

Christian Family.

MISS MARY STUMP, EDITOR.

Bible Alphabet.

A is for angels, a pure, fair band,
They sing glory to God in the happy land.

B is for bible, so good and true,
It offers salvation for me and you.

C is for Christian, so humble and kind,
A friend and brother in him you will find.

D is for Death, in mercy 'tis given,
To relieve us from care and take us to heaven.

E is for earth, and in it are given
Those trials and joys which fit us for heaven.

F is for faith, and they are happy who find
By believing in Jesus sweet comfort of mind.

G is for Gospel, and no pen or tongue
Could speak sweeter counsel to the aged and young.

H is for heaven, and there we shall rest
With the pure and faithful in the home of the best.

I is for image, and may we often find
Man the image of his Maker both in body and mind.

J is for Jesus, so humble and mild
Wonderful in wisdom when but a child.

K is for King, our King rules above
His ruling is gentle, 'tis the ruling of love.

L is for love, and by love Jesus wins
The hearts of the worldly from their errors and sins.

M is for mercy, Lord teach us to know
That humble compassion which pardons each foe.

N is for new, and a new life we must live
When we come to Jesus and our hearts to him give.

O is for over, and over there an angel land
Is waiting to welcome us when we safely land.

P is for pure, and pure in heart we must be
If ever the face of our God we would see.

Q is for quiet, O may we be found living
Lives peaceful and happy. All enemies forgiving.

R is for refuge, where the Lord's children shall rest
When the trials of life are over with the pure and blest.

S is for saint, who with all forgiven
Will sing praise round the throne of their Savior in heaven.

T is for temple. God's temple are we.
May we keep our minds pure, our hearts from sin free.

U is for unity, O that all God's children might be
United in faith, in hope, and in sweet charity.

V is for vine, which vine is the Lord,
If we would be fruitful branches we must abide in His word.

W is for willful, and willing we should be
To do as the Father bids us in meek humility.

X is for 'xample, and such is our Savior
In virtue and mercy, and modest behavior.

Y is for youth and in youth is the best time to give
Our hearts to Jesus, and begin lives true and noble to live.

Z is for zealous, and all Christians should be
Zealously working to set the world from sin free.

LIZZIE ELY.

Weston, Oregon.

Cities of the Bible.

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CORINTH.

So long ago, that we can almost count the lapse of time by thousands of years since then, a great preacher had turned his face toward his native land, but instead of crossing what is now called the Archipelago, he sailed into the Corinthian harbor, and there amid

the noisy unloading of the spoils of Asia and the wealth of the West he disembarked; little thinking, no doubt, that the sensuous luxurious city of Corinth would be his home and the scene of his labors for a year and six months.

I wonder how many little girls who go to Sunday school could tell the names of the friends Paul found upon entering the city, and where in the Bible the story is told of his sojourn in the city of Corinth, which an ancient historian designates as the "feet of Greece," on account of its position on the isthmus connecting Peloponnesus and Greece proper.

The origin of Corinth as that of many a great pile of ruins is lost in the night of time; it existed, we are assured, however, before the siege of Troy, under another name, but it is hardly wise to assume for truth, the popular traditions that may not be the real facts in the case. It was one of the oldest Grecian cities as well as the most opulent; twice it is mentioned by Homer, in the *Iliad*, as "the wealthy." It was the mother of painting, the richest of the orders of architecture named the Corinthian had its origin there, also bronze, or as it is sometimes called Corinthian brass. The terra-cotta vases of Corinth were so beautiful that the Romans, when they conquered the city, carried them in triumph to Rome where they brought fabulous prices. Thus were the fine arts fostered in the richest, most licentious city of all Greece; likewise the mode of warfare there received a new impetus, for Thucydides tells us that the shipbuilders of Corinth were the first to build war galleys or triremes.

The rocky, barren isthmus of Corinth was only six or seven miles wide, through which was a ship traverse, where merchant ships were drawn from sea to sea by machinery. A mass of rock rising some 2000 feet above the sea a veritable "Gibraltar" in its precipitous strength, was for generations the fortress of the sons of Corinth, who consecrated the hill to Aphrodite, upon which a magnificent temple was built for that goddess, who was worshipped throughout the city.

The Acrocorinthus, for that was the name of the hill, a citadel by nature, still frown in unapproachable majesty upon the blue waves of the gulf kissing its feet, but of the glories of Grecian sculpture that beautified the temple upon its summit in the days of Herodotus, nothing now remains save "seven Doric columns," supposed to have been sacred to Athena Chalinitis.

