

## The Family Circle.

### FOLDED HANDS.

BY ANNA HARCLEY.

Pale, withered hands, that more than three-score years  
Had wrought for others, soothed the hurt of  
tears,  
Rocked children's cradles, eased the fever's  
smart,  
Dropped balm of love in many an aching  
heart;  
Now, stirless folded, like wan rose leaves  
pressed,  
Above the silence of her breast,  
In mute appeal they told the labors done,  
And well-earned rest that came at set of sun.  
From the worn brow the lines of care had  
swept,  
As if an angel's kiss, the while she slept,  
Had smoothed the cobweb wrinkles quite  
away,  
And given back the peace of childhood's day,  
And on her lips, the faint smile almost said:  
"None know life's secret but the happy  
dead."

As gazing where she lay we knew that pain  
And parting could not cleave her soul again.  
And we were sure that they who saw her last  
In that dim vista which we call the past,  
Who never knew her old and laid aside,  
Remembering best the maiden and the bride,  
Had sprung to greet her with the olden  
speech,  
The dear pet names no later lore can teach,  
And "welcome home" they cried, and grasp-  
ed her hands.  
So dwells the mother in the best of lands.  
Pomeroy, O. —*Lutheran World.*

### PHIDA'S SHEAF.

BY M. S. NORTIMER.

"Mother, Mr. Wray wants each of us girls  
to bring a new scholar to school, during the  
first three months of this year and all our class  
promised; who shall I invite?"

"Why Jessie, all the girls you know are  
Sunday scholars, are they not?"

"All the nice ones, mamma, but there is  
Daisy Martin; I wish she would come, but  
I wouldn't like to be the one to introduce her  
to Mr. Wray; you see the pupil we take will  
be a representative of us, mamma, and I, for  
one, don't want to feel ashamed. Now Daisy  
is so rough, although the Martins are rich and  
live in such a pretty home, yet Daisy seems to  
lack all refinement of manner, and I feel posi-  
tive, would not object to going so far as to  
accost her associates with 'Halloa Ned,' or  
'Jim' (whichever the case might be) while in  
my company."

"I perfectly understand you dear, and  
agree with your sentiment. We cannot be  
too careful regarding our friends, moreover,  
I should not approve of your becoming at  
all intimate with the Martins. Look around,  
dear, and I also will interest myself among  
our own set, in order that your scholar shall  
do you credit, and be one of whom you may  
justly feel proud."

"Why are you so grave, my daughter, you  
have not spoken for half an hour. Do you feel  
ill?"

"No, thank you, papa; I was thinking."

"Now I know of what, Phida?"

"Yes, papa, I shall be glad of your help  
and advice. Mr. Wray made an appeal to  
each of us to-day, asking us to bring one  
new scholar to Sunday School, and then, make  
that one our special object of prayer, so that  
we may each, this year, bring an offering to  
the Lord, or if we liked the idea better, Mr.  
Wray said we might call them 'Our Sheaves,'  
and when you spoke, papa, I was wondering  
whom I should ask. O father! the harvest  
is indeed white and the laborers are so few."

"Well, Phida, you know where to seek  
help and guidance, daughter."

"Yes, papa, I hope so, but there is one  
girl I know who ought to be in school, but  
how to win her, that is the difficulty."

"Then you have some one in view,  
dear?"

"As soon as Mr. Wray spoke, papa, I  
thought of Daisy Martin; I fancy she is not  
far from the kingdom."

"A suggestion from God's Spirit, daughter,  
turn not aside, but follow His leadings, for He  
alone knows what may be accomplished. If

that one bright girl is enlisted on the Lord's  
side, such an army of young friends as she has,  
and many of them so willing to follow her  
leadership! Let us ask God's blessing on  
this undertaking at once."

It would be interesting to follow Mr.  
Wray's eight girls to their respective homes  
and hear how each discussed his proposal.  
Beside being their leader, he was also their  
pastor, and all were anxious to please him.  
But for the present we will confine ourselves  
to Jessie Upton, and Phida Walters, both pro-  
fessing Christians, but only one year old, in  
the Christian life, both anxious, as we have  
heard from their conversations, about Daisy  
Martin.

On Monday morning as Jessie was wend-  
ing her way to school, Daisy again presented  
herself to view, not only in thought but in tan-  
gible form. What was she doing? Nothing  
more or less than throwing snowballs at the  
boys she knew, as they passed her home on  
their way to the Academy. Hidden behind  
a large evergreen, with a pile of balls, Daisy,  
to use her own words, was having 'lots of  
fun.' 'I had almost resolved to speak to her,'  
mused Jessie, 'but what unladylike deport-  
ment. No, I could never be seen entering  
'our school' with Daisy, besides she would  
disturb the entire class; mamma has often said  
one bad apple will in time destroy a barrel of  
good ones. How thankful I am that I know  
what is right, and not only know, but per-  
form."

Soon after Jessie had passed, Daisy re-  
turned to her home.

