

Christian Family.

MISS MARY STUMP, EDITOR.

When the Song's Gone Out of Your Life.

"When the song's gone out of your life, you can't start another while it's a-ringing in your ears, but it's best to have a bit of silence, and out of that may be a psalm'll come by-and-by."—Edward Garrett.

When the song's gone out of your life,
That you thought would last to the end,—

That first sweet thought of the heart,
That no after days can lend—
The song of the birds to the trees,
The song of the wind to the flowers,
The song that the heart sings low to itself
When it wakes in life's morning hours;

"You can start no other song,"
Not even a tremulous note
Will falter forth on the empty air;
It dies in your aching throat.
It is all in vain that you try,
For the spirit of song has fled—
The nightingale sings no more to the rose
When the beautiful flower is dead.

O let silence softly fall
On the bruised heart's quivering strings;
Perhaps from the loss of all you may learn
The song that the seraph sings;
A grand and glorious psalm
That will tremble and rise and thrill,
And fill your breast with its grateful rest,
And its lonely yearning still.
—The Transcript.

Written for the Messenger.
Self Sacrifice.

Is there not too much said about the beauty of self-sacrifice? No doubt the majority of people will fall too often in cultivating the divine qualities of mercy and kindness, but these do not necessarily imply self-abnegation; though so much has been said about the excellence of sacrificing self, and the martyrs have been so long calendered among the saints, that it has long been vaguely accepted that the noblest, rarest virtue of all is the meek spirit of self-sacrifice. Not long since when I read the words of a right learned doctor of laws, affirming, in a part disputing way, that woman's real power lies in her affections, the highest culmination of which is self-sacrifice, there came into my mind the soliloquy of "Caroline Helstone, as she tried to face the future that promised to be dark from disappointments. "Others say your place is to do good to others, to be helpful whenever help is wanted." That is right in some measure and a very convenient doctrine for the people who hold it; but I perceive that certain sets of human-beings are very apt to maintain that other sets should give up their lives to them and their service, and then they requite them by praise; they call them devoted and virtuous. Is this enough? Is it to live? Is there not a terrible hollowiness, mockery, want, craving, in that existence which is given away to others for want of something of your own to bestow it on? I suspect there is? Does virtue lie in abnegation of self? I do not believe it. Undue humility makes tyranny; weak concessions create selfishness. Each human being has his share of rights. I suspect it would conduce to the happiness and welfare of all if each knew his allotment and held it as tenaciously as the martyr his creed.

There are two kinds of self-sacrifice—one to ideas, to truth and right, the other to the whims, caprice and selfishness of others. One is noble, the other is entirely reprehensible. High, indeed, should be the deity on whose altar we would immolate all the grandest possibilities of our own lives. Kindness should always govern our words, guide the hand and warm the heart, but to nothing short of an object that is worthier than a life could we rightfully sacrifice self.

Because another and a stronger mocks at our weak efforts in attaining a desired goal and demands that we leave off working for self and use our little strength to help him along, shall we do it? This is not an unusual demand, yet of him who received but the one talent was required that one with usury. It is the duty of each to cultivate as far as possible such gifts

as nature has bestowed, and attain to such heights as we ourselves are capable, nor listen to the selfish exactions of those who would bear us down by climbing upon our shoulders to reach a higher level themselves. Yes, indeed, it sounds well to discourse of the beauty of self-sacrifice, but who ever attained to even mediocrity by self-abnegation? A resolute self-assertion has characterized every one who has achieved anything of consequence in life; but no noble ambition ever required the flames to be fed by the quenched aspirations of others. No one can make his own life a success by foregoing his highest aims that he may promote the interests of another, nor can woman show her real power if she exhaust her energies in the unrewarding service of self-sacrifice. Mutual and equal help is the only just principle and egotism should not lead one to make of others demands that are unreasonable and selfish. Let him fall who requires all of another strength to help him stand.

C. C. C.

"Floating Temples," or "Fairy Bells."

