

Christian Family.

MISS MARY STUMP, EDITOR.

"The Palace o' the King."

A Scotch Hymn.

BY WILLIAM MITCHELL, EDINBURGH.

It's a bonnie, bonnie warl' that we're livin'
in the noo,
An' sunny is the lan' we aften traivel
throo;
But in vain we look for something to
which our herts can cling,
For its beauty is as naething to the palace
o' the King.

We like the gilded simmer, wi' its merry,
merry mead,
An' we sigh when hoary winter lays its
beauties wi' the dead;
For though bonnie are the snaw flakes, an'
the down on Winter's wing,
It's fine to ken it daurna touch the palace
o' the King.

Then, again, I've juist been thinkin' that
when a' thing here's sae bricht,
The sun in a' its grandeur, an' the mune
wi' quiverin' licht,
The ocean i' the simmer, or the woodland
i' the spring,
What mean it be up yonner i' the palace
o' the King!

It's here we hae oor trials, an' it's here
that He prepares
A' His chosen for the raiment which the
ransomed sinner wears.
An' it's here that He wad hear us, 'mid
oor tribulations sing,
"We'll trust oot God wha reigneth i' the
palace o' the King."

Though His palace is up yonner, He has
kingdoms here below,
An' we are His ambassadors, wherever we
may go;
We're a message to deliver, an' we've lost
anes hame to bring,
To be leal and loval hertes i' the palace
o' the King.

Oh! it's honor heaped on honor that His
courtiers should be ta'en
Frae the wand'rin' anes He died for, i'
this warl' o' sin an' pain,
An' its fust love an' service that the
Christian aye should bring
To the feet o' Him wha reigneth i' the
palace o' the King.

Ah! lat us trust Him better than we've
done afore,
For the King will feel His servants frae
His ever-bounteous store;
Lat us keep a closer grip o' Him, for time
is on the wing,
An' sune He'll come, and tak' us tae the
palace o' the King.

Its iv'ry halls are bonnie, upon which the
rainbows shine,
And its Eden bew's are trellised wi' a
never-fadin' Vine;
An' the pearly gates o' heaven do a glori-
ous radiance fling
On the stary floor that shimmers i' the
palace o' the King.

Nae nicht shall be in heaven, an' nae
desolatin' sea,
And nae tyrant hoofs shall trample i' the
city o' the free;
There's an everlastin' daylight, an' a never-
fadin' spring.
Where the Lamb is a' the glory, i' the
palace o' the King.

We see oor friens await us ower yonner at
his gate;
Then let us a' be ready, for ye ken it's
gettin' late:
Lat oor lamps be brichtly burnin'; lat's
raise oor voice and sing,
Sune we'll meet, to part nae mair, i' the
palace o' the King!

—London Christian.

Wearing Out.

Moralize as much as we possibly
can upon the evanescent affairs of life,
we cannot entirely get away from the
chronic state of "out of repair"
everything about us, unless there is
some one to take particular charge of
our creature comforts, and keep out
of sight the wear and tear of our
daily lives. The gate hinges rust, or
the latch breaks and the pigs break
in some fine morning when we are
asleep, and where yesterday we
proudly boasted a garden, to-day
nothing remains but an upturned
mass of stems and leaves. Our houses
will not stand the weather, and we
put on one, two and three coats of
paint to preserve them, and that must
be renewed every few years or the
house will rot on its foundation; the
house settles and the plaster cracks,
screws loosen and the door knobs fall
off, the doors themselves get out of
plumb and will not fasten; the china

breaks and the knives grow black,
cobwebs gather in the spare room,
dust settles on the pictures and dirt
accumulates about the lounges, till
one wonders if there is anything in
this world that will stay done. The
books need new buildings, stoves
must be polished, the windows get
broken new shingles must be had to
stop the leak in the roof, and a
hundred other things keep the owner
continually making repairs, till it is
strange how any one can keep a placid
frame of mind through the never-
ending patching up and piecing to-
gether.

