

The Family Circle.

FOR A BELIEVER IN WORLDLY BUSINESS.

Lo, I come with joy to do
The Master's blessed will!
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve His pleasure still.
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I still would choose the better part;
Serve with careful Martha's hands,
And humble Mary's heart.

ADULT SABBATH SCHOOL CLASSES.

Rev. G. A. Pelz, Pastor of Tabernacle Baptist Church made an interesting address at the late Sunday School Institute in this city, which is reported in the Sunday School Times.

His theme was "Adult Classes in the Sunday-school,"—not the two or three classes found in most of our schools and called by that name, but something broader, grander than that. Not classes restricted to the school-room, but if need be, meeting in the main audience-room of the church; and if need be, forming a separate department, with a superintendent, and embracing all the members of the church, and of the community, who can be induced to come together, to be instructed out of God's Word.

Among the reasons which may be urged in favor of such a plan in every church, the speaker mentioned the following:
1. In the first place it would greatly enlarge at once the field for Christian labor. Every pastor of experience has found that he must have something for all his members to do. God has made activity the great means of development, in religious as in other life; and it is better for Christians to be at work, even if they accomplish nothing, than to have nothing to do. Here, then, in an adult school, you open at once a door for labor. There must be another superintendent, and other officers and teachers, and all the pupils will be taught that they have a work to do, and thus a large company will be occupied in receiving and imparting good that would not have been engaged in any such systematic service for Christ. The speaker felt that pastors and warm-hearted Christians would be amazed, if they would make an effort in the direction of adult classes, to find how much work there was to be done within their own congregations, and how many people could be found among them to do it.

2. Then look at the amount of instruction that would thus be imparted, that would not be imparted if it were not for this form of effort. We are all conscious that the Christian community needs to be instructed. With all the instruction that they receive from the pulpit and the religious press, there is a kind to be got in the class that can be got in no other way. The study required on the part of teacher and scholar brings a discipline of mind and an informing of the mind with facts and principles and arguments, that it could not or would not otherwise take the pains to secure. Then, too, a vast amount of instruction could be scattered by means of a circulating library, adapted for adult readers. In the speaker's own church they had tried the experiment, and it was working wonderful results for good. In some of the classes their competent teachers allowed the pupils to suggest topics for conversation and discussion, on points of church history, doctrine, and practice, that might profitably be introduced; the practical operations of the church, and of plans for doing good in the world, benevolent, philanthropic, and Christian; and thus, by the requisite study on the teacher's part, a vast fund of useful knowledge can be collected, and a practical interest created that the whole church will feel. This can be realized the idea of the first speaker, that our Sabbath-schools should become veritable theological seminaries. As it is we lose many of our precious youth just at an age when they ought to be received into some such adult class, and to be kept moving on, in graded steps, from the infant-class till they reach the age of old men and women in the Sabbath-school, studying the blessed theology in the Book of God.

3. Aside from this expansion of the field of labor, and the vast amount of instruction that may be imparted, there is a third reason why the formation of adult classes

should be secured in every Sabbath-school: it gives such a perfect supervision of one's whole church and congregation. Every pastor has longed for some plan which would enable him to grasp all the material that God has placed around him, and that will keep him informed of the fidelity of his people, and put him in direct communication with them. A well regulated and administered adult school will show the pastor and the superintendent, by its class-books, notes of attendance, lessons, &c., much that he needs to know and cannot obtain well by any other means. If the pastor discovers any member that is delinquent, he can address himself at once to that case; and the power of association in the class, the classic, the hold the teacher may have, or the superintendent, on such a one can be used as a means and motive for reform. This plan of adult classes will also tend to relieve several chronic difficulties in the Sabbath-school system—prominent among them, the questions of interesting the parents, and of retaining the older scholars.

