



The Family Circle.

TELL THE TALE.

BY PASTOR J. CLARK, ANTIGONISH, NOVA SCOTIA.

Tell the tale of Jesus' love,
Tenderly and sweetly;
Like to one who fain would be
In its power completely.
'Tis a wondrous, wondrous theme!
Love o'er sin victorious!
'Tis the love of God's dear Son—
Let his praise be glorious.

Tell the tale of Jesus' love
Fresh from Truth's own pages;
And its hold on man it keeps
Through long-lasting ages.
While to you the passing years
More and more endear it,
Millions of the human race
Die and never hear it!

Tell the tale of Jesus' love
Where life's ills are thronging;
Nought like this in all the world
Meets the heart's deep longing;
Nought like this can cheer and bless
Sinful, dying mortals;
Nought like this can gild with light
Death's dark, gloomy portals.

Tell the tale of Jesus' love;
Think not, None will listen;
Soon, beneath its sacred spell,
Childhood's eyes will glisten.
Ay, and souls perchance even now
Wonder why you never
Speak of Him, whose name might bring
Life to them forever.

Tell the tale of Jesus' love,
Free from formal phrases;
Let each meaning word and look
Speak the Saviour's praises.
Heaven is listening! Wherefore wait?
Haste! for time is flying:
Speak as though you just had seen
Christ for sinners dying.

Tell the tale of Jesus' love;
Oh! 'tis worth the telling,
Where, amid the multitude,
Joyous strains are swelling.
Yes, and where one sorrowing soul,
Weary, burdened, lonely,
Has no friend to come between
Him and Jesus only.

Tell the tale of Jesus' love,
Fervent prayer upbreathing;
Plead as Christ would plead with men,
Tears with words enwreathing;
Plead as one whose gladdened heart
Thrills with Calvary's story;
Plead as one who longs to win
Souls for God and glory.

Tell the tale of Jesus' love
While the strength is given;
Glorious work on earth is this—
Pointing souls to heaven!
Tell this tale of love until
Soul from body sever;
Then, among the saints above,
Tell it out for ever!

—*Revisionary Review of the World.*

A SERVICE OF SONG.

BY RAYMOND M. ALDEN.

Only the other day I met a man whose face and words sent my mind travelling back over the space of years to a little mountain hotel in Tennessee. There had been an accident to the engine, and consequently my Cousin Agnes and I, who were journeying across the State, were delayed, with other unfortunates, in a village uncompromisingly desolate, and in the hotel of which I speak.

I cannot undertake to describe the aspect of the little town, or the impression it made on my impatient mind. I might say it seemed to be asleep, but that the term would convey too much of an idea of repose and peace. Perhaps I may describe it as in a sort of drunken stupor, but with too little enterprise to be bad. The hotel partook of the character of the place. In the ill-smelling "parlor," to which my cousin and I betook ourselves, we found a sort of corpse of a carpet and some ancient furniture, among it a piano of an old style, sadly out of tune. Where the other delayed

passengers were I did not know. The only companion we had in that dismal place was an old lady, evidently a boarder there. Her dress was antiquated, but the wrinkled face which smiled from the depths of the large frilled cap was pleasant and refined, presenting, to my mind, the only relieving feature of the scene.

Outside it rained. This did not appear to interfere in the least with the comfort of the loafers who smoked under the "parlor" windows. Agnes, for want of occupation, sat down to the piano, which was very hoarse and occasionally sneezed inwardly. I cannot say that "Chopin's waltzes" sounded very natural, but "Old Hundred," which my cousin tried by way of contrast, appeared to give the old lady an idea. She had been watching the player with admiring eyes, and now came over to the instrument and spoke.

"I was thinking, my dear," she said hesitatingly, "that if you could sing a little mite, just some old hymn or something, it would seem real good. Who knows but it might help some of them poor boys out there? They're most likely away from their homes and mothers, and it ain't probable they hear much good music—the Lord's music, you know."

Agnes looked at me inquiringly. "It seems to me," I replied in a low tone, "rather an odd idea. I can't say that I should like your singing in such a place as this." Doubtless my nose involuntarily showed my disapproval of our surroundings, as noses will.

