

Family Circle.

THE MAN WITH THE GRUDGE.

There was once a man who bore a grudge,
Stoutly he bore it many a year;
"Beware!" said the parson. He answered
"Fudge!"
Well it becomes me; never fear.

"Men for this world, and saints for Heaven:
'Give as you get' is a good old rule.
My loaf shall rise with a livelier leaven;
Too much of meekness shows a fool."

The longer he bore it, the more he grew,
Grew his grudge, as he trudged along.
Till in sight of the pearly gate he drew,
And heard within it a wondrous song.

The shining porter said, "Walk in."
He sought to do so; the gate was straight.
Hard he struggled his way to win.
The way was narrow; the grudge was great.

He returned in haste then to lay it down;
He strove to tear it away—to cut;
But it had fast to his heart strings grown.
"Oh, wait!" he cried; but the door was
shut. —Selected.

A FATAL MISTAKE.

A HEAVY storm had suddenly set in. Mrs. Day came to the door of the store and looked anxiously up the village street. She was a thin, bent woman of sixty. She shivered as the gust of sleet and rain beat on her.

"Don't think of going home now, Mrs. Day," the shopkeeper called out. "I'm sorry I have no umbrella or wraps for you; but wait, and they will send you one from home."

Mrs. Day waited, but she knew that no one at home would think of her. It grew dark and the storm increased. She ran up the street at last, reaching her home drenched.

Her son met her in the hall. "Why, mother! Could you not borrow an umbrella somewhere?" he said, drawing back lest he should be wet.

Her daughter Sue was playing on the piano in the parlor. The fire burned brightly, and the lamp threw a cheerful glow around the pleasant room.

"Dear, dear! This is too bad, mamma!" she cried. "Your teeth are chattering with cold."

"I thought perhaps you would have brought me a wrap," said Mrs. Day, gently, to her son.

"I never thought of it, mother; I saw you go out, too."

"You had better go to bed, mamma," said Sue; "and take some hot tea." She turned to the piano again and began "Schubert's Serenade."

Mrs. Day crept, shivering, up to the stairs. She felt strangely weak and ill as she tried to take off her wet clothes. It would have been so pleasant if somebody would have rubbed her chilled feet, and brought her some tea, and petted her a little. Old as she was, her heart ached sometimes for comforting and caressing. A strange longing filled her heart for the husband who died so long ago.

But Sue, though she was sorry for her mother, never thought of going to help her. She sang the serenade with much pathos, while Will listened with dim eyes. Both brother and sister were easily touched by a strain of music, a noble poem, or a beautiful landscape.

Yet it did not occur to either of them to look after their mother.

She changed her clothes, and, still chilled, went to the kitchen. It was Martha's "after-noon out," and the supper was to be made ready. She laid the table, broiled the fish, and made the tea. She remembered how she used to help her mother when she was Susie's age. How she loved to work for that dear soul! Yet Susie ought to love her, too.

"I have been a faithful mother," thought Mrs. Day, as she sat at the table looking at her handsome children.

"And you had to get the supper, mamma!" exclaimed Sue. "I forgot that Martha was not to be at home this afternoon."

Mrs. Day went to her bed that night with a high fever. Martha, when she came down stairs in the morning heard her moan. The girl had a kind heart and common sense. She ran for a physician.

When the old doctor met Sue in her pretty morning gown, after he left Mrs. Day's room, he said, sternly: "I fear your mother has pneumonia. I should have been called last night."

Sue cried bitterly, but she could do nothing; she never had spread a plaster or given a dose of medicine in her life. A nurse cared for her the few days in which she lived.

The poor woman, before her death, watched her children with eager, despairing eyes. She saw that they loved her; but they seemed afraid of the sick room, and could not bear the sight of pain.

She saw now wherein she had failed. She had never allowed them to bear pain or discomfort, or to feel any responsibility in life. From their birth she had waited on them, worked for them, sacrificed everything out of her great love for them.

She had never taught them, out of their love for her, to wait on her, to sacrifice a single selfish wish for her. She had ministered faithfully to their bodily wants, but she had not given to them the unselfishness, the habit of self-sacrifice which had made her own soul happy.

How many mothers make this first fatal mistake, and how few know that they have made it?—*The Household*.

LOWLY AND MEEK.

No fever can attack a perfectly sound body; no fever of unrest can disturb a soul which has breathed the air or learned the ways of Christ. Men sigh for the wings of a dove that they may fly away and be at rest. But flying away will not help us. "The kingdom of God is within you." We aspire to the top to look for rest. It lies at the bottom. Water rests only when it gets to the lowest place. So do men, hence be lowly. The man who has no opinion of himself at all can never be hurt if others do not acknowledge him. Hence be meek. He who is without expectation cannot fret if nothing comes to him. It is self-evident that these things are so. The lowly man and the meek man are really above all other men, above all other things. They dominate the world because they do not care for it. The miser does not possess gold; gold possesses him. But the meek possess it.

"Out of suffering comes the serious mind; out of salvation, the grateful heart; out of endurance, fortitude; out of deliverance, faith."—*Ruskin*.

If any speak ill of thee fly home to your own conscience and examine thy heart; if thou be guilty, it is a just correction; if not guilty, it is a fair instruction; make use of both, so that thou distill honey out of gall, and out of an open enemy create a secret friend.—*Quarles*.