

The Family Circle.

THE GOOD WIFE.

It is just as you say, neighbor Green,
A treasure indeed is my wife;
Such another for bustle and work
I never have found in my life.
But then she keeps every one else
As busy as birds on the wing;
There is never a moment for rest,
She is such a fidgety thing.

She makes the best bread in the town.
Her pies are a perfect delight,
Her coffee a rich golden brown,
Her crullers and puddings just right.
But then while I eat them she tells
Of the care and the worry they bring,
Of the martyr-like toil she endures—
O, she's such a fidgety thing.

My house is as neat as a pin,
You should see how the door-handles shine,
And all of the soft-cushioned chairs
And nicely swept carpets are mine.
But then she so frets at the dust,
At a fly, at a straw, at a string,
That I say out of doors all I can
She is such a fidgety thing.

She doctors the neighbors—O yes,
If a child has the measles or croup,
She is there with her saffrons and squills,
Her dainty-made gruels and soup.
But then she insists on her right
To physio my blood in the spring;
And she takes the whole charge of my bile—
O, she's such a fidgety thing.

She knits all my stockings herself,
My shirts are bleached white as the snow;
My old clothes look better than new.
Yet daily more threadbare they grow.
But then if a morsel of lint
Or dust on my trousers should cling,
I'm sure of one sermon at least,
She is such a fidgety thing.

You have heard of a spirit so meek,
So meek that it never opposes,
Its own it dares never to speak—
Alas, I am meeker than Moses.
But then I am not reconciled
The subordinate always to sing;
I submit to get rid of a row,
She is such a fidgety thing.

It's just as you say, neighbor Green,
A treasure to me has been given;
But sometimes I fain would be glad
To lay up my treasure in heaven.
But then every life has its cross,
Most pleasures on earth have their sting;
She's a treasure, I know, neighbor Green,
But she's such a fidgety thing.

FREDDIE'S TRIUMPH.

"Good afternoon, Fred. Be sure you're
at school early to-morrow morning. We'll
have rare fun."

"O yes! I wouldn't miss it for anything.
Good afternoon."

The first speaker, Nat Taylor, was a tall,
manly boy of about fifteen years of age.
Perfect health betrayed itself in every movement
of his frame, and good humor and intelligence
shone out from his sparkling eyes. Only, as
we shall see hereafter, his love of mirth
sometimes led him to be rude, even at the
expense of his friends. The other boy,
Freddie, though of the same age, was much
smaller in size; so much smaller that a
stranger would have supposed him to be
several years younger than his companion.
He was not thinking of it then—no emotion
but that of gladness lighted up his countenance
as he anticipated the sport of helping
to complete the snow palace which his comrades
and himself had begun in the school-house
yard—but the one great trouble of his
life had been, and was, that while he had
seen his playmates, one by one, grow to be
first a little taller than himself, and then
continue rising higher and higher, until he
had to look up to them, almost as much, it
seemed to him, as he did to his father, his
own height still remained the same; he was
always "little Freddie." Not for the world
would he have revealed to his companions the
annoyance which this fact occasioned him,
yet they could not have failed to notice
how his face became grave at any allusion,
even the faintest, to his small, childish form,
and how it brightened if one happened to
express the opinion that "Fred was growing
taller." And his mother knew full well how
great was the effort which it cost her child
when he said to her, in a confidential, twilight
talk, "I am willing to be small if it is
better for me to be so, but I do wish that no
one would speak of it before me."

