OUR HOME CIRCLE.

THE HEAVENS. BY W. C. BRYANT.

The sad and solemn night, Hath yether multitude of cheerful fires;
The glorious hown of light
Walk the dark hemisphere till she retires;

All through her silent watches, gliding slow, Her Constellations come, and climb the heavens, and go.

-Day, too, bath many a star, To grace his gorgeous reign, as bright as they Through the blue fields afar:

Unseen, they flow in his flaming way; Many a bright lingerer, as the eye grows Tells what a radiant troop arose and set

And thou do t see them rise, Star of the Pole! and thou dost see them

Alone in thy cold skies. Thou keepest thy old unmoving station

Nor join'st the dances of that glittering train, Nor dippest thy virgin orb in the blue

On thy unaltering blaze, The half-wrecked mariner, his compass

Fixes his steady gaze, And steers, undoubting, to the friendly

An I they who stray in perilous wastes by night,
Are grad when thou dost shine to guide their steps aright.

And therefore bards of old, Sages and hermits of the solemn wood, Did in thy beams behold A beauteous type of that unchanging good, That bright, eternal beacon, by whose ray,
That voyager of time should shape his
heedful way.

THE ICE FORT.

In the early days of Northern his way thither and began his career as a laborer, receiving at first but two dollars a month in addition to his board and "homemade" 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.

The story of his life, outlined in a curious old diary containing the records of sixty-two years, and two thousand days would constitute a history of the region, and come of its passages would read like highwrought romance.

Ashtabula County. It was rather crude farming, however, consisting mostly of felling trees, cutting wood and saw-logs, burning brush, and digging out stumps, the axe and pick axe finding more use than ordinary farm implements.

Seven miles down the river, and on the opposite bank, lived the mearest neighbors, among them a blacksmith who in his trade served the whole country for twenty miles around. One especial part of his business was the repairing of axes, called in that day "jump-

in midwinter Evan's employer left a couple of axes with the Clacksmith for repairs, the job to be done within a week. At this time the weather was what is termed "settled," with deep snow, and good "slipping" along the wildwood roads.

But three or four days later, there came a "January thaw." Rain and a warmer temperature emelted away much snow, the little river was swelled to a great torrent, breaking up the ice and carrying it down stream, and the roads became almost impassable. When the week was up and the farmer wanted the axes, it was not possible for the horse to travel, and after waiting vainly a day or two for a turn in the weather, Evan was posted off on foot to obtain the needed implements. Dedighting in the change and excitement of such trip, the boy started before noon, expecting to reach home again ere dark, as it was not considered quite safe to jourmey far by night on account of the piece to its place, when the pack wolves.

Three miles below, at a narrow place in the river, was the bridge. consisting of three very long tree-«runks reaching parallel from bank to bank, and covered with hown plank. When Evan arrived here he found that the bridge had been swept away. But pushing on down stream among the Chickets, about half a mile below, he came upon an immense icejam, stretching across the stream and piled many feet high. Upon this he at once resolved to make any extra action on his part inhis way over to the road on the creased the fierceness of the other side, for he was already wearied threading the underbrush. Grand River, which is a narrow but deep and violent stream, ran coaring and plunging beneath the masses of ice, as it enraged at being so obstructed; but the lad mpicked his path in safety and soon stood on the opposite bank.

length they were done, and with one tied at each end of a strong night; yet as the moon was rid- served to relieve them.

hiding-place for a hunting expedistartled; 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.

Frequent responses were also roadway and in occasional patches | yield as did Glendower." mon in the central States, and been repeated frequently. they became fierce and bold, and ened home to his employer. more to be dreaded than any oth-His first term of service was er animal of the wilderness. And casion, the howling ceased.

> Evan 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 helve resolved to defend himself to the last.

At this moment he espied among the thick, unheaved icecakes 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. At nightfall the weather had become colder, and he knew that in a few minutes the damp pieces of ice would be firmly cemented

Hardly had he lifted the last 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 followed by his pupils .- Prof. S. increased he had to keep in motion in order not to freeze, and wolves. At times they would gather in a circle around him, and after sniffing at him eagerly, set up a doletul howling, as if deploring the excellent supper they had cal prisoners, taken during the

opening at a corner large enough among their countrymen. A few ger boys whom I knew stands in her genuine and unaffected inter- him that loves you.—Children's

blacksmith's, so as to complete blow with the axe as to cause its ber were held as prisoners for a But the smith had neglected same reception, withdrawing and still is, accomplished by gangs of his duty and Evan had to wait an whirling around several times, and prisoners under overseers. hour or more for the axes. At then dropping dead with a broken skult.

