

Christian Family.

MISS MARY STUMP, EDITOR.

"Doe Ye Nexte Thyng."

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—Ecc. ix. 10.

From an old English Parsonage,
Down by the sea,
There came in the twilight
A message to me:
Its quaint Saxon legend,
Deeply engraven,
Hath, as it seems to me,
Teaching for heaven:
And on through the hours,
The quiet words ring,
Like a low inspiration,
"Do the next thing."

Many a questioning,
Many a fear,
Many a doubt,
Hath its quieting here,
Moment by moment,
Let down from heaven:
Time, opportunity,
Guidance are given,
Fear not to-morrow,
Child of the King:
Trust them with Jesus:
"Do the next thing."

Oh! He would have thee
Daily more free;
Knowing the might
Of the royal degree,
Ever in waiting,
Glad for his call:
Tranquil in chaste living,
Trusting through all,
Comings and goings,
No turmoil need bring;
His all thy future,
"Do the next thing."

Do it immediately,
Do it with prayer:
Do it religiously,
Casting all care,
Do it with reverence,
Facing His hand,
Who hath placed it before thee
With earnest command.
Stayed on Omnipotence,
Safe 'neath His wing,
Leave all resultings:
"Do the next thing."

Looking to Jesus,
Ever sorer,
Working or suffering,
Be thy demeanor,
In the shade of his presence,
The rest of His calm;
The light of His countenance
Live out thy psalm.
Strong in his faithfulness,
Praise Him and sing:
Then, as He beckons thee,
"Do the next thing."

—Anon.

PANTS.

Something mysterious was going on. That night when Tommy climbed into his crib, mamma told him that when he waked in the morning he would find something very nice in the chair beside it. He thought it would be very hard to wait so long, but it only seemed a minute or so before he waked up and heard the robins singing with all their might out in the cherry trees. Mamma was brushing her hair, moving about very softly, so as not to wake baby, and Tommy sat right up and looked about him, rubbing his eyes with his fat fists. Sure enough, there was "Something" on the chair where he had left his plaid dress and ruffled panties. A new dress? No, not a dress at all, but the prettiest little suit—jacket and pants of soft, gray cloth, buttoned with shining pearl buttons, and trimmed with braid. Tommy could hardly believe his eyes, but he was on the floor in a twinkling, laughing and chuckling, and trying to put his pants right on over his long night gown.

"Just like a man," giggled Tommy, thrusting his hands into his pockets; and baby lifted her precious little head from the pillow, and stared at him with her great blue eyes, as if she wondered who that boy was.

"She don't know me," said Tommy, in still greater delight. "She won't never have pants, will she?" he added in a tone that was partly pity and partly triumph.

"I suppose you won't care about eating peanuts and candy any more," said Uncle Jim, as he went away.

Tommy was walking about with his hands behind him, trying to make

his shoes squeak. He stopped and looked at Uncle Jim, to see if he was in earnest. There was a twinkle in his eye that reassured Tommy, so he went on squeaking his shoes, and wondering what Billy would say to him. He determined to go over immediately and see, but mamma spoiled that plan by telling him not to go outside the gate on any account, or do anything to soil his new clothes, because his papa was coming home that very morning, and Tommy must look his best.

Tommy's papa brought him a music box that would play three tunes, and a set of toy horsemen rode up and down to the tune of "Captain Jinks," when you turned the handle of the box they stood upon it, so of course he had to go over after dinner to show his treasures and his new clothes to Billy. The result was dreadfully disappointing, so far as the new clothes were concerned, for that young gentleman sniffed up his nose at them in decided disapproval.

"Ho!" said Billy, "they're most like a girl; only come to your knees, and no gallsuses. I don't have my clothes that way."

Tommy stared with his big eyes, and wondered what "gallsuses" might be, but had not a doubt that there was but one proper way to make clothes,

and that was just like Billy's. Now, Billy's mamma never troubled herself about the spring fashions, or any other fashions. She had half a dozen boys, and when the older ones outgrew their clothes, she just cut off the legs a little, patched the knees and elbows, and passed them on down the row. Billy's present pants happened to be a little long, and a little baggy, but that was a fault time would remedy; so after inspecting them a moment, Tommy unbuckled his little trousers at the knee, and stretched and smoothed them down over his scarlet stockings. It was no use; at the very best they would not reach his ankles.

"Tell yew what," said Billy, "if yew had some gallsuses them pants would reach down."

"Yes," said Tommy, in bewilderment.

The inventive Billy went directly to work, and manufactured a pair of suspenders out of some old red reins. The short trousers were unbuckled from the jacket and let down to a desirable length, the "gallsuses" fastened on with pins and twine, and then Billy surveyed his work with triumph.

To be sure, there was a noticeable gap between the top of the trousers and the bottom of the jacket, but the red suspenders bridged it over, and Billy remembered to have seen the same lack upon Jake, the hostler, so both were satisfied.

"There, now," said Billy; "now you look something like."