"I know it is unpleasant, Freddie," she
replied, "but if any one is thoughtless
enough to ridicule your misfortune, remember
these words, which you will find in the
thirteenth chapter of the first epistle to the
Corinthians, 'Charity' (you know that means
love) 'is not easily provoked;' and try to
think of the example of Him who, 'when he
was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered,
threatened not.' If you ask Him he
will help you to overcome your angry passion,
which, if uncontrolled, will injure you
far more than a few thoughtless words ever
can or will." Freddie had need of all the
assistance which this advice could render
him, on the morning of which we are speaking.
He was just in the act of strapping up
his books preparatory to leaving home,
about an hour before school-time, when his
grandmother said to him: "Freddie, your
mother purchased the yarn for your socks,
yesterday. If you will hold it for me before
you go to school, I will be able to knit
considerable to-day." Freddie knew that it
would be unprofitable, as well as ungrateful,
to refuse so small an act of kindness to his
grandmother, so he drew off his cap, laid
down his books reluctantly, and said: "Well,
grandma," as cheerful as could have been
expected, under the circumstances. It seemed
to him as though that particular pair of
socks was destined to contain more wool than
any other pair which fingers and knitting-

needles had ever fashioned, and as though
each skein of the yarn had lengthened out
its slow length, until the completion of the
work, instead of being nearer, appeared
farther and farther off as the winding pro-
ceeded. He persevered, however, in his
martyrdom, without disclosing his impa-
tience, and finally there came an end to the
task, as there does, sooner or later, to all
earthly things. It did not require many
minutes for Freddie to snatch up his cap
and books, and be off to the school-house.
But what was his disappointment to find,
upon reaching the spot, that instead of being
able, as he had hoped, to participate in the
sport of building, he was just in time to wit-
ness the completion of the last and highest
turret. Nat Taylor, who was the tallest boy
in the school, was standing on tip-toe, vainly
trying to "finish off" the tower in an artistic
fashion. The top was just a little too
high for his reach, and the small "brick" of
snow which he was endeavoring to place in
a particular position, would persist in slip-
ping down, again and again, to the great
merriment of the surrounding crowd of boys.
He was just turning about in despair, when
he saw Fred approaching, all out of breath
in his eagerness to reach the scene of inter-
est. "Halloa," shouted Nat, "here comes
a regular Goliath. He can reach the top,
if I can't. Come on, Fred, you're the tallest
boy here; come and finish this turret." The
other boys were foolish enough to laugh at
this very amusing bit of pleasantry, and the
laugh only added to the sting which Nat's
careless words brought to Freddie's heart.
Was it not too unkind in Nat thus to expose
him to the ridicule of the assembled school?
Had he not already that morning wrestled
sufficiently with his temper, without having
it so sorely tried just at the time when he
expected nothing but delight? It was really
too bad! he would make Nat repent of
that speech; and Freddie hastily began to
form a small, compact ball of snow. If he
had not the stature of Goliath, he had some-
thing of the skill of David; not a boy in
Montville could aim straighter than he, and
had not David killed Goliath? At first,
these thoughts, as they came rushing into his
mind in rapid succession, stimulated him to
madness. But the last one brought him to
himself again. Yes, David had killed Goliath
with only a few pebbles, and he might—but
he could not bear to think of it—he would
not injure Nat for anything in the world.
What had become now of that meekness of
which his mother had spoken? What of that
charity which is not easily provoked? Fred-
die's anger was all gone. Instead of it had
come the desire to prove to Nat that he was
really not offended by the thoughtless ridi-
cule. Dropping the ball which he had till
then held firmly clutched in his hand, he re-
plied in tones which betrayed nothing but
the utmost good-humor, "No, Nat, I'm not
so tall as you are, but perhaps it will be just
as well for the turret that I am not. If you
will let me stand on your shoulders, I can
do the work in a moment." Nat, surprised
and ashamed, accepted Freddie's offer, and
when this novel effort had been crowned with
success, the boys shouted without a single dis-
senting voice, "Hurrah for Fred! He shall
be a king in our palace."

Freddie's royalty lasted only until the
melting of the snow, but we know that they
shall reign as kings forever and ever, who,
like him, overcome in the struggle with self
and sin. "The fruit of the Spirit is meek-
ness."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

BOY LOST.

