

The Family Circle.

[FOR THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.] BE TRUE TO THE FLAG.

BY LILLIAN HOPE.

I am proud of the Stars and Stripes unfurled, Over the land and sea, Of all the Banners in all the world, The Stars and the Stripes for me.

It waved to the winds of Charleston Bay, But while we were sick with fear, It fell—by traitorous hands—one day,— And a nation was bathed in tears!

Over Antietam's fiery flood, Its thundering roar and rattle, Over that field dyed red with blood, By the stormy tide of battle,

Shiloh, and Look-Out Mountain high, Caught the gleam of a fearless cannon Floating aloft to the blackened sky, Through the smoke of the belching cannon.

Brave Phil Sheridan, Sherman, and Grant, Fought for the "Red White and Blue," Over many a city the sunbeams slant, Retaken by them, for you,

I love it, I love it,—each rustling gleam Of our beautiful waving Banner! Perish the heart that dares to dream Of staining it with dishonor!

A BEAR STORY.

BY ETA.

Little boys and girls, while you are getting ready to listen, I would tell you that this is by no means a story like Aesop's fables, to be read more especially for the sake of the moral it conveys.

A few weeks since, a large wild bear was killed near E—, a little hamlet in the eastern part of Pennsylvania. Now it being such a very uncommon thing to see a wild bear in any shape or form, in this cleared, thickly settled and well-tilled region of country, the capture of this solitary, wandering bear, caused no little sensation in this rural community.

Now I suppose some of you are thinking quietly, "Well what then! It is not so interesting to hear that the poor bear is killed, to make so much ado about it." In this you are quite correct, my dear little friends.

Well, I have a little fact to tell you, of which perhaps you have never thought. Each and every one of you bears a little "wild beast" in your bosom, which you must kill, or else it will grow to be a monster, and at last destroy you.

When Katy reached the town, she felt so timid that she found it hard to ask any one to buy her flowers; but the thought of her sick mother made her brave.

Do not be frightened when I tell you, my dear little friends, that there are other wild animals in this spirit lair. Some of these we can never kill, but we can tame them, and this it is our duty to do.

Your parents will tell you, that by the vines may be represented the beautiful little love-branches that are blossoming for heaven in the garden of your hearts; but alas too often they are spoiled by the little foxes of sin, that are continually creeping in, if you are not watchful.

You would perhaps like to know, which I think the best way to kill the "wild bear" in the heart. Well here is the way, in which a little girl finally succeeded.

Ere parting from you, my beloved little hearers, I would ask you once more, not to forget to pray for strength to overcome every little wild beast in the heart, so that you can truly love and obey your parents and the dear Heavenly Friend who gave you to them, and thus grow up to be truly noble and good.

KATY; OR, TRUST IN GOD.

Katy lived in a small cottage, a little way from a large town. There was a little grass-plot in front of the house, and at the back was a small garden, where they raised a few vegetables.

One night Katy's father came home from his work quite ill. The next day he was worse, and in a short time he grew so very ill that the physician said he must die.

After her father's death, Katy's mother was obliged to work so hard that she became ill. She could walk about the house and sit in her large arm-chair, but she could not sew, and her face grew so thin and white that Katy began to feel afraid that she too would die.

One day Katy went out to work a little while in her flower-bed, and as she looked at the bright blossoms, she thought perhaps she might sell them to the people who lived in the town, and earn something for her mother.

When Katy reached the town, she felt so timid that she found it hard to ask any one

to buy her flowers; but the thought of her sick mother made her brave. Just as she was passing a fine house, the door opened and an old man with a cane came down the steps.

"Please, sir, buy my flowers?" The old man turned toward her and in a kind voice asked her name and where she lived.

"Please, sir, buy my flowers, because my father is dead and my mother is sick." The old man told her to come into the house with him, and then he asked her a great many questions, and talked to her so kindly that the little girl felt quite at her ease.

He told her that he would take all her flowers, and Katy's eyes danced for joy when he put a bright silver dollar in her hand.

When Katy reached home she had many pleasant things to tell her mother. She said she was sure that God heard her prayer that morning, because every one was so kind to her.

