

Who Touched Me?

And couldst Thou feel, amidst the throng,
And trembling touch like mine,
When thousands hurried Thee along,
Nor knew Thee as divine?
They rudely pressed Thee in the crowd,
And pained Thine ear with accents loud.

I did not speak, yet Thou didst hear
The prayers within my breast;
I could not meet Thine eye for fear,
But only touched Thy vest.
Trembling, I touched his hem alone.
That trembling touch Thy grace did own.

One moment in the crowd I stood
Afflicted and deified,
My sin's overwhelmed me with their flood;
The next a pardoned child.
I knew Thy power, Thy will to heal,
And to Thy truth I set my real.

I set my seal, and gracious Lord,
Thy faithfulness was such,
That though I scarce believe Thy word,
Thy person dared not touch.
The moment that I felt Thy dress,
Thine eye was filled with tenderness.

"Thy faith have saved thee, go in peace;"
My faith! I say, Lord, 'twas Thine;
Thy gift, as Thine, my soul's release—
The tendril owns its vine.
Thy virtue drew me to be healed,
I touched and found my pardon sealed.

Yes, gracious Lord, "in peace" I go,
I leave the throng with T.
They press Thee close, but do not know
What Thou hast done for me;
What Thou wilt do for me;
Who dared to touch the hem alone.

—From "Wild Thimble."

Small Beginnings.

BY WILLIAM MATTHEWS, L. L. D.

It is related of Washington Allston, that many years after he took rank among the masters of his art, a painting by a young man was brought to him for examination. "What is your opinion of it? Speak freely, I pray you," said the person presenting the picture. Allston declined to grant the request; but, being strongly pressed, he at last replied, after having placed the picture in a variety of positions. "Why, it is a queer thing,—a very queer thing." "But does it indicate talent?" "Well, then, to deal plainly with you, it is a wretched affair. There is no ground for hope,—not even for hope. Let him give up the idea. He can never make a painter." "It was painted by yourself." "No,—impossible!" "It was—look! there is your name; and here—see!—is the date; only seven years ago, you perceive!"

This example of the humble beginning of a career in which high success was subsequently achieved, is one of thousands which might be cited, that are full of encouragement to persons who are just starting in life. The beginner in a professional or business career often distresses himself with the thought that he has no genius, or high talent, and, therefore, with his utmost efforts, will never soar above mediocrity. Let him dismiss all such thoughts, and remember that no man knows, or can know, what is in him, or what time, destiny, or circumstances may bring out of him, till he has tested himself by actual trial. Hardly any eminent man, even of phenomenal genius, contemplated at the outset of his career the elevation to which he rose at last. Cromwell followed little events before he ventured to control great ones; and Napoleon never sighed for the sceptre until he had gained the truncheon, nor dreamed of the imperial diadem until he had first conquered a crown. The biographies of nearly all the most successful men in every calling show that their careers, however brilliant at last, had humble and, in many cases, insignificant beginnings.

Look at the "Wizard of the North," could anything have been humbler than the beginnings of Scott's career as a romancer, or did he for a moment dream of the world-wide celebrity which he won? Writing a few chapters of a tale, in humble imitation of Miss Edgeworth, he throws it into an old cabinet drawer,—forgets it utterly,—lights upon it accidentally years afterward, when rummaging for fishing tackle,—completes and publishes it. It ("Waverley") proves a hit; 6,000 copies are sold in seven months; he rubs his eyes and discovers that he has talent of which he was hardly conscious; throws off "Guy Rannering" in six weeks, and follows it up with a long succession of romances, all written in the afternoon of his life, which utterly eclipse the achievements of his morning. Ruskin, when a mere stripling, chances to write a letter to a Review, to prove that an old artist, whom people were laughing at, could really draw trees and clouds; the letter is expanded into a volume ("Modern Painters"), the volume into five volumes, and the author's reputation is established not only as the most brilliant and masterly art critic in England, but as a powerful and suggestive writer upon ethics, philosophy, and religion. Charles Dickens engaged in his youth to write, at ten guineas a sheet, a burlesque

accompaniment to a series of comic woodcuts, illustrating the hackneyed theme of Cockney sports. He is so miserably poor that a couple of numbers are paid for in advance, to enable him to get married. The Nimrod Club of the caricaturist becomes the Pickwick Club; and the Cockney sportsmen, whose spidery legs, swallow-tail coats, and absurd mistakes in sportsmanship, were expected by artist and publishers to be laughed at for a few weeks, and then forgotten, develop into the characters of one of the world's imperishable works of humor and imagination.

So in the legal, mercantile, political and other professions. A poor clerk at Hamburg in Germany takes his meals at an obscure tavern, and carries home all the waste corks he meets with. After seven or eight years, he sells them for a hundred crowns, and this sum is the basis of the future fortune of M. Ostervald, the rich Paris banker. A beggar boy, Edmund Saunders by name, hangs about the attorneys' office at Clement's Inn, London; is taught to write by a clerk, who has a mock desk made for him at the top of a staircase, becomes a swift copyist and "an exquisite entering clerk;" is called to the bar, becomes an eminent practitioner, and is finally appointed Chief Justice of England. A poor dealer in spectacles and magic lanterns at Glasgow, Scotland, finding business dull, spends his leisure moments in taking asunder and remaking all the machines he can come at. A machine in the university collection needs repairing, and he is employed. He makes a new machine, and the steam-engine, the herald of a new force in civilization and of England's industrial supremacy, proclaims the genius of Watt.

