

## Family Circle.

From the Musical Advocate, Altoona, Pa.  
The New Church Choir.

W. A. GIDEN.

I went to church the other day  
To hear the new choir sing;  
But, lo! 'twas just the same old song  
As sure as anything.  
They sung a piece for openin'  
In operatic style—  
I dunno what they called the thing,  
But know it made me smile;  
For Mandy Peters pitched the tune  
A little bit too high,  
An' when they tried the upper notes  
I tho't n my soul I'd die!  
'Twas like an old steam engine  
On an up-grade, greasy track,  
For when they come to "Praise the  
Lord"  
The music didn't whack,  
So there I sat and giggled,  
I did, upon my word,  
Right out in church, in broad daylight,  
So't everybody heard  
An' turned aroun' an' looked at me;  
It made me sort o' shamed,  
But then to hear such stuff in church,  
Can any one be blamed  
For leffin' at 'em? I think not,  
An' so I didn't care,  
Nor neither did I bend a knee  
When others bowed in prayer,  
But jes' sot thar an' looked at 'em,  
An' had my spee's on too,  
An' didn't peep out through my hands,  
As some good people do.  
Well thar they sot, an' snickered,  
An' whispered durin' prayer,  
An' passed around the candy,  
An' eat it, then an' thar.  
They winked, an' motioned back an'  
Forth,  
An' told each other jokes,  
An' acted more like fools to me  
Than good religious folks.  
But all of 'em b'long to church,  
Are in "good standin'" too,  
They dance a little now an' then,  
I'm told; well, if they do,  
They pay their "dues," the Elders say,  
An' they don't drink, nor swear,  
An' so they're 'bout as good I s'pose  
As most of church folks are.  
Well, well, this modern notion  
Of Christian ethics  
I hard for me to understand  
Tis not like that I'm set,  
Nor Peter, nor Bartholomew,  
Nor Paul, nor Luke, nor John,  
Nor Silas, so I think it will  
Not do to lean upon.  
For when the Lord shall summon them  
To stan' before his face,  
They'll wear a sort o' sneak-dog look,  
Without a speck o' grace;  
They'll not be passin' candy there,  
Nor lookin' roun' to see  
If Christ, the Judge, is watchin' 'em  
As I was, but they'll be  
A tellin' what they've done fur Him,  
'Bout "castin' out" an' so,  
But that won't do 'em any good,  
For truth "will up," you know.  
An' so they may not hear the words  
"Well done," be said of them,  
They'll wish, no doubt, when its too  
late,  
They'd "tetched His garment's hem."

They'd wish they hadn't danced, I  
guess,  
While Jesus' name they bear,  
They'll wish they hadn't snickered out  
In church in time o' prayer.  
They'll wish their "Praise the Lord"  
had been  
The genuine, you see,  
That they mont hear Him say o' them  
"My blessed, come to me."  
Oh, that'll be a sorry time  
For most o' choirs I s'pect,  
For thar some haughty hopes o' heav'n  
Will sartingly be wrecked:  
An' not atoms will members of  
A voluntary choir  
Be smellin' red-hot brimstone,  
An' be leadin' Satan's fire  
For preachers too, and members, there  
Will quake in awful fear,  
'Bout what th' Judge will say o' them  
Where all the world kin hear.  
For don't the Bible plainly say  
"False prophets shall arise,"  
An' many will go arter them,  
Who think they're mighty wise?  
An' so I think its better that  
We pattern arter Him,  
Instead o' follerin' aroun'  
Each new apostle's whim.  
An' don't it say "The Lord is in  
His holy temple," too?  
Then why do people make a show  
Of all they have an' do?  
Preteudin' to be praisin' God,  
In songs an' garments loud!  
They can't deceive the Judge, my  
friend,  
But may deceive the crowd,  
An' so I think its better that  
We worship Christ you know,  
In meekness an' humility,  
Instead o' makin' show.

