with some surprise, and then said: "I think you have a situation, Thomas!"

"Yes; but I mean a good situation. The place I am in now is nothing, only to run messages all the time for everybody in the establishment: and then I am paid almost nothing."

"And what sort of situation do you want, Thomas?" asked his father.  
"I would like," said Thomas, "to be in some good office where I would receive a large salary and not be under everybody, to run at their nod and call."

"But that is why I placed you in your present situation," said his father. "You have every opportunity to rise to one of the best positions in the city, if you are only content to wait and work for it."

"I am afraid I should have a long time to wait," said Thomas. "Every place above me is filled: and they are all too well paid to resign very soon; and then I do not know how to work for promotion. Must I apply to the head of the firm, and what else have I to do to obtain it?"

"No, Thomas; that is not the work I mean. An application is about the last thing you should make to your employer; and, indeed, you may not require to apply for anything, if you take the proper course."

"Well, father, I will take any course that will procure promotion for me," said Thomas eagerly.

"Then there is hope that you will follow my directions if I tell you how to work. You say you have to run errands for every one in the place; well, that is just what I expected when you went there. I suppose it is not pleasant,—it may be quite tiresome and discouraging; but then you gain a good knowledge of the city, become known to other firms: besides, you are not in the lowest place there, as you suppose, or you would not be entrusted to carry the mail to and from the post office. I was surprised when I heard that Mr. Edwards had entrusted you with that duty the third week after you went there. It shows me that he has confidence in your integrity, and I think you are getting promotion already."

Thomas laughed at the novel mode of preferment, and informed his father that Mr. Edwards had no one else who cared to go or whom he could send for the mails.

"Perhaps he has quite a different reason for his action," said his father. "Probably he does not care to trust some others who are above you, and whom he might send. Thomas, you must work well and carefully, whether it be running messages or carrying the mail, and you will soon discover that that is the work which will procure for you promotion."

"But it is a very low beginning, father," said Thomas.

"Yes— Let me see: were you with us last summer, when we visited Baltimore and went up to the top of Washington's monument?"

"Yes, father; you recollect we all went up, and little Fred was so tired he could hardly gain the top."

"Do you recollect how we ascended? Were we lifted up from the street by an elevator?"

"No, father; don't you remember that a man let us in by the door, and we went up by the winding steps; we had no light only that of a smoky lantern, and it was a long time before we reached the top."

"And we got up at last," said his father, "after patiently stepping one hundred and eighty times, one after another; and were we not repaid at the top with the magnificent view which we enjoyed?"

"It was perfectly grand," said Thomas.

"Now, Thomas, as you ascended that monument so must you rise in business. You are now standing on the lower steps,—you are on the steps,—and there is nothing to hinder you, if your health is good, from standing on the top. But you must cultivate several qualities which I will mention, and the very first which you need to possess is contentment with what you already have. That does not mean that you are to have no ambition to rise; but rather, that you must be willing to wait till your turn comes. Then, again, be willing to serve all who are over you; they may be no better than you, but they have a position above you, and are therefore your superiors. Remember that he is the best commander who himself is willing to 'obey orders' and serve those above him."

"There are other qualities of equal importance,—honesty, for example: which implies more than that the person possessing it does not steal. It means that in all public and private transactions you are to be governed by just and upright principles. I knew a business man who sent in an order for goods; a mistake was discovered after the goods had been delivered—the firm had forwarded goods fifty dollars better than those ordered and paid for; when the error was seen and the purchaser applied to, he refused to pay the difference or return the goods. He was a dishonest man!"

"A boy who wants to rise in business must not be cunning and crafty and what people sometimes call 'smart.' Truthfulness requires us to be open, candid, and to avoid imposing upon the ignorance or credulity of others by word, or act, or even by the expression of the face. Business people soon find out that a boy is 'tricky' and 'slippery' and 'smart,' and though they are pleased to call him by these gentle names, they always act towards him as if they thought him untruthful and dishonest."

"Then a boy must have steadiness. No one wants to employ a clerk who attends to his business only when 'he feels like it,' or when his master's eyes are upon him. Employers want trustworthiness in their assistants, so that they can commit to their care all their affairs at a moment's notice and be confident that their interests will not suffer. Energy, too, must be exercised in the discharge of duties. 'What is worth doing at all is worth doing well,' and there is nothing to be gained by unsteadiness, but much to be lost by it. 'A rolling stone gathers no moss;' it will wear away in the course of time. So an unsteady, fickle, restless boy or man, who is always looking for a better situation, instead of improving the one he has, will never gain much. In all this you must endeavor to improve your mind by self-cultivation, for no boy leaving school, though he may have stood high in his class, is qualified for an important business position till he cultivates himself and profits by experience. If you associate only with the virtuous and good, this will remove you from the way of temptation, and particularly in regard to those useless and really bad habits of smoking, chewing tobacco, drinking just a little, loafing idly about the streets, and keeping late hours."