Our clothes bother us as much as
the houses we live in, for no sooner
are we snug in a new dress, than a
nail makes a hideous rent to be
darned, or something is spilled on the
front breadths that unfits it for wear,
or the sun fades it and it is old and
frayed, before we are used to wearing
it, and in it goes with the carpet rags
or serves for a quilt lining, while we
must go to the worry and expense of
making another.

Little marvel it is that people lose
the buoyancy of youth and that
smiles take the place of lighthearted
laughter when all their lives they
struggle to repair the breakage and
the leakage which must be done over
and over, and just at the right time
or their labor is lost. If anything
would only stay done, when once
done, what a relief it would be to the
weary fingers and the brain burdened
with the care of many things, but it
can never be. Even we ourselves are
wearing out and but the thought of
it makes us sad and older still. We
build ourselves up from a headache
with hartshorn and volatile salts, the
doctor with nauseous drugs repairs
the ravages of fever, consumption's
ghastliness is checked with patent
medicines, but sooner or later there is
no need of repairing and then, and
then, dust to dust, ashes to ashes, the
long an' of the mourners, and the
wearing, it is over, for in that un-
discovered country, beyond the mound
of earth where they lay our bodies
down, there is neither moth nor rust
nor thieves to mar the happiness of
eternity.

The Modern Gossip.

BY JOEL BENTON.

It is natural that human beings
should take an interest in each other.
In a proper spirit it is incumbent, and
friendly to do so; for neighborliness
is the essential prop of the social state.
"I am a man," said a Roman philoso-
pher, "and I consider nothing which
concerns humanity foreign to me."
What relates to human welfare, he
would say, is pertinent also to mine.
It is a good principle, if kept within
orderly and decorous bounds; for it is
the best spirit of Christianity carried
out into the minor details and trifles
of life.

Out of this, however, grows the
gossip.

Yet, to be a gossip, originally, was
it would seem, to stand to another in
the most intimate and tender relation-
ship. It was to be the partner of his
most sacred thoughts and desires—the
shielder of his life. It was an office
of intimacy to which one was called
for a stimulus and a help; not for a
hindrance and harm.

When Shakespeare makes a charac-
ter say, "My noble gossips, ye have
been too prodigal," he spoke of his fa-
miliar friends who had, in some way
enriched him without stint; who had
been lavishly abundant beyond his
own sense or desert. But like many
another chip of our English tongue
this word has had a fearful fall. Its
meaning has been perverted, or grown
degenerate, within a few hundred
years; so that the gossip now is no
longer your friend and helper, but
your life-long plague. If he has the
privilege of your intimacy, it is not to
soothe and cheer you, and tide you
over, the world's rough ways; but

rather to taunt you, and put you, if
possible, in the pillory of scorn.

What a pitiful life the modern gos-
sip leads! No town in the whole land
escapes his pestiferous breath. It
seems sad to say it, but it must be
confessed there are to be found any-
where, multitudes of human beings
endowed with fair gifts, and possessed
of serviceable health—mortals who,
doubtless, were designed for a better
mission—who spend the best part of
their lives in conveying from ear to
ear the secrets and trifles of their
neighbor's daily history. This, indeed,
appears to be their only visible object
in living; their tattle, even when it is
merely impertinent, and not malicious
is unspeakably dreary. A soul of na-
tive nobleness could not receive a
worse punishment than to be compell-
ed to listen to the stale inanity and
empty chaff which constitutes their
stock in trade. But they come to
like it themselves, and, like the sec-
tions of Circe, undergo transformation,
and show at last, by signs unmistak-
able, their evident relish at wallowing
in the mire.

Of course they do not usually bring
their dishes unseasoned. The inci-
dents they show such wonderful eag-
erness to collect are made appetizing
by racy comment, spicy innuendo, and
uncharitable suspicions. The gar-
nished story is sent forth, when it
goes, barbed with needles and pins;
and—let us partition the blame hon-
estly—when it returns to its original
source the responsible author does not
always recognize the cumulative bit-
terness of his own work.

