

Family Circle.

Our Early Friends.

The friends we loved in days of yore
On life's rough journey parted;
The good, the sure, the bright the pure,
The warm and social-hearted,—
Where'er, beneath the load of life,
In this wide world ye bend now,—
We pledge your name, we breathe the prayer,
"May all that's good attend you!"

Your manly form, your sparkling eyes,
Your words of wit and shrewdness,
Your generous love, unchecked, unmarred
By self or low-bred rudeness,—
The glorious hours when young Hope soared
Aloft on Fancy's pinion,
Come back, and sway our hearts again,
In uncontrolled dominion.

"Our early friends!" Ah me! the words
Stir up a mingled feeling,
And, while I sing, the bitter tear
Adown my cheek is stealing.
Bright stars have set in endless night
In that fair constellation,
And few, now, in the western sky
Maintain their lonely station.

Sweet be the flowers that deck their graves,
Sincere the tears that wet them!
And, shrouded in Memory's sacred depths,
The dead! we'll ne'er forget them.
But you, who still are struggling on,
Our deepening love we send you,
In this one word,— "May heaven be kind
And all that's good attend you!"

What Came of an Act of Kindness.

A young man seeking employment, went into the office of a Chicago railway Superintendent. His clothes indicated extreme poverty, and his face extreme suffering. His face both concealed and revealed mental agitation. It was not the face of vice or ignorance. The young man's countenance, voice and bearing, said plainly, "Here are intelligence, virtue, good-breeding and misfortune."

The Superintendent was the servant of Capital, and was busy. Nevertheless, he had human sympathies, and always had time to be respectful to Labor. Capital is insecure if Labor is treated with contempt. Here is a conversation between Labor and Capital:

"Have you anything for me to do, sir?"
"Will you go to Iowa and work in the harvest-field?"

"Yes sir. I shall be glad to do anything."
"All right. Call here to-morrow at ten o'clock, and I will let you know what I can do for you."

The young man went out, and the Superintendent immediately asked a farmer in Iowa, by telegraph, if he could employ another man, the reply was,—

"Yes. It he amounts to anything, send him along."

The young man returned. He was punctual. A good sign thought the Superintendent. Punctuality means business. The Superintendent handed him a railway pass and address of the Iowa farmer, saying—

"This pass will take you to the town named on it, and when you get there, any one will direct you to the farmer whose name is on the bit of paper. He will give you plenty of work and good wages. I wish you every success. Good-day."

The young man thanked the Superintendent betraying some motion in doing so, and passed out.

"Drink, probably," muttered the Superintendent, as he resumed his work. "What a curse it is! however I have done my duty."

But it was not drink that made the poor fellow's lips quiver and his eyes glisten. We shall see what it was.

Five years pass, and the same man calls upon the same Superintendent, who had forgotten both the man and the incident. (He has had so many such to remember. Besides, the young man is not exactly the same man. His clothes are good though plain. His countenance and bearing say now, "Here are intelligence, virtue, good-breeding and good fortune.")

He is a changed man. He looked like a man who has fought and won. And he has.

He gives his name, recalls the fact of his having asked the Superintendent for work, and adds, "I wish to tell you, sir, that your act of kindness was far more to me than you could imagine. I had asked for employment of exactly seven men, who hire a large number of persons, but was told by every one of them that they had nothing for me to do."

"All of them answered me harshly. Some of them wouldn't as much as look at me. Two of them said they didn't want any tramps around them, and I could get work if I wished it." They seemed to take it for granted that my asking for work proved that I didn't want it.

You may imagine how disheartened and despondent I was. I had a wife who was too feeble to even sew for a living, and a child two years old. We were living in a wretched little room, which I could pay for no longer.

"The evening came. I was standing on the corner of the street, watching a man light the street-lamps, and wishing I were in his place, when two young men of about my age came up and shook hands with me."

I had known them years before, but I never knew any good of them. Upon hearing my story, they said they were "in the same boat." They had tried to get employment, without success, and now they had a big thing on hand that was going to make them rich, and I might go in with them.

"They made me promise that I wouldn't peach on them," and then they told me they knew of a bank in a small country town, where they could make a big haul, and it required three to do the job."

"Well, sir, I was awfully frightened, I can tell you. I never had such a feeling in all my life. I had been brought up honestly. I had received

ed a good common school education, and always felt some pride in the respectability of my family.

"I was an only child. My father and mother who had died a few years before were very strict with me. I always went to church and Sunday-school when I was a boy, and never fell into any bad habits. The dying injunction of both my parents was that I should be honest and straight-forward in my life."

"So, when these fellows told me their plan the face of my father and mother seemed to plead with me to flee, but the faces of my wife and child also appeared and pleaded for bread."

