

The Family Circle.

THE KING THAT COMETH IN THE NAME OF THE LORD.

Jesus, hastening for the world to suffer,
Enters in, Jerusalem, to thee;
With His twelve He goeth forth to offer
That free Sacrifice He came to be.

They that follow Him with true affection
Stand prepared to suffer for His name:
Be ye ready, then, for man's rejection,
For the mockery, the reproach, the shame.

Now, in sorrow, sorrow finds its healing:
In the form wherein our father fell,
Christ appears, those quickening Wounds revealing,
Which shall save from sin and death and hell.

Now, Judea, call thy Priesthood nigh thee!
Now for Decidee prepare thy hands!
Lo! thy Monarch, meek and gentle, by thee!
Lo! the Lamb and Shepherd in these stands!

To thy Monarch, Salem, give glad greeting!
Willingly He hastens to be slain,
For the multitude His entrance meeting
With their false Hosanna's ceaseless strain.
Blest is He that comes, they cry,
On the Cross for man to die!
St. Andrew of Crete.

LOVING IN WORDS.

"How much I love you, dear mamma!" said little Mary Lee as she kissed her mother again and again.

"If my little daughter loves me so much, I hope she will show it by being very good, and obedient to day," said Mrs. Lee as she went out of the room to attend to some domestic duties, leaving Mary to amuse herself with her playthings.

In the first place, she rocked her doll; singing to it, "Hush, my dear! lie still and slumber," until she chose to consider dolly fast asleep; then she walked on tiptoe to the place where her blocks were stored, and amused herself for a long time in building churches with such tall steeples, that it was quite a wonder that she could balance the blocks so nicely.

At length she was tired of this employment, and seated herself in her little chair to rest. On looking around the room, she saw for the first time her mother's watch lying on the table. Mary had been told that she was never, on any account, to touch this watch; and, when she first saw it, she had no intention of doing so; but she went up to the table, and thought she would like to take it in her hand, and put it to her ear to hear it tick. Conscience, that little voice within, told her she would be disobeying her kind mother: but she hushed it by saying to herself, "Mother doesn't want me to touch her watch because she is afraid I won't be careful of it; but I will. I know I can play with it, and not hurt it at all." And, thus persuading herself that she was not doing very wrong, she took the watch in her hand, held it to her ear, and then laid it down again very carefully. Then she thought she would put the chain around her neck, and wear the watch as her mother did. She did so, and had just viewed herself in the glass, quite pleased that she looked so much like a grown-up lady, when she heard some one coming. In her haste to snatch off the watch, it slipped through her fingers, and fell with a crash to the floor, breaking the crystal, and otherwise injuring it.

Just then the door opened, and her mother entered the room; and oh, how grieved and sorry she was when she saw what was done! "Can it be," she said, "that this is the little girl who said she loved her mother so much an hour ago? Ah! it was only love in words: if she had felt it in the heart, she would not have disobeyed her." Little Mary cried very much, and asked her mother's forgiveness, and seemed so truly sorry for her fault, that her mother promised to try and forget her bad conduct if she would do better in future.

I have been thinking that perhaps some of the readers of this paper not only love their parents in the same way that Mary did, but that they grieve their kind heavenly Father with giving Him only this kind of worthless affection. If any little boy thinks he loves Jesus, and then very often tells what is not true, or disobeys his parents, or plays on the Sabbath, he is certainly deceiving himself; for God expressly forbids these things, and he says, "He that keepeth My commandments, he it is that loveth Me." Neither God nor your parents have any value for the love which is shown only in words.—Child at Home.

JOHN PLOWMAN'S TALK ABOUT WIVES.

When a couple fall out, there are always faults on both sides; and generally there is a pound on one, and sixteen ounces on the other. When a home is miserable, it is as often the husband's fault as the wife's. Darby is as much to blame as Joan, and sometimes more. If the husband won't keep sugar in the cupboard, no wonder his wife gets sour: Want of bread makes want of love: lean dogs fight. Poverty generally rides home on the husband's back; for it is not often the woman's place to go out working for wages. A man down our parts gave his wife a ring with this on it: "If thee don't work, thee sha'n't eat." He was a brute. It is no business of hers to bring in the crust: she is to see it is well used, and not wasted. Therefore I say, short commons are not her fault. She is not the bread-winner, but the bread-maker. She earns more at home than any wages she can get abroad.

