



The Family Circle.

REPENT

BY GEORGE PAUL

The farmer smiled to see his bursting barns.
His fields yet ripening in the summer sun.
And cried, with pride upwelling from his heart
"Lo! what the toil of my two hands hath done!"
A sweet voice whispered, from the rustling wheat:
"To God, who giveth increase, praise is meet!"
"There is not room within these little sheds
To store from loss or theft my yellow grain.
So will I build me greater, that I may
Rejoice and cheer my soul with thine gain."
Still plod that angel whisper, low and sweet
"Give to the poor, who have no food to eat."
"Cease troubling me! Why should I not be glad?
For hard hath been my toil and long the strife.
Now will I laugh and fill my heart with joy,
And live right merrily the rest of life."
"O fool!" the angel whispered, with a sigh.
"Repent. For thou this very night shalt die."
— N. Y. Independent.

THE THINGS OF PEACE

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER

There was nothing at grandma's house which Laura liked better than the swing. She had a swing at home in the wood-shed, with great upright timbers, and a kind of wooden seat that swung back and forth over the plank floor. But the swing at grandma's was no such stuff as that. It was a great brown rope, fastened to a limb of the old elm in the back yard. The long beautiful branches drooped all around it until you seemed to be in a nest, and as you swung yourself up among them the green leaves shook and trembled, and the summer wind came rushing to meet you, and you felt just like a bird going up into the tops of the forest. Laura liked that, and she liked to take her book and sit in the swing and read, just touching her feet to the green grass now and then, enough to make her seat sway slowly like a cradle. If Laura was not in the house, they always knew where to look for her, so one Saturday afternoon, when Jenny Staples came over to play with her, grandma only looked up from her sewing to say:
"Run out in the yard, Jenny, you'll find Laura in the swing, I presume."
Laura had just reached the most interesting part of her story.
"Oh dear!" she thought. "I am having such a nice time, and now Jenny Staples must come and spoil everything."
Jenny came bounding down to the tree, her round face all of a dimple with happiness, but Laura did not look up until Jenny clapped both hands over the page she was reading, and stopped the swing with a jerk.
Laura only pulled her book away, and said very crossly, "Don't!"
Jenny was very much astonished at her reception, and all the dimples were smoothed out of her face in a moment. She did not wait to say a word, but turned and walked away, and Laura looked up from her book to see her half-way to the gate.
"Oh! now she's mad," thought Laura, "and she'll tell her aunt Mary I was rude to her. Jenny! Jenny Staples!"
No answer, only Jenny walked on faster than ever. Laura dropped her book and ran after her, but Jenny ran too, and so Laura stopped.
"Such a silly, to be mad at a little thing like that!" she said as she watched Jenny's sun-bonnet disappearing behind the hill. "Well, she may go. I'm not going to trouble myself about her," and Laura went back to her book.
But the charm of the story was all gone. She could not think of the little Frieda trudging away at midnight after mother's medicine, but only of Jenny Staples disappointed of her afternoon's play, and going back to her lonely home at her aunt's. She tried to persuade herself that she was not at all to blame, but the whispering elm leaves, and the sweet summer wind, and even the little brown bird up among the maples, seemed to be saying over and over her text, "Follow after the things that make for peace. Follow after the things that make for peace."
"I suppose I ought to go and apologize and