"God only knows how I suffered that moment, sir. The longer I listened to my companions as we wandered along the street, the more agitated and undecided I became."

"It got to be one o'clock. We were standing at the Wells Street Bridge. The streets were silent. I could feel a thumping in my throat."

"Finally I told the men I must go, and that I would meet them again at that place the next evening at eight o'clock."

"While they were talking, I made up my mind once more to try to get employment, and if I failed, to join them upon their raid upon the bank."

"You must think it strange, sir, that I should come to such a decision. But that is because you never knew what it was to despair, and to feel the awful darkness that it brings upon the conscience. I felt as if my whole moral nature was being paralyzed."

"I went to my room. I sat on the side of the bed where my wife and child lay, and waited for the morning. I felt nothing. I was torpid."

"When the morning came, and the offices were opened, I gave my wife and child a loaf of bread, with money which my companions had given me, kissed them, and went out into the street."

"I came in here. It was a mere chance that I did so, and I can tell you, sir, I was excited enough to scream when you said what you did. I restrained myself, however, and you did not take notice of my face."

"I was not used to farm work. I was accustomed to lighter employment. But I went where you told me to go, and did as you told me to do. The farmer who employed me was a noble man, and I have ever since supported myself and family comfortably in his employment."

"I am sorry to take your time, sir, but I could not help coming to thank you for saving me. If you had treated me as I had been treated by the others, I do not know what would have become of me,—or rather, I do know only too well."

At this point the young man broke down, and nothing was heard in the busy office but his convulsive sobs. Tears were in the Superintendent's eyes. He, too, was silent. He was mastering himself.

When he had control of his feelings, he rose from his chair, grasped the young man's hands and said,—

"It is for me to thank you, not you me. I did not dream of doing for you what you say I have done. You have taught me a lesson that I shall not forget. By an act of ordinary duty, I have saved a man from crime and ruin!"—*The Youth's Companion.*

The Clam-Shell Preacher.

Rev. H. C. Trumbull, editor of the *S. S. Times*, gives the following pleasant reminiscence of the late Dr. Beadle:

There was a mission school at Hartford, in a garret room of a rickety building, in the earlier days of such schools in this country. It was what the English would call a "ragged school," made up of boys and girls of the very lowest class in the community, out of homes of equal or of vice along the river banks in one of poorer quarters of that city. It was not an easy matter to catch and hold the attention of that motley assemblage. There was rarely a visitor who was equal to the emergency. But Dr. Beadle won the eyes and ears of all who were there when he first came to that school. Standing in front of the superintendent's desk, before the school closed for the day, he held up a common fresh-water clam-shell, and called out, "Boys, what is that?"

"A clam-shell," cried a hundred voices.
"Yes, it's a clam-shell—a rough, coarse clam-shell; just such a shell as you could pick up any day by the bank of the river, or back in the country by a brook in the woods."

Then, turning the shell quickly in his hand, he showed the other valve, beautifully polished, its iridescent colors reflecting the light attractively.

"And what's that, boys?"

"That's a clam-shell, too," was the answer.

"Yes; but see how much prettier this side is. What makes the difference?"

"It's been rubbed down," said one.

"It's been smoothed off," said another.

"It's been polished up," said a third.

"Yes, that's it. And boys, do you know that's just what we are trying to do with you in this Sabbath school. We've brought some of you in here as rough as the other side of the clam-shell, and now we are trying to rub you down, to smooth you off, to polish you up so that you'll shine like this side of the shell."

The he pressed home the need of soul-polishing in words which were never forgotten in that room. Dr. Beadle was therefore known by those boys as the "clam-shell man," and they always gave him a hearty welcome in their school-room, or as they met him from time to time in the street.

Many of them were more willing to be rubbed down and smoothed off in consequence of his suggestive words of then and later; and some of them came finally to have a character which reflected beautifully the rays of the Sun of Righteousness.

There were boys that mission-school to meet Dr. Beadle in heaven as he went home to glory, and others of them are still living as polished shafts in God's earthly temple—"polished after the multitude of a palace."

Good Humor in the Family.

Good humor is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to happy home life. An equally good and useful faculty is a sense of humor or the capacity to have a little fun along with the humdrum cares and work of life. We all know how it brightens up things generally to have a lively, witty companion who sees the ridiculous point of things and can turn an annoyance into an occasion for laughter. It does a great better to laugh over some domestic mishaps than to cry or scold over them. Many homes and lives are dull because they are allowed to become too deeply impressed with a sense of the cares and responsibilities of life to recognize its bright and especially its mirthful side. Into such a household, good but dull the advent of a witty, humorous friend is like a sunshine on a cloudy day.