Silver or gold jardiniere canvas, or white perforated card-board, is used for these charming devices for ornamenting the chandelier or depending from hook or bracket. As our own method of making these tasteful affairs is different from that generally followed, we offer it for imitation. First make two hoops of the canvas, one ten inches in diameter, the other six, running fine wire through to stiffen; unite these by four small hoops fastened at the sides, sewing one large and two small pearl beads wherever a union is made. Cut three pieces of canvas four inches square, and sew one large and five small beads in the centre of each; fasten two of the squares together by uniting an end of each, thus leaving four ends, into which fit the third square piece, first filling with perfumed cotton. Next cut five more squares three inches in size, which make and fill in the same manner; sew these to the corners of the large one, and finish with two beads on each union. Attach a little woolen ball and a lead by a thread to each outer corner, and a large one at the bottom; then suspend this from the centre of the "bell" by a long slender cord, ornamented with three pearl beads at equal distances, making it to pass through the hoops, and uniting it to the upper one by four threads extending from the sides, and allowing the lower tassel to extend rather below the bell. This will be found very much more elegant than the simple "odorator" alone.

Floating Cages.

These floating aromatics are not only exceedingly pretty, but delightfully fragrant ornaments, which well deserve a place in every tasteful parlor. They are neither difficult to make, nor immoderately expensive, though the prices asked for them in the stores might lead one to suppose them both. The materials required are, narrow strips of jardiniere canvas (called perforated card-board), either gold or silver; stiff but slender wire, such as we use for stems of wax or paper flowers; three dozen colored glass balls, used for decorating Christmas trees; a spool of strong thread or silk; chenille; mullage; varnish; a pretty, gay bird; and one of the cunning little Swiss baskets sold at the floral stores. To make this elegant structure, make six hoops, one hole wide; of the gold canvas, each fourteen inches in diameter; wind the wire (of the same length) through the holes, and make the hoops by twisting the ends of the wire together on the inner side where the ends of the canvas just meet. Form a case of these hoops by placing one on each side and one on top and bottom, fastening them by

means of stitches or wire passed through the holes, afterward hidden by an ornament. This forms a hollow skeleton chamber with semicircular corners. Next cut two dozen strips of paper and wire the same width and half the length; fasten these by the central hole to each place where the hoops are joined, making forty-eight projecting ends, six at each corner of the cage. Then cut two dozen other strips the same width, but only one-fourth the length, which fasten so as to unite the six ends, using three strips to each. Suspend a colored glass ball by black silk from every projecting point, and as these are extremely light, they will float and vibrate at every motion of the airy cage. Next make two more hoops, eight inches in diameter, cross one in the other, forming a hollow ball or bird swing, and fasten in it the bird, which should, if possible, be furnished with a long, graceful tail; but even the small ones sold at the milliners' appear quite imposing on such a gay perch. In the bird's mouth fasten the little basket, with a tuft of pink and white highly perfumed cotton, which may be daily renewed with fresh odors. From each of the four upper sides of the cage fasten strands of strong twist silk thirteen inches in length; join the ends of these threads directly in the centre above the cage; from this point suspend the swing and a suspension cord of chenille or fine silk-cord. From the circle on the bottom fasten four strands of chenille each six inches in length, one on each side; unite at the bottom with long loops, forming a light tassel. Silk threads and the balls may be substituted for the chenille, and the latter should ornament the hoop, fastening them three inches apart.

These airy cages are so light that they will float in the air, swaying with every passing motion of the air. From an arch, the ceiling of a bay-window, or other high point, they appear with unusually pretty effect. If preferred, they may be made with crinoline wire (uncovered), and bronzed or painted, with gold paper covering the connections. Scarlet, cherry-color, and gas-light green are pretty with gold; gas-light or "baby" blue, pink, rose, and amber with silver.

—Bazar.

Stragglers.

Stragglers are found in the wake of every army that goes forth to battle. Organize a band of moral reformers, prescribe rigid rules, provide a system of penalties for non-observance, exercise the utmost precaution, and even then you shall discover, far in the rear, wearing your chosen badge a lawless "off and on" troop or stragglers.

