

The Family Circle.

The Two Homes; or, Earning and Spending.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

THE YOUNG ARCHITECT.

"The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord."

The committee-meeting was appointed on Friday of the next week; and until that time Henry could hardly be expected to set himself about any new business. He presented himself, however, every day at the shop, and appeared to the journeyman no different from what he had done when he was an apprentice. In truth, he hardly realized any change, his mind was so absorbed in revolving his chances of success in his new effort. As it drew nearer the time he became restless and anxious, often wondering that he had ever given a thought to the possibility of succeeding. He longed for an encouraging word from his more sanguine partner; but Mr. Morse was absent from the shop, and seemed busy with his own plans.

On Thursday evening he returned from the weekly conference-meeting, which he regularly attended with his grandmother; and, contrary to his usual custom, sat down before the fire instead of preparing to read.

"You are too warm," said the old lady, placing her hand upon his head.

"I wish to-morrow were over," he exclaimed, not noticing her remark.

"Time is too precious to be wished away, my dear," was the serious but gentle reply.

"I was sorry the moment I gave utterance to the words; but I feel very anxious about the result of the meeting. It seems to me that if my plans are rejected, I had better give up being an architect at once; for I have exerted myself to the utmost upon them."

"Cast your care upon the Lord, my son."

"But, grandma, I don't think you realize how important it is to me to succeed. If I fail, I shall be worse off than Stearns, who never tried."

"I do not think so. Your endeavors will be approved by the committee, even if they see cause to reject them in this case. Then this village is not the only place where new edifices are to be erected. If you do not build here, the gentlemen, perhaps, will recommend your plan elsewhere."

"Then only think what a chance I shall lose of going in as equal partner with Mr. Morse. I almost wish he hadn't told me until the decision had been made. The disappointment of that will be great enough without the other added to it."

"You remember, my dear, who has said, 'Cast thy burden on the Lord; he will sustain thee.'"

"Do you think it right to pray to be directed about little things, that concern only ourselves?"

"Yes, child; I am sure it is. In his providential dealings with his people, God directs every event, however minute, to work out their good and his glory. He watches every sparrow that falleth to the ground, and counts the very hairs of our heads."

"But now, in my case, grandma, you know ever since I was a little boy I have been anxious to distinguish myself in whatever I undertook. For a long time I fear it was at least a vain ambition to excel for the sake of excelling; but after I began to love the Saviour I wanted to become good and to be useful to my fellow-creatures. I thought if I made myself respected, I could have far more influence than if I lived along without trying to be anything."

"You mean, if you use and cultivate your talents rather than hide them in a napkin."

"Yes, ma'am, that's just it. So I prayed to be blessed in all my honest efforts to acquire riches and honor, and that I might always have a disposition to use these to advance the good cause. Now, since I began to draw those plans, I don't think there has been one night but I have asked God to prosper the work of my hands; for I could see then, as I do now, that my prospects for life would be far more flattering if I made myself a good name as an architect, than if I continued in the more ordinary labours of a carpenter. Then I resolved to make use of all my influence in a manner to show my gratitude to him. But lately I fear I have thought too much of myself, and have sometimes doubted whether it is right to pray so much for success in our own little plans—whether it is not selfish."

"A suggestion from the devil, my dear! If you have acted upon it, I see clearly the reason you are left to despondence and anxiety. You have taken the burden upon your own shoulders, instead of casting it upon the Lord."

Henry rose instantly, brought out the Bible from the secretary, and began to read,—

"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? When thou shalt seek my face, my heart shall be hid; thou shalt find me; but not thy servant away in anger; thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation!"

Then, kneeling down, he poured out his whole heart before God. When he arose his gloom had disappeared; he had left his care at the foot of the throne, and his soul was at peace. He kissed his grandmother tenderly, retired to his bed, and soon was sweetly asleep.

