

The Family Circle.

WHEN CHRISTIANS ARE UNITED.

The time doth hasten on apace,
And every day is nearer,
When Christian hearts, all bound in love,

THE BROTHER'S TRUST.

BY JEAN INGELW.

There was once, says an old legend,
A young Italian noble, whose elder
brother loved him much; he had, moreover,

As might have been expected, the
youth returned this affection, and
after the death of the father, these
brothers lived together, the younger

Once, on a certain day, however, a
long separation came between them,
for the elder went out, as if upon his
ordinary affairs, and never returned

No tidings were heard of him for
more than six months, till one night,
as his young brother was knocking
for admittance at his own door,

And now we are safe and together,"
said Anselmo, "I pray thee tell me
thy story. Why didst thou keep me

And then, while the gray Italian
shores waxed faint in the sunny
distance, and all hearts began to turn

He had, unknown to his brother,
made himself obnoxious to the govern-
ment; and the night of his disap-
pearance he was surrounded, and after

That very night the young noble-
man went out unattended, in the hopes
of meeting with his brother. He car-
ried a lantern, and proceeded to the

Not far off ran the river, and he did
not doubt that by water his brother
would come, for it was evident that he
feared to show himself in the streets

And yet there was no way but this;
he was to watch till his brother came.
It was his only chance of seeing him;

and he went on, without once failing,
for eleven months and twenty days.

In order that he might do this more
secretly, he frequently changed his
lodging; for as the time wore, on he
began to fear that his brother might

A strange piece of blind obedience
this seemed, even to himself, and of
trust in his brother; what appeared to

The clock struck one. "Eleven
months," said he, "and one and twenty
days—I will watch for thee the year

"Thy cloak—quick! cover me with
it," he whispered. "Hide my prison
garments."

"Thy prison garments!" repeated
Anselmo, faintly, for he was distraught
and amazed.

His brother took the cloak and
wrapped himself in it. It was not so
dark but that Anselmo could see

"Let it lie," he said to his young
brother.

"I am sorry the light has gone out
just when it is wanted," said Anselmo,
for he was still amazed, and scarcely

"Eleven months and twenty-one
days hath it served me well," his
brother replied; "nothing else, whether

By morning dawn a vessel left the
harbor, and two brothers stood upon
the deck, bidding farewell to their
native country; the one was young,

"And now we are safe and together,"
said Anselmo, "I pray thee tell me
thy story. Why didst thou keep me

"That I can tell thee at all, is thy
doing," answered his brother; "be-
cause thou didst never fail to bring

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spair, one of the jailers took pity on
him, and asked him whether there was
anything he could do to help him to
endure his captivity better. "Yes,"

The jailer was frightened, and told
him not to think of it. Yet, as his
prisoner kept urging it, he looked at
the height of the slit and its small

Whether this jailer felt certain that
he never could escape, whether he was
not loth to aid in it, or whether he
pitied him, and thought that no harm

The great chest, as has been said,
was half-full of heavy stones; as soon
as the light enabled him to act with

With wonderful skill and caution,
he went gradually on; but it took
twenty minutes of labor to empty the

For nine months he made but little
progress, and for the next two months
the difficulty of disposing of the rub-
bish daunted him; but the last night,

Which is most remarkable here?—
the trust of the elder brother, who
could venture so much on a protracted

We can scarcely tell. Yet this story,
though widely different in some re-
spects, has one point of resemblance

It is the true story of a King's Son,
One who saved the lives of many, and
reconciled them to his Father, whom
they had offended. In His wonderful

For a while they did watch; but
afterwards it was said in His kingdom
which He had left, "Our Lord delay-
eth His coming, and we are weary

It is a long time now since that
message was sent; some dispute its
meaning, some say it shall be on this
manner, and some on that manner;

But, O prisoner, working by night
in the light of your brother's candle!
O elder brother, who had won such
true fraternal love! O friend so trust-

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Man cometh;" and "What I say unto
you, I say unto all—Watch!"
BUT DO THEY WATCH?—Sunday
Magazine.

WITHOUT THE CHILDREN.

O the weary, solemn silence
Of a house without the children:
O the strange, oppressive stillness

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SATURDAYS AND SABBATHS.

Saturday.—Snow, rain, wind, and
mud!
"John, it is a very unpleasant morn-
ing; you must wrap up well, and take

Sabbath.—Snow, rain, wind, and
mud!
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THE JUDGMENTS OF WOMEN.

In a conversation I once held with
an eminent minister of the Church, he
made this fine observation: "We will
say nothing of the way in which that

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S STRENGTH.

Every one has read how this good
President visited the Government hos-
pitals at City Point, on his return from
Richmond, and spoke to and shook

For the Little Folks.

FAMILIAR TALKS—2D SERIES. X.

BY REV. EDWARD PAYSON HAMMOND.

"IT WAS WITH SHAME I SAID NO."

What do you think it was made this
Rochester Sabbath-schooler ashamed?
Read on, and you will see, my young

Suppose you had one of the best
mothers in the world; that she had
done everything for you, had watched

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"While we were yet sinners," the
Bible says, "Christ died for us." If
you will look at the eighth verse of
that same fifth chapter of Romans,

"Now I have found a Friend,
Jesus is mine;
His love shall never end,
Jesus is mine!"

If you cannot say "Yes" to these
questions, then you do not love Jesus.
Then, too—and do not be angry with
me for telling just what the Bible

Just think of it! An enemy to One
who has done more for you than all
the world can do—who let wicked

This Sabbath-school scholar had just
such a heart; she had never loved this
dear, dear Saviour, who had left His

This little "talk" comes kindly to
you, and asks: "Do you love Jesus?"
Can you truly say "Yes?" If not,

Can you truly say "Yes?" If not,
are you not ashamed to have to say
"No?" If you are not, I pity you.

I found a little boy in Lawrence,
among a crowd of children who were
weeping to think they had never

"I've been so mean, not to love
Jesus!" Afterwards he wrote me a
letter, and said, "I felt it was so mean

But when I took up my pen, I only
thought of writing a line or two, to
make you more carefully read this

If you do feel ashamed to think
what a great sinner you have been,
then this letter will tell just what you

I have attended the meetings for about
two weeks. At the first anti-meeting,
I did not stay to the inquiry-meeting;

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stay to the inquiry-meeting; but, as
I was passing out, you asked me if I

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