The Family Circle.

For the American Preseyterian. 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 tae Stripes for me. Over our braves at Bunker Hill That Banner of Stars unrolled Over their graves—so cold and still— It fluttered with drooping fold, For they loved the Flag, The dear, old Flag; With its Banner of Stars unrolled.

It waved to the winds of Charleston Bay, But while we were sick with fears, It fell-by TRAITOROUS HANDS-one day,-And a nation was bathed in tears!
But it floated again over Sunter's walls,—
The Flag of the "fearless free!" And wherever the light of the bright sun falls, Honored that Flag shall be. Honor the Flag!
The dear, old Flag!
Wherever that Flag may be.

Over Antietam's fiery flood,
Its thundering roar and rattle,
Over that field dyed red with blood, By the stormy tide of battle, Over the rider and over his steed The tide of the battle rolls; But heroes like ours are willing to bleed And FALL for the starry folds. They DIED for the Flag; The dear, old Flag!-Sleep-heroes-beneath its folds

Shiloh, and Look-Out Mountain high. Caught the gleam of a fearless pennon Eleating aloft to the blackened sky
Thro the smoke of the belching cannon, Sad hearts grew light,—thro' the deadly fight They hurried to meet the foe; And our conquering armies' deeds of might Even the children know. They were true to the Flag! The dear, old Flag,
They fell for the Flag we know.

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

Strong in the right, they were strong for the fight;
Under the blessing of Heaven,

After a weary and perilous night— They fought for the Flag!

The dear, old Flag!—

They fought with the blessing of Heaven.

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!

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. For I love the Flag! The dear, old Flag The Flag of the brave and free. Marquette, Mich.

A BEAR STORY.

Little boys and girls, while you are getting ready to listen, I would tell you that this is by no means a story like Æsop's fables, to be read more especially for the sake of the moral it conveys. I shall tell you but a few plain facts, and then leave each of you draw such a moral therefrom, as may best suit your own peculiar disposition: for even the minds of children differ, us well as their faces.

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 beast 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. How bruin ever managed to come safely all the way from his wild jungled lair, is a question which I suppose he could best have explained himself. It is said that he was once seen about forty miles farther North: but he successfully dodged his pursuers. Here his huge form was first discovered moving through a grain-field. On being followed, he climbed up a tree, where he was finally dispatched.

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. I think our interest should be wonderfully increased, if we were to encounter one of these voracious animals at large. I trust none of you may ever meet with one. But now in case this should happen, what would you do? Would you not try to save your lives by fleeing from it? A grown bear of course you could not manage; but if it be a little one that wanted to gripe you to death, would you not endeavor to kill it? I think so.

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. Perhaps you will better understand me, when I tell you plainly, that those of you who on this very day have said "I won't!" to your mother, when she told you to do something for her, made this beast in the heart growl with satisfaction; for disobedience to parents is the very food that helps to make it grow. How over it is pampered in a great many ways; and the best thing we can do, is to destroy i before it has gained power to conquer us. If your parents, after having kindly taughty you obedience, severely punish you for disc bedience you ought to be very thankful; bu remember the "little bear" of sin in the heart is after all growing stronger ever. day.

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 it is our duty to do. Really I think we would be steps. Katy held up to him a bunch of her great central doctrines of faith and life. good for nothing, if we had none of these wild things to conquer. There was a certain great and good man, who, when a little boy, was flogged thirteen times in one morning, to drive the beast of stubbornness from out his heart; yet they could not do it. There is a way though to get it out. I shall soon tell you what that is. While I think of it, I house with him, and then he asked her a to you the Song of Solomon. In the second ease. chapter you will find the sentence "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes."

Your parents will tell you, that by the vines may be represented the beautiful little her to fill Katy's basket with such things as tains. You know, as you gaze, that they 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. We are in a thousand times greater danger from little sins, than from larger crimes. But in the sight of Him, who reads the heart, there is no little sin. In His holy eye, it is as unholy, to steal a pin, as it is to rob millions of dollars! Little thefts, little lies, little pride, little deception and a host of other little faults and evil habits-these are the little foxes that spoil the vines, bearing the tender grapes of truth in the heart. We shall refrain from talking any longer about the little foxes at present, but I trust each of you will be on his guard to detect them, and pray earnestly to God to "take" them

