



The Family Circle.

I AM A CHRISTIAN.

I am a Christian, and I love the name,
Nor will I shrink thro' fear or guilty shame,
To tell the world that I belong to God—
Redeemed and washed in the atoning blood.

I am a Christian, and I'll bear my cross,
Tho' it exposes me to grief and loss;
My loving Lord who hung upon the tree,
Endured the cross, a heavier one, for me.

I am a Christian, cheer'd with inward grace
And by the smile which beams on Jesu's face,
O! may I act a Christian and proclaim
The saving power of my Redeemer's name.

I am a Christian, and I hope for heaven,
Because in Christ I feel my sins forgiven;
Tis' but a little while till He shall come
And take me with His ransom'd people home.

Quebec.

S. MOORE.

SALLY WATSON'S RIDE.

"Sally, can't you go over to Uncle Eben's this afternoon and bring home those pigs? There are seven in the litter he promised me, and they are getting quite large. I must finish getting the wheat in, and he does not want to feed them any longer. The pen is ready."

Sally, a bright-looking girl of about fourteen, raised herself from the tub over which she leaned, and said, as she wiped down her arms with her hands: "How, father?"

Mr. Watson had come in for his ten o'clock snack after his early breakfast. He stood in the middle of the kitchen floor, a bowl of coffee in one hand, and a huge piece of apple pie in the other. He took a bite of the latter, and a drink of coffee before he answered.

"In the little wagon. I stopped at Eben's yesterday as I came from meeting, and he said he would put them up securely in a couple of old coops that would stand in the back of the wagon. You can have Dolly; we are not using her. What do you say, mother; can you spare her?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Watson, a neat, brisk little woman, who came in, basket in hand, from hanging up the clothes; "the wash will be all out by noon, and I will clean up."

"Can't I have one of the pigs for going for them, father! You said you only wanted a half-dozen; and there are seven."

"Yes, and you can buy your Sunday suit next fall with the money it brings." He pulled her ear when he went out again to his work.

"My!" Sally gave a little nod of her head as she began briskly rubbing her ear. "I'm sure I'll make it fat. Jane Burns got sixteen dollars for the one her father gave her last year. Mother, can't I take Lot and Polly; it is such a long, lonesome way to go by one's self?"

Mrs. Watson assented, adding: "Dolly is such a fast trotter you can stay there a while, and get home before dark. Be sure you stop at the post-office, and go to the store and get me some buttons."

There was a great deal to do; dinner was late, and the afternoon had quite set in when Sally started. Her way was through the village a half mile off, and then nearly five miles beyond. It was the first week in October, the day was warm and soft, and the country beautiful. The road lay through the woods, steep in places, running up hills and down again in little valleys, through which many a creek babbled: it was not fenced off, and the wild grape and pawpaw were almost within reach, as they rode along. The trees had just begun to turn. The sugar maple swayed gently to the light breeze, scattering a crimson cloud to the earth; the Virginia creeper embraced the huge trunks, or hung out long, graceful branches of purple, and brown, and scarlet; the pawpaw was flaming in golden yellow; the haw, with its red berries, dotted the roadside, while here and there, brilliant with the hue of royalty's self, great clusters of iron-weed towered in autumn light, and from the branches of the butternut, hickory and walnut, the occasional sound of dropping nuts was heard.

Dolly trotted along briskly, and the children talked of the wonderful animals they had seen the Saturday before—for a travelling menagerie had halted on some fields near the village, and the whole population for miles

around had turned out to visit it. Lot, who was a boy of eight, had been most impressed by the bears, but Patty, who was younger, seemed to have been most fascinated with the big snake.

Then they fell to talking "sposens," what they would do if a bear or snake was to attack them there in the woods. Lot was extremely valiant; he thrust about with a stick, showing how he would put him to flight, and in the midst of their talk they reached their uncle's house, having met but one person on the road.

They made but a short stay, as it was getting late, and, with the pigs cooped and stowed in the back of the wagon, which had no top and was open all around, started for home.

Seated on the floor, Lot and Patty poked bits of apples through the slats of the coop to the young porkers, speculating upon their appearance and advising Sally which to take for her own. Lot would have the black one if he were she, because it was the biggest, but Patty thought the little spotted one was "so cunning."

They were about a mile from the village at the top of a long hill, when Lot, who had exhausted his supply of apple bits, and for the last fifteen minutes had been poking the pigs, delighted to hear them squeal, suddenly gave them such a thrust that Sally bade him stop the noise, and come and sit beside her on the seat.

He arose to do as he was bidden, and as he did so, stood for a moment with his back to her, still poking the pigs. Just then the wagon jolted over a large stone, he was thrown on the coop, the stick was punched violently into a pig's side, it squealed, Lot screamed and Patty began to cry.

Considerably out of patience, Sally leaned back, and, catching him by the arm, was about to seat him rather violently beside her, when she was arrested by his exclaiming:—

"See! see! Sally, look! look! what a awful bear!"

