



The Family Circle.

HIS LITTLE CHILD

I am a little child,
And Jesus cares for me
For even He wants,
His little child to be

Jesus would take me up,
And keep me on His knee,
And fold me in His arms,
His little child to be.

Then I will go to Him,
And I will let Him see
How glad I am to come,
His little child to be

And I will stay with Him,
For Jesus wishes me,
Though I grow big and old,
His little child to be

- Sunday Magazine.

R. H. SMITH.

HOW MRS PEARSON MANAGED

Pray tell me how you manage to get meat every day, Mrs. Pearson. said a young married woman to her neighbor. "If I could before dinner, I always smell a stew or soup cooking. My husband says I don't give him anything worth eating, and frizzle his money away in chops and steaks. Do the best I can, he's never satisfied, and I declare I'm getting downright unhappy. Thus speaking, Mrs. White seated herself on the nearest chair and began to cry.

"Don't take on so, there's something wrong, Mary. You haven't been married six months, and begin to find it hard to please your husband, and me and my Richard have been mated nigh on forty years, and are as happy as the day's long. God knows we've had our trials, for we've buried all our little ones, and have to jog on through life alone. Alone, did I say—that's not right, for we've a Father, and an Elder Brother. One who cares for his children, and One who ought to save. But here I am, prating about myself when you've come to be comforted. Let me see if I can help you. I loved your mother, and I'd be glad to help her daughter, and bring sunshine into her home, if I could. What's the matter?

"Nothing more than usual now. Tom and I don't hit off married life well. He expects too much of me, and grumbles at his dinners almost every day. If I give him good meat, he says I spend too fast, if I give him no meat, he's angry. Sixteen shillings a week isn't much to keep house on, and everything to find!"

"It's enough and to spare, Mary, well managed. Can you remember what you've had for dinner every day this week?"

"Oh yes, it's easy to do that. Sunday we'd a good big steak, Monday some rashers out of the prime of a side of bacon. Tuesday, mutton chops. Wednesday, sausages. Thursday and Friday, bread-and-cheese, and to-day potatoes. I don't run into debt. Tom can't accuse me of that."

"Do you ever buy fresh vegetables?"

"Not often; I'm obliged to consider the pennies, for dinners are only one meal in the day, there's breakfast and tea, and supper besides. Tom doesn't say much about them, it's the dinners he grumbles at. I only wish I could do better, for I'm miserable. I got tired of living with a man who's never satisfied and yet I love him, and he loves me."

"My dear, do you ever ask God to help you to do better?"

"No; I couldn't pray about cooking."

"Yes you could. One reason why you and your husband don't hit off a pleasant state of things is because you grumble back at him, instead of seeking strength from your Father, who, in Christ, listens to any request you make, even if it has to do with household matters. Begin to pray to-day, and in the strength of God try to reform."

"But how can I? I never knew a bit about cooking when I married."

"It's not too late to learn. I'm ready to help you. Will you buy your meat to-day as I advise? and if you'll trust me for one week, I think I can put you in a way of giving your husband a good dinner every day with fresh vegetables sometimes, and yet not run into debt."

Mary brightened up. Will you really, Mrs. Pearson? and may I tell Tom what you're going to do?" she said

"Yes and ask him to let me go to the butcher's with you. But I must make one

bargein, which is, that both of you will be moderate, and not eat Monday's meat on Sunday."

"All right, I agree, and I'm sure Tom will."

Towards evening the friends went out marketing, and Mary, advised by Mrs. Pearson, purchased six pounds of breast of mutton, for the weather was cold, and there was no fear of the meat not keeping.

"You buy to better advantage if you get a large piece, but mind, I'm allowing you and Tom two pounds more than we have in the week," said Mrs. Pearson. "You can't learn economy in a day, it'll be the work of time. This meat has to serve for seven dinners, with vegetables and a few extras."

"Seven!" echoed Mary, "and all that bone; why, the steak we had on Sunday looked nearly as much meat as this."

"I mean seven," Mrs. Pearson answered, smiling, "you will see how useful those bones can be made. Now we'll buy half a gallon of potatoes and a nice cabbage. I'll cut the meat up for you, and then tell you how to cook the first piece."

Mrs. Pearson divided the mutton into three parts. "The largest you can bake to-morrow, with a few potatoes," she remarked, "boil the cabbage as well. Remember, if you leave off hungry, you must only eat half this meat. Take care of the bones, and on Monday morning, first thing, put them into a saucepan with a pint of fresh water, and set them on the fire to simmer."

Mary took great pains, and acquitted herself so well, she earned praises from her husband, and they had some merriment over the equal division of the meat. Tom was so happy he took up a good habit he had dropped for some weeks, and accompanied his wife to church, instead of smoking his pipe and leaving her to go alone. They heard a stirring sermon from the text, "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you," and Mary was moved to open her heart to her husband as they talked home. She asked him to bear with her, for she wanted to please him. Tom's conscience pricked, and he answered, "Lassie, I've done too much fault-finding, but I'll try and be kinder, for the parson's words have got hold of me."

