

## The Family Circle.

### MAGGIE READING HER TESTAMENT.

BY MRS. S. E. HENSHAW.

Mamma, when our Lord was a dear little child,  
Did His mother love Him as you love me?  
Do you think that He played, and prattled, and  
smiled,  
And love to clamber upon her knee?

Did she clasp Him close and hold Him long,  
And call Him her own, her heavenly boy,  
And softly humming, sing over the song  
That the angels sang on that night of joy?

Did He say His prayers when he went to sleep,  
Asking God's care for His mother dear?  
Did He ever grieve? Did He ever weep?  
Did He ever wish? Did He ever fear?

Did He always think, I wonder, of God?  
Was He always praying, and never gay?  
Was He always reading the Holy Word?  
Was He not ready sometimes to play?

His playmates, too, I wonder about—  
What were their games when all together;  
I cannot think He would run and shout  
As other boys do in the pleasant weather.

Who taught Him, I wonder, His letters to know,  
Those letters that look so strange and hard;  
I wonder if He to school did go?  
And how early He learned to read the Word.

Did He understand what the prophets meant?  
Did He always feel sure that He was the Lord?  
Did He always know that He had been sent  
To open the straight and narrow road?

He had brothers and sisters the Bible says—  
James, and Jesus, and Simon, and Jude;  
I suppose when they quarrelled, one look of His  
Would make them ashamed, and make them good.

How did He look? I sometimes say,  
And would He have spoken had I been there?  
Spoken and not have sent me away?  
Of His notice allowed me a little share?

At night, I suppose, when all were asleep;  
The angels came and talked with him long;  
Bade Him His faith and His courage keep,  
Sang Him to sleep with a heavenly song.

He lived at Nazareth on the hill;  
Do you think He gazed at the sunset glow,  
And sighed at the glory so bright and still,  
And the toil in the carpenter's shop below?

Thirty long years He waited apart;  
Thirsty to wait, and thirsty to teach;  
All of that time was He searching His heart?  
So long getting ready to heal and to preach?

I shall some time know, for now above,  
Where the golden gates in splendor shine,  
The Lord of Light and the Lord of Love,  
He sits in a glory all divine.

All divine and with naught of earth,  
Save the glorious form which He took away;  
Yet I'm sure he remembers His lowly birth,  
And I know that He hears when children pray.

### JOE BENTON'S COAL YARD.

Just imagine the loveliest May morning  
that ever was made; the sun so lately risen  
that his long, golden hair still trailed on  
the hill tops, and the robins singing such  
extravagant songs, that the violets opened  
their blue eyes as wide as possible, and  
asked a neighboring lilac bush, if he ever  
heard of any one getting drunk on sunshine.  
There must have been something very curious  
in the air that morning, for when little Joe  
Benton sprang out of the back door, with  
hair as golden as the sun's, and eyes as blue  
as the violet's, and voice almost as sweet  
as the robin's, he took one long breath,  
shouted a vigorous hurrah! but seeming  
just as crazy as the birds, he didn't feel at  
all relieved till he had climbed a tree, turned  
three somersaults, and jumped over the  
garden fence.

"Saturday, too," he said to himself, as he  
rested upon the other side, "was there ever  
anything so lucky? Now I'll have just  
time to run down to the brook before break-  
fast, and see if our boat is all right. Then  
I'll hurry home, and learn my lessons for  
Monday; for we boys are to meet and  
launch her at nine o'clock, and the captain  
ought to be up to time."

So Joe's feet clattered vigorously down  
to the little cave, where the precious boat  
was hidden. But as he neared the place,  
an exclamation of surprise escaped him, for  
there were signs of some intruder, and the  
big stone before the cave had been rolled  
away. Hastily drawing forth his treasure,  
he burst into loud cries of dismay, for there  
was the beautiful little boat, which cousin  
Herbert had given him, with its gay sails  
split in a hundred shreds, and a large hole  
bored in the bottom.

