

Christian Family.

MISS MARY STUMP, EDITOR.

By-and-By.

What will it matter by-and-by,
Whether my path below was bright,
Whether it wound through dark or light,
Under the gray or golden sky,
When I look back on it, by and by?

What will it matter by-and-by
Whether unhelped I toiled along,
Dashing my foot against a stone,
Missing the charge of the angel'sigh,
Bidding me think of the by-and-by?

What will it matter by-and-by
Whether with laughing joy I went
Down through the years with a glad
intent,
Never believing, nay, not I,
Tears would be sweeter by-and-by?

What will it matter by-and-by
Whether with cheek to cheek I've lain
Close by the pallid angel, Pain,
Soothing myself through sob and sigh,
"All will be elsewise by-and-by?"

What will it matter? Naught if I
Only am sure the way I've trod,
Gloomy or gladdened, leads to God,
Questioning not of the how, the why,
If I but reach Him by-and-by.

What will I care for the unshared sigh,
If, in my fear of slip or fall,
Closely I've clung to Christ through all,
Mindless how rough the path might lie,
Since He will smooth it, by and by?

What will it matter by-and-by
Nothing but this—That Joy or Pain
Lifted me sky-ward, helped to gain,
Whether through rick, or smile or sigh,
Heaven—home—all in all, by and by!

Our Ferns.

A plea to-night, I bring for the
beautiful much abused ferns, that
cover our oak-crowned ridges, and
grace the sides of the grand old
mountains, that else would be bare
and drear. A dainty whiff of sweet-
scented fern as we crush the tender
feathery leaves, beneath our feet on a
June-day ramble upon the hillside,
sets the senses tingling, and we could
not if we would forget the haunting
sweetness of that June-day rest and
calm, while the subtle presence of the
fern about us, the lovely valley smil-
ing at our feet, we watched the
shadows from the summer clouds
come and go upon the delectable
mountains far beyond.

Other people may test of the deep
root and great tenacity of fern to its
native soil, I bring simply a word of
thanks to the delicate fronds and the
leaves fresh and sweet, that uncurl
from the stem which grows on the
bank of the shining stream, where
they lave their wings, or mingle its
fragrant like grunness with the brown
of dead twigs, and the swelling buds
of the willow.

Do not, I pray you, judge the
beauty of ferns from the stunted
growth that hides the places where
the biggest strawberries grow in
luxuriant wildness, but climb toward
the mountain heights, and there take
solace from the toils of life among
"nature's fallen temples," overgrown
now with the waving richness of fern
through which the deer, over fire
fallen trunks of great trees, show their
meek brown eyes a target for the
sure aim of the hunter's rifle.

We gaze at the petrified wonders of
huge fern stalks, that belonged to
another age, and try to imagine a
time when fern grew tall almost as
forest trees. But the wildwood frag-
rance of cool fresh fern leaves brings
us back and wins from us a smile for
their beauty and a sigh that their
dewy freshness fades so soon beneath
the careless touch.

If you would know and understand
the picturesque loveliness of the fern
kingdom you must seek it in its na-
tive haunts, when no plow has ruth-
lessly upturned it, nor where civiliza-
tion has marred nature's beauties; but
go watch the fern growth where the
blithesome birds twitter all the sum-
mer day long, and where will be found
beauties the thoughtless dream not
of, after the birds have fled and the
flowers lie dead, for the frost king,
though he turn the vivid green to

somber brown, cannot destroy the
witchery that weaves a spell of
beauty about even the brown curled
fronds of the autumn ferns that har-
monize with the dull leaden hue of
November skies and give a rich tone
to the russet and yellow of maple and
mountain vines.

Why He Don't Smoke.

The son of Mr. Jeremy Lord, aged
fourteen, was spending the afternoon
with one of his young friends, and his
stay was prolonged into the evening,
during which some male friends of
the family dropped in. The boys
withdrew with the backgammon-box
into the recess of the bay window at
the end of the room, and the gentle-
men went on chatting about the most
important matters of the day, politics,
etc. Still apparently enjoying the
game, the two boys yet kept their
ears open, as boys will, and taking
their cue from the sentiments ex-
pressed by their elders, indorsed one
or the other as they happened to
agree with them.