When the time came for him to accompany Mr. Morse to the committee-room, he was calm and self-possessed; so that his partner, who had expected some exhibition of anxiety, gazed at him with surprise. As they approached the spot Mr. Morse said:

"I see you are pretty sure of success."

"On the contrary, I never was so much inclined to the belief that they will consider the buildings too expensive; but I know I shall have them if it is best for me. Perhaps One who can judge better than I, forces that it would make me proud. At any rate, I can cheerfully leave the event in his hand."

Though they were prompt to the hour when the meeting was to be opened, yet they found a middle-aged man present, with a large roll open before him, which one of the gentlemen was examining. Mr. Morse and his companion were requested to wait in the next room. Presently, however, they were summoned, as the plan presented did not at all meet their wishes. The senior party, who was already acquainted with all the gentlemen, and indeed had been in consultation with them through the week, now introduced his companion, and requested him to proceed at once to the explanation of his drawings.

Three hours later the gentlemen were still at their work, having discussed every point with the young architect, as thoroughly as if the terms had been already agreed upon. Henry's hopes began to rise.

"Sincerely," he thought, "they would not spend so much time, unless they saw some prospect of doing it."

On the contrary, Mr. Morse began to fear, from their delay, that they did not regard the drawings as favorably as he had expected. But just as it appeared that they were waiting for a distinguished architect, who came bustling into the room, apologizing for being behind time.

"I am very sorry," he said, "but I have been so busy with my other engagements, that I have not had time to come earlier. I am, however, very glad to see you, and I am sure you will find my plans very satisfactory."

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up at the sum named in the estimates. Bond, of course, will expect to superintend the job, and he doesn't work for nothing, you know," he added, with a laugh.

"Then you recommend it with that exception?" demanded one of the committee.

"Of course I do. I only wish you had applied to me a little sooner. I should have liked the honor of putting up those buildings myself. If the work is done strictly after the plans, they will be a great ornament to your village. When do you propose to commence them?"

"Immediately—as soon as they have been accepted by the town."

"Well," said the gentleman, buttoning up his coat, "I shall see Bond to-morrow, and shall congratulate him on having two such handsome buildings to erect."

"Stop," said the chairman, "before you go I want to introduce to you a new candidate for public notice and favor. This is young Mr. Appleton, the architect, whose drawings you have so highly approved."

"But I thought you said they were Bond's."

"No; you assumed that."

"I suppose, then, you are a pupil of his?" turning to Henry.

"No, sir; I never had the pleasure of seeing the gentleman, though I have often wished to do so."

"Well, I have only time now to say that you have a decided genius for that sort of thing, and that you are just the man I've been in search of for a partner. What say you?"

"I thank you exceedingly for your encouragement, sir. I am already in partnership with Mr. Morse."

"He's a lucky dog, then. Well, when you want a recommendation, you're welcome to use my name. Good-bye, Mr. Appleton."

And without noticing one of the others, the eccentric individual left the room.

(To be Continued.)

Walter Burns was fifteen years old. He had been blessed with a good home, and though early deprived by death of a mother's love and care, his father had watched over him and given him counsel as only a Christian father can. Walter had been for several years a member of a Sabbath-school class, in which were eight or ten boys of about the same age. As these boys had reached their thirteenth or fourteenth birthdays, they began to feel, as many others before and since have felt, too old to attend the Sabbath-school, and had dropped off one by one until now but three were left.

Walter had hesitated to adopt the views of his classmates, knowing his father's feelings—and wishing to please him who had always been one of the kindest of fathers; but at last he decided that he was too much of a man to remain longer in a place which he thought fit only for children.

"Father," said he, "one Sabbath morning, almost all the boys have left our Sabbath-school class. They think they are too old to be in it. Only two or three of them are there now—and I have concluded—that I shall leave too."

