

## Christian Family.

MISS MARY STUMP, EDITOR.

## "Jesus Lover of my Soul."

BY THALIA SMITH.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"  
 Came from childhoods guileless lips,  
 Sitting by a streamlet shoal,  
 As the western sun low dips—  
 Do coming years, foreshadow aught  
 Of their weal, or woe, to thee?  
 Still, the childish tones I caught,  
 "Let me to thy bosom flee."  
 "Jesus, lover of my soul,"  
 Sighed a youth, at man's estate,  
 Temptation's waves around me roll,  
 One forward step, I dare not take.  
 Before my untired feet, I see  
 Two paths diverge; one I must tread,  
 Oh Savior! do thou choose for me,  
 "Let me to thy bosom fly."  
 "Jesus, lover of my soul,"  
 A manly voice, took up the strain,  
 And, o'er his darksome features stole,  
 A look, that was akin to pain.  
 Do thoughts of home, and by-gone years  
 Becloud thy noon day sky?  
 Echoes a voice, sad memory bears,  
 "Let me to thy bosom fly."  
 "Jesus, lover of my soul,"  
 Wailed sadly, from a bed of death,  
 Nearer now, the appointed goal;  
 Courage fails me with my breath.  
 All my golden hours are gone,  
 Bereft of thee, no hope have I—  
 Other refuge, have I none,  
 "Let me to thy bosom fly."  
 "Jesus, lover of my soul,"  
 Echoes every Christian heart,  
 Death "over there" holds no control,  
 Once safely moored, no more we'll part.  
 Then let the golden hours speed on,  
 And bear their record to the sky,  
 And when my latest breath is drawn,  
 "Let me to thy bosom fly."

## Brooms.

The manufacture of brooms is one of our extensive industries, and their use only too well known in our domestic strife against the encroachments of dirt. The broom is the housewife's great weapon in her constant struggle for cleanliness, and deserves her gratitude for the aid it gives in keeping out-doors dirt at bay, and banishing dust lodged in corners or under eupboards.

Broom-corn, of which our modern factory brooms are made, is a species of sorghum, and is a plant of southern growth, though acclimated to great extent in the temperate zone. The broom in a certain sense is a type of civilization; for in pioneer days our common broom was a thing unknown, and our mothers, in their girlhood, with a bundle of willow switches brushed the tent, or a little latter moving into winter quarters, scrubbed puncheon floors with brush brooms, stiff, and a load in themselves to carry about. Though we now have carpets to dust and light strong brooms to aid us, yet the warfare with dust must still be continually waged or unpleasant stories of our untidy housekeeping will get abroad.

It makes one tired to think of the acres that must be swept before a new broom gets old, and how many such the average housekeeper must wear out in a common lifetime. A new broom sweeps clean, the old adage runs, and the homely phrase is true in the practical as well as in the figurative point of view in which it is so often used. How nice it is to have a fresh new broom brought home after weeks of provoking daily wear of carpets and temper because of an old worn one sided broom. Poor old brooms how soon they are flung when a new one makes its appearance, and they step down and out of the parlors through the kitchen into the back yard where they do good service awhile longer in sweeping away parings and fruit stones, and the yellow leaves of early autumn, from the yard; yet a little longer and you would scarcely recognize the fine new broom that came one day from town, in the worn out stub with broken handle that Georgie rides for a horse, which still serves a purpose in winter time in washing muddy boots and scrubbing muddy walks.

Of no more use as a broom it finds a place against the back fence, where it presents a forlorn melancholy spectacle; finally the girl wants a clothes stick to stir the clothes in the kettle and nothing suits her better than the old handle chopped close to what was the brush, Georgie takes the wire to mend his gun, and the straw is thrown on the fire, vanishing soon in a cloud of smoke, but nevertheless looking upward for the first time since it began the object slavery of broom existence.

## Corinne's Mistake.

Three merry girls entered the cars at the terminus of a city road. They were bright-eyed, intelligent, and full of fun.

"Oh, I do hope," said Anne Welsh, arranging her skirt and her books comfortably, "we shan't have a single passenger from here to Haight Street. I just want to talk and laugh, and act exactly as I please, without the presence of a critical fourth."

"Unless it should happen to be a very nice young gentleman," laughingly supplemented Corinne Baker.

"Anything but that," said the first speaker with a grimace, adjusting veil and curls, however. "I'm brimful of mischief, and in such a case I know I should do something detestable."

"I do hope we shall be alone, though," said little Lottie Deering, the youngest of the three, as she placed her books on the cushion at her side. "It's such fun to have the car all to one's self, or selves."

"I'm afraid the fun must go by the board, then," exclaimed Anne, "for I see the funniest, plainest, homeliest old woman coming straight this way. Oh, misery! she will see every thing."

"And look at that antiquated hand-bag a century old, at the very least," Corinne cried. "Did you ever see such a relic of Noah's ark? And how ridiculously she is dressed! I'm not sure but we can have our fun after all."