The practical point was now reached, how shall we go about to get up an adult school. First, consider the field. Select your superintendent. If you design organizing a school in a separate room from the Sabbath-school already in operation, you will need another superintendent. Have the room ready—it may in most cases be the audience chamber of your church. Then let the superintendent go and sit down by the pastor who will be glad to welcome him on such an errand, and look over the members of the church, with this question, Can we find teachers here? Take this list of those whom you think will make suitable teachers, and go to each one of them, talk and pray over the subject with them all, till their hearts are interested and fired with the subject. Then when you have gained their assent, go over your list again and assign to each the post for which he seems to be best qualified: here is one for the young men's Bible-class, here one for the young ladies, and here one for the fathers and mothers' class. Every pastor and superintendent will be astonished to find, if this work is faithfully done, how much good material they have which had before been hidden away in obscurity. In going over his own congregation he had found a young man who had never been in the Sabbath-school. They fixed upon him as a suitable teacher for a young men's class. On going to him to secure his assent, he gave it with promptness, saying it was what he had desired. Two or three young men were found and introduced to him, and the class now numbers twenty to twenty-five pupils, young men who had before been hanging on the outskirts of the congregation, on whom none seemed to have any hold. These were thus brought in. Some may object to this, that they have none in their church that can or will act as teachers,—all are now engaged in the Sabbath-school who have any heart in the work or any qualifications for it. It is really doubtful whether any church is thus exhausted. If the matter is fully canvassed, teachers will be found where it was little dreamed there were any. In his own church a worthy widow, of peculiar characteristics, was called upon for this work, and on being asked what kind of a class she felt she could undertake, replied that if there were any who wanted counsel or advice, any who were in sorrow and needed a friend, she would like to become acquainted with them. And there are many mothers in Israel who are eminently fitted for this kind of work, and their talents should be employed for the Master in this way. Seek out these cases. Work all your material. And if it really be the case that you have not enough teachers, then the blessedness of this plan suggested is, that you can get along without a full corps of teachers. Let two or three earnest men and women take hold of the matter, and begin, so let a portion of Scripture which they shall think and study and pray over during the week, and expound and explain it as they may be able on the Sabbath. With the help of the pastor and these earnest spirits the plan can be adopted in almost any and every place, and the idea of teaching the Scriptures be carried out.

OBEY PROMPTLY AND FULLY.

On one of the islands in New York harbor was a rendezvous for soldiers during the late war. Here they lived in barracks while the regiments were forming out of newly enlisted soldiers, and were constantly drilled by officers sent down to them for this purpose. When they came they were raw recruits entirely unacquainted with the duties of a soldier. Every day they were paraded, marched, and made familiar with the burdens they would have to carry when on a campaign, and with the use of their arms. This drilling, until the men had become used to it, was very severe labor, but it was of great service to the young soldier, preparing him to endure greater hardships when on the field.

Sometimes the movements of the new men were very awkward and amusing.

A German sergeant had a squad of men in charge, which he was putting through the manual of arms, and accustoming to the various orders of the field. At length he brought them down upon the shore, and having got them into line, he gave the word of command in his broken English, "Forwards! March!" On they moved regularly enough until they came to the brink of the water, expecting every instant to hear the word, halt! But not a word spake the sergeant. The line hesitated, broke, halted. "Who said, halt?" shouted the angry German, "Forwards! March!" He thundered at the top of his voice. "When I wishes you to stop, I shall say, halt!" He wished to teach them to obey the word of command, without hesitation, whatever was before them. Soon, streams would be considered no obstacles, and they would be obliged to rush from boats to make a landing with the water breast high.

It is the great thing of life to learn, always, without hesitation, to obey the word of command, whether from friends, from conscience, or the Bible, whatever may be the consequences. Sometimes our life depends upon obedience.

A brakeman whose business it was to attend to the turn-outs near the station, on an important railroad line, once heard the shriek of an express train as it came thundering along. He hurried to the brakes; when, whom should he see upon the track running towards him? It was his little boy, about four years of age, exactly between the rails over which the terrible train was coming! He had only a moment for consideration. The train could not be stopped soon enough by the engineer, even if he saw the child. If he rushed to save his child the whole train would run off the track, and God only knew how many lives might be lost. It was his duty to alter the brakes. There was but one thing to be done.

"Lay right down, my son!" he shouted at the top of his voice. He unlocked his bar; he changed the track for the train, and fell upon the earth almost unconscious, as with an awful roar the immense engine, with its long train swept by.

What if that little boy had hesitated to obey! What if he had continued to run towards his father! What if he had first asked the question, why he should do so!

