The Kamily Circle.

HE COMES, NO ROYAL VESTURE WEARING.

He comes, no royal vesture wearing, An humble beast the Monarch bearing; Receive the King, Jernsalem ! Go forth with psalms, His triumph showing, With branches green the pathway strewing, And shout hosannas to His name.

O, Sovereign, by no host attended! Strong Champion, by no spear defended! O, Prince of Peace, and David's Sou! Thy throne, from whose approach forever The kings of earth Thy step would sever, Is by Thee, without battle, won.

Unto the empire Thou hast founded, Though not of earth, or by earth bounded,
All earthly realms shall subject be:
Forth into every land and nation, Thy servants, armed with Thy salvation, March to prepare a way for Thee.

And at Thy coming, clothed with power, The sullen storm forgets to lower,

And waves grow calm beneath Thy tread; The bonds, by man's rebellion blighted, In a new covenant are united, And sin and death in fecters led.

O, Lord of Grace and truth unending, And love all reach of thought transcending, Revisit us, so sorely tried! Thine Advent once again is needed, To form anew Thy peace, unheeded By worldly haughtiness and pride.

Oh, let Thy light which ne'er shall vanish. From earth the power of darkness banish!
The lurid flames of discord quell;
That we, the thrones and people loyal, As brethren 'neath Thy sceptre royal, In Thy great Father's house may dwell. Frederick Ruckert, translated by Dr. T. S. Porter, from Schaff's "Christ in Song."

HOW ROGER ROLFE USED HIS ENEMIES.

Roger Rolfe never had much education. He was an orphan, and the old grandmother who brought him up never dreamed but that she did her whole duty to him, seeing she fed and clothed him, and turned him out to work on her landlord's farm. She never petted him-not she. She was not a woman made to pet any thing, and she had a chronic pain in her temples. It was, perhaps, no wonder that her fellow-workers blamed her for that; but we need not, for we don't know what it is to stand in the sun for twelve hours, working to keep ourselves and the orphan of a son who never behaved very well to us, and finally disgraced us by not having put by any thing to save himself from a parish funeral-the said child itself felt by us to be but a little eating, wearing out mortal, every bit its mother's child-a blue eyed, yellow-haired chit, who was the ruination of our hopeful son, who might have done very well but for her; said child consequently no pleasure at all to us, but still fed and clothed according to our best ability, and taught its duty as far as we knew it, namely, to keep its hands from picking and stealing, to make a bob to the parson and the squire, and to have a deep sense of its own wickedness and uselessness, leading it especially to a silent submission under our own perpetual rebukes and reproaches. We should not find such life very easy, reader, especially if we took it as the poor woman did, not as a little offering of self-sacrifice, done for His sake who resigned every thing that we might have all things, but as a sort of panacea by which she was to earn the strange heaven, which she believed had jasper gates and golden pavements. It often seemed a little hard to her that she must give up her good strong cup of tea and warm winter shawl for sake of such remote and chilly glories. But the gospel was not then preached at Low Laughton, and the poor woman was as honest a heathen as any whirling dervish in all Asia.

So Roger Rolfe had a hard time of it in his younger days-though when he spoke of them in after days, he never conceded more than that his grandmother "had a temper of her own."