"After all, they're God's words," replied Mary. "You see, Tom, we're growing wide apart, because I'm a bad manager; but I'll improve, for God has sent me a friend. You must thank Him and Mrs. Pearson too."

When Tom went to work next morning he declared he should long for one o'clock to come to see how Mary managed, "For I don't know how you're going to spin that bit of meat out for dinner," he said.

Monday's allowance was served thus. The stock was ready for use by the time Mary wanted it, she turned it into the stoppan, and added six peeled potatoes, four good-sized onions sliced up, a pennyworth of carrots, and the meat left on the previous day cut off the bones, with a little pepper and salt. She set the stoppan on the fire, stirred the contents well together, and left all to cook thoroughly while she fetched a saucepan half full of spring water, into which she put the fresh bones ready for simmering so soon as the fire was unoccupied.

"There's such a smell of good things, you must have bewitched the cold meat, Mary," cried Tom, who came in as the clock struck one. "Be quick; I've to be back in half an hour."

The meat was soon served, and husband and wife were astonished to find how well satisfied they were. In fact, enough was left to warm up for supper, with the addition of a little rice.

Tuesday found Mrs. Pearson and Mary busily engaged in making a meat pudding. "This has to last two days," said the former, "and you must be careful over your stock, and not use too much for gravy. Saturday has to be provided for. Put the fresh bones into the same saucepan, you may add another pint of water, and take out the old bones."

The dinner that day gave great satisfaction to Tom. So good was the pudding that he called for more at supper-time. Mary was firm in refusing. "You're not to eat to-day what is to do for to-morrow," she said. "I've something nice for you," and she placed a steaming bowl on the table, with a thick slice of bread. "That's capital!" exclaimed Tom, when he had tasted the contents of the bowl; "you're getting a regular cook. Whatever am I eating?"

"Sort of onion soup. I got some onions, sliced them up, and put them, with about a pennyworth of milk and some water, into a saucepan. I boiled all together."

"It's fit stuff for the Queen," said Tom.

The pudding was warmed up on Wednesday, and a cabbage, with a few potatoes, was cooked. On Thursday the remainder of the meat was boiled, and the liquor carefully put aside to add to the stock. A few turnips, with some hamplugs, did out that day's meal. Mrs. Pearson had to make the dumplings, and

she considered she managed to do so at the best of little more than one penny.

Mary wondered no longer how she would provide dinners for the week out of the six pounds of mutton when she saw how much good stock she had in her saucepan. She divided it into two portions for the remaining days.

"Buy half a pint of oatmeal this morn'g," said Mrs. Pearson, on Friday, "it will make a good broth if you stir it into your stock; and you may add some more water. By way of a change, I should soak plenty of bread in it, and don't forget the pepper and salt. I shall also allow you to make a baked rice pudding for a treat."

"Say, rather, you'll show me how to make one," cried Mary, "the last time I tried, the pudding was so hard, Tom declared he could hardly get his teeth in."

"I suppose you allowed no room for the rice to swell. Just do as I tell you. Put that small tea-cupful into your dish, and fill it up with milk, you may add a little sugar. Half a pint of milk will make a nice pudding."

"Surely, a good pudding won't come out of that drop of rice, Mrs. Pearson. I packed mine quite tight!"

"And spoil it. You must trust me, you'll find I'm right." And so she proved to be.

Saturday found Mary with a happy face, preparing her dinner alone. She warmed the stock, and put into it a few cuttings of bacon, some potatoes, and fried onions.

This made a substantial stew, and was a great improvement on the basin of potatoes she had set before her husband for so many Saturdays.

When Tom brought his wages home his wife showed him money in hand, even though his club and the rest were paid.

"Are you satisfied with my management this week?" she asked, "I've tried to do better."

The husband made no answer, but he drew his much-loved Mary nearer to him, and gave her such a hearty kiss, she needed no other assurance.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed." Mrs. Pearson proved herself such to this young couple. They both profited by her wise teaching. Tom learnt to be more patient, and Mary to practise economy, so that when her children came she was able to provide for them, because she knew how to lay out sixteen shillings to the best advantage. They learnt, too, from the friend of friends; the gospel of Jesus Christ became their gospel. As it took firm hold of their hearts, it changed the whole aspect of their home life. One day Tom suggested it would be better to have no cooking on Sunday, so that he and his wife might go twice a day instead of once to God's house.

Mary assented gladly; the suggestion showed her how much her husband must be impressed, for he had hitherto stonily maintained that a working man should have a hot dinner on Sunday if he were without another all the days of the week. But then Tom had only studied to please himself; now he sought to fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life.—Cottager and Artisan.

AN ORPHAN GIRL IN ITALY.

TRANSLATED FOR THE NEW YORK "OBSERVER."

Giovanni Santucci, an earnest evangelical schoolmaster in an Italian city, tells the following story of what a girl can do under apparently adverse circumstances. He says:—

On the 4th of September, 1870, there stepped into our Sunday-school a girl dressed in black, who asked some of the scholars if she could be accepted as a pupil. I of course received her with pleasure, and the following conversation took place:

"What is your name?"

