

Christian Family.

MISS MARY STUMP, EDITOR.

Ambition.

BY MRS. E. L. WATSON.

"And what is its reward? At best a name!"  
"Praise—when the ear has grown too dull to hear!"  
"Gold—when the senses it should please are dead!"  
"Wreaths—when the hair they cover has grown gray!"  
"Fame—when the heart it should have thrilled is maimed."  
I knew him when a school-boy, he made his Maiden effort. Ambition was his idol. His eye was  
Like the eagle's, and from his lip the breath  
An eloquence felt and adored by weaker spirits.  
He went out into the world filled with high hopes  
And glorious promises. He had no dread of rivalry,  
While men bowed down and women were shipwrecked;  
Fame brought him wealth, he could count his gold  
By ingots. Slaves came and went to do his bidding,  
His laugh was echoed back by fawning sycophants,  
And none dare sigh when he saw fit to smile.  
One of earth's fairest crossed his glittering path. He won her  
For his bride. The eagle mated with the dove. He loved,  
She idolized. And thus their lives went on. Higher still he climbed fame's ladder until Nepenthe's cup  
Drowned all save the image of the first love he knew.  
Spirit ever knew. The love of power—the wild dominion  
Over lesser minds which entered once shut in its  
Visitor for ever. But amid his wild and feverish  
Dreams did he forget the one he left, to pine within  
His palace walls? Forget her, no! Her name  
Ministered to his purpose, and it became one  
Step stone to his mighty goal.  
Sometimes he came, as wanderers do, back to  
His home again—but then his hours were not  
His own. He was closeted with strangers, and  
He seemed to think her too exacting if she prayed  
For one still hour of quiet by his side. And it was  
Often repeated, till she came to feel her love was  
Wasted on a senseless shrine.  
The brimming beaker overflows as the last drop  
Falls upon its surface,—you may trample on  
The flower till its fragrance fills the air,  
And it may come again when Spring shall hang her blossoms on the trees. Let the caged  
Bird free, and its song will trill as merrily  
To the breeze as if it never pined in bondage.  
You may quench the flaming torch but it may  
Be relit by the same fires that gave it birth;  
The broken harp may be re-strung—but the  
Human heart is so delicately fashioned and  
So strangely strung, its chords once jarred its notes are dissonance forever.  
A change came over the spirit of his dreams.  
The world became his Bruins, and he fell a  
Victim to the changeful folly of the crowd.  
Wounded and sore he sought his home, yearning  
For the love he had so lightly cast away.  
'Twas dead,  
And in the heart's cavern was a sepulchre of buried  
Hopes—of aspirations smothered ere they saw the light  
The stous was rolled before the door, and the last  
Firm seal was set.  
The throng had left him and he was alone, For him the laurel was a crown of thorns, He took the dear bought circlet from his fame-cursed  
Brow and bowed his head upon the chilling Marble at his feet, and wept in anguish that He was not lowly born. And such is  
Fame!  
And such is its reward!  
Canton, April, 1877.  
"An atheist is an infidel gone to good."—Lucas.

Rainy Days.

They are not necessarily unpleasant days, though people that must needs grumble, generally make them so; it would be well for their friends, if such people would only devote all their growling to anathematizing the weather, instead of finding fault, snubbing and sneering at other people.  
By rainy days, I do not mean the short winter days, with evenings four or five hours long, that the whole household looks forward to with pleasure, but I do mean June days when it does seem that the clouds will never cease dropping their garnered fulness down; when the rose-bushes covered with full-blown roses threaten you with a deluge if you attempt to pluck one; when the pear-trees drip and you cannot stir abroad after the shower for fear of contracting a cold from wetting your feet in the heavy grass.  
I mean too, days in September, when a continuous drizzle, drizzle makes one nervous and the ceaseless drip, drip, drip, from the eaves mocks the golden fruitage of the orchard and the bending fields of ripening grain. It is trying to the patience, but because (as some one has expressed it) dame nature sees fit to appear in undress, it is no reason why you should go moping up and down the porch or stand idly drumming on the window sill, clad in an old wrapper, pouting and giving vent to a miserable temper, blaming everybody and thanking no one. It is unworthy of you, just turn philosopher, go upstairs, don your prettiest robe, smooth out the snarls from your temper as you brush out the tangles from your hair, put on your brightest tie and you will already begin to feel self-complacent, for there is no such thing as respecting one's self in a cloudy dress; go down stairs where all are looking disconsolate, smile at everybody, kiss the baby, pet the dog, talk to the birds, rattle off a galop on the piano, and then if you really want to enjoy a rainy afternoon draw an easy chair close to the window and forget everything in the perusal of an interesting book or what is better—an old scrap-book, musty and yellowed by age and filled from cover to cover with odd bits of choice literature and maybe an autograph here and there. A bundle of old newspapers and magazines, too, may prove vastly entertaining on a rainy day, especially if there is a friend to chat with you pleasantly over the old stories, notices, fashions, and funny paragraphs.  
Try passing it thus, and you will hardly deem it a hardship to endure a rainy day.  
A Night in the Station-house.  
Society licenses persons to make men crazy. An hour's time and a shilling's worth of poison, will transform a quiet inoffensive man into a wild raving maniac, and send him howling through the streets like a madman, or raving like a demon into home which once was full of happiness and peace.  
Society, having licensed men to make folks insane, appoints other men to take care of the other madmen, to protect society from their frenzied rage, and to lock them up behind iron bars till their madness has subsided. They cannot watch them constantly; they may guard society in the streets, but how little can they do for the poor wretches who once within their homes, rave as if seven demons possessed them, and abuse and murder those they have vowed to cherish and protect.  
These strong men who, at the peril of their own lives, protect society from the brutalities of such madmen, sometimes see strange sights. Let us look in on the picture of one of them as penned by an observer:  
It was a forlorn sight.  
A drunken father, blue-eyed and bleated, to whose hand a child of five years clung with a tenacious grasp,

