

The Family Circle.

A TEACHER'S CARE.

Teacher, watch the little feet... Climbing o'er the garden wall... Bounding through the busy street...

Teacher, watch the little hand... Picking berries by the way... Making up the fragrant hay...

HOALS OF FIRE.

Morgan came in with rapid step and appetent manner. His mother looked from her work. There was a round red spot in each cheek, and an ominous glitter in his eyes.

"I think I never did say so," she answered, gently, as she passed her hand over the tawny locks, and brushed them away from the flushed brow.

"O, it was Dick Osgood. You know what a mean, bullying fellow he is anyhow. He had been tormenting some of the younger boys—nagging them till I couldn't stand it.

"I remembered what I had promised you for this year, and I took it,—think of it, mother,—took it and never touched him. I just looked into his eyes, and said, 'If I should strike you back, I should lower myself to your level.'"

Mrs. Morgan's heart thrilled with silent thanksgiving. Her boy's temper had been her greatest grief. His father was dead, and she had brought him up alone, and sometimes she was afraid her too great tenderness had spoiled him.

"Better heap coals of fire on his head," she said quietly. "Yes he deserves a good scorching."

"You know well enough what kind of coals I meant, and who it was that said, 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.' I cannot release you from your promise until the year for which you made it is over.

enough to keep my word until you don't know from it. I think, though, how just quite know how tough it is."

The weeks went on, and the feeling wore away a little. Still that blow, unavenged and unatoned, rankled in Guy's mind, and made him unsocial and ill at ease.

Dinner was spread on the grass, and nothing taken at home. Dick Osgood and his little sister Hetty, the one human being whom he seemed really and tenderly to love.

They made dinner last as long as they could, and then they scattered here and there, some swinging in hammocks, some lounging on the grass, and a group standing on the bridge a few rods above the falls, and playing at fishing.

The boys and Mr. Sharp, the teacher with whom Guy had been talking of a strong rope, and running down the stream, threw it out on the water just above the falls, where Guy could reach it if he could get so near the shore.

A moment more and he reached the rope, clung to it desperately, and boys and teacher drew the two in over the slippery edge, out of the horrible seething waters, and took them in their arms, both silent, both motionless.

It was almost half an hour more before pretty Hetty opened her blue eyes. Meantime Dick had been utterly frantic and helpless. He had sobbed, and groaned, and cried, and prayed even, in a wild, incomprehensible fashion of his own.

He had sobbed, and groaned, and cried, and prayed even, in a wild, incomprehensible fashion of his own, which perhaps the plying Father, who forgets no sparrow even, understood and answered.

Some of the larger girls arranged one of the wagons, and getting into it, received Hetty in their arms.

Mr. Sharp drove Guy Morgan home. When they reached his mother's gate, Guy insisted on going in alone. He thought it might alarm her to see some one helping him; besides, he wanted her a few moments quite to himself.

The next morning came a delegation of the boys, with Dick Osgood at their head. Every one was there who had seen the blow which Dick struck, and heard his taunts afterwards.

Dick broke down just there, for the tears choked him. Guy was as grand in his forgiveness as he had been in his forbearance.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

By REV. HENRY M. SOUDDER, D. D. Watch the stream. Just hear, how noiseless it flows! How contemplative its silent lapse!

It glides swiftly over the back of a broad, flat rock, and flashes out from its edge in a silvery sheet, as though it issued directly from that ledge as from a fountain; and now it has found its voice, and had a different melody for every object that touches it.

Now it waxes merrier, and rolls, and gambols, and disports itself, tumbling wave over wave, and curl over curl; here it tosses up a wreath of water, to be touched by the sunlight and glorified into diamonds; and there, composing its features, it steals with more equable flow under a tree whose leaf-shadows, swayed by the wind, tread the watery floor in a beautiful dance—the leaf shadows dancing hand-in-hand with the spangles made by the intervening sunbeams.

Whatever aspect it assumes, it never assumes uncountness; it never sacrifices its loveliness; it never forgets to be graceful. What exhaustless beauty there is in this one stream! I could not find it all out if I were to study it for years.

the stream as an expression of the beauty of his character, and I exclaim, "Thou hidden love of God, whose height, Whose depths unfathomed no man knows! I see from far thy bounteous light, And only sigh for thy repose; My heart is pained nor can it be At rest till it finds rest in thee."

THE JORDAN.

There is no evidence of any serious change within historic periods, in the general features of the country. Doubtless, earthquakes sufficient to destroy cities (and they need not be very severe to do that) have occurred here; but that any throwing up of mountain chains, or sudden sinking of levels has occurred here since the days of Adam, would not probably occur to any scientific observer.

It is now very full, and almost unapproachable; quite unfordable. A disagreeable swamp lies round its bed; so that we found it impossible to get the benefit of any shade from the trees close to its main bed.

It is considered probable that the Lord's baptism occurred near here. Here at this spot, just opposite Jericho, in the shadow of the Judean hills, some seven miles eastward, must have been the place where Joshua led the chosen people, with their priest in front, across the stream, very nearly at this season of the year.

There have been a Roman and a Moslem Jericho here since Joshua's Jericho, and it seems hardly determined which is which. Lieutenant Warren, temporarily stopped in his valuable explorations at Jerusalem, is now burrowing in four or five different places in these heaps of artificial earth, to discover some more positive traces of the old city.

We bathed in Elisha's fountain, and crossed the Brook Cherith, and read the whole book of Joshua in the presence of the scenes that saw the events it commemorates. No wonder Gen. Grant is said to regard Joshua as a great soldier.

HOW MEN MAKE EPOOHS.

Life is short and art is long. In the secular sphere it is conceded that the powerful minds are those who rigorously confine themselves to one department of thought. Newton cultivated science and neglected literature. Kant wrought in the quicksilver mines of metaphysics for fifty years, and was happy and mighty in his one work.

JACK'S EXPERIENCE.

There was in one of our English villages, a poor fellow who was called Jack, and who earned his living by selling a few pins and needles, and such like. He was a man who had not all his wits. He had wit enough to be always drunk, which takes no wit at all, but he had not wit enough to do much else.

Jack thought that was a pleasant little rhyme, and so he began to say it to himself, and it pleased God to impress it not only on his memory, but on his conscience. The men became a changed man. He gave up his swearing, and his drunkenness, and every one could see who knew him, that there was something going on in his heart more than had been before.

"Can you not tell me anything more?" "No, sir, that is all I can tell you." "I have no objection, to receive you, John," said the minister, "but you must come before the church, and they will ask you a great many questions, and I don't know what you will do."

"I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all, and Jesus Christ is my all in all." "Can you not tell me anything more?" "No, sir, that is all I can tell you."

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