## Emma's Ambition.

"O mamma!" she said, looking  
up with a flushed face; "there is  
just the loveliest story in here! It  
is about a little girl who was only  
ten years old, and her mother went  
away to see a sick sister, and was  
gone for a whole week; and this  
little girl made tea and toast, and  
baked potatoes, and washed the  
dishes, and did every single  
thing for her father; kept house,  
you know, mamma. Now, I'm  
most ten years old, and I could  
keep house for papa. I wish you  
would go to Aunt Nellie's and stay  
a whole month, and let me keep  
house. I know how to make toast,  
mamma, just splendidly, and cus-  
tard; and Hattie said she would  
teach me how to make ginger-cake,  
some day. Won't you please to go,  
mamma?"  
"I don't think I could be coaxed  
to do it," said Mrs. Eastman. "The  
mother of that little girl in the  
book, probably, knew that she  
could trust her little daughter; but  
I should expect you to leave the  
bread while it was rising, and fly  
to the gate, if you heard a sound  
that interested you; and I should

expect the potatoes to burn in the  
oven while you played in the sand  
at the door. I couldn't trust you  
in the least."  
"Mamma!" said Emma, with  
surprise and indignation in her  
voice. "What makes you say that?  
You have never tried me at all.  
Why do you think I wouldn't do  
as well as a girl in a book?"  
"Haven't I tried you, dear? Do  
you know it is just three quarters  
of an hour since I sent you to dust  
the sitting-rooms and put every-  
thing in nice order for me? Now  
look at those books tumbled up-  
side down, on the floor, and those  
papers, blowing about the room,  
and dust on the chair, and your  
toys on the table; while my little  
girl reads a story about another  
little girl who helped her mother."  
"Oh, well," said Emma, her  
cheeks very red, "that is different;  
nothing but this old room to dust.  
If I had something real grand to  
do, like keeping house for papa,  
you would see how hard I would  
work; I wouldn't stop to play, or  
to read, or anything."  
"Emma, dear, perhaps you will  
be surprised to hear me say so, but  
the words of Jesus Christ show  
that you are mistaken."  
"Mamma!" said Emma again,  
and her voice showed that she was  
very much surprised.  
"They certainly do. Listen:  
"He that is faithful in that which  
is least, is faithful also in much; and  
he that is unjust in the least is un-  
just also in much." And once he  
said to a man, "Well done, good  
and faithful servant; thou hast  
been faithful over a few things, I  
will make thee ruler over many  
things." Can I say that to you  
this morning?" — *Pansy.*

## Sure Signs.

Solomon said many centuries ago,  
"Even a child is known by its do-  
ings, whether his work be pure and  
whether it be right."  
When I see a boy slow to school,  
and glad of every excuse to neglect  
his books, I think it is a sign that  
he will be a dunce.  
When I see a boy in haste to  
spend every penny as soon as he  
gets it, I think it is a sign that he  
will be a spendthrift.  
When I see a boy hoarding up  
his pennies, and unwilling to part  
with them for any good purpose, I  
think it is a sign that he will be a  
miser.  
When I see a boy or girl looking  
out for "number one" and disliking

to share good things with others, I  
think it is a sign the child will  
grow up a selfish person.  
When I see boys and girls often  
quarreling, I think it is a sign that  
they will be violent and hateful  
men and women.  
When I see a child obedient to  
his parents, I think it is a sign of  
great future blessing from Almighty  
God.  
When I see a boy fond of the  
Bible and knowing it well, I think  
it is a sign that he will be a good  
and happy man. — *Kind Words.*

## "Sorry is Not 'Nuff"

"Allan? Where is Allan?"  
A moment ago he was playing  
with his little cart in the yard,  
hauling dirt to the currant bushes.  
I cannot tell how many cartfuls he  
carried. He was as busy as a little  
man. But Allan was gone; there  
is his cart.  
"Allan! Allan!"  
"I's here," at last said a small  
voice from the back parlor.  
"What are you there for?"  
asked his mother, opening the door  
and looking in.  
Allan did not answer at first.  
He was standing in the corner with  
a very sober look on his face.  
"Come out to your little cart,"  
said his mother; "it is waiting for  
another run."  
"I'se not been here long 'nuff,"  
said the little boy.  
"What are you here for at all?"  
asked his mother.  
"I punishing my ownself. I  
picked some green currants and  
they went into my mouth," said  
Allan.  
"Oh, when mother told you not  
to! Green currants will make my  
little boy sick," said his mother in  
a sorry tone.  
"You needn't punish me," said  
Allan; "I punish my ownself."  
His mother often put him in the  
back parlor alone when he had been  
a naughty boy, and, you see, he  
took the same way himself.  
"Are you not sorry for disobey-  
ing mother?" she asked Allan.  
"I sorry, but sorry is not 'nuff.  
I punish me. I stay here a good  
while and thinks."  
Is not Allan right? Sorry, if it  
is only sorry, is not enough. How  
often children say they are sorry,  
and yet go and do the same thing  
again. That is a very short, shal-  
low sorrow. Allan felt this; so he  
was for making serious work of it.  
— *Presbyterian.*