



### The Family Circle.

#### LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

One new commandment  
Christ gave us for keeping;  
That it is broken  
Is reason for weeping:  
If it were kept  
All the world would be singing,  
For Love is an angel  
True happiness bringing.

"Love one another,"  
A precept all golden!  
But these times are modern  
And that word is olden;  
And business and pleasure  
So zealous are proving,  
That only a few  
Can find leisure for loving.

"Buy in the cheapest mart,  
Sell in the dearest."  
"Each for himself alone—  
Self is the nearest."  
"Life is a battle,  
Aye won by the strongest!"—  
These, says the world,  
Are the things that live longest!

Nay! but the heart of man  
Cares for his brother!  
More than we think  
Do we love one another.  
Self is a tyrant  
We sometimes cast down  
And conquer, rejoicing  
Another to crown.

Teach us, O Christ,  
To be constant in loving;  
Likeness to Thee  
Through our faithfulness proving.  
So to our life  
Shall new raptures be given,  
And Love make the earth  
The beginning of heaven.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

#### THE USE OF IT.

(Mrs. Harriet A. Cheever, in *Wide Awake*.)

"Come on, Joe; it's a pink of a day for a frolic in the woods. Father's started for the station and I hid until he was off, I was so 'fraid he might leave me something extra to do. But I'm free for all day, so come on, I say!"

"Can't, Ben."

"Why not?"

"I must ride Black Harry around the pasture until he's tired and stops racing; then I'm to ride him along the road as far as the post-office."

"Well, if you must you must," said Ben, "but I'm sorry for a feller who can't have his freedom such a fine day as this. By the way, Joe, did I tell you father's going to buy me a bicycle?"

"You don't say!"

"Yes, true as guns! Can you go tomorrow morning to the woods if it's pleasant?"

"No; got to saw wood."

"Well, I declare! What's the use of a fellow's having to hammer away at something in the way of work all the time? Vacation too!"

"I can do whatever I like all the long afternoons," said Joe a little disconsolately; "but father thinks boys ought to learn to do all sorts of useful things."

"But what's the use?" asked Ben.

"I suppose father knows; and he says I will one of these days if I live. But aren't you the lucky boy to have a bicycle?"

A whoop interrupted them and two or three other boys appeared from around the corner; bright-eyed, active-limbed and fairly dancing with fun and merriment were the new-comers as they accosted Joe and Ben in lively boy fashion:

"Come on, Toodlewigs! Hop around there, Bouncer! We're off for a berry-picking, and our noon meal in the cool shadow of the berry bushes, where we shall dig a hole and roast some 'taters, pop some corn, and have a nice little racket all to ourselves."

"Joe can't go," said Ben; "he's got to ride his majesty, the young Black Harry,

round the lot till he's all fagged out, then take him to the Post-office for the mail."

Joe laughed, but told the boys why he must remain on the place for at least two mornings.

"Well, it's too bad," said the merry boys; "but we must be off or the robins will get the berries before we arrive. Day, day, Joe, boy, a nice ride to you!"

Black Harry was a splendid young horse raised on the place; somewhat strong-headed, fleet, but yet trustworthy if judiciously handled, else Dr. Benner had hardly given orders to his only son, fourteen-year-old Joe, to ride him around the lot until he was tired. The boy had been trained to the saddle from a child. He had also been carefully instructed as to the use of axe and saw, and many other tools, also how to load and discharge a gun, to row, and manage a sail boat; and the boy was a capital swimmer.

Dr. Benner was sometimes called an eccentric man, and so perhaps he was; but those who knew the Doctor best considered him more sagacious than peculiar.

Joe's mother had died during his babyhood, and the Doctor realized as he once expressed it, that the boy would most likely be whatever by God's blessing he chose to make him, which he hoped ultimately would be a whole man; so he had set conscientiously to work for that result.

"Well done!" said the Doctor to himself, as pausing on his long round of calls he stopped for a moment at the wide pasture and peeped through the bushes.

"Well done! the boy manages his charger well and no mistake!"

Black Harry was literally tearing with leaps and bounds from one part of the pasture to the other; occasionally a little stump would threaten to impede his progress, but with a frolicsome plunge he would leave it far behind, while the sturdy young rider who sat the animal with perfect ease would now and then draw a tighter rein or speak a word or command, when the bounding creature would obey at once as if in complete sympathy with his master's wishes.

