



The Family Circle.

"MUCH MORE."

If ye, then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him.
—JESUS.

My children seem a part of me,
In body, mind, and heart;
And as the years go hasting by,
Ever a larger part—
Through childhood, youth, and manhood
too,
Ever a larger part.

For them I'd sacrifice all wealth,
Full rich when they were nigh;
For them would toil, and moil, and drudge,
For them would dare to die—
Yes, if my death were best for them
I'd go without a sigh.

And yet my Heavenly Father's love
My utmost love exceeds;
In love he chastens, guards and guides
And daily clothes and feeds—
Oh! with the trust that children have
To leave with him my needs!

To serve him, too, with filial fear,
And love with filial love,
To love and serve with cheerful hope,
Till called to come above.
My Father, fit thy sinful child
For the pure home above.
—American Messenger.

BORROWING A QUARTER.

Three city boys were on their way home from school, and as they were at a cross-roads, they looked at anything, from a circus to a dog-fight.

"O boys, just look!" cried Charlie Thorn. "What? where?" exclaimed his companions. They were now passing to a thick, green-covered volume in the window, Charlie exclaimed.

"Why, there's the 'Arabian Nights'—real good, not torn a bit, marked 'Only twenty-five cents!' Full of pictures, too!"

"Oh!" said, or rather sighed, Edgar Denny and Will Farnham.

Three faces were pressed close to the book-seller's window, three pairs of eager eyes gazed over the treasure; for to what ten or twelve-year-old boy is not "The Arabian Nights" a treasure?

Neither Edgar, Charlie nor Will had ever read the wonderful book; but one of the latter's cousins had done so, and had retailed one or two of the stories to Will, and he, in turn, had repeated them to his two friends. And to think that all this—roc's eggs, one-eyed caliphs, sparkling jewels, genii, palaces—might be obtained for twenty-five cents!

"I say," remarked Edgar, doubtfully, "has any fellow got a quarter?"

No fellow had; what was worse, the united wealth of the three "fellows" amounted to just seven cents.

"Perhaps, if I tell papa about it, he'll buy it for us," suggested Charlie.

"Pshaw! Somebody'll snap it up before you can get to your father's store. A bargain like that isn't to be had every day."

"If Tom Baker sees it, he'll buy it sure pop! He's always got money," sighed Edgar. "If he hadn't been kept in, like as he'd have bought it before this."

Suddenly Will's face brightened. Putting his hand in his pocket, he drew out a one-dollar bill, and announced his intention of buying the book.

"A dollar! Where did you get it?" asked Charlie, in amazement.

"Tisn't mine; it's Aunt Mary's. She gave me a dollar this noon, and asked me to pay fifty cents that she owed to Mr. Jennison, the apothecary, you know. She will not be home until late this evening; and in the meantime I can run over to grandma's and get a quarter she owes me for some eggs I sold her my little bantam's eggs! Aunt Mary

will not mind, if I do borrow a quarter from her for a little while."

So the treasury of marvels passed into Will Farnham's possession, and the three happy boys made immediate arrangements for reading it aloud, turn and turn about. At every street corner they paused to look at "just one more picture," and it was with a violent effort that Will tore himself away to "run up to grandma's."

"But you boys may look at it while I am gone, if you'll bring it to me before supper," he remarked graciously, as he left them.

Unfortunately he got to his grandmother's just a little while after she had left home for a two days' visit to one of her sons; so the little bantam's eggs could not be paid for then.

"Oh, well, it can't be helped now," Will said to himself. "Grandma is certain to give me a quarter in a day or two, and I'll tell Aunt Mary about it as soon as she comes in."

When he got home his mother told him to put his aunt's change on her bureau, and then run to the grocer's and get some sugar for tea. After supper he betook himself to his new book, and soon was a thousand years and a thousand miles away. He dimly heard some one ask him about Aunt Mary's money, and he gave a dreamy answer; and his father had to speak to him three times before he realized that it was bed-time.

Of course, he for the moment forgot all about the borrowed quarter. Conscious of "good intentions," he felt no anxiety about the matter.

"Isn't it too bad, Will, that our new cook, who makes such nice cake and pie, is not honest, and mamma's got to discharge her?" said his sister Jennie the next morning.

"Yes, it is a pity. What has she taken?"

"Not very much; but, as mamma says, it shows that her principles are not good. She or some fairy (for there was not a person but her in the room from the time you went there until mamma went in and discovered it) took a quarter out of Aunt Mary's room. You put the change on her bureau, for a little while mat."

