

Family Circle.

Jesus The Carpenter.

"Isn't this Joseph's son?"—Ay, it is he;
Joseph the carpenter—same trade as
me—

I thought as I'd find it—I knew it was
here—

But my sight's getting queer.

I don't know right where as his shed
must ha' stood—

But often, as I've been a-plaining my
wood,

I've took off my hat, just with thinking
of He

At the same work as me.

He warn't that set up that he couldn't
stoop down

And work in the country for folks in the
town;

And I'll warrant he felt a bit pride, like
I've done

At a good job begun.

The parson he knows that I'll not make
too free,

But on Sunday I feel as pleased as can
be,

When I wears my clean smock, and sits
in a pew,

And has thought a few.

I think of as how not the parson hissen,
As is teacher and father and shepherd
o' men,

Not he knows as much of the Lord in
that shed,

Where he earned his own bread.

And when I goes home to my missus,
says she

"Are ye wanting your key?"

For she knows my queer ways, and my
love for the shed

(We've been forty years wed.)

So I comes right away by mysen, with
the book,

And I turns the old pages and has a good
look

For the text as I've found, as he tells
me as He

Were the same trade as me.

Why don't I mark it? Ah, many say so,
But I think I'd as lief, with your leave,
let it go;

It do seem that nice when I fall on it
sudden—

Unexpected, ye know!

C. C. Fraser-Tytler.

Ultima Veritas.

In the bitter waves of woe,
Beaten and tossed about
By the sullen winds that blow
From the desolate shores of doubt,
Where the anchors that faith has cast
Are dragging in the gale,
I am quietly holding fast

To the things that cannot fail;

I know that right is right;

That it is not good to lie;

That love is better than spite,

And a neighbor than a spy;

I know that passion needs

The leash of a sober mind;

I know that generous deeds

Some sure reward will find,

That rulers must obey;

That the givers shall increase;

That Duty lights the way

For the beautiful feet of peace;

In the darkest night of the year,

When the stars have all gone out,
That courage is better than fear;
That faith is truer than doubt;
And fierce though the fiends may fight
And long though the angels bide,
I know that truth and right

Have the universe on their side;
And that somewhere beyond the stars,
Is a Love that is better than fate;

When the night unlocks her bars,
I shall see Him—and I will wait.

—Washington Gladden.

The Floating Homes of Bangkok.

Boats are the universal means of
conveyance and communication,
and a boat thus becomes a necessary
adjunct of every person's house-
hold. To its dextrous use, every
child is trained. Men, women, and
children are equally accustomed.
Perhaps the most common form is a
stout skiff about twenty-five feet
long, turning up very shapely and
high behind, like a Venetian gondola.
It is broad in the beam and two-thirds
of its length is housed
over, leaving a little flat deck in
front and a still smaller one behind.
Behind stands the husband and
scull. In front stands the wife,
rowing and using a boathook to
help their way through the crowds.
The front of the boat is used for
business, passengers, or cargo. The
rear third is given up to family and
domestic furniture.

For, incredible as it may seem,
we soon see that each boat is the
home of a family, father, mother,
girls, and boys, who are born there,
live there, and die there. In the
day time, the children and the fur-
niture are crowded into a space not
over four feet square; at night they
can spread out over the great sur-
face. I looked into these homes
with attention, and never could
enough wonder or admire how
closely all were packed, without
seeming to jostle or painfully
crowd. Also that the children
lived so happily and contentedly in
a space no greater than a large-
sized Saratoga trunk! It is proba-
bly a fact that there are many ten-
year-old children in Bangkok river
who have never walked over twenty
feet in a straight line, in short,
who have never been on land. But
then, when they come in proximity
to boats whose little inmates they
know, they would, boys and girls
from five to twelve, jump out of
their boat-house, and dive and swim
away to visit and gambol around
together, now free in the water,
now hanging to the boat's side or
sitting astride of the scull oar. And
a friend tells me that he has seen

them in their visits take with them
a baby, to whose shoulders mother
has prudently attached a hollow
gourd or other light float to insure
its safety.