Joe stood for a moment motionless with  
grief and surprise; then, with a face as red  
as a peony, he burst forth,—"I know who  
did it! the mean scamp! It was Fritz  
Brown; and he was mad, because I didn't  
ask him to come to the launch. But I'll pay  
him for this caper," said little Joe, through  
his set teeth; and hastily pushing back  
the ruined boat, he hurried a little further  
down the road, and fastening a piece of  
string across the footpath, a few inches  
from the ground, he carefully hid himself  
in the bushes.

Now the good, honest sun was afraid  
something was going wrong, and he held  
a little cloud handkerchief over his eyes,  
but Joe did not notice it. He only knew  
that he was very angry and miserable, and  
he wondered that he had ever thought it  
was a pleasant morning.

Presently a step was heard, and Joe  
eagerly peeped out. How provoking, in-  
stead of Fritz, it was Cousin Herbert,  
the very last person he cared to see, and hastily  
unfastening his string, Joe tried to be very  
quiet. But it was all in vain, for Cousin  
Herbert's sharp eyes caught a curious moving  
in the bushes, and, brushing them right  
and left, he soon came upon little Joe.  
"How's this," cried he, looking straight  
into the boy's blazing face; but Joe an-  
swered not a word. "You're not ashamed  
to tell me what you were doing?"

"No, I'm not," said little Joe, sturdily,

after a short pause; "I'll just tell you the  
whole story," and out it came, down to the  
closing threat, "and I mean to make Fritz  
smart for it."

"What do you mean to do?"  
"Why, you see, Fritz carries a basket  
of eggs to market every morning, and I  
mean to trip him over this string, and  
smash 'em all."

Now Joe knew well enough that he was  
not showing the right spirit, and he mut-  
tered to himself, "Now, for a good scold-  
ing," but to his great surprise, Cousin  
Herbert said quietly:

"Well, I think Fritz does need some  
punishment; but this string is an odd trick.  
I can tell you something better than that."  
"What?" cried Joe eagerly.

"How would you like to put a few coals  
of fire on his head?"

"What, and burn him," said Joe, doubt-  
fully.

Cousin Herbert nodded with a queer  
smile. Joe clapped his hands. "Now,  
that's just the thing, cousin Herbert. You  
see, his hair is so thick, he wouldn't get  
burned much before he'd have time to  
shake 'em off; but I'd just like to see him  
jump once. Now tell me how to do it,  
quick!"

"If thine enemy be hungry, give him  
bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him  
water to drink; for thou shalt heap coals of  
fire upon his head, and the Lord shall re-  
ward thee," said cousin Herbert, gravely;  
"and I think, that's the best kind of punish-  
ment little Fritz could have."

Joe's face lengthened terribly. "Now, I  
do say, cousin Herbert, that's a real take-in.  
That's just no punishment at all."  
"Try it once," said cousin Herbert.  
"Treat Fritz kindly, and I am certain he  
will feel so ashamed and unhappy that he  
would far rather have you kick or beat  
him."

Joe was not really such a bad boy at  
heart, but he was now in a very ill-temper,  
and he said sullenly:—"But you've told me  
a story, cousin Herbert. You said this kind  
of coals would burn, and they don't at all."  
"You're mistaken about that," said his  
cousin, cheerily. "I've known such coals  
to burn up a great amount of rubbish—malice,  
envy, ill-feeling, revenge, and I don't know  
how much more, and then leave some very  
cold hearts feeling as warm and pleasant  
as possible."

"Joe drew a long sigh. "Well, tell me a  
good coal to put on Fritz's head, and I'll  
see about it."  
"You know," said cousin Herbert, smil-  
ingly, "that Fritz is very poor, and can  
seldom buy himself a book, although he is  
extravagantly fond of reading, but you  
have quite a library. Now suppose,—ah!  
well, I won't suppose anything about it.  
I'll just leave you to think over the matter,  
and find your own coal; and be sure and  
kindle it with love, for no other fire burns  
so brightly and so long;" and with a cheery  
whistle cousin Herbert sprang over the  
fence and was gone.

