

Christian Family.

MISS MARY STUMP, EDITOR.

Our Daily Reckoning.

If we sit down at set of sun,
And count the things that we have done,
And counting find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him who heard;
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count the day well spent.
But, if through all the life-long day
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
If through it all
We've done nothing that we can trace,
That brought the sunshine to a face;
No act, most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

—Household.

Courage to Live.

Not courage to die, but courage to live, is what poor striving humanity needs. Poets from time immemorial have sung the praises of those braving death in its myriad forms, and over and around the hero facing death 'mid a thousand dangers they breathe in poetic measure the immortal honors of a victory in death.

History too is replete with instances of heroic fortitude and agonies of death endured without a groan; seldom recognizing the heroism that inspired the disconsolate and gives courage to the down-trodden to live on and on in a world that keeps pushing them down when they have once started.

There are a thousand things (if indeed they can be numbered at all) that serve to vex the soul, weary the body, and make the struggle for life a hard one at the very best.

It takes courage, and that too of the sublimest kind, to turn aside or rise above the slanderous tale widely circulating; easier far to die, and end it all, the misery and shame, be the column false as the evil one himself.

Courage is needed when the heart is breaking over desertion of those who should have been more than all others, courage to smile and speak pleasant words, to take up the burden of life again with all the joy spent and but bitterness left. In anguish of spirit many a crushed soul fills a suicide's grave because it had not the courage to live and be jeered at and mocked.

Many a poor wayward mortal tried beyond endurance, falls, and then without strength of character to outlive shame and regret, on some dark night drops quietly from off the bridge, and next morning "one more unfortunate" is lying in the morgue, cold and stiff and still another soul has traveled the mystery of death and gone to its last account. It is true moral courage the inebriate needs, courage that will enable him to leave his evil ways and say no when the tempter lures him on to destruction. Much easier it is for him to destroy his unprofitable life, end his misery, and go he knows not, nor cares he whither, "anywhere out of the world."

How many weak erring souls there are in the world to-night whose abode is with sorrow, and whose companion remorse, whose courage is well nigh gone and into whose minds is creeping even now a wild, unrighteous desire to end all this woe and strife of living, to whom kind words and cheerful sympathy might come as an inspiration of renewed hope, and they gain therefrom courage to try again. Hearts weary to-night, overtaken by reverses and failure, the ravages of fire or floods, toil without recompense or fruitless endeavor to gain a place among men, too tired, too world-weary to dream of the blessing of heaven or dread the abode of the damned they sigh only for rest, blessed rest; life proved a failure, they seek quiet and oblivion in the grave. Aye, the world needs courage, courage not only to live, but to live lives that are worthy the living, noble, upright, and good; lives straight forward and

honest before all other men, and above all, lives pure and holy in the sight of the Lord, so that at the end, death may be met as life has been, with firmness and unflinching courage.

What the Teapot Said.

BY SARA KEADLES HUNT.

Little Allie had gone down into the kitchen to see Dinah get tea ready. The kitchen was a great place of delight to Allie, with its white table as shining as soap and sand could make it, the great range, and, above all, Dinah's black face, with its ever-ready smile for the little pale missy. Allie was not very strong; she was a quiet dreamy child, fond of fairy stories, and always asking, "Why?" and "What for?"

Now, as Dinah put the tea to draw, she watched her measure the right quantity and toss into the teapot the curly dried leaves; then she sat down on Dinah's easy chair before the fire and waited for the tea to draw. How bright and warm the fire was; how the tea kettle shone and sung from the back part of the stove; how cheery the teapot looked, and how good the tea began to smell. Allie leaned back and enjoyed it. Suddenly a voice seemed to issue from the depths of the teapot. Allie started so excitedly that Dinah's easy chair nearly went over. Could it be possible?

"Good evening, little lady," it said. "Are you a teatotaler?"

Allie was a little bewildered by such a question, coming from so unexpected a source. "Teatotaler?" said she thoughtfully. "What is that? Total means all; all for tea; I guess that's it. No, I'm not quite a teatotaler; I like coffee sometimes."

A little bubbling laugh came from the teapot then the faint, smothered voice began again: "Oh, dear, I'm just choking to here; I feel my strength all leaving me. Ah, what a life mine has been. I shall soon be good for nothing; I'm growing weaker and weaker. Would you like to know something of the life I have led, little lady?"

Allie declared she should; and the voice continued, sometimes merry and again in a half-sobbing tone, which touched Allie's feelings very deeply:

"The first that I remember of myself I was nodding and dancing about in the wind on a low bush away off on the hills of China. Around me were many companions, all well cared for and happy. There we grew in beauty, side by side, and filled the air with glee. But now we're severed, far and wide, in many a cup of tea. Ah, those delightful days before my trials came."

