

Christian Family.

MISS MARY STUMP, EDITOR.

The Stocking Basket.

Cosily thrown in her cushion'd chair,
A mother reclined from toil and care,
Except the darning of a stocking,
And her chair's perpetual rocking,
I thought I had somewhere seen it styled
The plague of life, such a basket piled
With tiresome, everlasting stitching,
With work so very unbewitching;
And as she broke the thread asunder,
Weaving in and out, over and under,
I wished the rents in human life
Could be mended with a little strife.

She took in her hand a tiny thing,
All striped with a white and scarlet ring,
And smiled as she thought of the silken
hair—
And laughing eyes of her darling fair:
Of the rosy lips and dainty hands,
The pleading cries and the loud demands,
She sighed as she thought of the world
untried.

And up and down her needle plied,
She knew it said, Oh! blessed are such!
And stroked her work with a tender touch,
Softly folded and laid it away,
As the little feet in slumber lay.

But on the next a tear-drop lingered:
The mother wrought with trembling fingers,
And sadly bowed with an anxious face,
Appealing on high for strength and grace
To guide the steps of her wayward son,
To bless and protect her erring one,
Not suffer the wand'ring feet to roam
Forth from the love of his early home,
To shield him from the glittering net
The tempter with costly jewels had set,
To save him from the sparkling bowl,
And all the dangers that rear the soul.

As on the third her looks were bent,
The face wore a smile of sweet content
For the fair-haired girl whose gentle ways
Were extolled by all with voice of praise,
For her the sunshine ever glowed,
And from her lips rose music flowed;
With graceful carriage and modest mien,
She moved through life like a fair young
queen.

The mother said, with a fervent prayer,
May heaven shield her from harm and care,
From cruel want, and the stings that
smart,
From the bruises of a blighted heart.

The next were for those whose feet had
trod
For many Summers the earth's green sod;
And the storms of many Winters felt,
In joys had smiled, and in sorrows knelt;
No cloud so dark, but the glimmering hue
Of the sunrise ever struggled through;
No gloom so deep, faith could not brighten;
No toil so hard, love could not lighten.

The last for one who was passing down
To her narrow home with silver crown
Of wondrous luster, that seemed to shed
A light of glory 'round her head,
Peacefully sinking to the quiet rest,
Awaiting those of the truly blessed;
For her she plead the right to share
All tender aid and watchful care.

And thus the stockings all were mended;
With each stitch a thought was blended;
With every thread for future wear,
The weaving in of a silent prayer.

—Chicago Tribune

Thanksgiving Day.

Once again from the executive
office of the nation the proclamation
of universal thanksgiving has gone
forth and has slipped from Governor's
pens down the long rank of states,
has been heralded by the press until
the many voiced declaration has
echoed from our mountain tops and
all along our valley lines till even the
little village of Monmouth for the
first time is constrained to catch up
the refrain and obey the custom
ordered thanksgiving holiday. Blessed as
a nation and individually more than
any other people, we perhaps return
thanks to the Giver of all good less
than those not favored as ourselves,
but who rejoice in their hearts and
offer thanks for the blessings they
enjoy every waking hour. At peace
with all men and abiding in plenty,
we cannot comprehend the misery and
want of the war-stained East where
under the shadow of the mountain
upon which the Ark rested, and upon
which Noah devoutly gave thanks for
his deliverance, the victorious Russian
army has just entered a famous citadel
coveted by them for so many months,
and while we listen to long thanks-
giving sermons and prayers falling
from the lips of wise divines; think-

ing not of the long thanks offered up
for the people, but eagerly of the good
dinner waiting at home, the lives of
unnumbered hundreds are going out
in darkness, while blood stained every
threshold of these broken homes.

Thanksgiving day! of course the
grown up folks who arrange suppers
and sociables for that particular day
and evening know the origin of the
New England custom of setting apart
that day of the whole year for the
special giving of thanks and feasting
and the renewing of household ties,
maybe too, all the boys and girls of
Monmouth know about it, but I know
one school that last year was very
anxious to keep Thanksgiving day, of
which the teacher did not approve,
but consented to dismiss for the day
if there was a scholar in the room that
could tell him why that day more
than any other should be a holiday.
Not one out of those seventy or eighty

pupils, some of them young men and
women, answered a word, till at last
a little fellow over in the corner,
afraid, I suppose, of losing the day,
piped up in a shrill little voice
"Please, sir, it's Christ's birthday."
Big people sometimes, in their
zealous keeping of Thanksgiving day,
make mistakes as well as younger
ones, as one lady not a hundred miles
from here, on a certain Thanksgiving
day, made a grand dinner and invited
in her friends to partake of the good
things. When the company were
seated at table no one could be found
competent to return thanks, so they
were obliged to partake of the bounti-
ful repast prepared by the hostess
from the "giving" of the Lord with-
out even the customary every day
"thanks." But again in the church
over the way, the grand anthems are
ringing in praise to the Lord, which
we trust will find a dwelling place in
each heart, that they may give praise
and thanks unto the Lord on each
returning day of the revolving year.