It is not the wife who smokes and drinks away the wages at "The Brown Bear" or "The Jolly Topers." One sees a drunken woman now and then, and it's an awful sight; but in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, it is the man who comes home tipsy and abuses the children; the woman seldom does that. The poor drudge of a wife is a teetotaler, whether she likes it or not, and gets plenty of hot water as well as cold. Women are found fault with for often looking into the glass; but that is not so bad a glass as men draw their senses in. The wives do not sit hounding over the tap-room fire; they, poor souls! are shivering at home with the baby, watching the clock (if there is one) wondering when their lords and masters will come home, and crying while they wait. I wonder they

don't strike. Some of them are about as wretched as a cockchafer on a pin, or a mouse in a cat's mouth. They have to nurse the sick girl, and wash the dirty boy, and bear with the crying and noise of the children; while his lordship puts on his hat, lights his pipe, and goes off about his own pleasure, or comes in at his own time to find fault with his poor dame for not getting him a fine supper. How could he expect to be fed like a fighting-cock when he brought home so little money on Saturday night, and spent so much in worshipping Sir John Barleycorn? I say it, and I know it, there's many a house where there would be no scolding wife if there was not a skulking, guzzling husband. Fellows not worth their salt money drink and drink till all is blue, and then turn on their backs for not having more to give them. Don't tell me: I say it, and will maintain it, a woman can't help being vexed, when, with all her mending and striving, she can't keep house, because her husband won't let her. It would provoke any of us if we had to make bricks without straw, keep the pot boiling without fire, and pay the piper out of an empty purse. What can she get out of the oven when she has neither meal nor dough? Bad husbands are great sinners, and ought to be hung up by their heels till they learn to behave better.

They say a man of straw is worth a woman of gold; but I cannot swallow it: a man of straw is worth no more than a woman of straw, let old sayings lie as they like. Jack is no better than Jill, as a rule. When there is wisdom in the husband, there's gentleness in the wife; and, between them the old wedding wish is worked out: "One year of joy, another of comfort, and all the rest of content." Where hearts agree, there joy will be. United hearts death only parts. They say marriage is not often marriage, but very commonly marriage: well, if so, the coat and waistcoat have as much to do with it as the gown and petticoat. The honeymoon, need not come to an end; and when it does, it is often the man's fault for eating all the honey, and leaving nothing but moonshine: when they both agree, that, whatever becomes of the moon, they will each keep up their share of honey, there's merrily living. When a man lives under the sign of the cat's foot, where faces get scratched, either his wife did not marry a man, or he did not marry a woman. I don't pity most of the men-martyrs: I save my pity for the women. When the Dunmow fitch is lost, neither of the pair will eat the bacon; but the wife is the most likely to fast for the want of it. Every herring must hang by its own gill, and every person must account for his own share in home-quarrels; but John Plowman can't bear to see all the blame laid on the women. Whenever a dish is broke, the cat did it; and whenever there is mischief, there's a woman at the bottom of it: here are two as pretty lies as you will meet with in a month's march. There's a why for every where; but the why for family jars does not always lie with the housekeeper. I know some women have long tongues; then the more's the pity that their husbands should set them going. But, for the matter of talk, just look into a bar-parlor when the men's tongues are well oiled with liquor, and if any women living can talk faster, or be more stupid, than the men, my name is not John Plowman.

My experience of my first wife, who will, I hope, live to be my last, is much as follows:—Matrimony came from paradise, and leads to it. I never was half so happy before I was a married man as I am now. When you are married, your bliss begins. I have no doubt, that, where there is much love, there will be much to love; and, where love is scant, faults will be plentiful. If there is only one good wife in England, I am the man who put the ring on her finger; and long may she wear it! God bless the dear soul! If she can put up with me, she shall never be put down by me.—Spurgeon's *Sword and Trowel*.

BEING HIS OWN PILOT.

A bright boy who loved the sea entered on a sailor's life when very young. He rose to quick promotion, and while quite a young man was made the master of a ship. One day a passenger spoke to him upon the voyage, and asked if he should anchor off a certain headland, supposing he would anchor there and telegraph for a pilot to take the vessel into port.

"Another! no, not I. I mean to be in dock with the morning tide."

"I thought, perhaps, you would signal for a pilot."

"I am my own pilot," was the curt reply. Intent upon reaching port by morning, he took a narrow channel to save distance. Old, bronzed, and gray-headed seamen turned their swarthy faces to the sky, which boded squally weather, and shook their heads. Cautious passengers went to the young Captain and besought him to take the wider course, but he only laughed at their fears and repeated his promise to be in dock at day-break. We need not pause to dramatize a storm at sea; the alarm of breakers shouted hoarsely through the wind and the wild orders to get the life boats manned. Enough to say that the captain was ashore earlier than he promised—tossed sportively upon some weedy beach, a dead thing that the waves were weary of—a toy that the tempest was tired of playing with, and his queenly ship and costly freight were scattered over the surfy acres of an angry sea. How was this? The glory of that young man was his strength; but he was his own pilot. His own pilot! There was his blunder—fatal, suicidal blunder.

