

Christian Family.

MISS MARY STUMP, EDITOR.

On the Other Side.

We go our way in life too much alone;
We hold ourselves too far from all our kind;
Too often we are dead to sigh and moan;
Too often to the weak and helpless blind;
Too often where distress and want abide,
We turn, and pass along the other side.
The other side is trodden smooth and worn
By footsteps passing idly all the day;
Where lie all the bruised ones that faint and mourn,
Is seldom more than an untrodden way;
Our selfish hearts are for our feet a guide
They lead us by along the other side.
It should be ours the oil and wine to pour
Into the bleeding wounds of stricken ones;
To take the smitten and the sick and sore,
And bear them where a stream of blessing runs;
Instead, we look out—the way is wide,
And so we pass along the other side.
Oh, friends and brothers, gliding down the years,
Humanity is calling each and all—
In tender accents, born of grief and tears,
I pray you listen to the thrilling call!
You cannot, in your cold and selfish pride,
Pass guiltlessly along the other side.

Child Marian in Mischief.

What golden days they were—those early summer days in the Austrian capital, and what sights we saw, and what adventures we had—and how lovely Marian grew in the bracing air, and how we loved her more and more as the weeks went on. Well, no—we didn't mind her mischief very much, because, you see, she never meant to be mischievous, and that makes all the difference in the world. She generally thought she was doing right—and her little pranks were most always mere errors of judgment. She would never have cut off Harry's long hair, but that she thought it would be more becoming and comfortable short. She would never have pinned red stripes to the shoulders of my dress-coat—which I wore to a court-reception, and wasn't aware they were there until a fellow-countryman asked me if they were a pair of young shoulder straps. And I'm sure she didn't mean any harm when she put a box of toilet powder into the hat of a distinguished United States officer who came to call on us, and he, poor man, who was nothing if not dignified, and not much if he was, felt very angry when his red face and bald head and black coat received a white shower. We were very much mortified at this, and Aunt Elinor looked very severe and sad.

"Marian—Marian, why did you do it—it was very naughty and thoughtless!" and the little lady replied that she had only hidden it there for a moment, from Harry, and forgotten to take it out—and she continued:

"It didn't hurt him a bit, and it wasn't half as bad as Harry did—for he stirred up our mucilage pot with the old gentleman's umbrella-handle, and didn't wipe it off again. Harry was just going to wipe it off, when he came out of the parlor so mad about the powder-box, and seized his umbrella right out of Harry's hands, before we could tell him—and—O, my! didn't it stick to his gloves!"

Aunt Elinor groaned, and no wonder.

And I, looked very stern, and said:

"Children, I'm surprised, when you know I charged you to be especially good while that gentleman was here."

"Well," said Marian, beginning to cry, "we tried to be good, and we went down into the court-yard to keep out of mischief, and his carriage was there, and we climbed in, and we would have staid there till he came down, only the pins gave out."

"Pins—what do you mean?" asked Aunt Elinor.

"O, we had a paper of pins, and we stuck them all in the carriage-cush-

ions, and spelt words with the heads; we wrote 'Old Boy' with pin-heads way across the front seat, and it looked so well we left it for him to see."

Aunt Elinor groaned again.

"And made a cat on the back seat, and then Harry made a fence all round her to keep her in—a lovely fence! We lifted up the linen cover of the seat, and stuck the pins point upwards—and I do hope he noticed it before he sat down."

I didn't wait to hear more, but I seized my hat and hurried off to the gentleman's house—and found him looking very flushed and angry, and as if he might be just on the point of striking our names off his visiting-list. I did the best I could with an apology, but the old gentleman worked himself into a towering passion, and said:

"It's outrageous, sir, outrageous. I shall not be able to sit down with comfort for a week."

I told Marian and Harry what he said, and both children looked very sorry—but surely did the best they knew how to mend the injury, for when, a few days after, I went to search for my court-plaster case, Marian looked guilty, and said, very beseechingly:

"O, don't be angry with me, dear Uncle Will—I sent it to General—with such a nice note."

"O! O! O!" I groaned and felt like tearing my hair.

"Don't feel so badly, dear Uncle Will, 'twas a very nice note—I have a copy of it here," and she produced a letter that read as follows:

DEAR GENERAL: We are very sorry that you hurt yourself when you sat down. We send you some court-plaster, and hope it will do you good. We didn't mean to be outrageous, and we don't think it was much trouble for you to get the powder out of your hair, because you have so little hair on top of your head, and it will brush out of that little fringe round the edges easy enough. Harry says he thinks your head very pretty be-hind; it looks just like a ostriches egg he saw in a museum.

"Did you see what we wrote on your carriage-cushion—while your coachman was drinking beer with our porter? Please send the pins back again when you get time."

"Don't you think that is a pretty good note?"

"Yes, Marian, it is well enough of itself, but you ought not to have done it—you are very naughty to do such things without asking leave."

