# The Family Circle.

"REMEMBER ME."

BY EDWARD EVERETT. [The following lines were written by the late Mr. Everett, in his youthful days, but never published until since his deccase. They were addressed to a ten-derly loved sister, on the occasion of his leaving home for a prolonged absence.]

Yes, dear one! to the envied train
Of those around, thy moments pay,
But wilt thou never kindly deign
To think of him that's far away? Thy form, thine eye, thine angel smile,
For weary years I may not see;
But wilt thou not sometimes the while,
My sister dear, Remember Me?

But not in fashion's brilliant hall, Surrounded by the gay and fair,
And thou the fairest of them all,
Oh, think not, think not of me there; But when the thoughtless crowd is gone, And hushed the voice of senseless glee, And all is silent, still and lone, And thou art sad, Remember Me!

Remember me; but loveliest, ne'er, When in his orbit fair and high, The morning's glowing charioteer Rides proudly up the blushing sky; But when the waning moonbeam sleeps At midnight on the lonely sea, And nature's pensive spirit wee In all her dews, Remember Me

Remember me, I pray,—but not In Flora's gay and blooming hour, When every brake hath found its note, And sunshine smiles in every flower; But when the falling leaf is sere, And withers sadly from the tree, And o'er the ruins of the year Cold autumn sighs, Remember Me!

Remember me: but choose not, dear, The hour when, on the gentle lake,
The sportive wavelets, blue and clear,
Soft rippling to the margin, break;
But when the deafening billows foam In madness o'er the pathless sea, Then let thy pilgrim fancy roam Across them, and Remember Me!

Remember me, but not to join, If haply some thy friend should praise;
'Tis far too dear, that voice of thine,
\_\_To echo what the stranger says: They know us not; but should'st thou meet Some faithful friend of me and thee, Softly, sometimes, to him repeat My name, and then Remember Me!

Remember me: not, I entreat, In scenes of festal, week day joy,
For then it were not kind or meet
My thoughts thy pleasure should alloy:
But on the sacred, solemn day,
And, dearest, on thy bended knee,
When thou for those thou lov'st dost pray, Sweet spirit, then Remember Me!

Remember me; but not as I On thee forever, ever dwell,
With anxious heart, and drooping eye,
And doubts' twould grieve thee I should tell; But in thy calm, unclouded heart, Whence dark and gloomy visions flee, Oh, then, my sister! be my part, And kindly then REMEMBER ME!

THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT. From "Christian's Panoply;" a new "A. L. O. E." book, just published by Carter.

There have been many school-teachers more clever than Ned Franks, the one-armed sailor, many possessing deeper knowledge, and greater power of imparting it to others; but there have been but few who could make sank dying upon the sand. themselves more popular with their pupils. It was not merely that Ned subject, that after school hours were with no port of safety in view, and the shall hang there over my tomb." over he would tell anecdotes of life at sun glaring down upon him till the sea; but that his genial, kindly nature | sand under his feet, and the very air drew the young around him with a that he breathed, seemed from a burnpower resembling that by which nee ing fiery furnace. St. George saw a dles are drawn to a magnet. The se- few palm trees in the distance, lifting cret of this influence was—Ned was their feathery tops athwart the clear beloved because he loved. He did blue sky, and he steered his course tonot go through his duties as a task, wards them; but, heavily laden with thankful when they were over, merely | helm, hauberk, and shield, the weary, performing the work for the salary his labors of love, Ned looked to his away the shield that hung so heavily gives success. There was not a boy to whom he had not spoken in private knight. on the subject of religion. Most of them looked upon him as a friend and | del foot shall ever be able to trample counsellor in need; and a grave look on that sign of my holy faith. Come from the sailor had more effect than a weal, come woe, I'll never fling it away, blow from another man might have or leave my shield in the dust!' had.

