



The Family Circle.

CALEB'S DAUGHTER.

"And Caleb said, he that smiteth Kirjath-shepher, and taketh it, to him will I give Achsah, my daughter, to wife. And Othniel, the son of Kenaz, Caleb's youngest brother, took it."—Judges 1: 12, 13.
I heard the voice of Caleb, my father, on the day
When the warlike men of Judah stood in their
bold array ;
And they looked towards the conflict like the war-
horse in his might,
And the flashing of their spearheads was a fierce
and wondrous sight.
"Go ye up to Kirjath-shepher," so came my father's
words,
And drive out the men of Canaan with their flocks
and with their herds ;
And the mighty man of valor who shall thrust
them from the land,
Unto him there shall be given yonder dark eyed
maiden's hand.
Then I reeled with sudden faintness, and the
color fled my cheek,
And I strove to cry, "My father," but my lips re-
fused to speak ;
And I dared not lift my eyelids unto one who
loved me well,
For I knew the sameword whitened the brow of
Othniel.
Yea, oft beneath the starlight, where our people's
tents were spread,
We had trod the plains together with a light and
careless tread ;
We had stood in awe together where the Jordan
backward rolled ;
But still the same, unchanging, was the tale of
love he told.
We had dreamed of prosperous seasons when the
Canaanite should cease,
When Israel should triumph and our people dwell
at peace ;
When the hills should smile with olives, and the
slopes be clad with vines,
And the land should flow with honey, and with
milk, and corn and wines.
And to Othniel should be given the green pas-
tures of the South,
With the wells of living water for the thirsty
cattle's mouth ;
But I'd keep my father's sheep, till the corn was
in the shocks,
And I should go forth at evening to draw water
for the flocks ;
And one eve as I stood watching, there against
the setting sun,
I should surely see him coming ; all the waiting
should be done ;
Then the South would stretch before us, while
the soft skies bent above,
And like Jacob's love for Rachel, so for me would
be his love.
But the time is done for dreaming ! Host of
Judah, can it be
Of the mighty men of valor there are mightier
than he ?
Like the young tree in the springtime, so his
youthful beauty is ;
There might well be fiercer swords, and a stronger
arm than his.
But I thought of Judah's glory, and I summoned
all my will,
When our women fail in courage shall our men
be fearless still ?
And I lifted, and fast glances, and my lips pressed
back the moan,
"Go," I said, "and God be with you," then I
sought the tents alone.
"Hope of Israel, God of battles," cried I prostrate
from the ground,
"Let no other arm be stronger, let no sword be
bolder found ;"
Then I turned unto the doorway, where the dis-
tant mountain rose,
I could hear the people shouting, as they closed
in with their foes.
"Go," I said to one who waited, "bring me tid-
ings from the fight."
Then once more my voice I lifted, and I prayed
"Be Thou his might."
"Give him strength for all his weakness, when
he falters be Thou near ;
Strike Thou when his arm is falling, let them
fall beneath his spear."
Then the messenger came flying, "As the fields
of waving grain ;
As the grasses sway together when the wind
sweeps o'er the plain ;

So their forces meet and mingle, so foe interlocks
with foe,
Which are flying, which pursuing, how the day
goes none may know."
"Go once more towards the mountain, bring me
later tidings yet,"
And he came with swift returning, "As the
floods meet they have met ;
But the Canaanites are fleeing, and the men of
Judah shout."
"Go once more," I said, "and tell me by whose
hand they are thrust out."
Then I waited, down the heavens slowly passed
the setting sun,
Slow as when it stayed and moved not, on that
day at Ajalon ;
Slow as it ne'er seemed to any, save unto the
watchful eye,
And my spirit died within me, e'er it sank behind
the sky.
Then the messenger came swiftly, hastening
from the battle-field,
"Who," I cried, "drove back the heathen, to
what captain did they yield ?"
"Lo, he comes," he said, and straightway, from
the field the victor came,
And the people came before him, and they shouted
Othniel's name.
Then I bowed my head in silence, and my heart
went out in praise,
For the goodness of Jehovah, for the wonder of
his ways,
For the lonely watcher's prayers nerve the arm
that drives the sword ;
And the strong go forth to battle, but the victo-
ry's with the Lord.

BERT INGLISS.

-N. Y. Observer.

"SEEKING TO SAVE."

BY GARDEN LEWIS.