"What do you suppose the man thinks?" said Aunt Elinor, hardly knowing whether to cry or laugh.

"O," I said trying to comfort her, "he thinks the children wrote it, and, I dare say, had a good laugh over it."

"I don't think he did," said Marian.

"Did what, Marian?"

"Did think we wrote it," said Marian.

"Why not, dear?"

"Because, Uncle Will, I thought he wouldn't think it much account if he thought we wrote it—and so I signed Aunt Elinor's name to it."

"How could you—how could you Marian?" and Aunt Elinor for a moment thought she would cry a little, and then she saw how funny it all was, and she laughed a little instead, and then it seemed a little awkward, and she turned to me and asked what she should do.

"Do? why, there is only one thing to do, and that is to go to the general's and apologize"—which we proceeded to do forthwith, but not till Marian had promised never, while she was with us, to send another note without telling us about it, and never, never to put anybody's but her own name to her letters.—WM. M. F. ROUND, in *October Wide Awake*.

The blessing of a house is piety. The honor of a house is hospitality. The ornament of a house is cleanliness. The happiness of a house is contentment.

The Oil of the Olive.

BY ELLEN BERTHA BRADLEY.

A few days ago I heard Susie asking Ned some questions about olive oil and have been expecting that he would bring home a specimen. Sure enough, yesterday evening he took a little flask of it from his pocket and handed it to her to examine. She held it up to the light that we might all see the peculiar greenish color. The rays fell through it soft and pure, and we quite agreed with her when she said that it looked good to eat. Ned, with a twinkle in his eye, suggested that we should try it, and Robbie brought some bread, which we dipped in the oil and cautiously tasted.

"What's the matter, Susie?" asked Ned, as she threw her piece down with an exclamation of disgust and took a hasty drink of water.

"It is horridly oily," was the reply. "I'm glad I don't live where they eat such stuff."

"What does it taste like?" he asked.

"Nuts," said Robbie reaching for more.

"I knew it would suit you," said his uncle. "You take to such things."

"I rather like it," said Annie; "it is oily, to be sure, but the flavor is sweet and pleasant. It stings my throat, though."

"It is very apt to do that," said he.

"What do you think of it, Mary?"

"I am of Susie's opinion," I answered.

"So am I," said mother.

"I did not think any of you but Robbie would like it," said Ned. "The sweet, nutty flavor is generally disagreeable at first, and a taste for it has to be acquired. Probably, too, you would have liked it better mixed with other ingredients in a salad."

"Is this the genuine article?" asked mother, taking up the flask and examining it. "You know most of that sold in this country for table use is made from lard."

"I think this is the real oil," was the reply; "I got it from a friend who is an importer. He thought it was pure, but it is difficult to tell, as it is often adulterated in Italy. Cheaper oils are mixed with it and their presence is difficult to ascertain. The Chamber of Commerce in Nice has lately offered a reward of fifteen thousand francs, or three thousand dollars, for a simple method of detecting adulterations."

"Does most of the oil come from Italy?" I asked.

"The best of it does. Something like thirty-three million gallons is produced there yearly, but large quantities are made in all parts of southern Europe. The very finest qualities come from Provence, Florence and Lucca."

"There wouldn't be much brought to this country, if no one liked it any better than I do," said Susie.

"Perhaps not," replied her uncle, "but the yearly importation into the United States is nearly three hundred and fifty thousand gallons, or about a half million dollars worth."

"It is not all used for eating, though," said mother.

"Oh, no!" he answered. "It serves many purposes. For one, it is used by manufacturers in dressing and dyeing cloths. It is much valued, also, as a medicine, being given internally as well as employed in ointments and plasters. In the East it is one of the necessities of life."

"It would be curious to know how many uses for it are mentioned in the Bible," mother remarked.

"Suppose we see how many we can remember," I suggested.

"They burned it for light," said Susie.

"Can you give us an instance?" inquired Ned.

"The parable of the virgins: some took extra oil and some didn't," was the reply.

"Very true," said he; "but how do

you know it was olive oil?"

That was a puzzling question, and the little lady knit her brows as she vainly searched her memory for an answer. Mother's voice broke the silence, repeating:

"And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying: Command the children of Israel that they bring unto thee pure oil, olive beaten for the oil, to cause the lamps to burn continually."

"That tells us what was used in the temple," said Ned; "and we know that they dedicated to religious services that which was best and purest of the articles used in every day life."

You were right, Susie; olive oil was and still is used almost exclusively in the East for burning in lamps. But grandpa's quotation suggests a question as to why the lamps in the temple were to be kept burning continually. I think we must get her to answer it for us."

"The burning of lamps," said she, "has always been regarded in Oriental countries as a sign of prosperity and joy. The poor would rather stint themselves in food than neglect to keep a light all night. To say that a man's lamp is going out, is to announce his approaching destruction. Of course a custom which was looked upon as so important in private houses was to be far more scrupulously regarded in the temple. To allow the lamps about the altar to expire would be to say that worship there had ceased."