"Come, teacher, now for a story!" exclaimed Stephen White, on one wintry day, when torrents of rain were in the desert. He threw himself down descending, when the howling blast to rest under the welcome shade of the rattled the window-frames and shrieked | palms, pillowed his head on his shield in the chimneys, and dashed the shower | and speedily dropped asleep. against the panes, while ever and anon the growl of the thunder was heard. Slates and well-thumbed books had haze on the horizon of the desert, flat springing up in almost every pathway, been hurried back into their places, for Ned delighted in order, and tried felt very desolate and lonely. He for Ned delighted in order, and tried felt very desolate and lonely. He ering. It is of no use to wait for hap-to introduce into the school something looked down on his shield, perhaps to piness to come to us. We must take of the neatness and discipline which | cheer up his courage with the sight of | that which we find at our hand. We

ful young sailor, "as this is not weather like a mirror, save where here and for cricket or foot-ball, I'm ready to there the enemy's steel had left a scratch most covet. Just as soon as the garspin one of my yarns, if you're willing or a dent. St. George could see the to it." A general stamping of boots green feathery top of a palm reflected and clapping of hands was the answer. in it; he could see its slim-fluted stem, "What shall it be about?" continued and he could see something besides the sailor, passing his hand through which startled even his bold spirit. his curly brown locks.

"Something about battles and blows." cried a youthful voice from one of the farther benches.

you the story of the shield; not just ous creature darted down. It missed because it amused myself when I was its prey, and the next moment was seems to my mind that it bears right force upon it.

class." them to think. "Sea-weeds," he would aside my red-cross shield.'

say, "float on the surface, but we must ! dive for the pearls; there be many stories from which we can draw a pre- through the night, lest new dangers

on the forms, some on the floor, to be it had crushed the serpent, with the nearer their favorite teacher, who, rest- arm-fastening upturned; the red cross ing his single arm on the desk before pressing the sand. him, leant forward, and thus began:-

Holy Land many hundred years ago, by a crusading knight who followed call him St. George.

"Many and great were the perils and hardships encountered by the bold knight. Mounted on his strong warhorse, with his lance in rest, often would he charge the Saracen foe. Where down-turned shield. The heavy drops the battle was hottest, there would the had fallen on the hollow buckler, it sunshine flash on his glittering shield, had caught and it had kept them within and its red cross might ever be seen its shallow round. The men of the in the thick of the fight.

"One day, I forget by what accident, St. George had dropped astern of to deserve the name; never had it the rest of the Christian host, and found been more like life to a perishing soul himself riding all alone on a glowing than when the knight drank it, sweet sandy plain. Suddenly two Saracens hove in sight, bearing down upon him, the sand under their horses' hoofs rising like a light cloud. St. George uttered a short prayer—he was a brave ground of the Christian host; but beand pious knight—then couched his fore the day was over, he sighted white captains had followed the sea, and bulance, set spurs to his steed, and rode tents and waving pennons, and his sigto meet the foe. His spear laid the foremost low, but snapped itself in the his mates. He was brought into camp shock. St. George drew his sword, half dead with heat, thirst, and exand dashed at the second Moslem, who was a man of giant strength.

"The struggle was long and fierce. Blows came so thick and fast that sparks flew from the whirling swords. Well was it for St. George that his shield was of metal tried and tempered. Thrice it saved him from blows that would have cleft his skull. The third time the scimitar of the enemy was shivered against that shield. The Saracen, thus disarmed, turned his rein had been his defence through them all, that. He said that when they had and fled across the desert. St. George had no power to give chase: his horse it had saved from the serpent's bite, it dreaming that they would ever be held had been sorely wounded, and scarcely had relieved his thirst in the desert; there, as it was the largest church in

steed; and he grieved for his own desofoot-sore traveller made but slow way: which it brought him. Ned Franks it seemed as if he would never gain rejoiced in the work itself; what he the shade of those few trees. Sorely did, he did as unto the Lord. In all tempted, then, was St. George to fling Saviour for wisdom to guide him, for on his arm, even though other enemies hope to cheer, for the blessing which might be cruising on his lee; once and again he resolved to drop it down on in his school whom Franks did not re- the sand, but the sight of the red cross member by name in prayer; but few upon it changed the purpose of the

"Ho! quoth St. George, 'no infi-

"At length, almost exhausted, the knight dragged his weary limbs as far as the little isle-oasis, I should say-