Literary Women.

Miss Jane Austen died 1816, aged
42; Mrs. Radcliffe, 1823, aged 59;
Miss Mitford, 1855, aged 69; Miss
Jane Porter, 1850, aged 75; Mrs. Eliza-
beth Montagu, 1800, aged 80; Mrs.
Piozzi, 1821, aged 81; Mrs. Barbauld,
1822, aged 82; Miss Edgeworth, 1849,
aged 82; Lady Morgan, 1859, aged 82;
Madam d'Arblay, 1840, aged 88; Miss
Hannah More, 1833, aged 88; Mrs.
Marriot, 1859, aged 89; Miss Berry,
1852, aged 90; Mrs. Somerville,
1872, aged 92; Miss Harriet Lee, 1851,
95; Miss Caroline Herschel, 1848, 98;
Lady Smith, 1877, aged 103—giving
for the 19 literary ladies an average
age of 81. Now it is quite true, of
course, that the first and shortest-lived
of all these was in genius worth all
the others put together. We have no
sort of doubt that Miss Austen's novels
will continue to be read as long as
the English language endures, and we
have a good deal of doubt about all
the others, even Miss Edgeworth, who
probably comes next upon the list,
though far away below Miss Austen.
Yet no one would really suppose that
there was anything in the genius of
Miss Austen at all of that kind to
shorten her life. There was no vestige
of excitability or restlessness either
in her works or in her life as it
has been narrated for us. On the con-
trary, that misguided section of the
literary world—and it is not quite a
minute one—which rejects Miss Aus-
ten, and will not recognize her genius,
complains of her excessive realism, of
the minuteness of her studies and the
dullness of the resulting fictions. That
is bad criticism, no doubt, but at least
it bears witness to the perfect tran-
quility and composure of Miss Austen's
genius, and is pretty adequate proof
that her relatively early death was in
no way due to the wear and tear
which genius is sometimes supposed
to make in the constitution. Of those
who remain, much the most eminent
in the world of literature proper—
Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Barbauld—

reached the great age of 82; while
Miss Joanna Baillie, who had
once a very high reputation as a poet,
attained the age of 89; and the two
whose tastes and talents led them into
scientific research, Mrs. Somerville and
Miss Caroline Herschel, reached the
ages of 92 and 98 respectively. It is
hardly possible to conceive clearer evi-
dence that the culture of the intellect,
if it has any effect on the age attained
at all—which, of course, in a large av-
erage of cases it must have, since it
alters the tastes and occupations, and
must more or less affect the activity of
the brain—has the effect of lengthen-
ing life rather than shortening it. It
is curious and perhaps significant that
of those in this list who displayed the
keenest knowledge of character, Miss
Austen, Miss Jane Porter, Miss Edge-
worth, and Miss Joanna Baillie, not
one was married; and that Miss Bur-
ney, who became Madame d'Arblay, is
the only exception, for of course, Mrs.
Radcliffe cannot be said to have shown
any knowledge of character at all.
And doubtless the kind of insight
which makes novelists is not unlikely
to make women somewhat fastidious,
and perhaps a little formidable. We
know how formidable Miss Bronte
seemed to the young curates whom
she sketched so cleverly and satirically,
and that though she was eventu-
ally married, it was to one who set
little store by that kind of talent and
perhaps hardly felt its power.—*The
Spectator.*

Infidels Don't Pray.

In the year 1827, a young man,
then studying for the ministry was re-
quested to preach in a town in this
State. The meeting was held in the
evening at a private house. Knowing
that two or three deists were present,
some remarks were made upon the au-
thenticity of God's word. The Presi-
dent of an infidel club arose, and in-
terrupted the speaker, who indignantly
said to him, "Sit down, and after
meeting I will talk with you." When
the services closed, there was hardly
time for conversation, and an appoint-
ment was made that the parties should
meet at the house of a friend on the
following morning. At the appointed
hour, the President with several in-
del books under his arm, and a large
handkerchief full of pamphlets and
papers, made his appearance, in com-
pany with two members of his club.
No sooner were the parties seated, and
the large table covered with his relig-
ious dissecting knives, than the infidel
began with much warmth to pour
forth his contempt for the Bible.

"Stop, sir, stop," said the student.
Let us commence right, and then we
shall end well. Do you believe there
is a God who made all things? a God
who has a mind?"

"I do."
"Do you believe he created you,
feeds, clothes, and watches over you
and yours, without any reward?"

"Certainly I do."
"Well sir, that we commence right,
please fold in prayer. Ask the God
in whom you believe, to direct us to
the rejection of that Bible if it is false,
and if it is true, receive it. We do
not want to be deceived."

The man hesitated, and said, "I
never pray, I do not believe in prayer."
"Never pray, sir! do you not believe
in prayer, when your God has done so
much for you? never thank him for
his goodness? Have you a father?"

"Yes, sir."
"Do you ever thank him? If you
had a child whom you had always
blest, would he not thank you when
you bestowed upon him some little
trinket?"