An English boy on his way to school, picks up a horse-shoe, carries it three miles and sells it to a blacksmith for a penny. He scraped up one day some wasted treacle, and, selling it for three pence, counts himself rich; and this is the small beginning of Samuel Budgell's career as one of England's most active and successful traders. A lady offers to a miserable poor boy of eight years in New Hampshire a Testament if he will read it through. Anxious to have a book of his own, he reads it through in eight days, and passes a creditable examination in its contents. At ten he becomes a farmer's apprentice; toils from daylight to dark till he is twenty-one; meanwhile reads, chiefly by fire light, and under other disadvantages, several hundred borrowed volumes of history, biography and philosophy; becomes a shoe-maker, then a teacher, and, after years of almost incredible hardship and toil is elected representative in the legislature of Massachusetts. He is next sent to the senate, of which he is twice elected president; in a few years is elected a senator of the United States, where, as chairman of the committee on military affairs, he performs in one session, according to General Scott, more work than all the chairman of the military committees in twenty-three years before. After serving in the senate eighteen years, he is elected vice-president of the United States. Such was the bitter struggle, ending in final victory, of a poor farmer-laborer's son, (Jeremiah Jones Colbath, whose name was changed in youth to Henry Wilson), with "those twin goalers of the human heart, low birth and narrow fortune." Not less humble was the beginning of a missionary work among the poor whose extent and success are among the marvels of modern times. It was in an old shanty which had been a drinking saloon, but which was so rickety that it had been abandoned even for that disreputable purpose; that with a few tallow candles around him D. L. Moody initiated his noble mission by trying to teach a negro boy the parable of the Prodigal Son.

Such has been the small and seemingly insignificant beginnings of almost all great careers. The truest successes in life are not won by a single bold stroke, but men grow into them from humble outset by a slow and sure unfolding of capacity and power. What is the secret of great riches? How have men who have died enormously rich acquired their fortunes? Was it by one vast sum after another, won or bequeathed to them—sudden windfalls, which overwhelmed them with inevitable opulence—or was it by minute, careful, and long continued accumulations? What, again, is the secret of great erudition? Is it not the "nobler avarice of time?"—the miserly saving and improvement of odd moments and half-hours, those fragments of days and remnants of hours which men so generally sweep out into the waste of existence, as of no account? Locke, who has written so wisely on "The Conduct of the Understanding," tells us that the chief art of learning is to attempt but little at a time. "The widest excursions of the mind," he adds, "are made by short flights frequent

ly repeated; the most lofty fabrics of science are formed by the continual accumulation of single propositions." "Every occupation, even the meanest, which adds anything to the capital of mankind," says the historian Froude, "if followed assiduously with a desire to understanding everything connected with it, is an ascending stair whose summit is nowhere, and from the successive steps of which the horizon of knowledge perpetually enlarges." Begin your web, says an old adage, and God will provide you with thread.—Chicago Standard.

Uncle Eben's "Theory."

"Uncle Eben has a theory that 'the best way to keep folks honest is to look out beforehand, and see to it that they're comfortable.'" He illustrated his point with the following reminiscence, given by Rebecca Hart in the New York Observer: "Wall," said Uncle Eben, "nine or ten years back, I remember it was right in hayin', there came along a man wantin' work. He said he was from over the mountain, Jericho way, and his name was Bill Eaton. He was a likely lookin' feller, and took hold real smart, and so, when hayin' was done, I told him I'd hire him by the month, and that he might live in the little brown house this side of the Conant lot. So he brought his mother from over the mountain and settled down, and things seemed to go on first-rate for quite a spell. But they said his mother wa'n't no manager, and was one o' the graspin' discontented critters that you can't suit nohow, and Bill got to goin' to the tavern to spend his evenings, and so 'twas the old story—drink and bad company'll spile the best man God ever made. Bill was a wonderful smart feelin' feller, and the less he had to feel big about, the more braggin' he'd do; it seemed to kind o' bolster him up.

"I see he was goin' all wrong, but somehow I couldn't seem to lay hold on him to do him good; the fact is, when a man gets slidin' down hill, 'tain't no ways easy to bring up, short of the bottom, unless ye run into something that gives ye an awful shock.