"Presently he opened his eyes; the broad fiery sun was sinking in a red he had learned on board a man-of-war. the cross upon it. The metal was must stop searching for blue roses. "Well, my hearties," said the cheer- smooth, polished, and bright, and shone In the shield he saw a serpent with you are happy over those you now forked tongue and gleaming fangs, posses. "Contentment with godliness coiled round the reflected trunk, as if just in act to spring. Warned in time, "I have it," said Franks; "I'll tell the knight started aside as the venom-

on the subject which the vicar bade | "'God be praised!' cried the pious you all prepare for his next Bible knight, as he looked on the lifeless serpent; 'had I not seen that deadly

"Again sleep overcame the exhausted man, though anxious to keep watch cious moral, if we but care to go deep should come upon him, he would not enough down to find it." should come upon him, he would not again rest his head on his shield. It The lads soon took their places, some lay beside him in the position in which

"Long and deeply slumbered the "When I was a younker like your- knight, so deeply that he was not even selves, before I'd ever crossed the salt roused by a sudden storm which came sea, I remember that my good father down during the night, though the once took me to see an old castle in noise of it mixed with his dreams. Wales. There is not much about it Parched as he was-almost dying of that I can recollect now; I've a dim thirst—St. George dreamed that the notion of old stone walls, overgrown skies were pouring down their showers with lichen, a portcullis with its rusty upon him, but that fast as they fell chains that was hung over the gate- they were sucked in by the barren way, and little slits of holes through sand. He was wet, yet perishing for which the archers shot, long before want of water. At length he awoke, guns were invented. But there was to find that his dream had been but one thing in the gray chapel which I too true. The storm had come, and remember well; 'twas an old battered had gone; the sand was steaming, the shield that hung there, with a red cross | palm trees were wet, drops hung on painted upon it, and I shall never for- the feathery leaves, the knight's mantle get the legend told of that ancient | was damp and dank; but where could shield. It had been carried to the he find one draught of water to slake his feverish thirst?

"'Oh!' cried the knight, as he tried Richard the First. The knight's name to gain a wretched relief by pressing has escaped my memory, but we will his own damp mantle to his lips, one cup of cold water now were worth a king's ransom to me!'

"It was then just on the hour of dawn, and the first ray of light that streamed over the desert fell on the East speak of water still as the gift of God: never had it seemed more truly and pure, out of his red-cross shield.

"That draught gave St. George strength to rise and go on his way. He was miles astern of the campinghaustion; but there, with food and rest, he soon recovered his strength. The knight lived to strike many a good so holy.

"When the crusade was over, and I saw it when I was a child. He had lecture-room. He was a large man, carried it in troubles and dangers, it and needed a larger place to sit in than it had guarded him from open assault, them in the church he would go, not had the Moslem enemy disappeared in the distance, before the faithful charger I worship God in this chapel, the sight At the of it will serve to remind me of all I are ended, and my dust lies in the

## THE BLUE ROSE.

A famous horticulturalist had roses of all sorts in his garden, from the pearliest white to the deepest garnet; from the faintest cream color to the brightest canary; a rose that passed for purple, and another called out of courtesy a black rose; but all their exquisite fragrance and beauty were wasted on the gardener, who was absorbed in one idea, that was, to produce a blue rose. So all possible expedients were tried. Chemistry and botany were besieged to try and get upon nature's blind side and induce her to bring forth this anomaly.

Now this gardener was not alone in his discontent. There are a host of people in the world searching after the coveted one is still beyond their reach. It was not by any means because the blue rose was the prettiest that it was desired, but because it

could not be had. The joys that we have are never considered of half as much worth as those we do not have. God gives us great occasions of happiness very seldom, in our life-time; but there is a rich undergrowth of small enjoyments and rounded as a sea-line; St. George which may be ours only for the gath-

Do not imagine you would be at all satisfied if you did get the object you dener got his blue rose, he would be just as uneasy as ever until he got a blue tulip or a blue dahlia. The only surety you have that you would be is great gain."—S. S. Times.

AFFECTIONATE intercourse with the If you would avoid growing old, asa reason, that the old are so apt to indow in the rule thus suggested.