Before Joe had time to collect his thoughts,  
he saw Fritz coming down the lane, carry-  
ing a basket of eggs in one hand, and a pail  
of milk in the other.

For one minute the thought crossed Joe's  
mind, "What a grand smash it would have  
been if Fritz had fallen over the string,"  
and then again he blushed to his eyes, and  
was glad enough that the string was safe  
in his pocket.

Fritz started and looked very uncom-  
fortable, when he first caught sight of Joe,  
but the boy began abruptly, "Fritz, do you  
have much time to read now?"

"Sometimes," said Fritz, "when I've  
driven the cows home, and done all my  
chores, I have a little piece of daylight left;  
but the trouble is, I've read everything I  
could get hold of."

"How would you like to take my new  
book of travels?"  
Fritz's eyes danced. "Oh, may I, may  
I? I'd be so careful of it."

"Yes," answered Joe, "and perhaps I've  
some others you'd like to read. And, Fritz,"  
he added, a little slyly, "I would ask you  
to come and help sail my boat to-day, but  
some one has torn up the sails, and made a  
great hole in the bottom. Who do you sup-  
pose did it?"

Fritz's head dropped upon his breast;  
but for a moment he looked up with a great  
effort and said, "I did it, Joe; but I can't  
begin to tell you how sorry I am. You  
didn't know I was so mean, when you pro-  
mised me the books?"

"Well, I rather thought you did it," said  
Joe, slowly.

"And yet you didn't," Fritz couldn't get  
any further, for his cheeks were in a perfect  
blaze, and he rushed off without another  
word.

"Cousin Herbert was right," said Joe to  
himself; "that coal does burn; but I know  
Fritz would rather I had smashed every egg  
in his basket than offer to lend him that  
book. But I feel fine," and little Joe took  
three more somersaults, and went home  
with a light heart, and a grand appetite for  
breakfast.

When the captain and crew of the little  
vessel met at the appointed hour, they found  
Fritz there before them, eagerly trying to  
repair the injuries; and as soon as he saw  
Joe, he hurried to present him with a beau-  
tiful little flag which he had bought for the  
boat, with a part of his egg-money that  
very morning.

The boat was repaired, and made a grand  
trip, and everything turned out as Cousin  
Herbert had said; for Joe's heart was so  
warm and full of kind thoughts, that he  
never was more happy in all his life. And  
Joe found out afterwards, that the more he  
used of this curious kind of coal, the larger  
supply he had on hand—kind thoughts,  
kind words, and kind actions. "I declare,  
Cousin Herbert," said he, with a queer  
twinkle in his eye, "I think I shall have to  
set up a coal-yard."

The little school-boys, who saw that Joe  
was always happy, studied the secret too;  
and at last, if any trouble or dispute arose

to see how soon all the evil passions were  
burnt to ashes; and how quickly the young  
some one would say, "Let's try a few of  
Joe Benton's coals," and it was astonishing  
hearts grew warm towards each other.  
Come, little Tom, Dick, and Harry, who  
have ever so much rubbish to be burned,  
and whose hearts are all in a shiver with the  
cold, unloving looks you gave each other  
this morning; won't you try, just for once,  
to find out the happy secret that lies in  
little Joe Benton's queer coal yard?—*Helps  
Over Hard Places.*

### ENCOURAGE THE CHILDREN TO GIVE.

Most persons are apt to ignore or despise  
the ability of the little ones to help sustain  
and carry forward a great work; and it is  
my firm belief, that not a few instances  
have transpired of humiliating failure,  
where triumphant success might have been  
secured by a judicious use of the children.