The tone of his voice more than his words—for he was a sensational child, and was constantly seeing wonderful things—caused Sally to turn her eyes in the direction indicated by his frightened gesture.

The wood was open at this spot, and there were no large trees near; but at some distance, almost alone, stood a great sycamore, the branches of which were nearly bare; between the tree and the road the ground was thickly covered with blackberry, pawpaw and other bushes.

As she glanced quickly toward the great sycamore, a something huge, she could not tell what, leaped from the tree to the ground, and she could hear the underbrush crack beneath it. She knew there were no ferocious wild animals in Ohio, nothing in the forests to harm her, and had not been for many years, but her face blanched with fear.

"Lie down," she said, in a tone which both terrified and quieted the children, as she thrust Lot to the bottom of the wagon and tore the stick from his hands, laying it quickly and forcibly on Dolly's back.

The horse sprang forward in a gallop reaching the foot of the hill in a few moments and clattering over the few boards thrown across the creek for a bridge. Now Sally ventured to look back. The huge thing was on their track, coming along in great leaps, which would soon bring him up to them.

"Don't raise your heads," she said to the children, who were so alarmed they lay perfectly still. Then she leaned forward and, with all her strength, belabored the horse. There was a long level piece of road now, but the nearest house was a mile off. Poor Dolly was speeding over the ground, intensely roused and excited by this unusual treatment, and seemed to feel there was danger, for her ears stood erect.

Sally turned again to look. There was nothing now to intercept her view, and she saw the terrible animal not far behind, amid the cloud of dust their progress made, coming on—on!

Frantically she struck poor Dolly.

"Is the bear coming? Will he eat us?" came in smothered accents from the bottom of the wagon, where the children lay with their faces pressed close to the boards.

Sally did not reply. She gave another look, saw that the thing gained on them, and exerting all her strength in giving Dolly a last blow, which sent her bounding forward, she got over the seat—over the children, unheeding their questions, and seizing one of the coops threw it over the tail-board out in the road. The pigs squealed as it touched the earth, and the noise added to Dolly's terror, which was now so intense she was entirely beyond Sally's control.

"Are we going to be eaten up?" Lot whimpered, in almost a whisper.

"Hush," she answered, "hush." She let the horse take its way, and placed herself on her knees between the children and the other coop.

The terrible creature had stopped. She could see it strike the coop with its paw, and

see the pieces fly as he touched it. How long would it keep him, she thought; and there came a throb of relief as she saw that meantime they were speeding further and further away.

She looked round in vain; there was no one in sight, the farmhouse was still a quarter of a mile ahead, and the animal she feared was becoming only a black spot in the distance; but as she gazed with fixed eyes, she saw the dust rise again. It was moving.

They reached the farmhouse gate. It was closed. She could not stop Dolly now, and, even if she could, she had not the courage to get down and open it, and drive to the house some distance up the lane. She called aloud, but no one heard. There were turns in the road—several; she could not see the animal coming. This was worse than watching its approach. She threw the other coop out, then stretched herself between the children, closed her eyes, and drew her arm tightly around each.

As she lay thus clasping them, she felt Dolly's space slacken. She kept still, feeling that if she moved something would spring upon her. The horse was evidently wearying—gradually her gait became slower; they must be near the village.

With a great effort she raised herself, and saw the houses only a little distance in advance. She crawled over the children and the seat, and gathered up the reins. Dolly gave a start as she did so, but in a moment subsided—got into her usual pace, and dropped that for a walk. In a few moments she was in the street of the village, and at the store. Clambering out of the wagon, Sally tried to tell Mr. Jones her story, but burst into tears, and was unable to speak.

The children, who had followed her, now found their voices, and eagerly told of the bear, and how she had thrown them the pigs.

"Bless my soul, what is this?" asked Mr. Jones, in excitement.

Then Sally recovered and informed him of what had happened to them.

"Why—why," he muttered, in agitation, "it's the panther that escaped last night from the menagerie at W. There is the handbill put up about an hour ago, offering a reward for it. You're—you're lucky he did not make a meal of you instead of the pigs."

Patty shook her head. "The poor things hollered so."

A crowd soon gathered in the store, eager to hear all Sally had to tell; then the men of the village armed themselves to go in search of the animal.

Sally was still trembling, and poor Dolly, wet as though she had been through the river, was shivering and panting at the same time. The half-mile of road they had to pass over to reach home after leaving the village ran for the better part through a wood. Sally was too much alarmed to venture there alone, and a couple of men, who had hastily seized some weapon, accompanied her. So excited were they that every cracking noise in the trees put them on the alert; and once they exclaimed: "There he is!" throwing the poor children into new alarm.

Mr. Watson was incredulous when Lot burst out with: "Oh, father, we have been chased by a bear—no, not a bear—a dreadful wild thing!" and he would have thought Sally the victim of her own fears, had they not told him a panther had escaped from the menagerie; then he was most thankful for their deliverance.

