

The Family Circle.

GOD KNOWS IT ALL.

In the dim recess of thy spirit's chamber Is there some hidden grief thou mayest not tell? Let not thy heart forsake thee, but remember His pitying eye, who sees and knows it well— God knows it all!

And art thou tossed on billows of temptation, And wouldst do good, but evil still prevails? O think, amid the waves of tribulation, When earthly hope, when earthly refuge fails, God knows it all!

And dost thou sin? thy deeds of shame concealing, In some dark spot no human eye can see? Then walk in pride, without one sign revealing The deep remorse that should disquiet thee? God knows it all!

Art thou oppressed, and poor, and heavy-hearted, The heavens above thee in dark clouds arrayed; And well-nigh crushed, no earthly strength imparted, No friendly voice to say "Be not afraid?" God knows it all!

Art thou a mourner? Are thy tear-drops flowing For one so early lost to earth and thee? The depth of grief no human spirit knowing; Which moans in secret like the moaning sea— God knows it all!

Dost thou look back upon a life of sinning? Forward, and tremble for thy future lot? There's One who sees the end, from the beginning; Thy tear of penitence is unforgotten. God knows it all!

Then go to God! Pour out your hearts before Him, There is no grief your Father cannot feel; And let your grateful songs of praise adore Him— To save, forgive, and every wound to heal! God knows it all!

THE MISSING RUBY.

"David!" "Yes, sir," promptly responded a brisk boy of sixteen, coming forward to await the old banker's orders.

Mr. Taft was rapidly writing at his desk and said no more for some time, while David Prescott stood waiting. Perhaps he wished to send a written message somewhere.

A few minutes passed. A gentleman came to see the banker on business. Leaving his writing, Mr. Taft began to talk with him, paying no attention to the boy. David waited till the gentleman had gone, and then asked,

"Did you want me, Mr. Taft?" "No," said the banker, and he returned to his writing and David to the place behind the counter.

The old gentleman had probably intended to send David on some errand, but in talking and thinking of other things had forgotten all about it. He was a very absent-minded man.

Several days after this, David was again called to the banker's desk. This time he found him unoccupied. With an ominous look upon his face, he said, "Last Saturday I sent you to Grant & Willoughby's with a ruby ring to have the stone re-set. I find it has never reached them. What does it mean?"

David looked puzzled. His face plainly said, "What do you mean, Mr. Taft?" but of course he dared not speak it. "I think you must be mistaken, sir," he replied, respectfully; "I certainly have no recollection of being sent with a ring."

"Certainly I am not mistaken," said the banker, tartly. "I called you and gave you the ring at this very spot. It is lost. I hold you responsible for it."

David turned pale with excitement. Looking his employer full in the eye he answered, "I am positive that I was not sent to Grant & Willoughby's last Saturday at all, and I have never to my knowledge taken your ring into my hand."

Mr. Taft stared an instant as if amazed at the boy's assurance.

"You deny it, then, do you?" he said, almost fiercely.

He was a man of impulse, and, unfortunately, when once he had formed an opinion, he was so conceited that he could not be made to see that it might be incorrect; so he continued,

"If you had confessed that you had taken it, I might have been easy with you; but I hate a thief and a liar. Andrew, call in a policeman."

"I am not a thief or a liar, sir," said he, bursting into a passion of tears.

"There is no need of more talk," replied the banker. "I know that you took the missing ring. If you can show where it is, or will give any account of it, so much the better for you."

"Arrest this boy and take him to jail for stealing jewelry," he said to the policeman, who soon after entered; and the young clerk went out in custody of the officer.

David had been with the banker about six months. This was the first time any suspicion had rested against him.

He was an active, willing lad, and seemed to satisfy his employer perfectly. Both he and his mother supposed he was sure of his place, and were anxiously awaiting the promised increase of wages at the end of the year.