Of course, I wor trying, sir," he said to me, "and I wasn't like her own children, who came to her when she wanted them, and had strength o' body and heart to keep 'em and to love 'em. She took me, sir, in those days when, as the Bible says, the grasshopper is a burden. She must ha' been a fine woman, sir. I often thinks o' her when parson is preachin', specially the other day, when he took the text, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' If she'd heard how he set that out, maybe she'd have done it sweeter like. There's one thing I thanks grandmother for, in particular, sir. She made me feel I was regular selfish. She was always dinging into me that I never thought of nothing but my own comfort and pleasure. And that were true enough. I used to sit out in the fields and think it over, till I made out that it were quite true. And that's something to know, sir. It's a lesson that a precious many men, and women, tco, never learn all their time, but go about deceiving theirselves, and perhaps other people, too, a-holding theirselves out as martyrs, while they're martyrin' everybody else. Not as knowing you're selfish makes ye unselfish, sir. I knows that well enough, for I'm the selfishest fellow going, sir. 'Deed, it strikes me, it's un-. common hard to be any thing but selfish in this 'ere world, sir. We that doesn't spend all our evenings at the public, why, it's just because we likes better to sit at home; and we that keeps in work and, doesn't come to the parish, why, sir, it's all a pleasin' to our pride. Seems to me, the only difference is, there's one sort o' selfishness that is bad for ourselves and for everybody else, and another that is good for us and all concerned. And there's another shade o't, sir, atween the two, that seems good for ourselves, and doesn't seem to interfere with any body; but that's neither here nor there at all, for what don't do good to nobody else, can't be good for us. That's the sort of selfishness granny frightened me out of. I'll grant she frightened me into another kind. When I wants a little pleasure, sir, I wants the real thing, and so I always takes care that it pleases somebody else, too. Just for my own sake, one may say, sir. Eh, sir, but we must just oreep and crawl along the right path the best way

we can, sir-on our hands and knees, if need be. One wouldn't think the Bible need warn us agen' self-righteousness, when the world's such a thornbush that it tears off every rag as fast as we put it on. But the Bible wouldn't speak so plain if there wasn't danger,—and I s'pose my fancying we can be humble enough to keep away from it, is just a sign o't sir. An' after all, it's a well-known fac' that everybody's proudest of what he's hardly got. When we're angels, I s'pose we

shall be humble enough, sir. "Whenever I think of the good I got from my old granny's fault-finding, it sets me pondering over that text, 'speaking the truth in love.' Human natur' is a queer thing, ain't it, sir? Else sartainly that would come quite nateral to it. But there's very few o' one's friends, sir, that seem to take any notice what one's doing. The women, sir, if they likes ye, they always think that whatever you do is right, which was the way with my old woman, sir. More by token, if they doesn't like ye, they say whatever you do is wrong, and they manage to prove it, too, somehow. But speakin' o' friends in general. 'Tisn't from them you commonly hear of your faults, told like physic given ye by yer mother, with a kiss be fore hand, and some sweet stuff to take it down. No, it's yer enemies that throws 'em up at ye, like rotten eggs at 'lection time. But, ye see, a rotten egg wouldn't do no harm to a sweep if it made him go home and wash himself. And that's the way with faul s. It's wicked for folks to speak 'em in malice, but it does you good, if you take it rightly. And ye see, sir, being so long used to poor granny's tongue, a hard word or two doesn't set my back up. There was Tom Dobson. He could be real aggrawating, sir,the sort of man that's always wanting to make ye fight with him, and he found there was no better way of raising the devil in folks than to tell em summat that was true about themselves. He was a shrewd fellow, -in his cups or out.

"He'd fought with a'most everybody afore he fell upon me. I was a young fellow, then, sir, not married, and saving money. I did not belong to the Goose Club, nor yet to the Laughton Hand-in-Hand, which, meeting at a public house, sir, cost a deal more than the subscriptions Now, sir, if I'd been asked, I'd have thought my saving ways were a werry safe bit in my character. But Tom Dobson, he found out more than I knew myself.

"'Halloa,' says he, as I passed him one Saturday night, standing against the wall, more drunk than sober, 'halloa, it's a fine thing to have a reigion that never costs nothing-not even standing treat! Who sits on the free seats, and gets a good warm in winter, and never puts a penny in the box? Who went to the chapel excursion for nought, eh? We sinners pays a honest halfcrown when we has a day out with the Hand-in-Hand. When we ain't got no more tin, we'll all turn pious, for it's cheap.

"Well, sir, he went on a chorussing, 'We'll all turn pious,' and I went home. Them words stuck in my mind, sir. There were poorer men than me a-wasting their money for a seat in a dirty tap-room, and a drink o' poison, while I wasn't a-giving a farthing to the Lord that had given me so much. It seemed I did not care for Him as much as they loved their beer. And, after all, I saw that it was out o' sheer goodness to us that He'll take what we can give-for hasn't He the cattle on a thousand hills, and ministering angels to do His service? And yet He's pleased with our bit o' money or work, just like a father when his child buys him something with the ha'-pence he gave it. I took them words to heart, sir, that I did. And I've found that the Lord won't let you suffer by what you gave him an apple, hoping he'd get two back, - | mercifully unties the bundle, and gives us

sneak, into the bargain.

