

Christian Family.

MISS MARY STUMP, EDITOR.

A New Poetical Melange.

Below is a remarkable literary onus in the shape of a melody of distinguished poems. It is nearly the equal of the one now so famous, which is to be found in the scrap-book of nearly every lover of the beautiful in measure. This new arrangement of some fourteen months' study of the various authors of England and America, living and dead. The reader will notice that each line is a quotation from some one of the standard poets of America and England. It embraces the words of thirty-eight different poets. The number of each line refers to its author below:

LIFE.

1. Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
2. Life's a short summer, man a flower;
3. By turns we catch the vital breath and die—
4. The cradle and the tomb, alas! sonnet.
5. To be is far better than not to be,
6. Though all man's life seems a tragedy;
7. But light cares speak, when mighty griefs are dumb,
8. The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
9. Your fate is but the common fate of all;
10. Unmingled joys here to no man fall.
11. Nature to each allots her proper sphere
12. Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.
13. Custom does not often reason overrule,
14. And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.
15. Live well—how long or short, permit to heaven;
16. They who forgive most shall be most forgiven,
17. Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
18. Vile intercourse where virtue has not place;
19. Then keep each passion down, however dear,
20. Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear.
21. How sensual pleasures let faithless pleasures lay.
22. With craft and skill, to ruin and betray;
23. Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise;
24. We masters grow of all that we despise.
25. Oh, then, renounce that fustian self-esteem!
26. Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.
27. Think not ambition wise, because 'tis brave;
28. The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
29. What's ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat,
30. Only destructive to the brave and great.
31. What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
32. The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.
33. How long we live, not years but actions tell.
34. That man lives twice who lives his life well.
35. Make, then, while yet we may, your God your friend,
36. Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.
37. The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just.
38. For, live we how we can, die we must.

1. Young; 2. Dr. Sam Johnson; 3. Alexander Pope; 4. Prior; 5. Sewall; 6. Spenser; 7. Daniel; 8. Sir Walter Raleigh; 9. H. W. Longfellow; 10. Southwell; 11. Congreve; 12. Churchill; 13. Rochester; 14. Armstrong; 15. Milton; 16. Bally; 17. Trench; 18. Somerville; 19. Thompson; 20. Byron; 21. Emerson; 22. Crabbe; 23. Massinger; 24. Crowley; 25. Deity; 26. Cowper; 27. Sir W. Darnley; 28. Gray; 29. Willis; 30. Addison; 31. Dryden; 32. Quaker; 33. Watkins; 34. Herrick; 35. Mason; 36. Hill; 37. Tins; 38. Shakespeare.

Sacred Mountains.

Whenever God has seen fit to hold converse with his earthly children, or to grant them great mercy, he has called them from the valleys up the rugged sides of the everlasting hills, to meet him and receive his revelations upon the mountain tops. Upon the summit of Mt. Ararat Noah's ark rested when it alone of all the earth escaped the greed of the raging waters. A monument in remembrance of God's mercy to him who had neglected his duty as a man and a Minister of God, and to his faithful people, the mighty ark of the East as the one beats back the other from the bulwarks of Turkish fortresses.

Mt. Sinai rises high its head above the stony plains of Arabia Petraea,

mountain which sacred history reveres as being the place where Moses received the law; carrying the tablet of stone down the mountain side to the multitudes below after receiving them fresh from the hand of Omnipotence upon Sinai's clouded heights above.

From Mt. Nebo's top Moses viewed the goodly pastures of the promised land, of which the "chosen people" were so soon to take possession, but into which their leader was to never enter.

To Mt. Tabor, standing in lone and solemn grandeur upon the great plain of Esdraelon, we turn accepting the general belief that upon its summit transpired the scene of the transfiguration. There descended from heaven the great law-giver of Israel, and the chief of all the prophets to lay down their mission at the feet of Jesus, who was greater than them all. Mt. Tabor heard the onward rush of Sisera's iron chariots and recoiled the triumphal song of Deborah, the prophetess of Israel. More modern wars have baptized with blood this sacred mountain. Not very much more than half a century ago, Napoleon, with a mere handful of men fought with the immense Turkish army upon the plain at Tabor's foot, piling the holy ground with heaps of slain, and now again in our own days it is desecrated by the strife of contending nations. But above the bloody carnage we behold the radiant glory of the Master and the shining robes of Moses and Elijah while Peter and James and John caught glimpses through the cloud of heaven's brightness and glory.

Few mountains are more interesting to the gentle believer than Mt. Olivet, from which the ascension was made. Tradition awards Mt. Olivet the honor of receiving the last impress of our Divine Master's footsteps. It lies directly east from Jerusalem, separated from it by the deep valley of Jehoshaphat upon its brow and upon its rising sides grow the thorns of which the Savior was crowned in mockery.