"Gentlemen, will you smoke?"
asked Mr. Benedict, the host. A sim-
ultaneous "thank you" went round,
and a smile of satisfaction lighted all
faces but one. Not that he was
gloomy, or a drawback on the rest,
but his smile was not one of assent.
A box of cigars was soon forthcoming,
costly and fragrant, as the word goes.
"Fine cigar," said one, as he held it
to his nose before lighting. "What
Linton! you don't smoke?"

"I'm happy to say I do not," was
the firm rejoinder.

"Well, now, you look like a smok-
ing man, jolly, care-free, and all that.
I'm quite surprised," said another.

"We are hardly doing right, are
we," asked a rubicund-visaged man,
who puffed away heartily, "to smoke
in the parlor? I concede that much
to my wife's dislike of the weed. She
makes a great ado about the curtains,
you know."

"For my part, that's a matter I
don't trouble myself about," said the
host, broadly. "There's no room in
this house too good for me and my
friends to smoke in. My wife has al-
ways understood that, and she yields,
of course."

"But you don't know how it chokes
her," said young Hal Benedict, sotto
voce. "Yes, indeed, it gets all through
the house, you know, and she almost
always goes into Aunt Nellie's when
there are two or three smoking.
There she goes now," he added, as the
front door shut.

"Why, it's absolutely driving her
out of the house, isn't it?" asked
Johnny. "Too bad!"

"Why don't you smoke, Dalton?"
queried one of the party; "fraid of
it? Given it up lately? It don't
agree with some constitutions."

"Well, if you want to know why I
don't smoke, friend Jay," was the an-
swer, "I will tell you. I respect my
wife too much."

"Why, you don't mean"—stammered
his questioner—

"I mean simply what I said. When
I married, I was addicted to the use
of cigars. I saw that the smoke an-
noyed her, though she behaved with
the utmost good taste and for-
bearance, and I cut down my cigars
so as to smoke only when going and
returning from business. I then con-
sidered what my presence must be to
a delicate and sensitive woman, with
breath and clothes saturated with the
odor, and I began to be disgusted
with myself, so that finally I dropped
the habit, and I can't say I'm sorry."

"I shouldn't be, I know," said an-
other, admiringly. "I'm candid
enough to own it, and I think your
wife ought to be very much obliged to
you."

"On the contrary, it is I who ought
to be obliged to my wife," said Mr.
Dalton, while the host smoked on in
silence, very red in the face, and evi-
dently wincing under the reproach that
was not meant.

"I say that Dalton's a brick," whis-
pered young Benedict, as he swept his
eyes off the board first.

"He's splendid!" supplemented
Johnny, who was thinking his own
thoughts while the smoke was really
getting too much for him, and present-
ly he took his leave.

The next day Johnny was thought-
ful, so quiet, indeed, that everybody
noticed it, and in the evening, when
his father lighted his pipe with its
strong tobacco, Johnny seemed on
thorns.

"I can't think that you don't re-
spect mother," he blurted out, and
then his face grew the color of scarlet
flannel.

"What do you mean?" asked his
father, in a severe voice. "I say,
what do you mean, sir?"

"Because mother hates the smoke
so; because it gets into the curtains
and carpet—and because I heard
Mr. Dalton last night give as a reason
that he did not smoke that he respect-
ed his wife too much!"

"Pshaw! Your mother don't mind
my smoking—do you mother?" he
asked, jocularly, as his wife entered just
then.

"Well, I—I used to rather more
than I do now. One could get accus-
tomed to anything, I suppose, so I go
on the principle that what can't be
cured must be endured."

"Nonsense! You know I could
stop to-morrow, if I wanted to," he
laughed.

"But you won't want to," she said
softly.

"I don't know whether Johnny's
father gave up the weed—most likely
not; but if you want to see what re-
ally came of it, I will give you a peep
at the following paper, written some
years ago, and which happens to be in
my possession."