O, young men, beware of being your own pilot. Take on board the true and able Pilot, who can stride upon those waves, who can speak, "Peace, be still," to that rough Boreas, so that, with Christ in the vessel you may smile at the storm." To be emptied of self, that is your need. Send a message to heaven for help. Telegraph for a pilot. You won't ask in vain. And encouraged by the help that is vouchsafed once, you will ask again and again, and seek grace to help in every time of need.—*Christian Instructor*.

To do good and to suffer evil are the peculiar tokens of a true servant of Christ.

A PLEA FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Don't expect too much of them. It has taken forty years, it may be, to make you what you are, with all their lessons of experience; and I dare say you are a faulty being at best. Above all, don't expect judgment in a child or patience under trials. Sympathize in their mistakes and troubles; don't ridicule them. Remember not to measure your child's trials by your standard. "As one whom a mother comforteth," says an inspired writer, and beautifully does he convey to us the deep, faithful love that ought to be found in every woman's heart, the unfailing sympathy with all her children's griefs. When I see children going to their father for comfort, I am sure there is something wrong with their mother.

Let the memories of their childhood be as bright as you can make them. Grant them every innocent pleasure in your power. We have often felt our temper rise to see how carelessly their little plans have been thwarted by older persons, when a little trouble on their part would have given the child pleasure, the memory of which would last a life-time. Lastly, don't think a child a helpless case because it betrays some very bad habits. We have known children on that seemed to have been born thieves and liars, so early did they display these undeniable traits, yet they have lived to see the same children become useful men and women, and ornaments to society. We must confess they had wise, affectionate parents. And whatever else you may be compelled to deny your child by your circumstances in life, give it what it most values, plenty of love.—*Epis. Methodist*.

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA.

At the Cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful mother weeping,
Where He hung, the dying Lord;
For her soul, of joy bereaved,
Bowed with anguish, deeply grieved,
Felt the sharp and piercing sword.

Oh, how sad and sore distressed
Now was she, that mother blessed
Of the Sole-begotten One;
Deep the woe of her affliction;
When she saw the Crucifixion
Of her ever-glorious Son.

Who on Christ's dear mother gazing,
Pierced by anguish so amazing,
Born of woman, would not weep?
Who on Christ's dear mother thinking,
Such a cup of sorrow drinking,
Would not share her sorrows deep?

For His people's sins chastised,
She beheld her Son chastised,
Scourged, and crowned with thorns entwined,
Saw Him then from judgment taken,
And in death by all forsaken,
Till His Spirit He resigned.

Jesus, may such deep devotion
Sit in me the same emotion,
Fount of love, Redeemer kind,
That my heart, fresh ardor gaining,
And a purer love attaining,
May with Thee acceptance find.
Anonymous.

MOTHOLOGY.

"They shall all wax old as a garment; the moth shall eat them up." *Isaiah*.

"Yet they say, all the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence, did but fill Ithaca with moths." *Shakespeare*.

"If Patapsco will write an article from his Garret on the moth, and its habits, and particularly how early we housewives should pack our goods away to escape the attacks of this mischievous marauder, I think it will interest many and greatly please Mrs. A.—R. S.—"

This good lady evidently feels a moth erly interest in this subject, for, no doubt, her children's garments have suffered some. Her range of ideas is somewhat more expanded than that of some others who might ask questions upon the subject, for they would only wish to know how to destroy the animal, which might be told in a few words, but my fair correspondent desires to know its "habits," which means, "Give us a short lecture on entomology, but no humbug!" Not in the least, Madam, for the moth is no more of a bug, than a caterpillar is a reptile.

Well, Madam, I will begin by saying, *Firstly*, (as your husband says in his sermons) The word *moth*, when properly used, embraces a large number of the smaller night butterflies, and it is only by a misuse of language, that it is made to mean the little insect of which your housewives complain.

Secondly, (as Dr. S.—says) this little animal belongs to the order *Lepidoptera* (your husband will tell you the Greek derivation of this word) that is, it is a butterfly, properly speaking, and not a bug, nor a fly, nor a beetle, nor a cricket, nor an ant, much less a reptile. It is distinguished from all the other orders of insects by its scaly wings, which are covered with minute beautifully shaped and colored specks, arranged like tiles upon a roof.

One thing you must observe, that it is not the moth itself in its perfect, butterfly state that does the mischief. That is an innocent animal, without teeth, and incapable of doing harm; and taking no nourishment whatever during its brief existence.

