

Christian Family.

MISS MARY STUMP, EDITOR.

We Shall Know.

When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls in kisses on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter,
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other better
When the mists have cleared away.

We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

If we are in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness,
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the pain that clouds our day,
When the weary watch is over,
And the mists have cleared away.

We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

When the silvery mists have veiled us
From the faces of our own,
Oft we deem their love has failed us,
And we tread our path alone;
We should see them near and truly,
We should trust them day by day,
Neither love nor blame unduly,
If the mists were cleared away.

We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away.

When the mists have risen above us,
As our Father knows his own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known;
Love beyond the orient meadows
Floats the golden fringe of day,
Heart to heart we bide the shadows,
Till the mists have cleared away.

We shall know as we are known,
Nevermore to walk alone,
When the day of light is dawning,
And the mists have cleared away.

The Hunter's Moon.

The Harvest Moon has pulled and waned, and again last night a full moon rose slowly from behind the eastern hills. It shamed the stars with its brightness, till they crept back to their hiding places in the blue depths and swung steadily up toward the zenith while Jack Frost was making a tour of our valley, boldly nipping the tomato and melon vine. The Hunter's Moon an old-time custom calls it, and the weird Scandinavian legend of the "wild huntsman" seems almost probable as we hasten homeward through the white moonlight and the shadows of the woods. Alone in the spectral light all things real vanish and common sounds startle the listener till the barking of a neighbor's dog is changed to mad chorus of the hounds that follow close upon the heels of the "wild huntsman" as he forever chases imaginary game above Norwegian pines and the mighty forests of the Fatherland.

The hunters of our mountain deer, though they love not the chase as did that one who sacrificed all for the excitement of the hunt, and in return was sentenced to go on hunting till the judgment day, yet they know full well that from a deer hunt now they will come home laden with the fattest venison of the year. Juicy and tender the unsuspecting fawn is served hot and tempting upon the breakfast table, while delicious tid-bits are roasted between times on the coals. The jerked meat swings from its scaffold or is stuffed into the pockets for piece meal on long tramps up the mountain side. For the rarest sport of all the year, "give me the hunter's moon," rings out the voice of the mountaineer as he piles his trophies high. The sharp report of his rifle is heard on the night-watch and the poor mangled creature lies prone at his feet, the knife is drawn relentlessly across its throat and the hunter again is at his post, watching silently for another victim. And thus the Hunter's Moon rides on in heaven's blue, and still another week will hold high carnival in full orb'd splendor, and

after that the waning, till the hunter's paradise is over, vanishing into the starry darkness from whence it came.

Cousin Jack's Cake.

BY MISS M. D. KENDALL.

Before Jack sailed for Singapore—he went first mate this voyage, which is doing pretty well, I think, for a young fellow of twenty—his aunt Alice made him, as she usually does, a couple of loaves of nice fruit cake. I couldn't tell you the number of good things she mixed up in her ample earthen bowl; but I know that although there was plenty of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg, she did not use any of the caraway and ginger Harry brought her in his eagerness to help, nor so much as a sprinkling of that volcanic pepper he had told Madge about.

"Can't I do something?" asked Harry, who very much wanted a finger in cousin Jack's cake.

"Yes, you may pound the mace," Then Jack, hearing the noise, and getting—I suspect—a sniff of spicy fragrance that must have been slightly familiar to him, threw down the morning paper, and coming out into the kitchen, offered his services also.

Aunt Alice laughed. "I won't trust you to stone the raisins," she said; "but if you'll promise not to use the same blade of your knife with which you cut tobacco, I'll let you chip the citron for me."

"What are you about, Hal?" asked Jack. "You're making considerable noise for a small boy, seems to me."

"Oh, I'm smashing something," said Harry. "It smells like nutmeg, but it don't look like it."

"Mace, eh? Well, it has a good right to smell like nutmeg. It is nutmeg."

"No, it isn't," replied impulsive Harry, with more promptness than politeness. "Mother keeps the nutmegs all alone in a box by themselves."

"Harry," said his mother, reprovingly, "I do wish you would get over your very bad habit of contradicting people—especially those older than yourself. Cousin Jack wouldn't make the statement he did ignorantly. He knows a great deal more about spices than you do."

"I was going to tell you, Hal, how mace grows," Jack went on. "You'd like to see a grove of nutmeg trees, I'm certain. They're handsome, I can tell you."

"Is mace the bark of the tree?" asked aunt Alice.

"No," said Jack; "It is a part of the fruit, which grows to about the size of an average pear, and has a smooth, thick, yellow rind, white inside, and when ripe, cracking open everywhere among the thick, dark green, glossy leaves, and showing the deep red coat of the kernel. That is mace."

"How beautiful it must be," exclaimed his aunt.