SACRED LYRICS. BY T. NIELD.

GOD'S GOODNESS EXTOLLED. O for a thousand hearts to feel The goodness of my God!
O for a thousand tongues to tell, That goodness all abroad!

Yet thousand hearts would be too tew, A thousand tongues too weak, To feel the gratitude that's due, That gratitude to speak.

The robes I wear, the food I eat, Are what His hands bestow, Yea, life, and ev'ry blessing meet, From Him my Father flow. Unnumbered blessings thus bestow'd, Unbounded praise demand; To give a tithe of what is ow'd Would all my life command.

But when I view the wondrous love, The vast unbounded grace, That sent the Saviour from above— How poor is all my praise!

Then how shall I attempt to sing? Or how approach Thy throne? My heart is all Thoud'st have me bring O, take it as Thine own! RED WING, MINN.

OUR SOLDIER.

Another little private Mustered in The army of temptation And of sin!

Another soldier arming For the strife, To fight the toilsome battles

Another little sentry, Who will stand
On guard, while evils prowl
On every hand.

Lord! out little darling Guide and save,
'Mid the perils of the march To the grave!

ONLY GO.

Among the many conversions in connection with the revival in B-Mass., are several sea captains, which give the most convincing proof of the power of divine grace. One of these siness connected with the sea, for more than forty years. His wife was a pray-felt confident I could—shall I give up nals of distress were noticed at last by than forty years. His wife was a praying woman, and had been a professor in despair? What if I am in midof religion twenty-eight years.

When the daily prayer-meetings commenced, he did not think very favorably of them. He told his wife blow for the cause which he thought that they would not amount to anything, that a few would go a few days, get discouraged, see a great failure, St. George re-crossed the seas and came and that would be the end of it. His back to his country and friends, he wife wanted him to go to the meetings, hung up his shield in the chapel where but he said he should not go to the

At the end of the first week, the prayer-meetings became so thronged, "St. George grieved for his brave owe to His mercy; and when my days, that it was announced that hereafter many hundred people. The opening of the church became a necessity. He clock seemed to say, "Jesus lives! Have you a home, my child, a fire to keep you warm, a bed to sleep in, a kind roof over your head, to shelter to finish up by going once or twice, self walking the room in an occurrence. they would be held in the church, a was ready with a story upon every late state, adrift on that weary desert, vault, the shield that I bore in battle large building, capable of holding hearing the clock strike and tick till simply to comply with the letter of his delight—and, as he looked out of the to eat? Thank God for these blesspromise. The time drew near, and he felt ashamed to go; and to get rid of it, he told his wife he would not go unless he could go just as he was, without changing his dress. He supposed him, and what a blessedness there she would object to that; but she was in believing in him. From answered: "Go any way, only go." that time, he had light and joy in his He started, and felt so ashamed, that soul, and he shed the light all around he would have denied it, if any one him. He became a most active Chrishad asked, on the way, if he was go-

ing to the prayer-meeting.
At the first meeting his mind was somewhat interested. But he did not intend to go again. Indeed, he made up his mind that he would not. In conversing with another sea captain, blue roses. They have enough and to he found him somewhat interested in spare of others far more beautiful, but the prayer-meeting, and they agreed all of them profit nothing so long as to go together the next day. At this meeting of the next day he was more interested still. He went again next day, and had more feeling. As his feelings deepened, he tried to keep clear of the other captain, but did not succeed. In conversing together, he found that they had similar feelings and anxieties. Still he was ashamed to be seen on his way to the prayer-meetings. In the course of a week he had deeper convictions than he had ever had be-He could not sleep, and his family wondered what was the matter. He endeavored to divert attention from his case by saying it was the spring of the year, and he did not feel very well. Medicine was recommended, but he knew he needed medicine for the soul, though he studiously avoided letting any one know that he felt religious anxiety. He would not even tell his wife—but after she was asleep he would weep and pray all night. He had not shed a tear for twenty years, satisfied with future possessions is that and was not easily moved to tears. His eyes were now literally fountains of tears.