Thirdly, I must observe that the moth, or caterpillar, which eat holes into your woollens, is a very different animal from that which damages your carpets, as well as from that which injures your furs. They are all moths, so called, but different in species, and, also, in coloration. However, a careless observer would not discern the distinction, and it matters neither to the housewife. The clothes moth rejoices in the name of *Tinea vestianella*; the carpet moth is *T. tapetella* and the fur moth is *T. pellionella*, rather long and hard names for such tiny little creatures, but the language of science has no measure.

Fourthly, (does the Dr. ever go *fourthly* in his sermons? if so, bridge him,—*thirdly* is long enough, but in a moth lecture it is necessary.) The *T. means* in their winged state have short and slender feelers, and a tuft on their foreheads and very narrow wings, which are deeply fringed. They lay their eggs mostly in the Spring, in May and June, and die soon afterward. The eggs hatch out in about fifteen days, and the little whitish caterpillars, or moth-worms proceeding from the eggs, immediately begin to gnaw the substance within their reach and cover themselves with the fragments, shaping them into little hollow rolls, some species carrying them about on their backs as they move along, and others fastening them to the substance they are eating, and then enlarge them from time to time, by adding portions to the two open extremities and by gores set into the sides (you ladies know what that means) which they split open for that purpose. Concealed within their movable cases, they carry on the work of destruction through the summer, but in the autumn they leave off eating, make fast their habitations and remain at rest and seemingly torpid through the winter. Early in the Spring, they change to chrysalids within their cases and in about twenty days afterwards are transformed into winged moths and come forth, flying about until they are ready to lay their eggs. They then contrive to slip into cracks, into dark closets and drawers, under the edges of carpets, in the folds of curtains and of garments hanging up, and into various other places, where they immediately lay the foundation for a new colony of destructive moth-worms.

Well, the *Finally*. Early in June, the prudent housekeeper will take care to beat up the moth quarters (not their limbs) and put them to flight or to disturb them so as to defeat their designs and destroy their eggs and young.

With this view, wardrobes, closets, drawers and chests should be laid open and emptied of their contents, and all woollen garments, bedding, furs, feathers, carpets, curtains and the like, should be exposed to the air and to the heat of the sun for several hours, and should not be put back in their places without a thorough brushing, beating or shaking. By these means, the moths and the eggs will be dislodged and destroyed. Powdered black pepper strewed under the edges of the carpets, is said, to repel moths. Sheets of paper sprinkled with spirits of turpentine, camphor powdered coarsely, leaves of tobacco, shavings of red cedar or of Russia leather, should be placed among the clothes, when they are laid aside for the summer. Furs, plumes and other articles, not in constant use, are best preserved by being put with a few tobacco leaves, and bits of camphor into bags of thick brown paper, closely seamed up at the end. The cloth linings of carriages and chairs can be secured from the attacks of moths, by being washed or spunged with a solution of the corrosive sublimate of mercury in alcohol, made just strong enough not to leave a white stain on a black leather. Moths can also be killed by fumigating the article containing them, with tobacco smoke or with sulphur.—*Patapsco, in Lutheran Observer*.

HOW CO-OPERATIVE HOUSEKEEPING WILL PROMOTE THE HEALTH OF WOMEN.

After what I have already said about the responsibilities of women in regard to the study and practice of medicine, it follows that I should hope to see a great stimulus given it by co-operative housekeeping: for then, if any women possessed a peculiar gift for it, the association could take care of the bulk of her domestic concerns for her until she had received a regular medical training, and was qualified to be put in charge of the health department. Should she, out of respect to the resident physicians, decline to practice medicine, still she will have a noble function in the prevention of disease and physical deterioration, and in the assisting of physical development. She will keep a strict eye on everything that goes out of the kitchen and clothing-house, to see that nothing injurious to health, either in food or clothing, be ignorantly adopted by the community, and that whatever is necessary to bodily well-being and beauty be in constant use in every family. Defective teeth, thin hair, pale cheeks, flat and narrow chests, spindling legs and arms, boniness and wrinkles instead of roundness and dimples,—all this melancholy physical deficiency that haunts society and makes home unhappy, exists because we do not know how to live physically; because we are ignorant what elements should preponderate in food and drink, in order to counteract the effects of our dry and stimulating climate; because we do not make our own and our children's muscular development in gymnasium and in the open air a solemn duty, or care what hours we keep, and what injurious customs we follow. The judicious head of the health department, will, however, gradually change all this; and when the new generation grows up she will point with pride to the blooming Hebes and Junos all about as the just results of her enlightened physical teaching. Even before the children are born, she will watch over the expectant mothers, that the formation of the new human being may go on with every favorable concurrence; and I suppose that in this connection a mass of phenomena is waiting to be studied by acute and experienced doctresses, of which the medical world little dreams. Another function of the co-operative doctress would be the training of her staff of nurses. It is in sickness, indeed, that perhaps co-operative housekeeping would shine the brightest. Some of these nurses will, no doubt, be ladies who love the work for its own sake, and it would be well if each congregation represented in the association could have one or two of such Nursing Sisters, as they might be called, trained and ready to their pastor's need. The pillow of many a poor sufferer is stuffed with thorns, as she reflects on the dirt and waste that may be running riot down stairs in her absence, or on the discomfort that may be added to the