Meantime, bowed down by some infirmity, dusty with a day's ride, and really antiquated in garb and manner, the old lady drew nearer and nearer to the car. When she had gained it, her face brightened visibly at the sight of the fresh young girls, and in the kindness of her heart she nodded, as much as to say, "My dears, you are all strangers to me, but I am glad to see you."

They did not, however, return the nod; but, one by one, they smiled, looked in each other's faces, and at last tittered audibly. The poor old woman seemed abashed at this incivility, and drew herself as far as possible while she turned her keen eyes, that almost disapproved her years—so large and black they were—from their faces to objects outside. Suddenly Corinne, possessed, as she had said before, with the spirit of mischief, took up one of her school-books, and with a wink aside at Anne, began to read in a low tone:

"She was the scrawniest, wierdest-looking object, with a wart on the bridge of her nose, and a crinkle crinkle bonnet of an uncertain age, like its owner. All she needed was a broomstick and a black cat to make a veritable witch."

Here the mirth of the thoughtless girls became so audible that the reader was forced to put some restraint upon her fun-loving proclivities and lay the book aside.

"Here's Haight Street," said Anne. "Corinne, I never thought to tell you, Uncle Hal brought us two Spitz dogs yesterday, white as wool, and as cunning as they can be. Come home with me and see them. It won't take five minutes more, and perhaps I'll give you one of them."

"But mamma expects company, and—"

"Oh, bother! I tell you it won't take five minutes longer. Come, there's a darling!" and the old lady sat there looking after them, as the

girls tripped away in high spirits, an expression on her careworn face.

"Corinne," she murmured, "I thought I knew the face. I hope it was only thoughtlessness, she added, and her lips trembled. "But perhaps I looked for too much from Corry's child. And young folks can't be expected to enter into the feelings of the aged. But it is hard to be so disappointed—and she shook her head dejectedly.

Meanwhile Corinne had seen and admired the dogs, and the girls were about parting.

"Come over to our house soon," said Corinne to Anne, as they stood on the steps. "I want to introduce you to one of the grandest old ladies—my mother's aunt! I have never seen her myself, but I know I shall love her, for she saved mamma's life at the risk of her own. Mamma has often told me about it—how she was in the third story of a burning house, and when the strongest men drew back, this aunt, then an invalid, ran through the flames with wet blankets, and dragged her out of a horrible doom. She was fearfully burned, and sick for years afterward from the effects of her exertions; and mamma thinks all the world of Aunt Eunice. So do I. By the way, it was mean of us to make fun of that old lady. What possessed us?"

"I couldn't help it," said Anne, laughing, "though I knew it was wrong."

And the friends made their adieus, and parted.

"Has she come, mamma?" cried Corinne, flushed and breathless from rapid walking.

"Yes, dear," said her mother, smiling, "but she was so tired I persuaded her to lie down, so you won't see her till dinner-time."

Dinner-time came, and with it Aunt Eunice, a little, brisk old lady, in a satin dress, with a wart on the bridge of her nose. No wonder that Corinne turned pale and sick at heart, as her mother introduced her, with a loving smile. Not but she understood that low and gentle "Never mind, my dear," which reached her ears alone, as the old lady kissed her and pressed her hand.

Never before had she felt so humiliated, and now that Aunt Eunice had cleared away all traces of the dust and fatigue of the journey, she saw how noble and sweet was the face, spite of the disfiguring wart, and how really grand was the spirit that illumined it, and that led her to say, in manner at least, that all was forgiven and would be forgotten.

Corinne has never failed from that day to this, to treat old age with respect no matter whether she meets it clad in purple and fine linen, or in the garb of poverty and misery. One lesson was enough for a life time; one recognition of the beauty of Christian forbearance under great provocation sufficed.—*Youth's Companion.*

## Joy Bringers.

Some men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one far and near, that can listen. Some men fill the air with their presence and sweetness, as orchards in October days fill the air with perfume of ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses, like the honeysuckle over the door, yet, like it, sweeten all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. There are trees of righteousness, which are ever dropping precious fruit around them. There are lives that shine like star-beams, or charm the heart like songs sung on a holy day.

How great a bounty and a blessing it is to hold the royal gifts of the soul, so that they shall be music to some, and fragrance to others, and life to all! It would be no unworthy thing to live for, to make the power which we have within us the breath of other

men's joy; to scatter sunshine where only clouds and shadows reign; to fill the atmosphere where earth's weary toilers must stand, with a brightness which they cannot create for themselves, and which they long for, enjoy and appreciate.—*Ec.*

## The Young Collegians.

Some hard hearted fellow, who has forgotten the glory of his college days, remarks upon the great crop of college graduates that has just been harvested in the following unkindly style. It is good, sound sense, however, and might be heeded with profit. He says of the young collegian:

