# THE AMERICAN PREBYTERIAN THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1863.



# The Kamily Circle.

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A TEACHER'S CARE. A LIAURER'S UARE. Teacher, watch the little feet Climbing o'er the garden wall, Bounding through the busy street, Ranging cellar, shed and hall. Never count the moments lost, Never mind the time 'twill cost, Little feet will go astray Guide them, teacher, while you may

Teacher, watch the little hand Picking berries by the way, Making houses in the sand, Tossing up the fragrant hay. Never dare the question ask, Why to me this weary task m These same little hands may prove Messengers of light and love. Teacher, watch the little tons

Teacher, watch Prattling, eloquent and w What is said, and what aim What is said, and what aim By thy happy, joyoje: the ber Catch the Word while and the Stop the vow befaceart. This same ton This same ton for your the Blessings in Sw impart, where a going description of the same ton a going a goi

Teacher soissne weed, V Berg soissne weed, V Wi you then may see TUGE Pretenitsol TILL

#### HTIME COALS OF FIRE. 45 (LE: WAX

Morgan came in with rapid step and netuous manner. His mother looked from her work: \* There was a round red spot in each cheek, and an ominous glitter in his eyes. She knew the signs. That naturally fierce templer of his had been stirred in some way to a heat that had kindled his whole nature. . . He threw down his cap, threw himself on an ottoman at her feet, and then said, with a little of the heat of his temper in his tone, "Never say, after this, that I don't fore you, mother."

"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. "But what special thing have you done to prove your love for, me just now ?"

"Faken'a blow without returning it."

She bent over and kissed him where he sat. He was fifteen years old, a great, tall fellow, with muscles like steel; but he had not grown above liking his mother's kisses. Then she said, softly; "Tell me all about it, Guy."

"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. They are every one afraid for their lives where, helis. T told him be ought to be ashamed of himself, and tried to make him leave off, till, after a while, I s'pose he stirred up, for he tunned from them, and coming to me he strick me in the tace." I believe the mark of his claws is there now"; and he turned toward her the other cheek. which he had kept carefully away from her up to this time. She saw the marks clearly, and she trembled herself with sympathy and secret indignation.

she said, "and you what did "Well," yon do!" "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, ife langhed a great scorffill forse-laugh, and said be, 'You hear, boys, Morgan's turned preacher. You'd had better wait, sir, before you lecture me on my behavior to the little ones, till you have pluck enough to defend them. I've heard about the last impudence I shall take from a coward like you. The boys laughed, and some of them said, 'Good for you Osgood !' and I came home. I had done it for the sake of my promise to you ; for I'm stronger than lie is any day ; and you know, mother whether there's a drop of coward blood in my veins. I thought you were the one to comfort me. though it isn't comfort I want so much either. Fjust want you to release me from that promise, and let me go back and thrash him." 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 speiled him. She had tried in vain to curb his passionate nature. It was a power which no bands could bind. She had concluded, at last, that the only hope was in enlisting his own powerful will, and making him resolve to conquer himself. Now, she thought, he had shown himself capable of self-control. In the midst of his rage he had remembered his pledge to her, and kept it. He would yet be his own master,-this brave boy of hers,-and the kingdom of his mind would be a sover-

be called a cowery **Sision fire**," she said, the truest bravery **Sision fire**," she said, the truest bravery **Sision fire**," she said, of endurance... started off for school "Look out for "Keep a good watch, and opened the door." smilingly, as to you'll find them before the next over."

the next broken his and I'm e home that night depressed the sv gloomy. He felt as if his pres-p gone." There had always been a p- rivalry between him and Dick Os-

Le over to the stronger side, and he had and her heart throbbed chokingly. at feeling of humiliation and disgrace "O, if you had been drowned, my boy, nat feeling of humiliation and disgrace which is as bitter to a bey as the same sense

of defeat ever is to a man.

and unatoned, rankled in Guy's mind, and it." made him unsocial and ill at ease. His mother watched him with some anxiety, ther." but she did not interfered She had the true Mrs.

but and the first one is berief of the structure is the s boughs shut away the garish July sunlight. Among the rest were Dick Osgood and his

the past two months. Dinner was spread on the grass, and nothing taken at home on civilized black walnut, tand from regulation dishes, was

ever tasted with half the zest which went to the enjoyment of these viands, eaten with pewter spoons out of crockery of every hue and kind. They had enjoyed them-selves like boys and girls, and like nothing else; for that full, hearty capacity for enoyment is one of the things which youth takes away when it goes "with flying feet," and "which never come again? as M