At length he resolved to tell his faithful, praying wife just how he felt, but could not. He did, however, tell young is a help against the too rapid the other sea captain, and they wept felt that he must tell his wife. He to go up stairs that he might not be server.

seen, but was hindered by the fear that some one would follow him. So he

He went into the fields outside of the town, and sat down and wept bitterly. What oppressive sorrow weighed like a mountain load upon him. A few days more and he made known his feelings to his anxious wife, who all this time was praying for him. The result was a great increase of tenderness of heart and conscience, but no relief. His eyes poured forth floods of tears. His sense of sin was perfectly overwhelming. He was so over-powered after a night of weeping, that near he longed for the moments to fly more swiftly so that he might go though he knew not why he should feel so. At the meeting he was greatly distressed. The meeting was nearly ended and brought no relief to his agonized spirit. He felt as if he should really die. At length the meeting was closing, when a pious sea captainquite out of time, as it then seemed to all-begged the privilege of saying a few words. He said that the way of salvation was plain. All could make their passage straight to heaven. "See what we have," said he, in his earnest, blunt manner, "see what we have! We have a book of directions; we have a compass; we have a chart; we have all the rocks and shoals laid down; we have our course laid straight to heaven. No sailor was ever half so sea captain that cannot get his vessel into port." And he sat down.

Oh! what words to this poor, anxious, distressed captain. "They were apples of gold in pictures of silver." Blessed words sent of the Holy Spirit -the Comforter. The rays of light shot into that hitherto dark mind and heart. He thought how he had shaped and steered his course for almost every port on the face of the globe. "I who ocean, and have been drifting about all my days—I will lay my course now —I will follow my 'directions'—I will make straight for heaven." Light gleamed into his mind. The burden on his heart was lifted up! He went home to read his Bible, and consult that book of directions which he had neglected so long that he had not read ten chapters in ten years.

As he was leaving the house, he promised that he would go home and pray with his wife that night. This promise was kept. He read the Bible, and then they kneeled down to pray. pray, and all he could say was, "God siderate for his race, should earnestly be merciful to me a sinner." This he repeated more than fifty times!

He could not go to sleep that night, but continued to weep and pray; tian, spending all his time in recommending Christ, and seeking the salvation of others.—Power of Prayer.

### A WORD TO BOYS.

Make yourself indispensable to your employer; that is the golden path to success. Be so industrious, so prompt, so careful, that if you are absent one hour of the usual time, you will be missed, and he in whose service you are shall say, "I did not dream M——was so useful." Make your employer your friend by performing with minuteness whatever task he sets before you, and above all, be not too nice to lend a hand, however repugnant to your sense of neatness it may be. The success of your business in after life depends upon how you deport yourselves now. If you are really good for anything, you are for a great deal. Be energetic; put your manners into your business; look, as well as act, with alacrity. Appear to feel an interest; make your master's success your own, if you have an honest one. Let your eye light up at his request, and your feet be nimble. There are some that look so dull and heavy, and go with so slow and lazy pace, that it to demand of them. Be not like these.

NICKNAME.—The derivation of this word seems to be; Agnomen, ekename, nekename. The final letter, n, is made the initial letter. The Romans invasion of old age. A gentleman of together. Both of these men endea- had usually three names: the individa boy, but because I've thought on it crushed beneath the weight of the many and many at time since, and it shield, which the knight dashed with peat the saying of a distinguished man: ask for prayers, but both failed. They seemed to be unable to rise from their action or remarkable event, a fourth sociate with the young;" assigning as seats. As his conviction deepened, he name was added, called Agnomen, from ad and nomen. In our own day, the crease their own and others' infirmities entered his house again and again, Roman custom is sometimes literally The boys were quite accustomed to creature reflected in my bright shield, by talking them over, while the cheer-fully resolved to do so; but his courage followed, as in giving the name Path-failed. He wanted to read the Bible, finder to Fremont. But usually we what at first seemed only meant for it now lies, slain by its poisonous fang. to enliver the failing spirits of our deamusement. He liked to accustom Well was it for me that I cast not clining years. There is sense and wis-

GRANDMOTHER'S POCKET.