A case, for illustration, came under my  
own observation recently. In a visit to  
one of the counties in Southwest Missouri,  
where I organized a county Sunday-school  
convention, I noticed that the Sunday-schools  
were languishing for want of some inspirit-  
ing music; and I suggested that they get  
an organ to assist them. But I was told  
that effort after effort had failed, and that  
ten dollars could not be got in the town for  
such purposes. I insisted that they were  
mistaken, and was asked to propose a plan.

This I did, by first exciting a desire for it  
in the minds of the little ones, and then  
putting them to work. Two weeks later I  
received a letter, informing me that one  
hundred and fifty dollars had been raised  
and forwarded to St. Louis for the organ,  
and also that the ardour, as manifested by  
the workers, had communicated itself to the  
community, and an increase of fifty per cent.

in attendance was the result. I need  
scarcely add, that the friends in that locality  
no longer ignore that element of power.

This second gift from the Sixth street  
Mission Sunday-school, of five dollars, to  
Miss Chloe Lankton, to help her in her great  
work, following as it does so quickly upon  
their noble New Year offering to Jesus, is  
but the legitimate result of impressing upon  
their minds the fact that they can do some-  
thing, and arousing in their tender hearts  
the noble desire to do that something.

Who can say how many that shall yet  
cast their crowns at Jesus' feet, will trace  
the origin of that bliss back to the humble  
gift of one of those dear lambs of the fold,  
though that giver may wear the garb of  
deepest poverty? Again, I repeat, encour-  
age the children to give.—*S. S. World.*

### ANECDOTE OF DISRAELI'S WIFE.

A story is told of Lady Beaconsfield's de-  
votion to her lord and his ambition, which  
if true, is a touching commentary on the  
unselfishness of womanly affection. On one  
occasion, when Disraeli was Chancellor of  
the Exchequer, his wife accompanied him to  
the Parliament House. It was "Budget"  
night—the most momentous of all sessions to  
the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for he  
had to unfold his financial plans for the en-  
suing year to a critical and not too easily  
satisfied House. Disraeli, as he took his  
place in the carriage, was wholly wrapped up  
in his subject and his figures: it was a crisis  
in his career; if he failed this night, he  
might well take Wolsey's advice to Crom-  
well, "Fling away ambition!" His wife  
entered the carriage also, softly, so as not  
to disturb the thinker. In getting in, how-  
ever, her finger was caught by the door,  
which, shutting upon it, jammed it terribly  
and held it so fast that she could not with-  
draw it. She uttered no cry, made no move-  
ment: her pain and agony must have been  
intense. There was the finger crushed be-  
tween the panels: to speak or to endeavor  
to withdraw it would disturb her lord—  
would drive the figures and arguments from  
his head. So there stayed the finger, every  
moment more painful, until they reached  
the House; nor did Disraeli hear a word of  
it till long after the famous debate of that  
night had become history. All that evening  
the faithful wife sat in the gallery, that her  
husband's quick-glancing eye might not miss  
her from it: she bore the pain like a mar-  
tyr and like a woman who loves.

No wonder that by her husband's act she  
has become Viscountess Beaconsfield: still  
less wonder that, as Lady Beaconsfield, she  
is honored in England's proudest castles, and  
has taken her place in the hereditary soci-  
ety as naturally and easily as if she too had  
been "to the manner born."

### BUSINESS AND RELAXATION.

Every few days we read in the papers,  
that such a man, lawyer, clergyman, mer-  
chant, or general student, "broke down"  
by too much mental labor or study. This  
may be the case where study, or mental ef-  
fort, or business is not properly mingled  
with relaxation, recreation, and physical ex-  
ercise. It is not often, however, that health  
is impaired by too much study, unless that  
study is pursued at the expense of proper  
relaxation and bodily exercise, or at unsuit-  
able hours, and under injurious stimulants.

