

The Family Circle.

FOLDED HANDS.

BY ANNA HARCAY.

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. MORTIMER.

"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 aunty 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 de-
murely 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."