make up with Jenny," she said reluctantly, closing her book; "but I do hate to walk, and, besides, she needn't be so touchy. Perhaps it'll be a good lesson to her."
Laura was still undecided when grandma called her. She had a letter in her hand and little basket, and she said:
"Here, Laura, is a letter which must go to the Corners to-night, and I do not see any way but for you to carry it. Jenny can go with you, and I have put up your supper in this basket, and you can stop at the Hollow as you come back, and have a little picnic in the woods."
Laura's heart gave a jump of delight, and then grew very heavy.
"Oh, grandma! Jenny has gone home."
"Gone home!" exclaimed grandma; "why, her aunt has gone to Fairbury, and the house is locked up; she was to stay here all night. I don't understand it."
Laura was just ready to cry.
"I wasn't very polite to her, and she was mad and ran off," she said, honestly. "You don't suppose she'd get lost or anything—do you, grandma?"
Grandma looked both surprised and troubled, but presently she said:
"I'm sorry it has happened, but of course Jenny will come back, and you had better go on with the letter. Perhaps you may find her; she would not go far."
So Laura went on very slowly, and when she crossed the bridge below the hill, she saw Jenny just at the edge of the woods, wading in the water. She had taken off her shoes and stockings, and was walking about on the white gravel where the water ran in little yellow ripples. It was great fun, so all the children thought, and Jenny seemed to have quite forgotten her troubles, for she only looked up when Laura came along, and said,
"Oh Laura! come in and wade. The water is as warm as anything, and I almost caught a minnie in my hand."
"I can't," said Laura; "I must take this letter to the Corners, and you are to go too, and oh, Jenny! I've got our supper in this basket, and we're going to stop at the Hollow and have a picnic when we come back, grandma said so."
"Splendid!" said Jenny, running up to the green bank, and drying her feet in her pocket-handkerchief. Laura let her take a peep into the basket, just to see the nice white biscuit and shaved beef, with two slices of sponge cake, and four heart cookies, and a bottle of milk.
"Oh, isn't your grandma just the nicest!" exclaimed Jenny, "to let us have two cookies apiece, because you never can take two at the table!"
"She's nice about everything," said Laura, and then they went on very amiably and left the letter at the Corners, only stopping once or twice to pick some thimble-berries that grew by the fence. Jenny seemed quite happy, but Laura was not quite satisfied. She had made up her mind to tell Jenny she was sorry for treating her rudely, but, after all, what was the need of it?
"We're made for peace now," she said to herself, "and there isn't any use in talking about quarrels; besides, it wasn't a regular quarrel, only a misunderstanding."
The Hollow was a delightful little dingle in the woods, shut in on three sides by hills, from which great ledges of gray rock jutted out. A tiny stream found its way among the crevices of the rock, and ran down the Hollow, and all about were beds of checkerberry and ground pine, and the greenest, softest moss that ever the faeries danced on. Laura and Jenny spread their table on a flat rock, with grape-leaves for plates, and sat down in state to their feast.
"You may pass the things, and pour the tea, Jenny," said Laura, which seemed to her a very generous thing to do; but even that would not quite silence the troublesome text, and she had to listen to it. It said, "Follow after the things that make for peace," means to look out about the next time. You and Jenny are always having such little disagreements, now, if you talk the matter all over when you feel good-natured, perhaps it would help you both. "I'll do it," thought Laura, and so she began.
"Jenny, you know mother has gone to Fairbury. When she goes away, she most always leaves a letter for Rob and me to help us be good when we don't have her to tell us, and this time she left me a verse,—Follow after the things that make for peace." But grandma said that it meant more than don't quarrel, but we must think about how we could keep peace, and just follow after it. And Jenny, I don't think I followed after peace when you came to see me this afternoon."
"Oh, well," said Jenny, "I don't care about that. I'm always getting mad, but I get right over it."
But Jenny, if you—if you followed after the things of peace, don't you think we could get along better? just like the way we study about our sums at school till we get the answer?"

"I guess so," said Jenny, admiring her heart cookie, "but I never could remember."
"I forget too," said Laura, "but I shall ask Jesus just as hard as I can not to let me."
"And then don't you forget, when you ask him?"
"Yes, sometimes," said Laura, "but then I tell him I'm sorry, and we make it all up and begin over again."
Just then a carriage came slowly along the road; a tall gray horse and a driver, who leaned back in the seat and sang in a pleasant voice an old-fashioned tune to the words:
"The Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield their rich perfumes,
The lilies bud and bloom."
"That's the minister," said Jenny, peeping through the bushes, "he'll give us a ride," and jumping on a rock, she called out, "Mr. Woodford, have you been to Aunt Mary's?" Mr. Woodford stopped and talked a minute to the children, and then took them home.
Just as they got out Jenny said, "Mr. Woodford, Laura has got a text that her mother gave her, and we are going to try to do it all the time. It's about the things of peace."
"Follow after the things that make for peace," said Laura slowly.
"That's a good text," said the minister. "I think I shall preach a sermon about the things of peace."—S. S. Times.

THE TWO A'S.

BY THE REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"What's that?" said Willie Stuart. He listened at the window where the long honey-suckle vines drooped like banners. He looked up to the black, heavy masses of clouds in the sky, and caught the sound of a long-continued rumble of a ponderous iron wheel rolling along the floor overhead. Then a scowl began to spread over Willie's face, like that spreading over the sky.
"I thought as much!" he said. "A thunder-shower coming! There goes our ride. Too bad!"
Willie heard a step in the garden walk, and some one springing lightly upon the piazza, pushed aside the honey-suckle vines as if they had been folds of tapestry, and entered the parlor. It was Willie's father.
"Sorry, Willie," he said, "very sorry, but our ride has gone."
"I know it, and now I suppose I must be shut up, father."
"Oh! it won't be the worst thing in the world to be kept in the house awhile."
"Don't know about that, father," he replied, as his father stepped out of the parlor. How the rain poured and rattled, ran and clattered on roof and pavement that afternoon. It seemed to have come for a good long stay also. What began as an apparent shower turned into a heavy, steady rain that lasted all the afternoon. A chilly wind set in from the east, swinging all the vanes about, and turning about a so many other things. It turned people from their stores and farms and shops toward home, turned the ships toward a harbor, turned the cattle toward the barns, and with a drip, drip, the rain splashed and saturated everything.
"Horrid chilly!" exclaimed Willie.
"Horrid chilly!" asked his father. "Come this way," and he led him into the dining-room.
"Wasn't that a splendid fire there? So many nimble little sprites in jackets of golden flame springing up from the hearth, chuckling away, laughing, shouting, roaring, mounting higher and higher, and hiding away at last in the cozy nooks of the chimney above."
"Sit down here, Willie. Pleasant, isn't it?"
"I know it, father; but time seems lost this afternoon."
"Oh, not at all? You can do something now. Is there not something I can do for you?"
Father was so good-natured and cheerful, Willie thought he could kindle a fire in any heart, no matter how much like a cold, dark fireplace it was.
"Is there anything you could do, father, did you ask? You are real kind. Let me think. Yes, there is one thing, if you have time enough."
"Time, Willie? Oh, I guess so. What is it you want?"
"Well, our Sunday-school teacher said she wanted us to come next Sunday prepared to tell her about two great characters in God's church."
"Oh! that's easy. I will help you. Do you want to know about the two A's?"
"Two A's, father?"
"Yes, Augustine and Anselm."
"Say them again, please."
So the father repeated them.
"Augustine and Anselm," added Willie.
"Now I have them."
"All ready, Willie? I will begin here. Away back in the fourth century there was a little fellow running about the crooked streets of Tagaste in Africa. I imagine he was a bright but mischievous lad, up to prank after prank. But he had a mother worth having.

