

Christian Advocate

GALVESTON TEXAS AUG. 26, '76

Family Circle

Robbie's Reward.

"Pins and pocket-combs! Pins and pocket-combs!"

"Here, little boy," said a voice behind him; "you have just what I want."

"Then don't pay so much," persisted Robbie; and he handed back two cents to the gentleman, who had given him ten.

"Well, little man," said Harvey, "aren't your ideas of morals most too big for such a little head as yours?"

"My mother," replied Robbie, "and I think she would rather I should die, and come to her in heaven, an honest, upright boy, than to live ever so well on stolen money."

"Yes, yes!" said Harvey, "I dare say you are right; and you are a noble boy to remember such a mother's teachings."

Little Robbie went wearily on with his work carrying, nevertheless, a quiet conscience with him, for all he was so tired; he had overcome one little temptation.

The lady and gentleman stepped upon the train and were gone. Harvey Hulman was very thoughtful; and his gay companion had to reprove him for silence.

"You've been gazing at the trestlework of Hempden bridge ever since we came in sight. One would think you were planning to build a bridge of your own, by the way you study that."

"So I am, Belle," he replied; "rather, I've built it; and crossed it already, and find myself on the safe side of a great chasm of temptation, for, see here! you don't know how strongly I've been tempted, lately, to withhold those bonds that I know, in honor, ought to go to redeem my father's pledge."

But a few weeks later, after Harvey Holeman's business was well established, the station-agent of Beacon City received a letter inquiring after the little peddler of pins and pocket-combs, and relating his little act of honesty.

Later still, honest Robbie was received into Mr. Holeman's home and business interests, to serve, first as errand-boy, and then as clerk.

Which was the better reward for Robbie—the fine position which his honesty had gained for him, or the consciousness of having influenced for good a fellowman? He thought the latter.—Well Spring.

Missionary Katy.

Katy Gray had been to a missionary meeting, and heard a lady speak who had been for fifteen years a missionary in Africa. She had spoken only of the bright side, and not of the dark, and Katy was delighted and interested.

"Yes, I have concluded to be a missionary when I get 'bout forty." "Why wait until you are forty?" asked Katy's mamma, looking up from the sewing that occupied both hand and foot.

you can follow it out. But, you know, there was Mrs. Stephens, who died last week, and she was just forty. Don't you think you had better place it a little earlier?"

"Well, perhaps thirty-five would do." "Yes, that would only be keeping seven-eighths of life for yourself, and giving one to Christ. That might do, only Aunt Katy, you know, died at thirty-five. Would that be safe?"

"Well, thirty, then," and Katy, moved to the window and looked out. "Thirty—that's better; that is just the age of Cousin Mary when she was thrown from the carriage on her way to the party. You know she has never walked a step since."

"That is young enough to go to Africa," replied Mrs. Gray. "You know that pretty Miss Robbins, who was buried last week at that age, thought of going out to India."

"I don't see, mamma," said Katy, turning from the window and laughing with tears in her eyes, "but I shall be obliged to go right away, so as to be safe."

"So you would, darling, if you could not be one of Christ's workers every day, right here. If you should live for yourself twenty-five years, wouldn't it be rather hard work, all at once, to begin to live for others?"

"I think so. Why, of course!" said Katy. "Don't dream then, dear, of great things, and by, but be such a helpful worker every day in little things, that at last the Master shall see that you have grown strong enough to bear great things."

"I will, mamma. Now, shall I begin by watching baby and letting you go out for fresh air?" And Katy did begin right then and there, and she began, too, in the true way.

Home missionaries are as important and useful as those in foreign fields, and for them there is always an "open door."

Katy followed up her missionary work in various ways, which proved a blessing to herself as well as to those about her. There were many little things which she could do to help her kind mamma.

There were little errands upon which she could go as an angel of mercy. She could carry a basket of provisions to some poor widow, and orphan children, even through the rain and snow; she could speak kindly to those in trouble and distress; she could gather up and lead to the Sunday school the little ones that lived near, who without her services would perhaps never have found their way thither, or the door into the fold where Jesus the Good Shepherd is.

In this way Katy is preparing herself for greater missionary duties by and by, should it please the good Lord to spare her. And should it be his will early to remove her from labor to reward, she will be among those to whom the blessed Master will say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."—Minnie Moore, in Little Sower.

A FAITHFUL SERVANT.—A poor man, who possessed a fine large dog, had occasion to remove from one village to another some distance off. For the purpose of transporting his goods he employed a small van, on which the furniture was packed, the man leading the horse, while his dog brought up the rear.

On arriving at his destination and unloading the van, the man was astonished to discover that a chair and a basket were missing from the back part of the van and that the dog also could not be found. The day passed, but no dog was forthcoming, and the poor man began to fear that something must have happened to his dumb retainer. The next morning, as he was on the way to the old cottage to take away another load, judge of his astonishment and delight when he saw by the roadside not only his lost property, but his faithful dog, seated erect by the chair and basket, keeping strict guard over them.

The articles had fallen, doubtless, from the van, which the man had not observed; but his watchful companion had deemed it his duty to remain and protect his master's property. Although left for so long a time without food, the faithful creature had never deserted his self-imposed charge until he could surrender it to its rightful owner. The joy of master and servant was without doubt great at the meeting.

A Roman society, in beginning excavations near the monument of Minerva Medica, has come upon some printings which adorned a columbarium. They are said to be of great value both to science and art, and are believed by Roman archaeologists and artists to belong to the Augustan age.

Waste Basket.

Deception one cannot see through—A glass eye. Doctor's motto—"Patients and long suffering."

What keeps Lent the longest and best?—Money. Promissory notes—Tuning the fiddles before the performance commences.

A St. Louis exchange says that Grant's friends are as true as steel. A young lady on Madison avenue is so timid that she cannot look a needle in the eye or a clock in the face.

A Sioux motto—"White man big smart—he furnish brains, red man heag brave—he knock 'em out." A wag, noted for his brevity, writes to a friend to be careful in the selection of his diet. He says: "Don't eat Q-cumbers; they'll W-u-p."

When the thermometer indicates ninety and nine, you may have noticed that a man can get his choler up much more easily than he can keep his collar up.

There is a great falling-off of little boys who try to ride on the behind end of a street car. It would be better for proof readers if all the Turkish generals were named Smith.

"Madam," said a gentleman to his wife, "let me tell you facts are very stubborn things." "What a fact you must be," quoth the lady. Charles Lamb, when speaking of one of his rides on horseback, remarked that "all at once his horse stopped, but he kept right on."

Is there a word in the English language which contains all the vowels? Unquestionably, Absteriously and facetiously contains them in order.

CHANGE OF TIME. G., H. & H. R. R. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, April 17, 1876.

Trains Leave Galveston, 6 A. M., 11 A. M., and 3 P. M., Trains Leave Houston 6:20 A. M., 9:30 A. M., and 8:25 P. M., ON SUNDAYS Train Leaves Galveston 11 A. M. Leaves Houston at 2:45 P. M.

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