At length, after a long season of head-long speed, Black Harry put on more style, as slackening his pace he arched his long neck, and stepping high and daintily like Puss herself, at a signal from Joe, he easily leaped the low strip fence and pranced along the road in the direction of the Post-office.

Joe received the mail, and soon after stood watching his father in the study as he began examining his letters.

One missive proved to be a circular; and as Dr. Benner opened it, there appeared before Joe's longing eyes pictures of bicycles of most attractive form and style, the slender wheels seeming almost to roll and move. Joe spoke:

"Oh, father, how I do wish I could have a bicycle!"

"Well, why don't you have one, my son?"

"Are you really willing I should?" asked Joe delightedly.

"Certainly, my boy."

"And when may I get it?"

"Just as soon as you can earn it."

Joe's countenance fell. It had been a comparatively easy thing earning his money for the Fourth of July which was close at hand, as so many farmers had been glad of extra help during the early haying; but to earn the sum required to purchase a first-class bicycle—really that was too bad of his father.

"Ben Low's father is going to give him a bicycle," said Joe experimentally. "I think he's a wonderfully lucky fellow."

"Yes, I should think he was," said the Doctor without looking up from his reading.

"And Ben has all day to himself to spend as he likes," added Joe.

"When Ben gets his bicycle, you let me know how many hands high it is, will you?" said the Doctor dreamily.

"Yes, indeed I will!" Joe answered eagerly.

"And his father gives him no tasks, eh?"

"Well"—Joe hesitated—"Ben did say he hid until his father left the house this morning, for fear he might leave him a task."

"My son!" Dr. Benner suddenly woke up, his voice ringing, his glance sharp as a needle:

"My son! if for any reason I neglect to give you a task in the morning during your vacation or at any time hereafter, and you see anything you think ought to be done, I wish to feel I can rely on you to do it. I suppose I can trust you?"

"Yes, father, I think you can, I'm sure I want you to," he added with boyish sincerity.

"Very well," was the abrupt rejoinder; "by being faithful in little things, you may in time reap large rewards—and you may not. At all events an approving conscience will be found an exceeding benefit; but don't forget when Ben Low's father buys his bicycle to let me know just how many hands high it is. I shall be interested to hear," he added dryly.

Joe was vaguely conscious that his father's tone was a little incredulous, or mocking, or something of the kind; but he could not quite divine it, and soon forgot the impression entirely.

There was to be a convention of medical men in a city thirty miles distant on the third of July. Excursion tickets were placed within the means of all wishing to avail themselves of an opportunity to profit by the occasion. Eminent physicians from all parts of the State would meet to compare facts and experiences well worth the hearing of those interested in medical lore or surgical skill.

Dr. Benner was to leave home on Wednesday morning, the third, expecting with many others to return on the afternoon of the Fourth of July; and on the next day, the fifth, the Doctor had been planning for a long time to take Black Harry to a Cattle Show and Horse Fair, and place the beautiful animal on exhibition for the day.

This time the Doctor left no extra tasks for Joe, remarking that as he was to have a holiday trip himself, Joe might pass the time as he thought best, providing nothing unforeseen should occur to demand his attention.

Straightway the merry boys fell to planning a grand picnic to take place on the Fourth. Fire crackers and punk had been purchased in abundance at the village store. Mrs. Merriam, Dr. Benner's housekeeper, was to make biscuit, chocolate cake, frosted cake and doughnuts, the other boys providing sandwiches, boiled eggs, lemons and sugar. And Joe and his friends went to bed in good season on Wednesday night in anticipation of the next day's sport.

Thursday was bright and beautiful. Joe felt in no haste as the party was not to start very early. He ate his breakfast leisurely, then packed his basket, and having bade Mrs. Merriam a joyous "good-bye," started out to meet the other boys.

He sped over the lawn in front of the house, and was darting across the pasture when a loud whinny close by caused him to stop a moment. Black Harry came slowly up, then mutely held up one hoof from which the shoe was hanging nearly off.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Joe impatiently, "I can't help you, old boy, indeed I can't—I can't!" he repeated despairingly as the exact situation forced itself upon him with vexing rapidity.