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. She was na and cross. He so conceives the magnitude turally very passionate, and for a season permitted too much to have her own way, which is generally a bad one, and I hope cially drawn to abject and low people, beyour parents will not grant it to you. In your parents will not grant it to you. In cause understanding him quite as well, they the impulse of the moment, she would often are much less withdrawn by hateful and low principles. His great, loving mind for which the very next minute she would stoops to its burdens, and he bears the world again weep bitter tears of regret. Good as we bear the weight of a sorrow. The resolutions were then made, but just to be broken on the slightest provocation. She found, alas! that in her own strength she could not conquer the wild beast of a cross temper, which, by the way, I do not think that any child can, or grown person either. Yet she triumphed at last, and the frown was chased away by the cheerful smile of a sweet teach out for being healed; even as some temper, and instead of resenting evil, she teacher of a Sunday-school goes after the was kind and gentle to others and felt ready poor, much-persecuted pupil he has lately to "give a kiss for a blow." The only missed and leading him back, opens to him weapon she had was prayer to her Heavenly Father, in the name of the beloved Saviour who triumphed for her. Yes, dear children, silently and alone she knelt in her closet, and prayed for a new heart, and it was given to her and a new song put into her tracted by their tender hospitalities, after mouth. Whenever she was tempted to rehe has wept the tears of Messiahship with and afflicted, yet opened not his mouth; who much impressed the evangelist, when, suras a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so and diseased people, his feeling is described he opened not his mouth, though all around by saying, that "he was moved with com-

forget to pray for strength to overcome viction, and makes a contact so pervasive every little wild beast in the heart, so that you can truly love and obey your parents and Without a single air of popularity, or any the dear Heavenly Friend who gave you to bait thrown out to catch applause, he settles them, and thus grow up to be truly noble straightway into vital connection with men, and good .- Reformed Church Messenger.

KATY: OR, TRUST IN GOD.

Katy lived in a small cottage, a little way from a large town. There was a little grassplat in front of the house, and at the back was a small garden, where they raised a few vegetables. There, too, was Katy's bed of flowers. Katy was very fond of her flowers and took good care that no weeds should be found among them. Katy's parents were poor, and were obliged to work very hard, but they were happy, for they loved and trusted in God.

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. It was a sad day when the kind husband and father was laid in the grave. Poor Katy missed her father very much, but she tried to be cheerful because her mother was so sad.

was obliged to work so hard that she became ill. She could walk about the house she too would die. Every day she asked

God to make her dear mother well. One day Katy went out to work a little could to make her mother comfortable, went

sick mother made her brave. Just as she no other than the voice of God. was passing a fine house, the door opened finest flowers and said:

"Please, sir, buy my dowers?"

The old man turned toward her and in a lived. Katy answered him and said again, father is dead and my mother is sick."

The old man told her to come into the

He told her that he would take all her flowers, and Katy's eyes danced for joy

kind to her.

Katy's mether grew strong and well It is just so with these Divine revelations. again, but the old man and his daughter They show us the spiritual world only in did not forget them. They were kind to the grandeur of its outline facts, not in the them and did not let them want. I am sure details of minor incident. Take, for in-Katy and her mother will never suffer from | stance, the recorded life of Jesus Christ and want, because they trust in God, and God the progressive development of Christian does not forsake those who put their trust doctrine in the writings of the apostles. In him.—S. S. Visitor.

Only in the foreground of His infancy do

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 and tragic pair of souls, or persons, that he sinks all orders and distinctions of men in woman at the well is sure there must be some great riddle in him. Little children are gathered to him and can not look away from him. That he gets the blind man's heart, when he leads him out, hand in hand, to heal him, nobody need tell us. As little that he gets hold of another's, when, having healed him, he goes tenderly after him, some of the deepest matters even of his great Messiahship. Why should not the penitent woman, put in hope and courage by his friendly words, wash his feet with her tears? And would it not be strange if the two sisters of Bethany were, at all, less nearly dishe has wept the tears of Messiahship with peat her old ways, she would think of Jesus: them at their brother's grave? Notice furhow much He suffered, who was oppressed ther the significance of his look, that so was brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and rounded by such forlorn multitudes of sick were speaking falsely against Him. I think passion on them, because they fainted and if we would always remember this, we could were scattered abroad as sheep having no shepherd." Humble in his figure, scandabear everything patiently:

Ere parting from you, my beloved little shepherd." Humble in his figure, scandalously unconventional, he is yet respected hearers, I would ask you once more, not to that all incrustations of sin are pierced. because of the divine sorrow that is in him; and though multitudes of high people are of fended in him, is the best-approved, most thoroughly-felt man that ever lived.—Dr. Bushnell. In the state of georgianist

THE SILENCE OF SCRIPTURE.