"You're right there," replied Jack, who knows what beauty is, though he roughs it for a living. "And you peel off the mace and there's the nut, almost as black as jet, with about as fine a polish on it as you can get with Day & Martin and a good brush. Inside of that is your speckled, brown, powdery nutmeg. And the tree it grows on can't be beat. It's an evergreen, with a dense foliage, starting almost from the ground, and making a splendid cone twenty to twenty-five feet high. Aunt Alice, it would do you good to walk through one of those plantations—only you'd have to take it early in the morning, or wait till evening; for when the sun shines in Singapore it bakes as well as shines."

And then Jack told about the banyans and cocoa-palms; the rambutan and custard-apple, pomegranate, durian and mango; the immense jack-fruit, weighing sometimes fifty or sixty pounds; the plantain and guava

—for they grow in the East Indies as well as the West; the tamarind, sour-sop and jambu; the bread-fruit, papaya, blimbing, and lanseh; the luscious pine-apples, and that prince of all natural delicacies, the mango-teen; which I believe is found nowhere but in the Malay peninsula and on the adjacent islands.

I had never heard the mangosteen described before, and I don't believe you have ever—boys and girls who read *The Corporal*—so I will tell you, as nearly as I can remember, what Jack said about it.

It is about as large as a common apple, and looks quite like some of the red varieties, only perhaps it is more brown than red. The rind is a quarter of an inch thick, hard on the outside, but soft within, its juice being astringent. I imagine the fruit is scalloped something like a cantaloupe or musk-melon, only the number of ridges varies from four to eight or nine; because Jack says that when the rind is divided transversely, and you take off the upper part, the pulp is in curved sections, each enclosing its seed, and easily removed, a section at a time with the fork. The pulp is white, sometimes tinted with a lovely purple, and melts in the mouth.

—the realization of everything that is delicious. He declares that there is nothing which can compare with it—not even the rambutan, which resembles, outwardly, an immense strawberry, and is perhaps the handsomest fruit of the Indies.

Aunt Alice said it was delightful to hear of these exquisite dainties, but very tantalizing; whereupon Jack insisted that it was more tantalizing to think of them, having once tasted them and become familiar with their luscious properties; and it seems to me he was right.

Well, the cake was baked—two nice loaves of it coming out of the oven in about three hours' time, with as rich a brown as could be desired—and then it was varnished with a heavy frosting, and set away in the pantry. The next day it was packed in a tin box and Jack took it to sea with him. When he told aunt Alice that he should never eat a morsel of it without blessing God that there was somebody in America to love him, and tears came into her eyes. "And," he added, "your cake shall make some of my shipmates think of their homes, too, before we round the Cape of Good Hope."

"That's right, Jack," said uncle George; "and I'm inclined to think it will do your hearts all more good than it will your stomachs."

"Oh, never fear for us," returned Jack; "we salts have better digestion than you landmen; and I'll divide it up so that none of us shall be sick. You won't care, I hope, aunt Alice?"

"No; make the most of it you can. It is yours to do with just as you please; and if you'd rather distribute your happiness than keep it all to yourself, why then you shall and welcome."—*Corporal*.

The Vendôme Column.

No one who ever visited the beautiful capital of France can have forgotten this wonderful piece of art, lifting its lofty spire at the end of the Rue de la Paix, in the centre of the place Vendôme. It was directly in front of the hotels where our countrymen most loved to congregate, and on their way to the garden of the Tuileries. How many times we have all lingered at the base, to watch the solemn file of old soldiers as they came to renew the rings of white immortelles upon the pinnacles of the iron railing. How glorious were those bas-reliefs of battle scenes, winding far aloft, a sort of spiral history around the column, two thousand figures in all cut in the metal.

Some persons used to climb to the top of the monument, following a mysterious staircase through the darkness and dust on the inside. The out-

look from the dome of the Pantheon was better, however. Of late years, moreover, this was becoming more and more difficult, for the authorities gave permission rarely.

The very next season after his coronation as emperor, Napoleon the Great set out upon his Rhine campaign. Victory followed his eagles as usual, and when he returned in 1806, the people, wild with enthusiasm, saw him erect this huge tube of bronze, pouring into the melted mass twelve hundred Russian and Austrian cannon, which his armies had captured.

In general fashion, it was modelled after the well known column of Trajan at Rome—in every respect larger, however, and in details more finely wrought. The hollow shaft was twelve feet in diameter, and stood upon a stone base; this last covered almost entirely with bronze plates, on which were some fine bas-reliefs, representing shields, swords, guns, standards, trophies of the campaign in promiscuous grouping. At each corner of the pedestal stood a colossal eagle, in bronze like the rest, and holding of metal fashioned like twined wreaths of oak-leaves. Through this base of stone, a heavy bronze door, massively ornamented with chaplets of oak-

leaves, and embossed with insignia of the empire, led into the spiral stairway, by which one could reach the summit. As he came out he found himself on a narrow gallery, around which ran a balustrade, and there, at the top, was placed a colossal statue of Napoleon.