"Wall, one night I was settin' here by the fire, along about seven o'clock. I'd got a pooty big back-log on, and was waitin' for it to burn down a leetle so's I could cover it up, when, I s'pose bein' so still and warm, I fell asleep. All at once I was woke up hearing something drop, ker chunk! It sounded like a frog jumping off a log into the brook, only more so, and thinks I to myself, 'It's somebody in the sullen at the pork bar', so I jist sot a spell 'till I heard some one move again, and then I slipped on my rubbers, for I was in my stocking feet, and I opened the outside door as still as a mouse, and went tip-toeing along to where I had opened the sullen window that very morning. As I came round the corner of the house, I hit my foot against a board and made a leetle noise, and a man started up from the window and ran, and I after him as hard as I could put; but he was young and spry, and I getting stiff in the joints, and he got behind the barn and out across lots, so I see 't'waint no use, and was comin' along back rather chop-fallen when I see a light in the sullen.

"Oh! sez I, 'so there's two o' 'em, and I jist stepped up to the window and got down and peeked in, and there, sure enough, was Bill Eaton fishin' up pork out of the bar'. I kept kind o' shady, and pretty soon up he comes to the window and calls out in a whisper, 'Jake! Jake!' so sez I, 'What'. 'Here's the basket, sez he, 'haul her up.' So I pulled with all my might, and up came the basket half full of pork. 'Oh, get some more,' I whispered, 'hand up one o' them shoulders, and let's fill her up with vegetables.' So he up with some cabbages, and one thing and another till the basket was chock full. Then sez I, 'Put out your lantern, some of the neighbors'll see us,' so he blew out his lantern, and I helped him up.

"It was pretty dark, and all the time he was taking me for Jake, one of his cronies at the tavern. 'Pooty good haul,' he chuckled. 'I tell ye what, that brine was cold, though; made my hands smart like sixty.' 'Take a hold here, Jake, and we'll get her home. We've got enough to last quite a spell.' So I took hold and we carried the basket between us down to his house. When we got to the door he opened it and went in; it was as dark as pitch, and I sez: 'Strike a light old fellow, and let's see what we've got.' So he fumbled around for the candlestick, and raked open the fire, and blew away at a big coal till he'd lit his candle; then I spoke up in my nat'ral voice: 'A pretty good haul, neighbor, that's a fact.'

"He jumped as if he was shot, and when he saw me, turned as white as a sheet, and looked here and there, and said, 'Lord where's Jake! His knees knocked together, and his eyes fairly stood out of his head. I didn't pay no attention, but jist said, as cool as a cucumber:

'Just help me take these things out, will ye? If you haint no objections I'll take the basket, as I may want it tomorrow, and it's about time I was goin'.'

"Bill went on groaning and saying, 'Oh, take 'em back, deacon; oh, what'll I do.'

"What makes ye feel bad, neighbor, sez I. 'Ye seemed to be in good spirits a minute or two ago. Is it because you've done wrong, or because ye're found out?' Then he jist went down on his knees to me, and sez he, 'Oh deacon, I'm mean, I know; meaner'n pusley, but if you knowed all about it you wouldn't be so hard on me.'

"Thinks I 'now's my chance.' So I sat down and heard the whole story; how he'd got in the power of some of those drinkin' lawless creetur's down to the tavern, and they'd put him up to it, and he bein' in debt and disgrace was kind of freckles, and ready to do most anything for a 'lark,' as they call it.

"Well, to make a long story short, I made him promise to give up his bad company and bad ways, and told him so long as he'd behave himself I'd stand by him and be his friend.

"Well, from that time on you wouldn't know Bill Eaton, for the boastin', swaggery feller he had been. There is folks that nothing but real downright disgrace'll humble.

"You wouldn't believe how he'd stick by me; he didn't say much, but it seemed as if he couldn't do enough for me. I ain't fond o' preachin', but a word here and there, when the soil is meller, is like the good seed we read about in scrip'ter, and Bill he began to mend his ways, and at last, after goin' to meetin' with me for quite a spell, he got up all of a sudden one evening in prayer-meetin', and told the whole story. He didn't mince matters, neither, but spoke up like a man. When he got through he said:

'Brethren, sez he, 'I'm a sinner, and no mistake; but may be I'd never found it out if it hadn't been for the deacon.

"I tell ye, sez he, 'ye can't get folks to walk in the path of righteousness by drivin' on 'em with hard knocks; and a man that's a sinner ain't half so ashamed of himself if you call him bad names, and abuse him, as he is if you treat him kindly.

"I knew I was mis'able and on happy, but I knew how mean I was till the deacon began to be so good to me; and the meaner I felt the kinder he'd be, till, at last, thinks I 'If it's as he says, that the Lord is more kind and forgivin' and lovin' to a poor sinner than what the deacon is, then sir, he's the Master for me, and if he'll take me I'll work for him through thick and thin as long as I live.

Uncle Eben stopped and wiped his eyes with his red bandana, and I saw his kind old face 'as it had been the face of an angel,' radiant with the joy which angels have over "one sinner that repenteth."—Standard.

HOW TO DELIVER A LETTER OF INTRODUCTION. — The person to whom a letter of introduction has been given should leave it at the house of the person to whom it is addressed, together with his own card, on which is his address. His part is then done, except to await the pleasure of the one whose acquaintance he seeks. The latter ought, according to good form, to extend (within twenty-four hours, if possible) some kindly attention, such as to call, a note of invitation, etc.

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