With what deep interest do we view the mountains that cluster around Jerusalem, all rich in sacred association and breathing deep lessons of vital importance to us who would tread in the way our Lord has gone.

Moriah stands a monument to perpetuate the faith of Abraham who stayed not his hand to sacrifice his son when commanded by the Lord. Moriah also, we all know, was the site of that great beautiful temple Solomon builded unto the Lord, in the days of his prosperity, and which, after standing four hundred years the glory of the kingdom, was plundered and left a heap of ruins by the Chaldeans.

We come now to Mt. Calvary, which witnessed the anguish of that awful scene, the crucifixion of the Son of God. Learned scholars disagree as to the place consecrated by the death of Jesus, and of all the "holy places." This has given rise to the fiercest disputes, but upon the place most generally accepted an enormous church now stands dispelling the awe and reverence the place would have for us, did nature and solitude but reign over Calvary and Joseph's garden.

Literary Women.

Because God bestowed upon a woman the gift of "expressing beautiful thoughts in graceful words," is it any proof that he has kept from her the power of being and doing all things? When will the world be convinced of the erroneousness of its idea, that a woman can not be intellectual without neglecting household duties?

Even Horace Greely says that he would rather his daughter should be a woman of letters than a woman who could edit a paper, as though the two were incompatible. Some conservative persons as soon as a woman writes a book, begin saying, "Why doesn't she cook her husband's dinner instead?"

How do they know, but what she does, and does it well, too. We have yet to learn that a cultivated intellect is any bar to the performance of domestic duties; and it is certainly hard, if a woman have tastes and talents for something else, that she should be confined to the narrow sphere encircling the teak stove and mending basket, when her pen would bring enough to hire competent help in household affairs, and thus the world would gain much more by it.

Read, not long ago, the following, written by a gentleman: "A literary woman once invited me to visit her; the invitation was accepted, and upon entering her house the most disagreeable confusion met my astonished gaze. Of course the question was then settled. Wonder if he never saw a house in confusion whose keeper was not literary? No doubt it was said, 'it is because she is a literary woman,' when in truth it was because she was untidy."

Many persons have the idea, that when a woman writes at all, her whole time is devoted to it.

Fanny Forrester says, "People talk about my writing, as though that were the only thing I ever did. Why don't they say something about my teaching, and all the other work I do."

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is one of the most talented and pleasing writers, of which our country can boast. Her pen has wielded a wonderful influence, yet those who read her early stories, knew very little of their history. Having married a man with more brains than money, poverty sometimes knocked hard at her door. When necessity demanded, she would get a colored woman, who lived nearby, to take care of the children for a day, and shutting herself up in a room would write a story. With the money received for one of them she bought her first feather bed.

The hand that now writes out the wonderful product of her genius, toiled faithfully for years in household work, and even then gained credit for only what she wrote.

We often hear it quoted, "She is a miserable housekeeper," but Miss Catherine Beecher in an article called "Fallacies Concerning the Beecher Family," flatly contradicts the assertion.

The composition of the beautiful song, that has brought to so many thoughts of the dear ones gone "Over the River," was no interruption to a day's labor. It is said to have been written hastily, during an intermission of work at the Lowell Factory.

I can not think that Mrs. Browning's "Fair Young Florentine" ever felt less tenderness in the caress of his poet mother's hand, less sweetness in her kiss, or ever received from her less care and instruction than would have been his, had she not been gifted to "move two nations with one song."

Be careful, then, do not judge a whole class by a few; and I protest against every fault in a literary woman's life, being laid to the fact that she is a writer, leaving the inference that all other women are embodiments of perfection because they are not writers. All they ask is justice.

LOLA LEONARD.

Love Letters.

Written for the Messenger.

Not long since a paragraph went the rounds of the papers which advised the burning of all letters excepting those of a business nature, giving as a reason that it is not unusual in these days for letters of the sacred and private character to be dragged into the courts and made to subservient ends that neither writer nor recipient ever dreamed possible. Instances were cited of letters being seized by the hands of delicate and refined women, filled with expressions of regard and endearment, and meant only for the eyes of one, had been read

to hundreds of listeners and scattered by the press all over the land, the words that had been prompted by emotions that the writer had veiled with studied care from the eyes of the world thus becoming the subject of ridicule for thousands; and, the writer, by a queer species of injustice lowered in the estimation of friends and strangers.

Then, said the writer of the paragraph, burn the letter. Let no sentiment of love or friendship constrain any one to preserve such dangerous tale-tellers.

He should have added that it were better not to write love-letters at all. A word or expression that the impulse of a moment may bring to the lips, when studiously conveyed to paper loses the excuse for its utterance. There is a subtle difference 'twixt words spoken and words written. A friend will bury a spoken word in his heart, but every written word the world claims as its owner. It may allow them to fade and mildew, but it will surely press its claim at last. How many a foolish letter would remain unwritten could the writer but foresee its fate!

