

The Family Circle.

THE ICONOCLASTS OF TOURNAY.

[A story of the Dutch Reformation, from Owen Meredith's "Chronicles and Characters," being the concluding part of his piece called: Adolphus Duke of Guelders.]

As though Hell's brood had broken loose, rocked all Heaven's black roof diams and funerals.

There, such a sight was seen, as, now and then, When half a world goes mad, makes sober men

Yells, howlings, cursings; grim tumultuous throngs; The metamorphoses of mad despair;

Marching before the magisterial Curule of tawdry, with red and axe, Fall to their work.

And then and there, in that strange judgment-hall, As, gathering round the royal criminal,

Meanwhile those judges' faces began. And, having, in incredibly brief time,

GRACE ROOCH'S LEGACY. CHAP. II. & III. By the Author of Margaret and her Friends.

Time passed on. There was not much spare room in that little cottage by the mill-stream;

Their oldest child was a boy, named Frank, after his mother's father; the other remaining children were girls.

ly reminding him of what his prospects would have been if he had had his "rights"; and the youth had early come to look upon himself as a much injured individual,

Andrew Roche did the best thing he could for his nephew. He invited him constantly to his house; and encouraged, in every way, the intimacy between him and his cousin Frank.

"I cannot think how you manage to take things so easily," said Geoffrey to his cousin, one evening, as they were fishing in the mill pond.

"Why, what rights have you, Frank?" "The right to earn my own living, and the power of doing so, which is true independence; the power of enjoying this beautiful world, in which God has placed us;

"Nonsense," interrupted Geoffrey; "that is not what I mean. What heritage have you to look forward to when—when—"

"What! change places with such a miserable being as Aunt Grace? No; No!" "Then I say we have the best of it, after all," said Frank.

"No, indeed!" sighed Geoffrey, as he thought how little his own father resembled Uncle Andrew.

"Well lads, what sport?" said the miller as he came near.

"Not much," they replied; "the evening is too bright."

"That's right, my boy," cried his uncle, slapping him on the back.

"A wicked miserly old woman," said Geoffrey; "who, as father says, deserves—"

"Nay, nay, Geoffrey, lad, no bitterness. If we cannot, in truth, speak much good of your Aunt Grace, let us abstain from speaking evil."

Mrs. Roche was but little changed since her marriage. Her figure was somewhat more matronly; and a keen observer might have detected a few silver threads mingling with her dark brown hair;

It was a merry party that evening, in the miller's cottage. Mrs. Roche's father had come in from the mill, to drink the health

of his youngest grandchild. The old man was still hale and hearty, and took a pleasure in witnessing the merry games of the children.

CHAPTER III.

The next few years brought great changes along with them. The elder Geoffrey had worried himself into a premature old age, and had died quite suddenly.

"I'm sure we are very much beholden to you, Andrew," said the widow, in a plaintive voice; "and it's only through being deprived of our 'rights,' as I may say, that we have been obliged to do so."

Andrew Roche was an easy good-tempered man; but this speech was almost more than he could put up with.

"Now, Mary," he said to his sister-in-law, quite angrily; "if you wish your son ever to be good for anything in the world, have done, at once, and for ever, talking about these 'rights' of yours."

"You need not take things so seriously, Frank, I meant no harm, I can assure you; only, when I look at Aunt Grace, and think that—"

"That depends," said Frank. "Well, I don't mind telling you, old fellow, I have never had any secrets from you."

"She is every thing that a man could—"

"No, that's what I mean to do the first opportunity," said Geoffrey, "I'm right glad you think I have chosen well; and if things prosper with me this year, why who knows but that next year I shall be able to offer Millie a comfortable home."

Need we tell the reason? A dark cloud had fallen over Frank's hitherto sunny life; and he seemed all the darker from having been totally unexpected.

"Shepherd of tender youth, Guiding in love and truth, Through devious ways; Christ, our triumphant King; We come Thy name to sing; And here our children bring, To shout Thy praise."

Thou art our holy Lord! The all-subduing Word, Healer of strife! Thou didst Thyself abase, 'T hat from sin's deep disgrace Thou mightest save our race, And give us life.

Thou art wisdom's High Priest! Thou hast prepared the feast Of holy love! And in our mortal pain None calls on thee in vain; Help Thou dost not disdain, Help from above.

Ever be Thou our Guide, Our Shepherd and our pride, Our staff and song! Jesus! Thou Christ of God! By the perennial Word, Lead us where Thou hast trod, Make our faith strong.

"Maggie shall turn out, remember, Frank, my boy, whenever you bring home your wife," said his father.

"Maggie will have to wait a long while before I turn her out, father."

"You'll sing a different song some day, Frank, never fear; meantime, there's the mill, and a good house too: no bad home to bring a wife to, I should say."

And so Frank felt—and it increased his regret—but never made him think of acting otherwise than his conscience told him he should do.

"Give me joy, old fellow," he exclaimed, as he drew Frank aside; "it's all right; she has consented!"

"I certainly am surprised," said Mrs. Roche to her husband, when Geoffrey's engagement was known to her.

"GET THEE HENCE, SATAN"

A little girl sat upon the large stone doorstep of her father's house, and beside her was a boy about the same age.

"Not now; wait till I eat it," was the abstracted reply; but the voracious little fellow, not quite content to wait, took the apple up, turned it round and round, smelled at it a little, and then began to toss it lightly in his hands, each time catching it again.

"Get thee hence, Satan! get thee hence!" The mother within the door heard the sound too; and coming to them, asked the meaning.

"The mother drew her within her arms, and kissed her, saying: "That is right, my child; resist him; and he will flee from you."

THE OLDEST CHRISTIAN HYMN. In Book III. of Clement of Alexandria, is given in Greek the most ancient hymn of the Primitive Church.

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Ever be Thou our Guide, Our Shepherd and our pride, Our staff and song! Jesus! Thou Christ of God! By the perennial Word, Lead us where Thou hast trod, Make our faith strong.

So now, and till we die, Sound we Thy praise on high, And joyful sing, Infants, and the glad throng, Who to Thy Church belong, Unite and swell the song, To Christ our King!

Rural Economy.

THE ROBIN.

The return of the robin is commonly announced by the newspapers, like that of eminent or notorious people to a watering-place, as the first authentic notification of spring.

"TO BE CONTINUED."

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The sacrifice of human prudence on the altar of God is one of the most difficult.

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