"O, mamma, what fun I have had. I know  
I shocked Jessie Upton this morning. She  
gave me such a look. 'It needed not the  
power of words, her deep regret to show.'  
Now mamma shall I go out and make the  
purchases for the day?"

"Yes, dear, and call at the post-office."

"No danger of me forgetting that place,  
mamma; do you think we will hear from father  
to-day?"

"I hope so, dear."

An hour later Daisy re-entered the pleas-  
ant sitting room, exclaiming: "O, mother, I  
am tired with all this mail; four for you, two  
for aunt and only one little local for me," and  
Daisy pretended to cry.

The despised local read thus:

"My Dear Daisy: I have made a prom-  
ise, and it rests with you to help me execute  
it. Will you come over this afternoon, that  
we may both consider this important matter.  
Papa will see you safely home, so come pre-  
pared to spend the evening with your loving  
friend?"

'PHIDA WALTERS.'

The result of this interview was manifest  
the following Sunday, when Daisy very dem-  
urely followed Phida into school; and as the  
latter introduced the former she whispered to  
Mr. Wray, "My sheaf."

Before three months had expired a "Bible  
class" for young men was formed, and six  
months in succession a "Harry," "Tim," or  
"Ned," followed Daisy to school. As Mr.  
Wray watched his new pupil, he took courage  
and one day Phida Walters received a note  
from her pastor and also a lovely card with  
the words: "He that goeth forth weeping,  
bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come  
again bringing his sheaves with him."

Daisy never disgraced "our school" or  
class, and only six months later when the  
air was laden with perfume of the flowers and  
nature seemed to rejoice in her Maker, one  
beautiful Sabbath morning it was Mr. Wray's  
privilege and joy to welcome not only Daisy  
Martin but the six young men she had been  
instrumental in bringing into school, to the  
fellowship of West Street Church, Phida's  
tears flowed fast.

"Dear papa," she said that night, "how  
good God is to permit us to be co-workers  
with Him."

"Mother," said Jessie Upton, "I felt so  
ashamed to-day, as I saw Daisy Martin with  
her two brothers and their four friends stand-  
ing before the pulpit, of what I remarked only  
six months ago. I felt they might have been  
'my sheaves' and that through pride I had  
let Phida take my crown."

"Ah, my Jessie, you have expressed my  
feelings also, and I deeply regret having felt  
that any one for whom Christ died should be  
an unfit associate or friend for you to intro-

duce to Mr. Wray. We have seen this evil in  
our hearts; and "may he who was made in all  
things like us and yet without sin" forgive us.  
Surely if He is not ashamed of us, it ill behoves  
us to be ashamed of those for whom He died.

Jessie never forgot this lesson, and in due  
time God rewarded her, as a family from the  
city moved in their immediate vicinity, and  
the mother being ill, asked Jessie if she  
would call on Sunday morning and take her  
three little boys to Sunday-school, adding,  
"I am sorry to trouble you, but I do not want  
them to miss one Sunday."

"Please do not think it a trouble," replied  
Jessie, "I am so glad to do it," (and some-  
thing, she could not tell what, caused her to  
tell Mrs. Walton the story of Phida's sheaf,  
"and so long I have been waiting I felt  
afraid," continued Jessie "that I should have  
no 'ripened sheaves' and now here are three  
at once. I feel so happy."

"Weeping may endure for a night, my  
child," repeated Mrs. Walton slowly, "but  
in our Father's love, 'Joy comes in the morn-  
ing,' and 'they that sow in tears shall reap in  
joy.' —*Interior.*

### GO SLOW.

This is a fast age; sometimes too fast.  
"Great haste makes waste." "The more  
haste the less speed." Do not be in a per-  
petual rush and fidget; wait till you know  
what to do, and then do it.

Rest is often a duty, and we may need to  
study to be quiet both in spirit and in act.  
Perfect machines run quietly, imperfect ones  
rattle and bang. Rest when you can rest, that  
you may work when you must work. When  
you have opportunity, conserve your strength.  
Walk slow, talk slow, sit down, lie down, and  
thus gain strength. Unstring the bent bow;  
take one day's rest in a week; and if you can-  
not get it on one day get it on another.

Some of the most efficient workers are men  
who school themselves in quietness and relax-  
ation. Men look upon them as dull, sluggish,  
sleepy—and so they are at proper times; but  
when emergencies arise they are as wide awake  
as any one, and every nerve and fibre of their  
being is alert and instinct with life. The  
martinet who strains to keep himself contin-  
ually on dress-parade is not the most efficient  
soldier; and when the supreme emergency  
comes it is best met by some man who has  
made much less parade, who sleeps or dozes  
when it is safe to do so, but is on deck when  
needed, and is ever equal to the occasion.  
When some of these calm, quiet, reserved men  
wake up, there is business on hand which your  
fussy, fidgety men could never attend to.—*The  
Christian.*