"Kou had no one to tease you," said Allie, smiling and venturing a little fun.

The voice shook so with laughter it could hardly proceed, and the lid of the teapot began to dance a jig. At last the story was resumed:

"Well, we were allowed to live there for a long time. Sometimes a white blossom appeared on our branches, like a lady come to a tea-party; but its stay was transient, and, after a while, it fell asleep, and queer looking people, with funny eyes and hair braided in a queue at the back of their heads, came and carried away the drooping form forever from our sight."

But one day, when we were the merriest, ah how well I remember that day, with its bright sunshine and soft airs—a number of women and children came, interrupting our conversation, and, before I could hide, a rough hand had seized me quickly and tore me away from my native bush. The next that I knew, my companions and myself were all lying in the sun, put there to wilt. So, hour by hour, we wilted, slowly and thoroughly; then away we were hustled into a shallow vessel made of the splints of bamboo, and a host of men, barefooted, came and trod on us, until

every fibre of our being was crushed and broken."

"Ugh!" said Allie; "is that the way they do? I never'll drink any more tea."

The voice chuckled a little. "The Chinese don't think it is dirty," it said; "they do a great many things like that, which they regard as a most neat operation. After this we were rolled by a great broad hand and then put over the fire to heat for half an hour; then out in the sun we were spread and left to dry. After that process was finished, we were taken away and sifted in coarse sieves and picked over, until we were perfectly bewildered. And now, sobbed the voice, "I am here; I have given my life for your people; I have been wilted, crushed, rolled, burned, sifted and boiled; and now farewell: my strength is gone, and I shall soon be cast out unfit for any more usefulness; my day is ended."

As the voice ceased, another strain seemed to come from the teapot; it was: "Sally, put the kettle on; we'll all take T."

Well, deary, your mamma is in the dining-room. Pen my honor, you have been asleep in Dinah's old chair. Go get your supper, honey."

Allie saw Dinah carry the fragrant tea into the dining-room and slowly followed her.

"Well, little daughter, the fire has given you quite a color," said her mama; "you look as if you had been taking a little nap; how is it?"

Allie smiled. Had she been asleep? "Dinah," said she, "after supper, what do you do with the tea-leaves?"

"Bress yer heart, honey. I frows 'em out in deash barrel; go look out de window—yer see 'em a lyin' dere on de ashes?" Allie saw them. Suddenly an old rag-picker came along, grasped the tea leaves, with a joyful face, and hurried away. Dinah laughed.

"Poor old man," she said. "I sees him come every day after de tea grounds frow'd away; and tite 'em off to make hisself a cup of tea. So I lays 'em carefully in a nice clean paper, and he goes off happy as a prince."

Allie said nothing, but she thought the mission of tea-leaf was not quite finished; its life and strength had not all gone, and perhaps in its last and weakest days it might give more comfort and pleasure than it ever had in its youth and strength.—N. Y. Observer.

The Wonders of Our Country.

The greatest cataract in the world is the falls of Niagara, where the water from the upper lakes forms a river of three-fourths of a mile in width, and then being suddenly contracted, pours over the rocks in two columns to the depth of 175 feet.

The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, where any one can make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river, and catch fish that have no eyes.

The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, being 4,000 miles long.

The greatest valley in the world is the Mississippi Valley. It contains 300,000 square miles, and it is one of the most fertile regions on the globe.

The greatest city park in the world is in Philadelphia. It contains 2,700 acres.

The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago.

The greatest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, 430 miles long and 1,000 feet deep.

The longest railroad at present is the Pacific Railroad, over 3,000 miles long.

The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Pilot Knob of Missouri, 350 feet high and two miles in circuit.

The best specimen of Grecian architecture in the world is the Girard College for Orphans in Philadelphia.

The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton Aqueduct in New York. It is 40 1-4 miles long and cost \$12,500,000.—Ez.

The Home of William Dean Howells.

If you accompany me, in a five minutes walk, through Harvard Square, up Garden street, past the common, whence the patriots of '75 started on their memorable march to Bunker Hill, and then up the beautiful Concord Avenue, which winds on-ward and onward through sunlight and shadow, until it loses itself, twelve miles away, in the first battlefield of the American revolution, I will show you the home of William D. Howells, a graceful poet and a writer of deliciously sweet English prose.

It stands a little back from the main street, and is hemmed in on all sides by tall, noble trees, which, in summer time, fairly enbower it with their foliage. The house is newly built in the modern style, and, in its external appearance, does not vary materially from many other similar edifices which are visible around it. Having passed through the gate, a short, narrow path conducts you to the main entrance, which is on the north side of the house. The bell rings; the door opens; and a moment later, you sit down in the study of the poet.