While it is oppressive for persons constantly striving to say witty or funny things, it is comfortable, seeing what a brightener a little fun is to make an effort to have some at home. It is well to turn off an impatient question sometimes, and to regard it from a humorous point of view, instead of being irritated about it. "Wife what is the reason I never can find a clean shirt?" exclaimed a good but rather impatient husband, after rummaging all through the wrong drawer. His wife looked at him steadily for a moment, half inclined to be provoked; then with a comical look she said: "I never could guess conundrums; I give it up." Then he laughed, and they both laughed, and she went and got his shirt, and he felt ashamed of himself and kissed her; and then she felt happy, and so what might have been an occasion for hard words and unkind feelings became just the contrary, and all through the little vein of humor that cropped out to the surface.

Some people have a peculiar faculty for giving a humorous turn to things when they are reproved. It does just as will oftentimes to laugh things off as to scold them off. Laughter is better than tears. Let us have a little more of it at home.

Smiles.

The Tired Old Woman.

There was an old woman who always was tired. She lived in a house where no help was hired. Her last words on earth were, "Dear friends, I am going."

Where sweeping ain't done, nor churning, nor sewing. And everything there will be just to my wishes, For where they don't eat there's no washing of dishes.

And though there the anthems are constantly ringing. I, having no voice, will get rid of the singing. Don't mourn for me now and don't mourn for me never. For I'm going to do nothing forever and ever.

"Do editors ever do wrong?" "No."

"What do they do?" "They do write."

How ken you expect to find two people in this world alike, when you can't even find one who is alike half the time?—*Billing's Almanac.*

"He who wears a paper collar a whole week don't do much else."—*Ibid.*

In struggling to make a dull-brained boy understand what conscience is, a teacher finally asked, "What makes you feel uncomfortable after you have done wrong?" "Father's leather strap," feelingly replied the boy.

"Do you think you are dying, Gideon?" said a friend to an eccentric brother. "Don't know, can't tell; never died yet."

The Rev. Joseph Cook on a boy who climbs a tree to steal apples: "The apples are the objective natural motive; the boy's appetite is his subjective natural motive; his intention is his moral motive." It is hardly necessary to add that the boot or board the owner of the orchard applies when he catches him at it is the boy's natural locomotive.

Fireside Pastimes.

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM C. BURNHAM, A.B.

Contributions of good original puzzles and answers are solicited from every reader of the VISITOR for this department. All communications should be written only on one side of the paper, marked "For Fireside Pastimes," and addressed to William C. Burnham, VISITOR Office, No. 88 Germain St., Saint John, N. B.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A vegetable.
 2. A pronoun.
 3. A girl's name.
 4. A conveyance.
 5. A bird.
 6. Are used in music.
- The initials spell the name of a town in Maine. The initials, the name of a river in England. Waterville, Me. E. A. R.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A freight.
2. A look of fondness.
3. A tree.
4. A forest animal.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 7, 8, 9 is used in geography.
My 11, 10, 3 is a conjunction.
My 9, 2, 1 is a measure of weight.
My 1, 2, 4 is an adverb.
My 1, 2, 6 is a Bible name.
My whole is a city in Mass.
Waterville, Me. E. A. R.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

My first is the equivalent for Alpha.
My second is a personal pronoun.
My third are fab'es.
My fourth is the name of a friend of Cicero.

My fifth is a period of time.
My sixth is the contraction for a street conveyance.
My seventh is equivalent to Sigma.

Canning, N. S. S. EDDIE MARCH.
RHOMBOID.

Across.—

1. A color.
2. Circles.
3. An old name for the crown of the head.
4. Close by.

Down.—

1. In Bangor.
 2. An interjection.
 3. A vase.
 4. Black.
 5. To prosecute.
 6. A musical note.
 7. In Cork.
- Jemseg, N. B. A. T. D.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Who was the first King of Sacred History?
 2. How many times, and by whom were waters divided for passage on dry land?
 3. What sin saved a city several days?
- Jemseg, N. B. C. D. D.

Answers next week.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PASTIMES.

To Word-Square.—

A R A L
R I C E
A C M E
L E E T

To Cross Word Enigma.—Carleton.

To Drop-Letter Puzzle.—Brevity is the soul of wit.

To Rhomboid.—

M A R S
Y U L E
E U G H
E G E R

To Hour-Glass Puzzle.—

C A T C H P O L L
I N D O R S E
H A U G H
A R C
G
I L K
T R A I T
W H I S T L E
T R A N S P I R E

To Poetical Transpositions.—

Lives of great men all remind us.
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time.

SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.

E. A. R., Waterville, Me., sends correct answers to the Enigma and Numerical Enigma in the VISITOR of March 12th.

CITY

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