In the Baptist Quarterly for July Rev. Dr. Gardner furnished the ssay on The Silence | mas as essential. We must base no religof Scripture which was received with so ious rite or ceremony on the simple silence much favor at the Pastoral Conference, in of God's Word. "Where has Christ en-October last, at Worcester. After tracing joined the lifting up of the Host?" asked the fact of this Silence in reference to many one of Luther. "Where has He for bidden earthly life of Jesus, about the future world, we had a warrant to fill up the void of God's he asks as to the uses of this Silence. No- revelations with human conceits and deviticing the claims of the mystics, like Eman- ces not positively forbidden! Let no man uel Swedenborg, and those of the so-called build his faith on the silence of Scripture. spiritualists, he says:

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,
After her father's death, Katy's mother the Bible maintains a holy reserve. It gives us principles, life germs of spiritual truth. It touches great central facts, that affect viand sit in her large arm chair, but she could tal interests. It never condescends to gratnot sew, and her face grew so thin and ify an idle curiosity, or to meet with its unwhite that Katy began to feel afraid that foldings of knowledge a simply human and worldly want. It reveals, not the how and at the bright blossoms, she thought perhaps in riddles for the curious, nor paradoxes for she might sell them to the people who lived the speculative, but in healing for the morin the town, and carn something for her ally sick. It answereth not a fool accordmother. She ran in to ask her mother, who gave her leave to try. The next morning it answereth a fool according to his folly when it is silent. It enters not into the decord to make the could the could to make the could th tails of building up character; but it opens

to buy her flowers; but the thought of her when it is silent, is silent with authority, is

The silence of Scripture on things of less can never kill, but we can tame them, and this and an old man with a cane came down the moment gives emphasis to its utterances on the

Look at a great painting; for instance, Bierstadt's "Domes of the Yo Semite." It is only in the immediate foreground that kind voice asked her name and where she any attempt is made to paint the grass, the flower, the moss on the rock. As the vista "Please, sir, buy my flowers, because my stretches away up the valley all these little details are lost in the generalization of the scene. The great arches recede in the overhanging cliffs; the bald domes tower up on either side in their unique majesty; and will remind you, to ask your mother when great many questions, and talked to her so either side in their unique majesty; and she has leisure to please kindly to read kindly that the little girl felt quite at her away up and on in the distance the sky and the cloud and the mountain all seem meltwhen he put a bright silver dollar in her | valleys that lie between those distant domes. hand. She was more happy still when the There are ravines, and gorges, and perhaps kind old man called his daughter and told broad plateaus hid away among the mounwould be good for her sick mother.

When Katy reached home she had many rather concealed than tried to depict them. pleasant things to tell her mother. She sa d | They do not now distract your admiration she was sure that God heard her prayer of the great groupings of nature, revealed that morning, because every one was so only in their massive majesty, not in the details of minor beauty. It is just so with these Divine revelations.

we find any of the outer incidents of His life detailed. There are the manger, the star, the shepherds, the magi,-a little group of facts that lend color and vividness to the whole picture. Twelve years away there stands out, isolated from all its surroundings, one suggestive scene. Here a revealing ray, as a rift in the overhanging cloud, lights the picture a little. Then, eighteen years away in the distance, rise up in all their majesty and glory, but enveloped in cloud all about their basis, the mighty facts of His life and death. And still on, partly in the mist and partly in the sunlight, the mountain domes of Christian doctrine raise their sun-lit crests high up toward God. Thus mingled, the light of revelalation and the shade of concealment make up a picture more vivid, and grand, and real than could have been secured by a flood of light that should, in the attempt to reveal all, have obscured all by its dazzle. God's revelations are adjusted to human

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 importunate questions of human duty: "repent," "believe," "go; work." Here are reproofs and warnings; promises and encouragements; invitations and welcomes; words of comfort, hope, joy. It is enough. What if curiosity be not catered to? What if the spirit of daring speculation meet a stern rebuke in the silence of God's oracles? The chart has all the sure data for the voyage of life. The reckonings are easily made. The soul's bearings may be readily found. Every rock, and reef, and headland of temptation and doubt are laid down; what if all the rest of the wide ocean be unmarked? The mariner does not need, in order to guide his course, a sky thickly sprinkled with undistinguishable star dust, and a coast line of fire; bat here and there a brilliant in the heavens and a beacon on the shore.