Dolly was blanketed and cared for, and they went to supper, Lot's tongue going all the time about "the bear." Sally could not eat, she was still unnerved, and Patty could only pity the poor little pigs.

For a long time Sally had an uncomfortable feeling in the woods, although the panther was caught on the next day and returned to its cage.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE WAY OUT OF POVERTY.

There are many thousands of respectable persons and families in our land at the present time greatly crippled by pecuniary embarrassments, and not a few are grinding in the prison-house of poverty, and know not the way out. In most cases there is an honest and honorable way out. The waymarks are, good common sense in exercise, industry, self-denial, good economy, and pay as you go. Let us look at these waymarks on the road to prosperity:

1. There are thousands ground down in perpetual poverty simply because they do not and will not bring their good sense to bear upon their circumstances. They build castles in the air, and these come tumbling down on their heads. Instead of depending upon small and honest gains with saving, they attempt to raise themselves by artifices and doubtful speculations. Wisdom in all these matters is profitable direct. A daily dose of good common sense, applied outside and in, would straighten things out, and set them to building on the rock of industry and frugality, and not on the vagaries of an erratic fancy.

2. The poor man, if he means to rise, must look well to his time and skill. These are both marketable commodities, and bring money. Every laboring man must make the best possible use of his time and skill. They are his stock in trade, and should not remain idle. A day wasted is at best like throwing so much money in the fire. If there is no work in the shop, in the field, in the office, or store, there is in the garden, in the wood-house, or in the house, making improvements and putting all right. Allow no time to run to waste; no time for visiting, for excursions, or pleasure-taking when wants call for toil and attention. "A diligent hand maketh rich." A poor man who loafs away \$50 a year soon squanders enough in this way alone to furnish himself and family with a good, cosy home.

3. Another way-mark on the road from poverty to prosperity is self-denial. You do not need fancy clothing, nor fancy food, nor fancy amusements, nor fancy society. Our real wants are few and simple. The most of us may weed out much from our tables, our wardrobes, and our sensuous pleasures, and our health and happiness would be improved, and much money saved for the day of need. Tobacco, patent medicines, artificial drinks of all kinds, confectionery, pastry and condiments may be banished from our lips, hearts and tables with a great saving of time, health and money. I speak from many years of experience and know whereof I affirm. Self-indulgence is a prodigal and a spendthrift, and comes to want and often to crime.

4. Another way-mark of prosperity is good economy. This consists in making a good and wise use of our means, our time, talents, earnings, and income. The economist is a neat, tidy, industrious, careful, trustworthy man, who allows nothing to waste through neglect. Such men with a common chance always work their way up hill and enjoy more and more of the sunshine of prosperity.

5. But there is one more way-mark. It is: Live within your income and pay as you go. A poor man should never get in debt a single penny for his living. If you ever mean to work up into competency, shut down the gate of debt so far as current living expenses are concerned, and live wholly on your earnings and earnings in hand. It is miserable slavery to be in debt for your daily bread. This is inexorable shiftlessness. It should be abandoned at once and forever by every poor, honest man and poor family. If you can live at all out of the alms-house, you can live on your earnings, or income. Do not allow them to run away from each other. Keep income and earnings face to face, and what you cannot now pay for, go without till you can. Wear the old hat, the old coat, the old boots, dress and bonnet till you can pay for a new one. So of your food; if you cannot pay for roast beef, go without it till you can; if you cannot pay for butter, sugar, eggs, etc., let them go till you can. Trim in, and trim down the expenses, and pay as you go, and bring the living freely, fully inside of the income, and you will soon be in easy circumstances. These simple rules, heartily adopted and faithfully carried out, and nine out of ten now embarrassed and put to their wits how to live, floundering in the slough of debt, and compromising their good name and honor, would speedily find the sunny path of prosperity, and become, independent in their circumstances.—*P. R. R. in N. Y. Witness.*

PRAYING FOR A DEFINITE OBJECT.

BY REV. ASA BULLARD.

Mr.—took charge of a class of young ladies, some of whom were professedly Christians. One day, after a solemn conversation with them, he enquired if any member of the class wished a particular remembrance in prayer that week.

He noticed one young lady, who had appeared quite serious during his remarks, struggling with the deep emotions which this enquiry had awakened in her mind. He then addressed her personally, and asked if she wished to be made the subject of special prayer. She answered in the affirmative. He then told her that as many of the class as lived sufficiently near, would meet that evening for prayer, and that they would bear her case especially on their hearts before God.

The next Sabbath this scholar entered the class with a heart heavily burdened with a sense of sin, having found no peace in believing. The teacher talked faithfully with her, and pointed her to the sinner's only Friend and hope. At the close of the exercises, he told her that they would again remember her case that evening in their class prayer-meeting.

After the afternoon service, the minister requested several of the church, if they knew of any persons who were in an enquiring state of mind, to invite them to call at his house on the coming Thursday. On that day Mr.— went to see this enquiring scholar, that he might learn the state of her mind and inform her of the request of her pastor. He had no sooner began to converse, than he saw her eyes