Many a proud and sensitive woman has been smarted when the knowledge has come to her that an unworthy and discarded lover has exposed to vulgar eyes the letters she addressed to him when as yet he held her respect.

And it is not rare for men possessed of a coarse sort of egotism, when proud of a confidence they have won, to bandy about among their friends letters, that a common instinct of human nature should prompt them to hide away and regard as too sacred for other eyes than his own.

Not very long ago occurred a case in point. The young lady's letters were read by dozens of disinterested individuals, and laughed about and commented upon in the saloons and on the street corners. She, perhaps, will never recover from the wound inflicted by the coarse hand of one who possibly may have esteemed her as highly as he could any one other than himself. Carelessness and accidents every day cause letters to reveal their secrets; then would it not be far better never to put the heart upon paper than to risk its being trampled under foot by the multitude? Sensible, cordial letters are all that should pass between any two persons, no matter how intimate their relation may be; those that would cause the writer to blush for the world to read, should remain forever unwritten.

M. P.

Wyckliffe and Pius IX.

Sunday, June 3d, was a high day at Rome. Pius Nono celebrated the jubilee of his Episcopal consecration, while on the same day, the Italian people celebrated with great rejoicing the thirtieth anniversary of their political constitution, which also is a kind of jubilee, as thirty years about represents the life of a generation, and the Roman Church has itself ordained that each generation should have its jubilee. The coincidence of the two celebrations at Rome is not a little striking, and it brings out into very bold relief the wonderful changes in the condition and the prospects of European society which have been accomplished within the Pontificate of the present Pope. At the same time we are called to celebrate a still more significant and important jubilee—the jubilee of John Wyckliffe, the 500th anniversary of the formal condemnation of his doctrine by the Papal Court. So we are living in the atmosphere of jubilee. It is curious that the 500th year of the Pontificate of Pius Nono, which began as a great concourse of pilgrims to Rome, with gifts and offerings and every demonstration of joy, falls in the very month of the 500th anniversary of the formal condemnation of the first principles of the English Reformation by his predecessor. If he will trouble himself to, compare

Roman Italy as it was when a few years ago he ceased to have power to blight it, with the England which Gregory XI. was so sure would be cursed and blasted if the pestilent ideas of Wyckliffe were allowed to spread, it may be suggestive of some fruitful though humbling reflection. The England which by all Papal rules should be groveling in misery, and cowering in shame, has passed on to the van of the world. The most free active, intelligent, industrious, and prosperous of peoples has grown strong and glad under the teaching which the Pope cursed with such bitter vengeance; while the successor of Gregory calls himself sadly the prisoner of the Vatican, and the enemies who have, as he maintains, despoiled him, celebrate their jubilee, and make merry, under his very eyes. The contrast is certainly a striking one between Protestant England and Vatican Rome; nay, we may go further, and say between Teutonic Protestantism in England, Germany, America, and Australia, and the kingdoms which still wither under the sway of the Latin Church.—English Independent.

NOONS OF MULTITUDE.—A little girl was near the picture of a number of ships, when she exclaimed, "See what a flock of ships!" We corrected her by saying that a flock of ships was called a fleet, and a fleet of sheep was called a flock. And here we may add, for the benefit of the foreigner who is mastering the intricacies of our language in respect to the nouns of multitude, that a flock of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of worshipers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentlefolk is called the elite, and a miscellaneous crowd of city folk is called the community, or the public.

A new truth has to encounter three normal stages of opposition. In the first it is denounced as an imposture; in the second—that is, when it is beginning to force itself into notice—it is cursorily examined and plausibly explained away; in the third, or "cui bono" stage, it is decried as useless, and hostile to religion; and when it is fully admitted, it passes only under a protest that it has been perfectly known for ages, a proceeding intended to make the new truth ashamed of itself, and wish it had never been born.—Dr. Herbert Mayo.

The longest-lived people, according to the Jewish Chronicle, are the Jews. Among them it remarks, "Hereditary disease is very rare; scrofula is scarcely to be found, their freedom from intermarriages preserving the initial purity of their blood. Their exemption from infection in such scourges as typhus, cholera, the plague, has often been remarked, but it is attributed to the scrupulousness with which the vast majority attend to the hygienic prescriptions of their ritual. The average length of life exceeds that of their Christian contemporaries by five years, a fact to be recommended to the notice of life insurance companies. In addition to the favorable conditions already mentioned, this may be in part due to their predilection for such trades and professions as are not dangerous, and which permit the strict observance of their religious laws. Immigrants, bankers, miners, and so on, to be found among the English Hebrews."—Ez.