

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE HEAVENS.

The sad and solemn night, Hath by her multitude of cheerful fires; The glowing bosoms of light, Walk the dark hemisphere till the retreats; All through her silent watches, gliding slow; Her Constellation comes, and claims the heavens, and so.

THE ICE FORT.

In the early days of Northern Ohio, when settlers were few and far between, Evan Cogswell, a Welsh lad of sixteen years, found his way thither and began his career as a laborer, receiving at first but two dollars a month in addition to his board and "home-made" clothing. He possessed an intelligent, energetic mind in a sound and vigorous body, and had acquired in his native parish the elements of an education in both Welsh and English.

Away he hurried now to the blacksmith's, so as to complete his errand and return by this precarious crossing before dark. But the smith had neglected his duty and Evan had to wait an hour or more for the axes. At length they were done, and with one tied at each end of a strong cord and this hung about his neck, he was off on the homeward trip. To aid his walking, he procured from the thicket a stout cane. He had hardly gone two miles when the darkness gathering in the woods denoted the nearness of night; yet as the moon was riding high, he pushed on without fear.

But as he was skirting a wind-fall of trees, he came suddenly upon two or three wolves apparently emerging from their day-time hiding-place for a hunting expedition. Evan was considerably startled; but as they ran off into the woods as if afraid of him, he took courage in the hope that they would not molest him. In a few minutes, however, they set up that dismal howling by which they summon their mates and enlarge their numbers; and Evan discovered by the sounds that they were following him cautiously at no great distance.

Evans had been told of this, and when the silence began, he knew its meaning, and his heart shuddered at the prospect. His only hope lay in the possibility that they might not dare to follow him across the ice-bridge. But this hope vanished as he approached the other shore, and saw by the moonlight several of the gaunt creatures awaiting him on that side. What should he do? No doubt they would soon muster boldness to follow him upon the ice, and then his fate would be sealed in a moment.

In the emergency he thought of the axes, and taking them from his neck, cut the cord, and thrusting his walking-stick into one as a heave resolved to defend himself to the last. At this moment he espied among the thick, unheaved ice-cakes two great fragments leaning against each other in such a way as to form a roof with something like a small room underneath. Here he saw his only chance. Springing within, he used the axe to chip off other fragments with which to close up the entrance, and almost quicker than it can be told, had thus constructed a sort of fort, which he believed would withstand the attack of the wolves.

Hardly had he lifted the last piece to its place, when the pack came rushing about him, snapping and snarling, but at first not testing the strength of his intrenchment. When soon they began to spring against it, and snap at the corners of ice, the frost had done its work, and they could not loosen his hastily built wall. Through narrow crevices he could look out at them, and at one time counted sixteen grouped together in council. As the cold increased he had to keep in motion in order not to freeze, and any extra action on his part increased the fierceness of the wolves. At times they would gather in a circle around him, and after sniffing at him eagerly, set up a doleful howling, as if deploring the excellent supper they had lost.

on the alert, and gave it such a blow with the axe as to cause its death. Soon another tried the same thing, and met with the same reception, withdrawing and whirling around several times, and then dropping dead with a broken skull.

One smaller than the rest attempting to enter, and receiving the fatal blow, crawled, in its dying agony, completely into the enclosure, and lay dead at Evan's feet. Of this he was not sorry, as his feet were bitterly cold, and the warm carcass of the animal served to relieve them. In the course of the night six wolves were killed as they sought to creep into his fortress, and several others so seriously hacked as to send them to the woods again; and however correct the notion that when on the hunt they devour their fallen comrades, in this case they did no such thing, as in the morning the six dead bodies lay about on the ice, and Evan had the profitable privilege of taking off their skins.

Of his thoughts during the night, a quotation from his diary is quaintly suggestive and characteristic: "I bethought me of the wars of Glendower, which I have read about, and the battle of Glosmont Castle; and I said, 'I am Owen Glendower; this is my castle; the wolves are the army of Henry; but I will never surrender or yield as did Glendower.'"