Mr. Burns looked in his son's face a moment, and then said sadly: "Walter, there are some things of which I have never spoken to you, because there has never yet seemed a reason for it. The time has now come when I ought to speak. When you were three years old you lost a dear mother. You have never known how great a loss such a loss. Among your dear dead mother's last words was the request that as soon as you were old enough, I would place you in the Sabbath-school; and she said it was her prayer for her dear little boy, who would soon be motherless, that he might continue a scholar in it till he should learn to love the Saviour, and be prepared, if it became his duty, to be a teacher. I need not tell you what my own wishes and prayers, since then, have been in this respect. And now my son says he feels too old to remain longer in the Sabbath-school, though he has not yet found Christ."

Walter saw the tears glittering in his father's eyes and turned away. Nothing more was said about leaving that class. Walter remembered his mother's dying wish, and the earnest longings of his praying father, and at length he found the Saviour in the Sabbath-school; he was led to the Cross, and his heart was filled with the love and peace of a forgiven soul.

He is a man now, an active Christian, and the beloved superintendent of a large Sabbath-school in one of our cities; and I have seen the eyes of both parents and children grow moist with tears as he told them this story of his boyhood.

Boys, are any of you beginning to think you are too old to be Sabbath scholars? Remember Walter Burns, and a great number of children besides, who have found Christ in the Sabbath-school; and think of the matter very seriously before you decide to leave such a place.—*Uncle Paul's Stories.*

"IF BENNY WILL."

I once knew a boy who was always quarreling with his playmates. One fine morning I said to him, "Charles, you can do something that will make us all very happy. You can resolve to say nothing but pleasant words for a whole day."

Charles was really a kind-hearted fellow, but very impatient and excitable, and he answered frankly: "I know I am cross and hateful, but it is all because of Benny. I will break off at once, if Benny will." But the trouble was that Benny wouldn't. There was no use in waiting for him to become sweet-tempered, for he never did; and so Charles, instead of setting a good example, followed a bad one.

It was just so with his sister. Fanny and Susan had a large pleasant room, which they shared together, but it never looked inviting. There was always a comb and brushes on the bureau, half-stained fruit on the table, towels on the chairs, and shoes on the carpet. Fanny loved order and neatness; at least, she said so; but she never practiced it, because Susan didn't. She wrote Susan's name in dust upon the lid of the ink, and let it remain till new dust covered it up. She kicked her careless sister's spools of thread and balls of worsted across the floor, but never gathered them up, because it was not her part of the work; so she acquired the habit of seeing things in confusion—a very bad habit for a woman. Fanny is now a mother, with a house and daughters of her own, and yet somehow the rooms look as if she were waiting for Susan to reform. She says she is waiting for the fall house cleaning, and better help in the kitchen.

It is of no use to wait. If we are resolved to keep on doing wrong until everybody else does right, we may be certain that the "good time coming" will not come in our day. We cannot change others, but we can, with God's help, change ourselves. We can do our own part first, and do it well; then, if we are generous, we shall do a little more. When Fanny's work is thoroughly done, she will not be afraid to help Susan a little; and if Charles is wise, he will learn to shut his mouth and keep his temper, although I don't think Benny ever will.

THE HAPPY MOTHER.—The mother is happy when her sweet babe is born, and when the helpless little thing lies on her bosom.

She is happy when it begins to take notice and return her smile.

She is happy when it totters over the floor and utters its first syllable.

She is happy when the boy trips along by her side, and when the girl sows or reads at her knee.

Happy still is the mother when she looks to the prospect of her beloved son.

O how happy, when the youth becomes a child of grace!

But happiest of all will she be when she meets all her children at the right hand of Christ!

Christian mother, do you not find motives to prayer and fidelity in these simple thoughts!

Protestantism.

NEW AT LAST.—Grand Chance for Snow Shovel. Snow Shovel from \$4.00 to \$10.00. Also a few children's Frame Sleds, at \$1.25 each.

March 11. Fancy Warehouse, Prince Wm. street.