The army of Christ offers no exception. Never did a host go forth with such a captain. Never did a standard bearer display such royal colors; never was there provided for men so complete an armor both offensive and defensive. Never were soldiers led forth with such assurance of conquest; better rules and plainer were never given; and yet this organized host, with Calvary's banner at its head, covered with the glory of unnumbered victories, from time to time, looks back and beholds men, bearing the Christian name out of rank, out of step, slouching around, taking no responsibility, heeding no battle-cry, allowing a few brave hearts to contend unaided, with the legions of the wicked one. A removal from some regiment in the army to a remote part of the field, is considered excuse enough for not connecting themselves with another company or regiment. They straggle around our cities and villages with their badges in their pockets. They are not manly enough, have not honor enough, care not sufficiently for the cause of Christ to step up and offer their services to the little bands struggling to maintain the primitive Gospel. On the Lord's great battle day, without any regard to their name, obligations or covenant

vows, they go straggling off to sectarian churches and are lost to sight among the popular multitude of curiosity seekers and "sensational" followers.

Oh, straggler! do you ever get a glimpse of the bloody banner you profess to love and follow? Do you ever catch sight of the thorn-crowned commander, who in his untiring zeal cried "I must work while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work?" Do you ever consider that you bear sacred name—that you are known by many witnesses as a "soldier of the cross?" For the sake of Jesus your captain, for the sake of his hard pressed fighting churches, for the sake of a world to be won by many a hard fought battle, fall in the line! Join a regiment! Put your shoulder beside your weary brother's shoulder and keep it there till you fall, or victory is achieved.

Hear ye the battle-cry, "Forward" the call!
See, see, the faltering ones; backward they fall.

Surely the captain may depend on me,
Tho' but an armor-bearer I may be.
—Selected.

Word Teaching.

As much historical knowledge is discoverable in the etymology of words in general, so it may also be said of geographical names in particular. "Middlesex" means the middle Saxons—that is, between Essex, Sussex, and Wessex. "Essex," *East seax*, the territory of the East Saxons; "Sussex," *South seax*, the territory of the South Saxons; and "Wessex," the West Saxon kingdom. "Westmoreland" is the land of the West Moors. Geoffrey of Monmouth says that Mar or Marius, son of Arviragus, one of the descendants of Brutus the Trojan wanderer, killed Redrie, a Pict, and set up a monument in a place which he called "West-marland," and the chronicler adds that "the inscription of this stone remains to this day." "Tyburn" is *Twa burne*; i. e., two rivulets, so called because two small rivers met in that locality. "Surrey" is from the Saxon *Suth-sea*; i. e., south of the river—the Thames, or *Suthrie*, south kingdom. "Fetter-lane," in London, where John Wesley met the Moravians, is said by Howell to be a corruption of *Fector-lane*; i. e., the lane where the worthless fellows were always sauntering about on their way to the gardens. "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?" "Preston," where Samuel Wesley was born, is the "Priest's town." "Herrnhut," the original home of the Zinzendorf Moravians, meant the "Watch of the Lord," according to Abel Stevens; and "Protection of the Lord," according to the New American Cyclopedia; whereas the literal translation would be "The House, or Tent of the Lord," as in Gnadenhütten we have "tents of grace," and Friedenshütten, "tents of peace." "Bedford" is from the Saxon *Bedeun-forda*, fortress ford—that is, the ford at the fortress of the river Ouse. "Berkshire" is also from the Saxon, *Beareshire*, forest shire, a name peculiarly appropriate to that country in England, which contains the forest districts of Windsor and Bagshot. Out of the many derivations suggested for "Britain," by far the most probable is that given by Bochart, from the Phœnician *Baratanie*, signifying country of tin, contracted into *Bratan*. The Greek *Cassiterides* (tin islands) is a translation of *Baratanie*, once applied to the whole known group, but now restricted to the Scilly Isles. Aristotle who lived some 350 years before the Christian era, calls the island *Britannia*, which is so close to *Baratanie* that the suggestions of Bochart can scarcely admit of a doubt. The ancient name of the Scilly Islands is supposed to have been *Sylle*, signifying "flat rocks," dedicated to the sun. The French call them *Sarlingues*, and Mr. Woodley supposes them to be the *Estymarides* of Festus Avi-

enus.

