

Family Circle.

Faith, Hope and Charity.

Faith, Hope and Love together stood,
With flowing waves of sun-touched
hair,
In truth a beautiful sisterhood—
I could not choose, each seemed so
fair.
Faith's clear brown eyes were fixed afar;
And though her robe showed many a
chain
Of traveled road wearying load,
Heavenward she looked through mist
and rain.
And ever when her heart felt sad,
And ever when her feet were sore,
She downward glanced, and then grew
glad
To see the shining cross she bore.
Hope's sparkling orbs o'erflowed with
light,
Her buoyant feet scarce touched the
ground,
And even in the darkest night,
Some ray from moon or star she found.
She dried the mourner's falling tear;
The captive half forgot his chain,
And smiled again when she drew near,
Who came like sunshine after rain.
Love's sweet blue eyes were dim with
tears,
She moved about with noiseless grace,
Her tender heart forgot its fears,
And often sought the dreariest place.
Where Faith's clear eyes forgot to look,
And Hope went out with saddened
tread,
Her quiet way she softly took,
And many a prayer and blessing said.
Said I, "O maid of gentle mien,
Though fair are all you sisters three,
Each tenderest grace in you is seen"—
And so I chose sweet charity.

A Wish.

"I wish, I wish, I wish," sang
little Maud, the daughter of a wealthy
farmer near C.
As the setting sun was casting
his last rays on the earth, he lit
up the fair face of the little girl,
around which played the most
beautiful of golden curls. She was
walking through a field richly per-
fumed with the breath of a multi-
tude of clover-blossoms, near the
road-side.
"I wish, I wish," the tune sung
was simple and attracted the atten-
tion of a passer-by.
"What is it you wish, little one?"
kindly asked he.
Maud looked at him shyly; for
she was much surprised that she
was discovered. But she soon re-
plied, "Oh, I want a nice little
pony that I may call my own; I
want a nice new dress; oh, I want
ever so many nice things that girls
like me want." (Maud was but
nine years old.)
"Well, that is quite a wish; but

what were you doing here?"

"I was hunting for a four-leaved
clover. Nurse said when one finds
a four-leaved clover, and makes a
wish he is sure to get what he
wants."

The stranger smiled at the sim-
ple story. "That sounds nice; but
let me tell you something better.

"Away in the East, where the
land is as free as here, there lived a
great king, and he having become
quite old, died. His son then took
his father's throne. He was a good
man, and loved God. One night
he dreamed that God talked to
him and to ask whatever he wish-
ed and he would give it to him.

"Now, this great king did not
ask for money, neither asked he for
more land than he had. He told
God that he was like a little child;
that he knew nothing; and that he
was king, and asked of God to give
him wisdom. Then God told him
that because he had not asked to
live long, nor for money, he would
give him what he wished for, that
he should be the wisest man that
ever lived, and that he would give
him all the other things besides.
Then he awoke, but God did for
him just as he had told him in his
dream.

"Now, we can have everything
that is good, for us that we wish to
have, if we ask God to give it to us.
This is true, but no one ever yet
got his wish just because he found
a four leaved clover."—*Sel.*

Obeying Orders.

"He that is faithful in that which is least, is
faithful also in much." Luke xvi. 10.

An English farmer was one day
at work in the field when he saw a
party of huntsmen riding about his
farm. He had one field that he
was specially anxious they should
not ride over, as the crop was in a
condition to be badly injured by
the tramp of horses; so he dispatch-
ed a boy in his employ to this field
telling him to shut the gate and
keep watch over it, and on no ac-
count to suffer it to be opened. The
boy went as he was bid, but was
scarcely at his post before the
huntsmen came up, peremptorily
ordering the gate to be opened.
This the boy declined to do, stating
the orders he had received, and his
determination not to disobey them.
Threats and bribes were offered
alike in vain. One after another
came forward as spokesman, but all
with the same result; the boy re-
mained immovable in his determi-
nation not to open the gate. After
awhile, one of noble presence ad-

vanced and said, in commanding
tones: "My boy, do you know me?
I am the Duke of Wellington—one
not accustomed to be disobeyed;
and I command you to open the
gate, that, I and my friends may
pass through."