(To be Continued.)

AN OLD BOY.

Dr. Marsh, an English minister, who died not long ago over ninety years of age, was very fond of young people. He often invited some cadets from a neighboring school to his home, where he entertained them so pleasantly that they learned to love him very dearly. When leaving him one day, one of the boys said to the others:

"What is the use of being young, when one sees a man of eighty or ninety in better spirits than the jolliest among us?"

Mark this, my merry-hearted boys and girls! Here is an old man in better spirits than the "jolliest" boy in a school. Where did this dear old man get these spirits? They came from God! This old man lived very near God, and God became a fountain of life in his heart. Thus his spirits were so free and fresh even in his old age that the boys who knew him almost wished themselves old men.

Learn from this fact, my children, the secret of keeping your hearts young when you grow old. Invite God, your heavenly Father, to live in you and with you. He will accept the invitation, and when your heads are silvered with the frosts of hoary age your hearts will be fresher and happier than in the merry days of childhood. -S. S. Advocate.

EVA SUNDOWN.

you sweep the school house for me to-night?" "Yes, ma'am," said she, very cheerfully; and so Eva was left alone in the deserted school-room.

Having occasion to return, what was the teacher's surprise to find the broom lying on the floor, and little Eva sobbing violent-

ly. "What is the matter, my dear child?" said she, anxiously.

She hid her face in Miss A.'s dress, but could not speak. At last she said, "Oh, I've been so wicked!"

"Why, Eva, what have you done?"

"Oh, I don't love Jesus enough," sobbed

the child. "I looked mad at some girls to- ed, for before he was able to travel, Queen

"Did you strike them?"

"Nor speak unkind words to them?" "Oh, no, no; but I looked mad. I was very angry in my heart, and I'm afraid lesus never can forgive me.'

She could not be comforted until they knelt and asked Jesus to forgive His little child her sin.

When they arose from prayer her face was radiant with a sense of pardoned sin. Eva is in heaven now with the Saviour she

was so careful to please. That Indian girl knew that Jesus looked at the heart even of a little child.

THE VALUE OF A MINUTE.

A small vessel was nearing the steep holmes in the Bristol channel. The captain stood on the 'deck, his watch in his hand, ais eye fixed on it.

A terrible tempest had driven them onward, and the vessel was a scene of devastation. No one dared to ask, "Is there hope?" Silent consternation filled every heart, and made every face pale. The wind and tide drove the shattered bark fiercely forward. Every moment they were hurried nearer to the sullen rock which knew no mercy, on which many ill-fated vessels had foundered, all the crew perishing.

Still the captain stood motionless, speech-

ess, his watch in his hand. "We are lost!" was the conviction of many around him.

Suddenly his eye glanced across the sea he stood erect; another moment, and he cried, "Thank God, we are saved! The tide has turned; in one minute more we should have been on the rocks!" He returned his chronometer, by which he had thus measured the race between time and tide, to his pocket; and if they never felt it before, assuredly both he and his crew were on that day powerfully taught the value of a minute.

SABBATH PIETY.

Here is a bit of spicy suggestion from some anonymous source: "There is a mystery about this effect of the weather on piety. Sabbath heat seems hotter, Sabbath cold seems colder, and Sabbath rain wetter than that of any other day. For the same measure of heat or cold or rain, on a weekday will not keep one from his usual business. We need a Sabbath Almanac, calculated for our churches, that will show by its weather scale when it will be safe for a vigorous Christian, a weak and sickly Christian to expose himself on the Sabbath by going to the house of God. Such an almanac would enable pastors and superintendents of Sabbath-schools to know whom they could depend on in church, Sabbath-school, and prayer-meeting. I have recently been examining microscopic yiews of the different snow flakes, a hundred or so of them. I would suggest to our curious savans an examination of Sabbath snow, to see if it has a peculiarly sharp and injurious crystal."