But it was not so. Down went the little fellow, at the word of command, flat upon his face. Down upon his face remained the little boy, until, when the train was passed, the father hurried to him as rapidly as his fainting limbs would permit, and raised him up unharmed.

How beautiful and noble is obedience to duty in the hour of danger! We never weary of reading Mrs. Hemans' touching poem upon "Cassabianca," or of admiring the noble boy, standing at his post upon the burning ship, where his father had stationed him, waiting for the order to retire, from the lips that were then silent in death, although he knew it not.

There was a cry of fire near a large school-house in the city. The children in the school were very much affrighted; and in spite of the efforts of their teachers, began to rush to the doors and stairs, thus periling their limbs and lives.

But there was one little girl who remained quietly in her seat. She looked very pale and trembled, and the tears stood in her eyes. Very much struck by her appearance, and by her remaining at her desk, her teacher asked her why she did not do as the other girls did. "My father is a fireman," she said, "and he told me whenever there was a cry of fire, while I was in school, to remain quiet in my seat; for that was the safest way. I was dreadfully frightened, but I knew that my father had told me what was best, so I sat still, when they ran to the doors."

Certainly it is always best to obey those that are older and wiser than ourselves; and especially to obey promptly, cheerfully and faithfully every command that God has written in his Word. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."—Zion's Herald.

TIPPLING WOMEN IN NEW YORK.

It is never an agreeable task to expose to public gaze vices that affect the morality of any class of persons, and especially of women; but if exposure is necessary to secure reform, it becomes the duty of some one to bring to light the hidden evil. Is it true, then, that in New York women are in the habit of tippling? In answer to this question I will present some facts which have come to my knowledge, and the reader may then draw his own conclusions. I propose neither to moralize nor to generalize, but to particularize.

There is,—or there was very recently,—a daughter of one of the most prominent and wealthy business men of New York, an inmate of an asylum for cure of habitual inebriates. She is, aside from this sad vice, a young lady who, it is said, has adorned the circles of New York society in which she moved. She had become so wedded to the habit of getting intoxicated, that it was deemed imperatively necessary to remove her from the reach of temptation, and subject her to a course of medical treatment that might break up the fatal practice.

Near Fifth Avenue, in a fashionable up-town street, there is a genteel hotel,—or, more strictly speaking, a boarding-house for fashionable families, though it calls itself a hotel, and bears a sign over the door to that effect. There is no public bar in this house, and it is not open for the accommodation of travellers. Its inmates are composed exclusively of well-to-do families, and individuals of both sexes, who all dress, converse and behave as fashionable New Yorkers commonly dress, converse and behave. A lady of my acquaintance who boarded in this house last winter relates that the use of liquor was common with several of the women who lived there. There was especially one lady—a charming person in other respects—who was almost habitually tipsy, and visited the rooms of other ladies while in that condition. One night, at the hour of two o'clock, this lady came to the room of my acquaintance and rapped loudly. When the door was opened the visitor entered in a state of beastly intoxication. With a thick and stumbling utterance, she declared that she was sick, and wanted brandy. "I have no brandy," was the reply. "Go back to bed."

The woman refused to go without being furnished with brandy. She made such a disturbance that the occupants of other rooms were roused, and it was finally found necessary to put her out of the room by main force.

The next morning the nocturnal visitor called upon the lady she had disturbed, and made an abject apology. She said that her

husband had taken her brandy bottle from her, and that the deprivation drove her nearly wild.

So much annoyance was occasioned by the conduct of this victim of a debasing appetite that it was resolved to complain of her to the landlady, and secure her ejection from the house. The resolution was taken at a late hour of the night, when she was creating a disturbance. When the complainers reached the door of the landlady's room—which was on the first floor, a considerable distance from the scene of disturbance—they paused, hearing a high voice speaking within. What was their consternation at finding that the landlady herself was drunk, and that her husband was at that moment taking her to task for it! Of course all purpose of complaining was at once abandoned. I know another instance of a lady who was found staggering about the halls of a large hotel, late at night, in a state of profound intoxication.

