The Family Circle.

TO ONE AT REST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCHONBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

And needest thou our prayers no more, safe folded 'mid the bless'd— How changed art though since last we met to keep the day of rest!
Young with the youth of angels, wise with the growth of years,

For we have passed since thou hast gone, week of many tears. And though hast passed a week in heaven. week without a sin; Thy robes made white in Jesus' blood, all glo-

We shall miss thee at a thousand times along 'life's weary track, Not a sorrow or a joy but we shall long to call Yearn for the true and gentle heart, long thy

quite like thee; And evermore to all our life a deeper tone i For a playmate of our childhood has entered

into heaven. How wise and great and glorious thy gentle soul has grown, Loving as thou art loved of God, knowing as

thou art known. Yet in that world thou carest yet for those thou lovedst in this pinal) The rich man did in torments, and wilt not thou in bliss?

For, sitting at the Saviour's feet, and gazing in Surely thou'lt not unlearn one gentle human Human and not angelic the form Hedeigned to wear; Of Jesus, not of angels, the likeness thou shalt

At rest from all the storms of life, from its night-watches drear, From the tumultuous hopes of earth, and from the aching fear. Sacred and sainted now to us is thy familiar

High in thy sphere above us now, and yet in this the same— Together do we watch and wait for that long-

promised day, When the voice that rends the tombs shall call, 'Arise and come away, "My Bride and my Redeemed, winter and

night are past: The time of singing and of light has come to thee at last!" When the Family is gathered, and the Father's house complete, And we and thou, beloved, in our Father's smile shall meet.

TRY AGAIN.

"O, try again, father, try again!" What a sad, pleading voice uttered the words! What a pale little face was turned toward Peter Parsons as he sat, his elbows resting on the beerstained table, with haggard cheek and blood-shot eyes, which told too well the tale of how the last night had been

"It's no use trying to give it up; I've tried, and I can't do it," was the father's dogged, despairing reply. "I know the drink will be my ruin; but, said he was sorry to give me up, but the waves of the sea. der that he shrunk from looking around him at what had once been a of good cheer, it is I; be not afraid." comfortable home! Where was the clock that had ticked so cheerily, wife? Where was the neat mahogany pride, bought with the savings of the water to go to Jesus.' months of toil? Where was the valdrink!

that with every penny which I threw like that—it ain't in human nature. down at the bar of the tavern I was paying my fare to the work-house, or temperance turned to the Holy Book, buying the nails for my coffin! They got me to take the pledge, and I thought the danger was over. I'd given my word, and I'd keep it. And for weeks all went on straight enough; money came in, comfort came back, and my poor wife looked happy again. in thought. But then I fell into sore temptation, and it seemed as if I'd no more strength than a babe in the claws of a lion. I woke one morning, one wretched morning, to find my pledge Lord, save me! It seems that, full of broken, my character disgraced, and faith and zeal as he was, he was but the habit of hard drinking fitty times

stronger than ever. "And I tried again." Thus the miserable man continued muttering to himself, scarcely conscious of the presence of the poor little girl at his side. said unto him, O thou of little faith, "Twas when my Sarah laid ailing, and I couldn't bear to drink away the days I abstained, but on the third"__ Memory was like a barbed arrow in aloud, but if the thoughts of his heart the heart of the miserable widower; aloud, but if the thoughts of his heart doing so, he left a shaving burning could have been read, they would have outside the door of the stove. It was lady, in a feeble voice; "but I am so nis words were choked in his throat been something like this: and, instead of finishing his sentence,

again."

"Child." said Peter, suddenly raising his head and fixing his bleared depths of sin? Would the Lord eves on his daughter, "when once stretch out his hand to me-to me, a man has got into the reg'lar habits | whom all the world despises—to me, of drinking, there's nothing as can whom every one else gives up?" keep him from it. It's like a fever, like a madness! Interest can't do it, done!"

"Can't God's grace do it?" faltered direct from God-Esther, almost afraid to speak out the words.

"Don't talk to me of such matters!" who is restless from pain. "I used to make a way to escape, that ye may be think on God once, but I dare not able to bear it." think on him now; it is like going to bright smile to see,
Fot many dear and true are left, but none are judgment before the time to think on the anger of God."

"But mayn't we think on the love of God?" murmured Esther, with trembling earnestness in her tone. "O, strong for me. Now I'll cast myself, father, dear father! let me say one just as Peter did, on the mercy and verse—only one little verse that the strength of the Lord, and, hoping for teacher gave me last Sunday to learn: the help of his grace, I'll try again; 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.' She said we While Parson's pale little girl as could overcome temptations through Him; have our sins forgiven through him; and that, if He gives us His her father, another little girl, in a com-Spirit, we shall be more than conquerors fortable home, was pleading the cause through Him!".