"It's not like the country, is it, Anna ?"
Anna Johnson shook her head as she
replied, "No, indeed, father ; there is a
great difference between our pretty home
in Brooklyn and No. 999 Perry street."
"I fear you'll miss the old place sadly,
Anna," said the grave, middle-aged man.
"Sometimes I half regret having accepted
the situation Mr. Jones has kindly secured
for me, but work was very scarce, and it's
not every day a man getting on in life has
a good berth offered him."
"Please don't regret coming here on my
account," said Anna, kissing her father
lovingly as she spoke ; "when once I got
a little accustomed to the place and people,
I shall soon feel at home. And now you
must go, father, or else you will be late,
and that would be setting a bad example to
your workmen."
" Yes, I must be off," said James John-
son ; "and, Anna dear," he added, as he
hastened away, "I shall not be home much
before ten o'clock this evening, because
there is a little meeting for the boys, at
which Mr. Willmon wishes me to be pres-
ent. I fear it will be a long, lonely day
for you, my poor girl !"
" A long day, indeed !" said Anna to
herself, as she closed the door and removed
the breakfast things from the table. "I
never realized before how great the change
would be," she added.
It was indeed a great change, a new and
trying experience for the girl. Twenty
years of her life had been spent in the quiet
little village, loved and respected by all
who know her ; and now suddenly she
found herself a stranger in the busy, bust-
ling city. Her father was a carpenter, a
steady, reliable man, with a thoroughly
practical knowledge of his trade, and on
account of his steadiness and skill had been
highly recommended by Mr. Jones, a prom-
inent citizen of the village to his friend,
Mr. Willmon, a wealthy city man.
" You want a good Christian man to
teach carpenter's work to a number of lads
whom you are providing with a home,"
wrote Mr. Jones, in answer to the letter
received from his friend ; "then I can
highly recommend James Johnson as a
most suitable man for the post."
Thus the situation was secured, and
James Johnson and his daughter removed
to the city and took lodgings on Perry
street for a time. After some two or three
months Mr. Willmon hoped to have a house
ready, where Anna could act as house-
keeper to her father and the homeless lads
whom he was befriending in the best of
ways by striving to lead them to their Savi-
our, and enabling them to learn a trade by
which they could earn an honest living.
" It won't be so lonely by-and-by," said

Anna as she sat down to do some needle-
work that evening. "I shall enjoy having
the boys to care for."
As she spoke her eyes rested on some lit-
tle flowering plants on the table near which
she was seated, the gifts of her little Sun-
day-school scholars, therefore very ten-
derly prized by Anna, and, carefully
brought by her to the city home.
" Only a week ago since I said good-bye
to my dear little scholars," said Anna to
herself ; "it seems like a month," she
added as her tears fell fast upon her work.
"Mother used to say it was better to
sing than to weep," continued the girl.
Then in a clear sweet voice she sang several
of the hymns she had taught her Sunday-
school class. The words brought peace
and comfort to her heart, and soon she al-
most forgot her loneliness.
" I'll try, ' Seeking to Save,' one of
father's favorites, now," she said, and she
commenced,—
" Tenderly the shepherd
O'er the mountains cold
Goes to bring his lost one
Back to the fold."
Just as Anna was about to commence the
second stanza, a noise in the street below
arrested her attention. As she listened,
she heard the loud, angry tones of her
landlady's voice, and the sobs (she thought)
of a child in distress.
" If there is a child in trouble, I must
find out what is the matter," said Anna, as,
taking her candle in her hand, she quickly
made her way down the stairs.
" Why, Mary ?" she exclaimed, as the
light of her candle flashed upon the face of
a girl who was standing pale and trembling
in the door way.
" Do you know her, miss ?" said the
landlady, stepping back, adding as she did
so, " She comes a-knocking at the door as
bold as you please, asking, would I tell
her who it was singing upstairs. ' No,'
says I, ' I don't tell you, 'cause I know
your artful city ways, country-born though
I be.' Then she starts sobbing and crying,
same as if I'd hurt her, and says the singer
reminds her of some one she knew down
home. You are quite sure you ain't de-
ceived, sure and positive you do know
her, miss ?" continued the woman anx-
iously, as her lodger took the poor, trem-
bling girl in her arms.
" Know her, Mrs. Pincher ?" said Anna ;
" yes, indeed, Mary Burns and I have
known one another for years. I was going
to write to the business house she has gone
to, to ask her to come and spend next
Sunday with us. How is it you are here
alone, dear, at night ?" she added, as she
led the girl quietly up the stairs to her own
room.
" Now tell me all what it means, dear,"
she continued, as she closed the door,
placing Mary in an arm-chair and tak-
ing off her hat and jacket.
" It means this," said Mary, still sobbing
bitterly ; " I'm at Blank & Smooth's,
West-Side milliners, you know, and two of
the girls in the workroom have a spite
against me, and to-day a valuable piece of
lace belonging to one of our best customers
was lost, and they declared I had taken it,
and the foreman believed them, and
wouldn't listen to what I said, and told me
that I should be dismissed to-morrow ; so
I watched my chance, and ran away, and
took the Woodland avenue cars, and came
to Perry street, because I knew a girl who
lived down here, and I was sure she would
let me stay with her until I could hear from
home, and decide what to do. But the
girl, who lived with her aunt, has left the
street, and I was wandering along, not
knowing where to turn for a night's lodg-
ing, when I heard you singing those hymns
we used to sing at home. I knew you
were coming to the city, my little sister
Jennie wrote and told me, but I had no
idea to what part. I felt I could not pass
the house without asking if I could speak
to the person who was singing, I was cer-
tain it was some one with a kind, good
heart ; but the landlady was so indignant,
and would not give me time to explain. I
felt broken-hearted, and if you had not
come down when you did, Anna, I must
have wandered on and on, I know not
where."
" The good Shepherd sent me to seek the
poor, wandering lamb, Mary dear," said
Anna, as she kissed the poor girl's troubled
face.
Faster and faster fell Mary's tears.
" Ah ! Anna dear," she said, " I needed