He had black eyes, with long lashes, red
cheeks, and hair almost black and curly. He
wore a crimson plaid jacket, with full trousers
buttoned on; had a habit of whistling, and
liked to ask questions; was accompanied by a
small black dog. It is a long while now since
he disappeared. I have a very pleasant
house and much company. Every thing has
such an orderly, put-away look; nothing
about under foot, no dirt. But my eyes are
aching for the sight of whittlings and cut
paper on the floor; of tumbled down card
houses; of wooden sheep and cattle; of pop-
guns, bows and arrows, whips, tops, go carts,
blocks, and trumpery. I want to see boots
a-rigging and kites a making. I want to
see crumbles on the carpet, and paste
spilled on the kitchen table. I want to see
the chairs and tables turned the wrong way
about. I want to see candy-making and corn-popping,
and to find jack knives and fish-hooks among
my muslins. Yet these things used to fret
me once. They say, "How quiet you are
here! Ah! here one may settle his brains
and be at peace." But my ears are aching
for the pattering of little feet; for a hearty
shout, a shrill whistle, a gay tra la la; for
the crack of little whips; for the noise of
drums, fifes, and tin trumpets. Yet these
things made me nervous once.

They say, "Ah! you have leisure, no-
thing to disturb you. What heaps of sew-
ing you have time for!" But I long to be
disturbed. I want to be disturbed. I want
to be asked for a bit of string or an old news-
paper; for a cent to buy a slate pencil or
peanut. I want to be coaxed for a piece of
new cloth for jibs and mainsails, and then to
hem the same. I want to make little flags,
and bags to hold marbles. I want to be fol-
lowed by little feet all over the house; teased
for a bit of dough for a little cake, or to bake
a pie in a saucer. Yet these things used to
fidget me once. They say, "Ah! you are
not tied at home." But I want confinement.
I want to listen for the school-bell
mornings, to give the last hasty wash and
brush, and then to watch from the window

nimble feet bounding away to school. I want
frequent rents to mend, and to replace lost
buttons. I want to obliterate mud stains,
fruit stains, molasses stains, and paints of
all colors. I want to be sitting by a little
crib of evenings, when weary little feet are
at rest, and prattling voices are hushed, that
mothers may sing their lullabys, and tell
over the oft-repeated stories. They don't
know their happiness then, those mothers;
I didn't. All these things I called confinement
once.

A manly figure stands before me now.
He is taller than I, has thick whiskers,
wears a frock coat, a bosomed shirt, and a
cravat. He has just come from college.
He brings Latin and Greek in his counte-
nance, and dust of the old philosophers
from the sitting-room. He calls me mother,
but I am rather unwilling to own him. He
averts that he is my boy, and says that he
can prove it. He brings his little boat to
show the red stripe on the sail (it was the
end of the piece) and the name on the stern,
Lucy Lowe, a little girl of our neighbor, who,
because of her long curls and pretty round
face, was the chosen favorite of my boy. The
curls were long since cut off, and she has
grown up a tall, handsome girl. How his
face reddens as he shows me the name of the
boat! O, I see it all as plain as if it were
written in a book. *My little boy is lost, and
my big boy will soon be!* O I wish he were
a little tired boy in a long white night gown,
laying in his crib, with me sitting by holding
his hand in mine, pushing the curls back
from his forehead, watching his eyelids droop,
and listening to his deep breathing.

If I only had my little boy again, how
patient I would be! How much I would
bear, and how little I would fret and scold!
I can never have him back again; but there
are still many mothers who have not yet lost
their little boys. I wonder if they know
they are living their very best days; that
now is the time to really enjoy their children!
I think if I had been more to my little boy
I might now be more to my grown-up one.

TREADING UNDER FOOT THE SON
OF GOD.

