

Christian Family.

MISS MARY STUMP, EDITOR.

Three Seasons.

"A cup for hope!" she said, In springtime ere the bloom was old; The crimson wine was poor and cold By her mouth's richer red.

"A cup for love," how low, How soft the words: and all the while Her blush was rippling with a smile Like Summer after snow.

"A cup for memory!" Cold cup that one must drain alone, While autumn winds are up and mean Across the barren sea.

Hope, memory, love; Hope for fair morn and love for day, And memory for the evening gay, And solitary dove.

—Christina Rossetti

August Days.

O! these August days, perfect days, with "Summer's green all girded up in sheaves," while

"Round about us orchards sweep, Apple and peach-tree fruited deep."

The sun shines hot upon the hillside, but under the orchard trees where the bees fly in and out, the cool shadows of the pear trees fall upon the short grass in strange, fantastic figures. Half a mile away through the boughs of peach trees laden now with crimson fruit, the wheat field glows and ripens in the noonday glare. We go black-berrying too these early August days, heaping our pails with luscious fruit, comforting ourselves in a quiet way for our scratched bleeding hands with, "There will be briars where berries grow," and with all the other trite allusions we can conjure up, solacing ourselves too as we turn homeward with a look, a long, long look at the royal splendor of an August sunset. Then the long delicious twilights full of rest and heartsease, sitting silent out on the old porch while a mellow voice within pours forth exultingly the beautiful words of "Harvest Home."

No days of the whole year deck the world in so brilliant a robe as do the yellow harvest days of August; no not even the green valleys of spring-time, nor the gorgeous frost brightened maple leaves of October can surpass the golden glory of the harvest glow and the touch of August sunshine kissing to a ruddy ripeness the bloom of peach and pear and plum. The calendar of the months pours into the lap of August the yield of the year's preparation and fills the great warehouses with harvest riches destined for other lands than ours; fills the housewives cellar and storeroom with preserve and pickled sweetmeats for the winter days, and fills our lives with busy planning for the garnering and the storing of fruit and bending grain. Though all this be true, yet there are other August days as in early June, when heavy showers intercept outside labor, when harvest hands lie idle, when night shuts down before eight o'clock, and we close the doors feeling like drawing nearer the fire, and while the girls gather round piano, build beautiful nothings of the flaming coals in the "hollow down by the flare."

The Great Alliance.

We are partners in the greatest undertaking in the universe. The partnership is represented by the Triune God, by all the ministering spirits of the worlds of light, by all the robed and ransomed hosts now triumphant in heaven, and by all the panoplied militant legions of the church on earth. "We are laborers together with God." The business on hand is the evangelization of the world. Joint-heirs with Christ to the ineffable benefit and bliss to come, we are joint-agents with him now in the grand achievement. We shall share in the rewards of the undertaking in proportion as we have contributed by toil and money to promote its success. We shall reap only as we sow. Our reward shall be according to our deeds.—Et.

Superior Persons.

There is an odor of the greatest respectability about a superior person.

He is a long way elevated above the petty vices and foibles of the majority and he takes care that you shall know it. Beer and skittles have no attractions for him, and he is so proud of the fact he can not persuade himself to allow you to remain in ignorance of it. The consciousness that he is cultivated in person and mind has a peculiar influence upon his conduct. In the first place, it renders him alive to the weaknesses of his brethren, and inspires him with an amount of candor which, as this is a degenerate age, is, it is to be feared, not appreciated. He betrays a laudable anxiety to improve the condition of his neighbors. He would wean the drunkard, the spendthrift, the prodigal, the sloven, and the brute from their evil ways, and over and over again he exhorts them to this end. He holds up a model for them to imitate, and the model is one which he may be expected to know a great deal about, since it is himself. He complacently informs those who listen to him that they ought to be able to make themselves what he has made himself, and that if they do not choose to do so, their misery rests upon their own heads, and it is a waste of time for them to go about repining. He has managed to escape falling into the pitfalls which have beset him through life, he has made for himself a comfortable position (at least he assumes that he has made that position), and he has earned a reputation that should be the envy of all. Consequently those who, being weak and tempted at every twist and turn, do not do what he has done, are fit only to be lectured by their betters. They have no excuse for their tastes, since he is so pure and undefiled. Yet he has, somewhat inconsistently, a happy way of indicating that it would be impossible for other individuals to shine as he shines, as they are not made of the true and sterling metal of which he is composed. He often affects to deplore the circumstances that his neighbors are not so highly organized as he is himself, but he accepts the severe logic of the situation. Consequently, though he preaches to them, though he graciously allows them to contemplate his many admirable traits, and though he becomes quite affected when protesting that he yearns for the day when all men shall be brought together and live as one happy family, he insists upon their remaining at such a distance from him that all danger of his becoming contaminated is reduced to a minimum. It is true that he may condescend to mix with the lower orders in a certain way. For instance, upon platforms and at philanthropic tea-parties he will benignly hover over those whom he is virtually endeavoring to rescue from their condition of degradation and wretchedness; but it is understood that they must not profanely lay their hands upon his sacred person, that they must always remember that they are not as he is, and that he is very kind and good to bother himself about such insignificant creatures as they are. It is indicated, delicately perhaps, but in a way not to be misunderstood, that though he is a being whom they may be permitted to worship as much as it is possible to worship anybody in this mundane world, they are not to venture on that familiarity which breeds contempt. Indeed, he has been known to effectually put down low persons who have been so impressed with his public performances that they have actually had the audacity to approach him privately in a social sense, in spite of the fact that while he has actually dealt in tallow by the hundred-weight, they have only dabbled in it by the pound. It is perhaps as well for his own reputation that he does not tolerate that familiarity which breeds contempt, for those who know him intimately seem indisposed to bow down before him, and are apt to make rude remarks