"I, John Lord, of sound mind, do
make, this first day of January, 1861,
the following resolutions, which I pray
God I may keep:

"First. I will not get married till I
own a house. For I expect Uncle Henry
Lake will give me one of these
days, because my mother says he will.

"Second. I will never swear, be-
cause it is silly, as well as wicked."

"Third. I will never smoke, and
so make myself disagreeable to every-
body who comes near me; and I will
always keep these words as my motto
after I am married:

"I don't smoke, because I respect
my wife." Mr. Dalton said that, and I
will never forget it.

(Signed) "Etc, etc."

Isn't that boy all over? But Johnny
kept his word like a hero.—*Youth's
Companion.*

Farm Wisdom.

These are some sensible things said
by somebody.

It is worth while for all farmers to
remember that thorough culture is bet-
ter than three mortgages on a farm.

That an offensive war against weeds
is far less expensive than a defensive
one.

That good fences pay better than
lawsuits with neighbors.

That hay is a great deal cheaper
made in the summer than purchased
in the winter.

That a horse who lays back his ears
and looks lightning when any one ap-
proaches him is vicious. Don't buy him.

That scrimping the feed of fattening
hogs is a waste of grain.

That over-fed fowls won't lay eggs.

That educating children is money
lent at a hundred per cent.

That one evening spent at home in
study is more profitable than ten in
lounging about taverns.

That cows should always be milked
regularly and clean.

That it is the duty of every man to
take some good, reliable, entertaining
paper, and pay for it promptly, of
course.—*Id.*

Character is the diamond that
scratches every other stone.—*Idem.*

Amusing Little Ones.

My baby not three years old, is su-
perbly happy if allowed a piece of
newspaper spread over a cane seat
chair, and ivory knittingneedle, which
she punched in the paper to corres-
pond with those in the chair. For an
older child, a piece of printed paper, a
cushion and a pin, with directions to
pierce every o, for instance, or any
other letter chosen, will amuse a long
time. A forfeit for every letter omit-
ted, or a reward if there be no mistake
adds very much to the interest of the
occasion.

Another thing which amuses our ba-
bies is to get mama's box, of buttons
and a needle with a strong thread, and
allow them to string all the buttons
upon the thread. A few cheap beads
will answer the same purpose. I have
seen a child of four years amuse itself
many hours a day for weeks, with a
quantity of pasteboard, a number of
clean sound straws, cut into short, even
lengths, and a quart of beans, of vari-
ous sizes and colors. The pasteboard
was cut and folded by the child, with-
out assistance, into houses, chicken-
coops, dog-kennels, etc. The straws
were used for fence bars supported by
pasteboard posts, while the beans—
with four pins to form legs for the
large animals—were supposed to be
hogs, horses, cows and sheep.

Sometimes the house and its attend-
ant out-buildings were placed upon
books, which represented hills, while
the flocks and herds were restrained
in "the valley"—otherwise the floor
—by the straw fence. Sometimes a
hurricane—being a breeze from a large
fan—would bring destruction upon all,
and then the patient inhabitants—a
tiny china doll or two—would have to
re-locate and establish themselves.
These are only a few of many simple
ways in which girls, and boys, too may
entertain the wee ones.—*Heath and
home.*

A Palace of Silence.

Away up on the hill that overlooks
Naples stands the Carthusian monas-
tery of San Martino. The monks who
once inhabited the glorious palace—
for it is nothing else—were men of no-
ble birth and vast fortune. The church
is now one of the most magnificent in
Italy. Agate, jasper, lapis lazuli, am-
ethyst, Egyptian granite, and fossil-
wood, together with marbles of every
tint, are so blended in mosaics that
line the whole edifice, and the carv-
ings are so rich and graceful that the
interiors of some of the chapels seem
like Eden bowers transfixed by a mira-
cle and frozen into stone. And in this
spot lived a brotherhood who came
from the first circles of society, and
buried themselves in the gorgeous
tomb, for it was little else. The monks
took a vow of perpetual silence, lived