He didn't say like what, and Tommy didn't ask; but they played with the soldiers till Ellen rung the bell for tea. Then papa and mamma, looking out at the parlor window, saw a funny little figure coming across the yard, with gray trousers dragging over its feet, red suspenders stretching down in front across a puff of plaid flannel shirt, and a gay little plaid banner streaming bravely out in the rear. Tommy's papa laughed and shouted, and felt like rolling on the floor, and he called Uncle Jim and he laughed too; but though Tommy went to the window the minute he got in, to see what the fun was, he couldn't see anything at all.—*What Tommy Did.*

Cut Behind.

(A Fine Recitation.)

The scene opens on a clear, crisp morning. Two boys are running to get on the back of a carriage, whose wheels are spinning along the road. One of the boys with a quirk spring, succeeds. The other leaps, but fails, and falls. No sooner has he struck the ground than he shouts to the driver of the carriage, "Cut behind!"

Human nature is the same in boy

as in man—all running to gain the vehicle of success. Some are spry, and gain that for which they strive. Others are slow and tumble down; they who fall crying out against those who mount, "Cut behind!"

A political office rolls past. A multitude spring to their feet, and the number reaches that for which he runs. No sooner does he gain the prize, and begin to wipe the sweat from his brow, and think how grand a thing it is to ride in popular preferment, than the disappointed candidates cry out, "Incompetency! Stupidity! Fraud!"

Now let the newspapers of the other political party, "Cut behind!"

There is a golden chariot of wealth rolling down the street. A thousand people are trying to catch it. They run; they jostle; they tread on each other. Push, and pull, and tug. Those talk most against riches who cannot get them. Clear the track for the racers! One of the thousand reaches the golden prize and mounts. Forth with the air is full of cries, "Got it by fraud! Shoddy! Petroleum aristocracy! His father was a rag-picker! His mother was a washerwoman! I knew him when he blacked his own shoes! Pitch him off the back part of the golden chariot, 'Cut behind! cut behind!'"

In many eyes success is a crime. "I do not like you," said the snow-flake to the snow-bird. "Why?" said the snow-bird. "Because," said the snow-flake, "you are going up and I am going down."

We can state that the man in the carriage, on the crisp morning, though he had a long lash-whip, with which he could have made the climbing boy yell most lustily, did not cut behind. He heard the shout in the rear, and said, "Good morning, my son. That is right; climb over and sit by me. Here are the reins; take hold and drive; was a boy myself once, and know what tickles youngsters."

Thank Heaven, there are many in the world that never "cut behind," but are ready to give a fellow a ride whenever he wants it. There are hundreds of people whose chief joy it is to help others on. Now it is a smile, now a good word, now ten dollars. When such a kind man has ridden to the end of the earthly road, it will be pleasant to hang up the whip with which he drove the enterprise of a lifetime, and feel that with it he never "cut behind" at those who were struggling.—*Columbian Speaker.*

Blarney.

HOW DANIEL WEBSTER BROUGHT THE QUAKER DELEGATION ROUND.

The veteran politician and soldier, General Shields, tells the following story:—

"While I was in the Senate I saw much of Webster both in and out of the Capitol. He met me one day and said: 'Shields, I find I have got into difficulty with some of my constituents some Quakers, who are dissatisfied with my advocacy of a certain measure, and they have sent a large delegation down here from Massachusetts to make a protest. I have promised to meet them this evening, and I would like to have you there.'"

"Why, what can I do?"

"Your native blarney, Shields—it may help me out of the trouble."

"I laughed at the idea of blarney effecting anything where Daniel Webster's eloquence could not convince, and I made that objection; but he insisted and I promised to be on hand. Evening came, and I joined Mr. Webster at his rooms. Presently the delegation arrived and were seated; a dozen or twenty of the most solemn men I have ever seen, all rigidly costumed in Quaker dress. Without wasting any time the chairman arose and addressed Mr. Webster in a set speech. He commented severely on the course of the Senator as to the measure in question, setting forth the bad effects which it might have on

their sect, expressing great sorrow and surprise that Mr. Webster had been found supporting such a bill, and concluded with a vigorous protest in writing which bore many signatures. Webster listened attentively, with unchanged countenance; and when the spokesman had resumed his seat he rose and replied. He spoke half an hour, and before he concluded he grew as eloquent as he was often heard. His defence was simply that he deemed the measure one demanded by the interests of the whole country, although it might not be especially adapted to the wants and interests of any sect, and after clearly setting this forth he made such an appeal to the delegation to remember that they were Americans as well as Quakers, that I was fairly electrified. The effect produced by his words on the delegation was astonishing. When he began, they were all seated; after he had spoken ten minutes one after another rose to his feet until they were all standing; then they commenced to move toward him, and they had soon surrounded him in a body. Before he finished I saw the chairman take out his petition and tear it to pieces, and when he had finished some of them were shedding tears, and all were grasping Webster's hands as fast as they could get them. 'Friend Webster,' cried the spokesman, 'thou art right and we are wrong; we owe thee an apology; we will say no more about it; thou knowest thy duty better than we.' The next day I met Mr. Webster, and with a countenance of perfect gravity he said: 'Well, Shields, how didn't we blarney those fellows nicely?'—*Philadelphia Herald.*

A Little Fable.