"That was where I saw it," said Mrs. Farnham.

"Then it was lucky for your purse, Aunt Mary," said Will, with a grin, "or you would be fifty cents poorer instead of twenty-five."

"What do you mean? I lent you no quarter!" was the surprised reply.

"No; but I borrowed it."

"Did you then lay but one quarter on the bureau?" asked his mother.

"Yes, ma'am. I borrowed the other."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Farnham, with a sigh of relief. "Then the cook is not dishonest, and I have unjustly suspected her."

"I am very sorry that I did not explain sooner," said Will, earnestly.

"So you ought to be! But suppose you explain now," interposed his father, a little sternly.

And Will told the whole story; adding, "You see, Aunt Mary, I didn't know that grandma was going away, and I thought I could get the money at once."

"Oh, it is all right. You were welcome to the money," answered his aunt.

"I disagree with you, Mary," exclaimed Mr. Farnham quickly. "I think there is a great principle at stake, and that Will did not do right. There is but one step, one very little step, between borrowing a thing without its owner's permission and stealing."

"O papa!" cried Jennie, horrified at the word, "Will wouldn't steal!"

"I sincerely hope and firmly believe that he would not; but no one can tell what he may do under strong temptation. The clerk who borrows his employer's funds fully intends to restore them. Yet how often we read of a clerk or cashier involving himself beyond recall, just by 'borrowing' a few thousands to speculate with. I once knew a gentleman, highly educated and very intelligent, whom I would have trusted with my whole fortune, such implicit confidence did I and all who knew him have in his thorough integrity. He had a few hundred dollars invested in real estate, and felt himself honest (as our Will did) when he 'borrowed' a less sum from his employer's funds to invest in some stock that was sure to sell at a high price. Even if he lost all, he knew he could repay it in a day or two, long before his employer

needed it. Unluckily, he did not lose. So he 'borrowed' again, and won; and yet again. And so on, until one fine morning the tables turned, and he lost—lost seven thousand dollars!"

"Poor man! What did he do?"

"What could he do? He confessed his dishonesty, but he could not make restitution. So he was sent to a State prison, and died there, overcome with humiliation and contrition. You see, Will, what an honest man may be led into by borrowing another's goods without permission."

"Father, I am very sorry I did it. I felt so sure of being able to pay it at once! But I can understand now why you say there is such a little step between borrowing without leave and stealing. O mamma, did you accuse cook?"

"No, I only suspected her. I waited to be very sure."

"There it is, Will! You came very near being an innocent cause of great injustice to cook, and of great trouble to your mother. It is easy to commit an apparently trifling fault, but difficult, nay, impossible, to foresee what calamities may result from it. 'Abstain from all appearance of evil,' is a good motto for boys as well as men."—*Frances E. Wadleigh, in Christian Register.*

HOW OUR DISTRICT SCHOOL WAS "TONED DOWN."

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"The first class in arithmetic will take their places," said little Miss Bardwell, the teacher in the "Wheeler" district, and the boys and girls in the back seats came in a harum-scarum way down the aisles to their position on the floor.

"Not quite so much noise," said the teacher, pleasantly, lifting her white little hand in a warning way, at which Tom Snow pretended to be frightened, and dropped his slate upon the floor with a great racket. To add to the confusion, Charlie Wells, feigning to trip his foot, fell sprawling upon the floor. At this all the boys shouted and laughed, the little girls almost choked themselves double. While the big girls, every one of whom was larger and taller than their teacher, tittered behind their books.

"I hope you have no impatient tones, as she assisted Charlie to rise; who, at the light touch of her hand on his coat sleeves, made a great ado, pretending his arm had been broken by the fall. His mock groans and ridiculous grimaces raised another laugh, but order was soon restored, and the lesson over "Partial Payments" went on very well until a shower of chestnuts began to rattle around the room as if they had been shaken from a tree by a strong wind.

Miss Bardwell looked about her in amazement, and as she was trying to ascertain who the culprit was, one of the flying nuts hit her forehead, making a black-and-blue spot that lasted for weeks. Two or three of the smaller children who had been hit now fell to crying, and little Jennie Swift lisped:

"Pleathe, schoolma'am, it is Georgie Burrowths, and he is up overhead."

"Georgie Burrows will take his place in the arithmetic class immediately," said Miss Bardwell, with decision, casting her full blue eyes upward to a dark square hole in the middle of the ceiling of the little country school-house.