### GOOD SPEAKING.

There is a class of speakers who always  
attract me, who stand squarely on their heels,  
hold their heads up steadily and speak right  
out with ease and confidence. Their faces  
move in expression to the sentiment they are  
voicing. What gestures they make are the  
product of feeling, not for purpose. And what  
they say comes out in orderly manner, and  
they stop when they have ended their subject.  
They do not need to apply it. It applies itself.  
It seems impromptu, but it is too good to be  
so. It is a long way from cant, and as far from  
prudery. It is studious but free. It has all  
the advantages of books and conversation at  
once. It respects itself because it is the pro-  
duct of honest work, and it wins respect be-  
cause it honors the occasion. Too much  
public speech limps, or hops; uses a cane or  
goes on a crutch. What it lacks is a little  
more work or confidence, often only a little.  
How many speakers are almost delightful.  
If they would only go a little further in their  
preparations; only complete what is so nearly  
satisfying.—*The Advance.*

### SNOW IN SWITZERLAND.

Some of the mountain railroads in Swit-  
zerland find it advantageous to open long be-  
fore the snow melts on the upper parts, and to  
do this an enormous amount of snow has to  
be shovelled away. One May, when the road  
from Gilon, on Lake Geneva, up to Rocher de  
Naye was opened, the cars ran for some dis-  
tance between walls of solid compressed snow  
12 to 20 feet high.

When the work began, one of the upper  
stations had disappeared, and it was supposed  
that it had been swept away by the winter  
storms. A rounded elevation was recognized  
as the site of a tank, and from this the posi-  
tion of the station was determined, and exca-  
vations were begun. After digging down six  
feet the shovellers struck not the foundation  
but the roof of the station, which was in its  
place intact.

Doctor Kellogg, as is known, is in India  
laboriously engaged in the work of preparing  
a version of the Scriptures which shall be in-  
telligible to a hundred millions of our fellow-  
beings in that land. In the current number of  
the *Church at Home and Abroad*, he relates an  
instance which has an amusing side, illustrat-  
ing the difficulties and perplexities attending  
the task of rendering the Word of God into  
an unfamiliar language in a heathen land.  
A former Brahmin helper he had, once ex-  
pressed great admiration for the word the Doc-  
tor had found in the dictionary. "It is a fine  
word," said the native in great admiration  
"It is a great thing that you have got it."  
"And every one will understand it," said the  
Doctor, highly delighted. "Every one under-  
stand it!" exclaimed the Brahmin in astonish-  
ment: "Why scarcely any one will under-  
stand it, except now and then may be a learn-  
ed man like myself. It is a splendid word,  
and every reader when he comes to that will  
say: 'What a very learned man this Padri  
must have been!'" The "splendid word"  
had to go out of the sentence, but against the  
earnest remonstrances of the helper at the  
foolishness of displacing such a fine word with  
one which "any old woman could under-  
stand." This recalls a story told of one of the  
early professors in Princeton Seminary, known  
both for his learning and at the same time for  
his remarkable simplicity of style. In some  
school-house, where both he and the young  
theologues of the seminary had officiated, the  
people put them in sharp contrast. "These  
students" said they, "must know a great deal  
more—when they preach we don't understand  
more than half they say; but when the old  
Doctor preaches we understand every word."  
So it is told, too, of a humble serving woman  
in England, who cherished great veneration  
and awe for the clergy, that full of praise of  
her rector's preaching she was asked if she  
understood it all. "Understand it!" ex-  
claimed she in amazement, "Would I be so  
presumptuous!"

Dr. Paton knows all about savage nations,  
and about converts from heathenism, and he  
relies on what he has seen of the power of the  
Word of God to regenerate men and re-mould  
society. In the midst of the doubts and heres-  
ies which confront him as he comes back to  
the churches and Christian institutions, of  
Christian lands, he is surprised, but not dis-  
mayed. In Exeter Hall, London, he said:  
"Down in the South Sea Islands we have no  
doubt as to the inspiration of the Bible; we  
have no advanced views to shake the faith of  
the people in the Word of God, or in the grand  
old truths that have been handed down to us,  
and, I trust, are dear to every Christian here.  
When we see the Bible, and the truths it un-  
folds, converting savages of the lowest grades,  
bringing them to become sons and daughters  
of the Lord Jesus Christ, and enabling them  
to live pure and peaceful lives, we adore God  
for the light and power of His own Holy Word,  
and we believe that the Book will go on con-  
quering and to conquer, and that the waves of  
criticism and doubt, which now shake the  
faith of so many, will pass away, while the  
Gospel will be proclaimed, according to Christ's  
command, 'to every creature; and so will the  
nations be disciplined by it.'"

It is well known that Queen Victoria is a  
bit of a Presbyterian when she gets into Scot-  
land, that is, she is wont to receive the com-  
munion in the parish church of Crathie. It  
is not quite so well known that her kindly  
sympathy with those who dwell around her, as  
evinced by joining in their acts of worship,  
"has met with disapproval from successive  
archbishops and from other Anglican digni-  
taries. Dr. Longley went so far as to remon-  
strate, but Her Majesty met him with such  
Elizabethan plainness, that none have ventur-  
ed to resume the topic."