

Family Circle.

My Refuge.

BY ELLEN I. GOREH.

In the secret of His presence how my soul delights to hide!
 Oh, how precious are the lessons which I learn at Jesus' side.
 Earthly cares can never vex me, neither trials lay me low,
 For when Satan comes to tempt me, to the "secret place" I go.
 When my soul is faint and thirsty 'neath the shadow of His wing,
 There is cool and pleasant shelter and a fresh and crystal spring;
 And my Savior rests beside me as we hold communion sweet;
 And if I tried I could not utter what He says when thus we meet.
 Only this I know—I tell Him all my doubts and griefs and fears;
 Oh, how patiently He listens, and my drooping soul He cheers.
 Do you think He ne'er reproves me? what a false friend He would be,
 If He never, never told me of the sins that He must see.
 Do you think that I could love Him half so well or as I ought,
 If He did not tell me plainly of each sinful word and thought?
 No, He is very faithful, and that makes me love Him more,
 For I know that He does love me, though He wounds me very sore.
 Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord?
 Go and hide beneath His shadow—this shall then be your reward;
 And whenever you leave the silence of that happy meeting place,
 You must mind and bear the image of your Master in your face.
 You will surely lose the blessing and the fulness of your joy
 If you let dark clouds distress you and your inward peace destroy.
 You may always be abiding, if you will, at Jesus' side;
 In the secret of His presence you may every moment hide.

—Sel.

The Last Day.

BY MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

Were this the last of earth
 This very day—
 How should I think and act?
 What would I say?
 Would I not guard my heart
 With earnest prayer?
 Would not I serve my friends
 With loving care?
 How tender every word
 As the hours wane!
 "Like this we shall not sit
 And talk again"
 How soft the beating heart
 They soon must cease!
 What glances carry love—
 What heavenly peace!
 And yet this fleeting life
 Is one last day;
 How long soe'er its hours,
 They will not stay.
 O heart, be soft and true
 Whilst thou dost beat;
 O hands, be swift to do,
 O lips, be sweet.

—Sel.

Saving Time.

It is remarkable how much more work some people will accomplish within a given time than others, and appear to a casual observer to be doing less, because so calm and quiet in their movements. Those who hurry, and fume, and fret seldom accomplish great results, although they succeed in wearing themselves out and making it uncomfortable for those with whom they come in daily contact. Some housekeepers will move about their daily tasks so quietly; will have their work so systemized; will take no unnecessary steps, and make no unnecessary movements, and yet, to the surprise of a casual observer, their meals will be ready promptly, their work done up in a short time, and they will be seated with book or sewing in hand, with no appearance of weariness or exhaustion.

"The Rural World" says there are a great many housekeepers who do not know the value of saving steps, either for themselves or others; that is making ten steps do all the work of twenty. They will make a half-dozen separate journeys for as many different articles when one would have answered every purpose. For instance, in getting dinner, some women will make a separate journey to the cellar for potatoes, meat and bread. Now once going would do every bit as well, and save a dozen aches and pains. If you are going for potatoes take along a knife, and cut the meat you are going to want, and a plate for the bread, and save yourself or some one else the task of going again within twenty minutes.

"In setting the table observe the same rule. Notice and see what articles you can carry conveniently at the same time. You can as easily carry plates, saucers and cups at once, as you can to go three times. If you pass the woodpile, stop and take a few sticks with you. In short, keep your eyes open to this one idea for a few days. You will see a hundred ways in which steps can be saved, and your own strength be kept for other duties. Another thing is to take the easiest way every time. It pays in the long run.

"No woman has strength that she can afford to lose. And don't crowd the work of a week into one day. We are apt to act as if 'to-day' was the last day we were ever going to have in which to do anything. Nine women out of ten waste more strength, and time too,

in the end—for poor, tired humanity has got to rest sometime—by rushing headlong into their work. They give themselves no time for rest of body or soul, and sooner or later they must break down under the heavy burden of daily duties; small tasks in themselves perhaps, but the more wearing and galling for their very minuteness and seeming needlessness."—*E.c.*

School-Boy Thefts.

Some thirty years ago a brilliant young fellow at Yale, finding his standing had become low, for lack of hard patient study, fell into the habit of using translations, of copying from the more thorough students, and meanly borrowing help here, or a hint there. The subtleties, cleverly managed, proved successful. He gained credit for scholarship which he did not deserve, and graduated with high honors. He entered the ministry with the honest intention, let us hope, of serving God faithfully. He had an unusual amount of intellectual force and indomitable energy; he was a genial companion, a sympathetic friend. His popularity in the sect to which he belonged increased, until from the pulpit of a village church he was called to the charge of one of the largest congregations in the Atlantic cities. He filled the position with credit for a year. Then he grew nervous, unable to write with fluency or power. Now came the fruit of former wrong-doing. The old pilfering habit of his boyhood had left its weakening effect on his character. When he picked out a sermon Sunday after Sunday from Barrow, or Jeremy Taylor, or Bossuet, altered and preached it as his own, the fault seemed a venal one to him. His conscience was not disturbed by it as it would have been if it had never been searched. When some of his congregation lingered to thank him for the truths so well spoken, he went away with no feeling of remorse that he had deceived them.

This man was able to perceive right and wrong in other things here he was blind. But the day of reckoning came. His thefts were detected. He was put upon his trial all before the Church, found guilty, and dismissed, a disgraced minister.

There is no fault, however petty, in which we indulge ourselves as boys and girls, which will not impair our moral sense as we grow

older. To use the old simile once more, the tree is bent like the twig. The twig may hardly be conscious of the slight deflection, or show it to the keenest eye, but the crooked, distorted trunk stands forth in the long years that follow, monstrous in its shame and deformity.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Three Wishes.

A minister, while sitting at the dinner table with his family, had these words said to him by his son, a lad of eleven years: "Father, I have been thinking, if I could have one single wish of mine what I would choose."

"To give you a better chance," said the father, "suppose the allowance be increased to three wishes; what would they be? Be careful, Charley!"

He made his choice thoughtfully; first, of a good character; second, of good health; and third, of a good education.

His father suggested to him that fame, power, riches and various other things are held in general esteem among mankind.

"I have thought of it all," said he, "But if I have a good conscience, and good health, and a good education, I shall be able to earn all the money that will be of any use to me, and everything else will come along in its right place."

A wise decision, indeed, for a lad of that age. Let our young readers think of it and profit by it.—*Anon.*

A Heroic Boy.

Some years ago, on the frontiers of Ohio, when the country was rough and sparsely settled, there lived an industrious boy, the son of a poor widow, who exemplified a spirit of heroism and moral courage, that it would be well for every boy to imitate.

Upon one occasion a companion of his proposed to visit a mutual acquaintance, in a distant part of the vicinity from where they lived, on the Sabbath.

"Not on Sunday," said James.

"Why?"

"Because it is not right."

"If you and I do nothing worse than that, Jim, we shall be pretty good fellows."

"We should not be any better, certainly, for doing that."

"Nor any worse, in my opinion," rejoined David.

"My mother would not consent to it," continued James.

"I don't know whether mine