"What's this man brought in for?" asked the Chief of Police.  
"Disorderly conduct, throwingstones at people, cursing and swearing."  
"Very well; put him into the cell. But stop; there's the child!"  
The little fellow was an exceptionally beautiful boy. He had gray-blue eyes, so large and so pitiful that their glance appealed to the Chief's stout heart. His complexion, where it was not discolored by dirt and tears was the finest and fairest. His lips were like cherries. His yellow hair curled thickly over his noble shaped head.  
"That man has seen better days," said the Chief to himself. "Come, bub, your father must go in the cell. We'll find a place for you somewhere."  
"No, no, sir; oh, no!" cried the boy in a terrified voice. "I go with papa. Oh! please don't take me from my papa."  
"But child, you must. See here, Colbert, you must take the child away."  
Easier said than done. The little fellow caught his father's hands, clung to his body, which staggered, at his touch, all the time screaming in heart-breaking tones, that he must, he would go with papa.  
"L'm alone," said the man at last, seeming to come out of his stupor for a moment.  
"Don't ye see—he's got nobody but me? L'm alone."  
"I can't allow the child to go into the cell," said the Chief, "but I can't bear to hear his cries. I suppose there's nothing else, to do. He must go. Put them in together, Colbert."  
So they were put in together in the dark, stifling den, and the door was shut. The little fellow cuddled himself against the half-insensible form, and laid his head upon his father's bosom. So they slept together.  
The faint light looked in through the grating bars when, on the following morning, the father awoke and bestirred himself. Of course, as is usually the case, he wondered where he was and how he came there. The last thing he remembered, he had gone into a saloon alone and drank a few glasses, and then recollection ceased. Where was his hat? where his coat? And looking round, he cried out in agony:  
"God of heaven! there's little Benny!"  
Yes; there was little Benny, the pure, fair child, the idol of a broken-hearted mother. There was little Benny, and he had spent the night in this hole.  
The man fairly beat his breast as he looked down on that curly head.  
"Husband and child both," he muttered bitterly. "Too bad, too bad."  
At that moment, the blue eyes of the boy opened. He raised himself in wonder, but as he met his father's gaze, he smiled like an angel.  
"The bad man would put you in here, papa, but I wouldn't let him take me. You didn't know anything, papa, when I found you in the street. You lost your hat—I guess the wind took it—and the boys were all laughing. You was sick; wasn't you, papa? And when the bad man took you off, I came too. Now, let's go home and tell mamma all about it. Let's tell her we was stole!" and the dear unconscious little fellow laughed merrily over the brilliant idea.  
But that father! God help him! His heart was touched as it never had been before. He could not speak—could scarcely think. What was the mother suffering that moment? and this awful sin that had led him into its toils—it never had looked as it looked to him now, within the unsightly cell the faint light lying on the curls of his innocent boy.  
And when they went out, there stood the mother who, half distracted, had been wandering and searching all night. Oh! what a sight for her gentle, loving eyes! With a wild cry, she fell upon the neck of the child, and

