



The Family Circle.

THE FIRM FOUNDATION.

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
What more can He say, than to you He hath said,
You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

In every condition; in sickness, in health,
In joy or deep sorrow, in want or in wealth,
At home or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As the day may demand, shall thy strength
ever be.

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not thee o'erflow;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dress to consume, and thy gold to refine.

Fear not, I am with thee; oh, be not dismayed,
For I am Thy God, and will still give thee aid:
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by My righteous, omnipotent hand.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I cannot give up to its foes:
That soul, though 'all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never! no, never! no, never forsake!

—Kirkham.

"DON'T FORGET."

Written by Maude Tate, Brookfield, Manoramilton, Co. Leitrim, Ireland.

CHAPTER II.

When Madge had been a little over a week in Brierly, Dr. Ellis came to pay his promised visit. Mrs. Lawrence had been told of his intended arrival, and soon after he came discreetly withdrew, leaving the lovers alone. The doctor was not slow to take advantage of her absence, and in many terms told Madge of his deep and sincere love, and asked her to be his wife.

Madge listened to the old, old story with flushed cheeks and downcast eyes, and when he had finished she raised them to his, and said, falteringly—

"Charley, I do love you; but before I promise to be your wife there is something I want you to do."

"What is it, little one?" he asked, smiling.

"I want you to become a total abstainer," she said firmly.

"A total abstainer!" he echoed, in utter astonishment. "You must be dreaming, Madge. What put such an idea into your head?"

In a few words Madge told him her reason for making such a request, speaking with tears in her eyes of her cousin's miserable, unhappy life, and ended by saying unless he signed the pledge she would never marry him.

He did his best to reason her out of this resolve, using every argument and entreaty he could think of; but all in vain. Madge remained as firm as a rock. Seeing she was not to be moved, the young man soon left the house in bitter anger and annoyance, declaring he never would sign the total abstinence pledge.

Meanwhile Mrs. Lawrence, on hospitable thoughts intent, was busy in her little kitchen, while Daisy kept running from the hall to the kitchen, playing with her doll. Thinking at length that dolly was tired with so much play, her little mistress stood for a moment in the hall considering the advisability of putting her to bed, when her father opened the door with his latch-key and came in. The doll was immediately dropped on the floor, and Daisy running up to him caught his hand, saying eagerly—

"Bring Daisy for a walk, papa."

He had frequently taken her out before, to her great delight, and, always willing to indulge her, he returned—

"All right, puss. Where's your hat and jacket?"

Daisy in glee ran off to her mother for them, and the latter, first coming into the hall to see whether her husband was in a fit state to take charge of the child—a sad but necessary precaution—got the hat and jacket and put them on, and soon Daisy and her father were walking along the street.

The latter had come straight home from the hotel, where each day he spent more and more of his time and money. As he and Daisy were passing it now, a dissipated-looking man came to the door.

"You're the very man I wanted to see, Lawrence," he said. "Come in for a minute."

Lawrence looked at Daisy and hesitated. "The child can play about the door until you come out," continued the tempter. "I will not detain you long."

"Daisy, stand at the door until I come out," said her father, letting go the little clinging hand. "This gentleman wants me for a minute."

Daisy had never been left alone before in a strange place, and her lips quivered pitifully as her father disappeared into the hotel bar. The minutes passed slowly to the waiting child. Five minutes, ten minutes, and still he did not come. At length Daisy thought if she walked into the middle of the street her father would see her from the window and come out to her. So, summoning her courage, she left the door, and, standing in the middle of the street, fixed her eyes on the hotel windows.

At this moment a horse and car came down the street, driven at reckless speed. The driver was evidently drunk, and either did not see the tiny figure standing on the road, or else could not pull up his horse in time to save her. At all events, when he did pull up, poor Daisy was lying on the street with closed eyes and a stream of blood flowing from a wound on her head, where the wheel of the car had just grazed it.

A crowd gathered instantly, but it was a young man who had come walking along the street with frowning brows and angry eyes who lifted the little insensible figure in his arms—

"Who does she belong to?" he asked hoarsely.

"Mr. Lawrence," was the reply; while a woman's voice added, with a sob in it, "God help her poor mother!"

