The Family Circle.

UNDER THE SHADOW.

BY ALICE CARY.

My sorrowing friend, arise and go
About thy house with patient care;
The hand that bows thy head so low
Will bear the ills thou canst not bear.

Arise, and all thy tasks fulfill.
And as thy day thy strength shall be;
Were there no power beyond the ill,
The ill could not have come to thee.

Though cloud and storm encompass thee,
Be not afflicted nor afraid;
Thou knowest the shadow could not be,
Were there no sun beyond the shade.

For thy beloved dead and gone,
Let sweet, not bitter, tears be shed;
Nor "open thy dark saying on
The harp," as though thy faith were dead.

Could'st thou e'en have them reappear,
In bodies plain to mortal sense,
How were the miracle more clear
To bring them than to take them hence?

Then let thy soul cry in thee thus
No more; nor let thine eyes thus weep;
Nothing can be withdrawn from us
That we have any need to keep.

Arise, and seek some light to gain
From life's dark lesson day by day,
Nor just rehearse its peace and pain—
A wearied actor at the play.

Nor grieve that will so much transcends
Thy feeble powers, but in content
Do what thou canst, and leave the ends
And issues with the Omnipotent.

Dust as thou art and born to woe,
Seeing darkly, and as through a glass,
He made thee thus to be, for lo!
He made thee grass, and flower of grass.

The tempest's cry, the thunder's moan,
The waste of waters wild and dim,
The still small voice thou hear'st alone—
All, all alike interpret Him.

Arise, my friend, and go about
Thy darkened house with cheerful feet;
Yield not one jot to fear nor doubt,
But baffled, broken, still repeat:

"'Tis mine to work, and not to win—
The soul must wait to have her wings—
Even time is but a landmark in
The great eternity of things.

"Is it so much that thou below,
O heart, shouldst fail of thy desire,
When death, as we believe and know,
Is but a call to come up higher?"

BID'S TRIAL.

"I wish I had some *real* playthings, like Em. Shaw's; everything I've got is make-believe," I said, discontentedly, as I sat before my play-house, examining article after article, and then the collected whole, with a weary, dissatisfied air.

Until within a very few weeks that play-house had seemed to me a marvel of beauty. We children—Annie, Kate, Mary, and I—had the garret all to ourselves. Annie's house was in the southwest corner, and constituted the town of Milford. Kate's was in the southeast corner, and was the town of Orange. Mary's and mine were close together, and we had a little store between, so we called that a city; and, of course, that was New Haven. The great old-fashioned chimney, with its rough stones coming out into the room, filled the whole north side of the garret, and that we made believe to be West Rock. You'll easily guess what State we lived in, and what part of it, from seeing how we named our towns.

The garret was so large that it was really quite a nice doll journey from Milford to Orange, and from both places to the city. Mary and I used always to be very glad to see our "country cousins" when they came to visit us; and we never treated them to "cold shoulder," but gave them the very best we had—even if after they were gone we did say sometimes to each other, "It is strange how kind of countrified folks will get to looking, who live so far from the city!"

We would sometimes invite them to join us on a picnic on West Rock. Then we started early in the morning—of our doll day—and had a long and toilsome ascent in our box-wagons up the rough stones of the chimney, till we came to a place where it took an abrupt cant in the opposite direction, and where there was quite a large flat stone; this was the top of the rock, and here we had our seed-cakes, and our gingernuts, and our one or two raisins, which perhaps we had saved for days for this special occasion.

My house—which I have said was in the city, and which I had heretofore considered very grand—was what remained of a little hanging book-case which had once hung in my own room, but which mother had taken down, because the upper shelf came off. I considered this rather of an improvement, because it made the ceiling of my upper story so much higher. I had two good floors, well-defined and shut in by the book-case sides. All the other children had to set up boxes to wall in their play-houses, (for you must remember this was ever so many years ago, when children did not usually have such elegant things to play with as they do now). Then in the middle of my parlor I had a gorgeous mirror—it had been the looking-glass in the top of my grown-up sister's work-box; and I had an elegant glass pier-table;—it was the bottom and standard of a glass preserve dish; and I had beautiful carpets—strips of heavy brocade silk ribbon, which had come to me by some chance; and, most wonderful of all, I had a stuffed rocking-chair, which my sister Jule had given me for a Christmas present. She cut it out of pasteboard, and covered it with black silk. You see I really was the best housekeeper, and had the finest house in all the garret. How proud I had been about it! But now I sat before it discontentedly. All its beauty in my eyes had passed away. I had been playing of late with Em. Shaw. Her father was a candy-peddler, and used to travel round the country in a great covered wagon, with four horses; and almost every week, when he came home, he would bring Em. something. She had a black sofa, with red velvet back and seat, and some beautiful red wooden chairs, with blue bottoms, and a table with a real drawer, and ever so many other things, that I cannot remember now; but, dear me! how I used to know every one of them then, and sigh over them, too. Everything I had in my play-house was "make believe," except just that rocking-chair; and that seemed about half so—for, though I used to think it was so grand, I knew now that it wasn't bought, but that Jule made it.