apart, ate apart, and met only for the
unsocial hours of prayer, when each
one was wrapped in his own medita-
tion, and no one uttered a syllable.
Each one of the little cells where they
slept had a small window or closet
communicating with one of the corri-
dors, and in this closet was placed the
frugal meal, which was then taken
from the cell and eaten in solitude.
Every quarter of an hour a bell struck
to remind the listeners that they were
so much nearer their death. In the
garden the railings are ornamented
with human skulls, and the only sounds
that used to disturb this splendid soli-
tude were the tread of sandalled feet,
the rustle of long white robes, or the
clang of the bell that told them of
their solemn lives, in brief moments
and yea might have seemed long to
them. These monks, like most others
in Italy, have been driven from their re-
treat and all their treasures confisca-
ted by Victor Emmanuel.—*Id.*

Sidney Smith once rebuked a swear-
ing visitor by saying, "Let us as-
sume that everything and everybody
are damned, and proceed with our
subject."

Some Triumphs of Poor Men.

It is not a little remarkable that
most of the mighty works of the world
have been accomplished by poor men,
but men so thoroughly absorbed in
their labor as to ultimately exercise
the most wide-spread influence. Da-
vid Livingstone, for instance, and
Smith, the Assyrian explorer, have re-
cently shown that it is not wealth
which makes a man famous. Living-
stone, who opened up the interior of
Africa, and whose memory is so fresh
that it need not be dilated upon, was
a factory boy. Sir William Herschel,
who made so many discoveries in as-
tronomy, actually came to England
when a youth from Germany, as a
street musician. It was a great step
when he became organist to the Octagon
Chapel at Bath. Unable to buy a tel-
lescope, he made one, and while in these
humble circumstances, discovered a
new planet, then called the Georgium
Sidus. From that moment he became
famous; but it is certain that it was
not the hope of public applause that
sustained him previously, but pure
love of science. Jenner, again, the in-
ventor of vaccination, which at this
moment is being so carefully enforced
in London, worked for twenty years in
the obscurity of a country village be-
fore his theory was accepted; and in
addition was bitterly satirized and
scorned. Sir Humphrey Davy was an
apothecary's apprentice, and at first
worked at his ideas with no better
materials than such small pots and
bottles as he could find in the kitchen.
There is a whole muster-roll of cele-
brated names in science of men poor
in their youth, whose disinterested la-
bors, pursued under every difficulty,
have afterward yielded benefits to
the world at large. The steam-engine
itself was brought into practical use
by James Watt, who had to earn his
daily bread by making mathematical
instruments and repairing fiddles, and
indeed seems to have been glad to get
almost any employment.—*Etc.*

It is not the best things—that is,
the things which we call best—that
make men; it is not the pleasant
things; it is not the calm experiences
of life; it is life's rugged experiences,
its tempests, its trials. The discipli-
ne of life is here good and there evil,
here trouble and there joy, here rude-
ness and there smoothness—one work-
ing with the other, and the alterna-
tions of the one and the other which
necessitate adaption to constitute
that part of the education which makes
a man a man, in distinction from an
animal, which has no education. The
successful man invariably bears marks
of the struggles which he has had to
undergo on his brow.—*Standard.*

The Good Natured Bear.

In the valley of Tajarrau, in Sibe-
ria, two children, one four and the
other six years old, rambled away
from their friends, who were hay-
making. They had gone from one
thicket to another, gathering fruit,
laughing and enjoying the fun. At
last they came near a bear lying on
the grass, and without the slightest
fear went up to him. He looked at
them steadily without moving. At
length they began playing with him,
and mounted upon his back, which he
submitted to with perfect good humor.
In short, both were inclined to be
pleased with each other; indeed, the
children were delighted with their
new playfellow.

The parents, missing the truants,
became alarmed, and followed their
track. They were not long in search-
ing the spot, when, to their dismay,
they beheld one child sitting on the
bear's back and the other feeding him
with fruit! They called quickly,
when the youngsters ran to their
friends, and Bruin, not seeming to like
the interruption, went into the forest,
apparently loth to part with his new
made friends.—*Athens's Siberia.*

The part for an unwelcome guest to
play is de-part.