"Go to your school, child; go to your school!" cried Peter, half in anger and half in sorrow. "Such words may do well enough for such as fire, with Clara, his youngest daughter, ve: I'm too old to be learning them now!" and seeing that his little girl paused, he motioned impatiently for

her to leave him. Esther dared speak no more to her father, but she could pray for him still own. to her God. As she slipped on her rusty black bonnet and shabby cloak, preparing to go to school, her whole heart was full of prayer. "O, God! for the sake of thy blessed Son, help the best girl, mamma says, in the my poor father, save my poor father; school. She looks so pale, and thin, don't let the enemy tempt him away!' and before Esther quitted the house, with a trembling hand she placed her little Testament on the table. Esther had often done so before, in hopes her father might read it, as he once used to read the great Bible. Esther had always found her Testament lying exactly where she had put it, unopened and untouched; but, in the spirit of

again. And, this time, Peter Parsons took up the book; he could scarcely have said why he did so; perhaps it was because he found any kind of employment more tolerable than thinking; perhaps he was scarcely conscious of what he was doing, as he carelessly if it were poison, I must have it turned over the leaves. His eye was There's Mr. Barker, my employer, he gave me warning yesterday; he said It rested on the account of the Lord's he couldn't stand my habits any longer; appearing to His disciples, walking on and he found in the end that he who

faith and hope, she determined to try

could have none but steady men to "Ah, he was a different Peter, inserve him. There's the third place deed, who saw that sight," thought the I've lost in the same way. I know man: "he was a great apostle, and a the road I am treading; I know what holy marter besides—and yet, if I child, as he had done on the morning lies at the end on't. I'm going to ruin mind me right of his story, 'twas more with my eyes wide open; but I can't than once that he failed and fell. I'll help it, I must have the drink!" and just look again at what is said in the Peter Parsons let his chin sink on his Bible about it," and setting himself at breast, and looked the picture of a the table, Peter read out, half aloud. wretched, degraded sinner. No won- making his comments as he proceeded. "Jesus spoke unto them, saying, Be

"And Peter answered him and said, Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto given as a wedding present to his thee on the water. And He said, Come. And when Peter was come press in which he had taken so much down out of the ship, he walked on

"Ay," observed the reader, half ued old family Bible, which his father closing the book, "he was a bold man, and grandfather had used before him? Peter! He could walk on the sea. All at the pawnbroker's, pledged for just as I've known some men go on straight and steady over temptations. "I have tried," Peter muttered to never stumbling nor sinking, firm as himself, without raising his drooping rock amid all! I've known them to head; "the teetotalers, they spoke to have taken the pledge, and never put in my way, made me see that there me and urged me, and they made it as broken it once. Nothing would tempt was hope even for me. They led me clear as day that half the misery in them to drink. But it isn't every man to try again to get back to the straight, the city came all along of the drink; as can walk on the sea of temptation safe path, to be a good father to you,

And again the poor victim of in-"But when he saw the wind boister-

ous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me." Parsons stopped for some moments, and remained with his eyes resting on the last sentence, and his mind buried

"What!" he muttered to himself. strength to stand by himself—he—a the gentleman, in a tone of voice flesh and blood after all! I'll read on. I'll see if the Lord came at once to the

drowning man's help."
"And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and

wherefore didst thou doubt?" Parsons closed the book, rose from

"The Lord heard him, the Lord

asked him to save me from sinkinggoing lower and lower down in the

Again Peter went to the table and opened the little Testament left by his resolves can't do it, for no one on earth | praying child. The first verse on loved a wife or child better than I have which his glance fell seemed to him almost like a message sent to him

"There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to men: but God is faithful, who will not suffer cried Peter, starting from his seat and you to be tempted above that ye are pacing up and down the room like one able, but will with the temptation also

"I'll hold by this promise," exclaimed Parsons, grasping the little book as he spoke. "I've tried to do right, but I've failed. I've wished to give up sin, but the habit was too

she walked along the gloomy streets, was silently praying all the way for of poor Peter.

Mr. Barker, his late employer, sat in his large red leather arm-chair, with his feet on the fender, before a blazing seated upon his knee."

"O, papa, I wish you would try him again, only this once!" said the gentle little lady, holding her father's hand fast imprisoned between both of her

"And why should I try him again?" said Mr. Barker, amused at the earnest tone of the little pleader.

