

The Family Circle.

NOCTURN.

Enter into thy closet, and shut thy door.—MATT. VI. 6.

I sit in my silent chamber,
And my spirit mounts in thought;
Dear hour of Divine communion,
That oft a deep joy hath wrought!

THE PURITAN OF 1863.

was in the early part of October,
that the Rev. Mr. Allan started
to walk to Farmer Owen's over
the hills. He had to cross two low spurs

with an awed look upon his face, as if
even there he stood in the presence of
a great sorrow, and without the least
noise obeyed.
Mr. Allan walked on slowly toward
the house. He had known Mr. Owen
for many years, and he knew him well.

merciful, and Bennie was so good—I
do not mean holy," he said, correcting
himself sharply; "there is none holy—
no, not one,—but Jesus died for sinners.
Mr. Allan, tell me that. O, Bennie,
Bennie!"

shall see the cows all coming home
from pasture—Daisy and Brindle,
and Bet; old Billy, too, will neigh from
his stall, and precious little Blossom
stand on the back stoop, waiting for
me; but I shall never come—never
come. God bless you all! Forgive
your poor Bennie."

thee from the West; I will say to the
North, give up, and to the South,
keep not back; bring my sons from
far, and my daughters from the ends
of the earth, every one that is called
by my name, for I have created him
for my glory; I have formed him,
yea, I have made him.—Mrs. R. D.
C. Robbins.

containing the first chapter of the first
epistle of John, in which these words
occur? On that page the man had
found the Gospel.

THE DIVINE BOOK.

BY A YOUNG WORKING MAN.

Volume of Truth! thy sacred page
Alike instructs the child and sage;

Bright Torch of Time! thy hallowed light
Illumes affliction's wintry night;

Clear Star of Hope! thy beacon ray
Doth guide the pilgrim on his way;

Sweet Mercy's Voice! in mildest tone
Calling on man his God to own.

FIRST LOVE.

Nevertheless, I have somewhat against
thee, because thou hast left thy first love."

Christian, while Jesus may find
some things in you to commend, may
He not, and justly, too, have somewhat
against you, because you have left your
"first love?"

What precious seasons in the family,
too, when all gathered around the
family Bible. Your prayers convinced
all that you were speaking really to
God, and that God was in that place.

A LESSON FOR FAST YOUNG MEN.

A few weeks ago a man named
Dr. John W. Hughes was hanged at
Cleveland, Ohio, whose fate teaches a
salutary lesson. He was a man of
good family, well educated, had an
honorable profession, and, at one time,
a good social position.

IF ONE LESSON WON'T DO, ANOTHER
WILL.

"Mother," said Henry, "I can't
make Mary put her figures as I tell
her."
"You must be patient, my dear
child."
"But she won't let me tell her how
to put the figures, and she does not
know how to do it herself," said Henry,
very pettishly.

A SONG OF HOME.

O city, golden-bright!
Transparent as the day!
How softly shines thy distant light,
For pilgrims far away!

Thy joy, serene and pure,
E'en now pervades my breast;
On God's foundations built secure,
Thy jasper bulwarks rest.

There dwell the ransomed host,
So safe, so satisfied!
And thither shall the Holy Ghost
Lead home the chosen bride.

No more a care or fear!
No more earth's wailing cry!
For God shall wipe each bitter tear,
And hush each heaving sigh.

Sweet home of peace and love!
By faith thy light I see,
Diffusing from the realms above
Celestial radiance.

O sun, that rules the day,
Stand still, and hear the tale!
To add one single glory-ray
Thy brightest beams would fail!

Fair moon,—dispelling night,
The city needs not thee;
God and the Lamb shall there the light,
The light and temple be.

The blood-bought sons of God
Shall walk those streets of gold,
Rejoicing ever with their Lord,
In ecstasies untold.

I too, when toil is o'er,
Those blissful courts shall gain,
Where praise resoundeth evermore,
And love supreme shall reign.

O city, golden-bright!
Transparent as the day!
How softly shines thy distant light,
For pilgrims far away!

—British Herald.

POWER OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.
THE JEWISH SURGEON.

In one of the large London hospitals
a poor woman was dying. One of
the young surgeons, who was a Jew,
went up to her bed and said, "My
poor woman, you seem very ill; I am
afraid you will never recover. Can I
do anything for you?"

With almost her dying breath the
poor woman gave the Testament to the
Jewish surgeon, and urged him to read
it.
He took the book home with him,
and determined to keep his promise.
He read it diligently, and soon found
Him of whom Moses and the prophets
wrote—Jesus, the Messiah, and was en-
abled to believe in him as the "Lamb
of God, which taketh away the sins of
the world."

AUTHORITY OF THE BIBLE.

The Rev. Adolphe Monod gives the
following illustration of the benefits
arising from the reading of the Bible:
"The mother of a family was married
to an infidel, who made a jest of religion
in the presence of his own children;
yet she succeeded in bringing them all
up in the fear of the Lord. I one day
asked her how she preserved them from
the influence of a father whose senti-
ments were so openly opposed to her
own. This was her answer: 'Because
of the authority of a father I did not
oppose the authority of a mother, but that
of God. From their earliest years my
children have always seen the Bible
upon my table. This holy book has
constituted the whole of their religious
instruction. I was silent that I might
allow it to speak. Did they propose a
question, did they commit any fault,
did they perform any good action, I
opened the Bible, and the Bible an-
swered, reproved, or encouraged them.
The constant reading of the Scriptures
has alone wrought the prodigy which
surprises you.'

VALUE OF ONE LEAF.

There was once a caravan crossing,
I think, the north of India, and num-
bering in its company a godly and
devout missionary. As it passed along,
a poor old man was overcome by the
heat and labors of the journey, and
sinking down, was left to perish on
the road. The missionary saw him,
and kneeling down at his side, when
the rest had passed along, whispered
into his ears "Brother, what is your
hope?" The dying man raised him-
self a little to reply, and with great
effort succeeded in answering, "The
blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from
all sin;" and immediately expired
with the effort. The missionary was
greatly astonished at the answer; and
in the calm and peaceful appearance
of the man, he felt assured he had
died in Christ. How or where, he
thought, could this man, seemingly a
heathen, have got this hope? And as
he thought of it, he observed a piece
of paper grasped tightly in the hand
of the corpse, which he succeeded in
getting out. What do you suppose
was his surprise and delight when he
found it was a single leaf of the Bible,