Toward morning, as the change of weather continued, and the waters of the river began to diminish, there was a prodigious crack and crash of the ice-bridge, and the whole mass settled several inches. At this the wolves took alarm, and in an instant fled. Perhaps they might have returned had not the cracking of the ice been repeated frequently.

At length Evan became alarmed for his safety, lest the ice should break up in the current, and bringing his axe to bear, soon burst his way out and fled to the shore. But not seeing the ice tumble, he ventured back to obtain the other axe, and then hastened home to his employer. During the day he skinned the wolves, and within a fortnight pocketed the money, amounting in all to about one hundred and fifty dollars. With this money he made the first payment on a large farm which he long lived to cultivate and enjoy, and under the sod of which he found a grave.—Wide Awake.

THE IDEAL TEACHER.

The teacher should be thoroughly prepared to teach all subjects embraced in the curriculum of his school. He should be just, honest, reliable, truthful in the highest degree, dignified in character, in manners, and in appearance. He should be neat in dress and in his personal habits, should carry himself erect, keep his finger-nails closely pared and always clean, his boots blacked and polished, his hair brushed. He should never use slang or vulgarisms; should never use threats or punish children in anger; should know both whom he teaches and what he teaches; should do all things quietly, to the closing of a door or the moving of a chair; should speak in a low, distinct, clear tone of voice, when either hearing a lesson or giving general orders; should always reprove his pupils in a low voice, and in the kindest, gentlest tone; should be careful not to make a promise until he is satisfied he can comply with it, and when made he should comply with it at all hazards; should never accuse a child of falsehood or any other misconduct unless he is absolutely certain of its guilt, and even then not in the presence of others; should trust his pupils fully; should teach in all things by example; should be firm, not hasty to decide any matter in school, but when he has decided let it be final; should apologize to a child if he has done it a wrong; should be neither too affectionate, nor too severe; should never violate his rules himself; and in all things should set the example which he wishes to be followed by his pupils.—Prof. S. S. Woolwine.

WHAT ONE WOMAN DID FOR JAPAN.

In 1880 the prisons of Kioto held an unusual number of political prisoners, taken during the rebellion of the island of Kushi. Many of them were high in rank among their countrymen. A few had been pardoned, many had

been executed, while a large number were held as prisoners for a term of years. Much of the public work of the city then was, and still is, accomplished by gangs of prisoners under overseers.

In a remote part of Kioto, an earnest, gifted woman had gathered a girls' school, and home. Fazer of heart, alert, wise but wary, her noble presence had won its way, with the men and women in Japan, in quarters that were inaccessible to others. "More work for Jesus" was her watchword; and this is what happened to her. One day at morning worship, a gang of prisoners filed into the yard, and began cutting the grass in the enclosure. The girls were singing their sweet hymn, "Jesus, I my cross have taken," and "I'm glad I'm in this army," and the unusual words and tones arrested the prisoners' ears, all unaccustomed to such sounds, in their own language. Cautiously they crept nearer and nearer to the piazza, till the teacher stepped forward, asking them all to enter. Eagerly they climb the steps, and are soon within the walls; and a strange sight for a girls' school—the overseer with his lash and sword, and these sad faced men with their clanking chains. But the songs ring out again their glad welcome, and the organ peals forth its sweet tones; then the old, old story is read from the Gospel of Mark.

"That is a strange tale. We would like to hear more of it," said they slowly filing out. "Come again, come again! you are welcome," responded the bright-eyed woman with a silent prayer. So as the men were brought for two or three days into the same vicinity, the scene was repeated with increasing interest.

After a few weeks a request was sent from the prison for a Christian teacher; and this strong, brave woman went forth fearlessly under guard of an officer of law, if not to preach, at least to speak to those souls in prison. Once only, but mark the result. Months after, when some of these men were released and returned to their homes in Kushi, they carried the precious seed dropped into their hearts from the girls' school; and, by and by there came a pleading call for a missionary to be sent, who, responding to the call, found a church all but in name—a waiting company of believers hungering to be taught of the Lord.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and at evening withhold not thy hand, for thou knowest not what shall prosper, either this or that!"

Does not "what this woman has done" deserve to be told as a memorial in all lands?