JAYNE'S MEDICINE. The subscriber has received from the Proprietors in Philadelphia, an assortment of Dr. Jayne's Family Medicine, and has them for sale at Wholesale and Retail.

No. 80 Prince Wm. street.

LAMPS AND CHIMNEYS.—Just received, 300 dozen assorted Chimneys; 15 dozen Lamps, to be sold very low for cash. Also Oil and Wicks.

J. F. SEBORG, King Square.

MRS. JAMMON'S SYRUP FOR COUGHS.—This wonderful medicine will cure persons suffering with Consumption (except where the lungs are totally destroyed). It will effectually cure Coughs, Colds, Influenza, Croup, and Hooping Cough. For sale by the subscriber at the small sum of 25 cents per bottle.

J. F. SEBORG, King Square.

BOARDS AND PLANK.—40,000 feet Shipping Pine Boards and Plank; 40,000 feet Red Pine. Pine Boards. Just received, and for sale low by

Feb. 25.—wpr. 54 West East Boston Steamboat Landing.

A NEW supply of Ladies' SKATES at \$1.50 and \$2.00. Gentlemen's do, from \$2.00 to \$4.00. Boys' do, 50c to 75c. Also—Fancy Dress, Clock and Garibaldi Buttons; Embroidered Linen Table Cloths; Fruit and Butter Knives. ONE TON OF BRASS, Crystal, Chalk, Black, Cut, Glass, Turquoise, and other colors.

Feb. 25.—wpr. F. A. COSGROVE, Prince Wm. street.

Just received by Steamer Arabia, per Juliet, a magnificent assortment of Wax Joints, at a tremendous discount. Also, Photographs, Albums, for Cakes de Visite; Paper Maché Work Boxes and Writing Desks, in the richest styles. The latest and most elegant designs in Ladies' Companions, Jewel Boxes, Work Holders, Watch Chains, Cigar Holders, Spill Cups, &c., &c.

F. A. COSGROVE, Prince Wm. street.

P. ROBERTSON JONES, Davaoson, No. 80 Prince Wm. street, keeps constantly on hand and for sale a full assortment of DRUGS, Medicines, Chemicals, "Soleil" Medicines, Perfumes, Brushes and Combs, Hair Stuffs, &c. Physicians' prescriptions prepared with care, and of the best articles. Medicine Chests filled and refilled. Trusses, Supporters, Bandages, Pessaries Syringes, &c., &c., of the best description.

Oct. 3.—wpr.

GRANITE HALL,

10 MARKET SQUARE.

THOMAS R. JONES

HAS RECEIVED AND IN STOCK,

OVER COATS,

IN EVERY STYLE AND VARIETY;

Business Coats to suit all Classes!

Dress Suits,

From \$8 up to the best article made!

RICH BALL AND WEDDING VESTS

ALWAYS ON HAND.

Fine Black, Blue, Brown, and Fancy Coloured

BEAVER CLOTHS.

Heavy Moscow Over Coatings;

Waterproof Portsmouth Pilot Cloths;

HEAVY NEWFOUNDLAND PILOT CLOTHS;

Siberian, Cheviot, Knickerbocker, Witney and other

Over Coatings.

WEST OF ENGLAND BLACK AND COLORED

BROAD CLOTHS; BLACK CASSIMERES

AND DOESKINS, SCOTCH TWEEDS,

YORKSHIRE DOESKINS, AND

Trowserings in endless variety.

Vestings, in Black and Fancy Silks, Silk

Velvets, Plushes, Quiltings, Cash-

mere and Marcellines.

MEASURE WORK.

Got up by an experienced Mechanic, in a

style that cannot be surpassed for neatness,

strength and durability, and at prices that

cannot fail to be appreciated by sound

judgment.

THE BEST AND LARGEST STOCK OF REAL

SCOTCH HOSIERY

Ever imported, in Double and Single-breasted

VESTS, and Under SHIRTS, DRAWERS, HOSK

and half Hose, in Cheviots, Cassimeres, &c.