When, therefore, Mrs. Prescott heard the sad news of her son's arrest, it for the moment took away all her strength. As soon as she could she hastened to see him. Poor Davy could throw little light upon the matter he was charged with, or give any explanation why the theft of the ring should be so confidently fastened upon him, unless it was that the banker had made a mistake. If the ring was lost some one else had certainly taken it. He had never touched it.

Mrs. Prescott was a widow, poor and unknown; but she was a woman of spirit. Being strongly assured of her son's innocence, she determined to leave no effort un-

tried for his release and the vindication of her family from disgrace.

She went to Mr. Webb, a good lawyer, and told her story. He promised to do what he could.

Accordingly he first visited the banker, and afterward examined David in jail. From neither of them, however, could he obtain any satisfaction as to the true state of the case.

Mr. Webb was pleased with the appearance of David, however; thought him innocent, and undertook his defence with more than ordinary zeal.

Being a really humane man he was touched with the apparent helplessness of the boy and his widowed mother, and was resolved, if the banker had wronged them, either intentionally or unintentionally, to force him to an acknowledgment.

Starting on the theory that there was really no crime in the case, only a mistake somewhere, his first step was to visit the principal jewelry stores, and make inquiries for the missing ruby.

It was a weary search, but he persevered, and at length, in one establishment, kept by one Mr. Anderson, he came upon the clue that he wished.

At this point he could have adjusted the case; but he felt that the boy's character and future success in life were at stake, and therefore determined to vindicate his good name in the most public manner; and at the same time give a needed lesson to the quick-tempered impulsive banker.

At the trial everything seemed to go against poor David. His mother sat weeping and sobbing as if her heart would break.

Mr. Taft told his story under oath as we have already stated it, and the judge was "evidently quite satisfied of its truth and correctness." Few could have thought of doubting the evidence of so respectable a witness.

When Mr. Webb came to cross-examine him he put his questions so rapidly and sharply, and made him repeat so often his positive assertion, that he gave the boy the ring as first claimed, that the old gentleman grew angry, and was on the point of appealing to the judge; but suddenly the quiet lawyer produced a fine ruby ring, and handing it to the banker, asked him if he had ever seen it before.

"It's mine," said the banker, looking at it with astonishment.

"Then you identify it as the one you swore you gave to the boy, do you?" asked Mr. Webb.

"I do," said he, beginning to look mortified.

"That is all, sir," said the lawyer.

"And now, may it please your honor, I shall call one witness for the defence. Will Mr. Anderson take the stand?"

Mr. Anderson stepped up, and being duly sworn and shown the ring, testified that he recognized it as one he had mended about a week before for an elderly gentleman who called and left it with the order.

"Is that gentleman in the room, Mr. Anderson?" asked the lawyer.

"He is," replied the jeweler. "He sits in that chair," pointing directly to Mr. Taft. The judge and all the spectators were astonished, and the old banker was covered with confusion. There was no more now to be done, save to hear the stammered apology of the rich man to the court and his injured clerk.

The explanation was a simple one, but did him far less credit than it would if he had made it before pressing matters so far, and having it at last forced from him.

As we have said, he was one of those dogmatic men who think they can never do wrong, and, unfortunately for such a disposition, being very absent-minded, he sometimes misplaced objects and events very strangely, as he now confessed.

He had intended to send the ruby by David to Grant & Willoughby's to reset, and actually called him for the purpose, as we related at the beginning of the story. The hurry of other things had put the matter out of his mind, and, as we have seen, he never even named the errand to the boy.

The same absence of mind seemed to have followed him all that day; for when, on his way to dinner, he passed the store of Mr. Anderson and left the ring, he retained no recollection of it whatever.

Recurring afterwards to his first intention, he assumed it as a fact that he had sent the boy, and called at Grant & Willoughby's expecting to receive his ring. Being told, much to his surprise, that no such article had been left there, instead of recollecting, or trying to recollect, if any other disposal had been made of it, he at once made up his mind that David had stolen it. Having taken that position, he was too set in his own opinions to take any other view of the matter.