"Remember that a good character is worth more to you than a great fortune of gold, and it is built up as men build a house—little by little, brick by brick. If you build up your good name by these acts which I have commended, it may take a lifetime to complete it; but then it will be a monument of gold set up by yourself to perpetuate your memory forever. A vein of religious reverence and respect should pervade all your life and be seen in every act and word; that you may grow up to be a man of high business, moral, and religious character: and men will respect and trust you, which will be a fortune in itself. Never forget, to the end of your life, that one wrong action may overthrow the best reputation which years only have established. Just a spark may reduce to ashes the magnificent castle which has cost its owner a lifetime and a fortune to build. The splendid tower which was almost finished has fallen in ruins because a single stone was misplaced and gave way. It is worse than if it had never been built, for the rubbish must be cleared away before the foundation can be relaid. A good name lost

can never be regained, unless its owner can begin among strangers and try to live a virtuous life. Therefore cultivate godliness with contentment, which is great gain; and when you attain to good position and honor, remember to be still more careful of your good reputation, for 'a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and favor is better than silver and gold.'—N. Y. Observer.

AUNT RACHEL.

The life-histories of the fugitives who were aided by Levi Coffin were all more or less remarkable. Eliza Harris, who makes so considerable a figure in Mrs. Stowe's well-known book, was a character taken from real life, the name being unchanged. On catching sight of her pursuers, Eliza darted from her retreat, with her child in her arms, and crossed the Ohio by getting from one block of ice to another, while the broken pieces were drifting down the river, just as they are described to have done in "Uncle Tom." We quote the story of "Aunt Rachel," as less widely known:

AUNT RACHEL.

"The subject of this sketch, one of those good old darkey aunts whom we have all known or heard of, was brought up in Lexington, Kentucky. She was a slave, a house servant, and had a kind and indulgent master and mistress, to whom she was much attached. She had the principal charge of household affairs. Her husband belonged to another person in the neighborhood, but was often permitted to visit her. They had a family of several children, and were as happily situated as it was possible for slaves to be. They knew that they were liable to be separated and sold away from each other, and this disturbed their happiness. At last the dreaded misfortune came to them. The husband was sold, and taken to the far South, and the wife never saw him or heard from him afterward. This was a terrible shock to Aunt Rachel, and had it not been for her children, she said she would have prayed to die. But for their sake she bore her grief, not thinking that she would ever be called upon to part from them, or to experience deeper pangs of sorrow than those she had already known. She knew not what was in store for her. Two years afterwards her old master and mistress died, and she and her children were sold at public sale. The children were bid off by citizens of Lexington, but Aunt Rachel was sold to a Southern slave-trader. Now, indeed, came trouble. No one but a mother who has been separated from the children she loves can understand the depth of her distress, or sympathize with the anguish of her heart. Aunt Rachel was torn away from her children and taken South in a gang of slaves, which the trader had bought for the Southern market. In Mississippi she was sold to a cotton planter, and immediately set to work in the cotton field. She had never been accustomed to outdoor work, and could not keep up with the other cotton-pickers. For this she was cruelly punished, and her allowance of food reduced. Finding that her strength was failing her under this hard treatment, she resolved to run away, and try to make her way back to her old Kentucky home."

"It was now the beginning of summer, and she thought she could live on berries and fruits the most of the time. She slipped off one night and made good headway during the hours of darkness, hiding in the cane-brakes when daylight appeared. The next night she ventured to the negro quarters of a plantation, and got some provisions. Her long and toilsome journey was attended with much danger and suffering, and occupied the most of the summer. She finally reached her old home in Lexington, Kentucky, and secreted herself with a friend. She did not dare yet to make herself known to her children, lest it should lead to her detection, but sometimes could hardly control herself when she saw her youngest child, a little girl three years old, playing in the adjoining yard. She remained in concealment for some time, while her colored friends tried to find some one in Lexington who would purchase her. They were unsuccessful in their attempts, and it was deemed unsafe for her to remain longer in the place, as it had by this time become known to a number of the citizens of Lexington that she had escaped from her master and was there. She thought she would start northward and try to reach Canada, but while her colored friends were making arrangements for her journey to the North on the Underground Railroad, she received the alarming intelligence that her master from Mississippi had arrived in Lexington in pursuit of her."