They are busy bodies who belong to
this craft. 'Tis a characteristic of the
scandal-monger to be as alert as an
eagle and as busy as the bee. He
surveys the whole social field, and his
lines of pursuit cross and intercross in
all directions. Through keyholes and
doorways comes the choicest grist;
and out of the real missteps of a true
and honest soul he gathers his most
delectable morsels. When he gets his
chosen rudiments together, each strictly
proportioned, the witchcraft in Mac-
beth is not so bitter and revolting as
his. When you meet him, be careful
of his smile. He will, betray you
with a kindness and flatter you to
your harm. When he approaches,
well may you say:

"By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes."

But there are different orders in
this class. Those of the feebler sort,
not favored with the easy imagination
are merely peddlers of the raw mate-
rial, and not its producers. They do
their part by passing it from their
own door to the next, where it is se-
curely left to make its way—which it
never fails to do—through the general
circuit of the town. And if it be a
falsehood that gets this currency, how
true is the proverb! Before the truth
can put its boots on to catch it, it will
have marched its entire round.

If there is any body of people in
world trying to human endurance, and
fit only for implacable contempt, we
shall find it in the mongers of scandal.
They add to life and its legitimate
toils an utterly needless burden, and
make it to sensitive natures a terror
to live. How they flippantly whis-
per away character; and, by a shrug
of the shoulder or a wink of the eye,
impale virtue and trample upon and
wreath. They poison all they touch,
and immaculate purity even is not
safe when within their reach; for they
love to spatter dirt where it makes the
ugliest mark.

Writers used formerly to compare
them to the fatal upas, which poison-
ed all life that came within its shade;
which, holding out hospitable arms of
shelter, only wooed its victims to cer-
tain death. But the upas has gone
into myth-land with the Norway
maelstrom and the apple of Tell, and
is now only a fable as it was once de-
scribed. Yet the moral upas remains,
and, in spite of the tender ameliora-
tions of life and culture, survives to

do its maleficent work.

The gossips still chatter, as they
perhaps always will. They destroy
the sweetness of social communion,
chill the tender charities that would
abound, and entail miseries and keen
distress that never can be told. But
they are themselves the most fatally
punished in the end. A merciful law
of retribution brings about its adjust-
ments. They have despised the bet-
ter motives which should rule the
mind until they find their vocation,
like the shirt of Nessus, cruelly sticks,
and will not be doffed. For beauty,
they have chosen ashes; and for roses,
thorns; and so they are doomed to
suffer in an ever-increasing ratio with
the wrong it is their mission to inflict.

You cannot find a monger in scan-
dal who does not show at last an
emasculate and feeble mind; a heart
bereft of sympathy and shorn of hope;
a soul that is scorched by the subtle
poison of sin. The Parthian arrows
he has sent may fly to the ends of the
earth, and pursue their innocent game
with havoc and dismay; but the fates
have ordered their return, and, ulti-
mately, the poison and gall revert
with fearful venom to burn and scar
the harboring breast.—Demorest.

Kurdistan.

Kurdistan, or "the country of the
Kurds," is a region of country in Wes-
tern Asia, lying about midway be-
tween the eastern extremity of the
Black Sea and the Persian Gulf. It
can scarcely be called a geographical
division, since it seems to have no de-
finite boundaries, no two authorities
agreeing concerning them. A portion
of the country of the Kurds lies in
Turkey in Asia, and a portion forms
the northwestern part of Persia. Thus
a part is subject to Persia, and the re-
mainder has heretofore been a Turk-
ish province; though the present war
between Russia and Turkey may re-
sult in disturbing its political relations.

The country is made interesting at
the present time, from the fact that it
is the Asiatic battle-ground of the
contending Russian and Turkish ar-
mies, and the probabilities are that it
will eventually fall into Russian hands.

It contains about one hundred
thousand square miles, and has a popu-
lation estimated at three millions,
though the estimate is probably too
large. It is watered by the Tigris
and its tributaries. The southern
portion, and the tract along the Tigris,
is comparatively level, but the remain-
der of the country is very mountain-
ous, some of the peaks rising nearly
thirteen thousand feet above the level
of the sea. These mountain ranges
divide the surface of the country into
fertile valleys and extensive table-
lands. The southern part is low and
flat, and parched and dry in summer,
though green with vegetation during
the wet season.