This silence is also prohibitive. "Why askest thou 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. To be venturesome here is to be presumptuous. "As to such points," says Whately," we should not only seek for no explanation in Scripture, but should carefully abstain from the presumption of all'inquiry whatever." No man or body of men, council or church, may presume to fill up the gaps of Scripture. All positive doctrine, -all immutable ordinances, -all direct and definite duties must rest, not on the silence, but the utterances of Scripture We must hold no merely speculative dogcurious question about God, about the it?" was his non sequitur reply. As though Let no church shape her ordinances by the rule of the unforbidden, or the inferential, but by the immutable "thus saith the Lord."

"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: "Good-by, papa, good by Mamma has come for me to night. said. "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

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. He had been before carrying on an extensive business in a large town. By the death of a relative, he had unexpectedly come into possession of this property. After considering whether he should retire from business, he made up his mind he should still continue to carry it on, though not for himself, but for Christ. I could not help being struck with the gleesomeness of a holy mind which lighted up his countenance when he said: "I never knew before what real happiness was. Formerly I wrought as a master to earn a livelihood for myselt, ing together in one billowy, blue ocean of as a master to earn a livelihood for myself, air. There is no attempt to represent the but now I am carrying on the same work as diligently as if for myself, and even more so; but it is now for Christ, and every halfpenny of profits is handed over to the treasury of the Lord, and I feel that the smile of my Saviour rests upon me." I think that is an example worthy of being imitated.

> "Does each day upon its wing Its allotted burden bring! Load it not besides with sorrow, Which belongeth to the morrow. Which belongeth to the morrow.
> Strength is promised, strength is given
> When the heart by God is riven;
> But forecast the day of woe
> And alone thou bearest the blow.
> One thing only, claims thy care,
> Seek thou first by faith and prayer,
> That all clarious world shove That all-glorious world above, Scene of righteousness and love, And whate'er thou need'st below He thou trustest will bestow."

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

Srientisic.

GO-OPERATIVE COLLIERY.

The London Daily News has the following: "Two years ago Messrs. Briggs, of the Wuitwood 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. They offered to the men that, after paying all other expenses, and after securing a rate of ten per cent. interest on the capital sunk, the surplus profits should be annually ascertained, and divided equally between masters and men. It was also proposed that such of the men as thought fit might put their own small savings into the concern, and become shareholders. The proposal was discussed and accepted, and it has now been acted on for two years. "The second general meeting of the new

firm—Henry Briggs, Son & Co. (limited). was held recently, and the balance sheet for the year was submitted. It was highly satisfactory. After paying the ten percent. on capital, there was a surplus of seven per cent. to be divided between capital and labor. Every workman shared in this bonus proportion to the amount of wages he had received during the year. There were about twelve hundred hands employed, and there was more than £3,000 to be thus distributed; therefore there would have been an average of £2 10s. per head, supposing all had equal qualifications and all had worked regularly. As it is, we may presume that the superior skilled workmen re-ceived considerably larger sums, and that lads or new hands may have made only a few shillings. But in every case it was pure gain. Those who were shareholders reaped thirteen and a half per cent interest besides. Those who were not already shareholders were offered a new opportunity of taking shares, and so participating still more largely in future profits. Every one has naturally been satisfied, and strikes have disappeared.

"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. The masters were upon the point of withdrawing the capital from so losing a concern. Yet in two years not only is harmony restored, but the capital makes thirteen and a half per cent. net, while the men are paid several pounds a year beyond their wages. This result shows of itself how it was brought to pass. Not only did the men work harder, and so better earn their wages, but they worked more carefully, and so saved their master's property and their own."

A NOVEL STYLE OF BATH.

The Germans, who are a metaphysically where of immortality but immortality it— Don't cry, papa! we'll all meet again in the ingenious people, have invented air baths. self. It brings to man's moral wants, not morning!" It was as if an angel had spok. Airing, instead of watering places have been while in her flower-bed, and as she looked excitement, but satisfaction. It deals not en to that father, and his heart grew light established on the top of some of the Rhine er under his burden; for something assured mountains, and provided with doctors, hotels, him that his little one had gone to Him who cottages, and all other necessaries for a summer solourn. The mode of taking these airbaths is not described in the journal from There is something cheerful to all who which this announcement is taken. Perhaps are in trouble in this: "We'll all meet again it is somewhat similar to that of an eccencould to make her mother comfortable, went to the garden, and cutting the brightest and freshest flowers, arranged them in bouquets and placed them in a basket. Then going into the house and kneeling down by the bed in her little room, she asked God to take care of her and help her to sell her flowers. After kissing her mother, she started with a light heart on her errand.

When Katy reached the town, she felt so timid that she found it hard to ask any one in the morning." It rouses up the fainting trie old Frenchman who once lived in Phil-