The German student is rarely injured by  
study, though, on an average, he studies  
quite as diligently, and more hours of the  
twenty-four, than we do. But he takes good  
care of the house, for the sake of the tenant  
that inhabits it, and carefully observes inter-  
vals and hours of relaxation. These are as  
necessary to health as food and drink.

Cicero, who was feeble in his youth, be-  
fore he learned the means of preserving  
health, or traveled from Rome to Greece, to  
strengthen his physical powers in the gym-  
nasium of the latter, in his oration for the  
poet Archæus, has the following passage,  
which gives a clue to the manner in which  
he relaxed his mind: "You will doubtless  
ask, Græchus, the reason of my being so  
delighted with this man? It is because he  
furnishes me with what relieves my mind  
and charms my ears, after the fatigue and

noise of the forum. Do you imagine that I  
could possibly plead, every day, on such a  
variety of subjects, if my mind were not  
cultivated by science? Or, that it could bear  
being stretched to such a degree, if it were  
not sometimes unburied by amusement?"

By science, this great man undoubtedly  
meant that the fund of knowledge which he  
was constantly treasuring up from his vari-  
ous reading for discharging the duties of his  
professional life; and by amusement, those  
poetic effusions, which such men as Archæus  
sent forth. Here, then, we see the secret of  
Cicero's accomplishing so much, and verify-  
ing his prediction in another place, that  
"he was writing for the latest posterity."

Nor is health often lost by too much work.  
It is admitted that there may be, and un-  
doubtedly are, cases where too much labor  
breaks down the constitution. But these  
are exceptions only to a general rule.

Adam Clarke, the commentator, and emi-  
nent Oriental scholar, says: "Too many  
irons in the fire! you can't have too many  
—shovel, tongs, poker, keep them all mov-  
ing." This is the way to live. Up and be  
doing. If you wish to know whether the  
blood circulates, give it a trial. Breast the  
northern blast; lay hold of the axe, the saw,  
the hoe, and you will soon find the blood  
circulating, the lungs playing, the heart  
beating.

Are you afraid of poverty? Visit the poor.  
See their wretched condition; no bread to  
eat, no clothes to wear, scarcely a bed to  
sleep in. Spend a few hours in visiting such  
families, and you will be likely to return  
contented with your lot.

The great evil of our day is, men are too  
much afraid of work. Manual labor is their  
abhorrence. They will do anything else;  
run of errands, brush out rooms, clerk it,  
measure tape, sell bonnets, anything and  
everything that does not involve real hard  
work. This they hold as the Egyptians did  
shepherds—"an abomination."

Agriculture and horticulture are among  
the best means to preserve health, or to re-  
store it when lost, or to rejuvenate the ex-  
hausted mind: The benefit and pleasure of  
these employments have been sung by poets,  
and praised by philosophers, from early age.

Never give up business, or relinquish an  
occupation, so long as you can attend to it.  
Most men, when they retire from business,  
are restless and unhappy, and soon drop off;  
while those who hold on to their business  
not only live, but keep bright and healthy.  
There are some remarkable cases exactly in  
point, in Boston, at the present time. "Fath-  
er Cleveland," as he is familiarly called, is  
one. At the age of ninety-seven he is ac-  
tive, and about his missionary business; and  
when he gives that up, he will go up himself  
to heaven.

William Ropes, lately deceased, at eighty-  
four or five, was straight and fresh, and ac-  
tive as he was at forty, and visited his store  
as regularly as he ever did till a few days  
before his death.

The late Josiah Quincy, at the great age  
of ninety, was strong and bright. Franklin,  
by business, reading, and mingling with the  
young, preserved his sprightliness to his  
great age. Mr. Emm ons, at ninety, was  
bright as a boy. Rev. Dr. Storrs, now of  
Braintree, at the age of eighty-one, performs  
regular pastoral duties without a colleague.  
While there are a number of this class, both  
laymen and clergymen, there have been  
vastly more, who, having relinquished busi-  
ness, have soon died. Hence, our advice to  
every man is, hold on. "Live, while you live."