One night, when I was returning home, between two and three o'clock, from my usual labors in the office of one of the New York morning papers, my attention was attracted by a group of four persons, faultlessly attired and of genteel aspect—save that they were all more or less drunk. There were two ladies and two gentlemen. One of the ladies was nearly helpless from intoxication; the other was only drunk enough to be silly, and, in short, unladylike. So bad was her behavior that I believed her to be a woman of ill-repute; but subsequently learned that she was the young and idolized daughter of one of our most respectable families.

The above are "after dark" examples. The sun shines on others quite as painful.

My sister, a widow lady from the interior of the State, now visiting in the city, called on me to-day at my office. She informs me that there was a well-dressed woman, well appearing in other respects, in the street car that she had just left, who was so deeply intoxicated that she was incapable of entering or leaving the car without assistance. She also tells me that on the Hudson River steambot which brought her to town, a few weeks since, a New York lady of elegant manners and dress, and whose conversation had charmed her during the evening, confidentially offered her a "swig" from her brandy bottle, as they were retiring to their state-rooms for the night.

"Thank you, I never taste liquor," said my sister.

"No? So much the better for you. As for me, I cannot exist without it."

One of the fashionable "institutions" of New York is what is termed a "lady's lunch." It is in reality an elaborate dinner, for which invitations are extended to ladies only, and is given at an hour of the day when the gentlemen are down town at business, in Wall Street and elsewhere. These "lunches" are common in Fifth Avenue, and on all the fashionable "squares" and "places." There are generally given with the "lunch," or dinner, the following courses of beverages: With the oysters, Chablis or Sauterne; with the soup and fish, sherry; with the meats, champagne and Burgundy; and after coffee, curacao, absinthe, and other "liquors," and frequently brandy. As a natural result, the ladies get hilarious, some of them deeply intoxicated, and scenes and dances follow, that, to say the least, would not be indulged in elsewhere. This orgy is kept up till exhaustion supervenes, and about five o'clock, P. M., the feminine debauchees enter their carriages and are driven to their "aristocratic" homes.

The foregoing facts I can verify. Such other facts, as the merriment of fashionable ladies over their champagne at dinners; their drinking beer in oyster saloons; their calling for whisky slings and gin cocktails in popular Broadway restaurants; and the like, I deem too common, too well known, too obvious to everyday observers, to call for mention.

WHAT A LITTLE BOY CAN DO.

"I wish, I wish, I wish," said a little boy, who awoke early one morning, and lay in bed thinking. "I wish I was grown up, so as to do some good. If I was Governor, I would make some good laws, or I would be a missionary; or I would get rich, and give away so much to poor people; but I am only a little boy, and it will take me plenty of years to grow up." And so, was he going to put off doing good till then? "Well," he said to himself while he was dressing, "I know what I can do. I can be good; that is left to little boys." Therefore, when he was dressed, he knelt and asked God to help him to be good, and try to serve Him all day with all his heart, and not forget. Then he went down stairs to finish his sums.

No sooner was he seated with his clean slate before him, than his mother called him to run into the wood-house and find his little brother. He did not want to leave his lessons, yet he cheerfully said "I'll go, mother;" and away he ran. And how do you think he found his brother? With a sharp axe in his hand. "I chop," he said; and quite likely the next moment he would have chopped off his little toes. The little boy only thought of minding his mother; but who can tell if his ready obedience did not save his baby brother from being a cripple for life?

As he was going on an errand for his mother, he saw a poor woman, whose foot had slipped on the newly made ice, and she fell; and in falling she had spilled her bag of beans, and basket of apples, and some little boys were snatching up her apples and running off with them. The little boy stopped and said, "Let me help you to pick up your beans and apples;" and his nimble fingers quickly helped her out of her mishap. He only thought of being kind; he did not know how his kind act comforted the poor woman long after she got home, and how she prayed to God to bless him.

At dinner, as his father and mother were talking, his father said, roughly, "I shall not

do anything for that man's son: the old man always did his best to injure me." "But, father," said the boy, looking into his father's face, "does not the Bible say we must return good for evil?" The little boy did not know that his father thought of what his son had said all the afternoon, and said within himself "My boy is more of a Christian than I am: I must be a better man."

When he came home from school at night, he went to the cage and found his dear canary-bird dead. "O mother! and I tended birdie so, and I loved him so, and he sang so sweetly;" and the little boy burst into tears over his poor favorite. "Who gave birdie's life, and who took it again?" asked his mother, stroking his head. "God," he answered through his tears, "and He knows best;" and he tried to hush himself.