As you enter the room, the eyes first centre on the well-planned fireplace, with its polished dog-irons standing out from the hearth, and its capital set of mantel shelves, whereon are sundry pieces of old china, enamel, Venetian work, and other knick-knacks of story and interest. Two sides of the room are reserved for book-shelves, which, at a glance, you will observe are pretty neatly filled. In the centre of the room is the poet's desk, on which many of his poems, and all of his stories, have been penned. Mr. Howells, it needs hardly be said, is a very orderly personage, and I fancy that he will not chide me for saying that almost everything finds a place in his study and is in its place always. There are pictures on the walls and pictures in portfolios—the most attractive of these being, probably, sketches of famous men and women, whom the poet has seen and known.

One would say, after looking carefully through this room, that its busy occupant ought certainly to be among the happiest of men. Well, he is a happy and contented man, who takes the world as it goes, and rarely frets if it happens not to go as he would have it.—GEORGE L. AUSTIN, in June Wide Awake.

God Reigns.

The heart has just been smitten and is bleeding from the wound. Nature shrinks even from consolation. When a friend comes with exhortation to submission, and assurances of sustaining and comforting grace, we feel that it is kind in him, but he does not know the bitterness of our grief. It is easy to say, "Submit cheerfully," but it is hard to bring the writhing heart to acquiescence in its anguish. Some precious hope that was dear as life has been crushed, some one dearer by far than life, has been taken away, and it seems but mockery to attempt to convince the tortured spirit that its pangs can cease, that its wounds may be healed.

Truly there are sorrows for which there is no consolation in human sympathy, which no words from human lips can reach, nay nor any words of angel, or seraph, heal.

"With only silence for a benediction,
The angels come,
When in the shadow of a great affliction,
The soul sits dumb."

But there is a possibility of consolation in the deepest sorrow, and if the heart is not shut against it by pride and unbelief, we may experience the

blessedness of the light that shineth in darkness. There are words that are spirit and life because they come from the divine lips, warm with the love of the great heart of the Heavenly Father, fragrant with the balm and myrrh that drop from the locks of the beloved.

They are not cant or hackneyed phrases, nor of sentimental, transient feeling; they are substantial facts, to which in midst of the wildest storm of anguish, the soul can anchor.

Such a one is "God reigns." This is for his children, and for them alone. He reigns, they know he loves them, they know he is Almighty, that he is love, and when they realize that he reigns supremely, over them, and over all events, it must follow that he will control all events, in their interest; they are sure that "all things will work together for their good."

"God reigns," is to the Christian heart the inspiration of hope, the anchorage of faith, and the source of all consolation.—Our Young Men's Paper.

"Look on This Picture, Then on That."

BY F. F. VICTOR.

I have thought how, if I were a painter, I would personate California. She should be a girlish Cleopatra, large, supple-limbed, dusky-browed; fiery, yet indolent; voluptuous, yet unconscious; intellectually, a queen; really a dreaming, romantic maiden. Her throne should be the russet-colored hills; her mantle the violet haze. Her girdle should be gold; her sceptre silver, and her crown the native hay, mingled with wild oats and golden poppies. Behind her throne should tower the grand Sierras; at her feet should murmur the blue Pacific, stretching far away to where, on the horizon, a white-winged fleet fixed the dreamy look in the lustrous dark eyes of my girl queen.

But opposite to it I would have my Cleopatra's Antony: Young, lithe, strong, and beautiful, with Empire written on his brow, and power, tempered by mildness, beaming from his eyes. Of fair complexion, he, with tawny blonde hair and curling golden beard. His robe should be of the richest purple, embroidered with wheat ears; and his crown of burnished gold. His throne should be amidst the rugged mountains; with rolling yellow plains on one hand, and smiling green valleys on the other. His sceptre, shaped like the tapering fir tree, should be of silver, set with opals, garnets and diamonds. At his feet should roll the magnificent Columbia; while in the distance mighty ships should seek its entrance; and over his shoulder the white crest of Mount Hood stand blushing in a rosy sunset. So would I personate the young giant, OREGON.—West Shore.

COFFEE.—It is somewhat singular to trace the manner in which arose the use of the common beverage of coffee, without which few persons in any half or wholly civilized country in the world now make breakfast. At the time Columbus discovered America, it had never been known or used. It only grew in Arabia or Upper Utopia.

The discovery of its use as a beverage is ascribed to the Superior of a monastery in Arabia, who, desirous of preventing the monks from sleeping at their nocturnal services, made them drink of the infusion coffee, after hearing the reports of shepherds who observed that their flocks were more lively after browsing on the fruit of that plant. Its reputation spread through the adjacent countries, and in about two hundred years it had reached Paris. A single plant, brought there in 1714, became the parent stock of all the French coffee plantations in the West Indies. The extent of the consumption now can hardly be realized. The United States alone consumes it at a cost, on its landing, of from \$15,000,000 to \$16,000,000.—Ez.