AN OLD-TIME BIBLE CLASS.

One of my earliest recollections is of such a Bible class. In the "side seats" at the right of the pulpit and in the north-west corner of the church, removed as far as possible from the rest of the Sunday-school, was the Bible-class at which it was my privilege to gaze during those protracted intervals in which my own teacher was occupied with other scholars, and it was not "my turn" to answer. There in that Bible class were the fathers of the hamlet. There was the Colonel as teacher. He was a patient and long-suffering man. He never attempted even to guide, much less control, the debate. There were gathered those pious souls who thought themselves too ignorant to teach and who went into the Bible-class with fear and trembling, lest the superintendent should ask them to open the school with prayer. There were the crooked sticks that would fit in nowhere else. There were the combative spirits, who liked nothing so much as controversy, and tossed arguments about on Sundays as freely as hay on week days. There was the man with one idea and always finding a chance to bring it in, no matter what the subject of the lesson might be. The class thus made up might without impropriety be called a religious debating society; and like all debating societies, it sometimes struggled for victory quite as much as for truth. But over all the Colonel presided with unchanging gravity and with only an occasional exhibition of consciousness that the debate might be more to the point without hurting any one. That Bible-class is still in its place—still doing its work in a better way than formerly, I think. But the Colonel is not there. One of the larger boys whom I knew stands in his place. And the men who en-

gaged in such high debate about doctrine and duty, they are not there, for the last of them has gone to that land where, let us hope in the mercy of God, the mysteries of life and of truth shall all be made plain.

Those men with all their simplicity of life and of thought felt the power of these mysteries. Yet that was not, like ours, an age of agnosticism. Probably no man in that class had any troublesome doubts about the existence of God, or the inspiration of the Bible, or the divinity of Jesus, or of the resurrection of Christ, and of the dead hereafter. To them every word in the Bible was inspired—how, why, or when did not matter. The question with them was not "Is this or that statement in the Bible true?" but "What does it mean, and what practical duty does it teach?" The foundations of religious beliefs were not disturbed. Science whose voice now shakes the earth was then uttering but the moan of a feeble infant, heard only by its nurse. And so the Bible was not studied as a curious collection of interesting old manuscripts of uncertain origin, but pretty well saturated with morality and truth, and therefore on the whole "calculated to do good;" but it was studied as I think it should be in a large degree studied now, as the Revelation of God to man, a complete guide to holy living. The Bible-class that is converted into a court for the trial of Christianity is, in the nature of the case, must be, a failure.—Prof. Cyrus Northrop.

HE SHALL GIVE HIS ANGELS CHARGE.

A correspondent from Smithville, O., sends us the following story of a soldier of that place, which has never been before published:

At the battle of Chancellorville, there was among the wounded of the second day's bloody fight, a soldier boy of nineteen, belonging to a Pennsylvania regiment. He was severely wounded, having been struck four times, one ball plowing its way through fourteen inches of flesh and bone. He was a Christian; the same day he enlisted in his country's service he enlisted under the great Captain. As at midnight he lay bleeding on the battle-field, his mind wandered back to his home among the Pennsylvania hills and his mother who was so anxious for his welfare. Thinking that she would hear that he was wounded, and would worry about him, he asked God to commission an angel to go to his mother's bedside, and inform her of his condition; that though severely wounded, she would not worry about him, as he was assured that he would yet recover and yet come home. After lying many weary months in the hospital he was sent home, when his mother related to him her strange dream; how about midnight (the very night on which he sent up his petition to the throne), as she lay in her bed, an angel in white appeared at her bedside, and told her that her son Daniel was wounded severely, and then comforting her with the assurance that he would recover, and that she would see him again, it disappeared. Thus when the mails brought word to her that her son was among the severely wounded, it prepared her to bear the sad tidings—the message of the angel having strengthened her.—Wes. Adv.

DON'T LOOK AT IT.

We all have temptations of some sort, the children as well as grown-up people. Satan is always trying to make us do wrong; he is constantly whispering evil thoughts to us, putting temptations in our way, and if he can make us look at the sin, he can soon make us do it. So I say to all, "Don't look at it."