LIVING BY THE DAY.

I compare, says John Newton, the troubles and most like he'd disappoint the little greedy first one stick, which we are to carry to-day, and then another, which we are to carry tomorrow, and so on. This we might easily manage, if we would only take the burden appointed for us each day; but we choose to increase our troubles by carrying yesterday's stick over again to-day, and adding to-morrow's burden to our load before we are required to bear it. William Jay puts the same truth another way. We may consider the year before us a desk containing three hundred and sixty-five letters addressed to us-one for every day, announcing its trials. and prescribing its employments, with an order to open daily no letter but the letter for the day. Now we may be strongly tempted to unseal beforehand some of the remainder. This, however, would only serve to embarrass us, while we should violate the rule which our Owner and Master has laid down for us, "Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself."

"ALL FOR THE BEST."

Bernard Gilpin was a great and good man, whose pious labors in the counties of Westmoreland, Cumberland, Northumberland and York, at the period of the Reformation, procured for him the title by which he is still remembered in those parts, as "The Apostle of the North."

It appears that it was a frequent saying of his, when exposed to losses or troubles, "Ah, well! God's will be done; nothing happens which is not intended for our good; it is all for the best !"

Towards the close of Queen Mary's reign, Mr. Gilpin was accused of heresy before the She was an Indian girl, but she loved merciless Bishop Bonner, and was speedily the fate that might await him; for he gave directions to his steward "to provide him a long garment, that he might go the more comely to the stake" at which he would be burnt.

While on his way to London, by some accident he had a fall, and broke his leg, which put a stop for some time to his journey. The persons in whose custody he was, took occasion thence maliciously, to retort upon his habitual remark.

"What!" said they, "is this all for the

Mary died, the persecution ceased, and he was restored to his liberty and friends.

Decorum often demands such control of the facial muscles. The preacher who laught to the facial muscles.

PRIVATE PRAYER.

We should pray statedly at least thrice a day. The widow of a godly man who died recently told the writer that he always went to secret prayer four times daily; in the morning before he went to his work, again in his dinner hour, once more when his day's work was ended, and at night before he retired to rest. There was a noticeable power in the piety of this man, and he died in great peace. Was not this attributable to his frequent fellowship with his Saviour?

It is very helpful to spend a few moments in preparation before we engage in secret devotion. "You cannot," says Flavel, "come reeking hot out of the world into God's presence, but you will find a taste of it in your duties." How excellent was the plan of the mother of the Wesleys, whose habit was, when she went alone for prayer, to sit down and think of God for some minutes before she addressed Him! Many a golden opportunity of fellowship with Christ is lost for want of this. Let us when we enter into our closet, and shut the door, think, "I am now alone with God; no eye but His looks down upon me; no ear but His hearkens to my words. His presence surrounds me, and I kneel before Him to implore His help. Let me, with deep seriousness, and lively faith, address myself to the Supreme God.

"I ought to pray before beeing any one. Often, when I sleep long, or meet with others early, and then have family prayer, and breakfast, and forenoon callers, it is eleven or twelve o'clock before I begin secret prayer. This is a wretched system. It is unscriptural. Christ rose before day, and went into a solitary place. David says, Early will I seek thee; Thou shaft early hear my voice. Mary Magdalene came to 'the se-pulchre' while 'it was yet dark.' Family prayer loses much of its power and sweetness, and I can do no good to those who come to seek it from me. The conscience feels guilty, the soul unfed, the lamp not trimmed. Then, when secret prayer comes, the soul is often out of tune. I feel it is far better to begin with God, to see His face first, to get my soul near Him before it is near another. 'When I awake, I am still with Thee.'"—Robert M. McCheyne.

BUDGET OF ANECDOTES.