One smaller than the rest atcord and this hung about his neck, tempting to enter, and receiving of heart, alert, wise but wary, her he was off on the homeward trip. the fatal blow, crawled, in its dy- noble presence had won its way, To aid his walking, he procured ing agony, completely into the en- with the men and women in Ja from the thicket a stout cane. He closure, and lay dead at Evan's pan, in quarters that were inachad hardly gone two miles when feet. Of this he was not sorry, cessible to others. "More work blesome doubts about the existthe duskiness gathering in the as his feet were bitterly cold, and woods denoted the nearness of the warm carcass of the animal and this is what happened to her. the Bible, or the divinity of Jesus,

But as he was skirting a wind- to creep into his fortress, and in the inclosure. The girls were inspired—how, why, or when did several others so seriously hacked singing their sweet hymn, "Jesus, I not matter. The question with notion that when on the hunt unusual words and tones arrested but "What does it mean, and what Evan was considerably they devour their fallen com- the prisoners' ears, all unaccus- practical duty does it teach?" rades, in this case they did tomed to such sounds, in their The foundations of religious beno such thing, as in the own language. Cautiously they liefs were not disturbed. Science morning the six | dead | bodies crept nearer and nearer to the pi- whose voice now shakes the earthtaking off their skins.

is quaintly suggestive and charact the overseer with his lash and uncertain origin, but pretty well

"I bethought me of the wars of Glendower, which I have read heard from more distant points about, and the battle of Grosmont in the woods and from across the Castle; and I said, 'I am Owen river. By this time it was becoming | Glendower; this is my castle; quite dark, the moonlight penc- the wolves are the army of Henry; trating the forest only along the but I will never surrender or

Ohio, when settlers were few and among the trees on either side. Toward morning, as the change tar between, Evan Cogswell, a The rushing river was not far of weather continued, and the Welsh lad of sixteen years, found away, but above its roar arose waters of the river began to dievery instant the threatening minish, there was a prodigious bright-eyed woman with a silent howl of a wolf. Finally, just as crack and crash of the ice-bridge prayer. So as the men were he reached the ice-bridge, the and the whole mass settled severhowling became still, a sign that al inches. At this the wolves the same vicinity, the scene was their numbers emboldened them took alarm, and in an instant fled. to enter in earnest on the pursuit. Perhaps they might have returned The species of wolf once so com- had not the crackling of the ice

making the early farmers so much | At length Evan became alarm- brave woman went forth fearlesstrouble, were peculiar in this re- ed for his safety, lest the ice ly under guard of an officer of spect; they were great cowards | should break up in the current, law, if not to preach, at least to singly, and would trail the heels and bringing his axe to bear, soon speak to those souls in prison. of a traveler howling for recruits, burst his way out and fled to the Once only, but mark the result. an entry for more than twenty- and not daring to begin the at- shore. But not seeing the ice Months after, when some of these tack until they had collected a tumble, he ventured back to obforce that insured success; then tain the other axe, and then hast to their homes in Kushu, they

wolves, and within a fortnight school; and, by and by there came with a border farmer on the banks at this point, when they consider- pocketed the money, amounting a pleading call for a missionary of a river called Grand River, in ed their number equal to the oc in all to about one nundred and to be sent who responding to the 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 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 apolegize to a child if he has done it a wrong; should be neither too affectionate, nor to severe; should never violate his rules himself; and in all things should set the example which he wishes to be

WHAT ONE WOMAN DID FOR JAPAN.

S. Woolwine.

In 1880 the prisons of Kioto held an unusual number of politirebellion of the island of Kushu.

Away he hurried now to the on the alert, and gave it such a been executed, while a large num-

In a remote part of Kioto, an earnest, gitted woman had gathered a girls' school and home. Eager pel of Mark.

"That is a strange tale. We would like to hear more of it, said they slowly filing out.

"Come again, come again! vou are welcome," responded the brought for two or three days into repeated with increasing interest.

