

The Family Circle.

PANGE, LINGUA GLORIOSA.

Sing, O my tongue, devoutly sing 'The glorious laurels of our King: Sing the triumphant victory...

By this wise method God designed From sin and death to save mankind; Superior art with love combines;

When the full time decreed above Was come to show this work of love, The Eternal Father sends His Son.

Thus God made man, an infant lies, And in the manger, weeping cries; His sacred limbs by Mary bound;

Fall thirty years were fully spent In this our mortal banishment; And then the Son of Man decreed.

Gall was His drink: His flesh they tear With thorns and nails; a cruel spear Pierces His side, from whence a flood

Bend towering tree, the branches bend, Thy native stubbornness suspend; Let not stiff nature use its force;

On these alone the Lamb was slain That reconciled the world again; And when on raging seas was tost

All glory to the sacred Three, One undivided Deity; To Father, Holy Ghost, and Son,

[From The Congregationalist and Recorder.] FOREORDINATION OF FREEDOM.

"What are the decrees of God?" The decrees of God are His eternal purpose according to the counsel of His will;

Why, the wild, beautiful lake, which lay snuggled up in the further corner of the town, was called 'Cedar Lake.' I never knew;

At the south end of the pond was the outlet, over which was a wooden bridge, without any rails at either end to protect the traveller

This mill was owned and managed by General Williard, a large, middle-aged, good-natured man, full of kindness, common sense, shrewdness and theology.

Just as they were saying, "What shall we now do?" a sleigh, with two men drove up, and stopped.

"I say, Mr. Lines, is it you?" "Yes, but who are you?" "O, we are General Williard's hired men. You were going there I expect."

Under weigh again, they were soon at the General's, only three-quarters of an hour after time. But they were belated, and they broke down, though they acknowledged that that did not hinder them long.

to the falling of a hair, or the dropping of a seed, or the crawling of a worm to feed the sparrow with. His minister, not a very gifted man, though consistent and true, and who taught all the sailor boys the science of navigation...

As Mr. Lines often boasted that he rather thought that he got a "leech" the best of the argument in their last conversation, the General determined to put the argument for his side in a new form.

"What do you think it worth?" "I think it worth ten dollars, but you may have for five."

On entering the house, it was soon announced that the Jones case was not ready, and consequently they could do nothing about it that day.

"Well, you'll be as punctual as the clock." "By the by, neighbor Lines, don't we meet day after to-morrow about that reference business of Ansel Jones?"

"Yes, we meet at your house at three o'clock in the afternoon." "Very well, won't you please keep this paper till then and bring it with you. You see it is sealed up, but we will open it then and see what it contains.

"Mr. Lines turned over the paper again and again as if he could find some crevice out of which its contents might ooze.

"I say, Mr. Lines, is it you?" "Yes, but who are you?" "O, we are General Williard's hired men. You were going there I expect."

"Very well, jump into my sleigh, and I'll carry you there in a giffin, while Joe leads your horse after us. He will put it in the barn safe. Your sleigh is about done for, I expect."

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too, for he gave a soft little laugh, ending it in a small cough. But the company was all there, and all at first acted a little constrainedly, as all company is apt to do the first half hour.

After supper, when a sort of glow sat upon the countenance of all, whom should the General lead into the room, but Captain Hamilton—a general favorite, who commanded a schooner, and who had been gone so long that all feared he was dead.

"But there he was, and how they shouted over him, and shook hands, and crowded around him, and welcomed him! And how he gave the history of his long absence, and how his wife was now first noticed as she had slipped into the room, crying over his sufferings and her present joy."

"So they spent the evening—happy and joyful. But to the Lines's, there was a double joy: for Captain Hamilton told Mrs. Lines that he had met her brother in the Indies, and that he was well and would be at home the next year.

"But the evening was spent, now, and the delighted owner of the shawl, and her husband were told by Mr. Hough that he had a two horse sleigh, with double seats, and it they would take a seat with him, he would just drop his own wife at her door, and then carry them home.

"The company dispersed, but when Mr. and Mrs. Lines reached Mr. Hough's, out came their hired man with a huge basket of apples.

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"Now about the bridge, how did you know I should drive off?" "Because the snow is drifted on it, on the north side, and as I have passed over it, I saw a man must drive very carefully not to run off—which I felt sure you would not do."

"How did you know I should ride home with Mr. Hough?" "I asked him to be kind enough to come with his double sleigh—forcing you would want somebody to carry you home."

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by the Jewish historian Josephus. Bethany means "the house of dates." At the present time palms are not nearly so abundant in the Holy Land as they formerly were.

Reference is made to the palm in the journeying of the children of Israel from Egypt to the Land of Promise. They were passing through what is described as a "waste, howling wilderness;" but one day they came in view of a picture of verdure and beauty, which must have been all the more welcome in contrast with the surrounding desolation and barrenness.