John, the Doctor's man, had already availed himself of Dr. Benner's permission to make a little visit on his own account, expecting to meet his master at the depot in the afternoon. The only other man, a farm hand, was not to be trusted with the romping Harry, and Joe knew only too well it would be a great disappointment to his father should anything prevent his taking the horse to the Fair early the next morning.

What could be done!

The blacksmith was two miles away, and a horse could almost never be shod short of an hour, and oftener not for two or three hours after reaching the smithy's, unless taken early in the morning, "and it'll be just the same Fourth o' July or no Fourth o' July!" said poor Joe desperately.

What could be done!

To give up the picnic and his Fourth of July—his Independence Day frolic—just for Black Harry's shoe seemed too hard to contemplate for a moment; and just then a "whoop-a-la," burst on the lad's ear and there was Ben Low and the rest of the party, baskets in hand, all ready for a start.

Instantly there flashed through Joe's mind a recollection of the decided words his father had spoken only a few days before, about relying on him to do anything he thought ought to be done whether the

task was given him or not; the sight of Ben Low had seemed somehow to revive the conversation, and on the instant he also remembered his father's permission to pass his time as he thought best, provided nothing unforeseen should occur to demand his attention.

And although his father had allowed that reward might possibly attend the faithful performance of duty, Joe was too much accustomed to obeying from principle to do so from any other motive.

There was a sharp, brief conflict; then Joe turned resolutely towards his friends:

"I can't go, boys."

"Why? Why? Why, I should like to know?" cried one of his companions.

"Do not my ears deceive my eyesight!" exclaimed another tragically.

But the facts were briefly explained, and the disgusted boys finally convinced that Joe was in earnest.

(To be Continued.)

### THE ROYAL SILVER WEDDING.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND THEIR CHILDREN.

The beautiful group of the Prince and Princess of Wales and their children which we give our readers on another page is the second the *Messenger* has had of this Royal family. How alike they are, and yet how different, for the little curly headed youngest, Maud, who peeps from behind her mother is now a tall young lady of nearly nineteen, and the slender, thoughtful, long-haired boy who sits at his mother's knee appears a stalwart young man already three years past his majority.

But the life of all the Royal family of Great Britain is too familiar to our readers for them to need more than a rapid sketch of this branch. The Prince himself was born in November 1841 and was educated in the army. His first great public journey was his visit to Canada in 1860, which the older of our readers will still remember. In 1862 he visited the Holy Land, and on the 10th of March married the beautiful Danish Princess Alexandra, who speedily became and still remains the most popular woman in England. Her devotion to her children has long been a matter of history. Until this gentle woman set the fashion it was far more common for titled English ladies to have their pet dogs as their companions on their drives than their children.

Albert Victor, the heir to the throne was born on the 8th of January, 1864, and Prince George in June, 1865. The former following in his father's footsteps was brought up a soldier, while Prince George is the sailor of the family. Of the daughters, the Princess Louise just attained her majority on the 20th of February last; the Princess Victoria was born on the 28th of July, 1868, and so is not quite twenty; while the Princess Maud was born on the 26th of November, 1869 and is consequently only half-past eighteen. During the severe illness of the Prince of Wales in the winter of 1871-2, with the Queen far from young and his eldest son still only a boy, the country passed through a time of sorrow and anxiety that will not soon be forgotten. The Indian adventures of the Prince can not even be mentioned here, a whole volume having been devoted to that one chapter of his life. The social duties of the Prince of Wales are numberless, he is simply one of the busiest men in the whole empire.

The hundreds of gifts received by the Princess on her silver wedding-day testified to the love and esteem she calls forth from those around her. One or two of these is all we can mention. Three hundred and sixty-five ladies personally acquainted with her presented her with a tiara of diamonds, the Emperor and Empress of Germany sent her a magnificent necklace of sapphires and diamonds, her sons and daughters clubbed together and presented their parents with silver statuettes of their favorite riding horses, and the Prince himself gave the Princess a cross set in diamonds and rubies and a clock containing around the dial, instead of the usual numerals, the letters of his own name, Albert Edward. The family gathering on this occasion was one of the largest of the Royal family held for many years and, but for the death of the Emperor William and the sad illness of the Emperor Frederick would have been one of the most joyful as well.