Katy's mother grew strong and well again, but the old man and his daughter did not forget them. They were kind to them and did not let them want.

JESUS AMONG MEN.

Now, therefore, we are to see in Him—in Jesus—what kind of interest pertains to the lot and state of man, taken as a fallen personality.

Wonderful depth of feeling and sacrifice!—how shall we compass it?—in the charities of his burdened life, and sorrow, and cross. He so conceives the magnitude and tragic path of souls, or persons, that he sinks all orders and distinctions of men in one level of suffering pity.

Without a single air of popularity, or any bait thrown out to catch applause, he settles straightway into vital connection with men, because of the divine sorrow that is in him; and though multitudes of high people are offended in him, is the best-approved, most thoroughly-felt man that ever lived.

THE SILENCE OF SCRIPTURE.

In the Baptist Quarterly for July Rev. Dr. Gardner furnished the essay on The Silence of Scripture which was received with so much favor at the Pastoral Conference, in October last, at Worcester.

In contradistinction from all these and the like humanizing systems and beliefs, that more or less, all of them, cater to some morbid curiosity or spirit of speculation, the Bible maintains a holy reserve. It gives us principles, life, germs of spiritual truth.

Such was the exclamation of a dying child, as the red rays of the summer streamed through the casement: "Good-by, papa, good-by! Mama has come for me to-night. Don't cry, papa! I'll all meet again in the morning!"

when it is silent, is silent with authority, is no other than the voice of God.

The silence of Scripture on things of less moment gives emphasis to its utterances on the great central doctrines of faith and life.

Look at a great painting; for instance, Bierstadt's "Domes of the Yo Semite." It is only in the immediate foreground that any attempt is made to paint the grass, the flower, the moss on the rock.

It is just so with these Divine revelations. They show us the spiritual world only in the grandeur of its outline facts, not in the details of minor incidents.

This silence of the Bible is not a defect, but in reality a glory. There is no silence in this Book on the great problems that affect human life and well-being; no silence on the important questions of human duty.

Why should you thus after my name, seeing it is secret? said the Angel of the Lord to Manoah. "Enter, not hither," seems to be written over every gateway of doubt and speculation.

"We'll all meet again in the morning." Such was the exclamation of a dying child, as the red rays of the summer streamed through the casement.

There is something cheerful to all who are in trouble in this: "We'll all meet again in the morning." It rouses up the fainting soul like a trumpet-blast, and frightens away forever the dark shades thronging the avenues of the outer life.

There is something cheerful to all who are in trouble in this: "We'll all meet again in the morning." It rouses up the fainting soul like a trumpet-blast, and frightens away forever the dark shades thronging the avenues of the outer life.

There is something cheerful to all who are in trouble in this: "We'll all meet again in the morning." It rouses up the fainting soul like a trumpet-blast, and frightens away forever the dark shades thronging the avenues of the outer life.

BUSINESS FOR CHRIST.

Many years ago, happening to be in South Wales, I made the acquaintance of a Welsh gentleman. He was then a landed proprietor, living in his own mansion.

"Does each day upon its wing Its allotted burden bring! Load it not besides with sorrow, Which belongeth to the morrow."

It is a pity that our tears on account of our troubles, should so blind our eyes that we should not see our mercies.

Scientific.

CO-OPERATIVE COLLIERY.

The London Daily News has the following: "Two years ago Messrs. Briggs, of the Whitwood and Methley collieries, worn out with a long series of disputes with their workmen, and reduced to a point when the question lay only between closing their pits altogether, or introducing some totally new system, made the proposal for an arrangement for co-operative working."

"This is an eminently encouraging result. The experiment was tried under the gravest difficulties. Not merely had there been long-standing disputes, but there grew up a permanent bad feeling between men and masters. The men were careless, if not worse, even when they did work, and destroyed more coal than proper working would have required."

"We'll all meet again in the morning." Such was the exclamation of a dying child, as the red rays of the summer streamed through the casement.

A NOVEL STYLE OF BATH.

The Germans, who are a metaphysically ingenious people, have invented air baths. Airing, instead of watering places have been established on the top of some of the Rhine mountains, and provided with doctors, hotels, cottages, and all other necessities for a summer sojourn.