The case of Dean Swift, that eccentric  
and wonderful man, was just the reverse of  
those named above; and Dr. Samuel John-  
son ascribes his fatuity to two causes: First,  
to an early resolution that he would never  
wear spectacles, which precluded him from  
reading in the decline of life; and secondly,  
to his avarice, which led him to exclude  
visitors, or to deny himself company. In  
this manner he deprived himself of all food  
for the mind; hence it languished and col-  
lapsed into idiocy. He died in a hospital  
which he had himself founded, for just such  
persons as he became.

Perhaps one of the most illustrious exam-  
ples the world has ever seen of a proper  
commingling of study and relaxation, was  
found in Sir Isaac Newton, who, at the age  
of eighty-four, was as bright and active as  
he was at forty.

John Wesley was another example of  
mingling labor and recreation. He tells us  
how he and his brother Charles used to roam  
the fields, while at the same period they  
studied and labored intensely.—*Church  
Union.*

### PLEASURES OF DUTY.

One of the most pathetic elegies in the  
English language is that which was uttered  
by Edmund Burke over the loss of his son,  
and which is embodied in a paragraph in  
"A Letter to a Noble Lord." The eloquent  
outburst of his indignation at the thought  
of his wounded honor gives place to the  
melody of a subdued and manly grief, while  
he speaks with pride of one "who was  
made a public creature, and had no enjoy-  
ment whatever, but in the performance of  
some duty."

Let it be granted that a father's pride ad-  
ded something to the exquisite finish of the  
portrait, and yet who can fail to admire the  
lofty ideal which he fondly believed his son  
to have exemplified? It is certainly a high  
reach of attainment for any man when it  
can be said of him that he has "no enjoy-  
ment whatever but in the performance of  
some duty." It implies a loftiness of aim,  
a strength and cheerfulness of self-denial,  
and a measure of devotion to the welfare of  
mankind, which are the proper and genuine  
outgrowth of Christian conviction alone.  
It seems the full realization of compliance  
with the counsel which Shakespeare puts  
into the lips of the disappointed, dying  
Cardinal Wolsey:

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's,  
Thy God's, and Truth's. Then, if thou fall'st, thou  
fall'st  
A glorious martyr."

To find enjoyment in duty seems to some  
impossible, if not absurd. They would feel  
far more confident of finding an oasis on the  
desert. They would as soon think of ex-  
tracting the materials of an Eden from Al-  
pine cliffs and snows. This "stern daughter  
of the voice of God"—as Wordsworth  
apostrophizes duty—is no favorite with  
them. Their satisfaction—and of what mul-  
titudes is this true—must come from the  
gratification of some sensual appetite or  
some earthly craving. Higher aspirations,  
if they ever existed, are extinguished, and  
they live and act, think and toil, for sale  
alone.

But how does even the providential con-  
stitution of the world, to say nothing of the  
revealed law of love and mutual obligation,  
utter its protest against such an abuse?  
The universe is mutually balanced—system  
against systems, world against worlds, one  
particle against all other particles—till not  
a single atom exists that can be left to itself,  
isolated and alone,—till, in the words of the  
poet,

"Let earth, unbalanced, from her orbit fly;  
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky."

And the social and moral systems find their  
emblem in nature. The law of love here  
answers to the law of gravitation there.  
Give it absolute supremacy, and perfect  
moral order is established and maintained.  
Yet it never can be till within each con-  
scious spirit there reigns that aim or pur-  
pose which finds the highest gratification  
in the discharge of duty alone.

It may be that a skeptical disposition to-  
ward duty exists in some minds in such  
strength as to lead them to regard the epith-  
et, "pleasures of duty," as simply extrava-  
gant. They can read poems like Akenside's  
"Pleasures of Imagination," or Rogers's  
"Pleasures of Memory," or Campbell's  
"Pleasures of Hope," with some confidence  
that the thing set forth in the title is not a  
pure fiction. But "pleasures of duty" would  
seem to them almost as much a misnomer as  
the delights of pain. They would regard  
the very term as "a root out of dry ground,  
without form or comeliness."