The result of the affair taught him a lesson, old as he was, and he went so far in personal acknowledgment and amends to his wronged clerk, as to present him a hundred dollars for the trouble and pain he had caused him and his mother.

JOHNNY THE NEWSBOY.

A RAILROAD INCIDENT.

Something more than a year ago, as the writer was seated in the cars going West, a pleasant voice sung out, "Paper, sir, paper, sir, morning paper, lady?"

There was nothing new in the words; nothing new to see a small boy with a pack of papers under his arm; but the voice, so low and musical, its clear, pure tones mellow as a flute, and tender as only love and sorrow could make it, called up hallowed memories.

One look at the large brown eyes, the broad forehead, the mass of tangled nut-brown curls, the pinched and hollow cheeks, and his history was known.

"What is your name, my boy?" as half-blind with tears I reached out my hand for a paper.

"Johnny"; the last name I did not catch.

"You can read?" "O, yes, I've been to school some," glancing out of the window to see if there was necessity of haste.

I had a little brother once, whose name was Johnny. He had the same brown hair, and tender, loving eyes, and perhaps it was on his account I felt very much like throwing my arms around Johnny's neck and kissing the thin cheek. There was something pure about the child, standing modestly in his patched clothes, and little half-worn shoes, his collar coarse but spotlessly white, his hand clean and beautifully moulded. A long, shrill whistle, with another short peremptory, and Johnny must be off. There was nothing to choose; my little Testament, with its neat binding and pretty steel clasp, was in Johnny's hand.

"You will read it, Johnny?" "I will, lady, I will."

There was a movement: we were off; I strained my eyes out of the window after Johnny, but I did not see him; and shutting them I thought and dreamed of what there was in store for him, not forgetting to ask His love and care for this destitute, tender-voiced boy.

A month since I made the same journey, and passed over the same railroad track. Halting for a moment's respite at one of the many places on the way, what was my surprise to see the same boy, taller, healthier, with the same calm eyes, and clear, pure voice.

"I've thought of you, lady. I wanted to tell you it's all the little book."

"What's all the little book, Johnny?"

"The little book has done it all. I carried it home and my father read it. He was out of work then, and mother-cried over it. At first I thought it was a wicked book to make them feel so badly; but the more they read it the more they cried, and it's all been different since. It's all the little book; we live in a better house now, and father don't drink, and mother says 'twill be all right again.'"

Dear little Johnny, he had to talk so fast, but his eyes were bright and sparkling, and his brown face all aglow.

"I'm not selling many papers now, and father says maybe I can go to school this fall."

Never did I so crave a moment of time. But no, the cars were in motion. Johnny lingered as long as prudence would allow.

It's all the little book, sounding in my ears, the little book that told of Jesus, and of His love for poor, perishing men. What a change! A comfortable home; no more a slave to strong drink. Hope was in the hearts of the parents; health mantled the cheeks of the children. No wonder Johnny's words came brokenly! From the gloom of despair to a world of light; from being poor and friendless, the little book told them of One mighty to save, the very Friend they needed, the precious Elder Brother with a heart all love, all tenderness.

Would that all the Johnnies who sell papers, and have fathers that drink, and mothers that weep over the ruin of once happy homes, took to their wretched dwellings the little book that tells of Jesus and His love. And not only these, but all the Johnnies that have no parents, living in cellars, and sleeping in filth and wretchedness,—would that they could learn from this little book what a friend they have in Jesus.—Sunday-School Times.

SCOLDING IN THE PULPIT.

"He that winneth souls is wise."—Proverbs xi. 30.