Dr. Ellis, for it was he, felt his heart sink at the thought of the task before him—of having to tell poor Mary Lawrence that her little Daisy, the sole joy and comfort of her saddened life, was dying; for his practised eye saw that the little one's days were numbered.

It would be impossible to describe the anguish and dismay in Edward Lawrence's home when Dr. Ellis arrived with his tiny burden.

The hours passed slowly to the watchers round Daisy's bed, but at length, near midnight, to their joy, the white eyelids opened, and the child's big brown eyes gazed round at each of them.

"Daisy tired waiting," she whispered. "Papa, please come and bring Daisy home."

"You are at home now, darling," said her mother.

"Then where's papa? Daisy wants him."

"Papa will come to see you in the morning, dear; but you must not talk any more now. You are sick."

"Yes; my head sick. Muddie," opening her eyes very wide, "you 'member the booful city you told me about—am I going there now?"

"If it is God's will," said poor Mary, in a choking voice.

"And won't you come, muddie? and cousin Mads? Daisy will wait for you at the gate."

"Yes, my darling, we will."

"And papa? Daisy wants papa to come too. Tell him Daisy wants him."

"Yes, dear; but try and sleep now."

"No: Daisy wants papa, now," she said entreatingly.

"Perhaps I ought to go for him, Mary," whispered Madge.

"No; I will go myself," and with tottering steps Mary left the room.

She opened the parlor door softly, and found her husband sitting at the table, with his face buried in his hands.

"Edward, Daisy wants you," she said.

"Is she conscious?" he asked quickly, raising his sunken, bloodshot eyes to hers. He seemed to have grown ten years older-looking since Mary saw him last.

"Yes, and is calling for you."

"Thank God," he said fervently. "Mary, if she recovers, I will never drink spirituous liquor again."

"Don't put in any proviso," returned Mary. "Oh, Edward, Edward, husband! if you would only promise, even now, never to touch the wine cup again!"

"Yes, Edward, I do forgive you even as I hope to be forgiven. But come, Daisy is waiting."

Daisy's brown eyes brightened at sight of her father.

"Oh, papa," she said, "Daisy is going to wait for muddie and cousin Mads at the gate of the booful city, and for you, too—won't you come, papa?"

"Yes, my darling, I will," he said, while the heavy tears rolled down his face.

"Don't forget," she said, fixing her eyes earnestly upon him. "I'm sleepy now, muddie," she added; "but I must say my prayers," and, folding her tiny hands, she repeated the Lord's Prayer, and then began—

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to night,"

when the little, weak voice suddenly failed, the white eyelids closed, and with a gentle sigh Daisy's pure spirit entered the gates of the Beautiful City.

Edward Lawrence kept his promise manfully and bravely, and never again touched the wine cup. He had struggles and temptations, both within and without, to endure that well-nigh overpowered him, but when tempted almost beyond endurance Daisy's little warning, "Don't forget," would flash across his mind just in time to stay the hand that had been almost stretched out for the tempting glass. After a little he became possessed of another and more enduring safeguard, and—

"Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his Eternal Son"

he not only became a confirmed abstainer himself, but also a powerful and successful advocate in the cause of temperance, in which noble work Dr. Ellis also worked with the energy and perseverance it so well deserves, for the day after Daisy's death he brought joy and gladness to Madge's heart by coming to her with a little bit of blue ribbon to sew on his coat, and while she neatly stitched it on he again urged his suit, and this time with perfect success.—*B. T. League's Pictorial Tract.*

TAKE IT TO THE MAKER.

When I was young, I was sent to a boarding-school in Germany. It happened one summer I was obliged to spend my holidays there, because of illness in my home; and during those summer holidays my birthday occurred. I was fifteen that birthday. To my great delight I received a box from home; it contained a cake, birthday presents from brothers and sisters and servants, and at the bottom, wrapped in silver paper, a small morocco case, inside which, resting on white velvet, lay a beautiful little gold watch—a gift from my father and mother.

You will easily imagine how charmed I was, and how for many days my thoughts were occupied with my new treasure. There were watch-pockets, lined with wash-leather, to be made in all my dresses; a watchstand to be bought, for never, I thought, must my precious possession be left lying flat; that might interfere with the works, or something might be put upon it so as to break the glass. I was very much surprised at the recklessness of some of my companions, who would put their watches under their pillows to save trouble in the morning, or pin them outside their dresses for show.

