

Family Circle.

LITTLE BELL.

He prayeth well who loveth well Both man, and bird, and beast—

somebody did print it, and then Johnny himself sold it about the country; and it sold well.

had cut short his studies, bringing this sickness upon him, and the Lord does all things well.

hot summer to pay for it, and then you will dry up." Brook—"Well if there be a danger of drying soon, I had better work while the day lasts; and if I am likely to lose this water from the heat, I had better do good with it while I have it."

"How much do you expect to-day?" "Sometimes two shillings, sometimes one; and once in a while I get nothing all day, and then, ma'am, I am very tired."

among the hills, I had no fears, because I knew the road bed was all solid rock. "It was near midnight when a sharp whistle from the engine brought me to my feet.

ALONE WITH JESUS.

Alone with Jesus! Leave me here, Without a wish, without a fear; My pulse is weak, and faint my breath, But he is not the Lord of Death!

MATTHEWS.

By the disciples, authors of the "Wide World." Written by one saint.

SELECTIONS.

THE BROOK AND THE POND.

In the cool and shadowy cloud of a distant mountain, hard by a mossy spring, a little brooklet had its birth; and with a pure heart, a generous nature, and a lively and cheerful spirit, it started upon its course through the world, bent on a life of activity and usefulness.

THE YOUNG PEDDLER.

One rainy afternoon, in the earliest part of autumn, I heard a low knock at my back door, and upon opening it, I found a peddler. Peddlers are a great vexation to me; they leave the gates open, they never have anything I want, and I don't like the faces that belong to most of them, especially those of the strong men who go about with little packages of coarse goods; and I always close the door upon them, saying to myself, "lazy."

THE WIDOW GRAFF, OR WHAT SAVED THE TRAIN.

The widow Graff lived in a hollow of the Blue Ridge. It was a wild, lonely spot; yet a railroad had found it out, and wound its way among the mountains and gorges with its great passenger and freight trains.

NEVER AGAIN.

"Never again!" so speaks the sudden silence When round the hearth-gathers each well known face, But one is missing, and no future presence