seeking, I've wandered far away from the
fold. I don't mean that I have done any-
thing to bring disgrace upon the dear ones
at home, Anna ; but I've grown proud and
fond of dress, and I've not cared for God's
word, or his day as I used to do. Oh,
those hymns brought back the memory of
the time when I loved Jesus, and strove
to serve him. What do you say, Anna,
is he seeking to save ?"
" Yes," whispered Anna as she knelt
down, and prayed that the good Shepherd
would guide the wanderer again into the
fold, and grant her peace of heart.
The prayer was heard and answered.
With a heart once more at rest, early the
following morning, accompanied by her
friend, Mary returned to her place of busi-
ness. Here she heard, to her great joy,
the welcome news that the lost piece of
lace had been found, and soon discovered
that the foreman and the girls in the work-
room were all anxious to atone for their
unjust suspicions.
" Where did you go last night, dear ?"
asked one of the girls.
" Listen," said Mary ; " I will tell you
all my story."
There was perfect silence in the room as
Mary told the story of the friend she had
found in her sore hour of need ; and when
she retired to rest that night more than one
of the girls, who had previously openly ridi-
culed religion, begged her to pray for them,
that they too might enter the fold of the
good Shepherd, who was " seeking to
save."—Living Epistle.

SMALL GIFTS.

Dr. Tristram canon of Durham, England,
writes to the *Sunday School Times*.—In no
department of Christian work has the
Saviour's blessing on the small gifts of self-
denial been more marvellously illustrated
than in our missionary annals. Let us
take two recent instances.
Miss Norman, when a child, had on her
birthday, five years old, a gift made to her
of five shillings. It was the first time she
possessed such a sum. She asked that it
might buy a Bible to be sent to India. A
well-bound Bible was accordingly sent,
with other things, to the Punjab, where it
was given as a prize at a mission school.
Years afterwards, Miss Norman went out
herself as a zenana missionary to India.
When stationed at Peshawur, she was one
day asked to go and visit a dying Christian
woman. She found that she was a believer,
resting on Christ, though in a heathen
family. On being asked where she had ob-
tained her knowledge of the gospel, she re-
plied that she had been educated at a mis-
sion school, but had left it unconverted,
and a heathen still. On her going away a
Bible was given her as a prize, which lay
undisturbed for years, until sorrow and
trouble led her to read it and study it.
The Lord opened her heart by its means,
and she found Christ to be her Saviour.
She produced the treasured volume, and
then, by the inscription, Miss Norman saw
the very copy which she, as a child, had
sent out.
One more instance of small yet fruitful
gifts. A lady who was interested in the
poor of India, was packing a box of clothing
to send to them. Her little boy, who was
watching her, said, " Mother, I have a
penny ; I should like to buy something to
put in the box for the poor Hindus." His
mother did not know what to do with the
penny, too little for the smallest article of
clothing, and put in a tract, the only thing
she could think of. When the box
reached India and was opened, some one
took up the tract, read it, and gave it to a
clever Hindoo, asking him to translate it
into his own language. As this man
studied it to translate it, the Holy Spirit of
God taught him its meaning, and he be-
came an inquirer and then a believer. Nor
was this all. That man finally became a
catechist, or native Christian teacher, and
is now employed in leading his own coun-
trymen to Jesus.

A CONTRAST.

"Some murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God's good mercy gild
The darkness of their night."—Trench.