"O, because of his poor little girl, and sad-and I've heard that when her mother was dying, Esther watched and nursed her so fondly. It is not her fault that her father drinks; it is enough to break her heart!"

Clara pleaded, urged and entreated, and at length won her parent to consent to overlook for this once the offence of Parsons. Though shaking his head doubtfully, and expressing his belief that no good would result from the trial, he agreed to send word to Parsons to call at his office on the following morning.

I will not describe all the inward struggles of Parsons, nor the difficulties which he encountered from the power of an evil habit. Often was he tempted, often discouraged, often did he almost give up in despair. But he now used the word of God half his weapon, and faith in God as his shield. resists the devil will make him turn

When the long summer days had returned Peter Parsons sat with his on which my story opened; but how changed was the appearance of each from what it then had been! Parsons no longer hung down his head, as if ashamed to look his fellow man in the face; his eye was clear and steady; his dress decent and clean; and, instead of bitter tears, there were roses on Esther's cheek.

"Oh, father, are we not happy?" she exclaimed.

"If I be happy here," said Parsons, looking with earnest thought into the golden clouds above, "or if I've a hope of being happy in a better world that's to come, I think, my Esther, that under God I owe it all to you. I was going fast on the down hill road. I was giving up all effort to stop, when your prayers, and your words, and your tears, and the blessed book which you my child, and a faithful servant to my

BOYS WHO THINK AND BOYS WHO DON'T THINK.

"I didn't think," said a smart-looking boy, one day, as he stood, with downcast eyes, in the presence of a grave-looking gentleman.

"You didn't think, eh? Then I am ruined because you are a thought-"Peter began to sink! he had not less boy. You may go, sir" replied

The boy silently left the room. He,

in the corner of his eye. .

done? I will tell you. was that of a carpenter. It had been a ant and glorious than the brightest dazpart of his duty to light the fire in the | zles that ever glanced from his crown shop half an hour before the men came of diamonds comfort she needed so much. Two his seat, and again paced up and down to work. One cold, windy morning, the room. He did not utter a word he lighted the fire as usual; but, in destitute and afflicted. to give way to despair; but the child save to the uttermost? Able to save, boy, until it reached a pile of shav- with tears.

'Fire!" and alarmed the people. They three hearts—the suffering woman's, came, but could not save the shop. It was burned down, and its owner, not daughter's. The monarch never rebeing insured, was ruined.

He was ruined because that boy didn't think.

THE OTHER WORLD

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It lies around us like a cloud-A world we do not see; Yet the sweet closing of an eye May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek; Amid our worldly cares
Its gentle voices whisper love, And mingle with our prayers

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat, Sweet helping hands are stirred, And palpitates the veil between With breathings almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet, and calm, They have no power to break; For mortal words are not for them To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet, they glide, So near to press they seem-They seem to lull us to our rest, And melt into our dream

And in the hush of rest they bring, 'Tis easy now to see, How lovely and how sweet a pass The hour of death may be

To close the eye and close the ear.

Wrapped in a trance of bliss, And gently drawn in loving arms To swoon to that-from this;

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep, Scarce asking where we are; To feel all evil sink away, All sorrow and all care

Sweet souls around us! watch us still, Press nearer to our side; Into our thoughts, into our prayers, With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught. A dried and vanished stream; Your joy be the reality, Our suffering life the dream.

HOW TO HONOR A MOTHER.

In the north of Europe is a mountainous country call Sweden. Its winters are long, snowy and cold. Its summers ars short, but very lovely and sweet aired, especially in the val leys between the high mountains.

The inhabitants of that country are noted for their industry, virtue, and contentment. One morning, a long while ago, a certain king of Sweden, called Gustavus the Third, was riding through a village in one of the beauti ful valleys not far from Stockholm, the capital city. As he passed along, he saw a young girl filling her pitcher with water that gushed from the cool rocks which overshadowed the roadside. He stopped at the fountain and asked the girl for a drink. She knew touched his heart. Judging by her appearance that she was a child of poverty, he told her that if she would go to the city, he would find her a pleasant home.

"Ah! good sir," answered the girl "Providence placed me here, and I for me to accept your kind offer."
"Indeed! Why not?" said the

king in some surprise. "Bec use my mother is poor and

sickly," she replied." "And you remain home to take care of her?"

"I am her only help and companion," said the girl, looking upon the ground with a genuine modesty that won the sympathies of her royal auam thankful that I can take care of and four blind kittens mewing in it. comfort the one so dear to me. No me to leave my mother."

terested in the noble girl.

storms.