about snobs, prigs, conceit, selfishness, and so on, when his name is mentioned.—Home Journal.

How Far Will a Greenback Go?

Mr. Brown kept boarders. Around his table sat Mr. Brown, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Andrews, the village milliner, Mr. Black, the baker, Mr. Jordan, a carpenter, and Mr. Hadley, a flour, feed and lumber merchant.

Brown took out of his pocket-book a ten dollar note, and handed it to Mrs. Brown saying:

"Here, my dear, are ten dollars toward the twenty I promised you."

Mrs. Brown handed it to Mrs. Andrews, the milliner, saying:

"That pays for my new bonnet."

Mrs. Andrews said to Jordan, as she handed him the note:

"That will pay you for your work on my counter."

Jordan handed it to Hadley, the flour, feed and lumber merchant, requesting his lumber bill.

Hadley gave the note back to Brown saying:

"That pays ten dollars on my board."

Brown passed it to his wife, with the remark that that paid her twenty dollars he had promised. She in turn paid it to Black, to settle her bread and pastry account, who handed it to Hadley, wishing credit for the amount on his flour bill, he again returning it to Brown with the remark that it settled for that month's board. Whereupon Brown put it back into his pocket-book, exclaiming that he never thought a ten dollar bill would go so far.

Thus a ten dollar greenback was made to pay ninety dollars indebtedness, inside of five minutes. Who says greenbacks are worthless?

Sermons in Coal.

The London City Mission Magazine has the following account of the effect of the preaching of infidel lecturers and of the insufficiency of their Gospel in the hour of trial:

"Some few years ago, two or three gentlemen went from London to Birmingham to deliver a course of lectures on Infidelity, and to prove that men were better without religion than with it. Amongst the rest of the working men that went to hear them, were two miners who were members of the Wesleyan Society, and very regular in their attendance at the chapel services and meetings. Having listened attentively to the arguments of the lecturers, these two men came to the conclusion that what the gentlemen said was very true, and both of them agreed to give up religion and have no more to do with it. About twelve months afterwards, another course of lectures on the same subject was announced at the same place, but this time only one of these two men put in an appearance. At the close of the first lecture, this man stepped up to the lecturer and asked him if he could have a word with him. He replied, 'Certainly.' The man said, 'You remember, sir, coming down here twelve months ago, and giving a course of lectures?' The lecturer replied, 'Perfectly.' 'Well, sir,' said the man, 'I am very pleased to hear you, and we thought what you said, was very true, so we both gave up religion.' 'Good,' replied the lecturer; 'I am very pleased to hear it; and you felt very much better, did you not?' 'Well, sir,' said the man, 'just hold hard a bit, and let me have any say out. We got on all very well until about six months ago, when Jem and me was working together in the mine, blasting the coal, when a great lump of coal of about half a ton weight fell on Jem on the lower part of his body and crushed him; and what do you think he began to cry out when the lump of coal was on him?' 'I don't know,' replied the lecturer. 'Why, sir,' said the man, 'he began to holloa out, 'O Lord

Jesus! O Lord Jesus! have mercy upon my poor soul.' Now, sir, your religion may be all very well when a man is all right and square, but when he gets a lump of coal on him it makes him sing out."

Livingstone's Boyhood.

The boyhood and subsequent life of Livingstone, the missionary explorer of Africa, illustrates the lines:

"Honor and shame from no condition rise; Act well thy part, there all the honor lies."

When David Livingstone was a boy, he was obliged to be at the mills by six o'clock every morning, and he did not leave until eight o'clock in the evening. It might well be supposed that the little factory boy would have been glad to rest during the short time that he was not at work. But a lad with such a spirit of determination as Davie possessed, was not easily to be deterred from pursuing the course which he had marked out for himself. When he received his first week's pay, he forthwith purchased a Latin grammar with a portion of it, and, within a very short time, joined an evening school. The school was a very humble one, and it was partially supported by the owners of the cotton mills for the benefit of those employed by them, the dominie who carried it on being thus enabled to give instruction at a low rate to his pupils.