There is a difference between winning and driving, and one of the commonest mistakes of the pulpit is the confounding of the two, and of indulging in a fault finding, censorious spirit, instead of the opposite. Ministers may find many things going wrong in their churches, their members becoming lukewarm and worldly-minded, indulging in practices inconsistent with their profession, and that hinder the cause of Christ, and they rail out against them from Sabbath to Sabbath, and wonder that their tirades do not check these evils; that they continue just as bad, or become even worse than they were before. They feel that ministerial faithfulness requires that they should bear testimony against the sins of their flocks, and endeavor to induce them to forsake them; and so it does, but they mistake the best method of doing it. Churches, in this matter, are very much like families. They may be governed and modeled by kindness and affection, but not by scolding and fault-finding. When affection is at the helm of a family, and beams out in every look and action of its head, and sorrow, rather than anger, is depicted in the countenance, when any of its members do wrong, the family can be very easily corrected, in all ordinary cases. But when petulance and railing follow each other in quick succession, and the members come to feel that they will be scolded and harshly found fault with for every little error they may fall into, all family government soon comes to an end. The head of the family loses all power to mould it. Just so it is with churches. They may be persuaded, encouraged, and reasoned into almost anything that is proper, but they can be scolded and driven into nothing. Said the sweet-tempered Christian poet, Cowper, in a letter to the Rev. John Newton:

"No man was ever scolded out of his sins. The heart, corrupt as it is, and because it is so, grows angry if it be not treated with some management and good manners, and scolds again. A surly mastiff will perhaps bear to be poked, though he will even growl under the operation, but if you will touch him roughly he will bite. There is no grace that the spirit of self can counterfeit with more success than a religious zeal. A man thinks that he is skilful in searching the hearts of others, when he is only gratifying the malignity of his own, and charitably supposes his hearers destitute of grace, that he may shine

the more in his eyes by comparison. When he has performed this notable task, he wonders that they are not converted. He has given it to them soundly, and if they do not tremble and confess that God is in them in truth, he gives them up as reprobate, incorrigible, and lost forever. But a man that loves me, if he sees me in error, he will pity me of it, and persuade me to forsake it. If he has great and good news to tell me, he will not do it angrily, and in much heat and discomposure of spirit. It is not, therefore, easy to conceive on what ground a minister can justify a conduct which only proves that he does not understand his errand. The absurdity of it would certainly strike him, if he were not himself deluded.

Sharp rebuke is sometimes necessary and useful, but all other means should be tried before it is resorted to. And when we who preach the Gospel, fail in our attempts to reform our hearers, we ought not at once to settle down in a state of self-satisfaction with our own efforts, and lay the blame on the depravity of others, and not our own. It is possible that we may not have approached them in a right spirit, and plied them with proper motives, and if so, we may be as much to blame as they are.—House's Scripture Cabinet.

BUDGET OF ANECDOTES.

—There is a suggestive story current respecting Mr. Spurgeon, whether apocryphal or not we cannot say. A gentleman who was greatly interested in the freshness and point of his discourses, called to ask a question: "How, Mr. Spurgeon, if I may be permitted to inquire, do you succeed so constantly in having matter that just fits your people?" "Partly," was the reply, "because of my reading papers and books, but mostly because of my reading men; and if you are not careful I will have a sermon out of you before you leave."

—Rev. "Billy" Cravens (a "shouting Methodist") had preached the Gospel in a certain place with such boldness, denouncing popular sins; showing their guilt, their enormity, their crimson and scarlet color; and, having touched upon a man's besetting sin, he was greatly offended, and threatened to whip him, and said he "would stand no such preaching from him or any other man." He made an attack upon Mr. Cravens, to punish him by personal violence. But Mr. Cravens defended himself with his brawny arms, which Bishop Morris said "were so developed they looked like mill posts," and soon laid the man on his back, and, as the Quaker said, "held him uneasy;" and he held both his arms, as if they were in a vice, and placing his great knee upon him, and weighing two hundred and seventy-five pounds, the man had anything but a pleasant position; and finding it difficult to breathe, he struggled like a hero to get away, but all in vain. He quailed, and begged and promised, if he would let him up he would never abuse a minister again. Mr. Cravens said: "I'll not let you up till you pray." "I do not know how," said the man. "I'll teach you how," said Cravens. "Now, repeat after me." "I will," said the poor, trembling fellow, as Cravens's knee still pressed him, and he still felt his heavy weight. "Now begin," said Cravens. "Our Father which art in heaven; repeat." "Our Father which art in heaven," said the poor, conquered, humbled, and subdued man, with a tremulous voice. And thus he repeated every word in the Lord's prayer after him. At the conclusion Mr. Cravens said "Amen." "Amen," responded the man; and thus the solemn exercises closed. No man ever rejoiced more when a prayer was ended—none more glad to hear "Amen."