Caledonia, the old name of Scotland, is a corruption of *Celyddon*, a Celtic word meaning "a dweller in the woods and forests." The word *Celt* itself is a contraction of the same word (*celyd*) and means the same thing. "Cheshire" is the Latin *castra-shire*; i. e., camp or castle shire, called by the Romans *Devana castra* (the camp town of Devo or Dee-mouth). "Devon" is the Saxon *defnafon*, signifying "deep water," contracted into *defen* or *devon*. "Huntingdon" means the country famous for hunts. It was once a deer forest. "India" proper is so named from *Indus*, i. e., the river, in Sanscrit *Sindhu*, in Persian *Hind*, whence the Greek *Hindus*; *Hindustan* is the *tan* or "country" of the river *Hindus*. "Jersey" is *cazar's ey*; i. e., Caesar's island, so called in honor of Julius Cæsar. "Kent" is from the Latin *Cantium*, the territory of the Cantii or Cantii, old British, *Kant*, a corner or headland. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was so notorious for highway robbery that the word came to mean "a nest of thieves." "Manchester" has for its first syllable the Friesic *man*, i. e., a common, and for its last, the Latin *castra*, a camp; hence it means the Roman encampment on the common. "Perth" is Celtic for a bush. The county of Perth is the county of bushes. "Portugal" is *Portus Gall*, a corruption of *Portus Gallie*, the port of the Gauls. "Prussia" means *near Russia*, the country bordering on Russia; in Neo-Latin, *Borussia*; in Slavonic, *Porussia*; *po* in Slavonic signifying "near." The etymology of "Saracens" has been variously given. Ducange derives it from *Sarah* (Abraham's wife); Hottinger from the Arabic *sarraf* (to steal); Forster from *sahra* (a desert); but probably it is the Arabic *sharak* or *sharaken* (the eastern people), as opposed to *Maghrib* (the western people); i. e., of Morocco, now called the Moors. "Shropshire" is a contraction of Shrewsbury-shire, the Saxon *Scrobbesbyrig* (i. e., Shrub-borough), corrupted by the Normans into *Sloppes-burie*, whence the name *Satop*. "York," when it was Saxon, was called *Eborac*, being drowned at the foot of the wall caused this name to be given the English city. *York* is *Eborac* (pronounced *Yorrie*), and means the town on the Ebor, now called the Ouse. The Romans latinized the word *Ebor* or *Eve* into "Evora" "Eborac" and *vic* into "vicinus," whence *Eborac-vicini*, contracted into *Eboracum*. The Saxons restored the older word.—*Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*.

The Bible is the young man's own book. It denounces vice without feeding a dangerous curiosity. It dignifies virtue, not as a means of getting on, but as success and happiness now; and best of all, it gives the young man the one exclusive way in which vice is vanquished and virtue attained. It lifts up Christ. It invites us to the cross. It offers the new heart and the right spirit. It penetrates the disguises of elegant sin, and exposes the sophistry of cultivated iniquity. It flashes its revealing rays upon the opening abyss to which the tempter leads. It unmasks the voluptuous angel of light, and shows the malicious fiend. Into the scale against the "pleasures of sin for a season," it throws the "peace of God," and the "pleasures forever more."—*Dr. John Hall*.

Abdullah, a Turk, went to the residence of Nasereddin to borrow his mule. Nasereddin, who was not a ready lender, said that the mule was not at home. At that moment the mule brayed loud enough to wake the echoes. "What did you say Nasereddin, that your mule was not at home—but I hear him." "Go thy way, false Abdullah," said his neighbor, "you are not a true friend, for you believe the mule and refuse to take my word."