No illustrious name in literature has descended in the annals of Corinth except that of Periander who perfected Dithyrambic measure. Diogenes, the greatest of all cynics, in this cynical world, found a sepulcher at Corinth, of all the world the city of cypresses and splendid tombs.

Corinth was independent till with the rest of Greece it fell into Macedonian power; thenceforth the Acrocorinthus held a Macedonian garrison until B. C. 243, it was captured by Aratus. A century later, while recognized as the capital of the Achean league, it fought with mighty Rome. The rest is quickly told, for the crashing of the Roman ploughshare of barbarism through the streets soon wrecked the voluptuous city. The men were slain, women and children sold as slaves, every quarter rifled by the soldiery, and the treasures of Corinth went to enrich Rome.

The bitterness of desolation was

its portion for a century after the Consul L. Mummius entered the city in triumph, then B. C. 46 it was rebuilt by Julius Caesar. On account of its advantageous position it soon attracted a great tide of wealth and commerce. Thus it continued a busy commercial city for many generations, but in the march of progress Corinth fell behind, and in the Turkish conquest of Greece received its death blow. The modern town is squalid and unhealthy, and it is with amazement that we behold how few the remains are of that city which Cicero styled "lumen totius Greciae," the eye of all Greece.

MAY WELLING.

The Neighbor of Godliness.

Almost every body desires to have good health, and almost every body desires to make a pleasing personal impression upon others, and almost every body desires to have the mental and physical faculties at their best, and the virtue all that virtue can be.

Of course there is no one specific, no elixir of life, whose single draught can effect all this. But there is a specific that can help us a long way toward such an end, and can, at all odds, put us in the condition to make the most of ourselves; and that is the old neighbor of godliness—cleanliness.

Cleanliness has from time immemorial been recognized as not a luxury simply, but a necessity of mankind as well; and the ancient races made such wonderful and magnificent provision for it that its very ruins astound us; while we put up two or three clapboarded shanties in our great cities for the use of the populace, and consider ourselves, when all is said—if we do not build and sculpture so well—yet much the superior people.

Perhaps we are as cleanly as any other people, and more so than some; but there is room for the exercise of yet a great deal more care of our bodies, and it will never be undertaken as a matter of habit by the masses till it has been carried through as a matter of conscience by the individual.

But all do not think of this, or else hold themselves clean enough without much effort. They mean to be clean; but to-morrow—to day they have something more important to attend to; and so, like the man in *The Blithedale Romance*, they rinse the front of their faces and consider their toilettes made; they know they must repeat the operation to-morrow, and to-morrow they will take more pains; if, indeed, they are not of those who, when they think they have the operation to repeat *ad infinitum*, are ready to sit down in despair and not do it at all.

There is a great deal of cleanliness sacrificed to a misunderstood convenience. It should really be the most convenient to be clean, to have one's skin healthy, one's pores open, and one's blood circulating. But one is chilly—one must make haste to the fire and be more comfortable; or one must get one's breakfast and be off to business, because that pays. But one would possibly know nothing about chilliness if one took the brisk bath and the quick rub, and set the blood to spinning warm and red; and one will find that business ceases to pay when all the ducts are clogged, the skin is sallow, the hair is fallen, and the overtaxed organs that are obliged to do the work of the neglected skin give way and break down into complication of all sorts of diseases that put an end to business

altogether, and that the ten minutes' bath every morning could have prevented.

For it need not be ten minutes, indeed, if it is done every day; there will be nothing that needs serious scrubbing in such case, and the rapid passing of the wet sponge, and the quick strong use of the coarse towels afterward, will take hardly so much time at that.

Again, in the mere matter of good looks, who is there that does not prefer the society of the clean person who is plain to that of the unclean person who is otherwise lovely?—allowing that an unclean person exists among our acquaintances; who is there that does not see a superior beauty in the former, if the latter is incorrigible? And even if in youth one is not to be called fine looking, encouragement may be taken from the fact that persistent bathing and exercise will do so much for one that the skin will be smooth, the eye bright, the color fine, at sixty and seventy, while the indolent beauty of twenty has become little better in look than a hag; and the one is then, comparatively with what is expected of threescore years and ten, as much a beauty as the other was at twenty, comparatively with what is expected of youth.