But, alas! in my turn grew careless; I left my watch-chain dangling over the edge of my dressing-table; my foot caught in it as I climbed on a chair to open the window, and down came watch-stand and watch on the floor with a bang. I found, when with trembling fingers I picked up my watch, that it had stopped.

And now what was to be done? I couldn't get on without it—that was certain; so I asked leave to show it to the German clockmaker's assistant who came weekly to regulate the timepieces in Fraulein Miller's establishment. He gave me a very elaborate explanation of the injuries my watch had sustained; so that, although I could not understand him, I concluded he could repair the mischief.

The following week he restored my watch, with a charge that nearly exhausted my pocket-money; but I was so happy in the recovery of my treasure that this did not distress me much. For a few weeks all was well; then my watch took strangely capricious turns; it would go right half the time, or stand still two or three hours, and resume work of its own accord. I moved

the regulator backwards and forwards, but all in vain. Not caring to give it again to a German watchmaker, I resolved, as I was going home shortly, to wait and have it set to rights in London.

Accordingly, one of my first walks with my father, after my return home, was to the shop—an old established city house—where my watch had been bought. The head partner, a kind-looking, white-haired man, who was an old friend of my father, came forward at once. He examined my watch for a minute or two by means of a glass fixed in his eye.

"This is rather a bad job," he said, at length, looking puzzled. "Do you know how your watch was hurt, miss?"

"I let it fall," I answered, feeling very anxious.

"But has it not been meddled with since?" he asked.

"Yes," put in my father. "She was abroad at school, and gave it to some foreigner to repair."

The old watchmaker shook his head.

"That was a great pity," he said. "We can put to rights any watch of our make, whatever may be the matter with it, if it's only been hurt by an accident; but it's a very different thing when strange hands have meddled with it. I don't say we can't set it right now; but it will cost a good deal, and I'm afraid we must keep it some time. Remember, my dear young lady, whenever again you've anything wrong with your watch—whether it's a broken mainspring, or only a little dirt in the works—take it to the maker. Not a bad rule that, sir," he added, turning with a quiet smile, to my father, "when we want setting to right ourselves."

"No, indeed," answered my father, who delighted in finding great truths in little things; "it's a most useful lesson to learn from a broken watch."

"Yes, sir," replied the old man; "it's been taught me in many ways by my trade. When customers break their watches, and, like your daughter, try to have them repaired by those that know nothing about their make, there's ever so much more trouble and cost than if they were brought straight to us. It seems to me that's the way we go on sometimes—even those of us who have learned what it is, in one way, to be saved by Christ, who have got new works, so to say—when we've hurt our souls by a fall; we go trying all sorts of things to bring ourselves right again, instead of remembering that God alone understands how to repair the works of His hands. Then, again, some people seem to think that because they've got a watch made by a good maker, and nothing particular that they know of has happened to injure it, it will go all right to the end of their lives. But the best watch that ever was made, sir, wants cleaning pretty often; and isn't that just what our Lord teaches us? that though he's given us a new nature once for all, we can't go on through this evil world without continual cleansing; and there's nothing for that but to take ourselves again and again to the Maker."

The old watchmaker's parable was a great help to me. I had come to the Lord Jesus Christ for forgiveness, but I had not learned to see with any clearness that I could not save myself from the power of sin. Now I saw that all my self-made rules and resolutions, and the influence of good people and good books, which I felt had done so little for me, were very like my meddlings with the regulator of my watch and the blundering of the foreigner. I saw that God must be not alone my light and my salvation, but also the strength of my life; that since I was his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, He Himself by His Spirit and His word must continually repair and cleanse and regulate my heart and life, if they were to follow truly in the path of the Sun of Righteousness.—*Friendly Greetings.*

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAN owns a dog which picked up a stick of wood dropped by a servant who was carrying an armful from the woodshed to the kitchen, walked up to the stove and deliberately placed it therein as carefully as a person could have done. At another time a young man accidentally dropped his handkerchief, and then entered the house. The dog picked up the article and scratched at the door until the owner came, to whom he restored the missing property.—*Selected.*