Davie now began to learn in real earnest, continuing, night after night, to attend the school until ten o'clock, and then devoting two hours—sometimes more, unless his mother prevented him by taking his books away—to the preparation of the following day's lessons; and so absorbed was he always in his thought, that the hard work in which he was regularly engaged seemed almost to be lost sight of by him.—Et.

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How Greenback Paper is Made.

All the paper for the money issued by the United States Government is manufactured on a sixty-two inch Fourdrinier machine, at the Glen Mills, near West Chester, Pa. Short pieces of red silk are mixed with the pulp in the engine, and the finished stuff is conducted to the wire without passing through any screens, which might retain the silk threads. By an arrangement above the wire cloth, a shower of short pieces of fine blue silk thread is dropped in streaks upon the paper while it is being formed. The upper side, on which the blue silk is dropped is the one used for the face of the notes, and, from the manner in which the threads are applied, must show them more distinctly than the reverse side, although they are imbedded deeply enough to remain fixed. The mill is guarded by officials night and day to prevent the abstraction of any paper.—Paper Trade Journal.

Bret Harte and the Critics.

Mr. Bret Harte amuses himself in a Washington paper by prophesying the approaching extinction of the American critic. He points out that the reading public don't care a rap for the critic, but go on buying their books just as they please. Also that even distinguished literary men can't impose their favorites on the aforesaid public. Also that the ineffectiveness of criticism is proved by the facts that English critics praise Walt Whitman, and most of the American critics don't, that Poe, whom the English critics laud, was himself an unfair critic of Longfellow, whom also the British extol; and that Joaquin Miller wasn't discovered to be a poet until he'd published in England. In fine, a prophet the critic is a failure; as a legislator his laws are ex post facto and unnecessary; as a judge his decisions are reversed by another judge who may be as ignorant and prejudiced as himself. We are afraid that Mr. Harte's personal experiences may have borne this fruit, and yet are not his successful writings those which the critics

justly praised, and have not the public neglected those others which the critics justly damned?

A Sensible Girl.

Example is better than precept, always. A young lady of Kansas, tired of meeting the excuse, when urging her poorer neighbors to attend church, "Oh! the people dress so much; I can't afford to go in that style," has determined to dress as plainly as the poorest of them need. Accordingly she has for the last six months worn to church the same calico dress, costing ninety cents, and a hat which cost her eighty cents, discarding gloves. Thus attired, she has played the organ and felt "quite comfortable," as she certifies.—A. C. Review.

What a Trifle May Hide.

The little boy who held the six-pence near his eye and said, "O mother! it is bigger than the room!" and when he drew it still nearer he exclaimed, "O mother! it is bigger than all out-doors!" And in just that way the worldling hides God, and Christ, and judgment, and eternity from view, behind some paltry pleasure, some trifling joy, or some small possession which shall perish with the using, and pass away, with all earth's lusts and glory, in the approaching day of God Almighty.—Et.

Value of Poultry Manure.

From actual experiment, we found that droppings from four Bramahs, for one night, weighed in one case, exactly one pound; and in another more than three-quarters; an average of nearly four ounces to each bird. By drying, this was reduced to one and a half ounces. Other breeds make less; but allowing one ounce per bird daily, of dry measure, fifty fowls will make in their roosting house alone, about ten cwt., per annum, of the best manure in the world. Hence, fifty good fowls will make more than enough manure for an acre of land, seven cwt., being the usual quantity applied per acre; and poultry manure being even richer than guano in ammonia and fertilizing salts. The other stock will give an actual return in this way, and these figures demand careful attention from the large farmer. The manure, before using, should be mixed with twice its bulk of earth, and then allowed to stand in a heap, covered with a few inches of earth, till decomposed throughout, when it makes the very best manure that can be had.—American Poultry Journal.

False taste may be known by its fastidiousness, by its demands of pomp and splendor, and unusual combination; by its enjoyment only of particular styles and modes of things, and by its pride also, for it is ever meddling, mending, accumulating, and self-exulting, its eye is always upon itself, and it tests all things around it by the way they fit it. But true taste is forever growing, learning, reading, worshipping, laying its hand upon its mouth because it is astonished, casting its shoes from off its feet because it finds all ground holy, lamenting over itself, and testing by the way that it fits things. There is that to be seen in every street and lane of every city—that to be felt and found in every human heart and countenance, that to be loved in every roadside weed and moss-grown wall, which in the hands of faithful men, may convey emotions of glory and sublimity, continual and exalted.—Ruskin.

Disgusted with a suit for a yoke of oxen which had had five trials, a Kentucky jury has rendered the following verdict: "We, of the jury, find for the plaintiff one of the steers in controversy, or its value, \$50; and to the defendant the other steer, or its value, \$50; the cost to be equally divided between the parties, and the yoke to go to the lawyers."