—"It was my invariable custom in my youth," says a celebrated Persian writer, "to rise from my sleep to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night, as I was thus engaged, my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke. 'Behold,' said I to him, 'thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone am awake to praise God.' 'Son of my soul,' said he, 'it is better to sleep than to awake to remark the faults of thy brethren.'"

—One of our exchanges tells a good, and quite likely to be a true story, of an agent who lately visited a Connecticut clergyman, in pursuance of his object, which was to get money in the way of charity, for the institution which he represented, and for whose interests he was laboring. The agent frankly said to the divine: "What I want is this, that you will direct me to people of wealth, who are either in the last stages of consumption, or are hereditarily disposed to apoplexy. I find this class of persons are more easily reached than those who have means, and are in possession of perfect health. In one Western town I found a gentleman who had received two apoplectic strokes, and he put our college in his will for \$15,000, and a lady consumptively inclined gave us \$10,000. Neither is dead yet, but you see the importance of getting such people on the right side." The clergyman didn't see it, and couldn't think of any rich people in just the desired state of health among his flock. But that agent ought to be appreciated by his institution. He is a philosopher of the first water.

—Deacon B., of Ohio, a very pious man, was noted for his long prayers, especially in his family. One Monday morning, the deacon and his wife were alone, and as was his custom, after breakfast prayer was offered. There being an unusual amount of work that day, the deacon's prayer was short, and seizing his hat and milk pail he started for the barn. His wife, being deaf, did not notice his absence, but supposed him to be still engaged in prayer. On his return from milking he was surprised to find her still kneeling. He stepped up to her and shouted "Amen," when she immediately arose and went about her work as if nothing had happened.

—One of the most marked illustrations of the change which has taken place in the way in which good men regard certain things, is afforded by the following extract from the diary of the Rev. Samuel Seabury of Ledyard, Conn., father of Bishop Seabury of Connecticut. He says: "The ticket No. 5,366, in the Lighthouse and Public Lottery of New York, drew in my favor, by the blessing of Almighty God, £500, of which I received £425, there being a deduction of fifteen per cent; for which I now record to my posterity my thanks and praise to Almighty God the giver of all good gifts."

—The Springfield Republican contains a story of a candidate lately preaching before one of the churches of its denomination who was "so unfortunate and short-sighted" as to utter the following statement: "When women become degraded through sin, they suffer less from remorse and compunction of conscience, than men." The story goes on: "very properly and righteously resenting this gross reflection upon the sensibility and delicacy universally accorded to their sex, the ladies of — church promptly organized, . . . entered their indignant protest against Mr. —'s settlement, and succeeded in preventing it."