A splendid course in school is a credit to him and something to remember with pride in after years, but he generally makes the mistake of thinking that when he has triumphed in school he was conquered in the world. He comes out with his wreath on, expecting to see everything bow down before him, to walk in rose-strewn paths, and to show without an effort how a man of culture can make things hum. Well, he soon finds that this sort of nonsense doesn't fool anybody but himself. His college law is a good thing in general, but it has not taught him how to draw an indictment; his college muscle has been rigidly developed at the oar, but he can't bring it into use on the farm, because he doesn't know how to hold a plow. A college education is a most excellent thing, but there is much left for the young man to learn after he comes from school; in fact, the most is left to learn, and when our young friend gets home after the commencement he generally finds that those who have been knocked about in the world barefooted and ragged have got further along in the lesson of life than he has. The boot blacks and the newsboys often become the men of business and employ the young men from college for book-keepers, and you have probably noticed that unless the young man from college is more than ordinarily brilliant, he took to book-keeping at once. It is the only "real genteel thing" his talents are suited to. And that is the reason there are thousands of book-keepers in this country who can find no books to keep.—*Ec.*

## Canning Fruit.

BY DR. J. H. HANNAFORD.

Fruit canning is a science. The most important principles are first to bring the heat up to at least 190°, 212° or the boiling point is safe, and then allow a thorough cooking till every part, even the center, is well cooked, for the purpose of destroying the fermentation principle, and then to seal so tightly that no air can reach them, since it is the oxygen of the air that causes fermentation, with warmth, etc. Keep them as cool as possible. The cans may be filled after the cooking, while the fruit is warm—warm the can also that it may not break—and no sugar need be added, since that is one element of the fermentation, the process being a change of starch to sugar, and the sugar changed to carbonic gas and alcohol.

The fruit can be frozen in an air tight can and the can broken, and the fruit injured. No mould need be feared when the fruit is well cooked, the cans full, and the air utterly excluded. When the juice fills all the interstices, and the can is filled, there can be but a little air in the can, while the space left after shrinkage is a vacuum. There is really no necessity for re-filling if all of these conditions are regarded as seen in our house. There are fixed chemical principles which need not fail—cannot fail—prominent among which are thorough cooking and the exclusion of the air. Fermentation is impossible above and below certain points, about 30° to 190° Fah.—*Household.*

## Trajan's Wall.

The events now transpiring in the neighborhood of the Danube bring into curious prominence the name of the Emperor Trajan, the buttresses of whose bridge, we believe, still stand on the opposite banks of the Danube and whose famous wall seems to be the line along which the tide of war is rapidly rolling. The bridge thrown over the Danube by this great monarch was, in some respects at least, the most remarkable of all the structures that successive belligerents have erected for the passage of their troops. It was not a mere floating bridge but a permanent structure, carried on piers 160 feet high and 60 feet wide, and it comprised 20 arches, extending altogether over a span of 4,770 Roman feet. This giant structure, than which ancient history records nothing of the kind equal to it, seems to have been intended as a fortress as well as a bridge. Standing eighty feet above the water, it is supposed to have afforded the command of the Danube navigation, a garrison posted on it being, of course, able to damage or destroy vessels passing under, while they would be above the reach of retaliation. It was destroyed by Hadrian, and its precise locality has been the subject of some dispute. Ruins, which evidently might have formed the buttresses of a bridge, occurring on the line of an old Roman road, however, seem to leave little room for doubt. Trajan's wall is another relic of this terribly energetic old Roman. It is strictly speaking, a rampart of earth, about thirty-five or forty miles long, and extends from Rassevo, just at the bend in the Danube, to the Black Sea. Though only an earth work, it is a formidable line of defence. It is eight or ten feet high, with a fosse in front of it, while the western portion is still further fortified by deep lakes and the Swampy valley of Kara-Su. In addition to all this, another rampart of a similar character lies just in the rear of it. This is known as the south wall, the space between the ramparts being from 1,000 to 2,000 feet.—*London Globe.*

## CLOVES.

Cloves are unopened flowers of a small evergreen tree, that resembles in appearance the laurel or the bay. It is a native of the Molucca or Spice islands, but has been carried to all the warmer parts of the world, and is largely cultivated in the tropical regions of America. The flowers are small in size and grow in large numbers in clusters at the very end of the branches. The cloves we use are the flowers gathered before they are opened and whilst they are still green. After being gathered they are smoked by a wood fire and then dried in the sun. Each consists of two parts; a round head, which is the four petals or leaves of the flower rolled up, inclosing a number of stocks and filaments. The other part of the clove is terminated with four points, and is, in fact, the flower cup and the unripe seed vessel. All these parts may be distinctly shown if a few leaves are soaked a short time in hot water, when the leaves soften and readily unroll.—*Ec.*

## A Golden Thought.

I never found pride in a noble nature, nor humility in an unworthy mind. Of all the trees, I observe that God has chosen the vine—a low plant that creeps upon the wall; of all beasts, the soft, patient lamb; of all fowls, the mild and gentle dove. When God appeared to Moses it was not in the lofty cedar, nor the spreading palm, but a bush—as if he would by these selections check the conceited arrogance of man. Nothing produces love like humility; nothing hate like pride.

Don't murmur against God; he will smooth your pathway in life.