drawing him away sank to the floor with him, sobbing as if her heart would break.  
Such are the sad scenes that God sees and men see from day to day. Poor maniacs! poor wives! poor children! who shall protect you from this dire and deadly curse? Who shall deliver you from this dark and terrible thrall. Law permits the curse; respectable men deal out the poison; and wealthy church members "in good and regular standing," own the buildings where this devilish work is done, and pocket the rents that are wrung from the drunkard's trembling hands, and coined from the torn and broken hearts of drunkard's sorrowing wives and helpless children. "How long, O Lord, how long?"—The (Boston) Christianian.  
Harry's Manners.  
BY RUTH POOL.  
Little Harry had come from his city home to make his summer visit at grandpa's. "Ain't you got a big yard?" he exclaimed, as he stepped out upon grandpa's green acres, beside the silvery river, the morning after his arrival, which had been after dark of the evening before. Now began blissful days of out-door play and fun. The child was almost beside himself with delight. He could scarcely spare time and breath to put "Ma'am" and "Sir" after "Yes" and "No," as he had always been taught to do.  
His mamma gave him many gentle reminders, but he was in such a hurry that he could not remember. One day he said, "Mamma, I guess I've left my manners at home. I'll write to papa and ask him to send them to me." So as the little fellow could not write, his mother used the pen, and these are the words he gave her to put down:  
"Dear papa:  
"Please send my manners. I left my manners in Troy. I want you to search round the cellar, in the closet, and up stairs in the bed, and see if you can find them. Look in your bag and see if you brought them back to Troy. Good-bye, dear papa."  
HARRY.  
Harry went away before the manner's came. He said to his aunt: "After I'm gone, you'll get a letter, and inside of it will be a lot of 'yes ma'ams,' 'yes ma'ams.' You must keep them till I come again."  
"I think Harry will bring his manners next time. He is a loving child, very thoughtful and kind, only sometimes, when he is just about crazy with play, he forgets to be polite."  
Dear children, all, do be careful not to leave your manners behind you, wherever you go. But there is another thing still more important: be sure to use your manners when you are at home. If you don't use them every day, they will grow rusty and rough, like steel knives put away. Mamma's knives must be used every day. It is not so bad to leave your manners behind when you go away on a visit, as it is to forget to use them when you are at home. You must be as polite to your papas and mammas as you would be to a king and queen.—N. Y. Observer.  
SCOLDS.  
Be the mass of printed assertion what it will, the experience of the world proves that men can scold as bitterly and unjustly as women. There is always some tender woman to excuse the shortcomings of a man, some mother, or wife, or daughter, who puts in her gentle "ohs" and "ahs" and "my dears," like sticks to stay the progress of a torrent, when a man gives way to temper. And around him she folds the mantle of her soft excuses, thinks of his headache, or his corns, or his tight shoes, or the dinner he ate that did not agree with him; and as for her own thorn-pricks, she hides them under lace and velvet, and defies her dearest and nearest friend to see or suspect them. That is what she does when she is loving and

confiding, and, as with the other accusation, never resented, that women have the monopoly of gossip, so it is with the imputation of scolding. Now men scold and women scold. To scold is the impulse of undisciplined human nature, in which both men and women share. It shows weakness of character, as well as infirmity of will, and is almost always a complete demonstration of a feeble mind. A strong, well-balanced, cheerful, sunny make-up, mental and physical, has not to descend to vituperation and offensive talking.—Woman's Journal.  
Heroism.  
"O dear," said Willie Grey, as he sat on the saw-horse and looked at the kindling wood which he ought to have been splitting for his mother, "I do wish I could do something for the world, some great action that every one could admire, that would make the country and the whole world better and happier. I wish I could be a hero, like Washington or a famous missionary, like Judson, but I can't do anything or be anything."  
"Why do you want to be a hero?" asked his cousin John Maynard, who, coming up just then, happened to overhear his soliloquy.  
"Q," said Willie coloring, "every one admires a hero, and talks about him, and praises him after he is dead."  
"That's the idea, is it?" said John.  
"You want to be a hero for the sake of being talked about."  
Willie did not exactly like this way of putting it.  
"Not only that but I want to do good to people—convert the heathen—or—save a sinking ship, or save the country, or something like that."  
"That sounds better, but believe me, Willie, the greatest heroes have been men who have thought least about themselves and more about their work, and so far as I can recollect now the great—I mean according to the Christian standard—have always begun by doing the nearest duty however small." And here John took up the ax and began to split the kindling wood.  
Willie jumped off the saw-horse, and began to pick up the sticks without saying a word; but though he said nothing, he thought the more.  
"I've wasted lots of time thinking what great thing I might do if I only had the chance," he thought; "and I've neglected the things I could and ought to do, and made a lot of trouble for mother. I guess I'd better begin my heroism by fighting my own laziness."—Alliance.  
PRECAUTIONS OF A BOOK LENDER.  
A correspondent of the Boston Transcript writes: "I have a considerable library, quite miscellaneous in make-up, and I have for years lent books under certain restrictions. In the first place, I seldom lend a volume out of a set, or if for good cause I make an exception, I stipulate the time for its return, as I am a firm believer in what is worth borrowing is worth returning. In the second place, I keep an account of the books I loan; to whom and when. In the third place, when I need to use a book loaned, or when I think it has been out long enough to be read, I send for it, whether the borrower be friend, neighbor or acquaintance. In the fourth place, I always intend to cover with paper a book I lend, though I believe a careful borrower should do this if the book is taken uncovered. As to fine bindings, I am more chary about loaning, my decision depending upon the borrower and my opinion of him or her. I seldom have lost a book by lending. If the borrower dislikes being reminded of his delinquency in keeping the book an unnecessarily long time, or of my (the owner) needing the same, perhaps he will not soon again borrow, which decision on his part suits me exactly, if my experience with him shows his principles."  
Society is said to be nothing but a mixture of mister-ies and miss-eries.