

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 bliss'd— How changed art though since last we met to keep the day of rest!

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 beer-stained table, with haggard cheek and blood-shot eyes, which told too well the tale of how the last night had been spent.

her prayer had as yet seemed unanswered, faith whispered to her, "Try again." "Child," said Peter, suddenly raising his head and fixing his bleared eyes on his daughter, "when once a man has got into the regular habits of drinking, there's nothing as can keep him from it. It's like a fever, like a madness! Interest can't do it, resolves can't do it, for no one on earth loved a wife or child better than I have done!"

faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? What if I went to him straight, and asked him to save me from sinking—going lower and lower down in the depths of sin? Would the Lord stretch out his hand to me—to me, whom all the world despises—to me, whom every one else gives up?"

But he was too late. It was beyond his control. He rushed out, shouted "Fire!" and alarmed the people. They came, but could not save the shop. It was burned down, and its owner, not being insured, was ruined.

gels of heaven hovered over that lowly hut, breathing joy unspeakable into three hearts—the suffering woman's, the sympathizing king's, and the filial daughter's. The monarch never received such a blessing on his throne in the palace, as there in the lone hut by the wayside!

kits." His own mind had been rather 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.

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.

HOW TO HONOR A MOTHER.

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

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."

For the Little Folks.

THY WILL BE DONE IN EARTH AS IN 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 ADOPTED RABBITS.

"We have plenty of cats now," said mother, ominously, as little Nellie came in with great delight, her small apron gathered up in her hands, and four blind kittens mewling in it.

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.

THE ADVENTURE.

"The Lord heard him, the Lord cared for him, the Lord stretched out his hand to save him when he had no strength to save himself. There was mighty love shown, and mighty power. Is not the same Saviour able still to save to the uttermost? Able to save, but is He willing? What was it that the Lord said to Peter—Thou of little