

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

Once, on a certain day, however, a
long separation came between them,
for the elder went out, as if upon his

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

"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

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

He had, unknown to his brother,
made himself obnoxious to the gov-
ernment; and the night of his disap-

That very night the young noble-
man went out unattended, in the hopes
of meeting with his brother. He car-

Not far off ran the river, and he did
not doubt that by water his brother
would come, for it was evident that he

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

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 na-

"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

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

He had, unknown to his brother,
made himself obnoxious to the gov-
ernment; and the night of his disap-

That very night the young noble-
man went out unattended, in the hopes
of meeting with his brother. He car-

Not far off ran the river, and he did
not doubt that by water his brother
would come, for it was evident that he

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

spair, one of the jailers took pity on
him, and asked him whether there was
anything he could do to help him to

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

Whether this jailer felt certain that
he never could escape, whether he was
not loth to aid in it, or whether he

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

But for the light, he must have
handled the stones with less certainty,
and, of course, the least noise would

For nine months he made but little
progress, and for the next two months
the difficulty of disposing of the rub-

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

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

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

But, O prisoner, working by night
in the light of your brother's candle!
O elder brother, who had won such

THE self-denial and liberality of
faith are the best means of excluding
the fear of future want of providing

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

WITHOUT THE CHILDREN.

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

Strange it is to wake at midnight
And not hear the children breathing,
Nothing but the old clock ticking,

What is home without the children?
'Tis the earth without the verdure,
And the sky without the sunshine;

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

Where the children come no more!
Ah! the longing of the sleepless
For the soft arms of the children;

SATURDAYS AND SABBATHS.
Saturday.—Snow, rain, wind, and
mud!

"John, it is a very unpleasant morn-
ing; you must wrap up well, and take
care of yourself."

"O, never fear for me; I shall put
on a water-proof and thick boots, and
trudge through it; if Saturdays will

"John, it is a very unpleasant morn-
ing again; I suppose you will not ven-
ture out this morning."

"No; I don't think it would be
right. It is such catch-cold weather,
really one needs to take care of one's

"O, not at all, not at all. I'll be
with you in a minute. O, no, never
felt less tired. Certainly, most happy

"O, Mr. Smith, I'm sorry to
come so late! But here's a gentle-
man who wants to give you an order.

"Well, really, no, I cannot; I am
thoroughly tired out. You must try
and find some one who is not so much

"Thank you; yes. I shall be happy
to attend, though it is my busiest even-
ing."

"Thank you; no. I shall be unable
to attend."—Christian World.

TEACH THE CHILDREN NATURAL
HISTORY.
Those who have learned the names

For many years it has been one of
my constant regrets that no school-
master of mine had a knowledge of

For many years it has been one of
my constant regrets that no school-
master of mine had a knowledge of

For many years it has been one of
my constant regrets that no school-
master of mine had a knowledge of

For many years it has been one of
my constant regrets that no school-
master of mine had a knowledge of

For many years it has been one of
my constant regrets that no school-
master of mine had a knowledge of

For many years it has been one of
my constant regrets that no school-
master of mine had a knowledge of

For many years it has been one of
my constant regrets that no school-
master of mine had a knowledge of

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

The inference, therefore, is
unavoidable, that the man who thinks
it beneath his dignity to take counsel
with an intelligent wife, stands in his

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S STRENGTH.

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

The surgeon expressed the fear
that Mr. Lincoln's arm would be lamed
with so much hand-shaking, saying

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

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;

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?

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

If you were not ashamed, I should
not think half so well of you. But I
can almost hear you say, "I wonder

If earthly friend for me had bled,
I'd love his very name;
Though Christ for me his blood has shed,

But o'er my guilty sins I've mourned,
And pardon free obtained;
And now I love my dearest Lord,

I love to sing the little hymn:
How "Jesus paid it all."
To think that I rejected him—
How quick the tears will fall!

A MORSEL of bread or a cup of
water will go as far, when it is all we
can give, as thousands of gold and

\* Copyright secured.

"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,

If you cannot say "Yes" to these
questions, then you do not love Jesus.
Then, too—and do not be angry with

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

"It was with shame that I said 'No.'"
This little "talk" comes kindly to
you, and asks: "Do you love Jesus?"

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

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;

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?

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

If you were not ashamed, I should
not think half so well of you. But I
can almost hear you say, "I wonder

If earthly friend for me had bled,
I'd love his very name;
Though Christ for me his blood has shed,

But o'er my guilty sins I've mourned,
And pardon free obtained;
And now I love my dearest Lord,

I love to sing the little hymn:
How "Jesus paid it all."
To think that I rejected him—
How quick the tears will fall!

A MORSEL of bread or a cup of
water will go as far, when it is all we
can give, as thousands of gold and

\* Copyright secured.