

Family Circle.

The Way to Heaven.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we
rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted
skies,
And we mount to its summit round by
round.
I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward
God,
Lifting the soul from its common
clod
To a purer air and a broader view.
We rise by the things that are under
our feet—
By what we have mastered of good or
gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion
slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly
meet.
We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we
pray,
And we think that we mount the air
on wings,
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy
clay.
Wings for angels, but feet for men!
We may borrow the wings to find a
way,
We may hope and resolve and aspire
and pray,
But our feet must rise or we fall again.
Only in dreams is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire
walls;
But the dreams depart and the vision
falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillar of
stone.
Heaven is not reached by a single
bound,
But we build the ladder by which we
rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted
skies,
And we mount to its summit round by
round.

Let Them Talk.

They say the world's a weary place,
Where tears are never dried,
Where pleasures pass like breath on
glass,
And only woes abide,
It may be so—I can not know—
Yet this I dare to say,
My lot has had more glad than sad,
And so it has to-day.
They say that life's a bitter curse—
That hearts are made to ache,
That jests and song are gravely wrong,
And health a vast mistake,
It may be so—I can not know—
But let them talk their fill:
I like my life and love my wife,
And mean to do so still.

—The Watch Tower.

Gray hairs prevented, dandruff re-
moved, the scalp cleansed, and the hair
made to grow thick by the use of Hall's
Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

Duty of Parents to Develop the
Latent Possibilities of their
Children.

Every child shows a special ap-
titude in some branch or other in
the public school. It is the duty of
parents to watch and to catch these
indications; they are the finger of
the Almighty, pointing in his mis-
terious way to the road that the
young intellect ought to follow. Parents, we say, heed those indica-
tions by all means, and thus help
your children to follow the path
laid out for them by the ruler of
destinies. A few dollars should
never deter you from giving a fair
chance to your children—from let-
ting them try with all their might
to climb higher in life, and thereby
to benefit not only themselves, but
also yourself, and often the whole
race. We believe that every hu-
man being has been called upon to
perform a certain role in the great
scheme of creation, and controlling
and overwhelming circumstances
only prevent every one of us shin-
ing out with a light as bright as it
was intended we should, if condi-
tions surrounding us had been more
congenial and favorable. It is the
absolute duty of parents and guard-
ians to surround the young and
tender intellects that are growing
up around them with all the condi-
tions necessary to develop a soul-
growth, and as a preliminary step
to watch indications of aptitudes.
Here a boy or a girl shows a special
aptitude for drawing; his or her
school books are covered all over
with pictures—watch that indica-
tion; some of the greatest artists
and engineers of the world have
commenced just that way. There
a scholar shows a marked talent
and liking for calculation; he is at
the head of his class in the public
school, and his teacher is astonished
at the progress of his young pupil.
Parents, watch this indication care-
fully—it shows a trained and cor-
rect reasoning mind, and must nec-
essarily cumulate in a great engin-
eer or man of science. Another boy
is dull; seems a good-for-nothing
dreamer; he neglects his petty du-
ties; hardly listens to what is told
him—in fact, you find him always
musing and thinking at something
else. This must be especially
watched. All great men and pro-
found thinkers have commenced
life the same way. A chance for
study should by all means be given
to such a boy. Parents, take heed
of what is said above. A few
months trial in an institution like

ours will surely awaken, quicken
and bring vividly to light any lat-
ent talent or possibility whatever,
lying dormant within any child.
It has always been a supreme plea-
sure to us, to take hold of young
and often neglected intellects, to
give shape to them, to mold them
to some beautiful and remunerative
profession, and to place them in a
progressive road in life, leading to
honor, wealth and fame.—*Ex.*

"The Firm's Busted."

A little boy applied to General
Clinton B. Fisk for capital to go in-
to business. Amount wanted, sev-
enty-five cents; business, blacking
boots; station, near Fulton Ferry,
New York; profits to be divided
at the end of six months.

The arrangement was made, and
the firm began business. One
Monday morning, however, the
"working" partner came into the
general's office wearing a very lug-
ubrious countenance.

"What's the matter?" asked the
general.

"Oh!" said the boy, "it's all
up."

"All up!" said the general;
"what do you mean?"

"Oh!" replied the urchin, "the
firm's busted."

"How is that?" was the in-
quiry.

"Well," said the boy, "I had four
dollars and ninety-two cents on
hand, but yesterday a man came
into our Sunday-school and said
we must give all of our money to
the Missionary Society, and I put
it all in—couldn't help it—an' now
it's all up with us."

We have no doubt that the firm
immediately "resumed" business
again, but it is the first partnership
we ever have heard of that has
been busted in that way. Hence
our extreme sympathy.—*National
Sunday-School Teacher.*

The Lost Dinner.

In the town of Newcastle there
was a man who went by the name
of "Patient Joe," because, if grief
came to him, he would say, "It's
all for the best. Those who love
God shall find that all things work
together for good."

If things went well with him,
Joe praised God; if things went ill
with him, he would praise God still,
and say, "God knows best what is
for my good. We must not judge
things by this life alone. There's a
life to come after this, and things
that may not seem good for us here,

may be good for us there."

In the coal pit where Joe worked
some of the men would jeer and
laugh at him when he said, "It's
all for the best." There was a man
by the name of Tim, who would
miss no chance to laugh at Joe.

One day, as Tim and Joe were
getting ready to go down into the
deep pit, Joe, who had brought his
dinner of beef and bread with him,
laid it on the ground for a moment.
Before he could take it up, a
hungry dog seized it and ran off.

"Ha! ha!" cried Tim, "that's
all for the best, is it, man? Now
stick to thy creed, and say 'Yes.'"

"Well, I do say 'Yes,'" said Joe;
"but as I must eat, it is my duty
to try to get back my dinner. If I
get it back it will be all for the
best, and even if I do not get it
back, why, it will be for the best
just the same. God is so great that
he can rule the smallest things as
well as the largest."

Joe ran after the dog, and Tim,
with a loud laugh and an oath,
went down into the pit. Joe ran a
long way, but could not catch the
dog. At last he gave up the chase,
and came back to the mine, think-
ing to himself that the men would
all have a good laugh at him. But
he found them all pale with alarm
and awe.

"What a narrow escape you have
had, Joe!" said one of them. "The
pit has caved in, and poor Tim is
killed. If that dog had not run off
with your dinner, you would have
gone down with Tim into the pit,
and been killed, too."

Joe took off his hat, while his
breast heaved, and his cheeks grew
pale, and the tears came into his
eyes. He looked up to heaven, but
said not a word.—*Signs of the
Times.*

Only One Mother.

I seem to see her now, pale,
patient mother, clinging with vein-
traced hand tight hold of life, yet
ever wearing in her blue-gray eyes
a look of longing as though waiting
for something more. And looking
at her, through all these years—
looking with eyes made keener by
experience—what is the wish that
flutters up within me, and chafes
and frets that no expression can be
given to it? 'Tis this: That when
I had a mother I had been more
kind. For me, nearly the whole of
life was stretching out; for her,
only the spent remnant of one—a
flickering spark, that with each
day has fanned to life, by the strong