My cousin looked very thoughtful. "But, Ralph," she said, "if this is one of those little opportunities for service, such as we were speaking of last night, would it not be the right thing to do?"

"My dear cousin," I replied, "I do not see any probability of our doing helpful work by singing in this place, but do as you think best. No doubt the old lady would enjoy it."

"Won't you sing with us?" asked Agnes, turning and speaking to her, with the deference she would have shown to a queen. "My cousin and I will be glad to sing a little."

"Dear child!" said the old lady, "I haven't no voice for music now. It was used up long ago. When I was young like you, they used to say I sung in the choir like a bird. But my old voice is almost through its work here. I'd love to listen to you, though."

My cousin turned around, the tears in her bright eyes. Did she see the vision which passed before me—a church of the olden time, with lofty pulpit and high-backed pews, a solemn minister, an attentive congregation, a choir of young singers, in the simple garb of long ago, their sweet voices pealing forth the Psalms of David, their happy "hearts in tune," like his "harp of solemn sound?" Did they consider the weary years, the white hair, the dimness of sight, awaiting them? I think not, for they sang:

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me!

And my vision vanished, for Agnes was singing it now, and the wrinkled face was smiling at us, and the old lips were moving with the old words, for the home had only come nearer through all the advancing years.

I have never heard my cousin sing as she did that dismal afternoon. The crowd at the windows laid aside their pipes and looked and listened. We sang together many familiar hymns of invitation and Christian thought, and Agnes sang alone the one beginning:

Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling,
Calling for you and for me;
See, on the portals he's waiting and watching,
Watching for you and for me!

Then came the refrain:
Come home! come home! Ye who are weary,
Come home!
Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling,
Calling, O sinner, come home!

I confess I looked with surprise on the interest manifested among the group at the window. As the last sweet strain died away I noticed one young man, with a face better than most of those there, rub his rough hand quickly across his eyes. Almost immediately afterward the clerk of the hotel brought us the welcome news that the engine had been repaired and that our train would start at once. The old lady followed us to the door with tears of pleasure in her eyes.

"You have done me good!" she exclaimed.

"And you have done us good!" Agnes replied quickly.

"Good-bye, grandma," I said, and bent willingly to kiss the brow crowned with the whitened hair. I never saw her again.

I said in the beginning that I recently met a man whose face and words sent my thoughts back to that time and place. He was an evangelist and a remarkable singer. He had just been singing, with wonderful power, this very hymn.

"I well remember," he said, turning to us who were standing near him, "the first time I heard that hymn. It was in a miserable little hotel in Tennessee, where I had been squandering my substance—a real prodigal son. There came one afternoon into the building a little company of people who had been delayed in that forlorn place by a railway accident, and one or two of them began singing around the piano. The lady's voice I shall never forget. She sang one of my mother's old hymns and then this one, 'Come home.' Wherever I went, the next few days, I seemed to hear that voice, saying, 'Come home!' And the end of it was, I came."

"Not the end, sir," I said, reaching out my hand.

Then I told him of the singers of that afternoon, and the only earthly one whom he had to thank—that dear old lady with the crown of snowy hair! I hardly think we often find two such links in the mixed chain of our experiences. God be thanked that sometimes we may see the "working together for good" of the plans of the only wise One.—*Congregationalist.*

DANGEROUS DOORS.

"Come, Uncle John, do please tell us a story," said Amy Lawrence. "There is just time for a good one before we go to bed."

"Yes, that will be splendid!" shouted Tom, and Jack, and Sue. "Do, Uncle John, we are all tired out playing."

"Well! Well!" said Uncle John, "I'll do my best. I'll tell you about some very dangerous doors I have seen."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Tom. "Great big iron doors, such as they have in the prison that shut with a crash, and have big bolts, to keep a man in?"

"Yes," said Jack, "and like the door Robinson Crusoe climbed up to, and pulled his ladder after him?"

"No," said Uncle John, "the doors I mean are very small ones, and very pretty. They are pink and white, like the beautiful sea-shell, and when they are open you can see a row of sentinels all clothed in pure white, and behind them in the house is a little lady dressed in crimson."