-Enthusiastic English tourist in Scotland to native coachman: "And is that indeed the house in which Rob Roy was born?" Native coachman: "Eh, sir, an' it's just ane o' them."—

-Josh Billings has been discussing the question, "How fast does sound travel?" He thinks it depends a good deal upon the sound you are talking about. "The sound of a dinner horn, for instance, travels for half a mile in a seond, while an invitation to get up in the morning i have known to be 3 quarters of an hour goin up 2 pair uv stairs, and then not hev strength enough left to be heard?"

out in meeting, a clergyman in Scituate, thus address, and the kind ladies all around offering her dressed the late Mr. Bryant : " Neighbor Bryant, it is your reproach that you have disturbed give Him, though, I dare say, He might if you only gave it a thinkin' of what you'd get again.

A father wouldn't like it, if he knowed his boy gave him an apple, hoping he'd get two hash seven cows, made a cheese, and walked five miles to the house of God in good season."

-A young minister named Sparrock, finding it impracticable to secure a collegiate education, was doing the next best thing by studying with an older minister. Being present on an occasion where several clerical gentlemen were dining together, one of them, a portly gentleman, named Fuller, essayed a pun at the young brother's expense. Calling from the opposite end of the table, he said, "Mr. Sparrock, can you tell us the difference between a sparrowhawk and an owl?" "Oh, yes, sir," was the reply, an owl is fuller in the head, fuller in the breast, and indeed, fuller all over."

-I shall never forget the impression made upon me during the first year of my ministry by a mechanic whom I had visited, and on whom I urged the paramount duty of family prayer. One day he entered my study, bursting into tears as he said, "You remember that girl, sir; she was my only child. She died suddenly this morning; she has gone, I hope, to God. But if so, she can tell Him what now breaks my heartthat she never heard a prayer in her father's house or from her father's lips! O, that she were with me but for one day again."-Norman

-John Newton once paid a visit to a minister who affected great accuracy in his discourses, and who, on that Sabbath day, had occupied nearly an hour in insisting on several labored and nice distinctions made in his subject. As he had a high estimation of Mr. Newton's jndgment, he inquired of him, as they walked home, whether he thought the distinctions just now insisted on were full and judicious? Mr. Newton said he thought them not full, as a very important one had been omitted. "What can that be?" said the minister, "for I have taken more than ordinary care to enumerate them fully." "I think not," replied Mr. Newton, "for when Jesus; and nothing grieved her so much as to displease Him.

"Eva," said her teacher one day, "will in the set," though he was well aware of the set," though he was well aware of forgotten the important distinction which must ever exist between meat and bones."

debate upon the Disestablishment of the Irish cle!" were the words with which it was returned. "Sirs, I make no question but it is," was to inquire directions, not one, even by a look, be- the meek reply; and so in very truth it prov- trayed surprise, either at his condition (a black- be imagined.—Vermont Chronicle.

ened forehead) or his place (a darkened room, facial muscles. The preacher who laughed in the pulpit, on seeing a small boy put his fluger in his neighbor's red hair, and then pound it on an imaginary anvil, had a good excuse, it is true; but yet, he must have hurt his influence, -Occident.

-There is a saying recorded of a worthy Philadelphia merchant, one of our "solid men," which is worth repeating. A committee, of which he was a member, were delayed a quarter of an hour by the non-appearance of a person upon whom their business depended At length he came bustling in, and as he was received with some expressions of dissatisfaction, he answered, "I am sorry; but, gentlemen, it is only fifteen minutes." "Fifteen minutes," answered one of them; "an hour and a quarter you should say, for there are five of us."—Public Ledger.

-While General Butler was in command at New Orleans, a native Louisianian was observed one day by a wag reading a staring placard on a wall in a public street: "Buy your shirts at Moody's."
The reader inquired of the wag what that meant. 'Oh," said the joker in a solemn tone, "that is one of the edicts of the tyrannical Butler." The Louisianian remarked: "But I don't want any shirts." "Well," said the wag, "you'd better buy a few. It is the safest course to comply with the order; for Butler is a perfect despot you know." So the frightened Creole sought out Moody, and bought a quarter of a dozen shirts. In due time a Paris paper arrived at New Orleans, in which the facts were narrated, as proving that Butler was both tyrannical and mean-using his power to compel citizens to buy shirts of one Moody, who was undoubtedly his partner.