Well, Christmas came at last, and Santa Claus, having heard my murmurs, I suppose, had granted me my heart's desire. It was a bureau, about three inches high and two wide, and it had two drawers in it! I don't think the world ever, before or since, has contained a richer or a prouder creature than I was that Christmas! At last I had a real piece of furniture. To be sure, the drawers weren't big enough to hold even a doll-baby's handkerchief; still, they were drawers, and would shove in and out, and it was as nice as anything Em. Shaw had, and my bliss was complete! Indeed, so proud was I that I subverted my gift from its natural design, a place in the play-house, and carried it round with me, to exhibit my treasure on all possible occasions. But ah! how short-lived is earthly happiness; and children must learn the lesson.

Just a little while before this, there had been a new play-house set up in the previously unoccupied corner of the garret. My father had taken into the family a little girl, who was the daughter of an old friend. Her mother had died, and her father was very poor; and so father had taken his little girl. She was younger than I, and very small of her age, and had large black eyes, with a general expression of injured innocence. And my sister—the one that made me the rocking-chair, and gave me the work-box glass—had now reached the sentimental age; and so she called Sophia (that was her name) her *protegé*, and made much of her. I did not at all know what that word meant, but I thought it was something very disagreeable; for Jule took no notice of me now, and every nice thing that she had to give away went into the play-house of this *protegé*. So you see I did not love the new-comer very much. My new treasure had not been mine a great while—not long enough for me to tire of it in the least—when father called me to him one day, saying, "What has Bid got here?" Quite proud and delighted, I exhibited my gift. I was disappointed to see it did not make the impression on him which I had expected. He was a stern man, of few words. He looked at it a few moments; and then, as he handed it back, he said, "This is more fit for Sophia than for you; you may give it to her."

My father's word was a court with no appeals. I dare not remonstrate. I dare not tell him that bureau was dear to me as the apple of my eye, that it was my first *real* plaything, that it was the only thing I had that was one bit like Em. Shaw's. I turned away in silence, rushed for my garret, met the now almost hated *protegé* on my way; and in, I fear, no very gracious manner, gave her my treasure, and then, by the dear old play-house, gave way to my grief. Never a broker on Wall street, when a fall in "Erie" had left him penniless; never a woman of the world, when her grand mansion was swept from her by a single turn of fortune's wheel, was more utterly heart-broken than I. With Mrs. Browning, I can say, "I have met with many losses; and my first was of" that bureau!

But Time, who heals all wounds, at last spread his balm over mine. The family had forgotten all about my trial, and life had begun to look cheerful again, even to me. One night, some months after, father came home from the city—the actual New Haven—at the close of a day's trading. We children all went out to the wagon, as usual, to help him bring in his bundles. There was a pair of shoes for Kate, and some groceries, and some brooms, and a square bundle, which he said was books, and we might put them in the school-room. And there was another big bundle, bigger than the books; and he did not say what that was, but he gave it to me, and said, "Carry it carefully, and put it on the table in the sitting-room." I did so; and, of course, I wondered what it could possibly be. Not because there was anything very mysterious in the looks of the bundle itself, but because he had told us what everything else was, but had not said one word about that.

Well, he came in and took his supper just as usual. Talked with mother about all he had done during the day, spoke to Kate about her shoes, spoke about the books, but never referred to the bundle; and there I was, dying to know what was in it. It got to be almost my bedtime, and I feared I must go to bed with my curiosity unsatisfied; when father, just as he was taking up the paper for his evening reading, laid it down again, and, looking round, as if an idea had just come to his mind, said, "Oh! where is that bundle you brought in, Bid?"

I flew to it. It was in his lap in a twinkling. But it was done up in brown wrappings, and closely tied. He would not cut a single knot, but untied every one! But all were done at length; and, as he took off the last wrapping, it burst forth like a butterfly from its shell—the most beautiful bureau! Solid mahogany, a foot high, with three drawers, the upper one with a "swell front;" and, on a small scale, finer than any bureau mother had in the house, except the one with the carved lion's claws in the "spare chamber!"