"Thank you, mother," said Ned. "Do any of you know any other use to which oil was put in the religious services of the Jews?"

There was a moment's pause, and then Annie said, hesitatingly:

"I think it was used in the sacrifices, but I cannot tell how."

"It was a part of the meat offering," said her uncle, and mother quoted:

"And when any shall offer a meat offering unto the Lord, the offering shall be of fine flour, and he shall pour oil upon it and put frankincense thereon; and the priest shall burn the memorial of it upon the altar, to be an offering made with fire, of a sweet savor unto the Lord."

"There were several forms of the meat offering," said Ned, "but the idea was always the same, the offering to the Lord of a portion of the good things he had given. The juice of the olive was brought with the grain because it was used with it in ordinary cooking."

"That suggests its household uses," said I.

"Yes," was the reply; "we all know that it took the place of both lard and butter in cooking and eating; but can any of you think of any other use it served in the family?"

"It was used as a toilet article by every one who wished to make a good appearance," said I. "Not to anoint oneself with oil was a sign of great neglect, only to be justified on the ground of deep grief. While the mourner sat in sack-cloth and ashes he abstained from its use as from all other toilet luxuries. He was supposed to be so absorbed in grief as to have no thought of personal comfort. When he arose and anointed himself with oil, it was as much a proclamation of returning cheerfulness as is with us the leaving off of crape and bombazine and the pinning on of a knot of bright ribbon."

"And it is to be feared that its omission was often as much a matter of studied effect as is now the depth of veils and hat-bands," said Ned.

"But we must not suppose the use of oil in the toilet was a mere luxury; the heart of the climate rendered frequent bathing and anointing needful to comfort. For a host to cause the heads of his guests to be anointed was an act of courtesy so required by custom that its omission was almost a mark of disrespect."

"Bah! how dirty!" exclaimed Annie.

"You think you would have been like Queen Elizabeth and not have

appreciated the honor," said I. "You remember when she was anointed queen, she wiped off the oil, with an expression of disgust, and complained to her ladies that it was grease and smelled bad."

"Perhaps it did in that instance," said Ned. "But pure olive oil need not, as the contents of this bottle testify. Certainly it is not so regarded in the East. Who thinks of another use to which it is put?"

"The anointing of kings," said Susie.

"And of the dead," said mother.

"Yes," he replied, "and the dressing of wounds and other medical purposes. It was alike indispensable for daily food and comfort and for religious services, on occasions of joy and of sorrow. We bring flowers to the bridal and lay them about the dead. They poured oil where we scatter blossoms, and the token of respect and affection was the same."

"No wonder," said mother, "that the olive has ever been one of the most valued of trees, and that its prospects of harvest should be watched with eager interest."

"No," said Ned, "for a slight cause will often occasion great damage. A single high wind, when the trees are in blossom, will break off so many flowers as to cause serious loss to the crop."

"How is the oil made, Uncle Ned?" asked Susie.

"In olden time the fruit was either beaten or shaken from the trees and then trodden or pounded to obtain the juice, which sometimes forms ninety per cent. of the pulp of the ripe fruit. The same rude method is still sometimes used, but much care is taken in making the best qualities. The olives are picked by hand before they are fully ripe and spread in sheds to dry. They are then ground in mills and the pulp is packed into coarse sacks and subjected to heavy pressure. The oil thus obtained is caught in cisterns of water, from the surface of which it is afterward skimmed. Poorer kinds are made with less care, the fruit being sometimes allowed to lie all winter upon the ground exposed to the weather."

"That, I should think," said mother, "could only be in cases where the harvest was very great, or in countries where the oil was of comparatively little value."

"It would," said Ned, "seem more likely occur in Spain, where it is made into Soap, than in Palestine, where it is the staff of the poor man's life."

"It is easier," I remarked, "when one knows the many uses to which oil is put in common life, to understand the frequent mention made of it in the Bible. No wonder it was called the oil of joy and of gladness, was used as a symbol of blessing and prosperity, and was mingled with the thank offerings, but never with the sacrifices for sin."

"When I was in the East," said Ned, "an unusually heavy harvest of olives was being garnered, and the rejoicing of the people made clearer to me many sacred smiles and promises, and none more than that passage in the Psalms which refers directly to our Savior, but is yet true of us all in proportion as we fashion our lives after his example and commandment: 'Thou lovest righteousness and hatest wickedness: therefore God, thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.'"

"I think that it will be the clearer to us all for this evening's talk," said mother; "and, if so, this little flask of oil will have been the means of teaching us that which will enrich us all of our lives."—N. Y. Observer.

To a person who asked him when was the right hour for dinner, a philosopher replied: "If you are rich," said he, "you can dine when you like; and if you are poor, you can dine when you can."

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