When Dr. Nathan Strong was settled in Hartford, he used, during the sessions of the General Court in the City, to seek to bring some of the distinguished divines of the state, by exchange, or otherwise, to preach in his pulpit. On one occasion Dr. Bellamy came from Bethlehem for this purpose. In the morning he preached a glowing sermon on the millennium. He painted n warm and attractive colors, the state of the world when the great forces of evil should be in subjection, and "the wolf should dwell with the lamb." At the close he promised to tell them in the afternoon how all this might easily be brought about. In the afternoon, the audience gathered with vague expectations of what was to come, when he preached a faithful and searching sermon on the text, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God," in which he pressed home, with greater power, the duty of personal religion.

The Lowell (Mass.) Courier tells an amusing story of an old lady—a strenuous advocate of the "rights of women," who was recently a visitor at the Isles of Shoals. When she left she was being assisted from the rowboat to the steamer by a Lowell gentleman, when her foot slipped, and in she went up to her neck in the briny deep, carrying her faithful assistant part way with her. The latter, however, gallantly but with great difficulty, held fast to the old lady with one hand, to the steamer with the other, his feet dangling in the water, and just keeping the ful manner during the whole scene. When she was fairly out on deck, and stood there calm and -In olden times, when pastors spoke right unmoved, with the briny water dripping from her sympathy and assistance, the first words she spoke were: "Well, this is the first argument drowned."

> -Paddy Murphy and his wife Bridget, after many years of hard labor in ditching and washing, had accumulated a sufficiency to warrant them in purchasing a cow (of course they had pigs), which they did at the first opportunity. As it was bought of a Protestant neighbor, Paddy stopped on his way home at the house of the priest, and procured a bottle of holy water with which to exorcise the false faith out of her. "Isn't she a foine creature?" asked Pat of the admiring Bridget. "Jest hold her till I fix the shed.

> To save the precious fluid from harm, he took it into the house and set it up in a cupboard until he had "fixed" things. Then he returned and brought the bottle back again, and while Bridget was holding the rope, proceeded to pour it upon her back.

But poor Paddy had made a slight mistake. Standing within the same closet was a bottle of aquafortis, that had been procured for a different purpose, and as it dropped upon the back of the poor cow, and the hair began to smoke and the flesh burn, she exhibited decided appearances of restlessness."

"Pour on more, Paddy," shouted Bridget, as she tugged at the rope.

"I'll give her enough now," quoth Paddy, and he emptied the bottle.

Up went the heels of the cow, down went her head, over went Bridget and a half dozen of the "childer" and away dashed the infuriated bovine down the street, to the terror of all the mothers and the delight of the dogs.

Poor Paddy stood for a moment breathless with astonishment, then clapping his hands upon his hips looked sorrowfully and exclaimed.

"Be jabbers, Bridget, but isn't the Protestant strong in her-the baste?"

-Dr. Sunderland wears his years well, and is yet somewhat boyish in appearance as well as stature. A good story is told of his College days, which I cannot forbear repeating; The students were wont to hold meetings in "the regions round about," initiating, as I suppose, the modern custom of lay preaching. When -"Lend me your opera glass, please." These for the first time, Sunderland's turn came, he were the words of one to another in the great repaired to the old school-house, warmed himself and took his place in the chair. This last move-Church. The glass was lent, and turned toward ment a good old lady observed with discomposure Disraeli. "I'll be hanged if he moves a mus- only too evident. She fidgeted in her seat, conferred with her neighbors, and finally, making Control of the features was here a matter of her way to the beardless youth who occupied the business; it is sometimes the dictate of courtesy. highest seat in the synagogue, thus addressed Sir Francis Hood went to Paris for the treat- him: "Bub, this is the minister's chair, you ment of his eyes, where he occupied an apartment on a much traversed passage-way. But of "My good woman, I am your minister to-day," all those, young and old, who called at his door was the quiet reply of the embryo Doctor of to inquire directions not one of the called at his door was the quiet reply of the embryo Doctor of