And yet we believe that it remains, and  
would be possible, for a genuinely Christian  
poet to gather up out of human experience  
illustrations that might be wrought into  
"Pleasures of Duty," to enrich his theme  
and enforce his argument, compared with  
which all that the genius of Akenside,  
Rogers or Campbell has gathered or wrought  
out would be almost like an Arab's tent to  
a Solomon's temple. A half-heathen poet  
like Pope may have caught a half glimpse  
of the sublime reality when he wrote:

"And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,  
Than Caesar, with a Senate at his heels."

But a half-heathen poet will not suffice  
here. One is needed who can enter into the  
sympathies of the Christian soldier endur-  
ing hardship for the Master's sake and glory-  
ing in it; who can go back and sit down  
with David Brainerd in his Indian cabin, or  
with Judson in his prison, and share their  
heavenly communings and high hopes,  
one who knows something of the conscious  
peace of the good Samaritan and the re-  
flected smile of duty done, filling the heart  
with light and peace. Such a poet, in the  
portraiture of spiritual realities, would sim-  
ply bring to view what actually exists, but  
remains obscured from the apprehension of  
thousands by their own blinding impulses  
or mistaken apprehensions.

### GOOD STORIES.

At the last meeting of our Presbytery, when  
the subject of Scripture giving was under discus-  
sion, Bro. W. said early in his ministry, he and  
that brother were conducting a meeting in which  
there was much religious interest. An old man  
gave expression to his joy by shouting, and con-  
tinued it till it began to interrupt the services.  
Brother H. said to Brother W. "Go stop that  
old man's noise." He went to him, and spoke a  
few words, and the shouting man at once became  
quiet. Brother W. asked brother H., "What  
did you say to the old man that quieted him so  
promptly?" Brother H. replied, "I asked for  
one dollar for foreign missions."

"There's nae good done, John; till ye get to  
the close grips." So said Jeems, the doorkeeper  
of Broughton Place Church, Edinburgh to the  
immortal Dr. John Brown, the author of "Rab  
and his Friends." Old Jeems got into a mar-  
vellous nearness with God in prayer, and con-  
versed with him as he would with his "ain  
father." He understood the power of a close  
grip when an earnest soul is wrestling with  
God for a blessing.

Prayer is power. When Luther was in the  
mid-heat of his awful battle with the Great  
Beast, he used to say, "I cannot get on without  
three hours a day in prayer." John Welsh,  
of Scotland often leaped out of his bed at midnight,  
and wrapped a plaid about him, and wrestled  
with the Lord until the breaking of the day.  
His preaching was mighty, when he came to his  
pulpit from these Pennets of pleading with his  
God. There is many a church among us which  
is in a midnight of slumber and barrenness.  
But repentance and wrestling prayer will bring  
it to daybreak.

W. K. S. says there lived, a great many years  
ago, in Clyde, Wayne Co., N. Y., a man of good  
education and considerable property, whose be-  
setting sin was penuriousness. He was a sound  
Presbyterian, but strenuously opposed to all  
societies requiring contributions of money to  
keep them alive—not even excepting missionary  
societies. Once he attended the monthly con-  
cert of prayer for foreign missions, when the  
minister asked him to pray. He complied at  
once, and made prayer after the usual style, en-  
tirely unexceptionable, until the very close, when  
his ruling idea came out in these words: "Oh!  
Lord, may we all set in such a manner that by  
our lives we may preach Christ and him cruci-  
fied to the whole world and thus save consider-  
able expense." W. K. S. says he has often heard  
the officiating clergyman tell the anecdote, and  
laugh heartily over it.—*Independent.*