Southey used to say that his means lay in an inkstand; and Byron somewhere says that a drop of ink may make a million think. Ink has been very aptly designated as the black slave that waits upon thought. "Take away the sword," said the fitful Cardinal of France, "States can be saved without it. Bring the pen." It is the enchanter's wand, in itself nothing, yet taking surgery from the master's hand wherewith to move the world. But we had a fable in our mind which we would depict for our readers. The sword of the warrior was taken down to be brightened, though it had not been long out of use. The rust was rubbed off, but there were spots that would not disappear—dark, significant spots; they were of blood. The sword was on the table, near the pen of the secretary. The pen took advantage of the first breath of air to move a little farther off. "Thou art right," said the sword, "I am a bad neighbor." "I fear thee not," replied the pen; "I am more powerful than thou art, but I love not thy society." "I can flash like lightning," said the sword. "Ah! but my rays are eternal," said the pen. "I exterminate," added the sword. "Where were thy victories if I recorded them not? Even where thou thyself shall one day be—in the Lake of Oblivion!"—*Ec.*

On an Engine.

A train at night is a spectacle of terrible magnificence anywhere, but we have become so familiarized with it that has lost its force and we simply regard it in the ordinary realistic light in which we look on any other casual object. But take your stand on the engine itself, and all is changed. Let the firm hand of the bronzed figure beside you fail—let the sharp eye read false the bits of flickering glass that twinkle in the distance—and you know well that in one minute you may be a shapeless mass of flesh.

Never felt I this so intensely as once when I rode on an engine. Gradually the cars filled; presently the sharp whistle of the guard rang through the air, and an abrupt scream followed from the engine. The steam

was turned on. A thrill of life seemed to vibrate through the iron frame of the huge mass of machinery before me. It ranted hard, and shooting up dense columns of vapor, began slowly to move. Easier and easier seemed the effort, and in a few minutes we were fairly on our way. On each side of us were the open fields; the cattle lay motionless heaps, in the glimmer, careless and stilled, though we passed them so close; ever and anon the dark form of a grazing horse would betray a momentary restlessness as we shot by. Our speed now seemed perfectly awful.

The wheels bounded and sprang, and the roar was deafening. The metals running parallel with us seemed dashing along in headlong chase after us, and telegraph wires dipped and twisted as I looked at them. Far in the distance I could discern masses of black; they seemed miles away, but in a few seconds they assumed the shape of bridges, and with a hollow whirl we shot them behind us. Presently I saw masses of lights, motionless heaps of trunks, signal posts and lamps. Nearer and nearer we drew—it was a large station.

Just as we entered it the driver opened the furnace, and in an instant the white ghost-like smoke which floated like a banner over our heads was changed into a lurid mass of flame; the draught as we entered the station blew it about in every direction, and a blood-red mist enveloped the whole engine. In a blind fog, with the whistle screaming in my ears, the wild echoes booming and reverberating from every part of the roofed station, the hot furnace licking in the coal at my feet—I could see nothing, and I held tightly on the rail, stunned and helpless. Again into the night we passed as the confused mass of lights flashed by. I saw the signals change from white into a blood-red as we flew past, but it had no significance for me. Everything seemed mad. I never realized till then what an accident really meant, never understood the gratitude we all owe to the fine, conscientious, laborious fellows into whose hands we intrust our lives. For the whole of that journey the driver's eye never wandered from the front, his keen, forward-searching face scarce one moment altered its position, and it was easy to see that the wear and tear incident to such prolonged tension had marked and marred his face ere its time. At last our speed slackened, and blood-red light flared on the metals before us, morning was lacing the clouds, and very glad was I to grasp the hands of my swarthy companions, and stepping on the platform of my destination, wish them good-by and God-speed. With the roar of the engine still ringing in my ears, and the glare of the signals even yet vexing my eyes, I betook myself to rest, glad to get safe again on terra firma—gladder to have gained the experience I had gained.—*Rural.*

Cities of the Earth.

There are two hundred and fifteen cities with populations of over 100,000; twenty-nine or half a million or more, and nine containing a million or more inhabitants each. Of these last four are in China. New York—including Brooklyn, as we may rightfully do for purposes of comparison—and the greatest cities of the world in this order; London, 3,489,498, Paris, 1,851,792; New York, 1,535,622; Aina, 1,091,999; Berlin, 1,044,000; Canton and three other Chinese cities, one million each. New York being third in the list of great cities, without counting our New Jersey overflow. But, although third in point of population, it is behind all English cities, many other European, and most of other American cities, in health and average longevity.—*Ec.*

Good men are often great sufferers for Christ's cause.