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. Among these latter was Morgan was at a little distance with one of the teachers, pulling to pieces a curious flower, and talking botany. Suddenly a wild wild bry bosb above ithe sultry stillness of the summer afternoon and the hum Before the words were out of his lips, they all saw Guy Morgan coming on with flying feet, -a race for life. He unbuttoned coat and vest as he ran, and cast them off as he neared the bridge! The kicked off his summer, shoes, and threw himself over. They where Guy could reach it if he could get so near the shore it. The water was very deep where Hetty had fallen in, and the river ran fast, fast. It was sweeping the poor child on, and Dick Osgood threw himself, upon, the bridge, and sobbod, and screamed like one gone mad a When she rose the third time, she was near the falls. A moment more and she would go over, down on the jagged, criel rocks beneath But that third time Guy Morgan caught of a child. her,—caught her by her long, glistening, golden hair. Mr. Sharp shouted to him. He saw the rope and swam towards it, his strong right arm beating the water back with hammer-strokes; his left motionless, holding his white burden. "O God P'IMr. Sharp prayed, fervently, keep him up, spare his strength a little longer,—a little longer!" 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

Some of the larger girls arranged one of the stream as an expression of the beauty of the wagons, and getting into it, received his character, and I exclaim,

enough to keep my word until yo:don't enough to keep my word until yo:don't me from it. though uite know how tough it is." how just quite know how tought she y nature to mrs. Morgan thought she yew, also, that about how "tough" it way is the bravery be called a coward; but the truest bravery Qfs;of fire " about the source 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 insist-ed on going in alone. He thought it might alarm her to see some one helping him. to himself. So Mr Sharp drove away, and Guy went in. His mother saw him coming,

"Where have you been?" she cried, seeing his wet, disordered plight

"In Quassit River, mother, fishing out Hetty Osgood." Then, while she was busying herself in

preparations for his comfort, he quietly told and now the boys seemed to have his story. His mother's eyes were dim;

my darling!" she cried, hugging him close, wet as he was, as if she would hold him back, from all dangers forever: "If I had The weeks went on, and the feeling wore back, from all dangers forever: "If I had away a little." Still that blow, unavenged been there, Guy, I could nt have let you do

"I went in after the coals, of fire, mo-

Mrs. Morgan knew how to laugh with

before his mother. Dick was spokesman. the mere supply of the thirst of man and "Thave come," he said, "to ask you to for-beast, cannot be found in the world. There, was green, and great trees with drooping before his mother. Dick was spokesman. bought snut away the garish July sinlight "Inave come," he said, "to ask you to for-"Among the rest were Dick Osgood and his little sister Hetty, the one human being whom he seemed really and tenderly to love. The teachers eyes were on him for this one day, and he neither ventured to insult the older scholars nor bully the little ones the none human being to make a greatness I was not "he day day and the neither ventured to insult the older scholars nor bully the little ones the none human being to make a greatness I was not the scholars nor bully the little ones the none human being to make a greatness I was not the scholars nor bully the little ones the none human being to make a greatness I was not the scholars nor bully the little 

Dick broke down just there, for the tears choked him Guy was as grand in his forgiveness as

he had been in his forbearance. Hetty and her father, and mother came afterwards, and Guy found himself made a hero of before he knew it. But none of it all moved him as did his mother stow tond words, and the price in her joyini eyes. He had kept with honor and with patience, bis pledge to her, and he had his reward. The Master's way of peace had not misled him.-Louise Chandler Moulton, in Our Young Folks.

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### THE MOUNTAIN STREAM.