After a few weeks a request was sent from the prison for a Christian teacher; and this strong, men were released and returned carried the precious seed dropped During the day he skinned the into their hearts from the girls' 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 which 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. | wounded, it prepared her to bear He never attempted even to guide, pupils in a low voice, and in the 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 called beautiful; but her portraits do not look at the temptation. over all the Colonel presided with prove that her beauty was not to "Avoid it, pass not by it, turn unchanging gravity and with only an occasional exhibition of consciousness that the debate might every attraction of person had any way comes into your heart be more to the point without hurting any one. That Bibleclass is still in its place-still do- over the hearts of others was as so do not look at it but look up at ing its work in a better way than powerful as ever. What was her Jesus, and ask him to keep you formerly, I think. But the Colo- secret? Ere long one of them found an Many of them were high in raisk seel is not there. One of the lar- It was this one thing solely- or over every temptation, through

gaged in such high debate about her friends. Authors came and 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 trou-One day at morning worship, a or of the resurrection of Christ, ing high, he pushed on without In the course of the night six gang of prisoners filed into the and of the dead hereafter. To wolves were killed as they sought | yard, and began cutting the grass | them every word in the Bible was lay about on the ice, and Evan azza, till the teacher stepped for- was then uttering but the moan had the profitable privilege of ward, asking them all to enter. of a feeble infant, heard only by Eagerly they climb the steps, and its nurse. And so the Bible was Of his thoughts during the are soon within the walls; a not studied as a curious collection night, a quotation from his diary strange sight for a girls' school- of interesting old manuscripts of sword, and these sad faced men saturated with morality and truth, with their clanking chains. But and therefore on the whole "calthe songs ring out again their glad | culated to do good;" but it was welcome, and the organ peals studied as I think it should be in forth its sweet tones; then the a large degree studied now, as the old, old story is read from the Gos. 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, and in the nature of the Where fierce ambition's restless strength, case, must be, a failure.—Prof. Cyrus Northrop.

HE SHALL GIVE HIS AN-GELS CHARGE.

A correspondent from Smithville, O., sends us the following story of a soldier of that place, Are coasing now for ginger-bread which has never been before published:

At the battle of Chancellorville,

here was among the wounded of the second day's bloody fight, a soldier boy of nineteen, belongng to a Pennsylvania regiment. He was severely wounded, having been struck four times, one ball plowing its way through four teen inches of flesh and bone. He was a Christian; the same day he enlisted in his country's service he | Whate'er the future holds 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 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 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 the sad tidings-the message of the ange! having strengthened her. - Wes. Adv.

OUR YOUNG POLKS.

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 always looked steadily at my learning, or accomplishments, father's face. 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 to the Master's face. than Madame Recamier. She was be compared with that of less from it, and pass away." When charming women. And when the thought of doing wrong in long since passed away, and she however small a thing it is, you was an old, old woman, her sway may be sure it comes from Satan;

to admit its head; but Evan was had been pardoned, many had his place. And the men who en- est in the good and ill fortunes of Treasury.

doctrine and duty, they are not read their books; painters came to his errand and return by this death. Soon another tried the term of years. Much of the publishere, for the last of them has her with their pictures, statesprecarious crossing before dark. same thing, and met with the lie work of the city then was, and gone to that land where, let us men with their projects. She, mysteries of life and of truth 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 genuineness of her sympathy. It surrounded her with an immortal charm, Let any girl try Madame Recamier's experiment. Let for Jesus" was her watchword; ence of God, or the inspiration of 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 hapon two or three wolves apparently emerging from their day-time again; and however correct the glad I'm in this army," and the statement in the Bible true?" in the sun. - Youth's Companion.

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THE "COMING MAN."

A pair of very chubby legs, Encased in scarlet hose; A pair of little stubby boots, With rather doub ful toes; A little kilt, a little coat, (ut as a mother cau-And lo! before us strides in state, I'me future " coming man.

His eyes perchance will read the stars, And search their unknow 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, Shall war with 'uture 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, may speak command, Or, smiling, wir control-With all a baby's soul?

Those hands-those little busy hands-So sticky, small, and brown ; Those hands, whose only mission To tear all order down-Who knows what hidden strength may li 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 bairn That has not learned to plan!

DON'T LOOK AT IT.

We all have temptations of some sort, the children as well as grownhis welfare. Thinking that she up people. Satan is always trywould hear that he was wounded, ing to make us do wrong; he and would worry about him, he is constantly whispering evil asked God to commission an angel | thoughts to us, putting temptato go to his mother's bedside, and tions in our way, and if he can inform her of his condition; that 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 booking! 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 angel in white appeared at her the child's heart, and he leads bedside, and told her that her son 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. grown up people. First he gets them to walk in the way of wicked people, and when they do as be

Satan tries the same way with 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.

I once learned a lesson from a dog we had. My father used to put a bit of meat or biscuit on the floor near the dog and say "No," and the dog knew he must not touch it. But he never looked at the meat. No; he seemed to feel that if he looked at it the temptation would be too strong; so be

A gentleman was dining with us one day, and he said: "There's a lesson for us all. Never look at temptation. Always look away

Yes, this is the only safe way; and make you more than conquer-