Gustavus alighted from his horse, too, seemed sad, and a tear glistened ward only to the grave as a bed of went on this way a week." rest. The king was almost overcome What is the matter? What has he at the pitiable sight, and said, while tears came into his eyes—ah, yes, and He was an apprentice. His trade those tears were more beautifully radi

only one shaving. He didn't think it glad that God has given me an affecwould do any harm, because it was tionate daughter. She is always tryhe uttered a heavy groan.

Esther did not venture for several moments to speak; tears were fast flowing down her pale cheeks; she, flowing down her pale cheeks; she pale cheeks; sh like her unhappy parent, was tempted Is not the same Saviour able still to the fire spread, unperceived by the back by sobs, and her face covered

the sympathizing king's, and the filial ceived such a blessing on his throne in the palace, as there in the lone but by the wayside! He handed the daughter a purse of gold, and directed her to a better house where she and her mother might be comfortable, saying, as he departed:

shall lack for nothing while I have the smoothed their ruffled coats, and made Farewell!"

Gustavus ever remembered the poor family, and made provision to have a sum of money regularly sent to the mother's death he presented the daughter with a handsome fortune.

Young readers, not only for your parents' sake, and Christ's sake, but for you own sake, remember the command, "Honor thy father and thy | THY WILL BE DONE IN EARTH AS IN mother."—Child's Paper.

THE TWO HANDLES.

An ancient philosopher says, "Every cup has two handles, one white and the other black, and either may be presented, according to the disposition of the host toward his guest."

The ancient philosopher referred to, gives this illustration. A carrier man, or in modern language, a carman, was simple fact, without any coloring. However, a black handle was put to it. For one person, who saw the man and what he was doing, went into the city and told an acquaintance this tale:-"I have seen a shameful sight; a man who had been sent to the city with parcels from a distant place, though he had money given him to purchase provender for his horse, had improperly squandered away his money, and has resorted to the expedient of plucking grass to refresh his horse sufficient the black handle of the occurrence, as it conveyed the report of the action. accompanied with the indirect accusation of the double offence of dishonesty to his employer and cruelty to his

horse. was evidently very poor, but her the money to provide the necessaries and the virtuous motives by which he was actuated.

Now let every reader judge himself, and see whether he is not prone to present, or to take everything "by the am not anxious to change my position in life. I am content, and if I were not content, it would be impossible thinketh no evil, beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." A man of this always try to take things by the white

THE ADOPTED RABBITS.

"We have plenty of cats now," said mother, ominously, as little Nellie fight against him. Indeed all the cold came in with great delight, her small ditor. "I am happy in my lot, and apron gathered up in her hands, and the early frosts, and the sicknesses of

Jake understood that to mean that offer, however tempting, could induce they were to be treated to a cold bath heaven they have no such things. in the river; but nothing was said to There are no jails there, nor police, "Where is your mother?" inquired tender-hearted little Nelly on the sub- nor guns, nor cannons, nor soldiers the king, becoming more and more in- ject. I do not know what she would shooting one another down there; behave thought of her kind mother, if cause they all do God's will, and love "In you little hut by the side of the she had known that she was a party to one another. When every person road," said she, pointing toward the any such transaction. So it came to here does God's will, and loves his humble dwelling. It was a low, pass that there was a mysterious dis-neighbor as himself, there will be no thatched building, covered with moss appearance of the young cats that need for locks, and watchmen, and poand vines, very neat and clean, but so very night. Pussy was disconsolate lice, and soldiers, because men can old and weather-worn that it afforded over her loss, and Mrs. Keene herself trust each other. And when God can but a poor shelter in time of cold and felt very unhappy when she heard her trust us to do his will, he will not need calling them up stairs and down.

and followed the girl into the hut to three days," thought she; "cats never ing us for our sins. But till that time see her mother. He found her sick cry for their kittens longer than that, comes, he must keep us down under saint—an apostle had to cry out aloud, which expressed both sorrow and and suffering, lying upon a bed of and I am thankful they can forget military rule, because we will not govstraw—a pale, thin woman—sinking their sorrows so well. I would not ern ourselves by his law. If we want under her infirmities, and looking for- have one killed for any thing, if she to make ourselves and our neighbors

to?" said little Nelly, as she searched in company with old pussy, "up stairs God's will and get other people to and down stairs and in my lady's know it. He has told us his will in chamber." But no kittens could they the Bible, and has made a short acfind, and little Nellie comforted old count of it in the Ten Commaudments. Heppy as best she could, telling her How many of you know the Ten "I feel sorry, mother, to find you so destitute and afflicted."

"I feel sorry, mother, to find you so destitute and afflicted."