BY REV. HENRY M. SCUDDER, D. D. Watch the stream. Just hear, how noiseness of the summer alternoon and the hum of quiet voices round, Dick Osgeod's cry: "She's in, boys! Hetty's in the river, and I can't swim."O, save ther save her is will no one try?"."Heats TUREAN OIST ON BEET. less it flows! How contemplative its silent whisper that your ear strains to catch. The surface is a mirror, and in the flawless bosom of this softly flowing, unruffled, liquid emerald, the sky builds another hemisphere below to complete its globe of ethereal blue. Take another step, and see how the stream mer. shoes, and threw himself over. They beard, him strike the water. He went un-der, rose again, and struck out toward/the golden head, which, nose, just then for the second time, head, which, nose, just then for the second time, head, which, nose, just then for the second time, head, which, nose, just then for the second time, head, which, nose, just then for the second time, head, which, nose, just then for the second time, head, which, nose, just then for the second time, head, which, nose, just then for the second time, head, which, nose, just then for the second time, head, which, nose, just then for the second time, head, which, nose, just then for the second time, head, which, nose, just then for the second time, head, which, nose, just then for the second time, head, which, nose, just then for the second time, head, which, nose, just then for the second time, head, which, nose, just then for the second time, head, which, nose, just the to boys and Mr. Sharp, the teacher with whom Guy had been talking head to the the rope, and, running down the tream, the water it out on the water just above the falls, where Guy could reach it if he could get so clump of grass; it chatters to the dipping bough of an overhanging bush ; it brushes, as with the touch of dew, the flower petals that stoop to it; it darts up into little exclamation points of foam around a hostile temple. its ruggedness with the lace-work of a rainbow mist; it utters a remonstrance as it wheels with dignity around a stony promontory; and it runs gleefully down a staircase of rocks, with a sprightly step and the song "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-band with the spangles made by the intervening sunbeams. Onward it goes, at increased pace, with the rush and tumult of quickened motion, them in, their arms, both silent, both mo-tionless. Mr. Sharp spoke Guy's name, but he did not snswer. Would either of them and, as far as you can see, are ridges and ing like battalions until they come to a basin, into which they bravely fling themselves, changing the water's delicate green volume into a bulk of creamy foam, from the edge of which fleets of bubbles arise and minds are those who rigorously confine. sail off down the stream to surrender their themselves to one department of thought. existence to the first shock they meet. as if it were tired of singing, and talking, not career over the whole encyclopædia. pretty Hetty opened her blue eyes. Meantime and roaring, and wished now to think, and And the same is true in the sphere of reli-

"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 Occident.

## THE JORDAN.

There is no evidence of any serious change within historic periods, in the general fcatures of the country. Doubtless, earth-quakes 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 Adam, would not probably occur to any scientific observer. There is, and must al-ways have been a tremendous and wholly exceptional depression in this valley. The Jordan rising a hundred miles north, between the ranges of Lebanon and Ante-Lebanon, empties first into Lake Merom; and then by a rapid descent of 300 feet in a few miles, into the Sea of Galilee; be-tween that Sea and the Dead Sea it descends.

him. You fought with him and 'came off ahead; and we all are come to do honor to the bravest boy in town, and I to thank you for a life a great deal dearer and better worth saving than my own." had made efficacious to cleanse from sin! It is considered probable that the Lord's baptism occurred near here. Here at this ford, just opposite Jericho, in the shadow of the Judean hills, some seven miles east John, there are times when my evidences ward, must have been the place where are very bright, and I feel confident, and, Joshua led the chosen people, with their priest in front, across the stream, very nearly at this season of the year. From the Moab mountains, just in front, Moses looked from the still unfixed peak of Bisgah I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all, down upon the land he was never to enter, and his ever venerable ashes slumber somewhere on Nebo's unsettled soil: We'crossed the plain to Jericho, finding, what is surmised to be Gilgal in the modern Rish, and as cended the green but neglected foothills watered by the Brook, Cherith and by the fountain that Plisha pealed, until we pitch-ed our tents just under the hillocks of ruins which are supposed to be the remains of the city that fell ibefore. Joshua's rams'-horns. 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 admonstrated Bir dl Street There have been a Roman and a Moslem, Jericho here since Joshua's Jericho, and it seems hardly determined "which is which." Lieutenant Warren fillds as yet nothing very decisive, although he has struck down to Mosaic pavement, which has encouraged him to think some important revelation may be coming. His explorations at Jerusalem bave opened a very important series of subterranean chambers beneath the site of the Mosque of Omar, and a great passage supposed to be the underground way by which troops were passed, in Solomon's time from Zion's hill to Mount Moriah, connecting the palace and citadel with the We bathed in Elisba'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 commemoria rates. - No wonder Gen. Grant is said to regard Joshua as a great soldier. Those who have been over these mountain fortresses, will not think his attack on Aira very common kind of military movement. nor any of his strategical positions ill chosen. But we shall come upon his track again, I hope, among the very scenes of his rapid blows, and see where some of the thirty one kings be slew held their state. Meanwhile, we take our way back to Jerusalem. How expressive the phrases, down to Jericho," and "up to Jerusalem," become after going over this exectable "road, with its endless descent to the valley and its end less climb up to the Holy City !- Liberal Christian.

#### 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. In going along the street he heard some poor women singing this very simple ditty-

I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all, But Jesus Christ is my all in all.

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 levels has occurred here since the days of man 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. At last, John felt he was called of God, and he came to the minister and asked him if he would admit him into his church .- "Friend John," said the minister, "what is your experience? He says, "I have not got any, sir." "Not got any experience, friend John?" "Then I cannot receive you." Said he, Sir, I know that

AnduJesne Ohrist is iny all in all.