Disheartened by the extraordinary dangers
and difficulties of their enterprise, a
Roman army lost courage, and resolved on
a retreat. The General reasoned with his
soldiers. Expostulating with them, he ap-
pealed to their love of country, to their
honor, and to their oaths. By all that could
revive a fainting heart he sought to animate
their courage and shake their resolution.
Much they trusted, they admired, they loved
him, but his appeals were all in vain. They
were not to be moved and carried away,
as by a panic, they faced round to retreat.
At this juncture they were forcing a moun-
tain pass, and had just cleared a gorge
where the road, between two stupendous
rocks on one side and the foaming river on
the other, was but a footpath—broad enough
for the step of a single man. As a last re-
sort he laid himself down there, saying,
"If you will retreat, it is over this body
you go, tramping me to death beneath your
feet." No foot advanced. The fight was
arrested. His soldiers could face the foe;
but not mangle beneath their feet one who
loved them, and had often led their ranks to
victory—sharing like a common soldier all
the hardships of the campaign, and ever
foremost in the fight. The sight was one to
inspire them with decision. Hesitating no
longer to advance, they wheeled round to
resume their march; deeming it better to
meet sufferings and endure even death itself
than to trample under foot their devoted
and patriot leader. Their hearts recoiled
from such an outrage. But for such as have
named the name of Christ not to depart
from iniquity, for such as have enlisted un-
der his banner to go back to the world, for
such as have renounced sin to return to its
pleasures, involves a greater crime. A more
touching spectacle bars our return. Jesus,
as it were, lays himself down on our path;
nor can any become backsliders, and return
to the practice and pleasure of sin, without
trampling him under their feet. These,
Paul's very words, call up a spectacle from
which every lover of Christ should recoil
with horror: "If he," says that apostle,
"who despised Moses' law died without mercy,
of how much sorer punishment, suppose
ye, shall he be thought worthy who *hath
trodden under foot the Son of God?*"—*Dr.
Guthrie.*

ALLAN'S LITTLE SERMON.

"I AM THE DOOR."

It was a rainy Sabbath, too wet for Johnny
to go to church, and so father and mother
left Allan at home to take care of him. The
playthings were all put away except Kitty;
so Johnny played with Kitty until he made
her angry by trying to take her up by the
ears, as Allan took his rabbits. Then she
jumped out of the window, and Johnny saw
her no more that morning.

"Allan," he said, "I wish I could just go
and look into my box of playthings. I
won't take out one. I just want to look at
them; that wouldn't be breaking the Sab-
bath, would it?"

"It would be going into temptation," said
Allan; "and you know you prayed this
morning, 'Lead us not into temptation.'"

"O, dear," sighed Johnny, "then I wished
I was at church."

"Come," said Allan, "I will preach you
a little sermon."

"Well," said Johnny, "I will listen."

So Allan took the great Bible, and found
this text, which was so easy that Johnny
could read it himself: "I am the door."

"Here is a little text for a little boy who
is four years old," said Allan, "for it has
just four words in it, one for every year."
"The first word is 'I.' That has only one
letter in it. This means the Lord Jesus,

the good Saviour who loves little children.
"The second word is 'am.' That has two
letters in it. When Jesus says 'I am the
door,' of course he doesn't mean that he is a
door like that you shut just now; but this
little sermon is to show you how he is like
a door.

"The third word is 'the,' which has three
letters. Jesus says the door, because there
is only one door into the kingdom of heaven.

"The fourth word is 'door,' which has
four letters in it. A door lets people into
the house, and if there was no door, they
could not get in. So the Lord Jesus lets his
people into the kingdom of heaven; and if
it was not for Him, they could not get in at
all. A door keeps out the rain, and the
dogs and thieves, and so Jesus keeps away
all evil and hurtful things out of his beau-
tiful heaven.

"Now when you want to go into a house,
you go straight to the door; and so, if we
want to go into the kingdom of heaven, we
must go to Jesus, and ask him to let us in."

So Allan knelt down, and little Johnny
by him, and they prayed to the dear Lord
to make them his own good children, so
that they might go into His beautiful city
when he comes.—*Child's Delight.*

A WHIRLPOOL IN A RAINDROP.