"I feel sorry, mother, to find you so that they would likely creep out of some corner before long, glad enough In these Ten (to see their mother.

As Jake, the enterprising farmer's lad, was prowling about the grove, acscented them out.

her prayer had as yet seemed unan faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? But he was too late. It was beyond gels of heaven hovered over that lowly kits." His own mind had been rather swered, faith whispered to her, "Try What if I went to him straight, and his contol. He rushed out, shouted hut, breathing joy unspeakable into ill at ease on the share he had taken in the matter, particularly since superstitious Aunt Chloe, in the kitchen, had told him he would have nine misfortunes for every cat he killed.

So Jake brought home the rabbits, and gave them to Heppy as a peace-offering. She took them up in her mouth and carried them off to her old basket, one by one, and then what do you think that cat did? She snugged "Go on, my young friend, in your down on her old carpet with those way of dutiful love and care, and you rabbits, and kissed their faces and means to help you. I am your king. them just as much at home as if she were their own mother. She brought them up just as if they were her own children, only she could never teach them to catch mice. The little happy woman for her support; and at the family was the curiosity of the neighborhood.

for the Little Folks.

HEAVEN.

NO. 11.

We pray that this may one day be the case, because it is not so now. The devil tempted our first parents to disobey God, and ever since he has kept men trespassing God's law, and disobeying God's will. The greater part of mankind do not know, and never ask God's will about anything they do. was seen in a green lane in the suburbs | Their governments, their religious, their of Athens, plucking the grass, and giving it to his horse. This is the God. It is not God's will that men should tell lies, or cheat, or swear, or break the Sabbath. He has commanded that they should not. It is contrary to the law of God for men to quarrel, and covet each other's property, and steal, and fight, and kill each other. It is hateful to God that men should get drunk, and beat their wives and children, and spend their wages on liquor, and keep their family hungry and in rags, or that people should keep saloons to make their neighbors drunkards, or open gamfor the homeward journey." This was bling houses to rob them of their money.

God shows how he dislikes such things by fighting against wicked people. He makes them unhappy in their own minds. He arranges things so that a wicked man's neighbors do not Another person, an eye-witness of like him. Then such men generally the same fact, and who knew the man waste their money and have to beg or and his circumstances, went into steal. Many of them make themselves Athens, and said to a friend: -- "I have sick by their disobedience to God, or seen Anthrippon, poor fellow! he is die of dreadful diseases. Some of them too poor to buy provender for his break the law and are put in prison; horse, and instead of resting himself and some of them are tempted by Satan while his horse was feeding at the inn, to horrid crimes, and rebel against the he was working hard, cropping the Union, and are shot down on the batnot the stranger, but gracefully stepped finest of the grass, and taking good the field. You heard lately how some forward and lifted the pitcher to his care that his beast might be well fed of these rebels against God and their lips as he sat upon his horse. She at small expense, that he might save country became so wicked that they murdered the President and were kindness, so tenderly expressed upon for his large and afflicted family." This hanged. Once a great number of them her countenance, together with her is the same narrative with the white rebelled against the Lord Jesus Christ artless, unembarrassed politeness, at handle, and this embraces the true when he was here, and murdered him. once attracted the king's attention and statement of the condition of the man, It is part of their punishment that God gives them their own will, as they will not obey his, and then they show everybody how wicked they are.

But he does not give them all their will, else this world would be a horriblack handle." It is a disposition al- ble place. God rules over sinners, and together contrary to that charity, or is wiser than the wisest, and stronger Christian love, "which suffereth long than the strongest of them. When wicked men make plots, and lay wise plans, he laughs at their foolish wisdom, allows them to show themselves, and then breaks off their schemes in spirit, while earnest for the truth, will the middle. He does with them as General Grant did with the rebels in the South. He breaks up their railroads, and burns their bridges, and destroys their provisions, and carries away their cattle, and sets free their slaves, that they might not be able to of winter, and the bad harvests, and this world, are so many punishments because men do not obey God. In to keep his police constantly watching "She will get over it in two or us, and his courts constantly punishhappy, we must try to have God's will "Where can those kittens have gone done on earth as it is in heaven. In order to do this we must know

In these Ten Commandments God not only forbids us to do the very things forbidden, but any others like them, or which would lead to them.

had learned in her Bible "Always to but is He willing? What was it that ings, and blazed up into the room. The good king wept with the poor old Heppy a good dinner. Maybe it in vain, he forbids any kind of propagation of the local said to Peter—Thou of little Then he started and tried to put it out. Widow. What a sight! How the an-will take her mind off from them fane oath, and all bad words.