Father did not say one word about my former trial and struggle, or how pleased he was that his little girl had obeyed unhesitatingly his commands. He only spoke these words—but they told all the rest: "*There is a bureau about big enough for Bid!*"

LONGFELLOW'S FAREWELL.

Our Poet, who has taught the Western breeze
To waft his songs before him o'er the seas,
Will find them wheresoe'er his wanderings reach
Borne on the spreading tide of English speech
Twin with the rhythmic waves that kiss the farthest beach.

Where shall the singing bird a stranger be
That finds a nest for him in every tree?
How shall he travel who can never go
Where his own voice the echoes do not know,
Where his own garden-flowers no longer learn to grow?

Ah gentlest soul! how gracious, how benign
Breathes through our troubled life that voice of thine,
Filled with a sweetness born of happier spheres,
That wins and warms, that kindles, softens, cheers,
That calms the wildest woe and stays the bitterest tears.

Forgive the simple words that sound like praise;
The mist before me dims my gilded phrase;
Our speech at best is half alive and cold,
And save that tenderer moments make us bold
Our whitening lips would close, their truest truth untold.

We who behold our autumn sun below
The Scorpion's sign, against the Archer's bow,
Know well what parting means of friend from friend;
After the snows no freshening dews descend
And what the frost has marred the sunshine will not mend.

So we all count the months, the weeks, the days,
That keep thee from us in unwonted ways,
Grudging to alien hearths our widowed time;
And one unwinds a clew of artless rhyme
To track thee, following still through each remotest clime.

What wishes, longings, blessings, prayers shall be
The more than golden freight that floats with thee!
And know, whatever welcome thou shalt find—
Thou who hast won the hearts of half mankind—
The proudest, fondest love thou leavest still behind!

SWINDLING THE SEWING GIRLS IN NEW YORK.

The Working-Women's Protective Union, one of the most laudable charities in the land, has just issued its Fifth Annual Report During the last three years of its operations, it has secured employment for over 10,000 persons, has given legal protection in 466 cases, involving over $2000. To illustrate the need of such protection, a number of cases of hardship and flagrant wrong are given, from which we extract the following:

Middle-men are those who stand between employers and employed. They make contracts with the employer to furnish a certain amount of work at a certain price, and then procure the work done in smaller quantities by different persons. In this way they often make large percentages of profit, and always these percentages are deducted from the earnings of those who do the work. With this explanation the office and position of middle-women need no definition.

Such a woman (Miss Prue, we will call her), takes contracts with clothiers to make up quantities of garments. She provides herself with a number of sewing machines and the needed accommodations as work-rooms. Thus prepared, the newspapers proclaim the fact that Miss Prue requires the services of fifty vest makers, or pantaloon-makers, as the case may be, and two or three hundred poor girls flock to the designated number and street, there to beg for the employment. Out of so large a crowd, Miss Prue finds no difficulty in selecting more than enough for her purposes, and on her promise of liberal pay, they commence work. But there is a wide difference between getting work done and paying the work-woman who does it—as Miss Prue has proved by long experience. At the end of the first week the poor women go home disappointed, but in perfect confidence that the little amounts due them will be liquidated in accordance with the promises made. The second week is ended, and new excuses are made, but no money is offered. By this time a few, to whom such experiences are no novelty, determine to trust Miss Prue's promises no longer, and quietly desert her profitless employment. A few are, however, wheedled into continuance during the third and some even into a fourth week. But any thing in the way of payment is not suffered to pass Miss Prue's tight hand—that would be so much wasted, she reasons. The poor girls labor on, hoping against hope for the little amounts already due, and all the more steadily because no other opportunity presents itself. But neither patience nor perseverance avail, and the last lingerer finally yields to despair, and the persecutor of herself and companions remains master of the field. Meanwhile, fresh advertisements have been bringing fresh recruits, though, as the experiences of their predecessors becomes known, the number of final victims is reduced more rapidly. At last the swindle becomes so glaringly known that Miss Prue's arts entrap no more victims. Then the gay work-rooms are abandoned, and the landlord is fortunate if he has obtained his rent, for the removal is effected "between two days."

The morning after this disappearance the newspapers proclaim the demand of Mrs. Pyne, who, in another part of the city, is carrying on a flourishing business and requires much extra help to meet her engagements. Mrs. Pyne's mode of operation is precisely that adopted by Miss Prue; and if we examine closely, we find that Miss Prue and Mrs. Pyne are the same individual. Yet a few weeks later, Mrs. Pyne appears in still another locality, and now her name is Madame Pont. But under whatever name—Prue, Pyne, or Pont—and wherever located, the swindler and the swindle are the same. The field is changed only that new and unsuspecting victims may be found.