A lady sat in a dark corner in the room. She had lost her two children; and though she hoped they had gone to the heavenly land, she would rather have had her little sons back again. But when she beheld the little boy's patience and submission to his Father in heaven, she said, "I too will trust Him, like this little child." Her heart was touched, and she went home with a little spring of healing gushing up there, and she became henceforth a better mother to the children yet left to her.

When the little boy laid his head on his pillow that night, he thought, "I am too small to do any good; but O, I do want to be good, and to love the Saviour, who came down from heaven to die for me. I do want to become one of the heavenly Father's dear children."

The heavenly Father's children are sometimes called children of light; and does it not seem as if beams of light shone from this little child, warming, blessing everybody that came in his way? Who will say he did not do good?

A NORWEGIAN HYMN.

Merciful Father, take in Thy care
The child, as he plays by the shore;
Send Him Thy Holy Spirit there,
And leave him alone no more.
Slippery the way, and high is the tide;
Still, if Thou keepest him close to Thy side,
He never will drown, but live for Thee,
And then at last Thy heaven will see.

Wondering where her child is astray,
The mother stands at the cottage door,
Calls him a hundred times a day,
And fears he will never come more;
But then she thinks, whatever be his fate,
The Spirit of God will be his Guide,
And Christ the blessed, his little Brother
Will carry him back to his longing mother.
—Byornsterne Byornson.

MAKING EXPLANATIONS TO ST. PETER.

E. D. Mansfield, in an article published in the Central Herald on the Religion of Public Men, tells this anecdote respecting the late Gov. Corwin:

"Corwin, I should like to know, if you have no objections, what are your religious views?" "Certainly," said he, "I believe in the doctrines of what are called the orthodox Churches. I have no objection to them. I was brought up a Baptist, and so far as they have peculiar views, I am a Baptist. But, S—, there is one thing in which your churches are wrong. You say too much and do too little. Some of your members when they go to the gates of heaven, and ask St. Peter to let them in, will have to make a good many explanations. Now, there are two members of your Church that will illustrate what I mean. There is old L—. He is in good standing, and orthodox; but L— lends money at twelve per cent. interest. Now, when L— goes to the gate of heaven, and St. Peter asks who he is, and he says, L—; you may explain, he will have to make a good many explanations. I don't say he won't be let in; but he will have to explain. Now there is another man in your church—you know him, Judge C—. The other day I saw his team in town with a good load of wood. Several persons came round to buy it. 'No,' said the driver, 'it is engaged.' A little while after, I was walking down street, by the widow W.'s house, and I saw the same team unloading the wood at Mrs. W.'s. I thought it strange; for Mrs. W. was poor, and wood was high. So I stepped in and said 'Mrs. W. how much do you pay for wood?' 'O, Mr. Corwin, I don't pay anything for wood. I can't afford to buy wood. Judge C— sent this wood; and whenever I am out of wood, somehow he sends me a load, and sometimes he sends me a sack of flour.' Now, S—, when C— goes up to the gate of heaven, it will fly wide open. St. Peter wants no explanations!"

"FAITHFUL TO THE END."

When Sir Thomas More lay in prison for conscience' sake he was visited by his wife, who was a somewhat worldly wise woman.

"What, the goodyear, Mr. More," said she in the dialect of those days. "I marvel that you, who have been hitherto always taken for a wise man, will so play the fool as to lie here in this close filthy prison, and be content to be shut up thus with mice and rats, when you might be abroad at your liberty, with the favor and good will both of the King and his council, if you will but do as the bishops and the best learned men of his realm have done; and seeing that you have at Chelsea a right fair house, your library, your books, your gallery, and all other necessaries so handsome about you, that you might, in company with me, your wife, your children, and household, be merry—I muse (wonder) what in God's name you mean, here thus fondly to tarry?"

"He heard her out and then said,— 'I pray thee, good Mrs. Alice, tell me one thing.' " "What is it?" saith she. "Is not this house as near heaven as my own?"

Sir Thomas More had his eye on a heavenly home; but his wife looked only to the "right fair house" at Chelsea. He was "faithful to the end." Are you?