In a minor excursion up a side-
canal, I found myself at the city
residence of the prime minister,
whose name I have not now time
to write out in full. I ran my boat
all round through his pleasure
grounds, and wondered whether the
worthy old gentleman considered
that he was living on land or in the
river. In one part of his aquatic
elysium, I saw magnificent speci-
mens of the Victoria regia whose
leaves, round like a platter, were
over two yards in diameter. Their
rim was sharply turned up in a
ledge an inch high, and on the raft
thus formed, were settled, quite
home-like, a family of frogs. They,
too, seemed to fall in with the hu-
mors of the country.—*Rochester
Democrat and Chronicle.*

Mission to the Modocs.

BY REV. R. H. HOWARD.

The world knows only too well
the bloody history of the war in
the "lava beds" some years since—
of Captain Jack and his tribe, of
General Canby, Dr. Thomas and
Colonel Meacham—the first two
slain and scalped and the last left
for dead. Could these treacherous,
bloodthirsty, benighted savages—
these abhorred, abominable Modocs
—ever be Christianized and civil-
ized.

Mrs. E. H. Tuttle, a missionary
of the Friend persuasion, had al-
ready for years been a teacher
among the Quapaws in the north-
western corner of the Indian Terri-
tory. Fully occupied in minister-
ing to these, greatly as her Chris-
tian sympathies had been going out
on behalf of the captive Modocs, she
had no reason to believe that the
latter would ever be brought to her
one small corner of the Territory to
teach;—when, lo and behold! one
day some old cars rolled into the
wayside station, and then and there
were literally "dumped" the cap-
tive Modocs, a couple of hundred or
more, among them "Shack-nasta
Jim," "Bogus Charlie," "Scar-faced
Charlie," "Steamboat Frank," Cap-
tain Jack's sister, "Princess Mary,"
his two wives, and scores of lesser
lights.

These people were without a re-
ligion, practiced polygamy, burned
their dead, were full of sorceries and
incantations, had rings in their
noses and paint on their faces;

knew nothing of industry or home-
making; were just about as be-
nighted as they could well be.

Seven years have passed. What
do we now see? What, under
God, has been accomplished on be-
half of these singularly degraded
beings through the labors of a sin-
gle humble Christian missionary
and wife? These Modocs have, for
the most part, become members of
the Society of Friends. They are a
well-mannered, well-dressed people.
They have nice farms; they sing
Gospel hymns; they wear the
"blue ribbon;" they believe in their
"teacher," and take her advice as
law and Gospel, and look upon Asa
Tuttle as a new edition of the
Apostle John.—*Ex.*

Courtesy to Young Ladies.

Marion Harland, writing in the
Congregationalist, says: Familiarity
of speech leads as naturally to
freedom of touch as brooks to rivers,
or neglect of small sweet courtesies
to overt poorishness. I do not ex-
aggerate in asserting that the fem-
inine portion of Young America
that affects picnics, singing schools
straw rides, church sociables and
surprise parties needs as much to
be ticketed 'Hands off' as the val-
uables in art exhibition. When
the finger of a man who is not my
husband or kinsman is pressed up-
on my shoulder to point a story or
attract attention; when a forward
youth fillips my arm with his fold-
ed glove at an evening party with,
'I say! I may be and am offended,
but in a quiet, matronly way.
When I see a thoughtless school
girl sit hand in hand on a steam-
boat or car with a man whom I
know to be a mere acquaintance, or
the opera cloak pressed long and
closely about the pretty young
thing, whom her escort wraps up
officially before leading her to her
carriage; when girls are hauled
and pushed and buffeted in romp-
ing games, and in dances that are
nothing better, as the herd might
jostle one another, my blood heats
with more indignant fire. No true
man will needlessly, much less wan-
tonly, put a woman on the defen-
sive. The best that can be said of
him who claps the lady guest on
the back as he might her husband,
or the coxcomb who, without her
permission, dares to omit the 'Miss'
in accosting his girl friend, is that
he 'knows no better.' If they
guessed how often the plea is urged
in extenuation of their bovine gam-
bols by charitable friends with jus-
ter ideas of the decencies and amen-
ities of society, the shock to self-
conceit might be a wholesome les-
son.—*Ex.*