Her name was Monica, and in her treatment of Augustine she had something of that patience God has with us all. Augustine grew up only to try his mother very much. A young man, he strayed off in wild courses of sin. But Monica's prayers patiently followed him. At last Augustine went to Milan. A great preacher was there, Ambrose, and he interested Augustine a great deal. He resolved to come back from his wanderings to God, but where should he find him? One day he went all alone into a garden. In his distress he threw himself on the ground. He asked God to help him. Suddenly, he heard a voice, and it seemed to say, "Tolle! lege!"
"What does that mean, father?" asked Willie.
"It is the Latin for the words, 'take, read.' But what was Augustine to read? He asked the advice of a friend, Alype. The Bible was put before Augustine, and he chanced to open it at this place, 'Let us walk honestly as in the day; not in rioting and drunkenness. . . . But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof.' Right there the wanderer touched the feet of Christ, weary and astray no longer. He had found forgiveness and hope at last."
"What did he do then, father?" asked Willie.
"Why, he was just as earnest in the doing of good as he had been in the doing of evil. And how glad his dear mother, Monica, was to see it. She had not wasted a single breath in useless prayer. The people in Hippo, Africa, insisted that Augustine should be their minister; and then he was made bishop, and the oversight of many churches was given him. Such a busy man as he was, and such a great thinker and writer!"
"What did he write about?" asked Willie.
"About everything, I should say; but mostly on religious subjects. I think of him in his long black robes, sitting in his plain little room, making his pen fly like a shuttle. His writings have had a great circulation, and have had a vast influence in the shaping of Christian opinion."
"Augustine lived to be an old man. He died at Hippo, where he was made bishop, in the year 430, at the age of seventy-six. Those long black robes that had been moving about so busily were seen at last no more in street or pulpit, for the old bishop lay dying. It was a sad day for Hippo in more ways than one. A wild army of barbarians, called Vandals, had pitched their tents about Hippo, thirsting for its life. Augustine cared not for the great, rough mob outside the city walls. His soul was safe under the wings of God's care, and no one could harm him. The story runs that the dying old man asked to have some of the Psalms so full of penitence written on the wall. There he lay, looking, reading, praying. The end came, and the beautiful Psalms were the rounds of a ladder, taking his weary feet up into the presence of God. He must have been glad to be home at last with the Saviour and his dear Monica."
"So that is one A, father," said Willie.
"Yes, and a great A too."
"And the other?"
"Oh! Anselm—I must tell you about Anselm. He lived later than Augustine, but he loved Augustine, and loved and studied his writings. His cradle was rocked at Aosta, in Piedmont, 1033—that is when he was born. I think of him as a boy of quiet, amiable disposition. Like Augustine, he was blessed with an excellent pious mother. Her name was Ermenberga. Anselm's home was among the mountains. They rose far above him with summits of blue, like the domes and pinnacles of a sapphire city.
"Anselm used to watch the mountains when a boy, and dream about them. One of his fancies was, that just above the blue mountain tops was Heaven, and there God was on a throne of great majesty. In his sleep, too, he had a dream. Up, up, up, higher and higher it seemed to him that he went, till above the mountains he found God, and there God gave him bread from heaven.
"Once it was very fashionable for people to be monks, to shave the top of their heads and go away into great religious houses honey-combed with cells. Some of the monks did well and some didn't. The houses were hives, sometimes with many workers, and then what lazy, had been would swarm there!
"So Anselm fell in with the fashion and became a monk. I believe he was an excellent monk. I should call him a large lump of the 'salt of the earth.' The monks made him their head, and a very bright and busy head they had. He was as industrious as Augustine, guiding the monks, teaching the youth, overlooking the queer old manuscripts handed down by previous generations, and writing works on Christian doctrine.
"He was of a very loving turn of mind. A story is told of his care of a poor old man, Hereward. Anselm tenderly nursed him. He was so weakened by old age and disease that he could not move any member of his body except his tongue, but Anselm would press out