The boy lifted his cap and stood
uncovered before the man whom
all England delighted to honor;
then answered firmly: "I am sure
the Duke of Wellington would not
wish me to disobey orders. I must
keep this gate shut; no one is to
pass through but with my master's
express permission.

Greatly pleased, the sturdy old
warrior lifted his hat, and said:
"I honor the man or boy who can
be neither bribed nor frightened into
doing wrong. With an army of
such soldiers I could conquer not
only the French, but the world."
And handing the boy a glittering
sovereign the old Duke put spurs to
his horse and galloped away; while
the boy ran off to his work, shout-
ing at the top of his voice: "Hur-
rah! hurrah! I've done what Na-
poleon couldn't do—I've kept out
the Duke of Wellington.—*Watch-
word.*

Suffering of Arctic Travelers.

The story of the ill-starred *Jean-
nette* which has lately been told by
the survivors, before the board of
investigation at Washington, is of
the most distressing character. The
narrative of Seaman Ninderman,
told in plain sailor fashion, needs no
embellishment to make it of thrill-
ing interest.

After Captain De Long had be-
come too much exhausted to travel
further, he sent Ninderman and
Noros ahead to find a settlement
and bring help. He thought that
there was a settlement about twelve
miles further on, and that the men
could reach it in three or four days.
Ninderman had no hope of finding
assistance, but De Long said:

"Ninderman, do the best you
can. If you find assistance come
back as soon as you can, and if you
don't you will be as well off as we
are." They were then supplied
with a rifle, forty rounds of amuni-
tion, and three ounces of alcohol.
When they were ready they shook
hands with everybody and started
up the river, the party giving three
cheers as they separated from them.

The first day of their forced
march the two men looked back
frequently to see if their comrades
were following, as it was the cap-
tain's intention to follow in their

footsteps, but they soon lost sight
of the party.

Instead of being three or four
days upon the road, it was twelve
before they saw another human
being.

All that they had to sustain life
was the game which they occasion-
ally were able to bring down with
their rifles. They were soon re-
duced to the necessity of drinking
willow tea, and eating a boot sole
which they soaked and burned.
They kept going from one point to
another till night would fall, then
they found shelter as best they
could. One night they dug a hole
in the drift with a sheath knife,
and it was midnight before the hole
was big enough to hold both. They
crawled in and closed the hole be-
hind them to keep the snow from
drifting in, and wrapping themselves
in the blankets, remained during
the night. They got no sleep, as
both were wet up to their waists,
and had to keep knocking their
feet together to keep from freezing.
Noros would occasionally drop off
to sleep, and, after allowing him to
sleep about five minutes, Ninder-
man would wake him and tell him
to knock his feet together or he
would freeze. Thus they spent the
night, and were glad when morning
came. When they tried to get out
they found it hard work, as the
snow had drifted during the night.
After almost incredible suffering,
living upon burned bones and
pieces of their seal skin clothing,
and sleeping in cracks in the snow
banks, they reached a deserted hut,
where they found some molded fish,
which they boiled and ate. Here
they sought refuge, overcome by
disease and exhaustion, and it was
here that a native found them and
carried them to a settlement, only
in time to save their lives, but not
in time to carry aid to their brave
commander.—*Ex.*

The Bishop of Zululand thus
closes his report to the Society for
the Propagation of the Gospel:
"Opportunities for mission work
are far more freely given now than
at any previous time, and the leaven
out of twenty years' slow and pain-
ful toil has been quietly working.
If only more effort could be made,
if more money and devoted men
and women were forthcoming, a
rich harvest might, in God's good
time, be looked for among some of
the finest heathen races on the face
of the earth."—*Ex.*