The inhabitants are a mixture of
Turks, Kurds and Persians. The larger
proportion are Kurds a race partly
nomadic, and partly agricultural.
Their chief occupation is the breeding
of horses, cattle and sheep. The Kur-
dish breed of horses is so famed for
its spirit and endurance, that it is in
great demand, and is almost exclu-
sively employed by the Turkish and
Persian cavalry.

These people are a very handsome,
vigorous race, their life in the open
air serving to perfect them physically.
Their costume is loose, flowing and
picturesque, that of the men differing
but little from that of the women.
The men wear bright-colored
turbans upon their heads, while the
women wear a sort of cap, profusely
ornamented by coins and other trink-
ets; a multiplicity of necklaces and
armlets of various patterns, heavy
jewels in their ears, and sometimes
rings also in their noses. Their com-
plexion is white, bronzed by exposure
to sun and wind.

In the valley of the Tigris is a set-
tlement of Nestorians, but the balance
of the inhabitants profess a debased
form of Mohammedanism.—Ex.

Cure for Diphtheria.

A correspondent of a Victorian
paper says:

Should you or any of your family
be attacked with diphtheria, do not
be alarmed, as it is easily and speedily
cured without a doctor. When it was
raging in England, a few years ago, I
accompanied Dr. Field on his rounds,
to witness the so-called "wonderful
cures" he performed, while the
patients of others were dropping on
all sides. The remedy, to be so rapid,
must be simple. All he took with
him was powder and sulphur and a
quill, and with these he cured every
patient, without exception. He put a
teaspoonful of flour of brimstone into
a wineglass of water, and stirred it
with his finger, instead of a spoon, as
the sulphur does not readily amalga-
mate with water. When the sulphur
was well mixed he gave it as a gargle,
and in ten minutes the patient was
out of danger. Brimstone kills every
species of fungus in man, beast, and
plant, in a few minutes. Instead of
spitting out the gargle, he recommend-
ed the swallowing of it. In extreme
cases, in which he had been called
just in the nick of time, when the
fungus was too nearly closing to allow
the gargling, he blew the sulphur
through a quill into the throat, and
after the fungus had shrunk to allow
of it, then the gargling. He never
lost a patient from diphtheria. If a
patient can not gargle, take a live
coal, put it on a shovel, and sprinkle
a spoonful or two of flour of brim-
stone at a time upon it; let the suffer-
er inhale it, holding the head over it,
and the fungus will die. If plenti-
fully used, the whole room may be
filled almost to suffocation; the patient
can walk about in it, inhaling the
fumes, with doors and windows shut.
The mode of fumigating a room with
sulphur has often cured most violent
attacks of cold in the head, chest, etc.,
at any time, and is recommended in
cases of consumption and asthma.

In the Name of Christ.

An illiterate countryman sold a lot
of firewood to a gentleman in the city.
When the wood was delivered, the
gentleman gave him a check upon a
certain bank. The countryman looked
at it for awhile, and then said: "This
is not money." "But if you take it
to the bank it will get you the
money," "I have no money in the
bank," remarked the countryman.
"Very true," answered the gentleman;
"but go with that piece of paper to
the bank, hand it to the man behind
the counter, and when he sees my
name upon it he will instantly give
you the money." When the country-
man went to the bank, authorized to
use the name of the gentleman, it was
the same as if the gentleman himself
had gone, for the name stood for the
person, and the two were, for the time
and the purpose to be accomplished,
but one. If it had not been for the
name, the countryman might have
begged, and entreated, and prayed for
the money, until handed over to the
police; but the name, the name alone,
secured him audience and acceptance.
When we pray in the name of Jesus,
we go to God, conscious of the fact that
we deserve nothing on our own ac-
count, that we have no personal worth-
iness to plead, that our applications
for the sake of anything in us, or any-
thing done by us, would be utterly un-
availing; but equally conscious of the
fact that through the infinite riches of
grace, we are one with Christ.—The
Christian Week.

"Far be it from us to doubt the
word of a brother editor," says the
La Crosse Sun; "we believe them all to
be truthful men; but when the Dur-
and Times, says that the water is so
low at the mouth of the Chippewa
River, that catfish have to employ
mud-turtles to tow them over the bar,
we feel as though the editor must be
away and some local minister filling
his place."