Miss Prue's second removal was hastened by the firmness of despair to which one of her poor victims was driven. Anna Gosse had worked three weeks without pay, and emptied her purse in the regular payments for board. At the end of the third week she had been notified that, unless her week's board, then due, were paid, she would *that night* be turned into the street. Knowing that the threat would be fulfilled, she refused to leave her employer's house without payment for her work. And there, in the hall, she remained—despising threats and commands—all the day, all the night. Neither food nor drink she had. Her brutal employer dared not call for force, lest her own misdeeds should be exposed, and at last she yielded to a temporary compromise by paying the poor girl three of the twelve dollars due.

"But why not prosecute?" Good reader, Miss Prue defies prosecution. The sewing machines and furniture are the property of William Graball, and cannot be touched by judgments against her. The Working-Women's Protective Union have procured more than one judgment of court, which the Marshal returns unsatisfied. Through its instrumentality, a law was passed, authorizing imprisonment on such unsatisfied judgments for the unpaid labor of working-women; but "wise" legislators could not believe that women would thus oppress their sex, and hence restricted the operation of the law to men. When they grow wiser, they will provide the same penalty for the same offence by women, and this class of frauds will be lessened.

WHAT MUST YOU DO?

Reader, do you feel the slightest drawing towards God, the smallest concern about your mortal soul? Does your conscience tell you this day that you are not yet forgiven, and have not yet felt the Spirit's power, and do you want to know what to do? Listen, and I will tell you.

You must *go at once to the Lord Jesus Christ in prayer*, and beseech him to have mercy upon you, and send you the Spirit. You must go direct to that open fountain of living waters, the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall receive the Holy Ghost. (John 7: 39.) Begin at once to pray to Jesus for the Holy Spirit. Think not that you are shut up and cut off from hope. The Holy Ghost is promised to them that ask him. Give the Lord no rest till he comes down and makes you a new heart. Cry mightily unto the the Lord; say unto him, "Bless me, even me also; quicken me, and make me alive."

I dare not, for my part, send anxious souls *to any one but Christ*. I cannot hold with those who tell men to pray for the Holy Spirit in the first place, in order that they may go to Christ in the second place, I see no warrant of Scripture for saying so. I only see that if men feel they are needy, perishing sinners, they ought to apply first and foremost, straight and direct, to Jesus Christ. I see He himself says "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." (John 8: 37.) I know it is his special office to baptize with the Holy Ghost, and that "in him all fullness dwells." I dare not pretend to be more systematic than the Bible. I believe that Christ is the meeting-place between God and the soul, and my first advice must always be, *Go to Jesus, and tell your wants to Him.*

Reader, remember this, I have told you what to do. You are to go to CHRIST, if you want to be saved.—*J. C. Ryle.*

PETTED MINISTERS.

Men like to say sharp things of their own profession. Clergymen, lawyers, physicians, and all have a way of turning state's evidence on their brethren. The most striking recent instance of this is in the pithy remark of Rev. John Weiss, before the Free Religious Association in Boston: "Our churches are filled with gentle invalids, veterans of sentiment, nurtured at the public expense, and now lingering out an inglorious but not mute career."

This does not aim to describe the average clergyman, perhaps—the speaker himself being one of the brotherhood—but only the drones and weaklings of that profession. Who does not know them? Who has not met the petted minister at the domestic tea-table? Who has not seen him wave his scented handkerchief in the pulpit, and shake his hyacinthine locks? Who has not turned with delight to the roughest pioneer preacher, unable to speak a grammatical sentence, but able at least to lead a manly life?

But let us not lay the whole blame upon the minister. The curse of the American Church is that doom of flattery which waits upon the popular divine. A hundred influences are at work to effeminate him, for one that works to make him strong. There is a pitiful and unmanly look that comes over the face of even a sincere and hearty man, when he begins to feel the influence of these sweet persecutions. The one-sided attitude of the preacher is a trial in any case. He misses the useful tonic of opposition which the lawyer receives from the opposing counsel, and the doctor from his rival next door. He has things too much his own way, and has not sufficient means to test his work. A man may suppose for years that he is doing good in his parish, and may discover at last that he has been simply tolerated all the time.