anxieties of the husband whom she loves. In co-operation, however, neither sickness nor health would make any difference in the clock-like workings of the great domestic machine. The Sisters would be trained not only in nursing, but in family management and the care of children, so that in case no relative of a sick mother could be called upon, her little ones would still be attended to. And I really think one angelic office of the co-operative kitchen would be the preparation of food for the sick. What exquisite delicacies would be sent in to tempt the fainting appetite! What wines and cordials would there be within the reach of all! and when the patient grew better, how easy to give her the needed daily ride in the carriage that would be kept by the association especially for its invalids!—*Atlantic Monthly for March*.

LESSONS ON PAUL—XI.

Acts 13: 42-50.

When Paul had concluded his address did he remain in the synagogue?
Did the Jews leave the synagogue before the regular close of the service?
What request was made of Paul? By whom?
Meaning of "these words"? Meaning of "next Sabbath"?
Who followed Paul and Barnabas as they went home?
What did the Apostles earnestly exhort them to do?
Meaning of "the grace of God"?
How were they to continue in the grace of God?
What did Paul and Barnabas probably do during the week?
What proves that they were not idle?
The next Sabbath who came to hear the word of God?
Where were they assembled?
Of what different classes of people was the audience composed?
What motives would bring them together?
Is it right to induce people to come to church from other motives than to obey God's word?
What roused the envy of the Jews?
What is the source of all opposition to the word of truth?
What would make the Jews particularly desirous that the Gentiles should not embrace the new doctrines?
How did they oppose Paul and Barnabas?
Meaning of "contradicting and blaspheming"?
What extraordinary thing now took place in the synagogue?
Had it ever been done before?
Where foretold that it should happen?
How did it differ from former offers to the Gentiles?
Did our Saviour ever preach to Gentiles?
Did it differ from Peter's preaching to Cornelius?
Or Paul's to Sergius Paulus?
Were the Gentiles addressed, proselytes?
Did it require any special boldness to take such a position?
Does the courage now needed to be a Christian differ from it?
Why necessary that the word should be spoken to the Jews first?
Meaning of "judge yourselves unworthy"?
How does Paul show that he is right in turning to the Gentiles?
Who is meant by "thee"?
What does "ends of the earth" mean?
From what prophet is this quotation made?
Does Paul ever act in like manner afterwards?
What two effects were produced by his conduct?
Meaning of "glorified the word of the Lord"?
Meaning of "ordained to eternal life"?
How far was the Gospel preached?
By whom was the word thus published?
What did the Jews probably do first to Paul and Barnabas?
What more determined to do?
Through what two classes of people did they act?
Why did they desire to "stir-up" the women?
Where do we read of the influence of women contributing to the spread of Christianity?
Meaning of "devout and honorable"?
What was the result of the persecution?
What is meant by "coasts"?
Did the magistrate pass a formal sentence of banishment?

A GOOD ONE.—During the first years of the war, when change was scarce and some large firms were issuing currency of their own, a farmer went to a store in a neighboring town and bought some goods, and gave the merchant a five dollar bill, of which he wanted seventy-five cents back. The merchant counted out the amount and handed it over to the farmer. He looked at it a moment, and then inquired:—"What's this?" "It's my currency," said the merchant. "Wal, 'tain't good for nothin' whar I live," said the farmer. "Very well," replied the merchant, "keep it till you get a dollar's worth and bring it to my store, and I will give you a dollar bill for it."
The farmer pocketed the change and departed. A few days after he went into the same store, and bought goods to the amount of one dollar, and after paying over the identical seventy-five cents, he took out a handful of pumpkin-seeds and counted out twenty-five of them, and passed them over to the merchant. "Why, what's this?" said the merchant. "Wal," says the farmer, "this is my currency, and when you get a dollar's worth bring it out to my place and I will give you a dollar bill for it."

The faithful performance of duty in the midst of shame, and detraction, and persecution, is a spectacle, which angels cannot but admire, and men regard with honor.