"Soon after reaching Lexington he learned that she was secreted somewhere in the town. He offered a reward for her capture, and a diligent search commenced. The police were on the alert, and poor Aunt Rachel was soon captured and dragged to jail for safe keeping. Her master was greatly incensed because she had run away, and put him to so much trouble and expense in pursuing her, and was very

abusive and threatening in his language to her. He gave her a few keen cuts with his whip, as token of what was in store for her, and told her he would have his pay out of her when he got home: he would double her task, and if she did not perform it he would cut the hide off of her with his whip."

"Aunt Rachel trembled but made no reply; she knew that she was in his power. Handcuffs were put on her wrists, and a chain with a heavy ball fastened around her ankle. Thus ironed, she lay in the jail for more than a week, while her master was engaged in buying a small company of slaves for his plantation in Mississippi. When ready to start South, he hired a waggon in which to transport his slaves to Louisville, at which point he intended to put them aboard a down-river boat. Aunt Rachel was placed in the waggon, with her heavy irons on. After a wearisome day's travel, they stopped in front of a tavern, where they intended to spend the night. It was quite dark, for they had been compelled to travel some time after nightfall in order to reach a place where they could find quarters. While her master went into the house to see about getting entertainment, Aunt Rachel gathered up the ball and chain in her manacled hands, slipped out of the hind end of the waggon, and slid down into a deep ravine near the road. She crouched under the side of the bank and lay as still as death. She was soon missed, and the search for her began. Her master, and those he called to his assistance, ran in every direction, with lighted lanterns, looking for her, but they overlooked her hiding-place. She was so near, almost under the waggon, that they did not think of searching where she lay. She remained perfectly still, except the tumultuous throbbing of her heart; and this she thought would surely betray her when those in search passed near her hiding-place."

"Finally all became quiet, and the search seemed given up for the night. Then Aunt Rachel gathered up her chain and crawled off into the woods, making her way through the darkness as fast as her fetters would allow. She did not venture to follow any road or beaten path, but wandered on through the woods as best she could, for two or three miles. Being quite weary under the weight of her irons, she stopped to rest. It was cool weather, late in the fall, and she soon felt chilly. Looking about, she discovered some hogs lying snugly in a leafy bed under the side of a large log, and frightening them away she crept into their warm bed. She now felt comfortable, and soon fell into a refreshing sleep that lasted an hour or two. When she awoke she felt quite refreshed, and ready to pursue her journey. Her situation was indeed forlorn. She had eluded the grasp of her master, but manacled as she was, how could she ever make her way to freedom and safety? Must she not perish of hunger in the lonely woods? How could she free herself from her hand fetters, and from the heavy chain that was chafing her ankle and making it sore? As she reflected on these questions, distress filled her mind, and she wept. She knew of no friend but God, and she prayed to Him in this hour of need; she asked Him to guide and help her. She seemed to feel His presence with her, in answer to her petitions, and a glow of comfort warmed her heart. She moved on, to look for a safe place where she might hide during the day, and came to a small stream of water, on whose banks were a number of large stones. She placed two stones close together and laid her chains across them, then lifting another stone in her fettered hands, she managed by repeated blows and by frequently turning it, to break the chain; thus freeing herself of the greater part of it, and of the heavy ball. Several links, however, were left hanging to the band riveted around her ankle; and from this she could not free herself. She lay in the woods during the day, and at night ventured to a house where she saw some colored people. She was kindly received, and furnished with food. The man succeeded in getting her handcuffs off, which was a great relief to her, but having no file, he was unable to relieve her of the iron band on her leg. This colored brother gave her directions for her journey, and put her on a route that would reach the Ohio River, opposite Madison, Indiana. He even ventured to take two of his master's horses out of the field, and help her on her way several miles."

"The next night her progress was slow on account of her manacled ankle, which by this time was swollen and painful. Sometime before daylight she ventured to approach a hut, which was situated near the road she was travelling. She discovered a negro man kindling a fire, and made herself known to him. He received her kindly, and his wife ministered to her needs. She remained secreted during the day at this hut, and at night felt strengthened and ready to pursue her journey. The man had a file, and succeeded in filing off the rivet, and loosening the band from her leg. He then applied what simple remedies he had at hand, and succeeded in some measure in assuaging the pain and swelling of the ankle."