Among the most beautiful and interest-
ing of all microscopic animals are the *Rati-
fera*. Their tiny bodies are so transparent
that all the internal structure can be dis-
tinctly seen, and, to all appearance, they en-
joy sporting in their drop of water as much
as the lazy porpoises do, tumbling about in
a bay full of it. Most of them are rovers;
but some sober members of the family at-
tach themselves to a leaf or stem of some
water plant, and remain, like a barnacle,
fixtures for life. They forthwith set about
forming a protection for their heads, in the
shape of a hill or cup, and out of this the
animal can protrude its head and shoulders
at pleasure. Then, as the naturalist watches
it through his magic glass—for it seems lit-
tle short of magic to develop such wonders
in a single drop of water—behold the little
Ratifer spreads out the sails of the windmill,
from which he gets his name, and such a
whirlpool as he creates! "A tempest in a
teapot" is nothing, compared with this
melodrama in a rain-drop. The smaller fry
are whirled around and around in a manner
which must create a terrible panic among
the shoals; but there is no resisting its
might. Worst of all, there sits the giant in
his den, culling out the choice bits which
are brought to his very mouth by each re-
turning wave, and enjoying them as much
as Polyphemus did his grubs.

What a wonderful contrivance for sup-
plying food to this tiny animalcule!—What
but an infinite Power could create and sus-
tain such a wonderful system? To think,
too, of the countless drops in the ocean, and
in the waters of the earth, each filled to
overflowing with these perfect living things!
Surely the microscope has revealed to us
wonders as vast and glorious as its twin sis-
ter, the telescope. How overwhelming are
the views it presents to us of the greatness
and power of God.

SOME FACTS ABOUT SABBATH SCHOOLS.

There is said to be, in the library of a
Dunker in Pennsylvania, a printed manual
of Sabbath-school instruction, compiled by
John Wener, in 1545. The Dunkers came
to Pennsylvania in 1734, and settled in
Montgomery county, and there John Weisz
established a Sabbath-school in 1735. Whether
the schools established in Germany and
Pennsylvania were the enterprises of indi-
viduals or associations does not appear.
Robert Raikes, generally supposed to be the
founder of Sabbath schools, opened one in
London, in 1780. Peter Thompson, a Quaker,
established one in Philadelphia in 1791.
Samuel Slater, an Englishman, who built
the first cotton factory in America, estab-
lished one in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, in
1795. In March of this same year, Mrs.
Mary Lake, wife of Archibald Lake, an
Englishman, established a Sabbath school
in Campus Martius, Marietta, Ohio, and sus-
tained it several years.

EXAMPLE FOR MOTHERS.

The late Henry Winter Davis said of his
mother:

"She was the incarnation of all that is
Christian in life and hope, in charity and
thought, ready for every good work, herself
the example of all she taught."

What an example for parents, and espe-
cially for mothers! The legitimate sphere
of woman seems to many to be very humble
and obscure. But it is hers to teach and to
temper the secret springs of being and of
character, and to flash forth her power upon
nations and ages, through the *sovereignty
over heart and life* she wields in the home
circle.

EXTRAORDINARY ANSWER.

A pupil of Abbe Sicord gave the following
extraordinary answers:

"What is gratitude?"

"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."

"What is hope?"

"Hope is the blossom of happiness."

"What is the difference between hope and
desire?"

"Desire is a tree in leaf, hope is a tree in
flower, enjoyment is a tree in fruit."

"What is eternity?"

"A day without yesterday or to-morrow—
line that has no end."

"What is God?"

"The necessary being, the sun of eternity,
the merchant of nature, the eyes of justice,
the watch-maker of the universe, and the
soul of the world."

"Does God reason?"

"Man reasons, because he doubts; he de-
liberates—he decides. God is omniscient. He
never doubts; he therefore never reasons."

CHRIST AND SINNERS.