Presently a pair of immense cow-hide boots, followed by a pair of long, slim legs, an ungainly body, and a rather repulsive face, appeared through the scuttle, and after hanging a few moments by the long arms in mid-air, dropped upon the floor, and hitched along to one end of the recitation-seat.

"Alvin Brown will go to the blackboard and do the second example in Partial Payments, while the rest of the class will give me the United States rule for computing the interest required in these examples," said the teacher, not appearing to notice as yet the shameful actions of her pupils.

Alvin was a short little fellow, and he began his exercise by heaping up a pile of stove-wood under the blackboard.

"What are you doing that for?" asked Miss Bardwell.

"So I can begin at the top of the board. These sums in Partial Payments stretch out like thunder."

This speech evoked the expected laughter, of which the teacher wisely, under the circumstances, took no notice then. Matters now progressed quite orderly for a while,

until the woodpile upon which Alvin was perched tumbled down, and boy, wood, and all were rolling over the floor. The uproar that ensued after this greatly exceeded that which followed the former disturbances.

"Marshall Perkins will go out and get me a switch," said Miss Bardwell, with some severity. "I cannot put up with such shameful actions." So Marshall ran out of the schoolroom for the instrument that was to be used on some of his mates, with great alacrity.

"Please, schoolma'am, can I go home?" asked little Helen Newton, jumping up; "my stomach aches."

"What makes your stomach ache, my dear?" asked the teacher, laying her hands caressingly on the curly head of the child.

"Oh, it always makes my stomach ache when the big boys are whipped, and I want to go home."

Hereupon Marshall returned with a tiny bit of an apple-tree sprout, not big enough to hurt a kitten, and handed it to the teacher. "You know very well, Marshall, that will not do," she said. "James Fox, you may go over there, across the road, and see what you can get—something fit to punish these unruly boys with."

James was gone a good deal longer time than it took Marshall to go on the same errand, but when he did return it was with an old, large, disused fishing-pole that he had found on the bank of the brook that ran near the school-house. After the tumultuous laughter evoked by his appearance in the school-room with that unseemly and unwieldy rod of correction in his hand was suppressed, Miss Bardwell, saying that it was now twelve o'clock, dismissed the school, and without another word quietly left the room and proceeded to her boarding place near by. She said no more as she went out, but the delicate purple veins now so clearly defined in her white neck and face, and the trembling lids and tear suffused lashes of her eyes, told how deep the wounds had been made by this brutal conduct on the part of her "big boy" pupils.

"Boys," said James Fox, after he had watched her out of the yard, "she was crying when she came round the corner of the school-house; I saw her face." Marshall Perkins, who was devouring the plump quarter of a mince-pie he had just produced from his capacious dinner-basket; "I never thought she was going to feel so bad about it. All the other teachers before have got mad and scolded, and it was such fun to hear 'em sputter."

"I think we've treated her plaguy mean," said Charlie Wells, who was dividing a big red apple with Rosa Holton, "and I, for one, am ashamed of myself."

"And she's just as patient as a lamb, too," said Walter Willard, as he was making way with a huge slice of bread and butter; "if she wasn't patient she couldn't ever have made me see through Long Division as she has."

"Motner saw a lady at Trenton, the other day," said Rosa, "who knew all about Miss Bardwell. She said she was the best girl that ever lived. Her father and mother are both dead, and she has educated herself, and now takes care of a lame brother, who is this winter away down at Dr. Sweet's in Connecticut, to be treated."

"And he makes pictures of birds and animals," spoke up Winthrop Goodrich, "and Miss Bardwell wants to educate him so he can be a painter, and support himself that way."

"This lady," went on Rosa, "said that Miss Bardwell was a—a—let me think—what was the word—oh, a conscientious teacher; that she chose teaching for a living, because she thought she could do ever so much good in that way, and she is very fond of children."

"And they say she's got a 'plendid education,'" said Rosa's little sister, Minnie, with her mouth full of gingerbread.

"She's good company, anyhow," said Tom Snow, who was the oldest scholar in school. "I was over to her boarding-place, last night, and she sung ballads and played new games, and was just as nice as a bouquet of May-flowers in March. I felt as mean as the 'old boy' the minute I dropped my slate on purpose this forenoon, and set you all agoing. I move that we all agree to behave better the rest of the term; now it's only just begun. We need somebody to tone us down a little, and take off the sharp edges. I know we scholars at the Wheeler district