"They came," says the sacred historian, "to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and three-score and ten palm-trees." (Exod. xv. 27.) And here, for a while, around these wells of refreshing water, and under the pleasant shade of these seventy palm-trees, with their rich green foliage, the weary desert-travellers halted, and pitched their tents.

In the book of Psalms we meet with these words: "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree." (Psalm xcii. 12.) Now, when we consider that all around, almost everywhere where the eye rested, the noble and graceful palm was seen giving beauty to the landscape, and reminding every passer-by of one of the most fruitful sources of national plenty and wealth, we can easily see how much meaning the Psalmist would include in his words.

Let it always be kept in mind that the life of all those who are good and holy is a beautiful thing. God commands it. We read, "The righteous Lord loveth righteousness; His countenance doth behold the upright." (Psalm xi. 7.) Good men esteem it; and even bad men, though it condemns them, admire it, and confess that there is nothing so truly beautiful and lovely as goodness. And here, too, is the secret of happiness. O, our young readers, wish to be truly happy, and to go through life with the approval of God, and to have the inward quiet of a peaceful conscience, they must, above all things, aim to be good.

Another allusion to the palm occurs in one of the closing scenes of our Lord's life upon earth. In fulfillment of an old prophecy, Christ was entering the city of Jerusalem riding upon an ass. Hearing of this, a large number of people went out to meet Him; and, carrying in their hands "branches of palm-trees," they cried, Hosanna; blessed is the King of Israel, that cometh in the name of the Lord." (John xii. 13.)

They did this with the intention of showing the honor and esteem in which they held Jesus, and in token of the gladness with which they welcomed Him to the city. Only a few days after, however, instead of the glad "Hosanna!" another cry went up, "Crucify Him; crucify Him!"

In ancient times the palm was the emblem of victory and joy; and St. John thus speaks of the glorious company of heaven: "I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands." (Rev. vii. 9.)

How glorious the triumph over sin and death which these ransomed ones thus celebrate! How glorious the deliverance from all pain, and sorrow, and evil; from all tears and temptations, of which they sing, as they cry, "Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb!"

Who does not say, "Thy prayer shall be mine?" But how many are earnestly and successfully seeking to have it answered? Let each of our young friends seriously, earnestly ask, "Am I?"—Early Days.

The New York Observer calls attention to the Woman's Hospital of that city. This noble and merciful institution was originated by Dr. Sims, whose suggestions have been carried out by a band of beneficent and self-denying women, who have provided for their sex one of the most benevolent charities in the whole world.

"Look at its records and you will find that it has given shelter, health, and life, as it were, to the wives and daughters of merchants, clerks, of lawyers, of doctors, of merchants' clerks, of merchants who have been unfortunate in business, of college professors, of teachers, of druggists, of artists, of farmers, of mechanics, and many others of respectability and culture. A young man on a salary has a poor, sick wife. His family physician says to him: 'Your wife's case is peculiar, it is delicate, it is difficult; but it can be cured. I have not the facilities for performing the necessary operation, but if she could go to New York she might be cured in a short time.' 'But,' says the husband, 'I can't afford it—my salary will not permit me to send my poor suffering wife to the city; and to place her in a boarding house or hotel, and then employ a great city doctor.' 'But,' replies his physician, 'send her to the Woman's hospital and she will have the services of its medical officers without a cent's cost, paying only for board, according to circumstances.' The honest physician not accustomed to perform the operations that are done here almost daily, is too glad to know that there is such an institution as the Woman's Hospital, where he can send his respectable patient of modest means, with the hope, nay, almost with the certainty, of seeing her return soon to the bosom of her little family, prepared to fulfil again the responsible duties of wife and mother."

"Such an institution is indeed a blessing. Dr. Sims spoke of the recognition of the Hospital abroad, and what it is accomplishing for women in all civilized countries. Seventy-five beds are now in the Hospital, and they are all in demand constantly. Those complaints hitherto considered incurable are now treated with entire success, and the blessing the Hospital confers are limited only by its means."

THE PALM TREE.

A stately and beautiful tree is the palm, and perhaps it is, of all trees in the East, the most useful. It comes to its greatest vigor and perfection when about thirty years old; and from that time will frequently yield, year by year, more than three hundred pounds of dates, and continue this wonderful fruitfulness for sixty or seventy years.

Every part of this highly-valued tree is of some use. A large part of the population of Egypt, Arabia, and Persia subsist almost entirely on the fruit, which grows in clusters just below the leaves. The date-stones, when ground, furnish food for camels. The leaves, which grow from six to eight feet in length, and are very broad, are used for covering the tops of houses. They are also made into various useful articles, such as baskets, mats, and bags. From the branches are made cages for poultry and fences for gardens. The tough fibres which are found in the boughs are manufactured into ropes, thread, and rigging for small vessels, and the trunk affords firewood.

In former times the palm was found in great abundance in Palestine. Jericho was so celebrated for the abundance and richness of its palm-groves, that it was called "the city of palm-trees." (Deut. xxxiv. 3.) Fourteen hundred years after this they seem to have been equally numerous and luxuriant; for they are frequently spoken of