If health is no consideration, beauty may be; and if beauty is not, respectability should be, for one is not respectable if one is not thoroughly clean. Let one be wealthy as merchants and well born as princes, as the old Venetians used to claim they were, yet if one is a whitened sepulchre under one's finery, if one is not clean, one is not respectable. And only those people have made any pretensions to civilization of an advanced nature who have paid attention to bathing, the arts of the toilette, noble dress, and general cleanliness.—*Harper's Bazar*.

The Chinese Language.

The Chinese language is, perhaps, the most difficult of mastery among the languages of men. It is the most remarkable specimen of an isolating or monosyllabic language, which has been the instrument of a respectable civilization and the repository of abundant literature. Each word is a monosyllable, and expresses a complete idea. The written language is entirely different from the spoken. The characters represent not the sounds, but the ideas, and so, of course, must be as numerous. The whole number has been stated as high as 50,000, though it is probable that a good knowledge of even 10,000 would enable one to read any ordinary Chinese book, and to write intelligibly on any subject. But to make the individual and familiar acquaintance of even this number of unrelated particles in this great literary sandheap is a task truly prodigious.

Their literature is voluminous to a formidable degree. A collection of the Chinese classics, with commentaries and scholia, begun by a recent emperor, is said to contain 180,000 volumes. The printed catalogue of the same emperor's library consist of 122 volumes of 300 pages each, and is represented as a most creditable monument of literary genius and taste.

Of course, the great books of their literature, the center and germ of the whole, are the five ante-Confucian, called, in order, the Book of Changes, of Records, of Odes, of Rites, and Annals of Spring and Autumn. Of these the third, the Book of Odes, is regarded as the most ancient; going back, it is be-

lieved, to the eleventh century before Christ. Thus the three great collections of ancient hymns—the Hebrew hymns by David, the Vedic hymns of the Hindus, and the Chinese Book of Odes, have substantially the same date, and are out-ranked by nothing in literature save certain Hebrew historical books. It is also comforting to know that the choice specimens of Chinese wit and sentiment which are scattered over every tea chest and other article of Chinese manufacture, and which, of course, everybody has read with exquisite delight, are taken from the same ancient Book of Odes.—DR. HEMENWAY, in *Christian Advocate*.

Peculiarities of Authors.

Goethe abominated smoking, though he was a German. Bayard Taylor says that he tolerated the use of the pipe by Schiller and his sovereign, Carl August, but otherwise was very severe in denouncing it. Goethe himself somewhere says that "with tobacco, garlic, bed-bugs and hypocrites he should wage perpetual war."

Authors vary in their methods of composition. Hawthorne made innumerable notes of every flitting, quaint fancy, strange anecdote, or eccentric person. These notes he afterwards worked up into his stories. Several distinguished American writers have the habit of jotting a sentence, or a line or two here and there, upon a long page and then filling up the outline thus made with persistent revision.

Wordsworth used to compose aloud while walking in the fields and woods. Sometimes he would use a slate-pencil and the smooth side of a rock to jot down his lines. Walter Scott worked, fasting from five in the morning till about ten. He clung to his home and library, neatly arranged, where he could find any volume at a moment's warning. Lord Jeffrey used conversation to stimulate his mind to write a new article.

Professor Wilson, the "Kit North" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, jotted down in a large ledger "sketches," from which, when he desired an article, he would select and clothe it with muscle and nerve. He was a very rapid writer and composer, but would work only when he liked and how he liked. He maintained that any man in good health might write an entire number of *Blackwood's*.

Mrs. Lewes, "George Eliot," incubates for two or three years before she writes a book she writes a book, reading up her subject in scores and scores of volumes. She is one of the masters, so-called, of all learning, talking with scholars and men of science on terms of equality.—*Es.*

Ben Johnson.

"Rare old Ben," his friends called him—an English dramatist, contemporary with Shakespeare, used to dress shabbily. Being informed that Lord Craven would be pleased to see him, Ben went to his lordship's mansion. The porter, not liking his looks or dress, refused to admit him. Rough language and much noise attracted the nobleman to the door.

"I understood," said Ben, "that your lordship wished to see me."

"You, friend! Why, who may you be?"

"I am Ben Johnson."

"No, no, you can not be the great author who wrote 'The Silent Woman.' You look as if you could not say 'be' to a goose."

The dramatist, looking straight at the nobleman's face, with a comical air, cried, "Bo!"

"I am now convinced," said his lordship, "You are Ben Johnson."—*Standard*.