The original statue was torn down when the Bourbons came into power again in 1814. Once more the metal passed through the fiery furnace; and reappeared as part of the horse on the Pont Neuf, which Henry IV., in equestrian majesty, bestrides.

In 1833, when Louis Philippe was beginning to hope he could better hold his new throne by gratifying the clamors, daily increasing, which the uneasy rabble raised for a restoration of the imperial times of glory, he removed the mere flag-staff which disgraced the column, and erected a very good picture of Bonaparte, in bronze, representing him in cocked hat and military overcoat. This same figure now graces a monument at the far end of the Avenue de la Grand Armée, about two miles behind the Arc de Triomphe, at Courbevoie.

For when this "nephew of the uncle" came into power, he removed the image and put in its place a statue clothed in imperial robes, and holding the ball.

The destruction of the beautiful column took place in the afternoon of May 17, 1871. For over a week the workmen were making preparations for its overthrow, but so firmly was it anchored on its solid foundations that for days it defied the efforts of the vandals to dislodge it. At last, however, it fell with a great crash, and the grand and graceful shaft that had been the glory of Paris lay a shapeless mass of ruin on the pavement.

Any madder piece of insensate rage it would seem that not even a French fool could commit, than this of overturning the column of Austerlitz.

—*Wood's Magazine*.

Stand for the Truth.

Let me advise you to wear no armor for your backs when you have determined to follow the tracks of truth. Receive upon your breast-plate of righteousness the sword-cut of your adversaries; their stern metal shall turn the edge of your foreman's weapon. Let the right be your lord paramount, and for the rest be free and your own master still. Follow truth for her own sake; follow her in evil report, and let not waters quench your love for her. Yield to no established rules if they involve a lie. Do not evil though good should come of it. "Consequences?" this is the devil's own argument. If friends fail thee, do the right. Be genuine, real,

sincere, true, upright, Godlike. The world's maxims, trim your sails and yield to circumstances. But if you would do any good in your generation you must be made of sterner stuff, and help make your times rather than be made by them. You must not yield to customs, but, like the anvil, endure all the blows, until the hammers break themselves. When misrepresented use no crooked means to clear yourself. Clouds do not last long. If in the course of the day you are tried by the distrust of friends, gird up your loins, and say in your heart, I was not driven to virtue by the encouragement of friends, nor will I be repelled from it by their coldness. Finally, be just, and fear not; "corruption wins not more than honesty;" truth lives and reigns when falsehood dies and rots.

—*Spurgeon*.

THE OFFICE OF SORROW.—There is something about deep sorrow that tends to wake up the child-feeling in all of us. A man of giant intellect becomes like a little child when a great grief smites him, or when a grave opens at his fireside. I have seen a stout sailor—who laughed at the tempest—come home when he was sick, and let his old mother nurse him as if he were a baby. He was willing to lean on the arms that never failed him. So a Christian in the time of trouble is brought to this child-feeling. He wants to lean somewhere, to talk to somebody, to have somebody love him and hold him up.

One great purpose in all affliction is to bring us down to the everlasting arms. What new strength and peace it gives us to feel them underneath us! We know that, far as we may have sunk, we can not go any farther. These mighty arms can not only hold us; they can lift us up. They can carry us along. Faith, in its essence, is simply a resting on the everlasting arms. The sublime act of Jesus, our Redeemer, was to descend to the lowest depths of human depravity and guilt, and to bring up his redeemed ones from that horrible pit in his loving arms. Faith is just the clinging to those arms, and nothing more.

Rev. Dr. Cuyler.

Love to Christ smooths the path of duty and wings the feet to travel it; it is the bow which impels the arrow of obedience; it is the mainspring moving the wheels of duty; it is the strong arm tugging the oar of diligence. Love is the marrow of the bones of fidelity, the blood in the veins of piety, the sinew of spiritual strength, yea, the life of sincere devotion. He that hath love can no more be motionless than the aspen in the gale, the sear leaf in the hurricane, or the spray in the tempest. As well may hearts cease to beat as love to labor. Love is instinct with activity, it cannot be idle; it is full of energy, it cannot content itself with littles; it is the well-spring of heroism, and great deeds are the gushings of its fountain; it is a giant, it heapeth mountains upon mountains, and thinks the pile but little; it is a mighty mystery, for it changes bitter into sweet; it calls death life, and life death; and it makes pain less painful than enjoyment.

—*Ec.*

The reason Presbyterians are sometimes called "blue," had rise in the fact that the distinct dress of Scotch Presbyterian clergy was a blue gown and a broad blue bonnet. The Episcopal clergy either wore no dress or one of black. From this arose the contrasting epithets, "Black Prelacy," and "True Blue Presbyterianism."

Times are hard with us; but they seem wonderfully easy when we hear of the wholesale famine in India, where the total amount required to give each of the sufferers the two or three cents a day necessary to keep them alive in that cheap market-foots up the stupendous sum of \$30,000,000.