A strong man understands this evil, and tries to guard against it. But to be worshipped instead of merely tolerated; to have every sermon accepted as the oracles of God, and every dinner-table pun applauded as a piece of the rarest wit; to live surrounded by bland brethren retailing every casual word, and sympathetic sisters weeping over every roll of the eyes; to be known as "that blessed man" by the old, and as "our beautiful new minister" by the young; to have even one's honest self-depreciation taken as an added proof of saintliness—this is what demoralizes the petted minister.

For few men can bear petting. Not one in a thousand is strong enough to endure this attributed infallibility. Preaching is softened down to meet the flattery half way. The preacher who, in discoursing before Louis XIV., said solemnly, "We must all die," and then, with a courtly bow toward the king, added, "Almost all," was a petted minister. The English dean who warned his hearers (so Pope says) that unless they mended their manners, they would reach a place "which he would not mention in so polite an assembly," was a petted minister.

We do not advocate a coarse roughness among the clergy. Followers of Him who was called, not irreverently, "the first true gentleman that ever breathed," they should at least have the refinement that grows out of stainless lives. It was said of John Newton, by some amazed individual, that "he had the manners of a gentleman, though he had been a buccaneer and was still a clergyman." But we wish to see our clergy too truly dignified to be petted, and too much in earnest to be treated like fops. We do not wish to see their manly qualities spoiled by such a coating of conceit that one longs to say to them, as Sidney Smith said to Jeffrey, "If you could be surprised into the semblance of modesty, you would charm everybody."

A SUGGESTION.

When superintendent of a Sunday-school, I had a novel and simple arrangement which proved very valuable, and may assist others. A small wooden box, nicely painted, bearing the inscription "Questions," was securely fastened to the wall near the entrance; and through an opening in the top of it, any who desired might thrust in from time to time, any religious or moral questions. Once a month our box was unlocked, and its contents produced before the school, giving any one an opportunity to answer the queries. Eventually our box only received question upon the lessons of the day, which were deposited by teachers and scholars on entering the room. The first plan awakened a great interest among the members of the school and of the community, many of the latter coming expressly at such times to listen to the answers. But the second plan had a wonderful influence, awakening great interest in the lesson. It gave me what I was so anxious to obtain, and could obtain in no other way, some knowledge of what the scholars had been thinking of during the week, and at the same time it aided me in my work of catechising, for it furnished material and secured attention.

INSTINCT OF PRAYER.

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire, unuttered or expressed." It is the natural act of a dependent creature. It is the voice of nature in its deep-toned breathings speaking to God. There is something nearly akin to prayer observable, even in inarticulate nature; "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain." The earth unnerved and torn by throbbing earthquakes and belching volcanos, seems as if struggling to give utterance to some terrible sense of woe.

The vast deep, ever restless and wailing, seems as if an indistinct sentiment of terror was sweeping over its rough-billowed bosom. The utterance of the brutes may be interpreted as the dim consciousness of want and dependence, But it is in man that this divine instinct becomes audible. Man alone is conscious of his helplessness, and in this consciousness can alone turn to a superior power. His whole life from his cradle years of infancy to hoary age, teaches but one lesson—that of ignorance, of infirmity, and of dependence, upon the God who made him. There are no wise, but feel their ignorance and need of divine light and guidance; and this feeling, he breaks forth with the dying Goethe: "Light, Lord—more light!" The strongest feels his weakness. His pulse beats faintly—and he realizes that his existence is a frail and fragile thing, and in order to strength and sustenance, he must of necessity join himself to the centre of all life. He is unhappy and wretched, and he would quaff the waters that gush from the fountains of life and glory. He is miserable—guilty, and he would flee where mercy can be obtained.

The natural expression of his consciousness is to pray. Prayer is but the voice of man crying to God out of the depths of despair and guilt into which he has fallen. Left to his own guidance, he plunges but the deeper into misery, and from mountain gorges he looks on high, and cries to him who sit enthroned on the everlasting hills, to bring him up from the gates of death and hell. Burdened with such terrible uncertainty and dread, there are but few who do not at times give loud utterance to a bitter, realizing sense of their weakness, and cry to God for help.

It is perfectly natural for man to pray. Pride may deter; shame may bend low its head to conceal its secret sorrow; but the soul feeling the divine breathing of the upper world sweeping o'er it, yearns to open itself to God, as morning flowers open themselves to the genial warmth and light of the sun, There is not a warm, pure, ennobling, gushing emotion of our nature, but naturally breathes out in prayer. In such times all feel that God is the best friend—our natural protector—and hence we look to him alone.—*The Evangel.*

Though we die, our prayers do not die with us: they outlive us, and those we leave behind us in the world may reap the benefit of them when we are turned to dust.