"A fairy story, I declare," said Amy, clapping her hands, and looking her thanks into her uncle's eyes. "Let us go in and see all about the house."

"No, I am not going to talk to-night of what there is inside of the house, but about what comes out. You know I said I would tell of dangerous doors, and it is what comes from within these doors that makes them very dangerous."

"Were there giants inside—big, ugly ones?" said Sue, with wondering eyes.

"Well, I never saw exactly, but I have heard some terrible sounds come out of these doors, as if some very wicked people lived inside; and when the door was open and the guards away, I have known some things sharper than spears to be thrust out. Only to-day two of these doors opened, and the crimson lady began to talk very loud and fast: 'I think Jack is real mean; he's got all my blocks, and I want to play with them. I don't see what right he has to go to my room.' And another little crimson lady said: 'I think Mary Smith is a cross, hateful thing. She need not put on such airs, either; she isn't any better than some other folks, anyway.'"

"Oh, Uncle John," said Amy, hanging her head, "did you hear that? I know what your doors are—they are the lips, and the sentinels the teeth, and the pretty lady the tongue."

"Yes; and the mouth is a very dangerous door. Read Matt. xv. 11."

Tom got his Bible and read: "Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man, but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man."

"Yes; and now let us read some other

verses, and they will do instead of our evening chapter."

Tom and Amy read as their uncle called off the passages from the Concordance: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh" (Matt. xii. 34). "The thoughts of the wicked are an abomination to the Lord: but the words of the pure are pleasant words. The mouth of the wicked poureth out evil things" (Prov. xv. 26-28). "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver" (Prov. xxv. 11). "The words of a talebearer are as wounds" (Prov. xviii. 8). "Swords are in their lips" (Psalm lxix. 7). "They have sharpened their tongues like a serpent; adders' poison is under their lips" (Psalm cxl. 3). "Even so the tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity; so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature, and it is set on fire of hell. For every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and of things in the sea is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind; but the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison" (James iii. 5-8).

The children had become very sober, and Uncle John said, "You see, I was right when I said the lips are dangerous doors. If you look in your Bibles for the words 'mouth,' 'lips,' 'tongue,' and 'words,' you will be astonished to see how much God has said about this very thing. We must be careful what comes out of these doors. Set a watch over them as the keepers guard the doors of a prison. Patience and forbearance, on one side, humility and prayer on the other, and we will be safe. Now, is not this a good story?"

"Yes, Uncle," said Amy, "and I hope we will all remember it."

"Well, then, before you kiss me good-night, I will give you some other words from the good book, which would make a good prayer for every day of your lives:

"Set a watch, O Lord, upon my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

"Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my Strength, and my Redeemer."

"O Lord, open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise."—*Illustrated Words of Grace.*

UNPREPARED.

We physicians, said Doctor Blank, lately, have many glimpses of tragedy in our daily rounds. The most pitiful one that I remember was the death-bed of a lad, a member of the junior class in a certain college, who had been thrown from his horse and fatally hurt.

He was a large, vigorous man, and had always possessed superb health. Probably he had never thought of the possibility of death for himself. His hurt was internal. It gave him no pain, and he spoke jocosely of his "slight accident." It was my duty to tell him that he had not an hour to live. In one moment the boy had to give up friends, home, the thousand pursuits and hopes which filled his mind and face death.

An awful silence followed. Some one at his bedside sobbed out for him to "trust in Jesus."

He turned his head and cried, "Mother, who is Jesus? What is he?"

She tried to answer him, but his brain grew cloudy. He did not understand her, and so, unanswered, he died.

They were not heathens. The mother was an intellectual, brilliant woman; she owned a pew in a church, and went to it sometimes, as she conformed to all other customs of respectable society. She was proud and fond of her boy; she had been in many ways a faithful mother. When he was a child she cared for his digestion, his teeth, his clothes, his manners.

She had herself carefully trained him in mathematics to prepare him for a special course in college. She had guarded him against improper associates, and anxiously placed him in "a good set" of companions; but she had left him to learn of the one Friend who was to control his whole life here and hereafter from the chance words of a sermon or the half-forgotten lessons of a Sunday-school teacher.

I shall never forget that woman's face as she stood looking at her dead son.—*Ex.*