BY MAUD BIRLAND left the house in greater distress than There's a little vision come up to-night, ever. And it makes me grieve that things so bright Can never be made to last. It seems but a year—no, scarcely so long, Since grandmother sat in her chair; And we, an eager expectant throng, Would gather around her there.

I can see this moment, her wrinkled hand, As it searched in the folds of her gown; And how a motionless group we would stand, Till her storehouse pocket was found. Then her dear blue eyes would wander o'er all, And plan how it was best to divide; Till at last on her own heart's pet darling they'd And her pocket would open out wide.

the next day he was completely exhausted. As the hour of prayer drew

And then I can see a white, plump little hand, With dimples all set in a row,

Give out to each one of that bright little band, The treasures she found here below; Here something was stored to please the boys, And there was a prize for the girls; And this was to crown the simple joys
Of her pet with the golden curls.

grandmother! sweetly she's sleeping

there,
Under the bright green sod;
Weary of life, and toil, and care,
She gave herself back to God.
May the children who loved her all meet her

again;
To them is the sweet promise given—
She will gather them fondly around her then,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven." -Little Pilgrim.

### MRS. GRUNDY SPOILS OUR GIRLS.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who, by the way, is a good teacher, gives some good advice about girls, and it is a pity his counsels could not be heeded. well provided. He must be a poor children, they will all be women from see captain that cannot get his vessel. ten to twenty years old. Mr. Beecher

"A girl is not allowed to be a girl after she is ten years old. If you treat her as though she were one, she will ask you what you mean. If she starts to run across the street, she is brought back to the nursery to listen to a lecture on the propriety of womanhood. Now, it seems to me that a girl should be nothing but a girl until she is seventeen. Of course there are proprieties about her sex which it is fitting for her to observe, but it seems to me that, aside from these, she ought to have the utmost latitude. She ought to be encouraged to do much out of doors, to run and exercise in all those ways which are calculated to develope the muscular frame. What is true of boys, in the matter of bodily health, is eminently so of girls. It is all important that women should be healthy, well developed. Man votes, writes, does business, etc., but woman is the teacher and mother of the world; and anything that deteriorates woman is a comprehensive plague on human life itself. Health among women is a thing After she had prayed, he attempted to that every man, who is wise and con-

### A HOME.

window, such beauty never met his ings. Thank God that the iron hand eyes before. He longed for the morn- of war has not laid its destroying touch ing to come, so that he might tell of upon your home, with its comforts and his Saviour, and how he had found enjoyments; for it has made homeless thousands and thousands of little children that were once happy like you in a happy home. Their homes are burnt, their food is taken; they are ragged and cold; they are wanderers and fugitives. They sleep in the woods, in caves, behind piles of rubbish, in sheds, and by the camp-fires, and their little hearts are full of sorrow by day and terror by night.

Remember their pitiful state when mother tucks you into your snug warm bed at night, praise God for his goodness to you, and pray for the homeless ones, that he would comfort their

hearts with his love. And, my children, ask your parents f there is not some way you can help them. I am sure you will willingly share your warm clothes, your bread and butter, or your money-box with them. Above all, pray that God will once more spread his peace over this sorrowing land.—Child's Paper.

JOE POLIS, THE INDIAN GUIDE. "Suppose I should take you in a dark night, right up here into the middle of the woods a hundred miles, set you down and turn you round quickly twenty times—could you steer straight to Oldtown?" "O, yes," said he, "have done pretty much the same thing. I will tell you. Some years ago I met an old white hunter at Millinocdet; very good hunter. He said he could go anywhere in the woods. is irksome to ask what it is your right He wanted to hunt with me that day, so we start. We chase a moose all the forenoon, round and round, till middle of afternoon, when we kill him. Then I said to him, now you go straight to camp. Don't go round and round where we've been, but go straight. He said, I can't do that, I dont know where I am. Where you think camp? I asked. He pointed so. Then I laugh at him. I take the lead and go right off the other way, cross our tracks many times, straight camp." 'How do you do that?" asked I. "O, I can't tell you," he replied. "Great difference between me and white man." -Thoreau's Maine Woods.

> THE ashes of a cigar are little thought of—those of a man scarcely more.