—Rev. Newman Hall communicates to the Independent an incident which recently occurred in one of the out-door meetings which he has been holding. A free-thinker, who happened to be present, rose, and said he came to hear about temperance, but that, in his opinion, the man who invented gas had done more to enlighten the world than all the parsons. Quite a disturbance ensued, but a friend of Mr. Hall at once begged for a fair hearing, even for the objector; and then being himself called up, he said: "I'm for free thought, and for free speech; and yonder gentleman has a right to speak and think for himself, as much as I have. [Loud cheers from friends of the objector.] That gentleman says he considers the man who invented gas did more to enlighten the world than all the parsons. Well, if that is his opinion, he has a right to hold it, and to maintain it. But, whatever our different opinions, there is a time coming to us all which we call death, when most men are somewhat serious, and like to get advice and comfort respecting the world they are going to. Now, when this season comes to our friend, I would recommend him to send for the gas man." An immense sensation, with a tumult of applause, followed this sally, which Mr. Hall says was better than a sermon, and not likely to be forgotten.

—Thaddeus Conolly, who used to spend much of his time in wandering through Ireland, and instructing the lower classes in their native language. "I went," said he, "one Sabbath into a church to which a new incumbent had been lately appointed. The congregation did not exceed half a dozen, but the preacher delivered himself with as much energy and affection as if he were addressing a crowded audience. After the service, I expressed to the clergyman my wonder that he should preach so fervently to such a small number of people. 'Were there but one,' said he, 'my anxiety for his improvement would make me equally energetic.' The following year Conolly went into the same church; the congregation was multiplied twenty-fold; the third year he found the church full!

TEMPERANCE ITEMS.

—George Copway, the once celebrated Indian chief, preacher, and lecturer, died recently at Ypsilanti, Michigan, from the effects of "fire-water."

—The son and daughter of a millionaire recently joined one of the Williamsburg Divisions S. of T. Temperance is good for rich and poor alike.

—Bakersfield, in Vermont, spends \$30,000 per annum for liquor, and \$5000 for preaching the Gospel and teaching schools. We hope there is not a baker's dozen of such towns in the Green Mountain State.

—The Washingtonian Home, at Chicago, have opened a department for females who have been addicted to intoxicating drink, and already have several patients. For terms, etc., address Mrs. E. A. Forsyth, Superintendent, or H. C. Morey, Esq., Chicago.

—With regard to the extent of opium-smoking in China, there is no data from which to make a reliable statement. In addition to native production, \$58, 290,000 worth of opium is annually imported, all of which is consumed, partly by smokers, and partly as a poison for self-destruction.

—The County of Cortland, N. Y., has an Excise Board which have steadily refused to grant license to sell any intoxicants whatever. There is, therefore, no one selling liquors legally in the county. Every possible influence has been brought to bear upon the public officers to induce them to change their course, but in vain. Nor have they rested here, but they have instituted suits in every case of complaint with evidence of the violation of law by the sale of liquors, and the parties will be fined, and the process of prosecution followed up. The temperance people of the county are also resolved to elect none but anti-license members of the Senate and House to Legislature this fall.

—The Temperance Convention which met in Chicago, Sept. 1st, organized a National Temperance Party and adopted a platform, the third article of which, affirms that existing political parties refuse to do anything for the suppression of the rum traffic, and that therefore, it is a duty to organize a new party having for its primary object the entire suppression of the traffic of intoxicating drink. At the late State election in Maine, this party ran a separate ticket. The candidate for Governor, M. G. Hickburn, received between four and five thousand votes. This is a small beginning, but we believe great results are destined to flow from it. When the Fifteenth Amendment is adopted, and out of the way, there will be no question of public interest to compare in importance with this of prohibition. Its turn has about come, and has quite as good a right to a place in the political arena as anti-slavery, equal rights, or the tariff.

—A clergyman was called upon to marry a couple, and the man was so very drunk that the clergyman said, "I will have nothing to do with you. You must come when you are sober." You are miserably drunk, and not in a fit state to be married." He went home, and in about a week afterward came again, as drunk as ever, or a little worse. "Why," said the clergyman, "I told you before that I would not marry you, in such a state as that. Go away with you, and come again when you are in a proper state." About a week after that, the clergyman met the girl in the street, and said to her, "Young woman, you should not bring that man in such a shocking state to be married." "Lor, sir," said she, "he won't come when he's sober!"