"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 don't know what I will do either," said John, John was brought into the room where the mein bers of the church were sit-ting, and the minister said, "Brother John, you are expected now to state your experience.'l. John rose, and very modestly said,

I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all, And Jesus Christ is my all in all;

and sat down. So an old deacon got up and said, "I say, friend John, this won't do. This is not enough. Come, now, don't you ever have any doubts and fears?" "No," said John, "I cannot doubt that

I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all,

for I know that I am, and I dare not doubt Jesus Christ.is my all in all, that.;

because he has said it, and it would be wrong to doubt what he says." That deacon sat down, and another got up and said, "Friend

I can't be much less than that, sir, and I can't go forward, sir, for

Jesus Christ is my all in all, and I don't want more than that. It is everything to me." "Nay," said the other, "but sometimes I feel that I am getting rich in grace, a.d. at other times I lose my evi-dences." "I don't lose anything," said John, "for to meso Stor.

I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all,

and none can take anything from me; and

eignty. "Better heap coals of fire on his head," she said quietly.

"Yes he deserves a good scorching,"pretending perversely to misunderstand her,---"but I should not have thought you would have been so vindictive,'

"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. I think the Master who told us to render good for evil understood all the wants and passions, of humanity better than any other teacher has ever understood them. I am sure that what he said must be wise, and right, and best. I want you to try his way first. If that fails, there will be time enough after this year to make a different experiment."

"Well, I promised you," he said, "and I'll show you that, at least I'm strong

ever answer again? Teachers and scholars went to work alike for their restorotion. It was well there was intelligent guidance, or their best endeavors might have failed. Guy, being the

stronger, was the first, to revive. "Is Hetty safe?" was his anxions ques-

It was almost half an hour more before Dick had been utterly frantic and helpless. He had sobbed, and groaned, and cried, and prayed even, in a wild, incomprehensible him by a few low, firm words, which wore audible to no one else.

# HOW MEN MAKE EPOCHS.

Life is short and art is long to In the secular sphere it is conceded that the powerful. Newton cultivated science and neglected lit-Once again the stream subsides to gentle- erature. Kant wrought in the quicksilver and roaring, and wished new country, and give the same is the inclust sphere of ren-only to smile out its own thoughts. Whatever aspect it assumes, it never as-sumes uncouthness; it never sacrifices its sumes uncouthness; it never sacrifices its prayed even, in a wild, incomprehensible fashion of his own, which perhaps the pity-ing Father, who forgets no sparrow even, understood and answered. When he heard his sister's voice, he was like one beside himself with joy, until Mr. Sharp quieted the nished were to study it for years. If this stream, the mission for the individual soul enough to emusical thought of the nished stream words which were for the nished stream words which were for the nished stream words which were then, is one thought, one musical thought of the nished stream words which were for the nished stream words which were the nished stream then, is one thought, one musical thought of more than enough, to employ all their pow-lect, how beautiful must he be! I gaze upon ers and enthusiasm. Dr. Shedd's Homiletics. grace and glory.

and Jesus Christise my all in all,

so that I am never richer and never poorer." This puzzled them. They could not make it out. The minister said a few words in John's favor, and it was carried by a large majority that the brother should be admitted, though he had said but very little. Afterwards this poor man was noted for being one of the happiest Christians in the church; for no one could make him doubt. And as long as he lived, his ditty was-

I'm'a poor sinner, and nothing at all, And Desus Christ is my all in all."

#### DOT A MINUTE TO SPARE.

We are, many of us, too busy ; our time is too absorbingly occupied. Many a good deed for the Lord goes undone because we have no time to do it. A dear child who had been deeply afflicted, very sick, when she took her first walk out saw her teacher coming. She expected to receive a kindly greeting, but the teacher was too busy. She feared, she should be detained, and so, with but a single glance, and a simple good had forgotten what the Lord had said about offending one of those little ones; she should not have allowed her work to so crowd her that she could not have a minute to spare" when the Lord asked for it.

A PRAYER FOB ALL WIVES .-- " Lord bless and preserve my husband; let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy and let meialso become a great blessing and comfort into him; a sharer in all his joys, a refreshment in all his sorrows; a meet helper for him in all the accidents and changes of the world; make-menadmirable forever in his eyes, and very dear to him. Unite his heart to me, in the dearest union of love and holiness, and mine to him in all the sweatness of charity and compliance.

Keep me from all ungentleness and unreasonableness and unseasonableness of passion and humor, and make me humble and obedient, charitable and loving, patient and contented, useful and observant, that we may delight in each other according to Thy blessed word and ordinance, and both of us may rejoice in thee, having our portion in the love and service of God forever."

and the water.

He loved as when we were enemies, with a love expensive and interesting beyond expression, a love that exposed Him to igno-miny and torture, that cost Him His blood and His life; a love that makes over to those who believe in Him all the riches of