By going to the lowest stratum of human
nature, Christ gave a new idea of the value
of man. He built a kingdom out of the re-
fuse of society. To compare small things
with great, it has been pointed out by Lord
Macaulay that in an English cathedral there
is an exquisite stained window, which was
made by an apprentice, out of the pieces of
glass which had been rejected by his master,
and it was so far superior to every other in
the Church that, according to tradition, the
envious artist killed himself with vexation.
All the builders of society had rejected the
"sinners," and made the painted window of
the "righteous." A new builder came; his
plan was original, startling, revolutionary;
his eye was upon the contemned material;
he made the first last and the last first, and
the stone which the builders rejected he
made the head stone of the corner. He al-
ways specially cared for the rejected stone.
Men had always cared for the great, the
beautiful, the righteous; it was left to Christ
to care for sinners.—*Ecce Deus.*

A TRUE LADY.

I was once walking a short distance be-
hind a very handsomely-dressed young girl,
and thinking as I looked at her beautiful
clothes, "I wonder if she takes half as much
pains with her heart as she does with her
body?"

A poor old man was coming up the walk
with a loaded wheelbarrow, and just before
he reached us, he made two attempts to go
into the yard of a small house; but the gate
was heavy, and would swing back before he
could get through.

"Wait," said the young girl, springing
lightly forward, "I'll hold the gate open."
And she held the gate until he passed in,
and received his thanks with a pleasant
smile as she went on.

"She deserves to have beautiful clothes,"
I thought, "for a beautiful spirit dwells in
her breast."—*Little Corporal.*

GONE.

BY FRANK FOXOROFF.

Two little white arms folded
Over the quiet breast—
Two little blue eyes sleeping
In an eternal rest.

One little heart that loved us,
Silent forever and aye,
And the heavy clouds of sorrow
Are darkening our way.

The little feet away
Of all this toil and strife,
Joining the ranks of their Captain
In the march of a higher life.

One angel spirit wandering
Over the brighter shore,
And only the casket left us,
Toadden us the morn.

One infant anthem blending
With the nightly choir above;
One little new harp swelling
In the harmony of love.

One more to wait there for us,
And meet us when we go,
Leaving this world of darkness—
This world of sin and woe.

O Christ our God and Saviour!
We thank thee for the word,
That of children—little children,
Is the Kingdom of the Lord.

—*Boston Transcript.*

AMERICAN BOYS.

Probably in every age, since the time of
poor Adam and Eve's trouble with their
wilful son, the world has been supposed to
be near its end, on account of the naughti-
ness of boys. We have sometimes been
tempted to that supposition, and certainly
we could not much wonder if Young Amer-
ica furnished more food for the Prophet's
avenging bears than Young Israel supplied.
Yet the world has continued to be, and gen-
eration after generation has risen from pet-
ticoats to jackets and trousers, and from
jackets and trousers to coats and panta-
loons, without any extinction of the line of
masculine succession. That succession will
probably be kept up in this hemisphere, and
here, as of old, the folly of youth will, in
due time, be subdued by the wisdom of age.

Our daughters are constitutionally more
marked by sensibility, and our sons are
more marked by wilfulness. The conse-
quence is, that we are more anxious what
will happen to our daughters, and what
will happen from our sons,—the daughter's sen-
sitivity exposing her to receive harm, and
the son's wilfulness exposing him to do
harm. We are not wise to quarrel with na-
ture, and we must expect that boys will
be more noisy and mischievous than girls; nay,
we may count it a good sign of a lad's force
of character. Yet what is more sad than
force of will perverted to base uses, and the
strength of manhood sunk into the service
of base lusts or fiendish passions? What is
more sad than the sight presented every
day in our streets—the scores of precocious
manikins, with the worst vices of men writ
ten over features almost infantile in their
mould,—boys who are hardly old enough
to be beyond their mother's watch, now
swaggering with all the airs of experienced
bloods, and polluting the air of God's hea-
ven with the vocabulary of hell? How
many a stripling among us seems to think it
the very first proof of manly spirit to break
the Divine law which gives the home its
blessedness and the state its security, and to
be proud to show that he is above such ob-
solete notions as giving honor to father and
mother.