"Penelope Villi."

"What is your father's name?"

"Peter Villi; but I do not know him, for he died before I was born."

"And your mother?"

"Her name is Theresa, but she died two months ago."

"What is your age?"

"I am nine years old, and I live with my aunt at—"

"Why poor child, who advised you to come here to school three miles from home, when you have a school only one mile from you?"

"It is now three years, sir, since I began to attend that school, and cannot read in the First Reader yet!"

"Perhaps you have a bad memory?"

"Oh, no! The teacher says that it is not necessary for women to know how to read and write, so that they know their orations, prayers."

Penelope attended our school for almost five years with great perseverance and success. Neither storms nor wind, rain nor snow, kept her away from the school which is elementary or public, as well as religious, and a Sunday-school.

In April, 1875, Penelope told me, with tears in her eyes, that she had had trouble with her aunt, and was going to leave. She had found

a place as servant in a somewhat aristocratic house. I gave her a Bible; read to her the 16th verse of the 10th chapter of Matthew, told her that she was to be sent forth as a sheep amid wolves, not be loco courage, but to keep and use the Bible as her sword of defence and to spread its truths to everybody and at all times.

Thirteen months passed and not a word was heard of poor Penelope. She was fighting the good fight, but did not want to tell me of her troubles.

But last June I received a letter from Madame Emilia Ferrantini, Penelope's mistress requesting me to go and see her, to talk about religion. I promised to go, but could not on account of sickness. When she found out I could not go, she came herself with Penelope, and told me the following interesting story:

"When Penelope came to me I thought she was some ignorant and incapable country girl, but I was surprised at her intelligence about the house-work, and after a few days became very fond of her. The Paroco (the head priest of the town), frequented our house often, and appeared pleased with the girl; but after a time he complained to us that Penelope did not come to church. He told her to go to mass, but she never would. Finally, we said to her that unless she went to church we would send her away from the house. Then Penelope answered, 'Dear lady, I am sorry, and surprised at the same time, that you, a lady so learned and professing to be liberal, should still believe those impostures of the priests! I will not make a slave of my conscience, for your sake. I have a faith very different from yours and you will never succeed in taking me away from the arms of my Saviour Jesus Christ, to put me at the feet of a dirty priest. In the meantime, dear lady, I will get ready and depart from your house.' 'Believe me,' continued the lady, 'those words wounded my heart. I, my husband, and my two elder sons stood like statues; then my husband said:—

'This girl is anything but ignorant; we must do all we can to induce her to stay; let the priest go to perdition rather than let her go away.' Thinking that Penelope was crying in her room I went to the door but I heard her speak, and saw through the keyhole that she was reading. What was my surprise on hearing such words as these; 'Jesus Christ has said, They have persecuted me, and they will persecute you also; 'They will be done; 'God is the strength of my life; of whom should I be afraid? 'God, I confide in Thee, make me not to be afraid.' These and other words compelled me to retire to my room, that she might not hear me weep, and that I might not disturb her. In a few minutes my husband came in considerably moved, and said to me: 'Penelope is a good Christian girl, and has been reading the Bible, and I do not want her to go away upon any account.' I being of the same opinion, said to myself: 'The priest shall never put his foot into my house any more.' So we went to Penelope's room, and found her tranquilly reading. I called her in a voice full of emotion, and told her what I had decided upon. 'My lady, said she, do not cry; and she began to tell me about the Book and its words."

The evangelist adds: "Penelope has become as one of the family of Ferrantini, she has charge of the house and of things generally. The whole family is composed of fourteen persons, and before every meal both proprietors and servants join together in prayer. They have established a nice hall for purposes of evangelization, and on their table is always to be seen a large Bible, printed in Rome. During the winter they spend their time in the evenings in reading religious books; the house seems more like a church than anything else. Twice we have all there partaken of the Lord's Supper. Sunday with them is Sunday for all. The servants no longer work on that day except for what is absolutely required. That family is truly blessed and Penelope Villi and her influence upon the household remind me constantly of the parable of the grain of mustard seed, 'the least among all seeds.'"

LIGHT IN THE CLOUD.

BY H. CLAY TRUMBULL.

It was just before the close of the last century that, in a pleasant New England home, a few miles east of New Haven, Conn., a little daughter, born to the Christian parents there, was found to be totally deaf,—deaf, and hence mute; deaf and dumb. This was a sore trial to the parents, a greater trial than can now be easily conceived; for there was then no such thing in this country as educating the deaf and dumb. A person thus afflicted was in a measure dead to social life, and to possibilities of progress. In the eyes of the civil law, and in the estimation of the community, a deaf-mute was but little above an idiot. The birth of a deaf-mute child was indeed a bitter trial to loving parents.

After a few years, a second daughter was born, also that home, and she also proved to be deaf and dumb. This was heavier than the first and was going to leave. She had found