How often Satan tempts a child to take fruit, to take some sugar out of the bowl, or take a biscuit from the plate when no one is looking! But sometimes the temptation is to look into a forbidden box or book, or go to a forbidden place. How does Satan do it? Why he first puts the desire into the child's heart, and he leads him to look at the forbidden thing; and if the child does not look away, we are sure that by and by he will do what is wrong. Satan tries the same way with grown-up people. First he gets them to walk in the way of wicked people, and when they do as he wants, he whispers to them to stand and see a little more of the evil, and then by and by he gets them to sit down in the middle of it. Oh, if only they would not look at temptation, how much safer they would be.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE SECRET OF GOOD MANNERS.

The secret of good manners is to forget one's own self altogether. The people of really fine breeding are the ones who never think of themselves, but only of the pleasure they can give to others. No adornment of beauty, or learning, or accomplishments, goes so far in its power to attract as the one gift of sympathy. In all French history, no woman had a stronger fascination for whoever came within her reach than Madame Recamier. She was called beautiful; but her portraits prove that her beauty was not to be compared with that of less charming women. And when every attraction of person had long since passed away, and she was an old, old woman, her sway over the hearts of others was as powerful as ever. What was her secret? It was this one thing solely—her genuine and unaffected interest in the good and ill fortunes of

her friends. Authors came and read their books; painters came to her with their pictures, statesmen with their projects. She herself, wrote no books, painted no pictures, had no projects. She was sweet, simply and unconsciously, as a rose is sweet. She really cared for the happiness and success of others, and they felt the gentleness of her sympathy. It surrounded her with an immortal charm. Let any girl try Madame Recamier's experiment. Let her go into society, thinking nothing of the admiration she may win; but everything of the happiness she can confer. It matters little whether her face is beautiful, or her toilette costly. Before the end of three months she will be a happy girl herself, for the world loves sunshine and sympathy, and turns to them as the flowers bask in the sun.—Youth's Companion.

THE "COMING MAN."

A pair of very chubby legs, Laced in scarlet hose; A pair of little stubby boots, With rather doubtful toes; A little kit, a little cap, (As was a mother said—) And lo! before us strides in state, The future "coming man." His eyes perchance will read the stars, And search their unknown ways; Perchance the human heart and soul Will open to their gaze; Perchance their keen and flashing glance Will be a nation's light— Those eyes that now are wistful bent On some "big fellow's kite." That brow where mighty thoughts will dwell In solemn, secret state, Where fierce ambition's restless strength, Shall war with 'ature fate; Where science from now hidden caves, New treasure shall outpour— 'Tis knit now with a troubled doubt, Are two or three cents more? Those lips that, in the coming years, Will plead or pray, or teach; Whose whispered words, on lightning flash, From world to world may reach; That sternly grave, and speak command, Or, smiling, wit control— Are coaxing now for ginger-bread With all a baby's soul? Those hands—those little busy hands— So sticky, small, and brown; Those hands, whose only mission seems To tear all order down— Who knows what hidden strength may lie Within their chubby grasp; Though now 'tis but a taffy-stick In sturdy hold they clasp? Ah! blessings on those little hands, Whose work is not undone! And blessings on those little feet, Whose race is yet unrun! And blessings on the little hair That has not learned to plan! What'er the future holds in store, God bless the "coming man!"

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

It was this one thing solely—her genuine and unaffected interest in the good and ill fortunes of her friends. Authors came and read their books; painters came to her with their pictures, statesmen with their projects. She herself, wrote no books, painted no pictures, had no projects. She was sweet, simply and unconsciously, as a rose is sweet. She really cared for the happiness and success of others, and they felt the gentleness of her sympathy. It surrounded her with an immortal charm. Let any girl try Madame Recamier's experiment. Let her go into society, thinking nothing of the admiration she may win; but everything of the happiness she can confer. It matters little whether her face is beautiful, or her toilette costly. Before the end of three months she will be a happy girl herself, for the world loves sunshine and sympathy, and turns to them as the flowers bask in the sun.—Youth's Companion.