"I suppose he would."
"Well, sir, compare right. Just
pray: just pray and thank God."
"I can't pray."

The student then turned to his in-
fidel companions, and asked them to
pray, and they both declined. With
indescribable feelings he knelt, and,
with great decision, poured out his

whole heart to God. As he finished
they all three arose from their seats.
The President passed his fingers
through his hair, and as he gathered
up his books, said—

"I think we will talk no more. It
will do no good."

The student waited on them to the
door, and in a short time heard that
the club had disbanded. —*Louisville
Herald.*

Tit for Tat.

It is well not to show contempt for
a book to its author's face, as newly
made Sergeant Murphy learned when
dining in company with the author of
"Ten Thousand a Year." He called
out across the table: "Warren I never
had patience to finish that book of
yours; tell me what was the end of
Gammer?" "Oh," said Warren to the
lawyer, "they made him a sergeant,
and he was never heard of after."

Seeing that men of all sorts delight
in girding at the professors of law and
physic, it is strange that instead of
making common cause together, law-
yers and doctors rather cherish a mu-
tual antipathy, which finds vent in an
amusing interchange of asperities.
Cross-examining Dr. W., a New York
counsel declared that a doctor ought
to be able to give an opinion of a disease
without making mistakes. "They
make fewer mistakes than the law-
yers," responded the physician. "That
is not so," said the counsellor. "But
doctors mistakes are buried six feet
under the ground; a lawyer's are not."
"No," replied W., "but they are some-
times hung as many feet above ground."
The advantage was with the doctor.

It was on the other side when, dis-
puting as to the comparative merits of
their profession, Sir Henry Holland
said to Beons Smith, an ex-advocate,
general: "You must admit that your
profession does not make angels of
men?" and the lawyer replied: "There
you have the best of it; yours cer-
tainly gives them the best chance."

Said a pompous man of money to
Professor Agassiz: "I once took some
interest in natural science; but I be-
came a banker, and I am what I am."
"Ah!" replied Agassiz, "my father
procured a place for me in a bank;
but I begged for one more year of
study, then for a second, then for a
third. That fixed my fate, sir. If it
had not been for that little firmness of
mine I should now have been nothing
but a banker."

The money dealer must have felt as
small as the American judge who, find-
ing his enforced bed-fellow by no
means overwhelmed by the company
of a person of his dignity, observed:
"Pat, you would have remained a
long time in the old country before
you could say you had slept with a
judge." "True for you," said Pat;
"and yer Honour would have been a
long time in the old country, I'm
thinking, before y'd been a judge!"
—*Observer.*

Sad Flight of Poor Travelers.

During the excitement of the big
strike, a sad scene occurred at the
State Line depot. One of the morn-
ing trains brought in a family from
New York City, consisting of a man,
woman and three children. They
were literally starving. Three weeks
ago they left their home on Pearl street
to come West to this city. They
bought their tickets, and then had a
few dollars left, enough, as they thought
to render them comfortable after their
arrival here, until the husband, John
Carr, could find employment. Mrs.
Carr had been for years a cripple, and
also in poor health. This was one of
the causes that prompted the removal
West.

Soon after leaving the city the old-
est boy, a little over five years of age,
was taken dangerously ill, and the
party was obliged to leave the train to
give it the care and attention it re-
quired. For three weeks they tarried
along the route, and at last found their
last penny exhausted and nothing re-

maining but their tickets to this place.
They entered the car and on Friday
landed at the State Line Depot. The
husband at once inquired for work,
and was directed by the depot-master
to the grading force at the new depot
where work had that morning been
resumed. Kissing his wife and child-
ren he hastened away. The wife and
children settled down upon the plat-
form against the depot building amid
their small packages and bundles, to
await the return of the husband and
father.

Soon the little ones began to sway
to and fro and mean piteously. "One
of the officers inquired of the little
girl, the eldest child, about seven years
of age, what she was crying about.
"Oh, we are all so hungry," and then
the moaning began again by all the
little ones, sadder and more heart-
touching than ever.

The officer took the child and lead
her away to a baker's on Twelfth street
and purchased some cakes, which she
began to eat most ravenously. The
others almost choked when they be-
gan to eat, and the poor sick child
took out or two bites of cake and fell
over into a spasm. It was then the
poor woman told her sad story to those
who gathered around and questioned
her. They had not tasted a morsel of
food for three days, and were literally
starving in the midst of plenty. In
an instant Depot Master Fruiden-
burg's hand went down into his pocket,
and, laying by its broad palm a
silver half-dollar, he started a sub-
scription. Men out of work, strikers
whose last dime lay in their pockets,
brought it forth and added it to the
contribution; travelers and citizens,
both men and women, all made their
sympathy manifest, and some ten dol-
lars made their way into the woman's
hands, who could only weep her thanks.
Her heart was too full for words.
Then physician came and prescribed
for the sick child. Henry brought for-
ward from the depot lunch stand a
most bountiful repast and the starv-
ing ones were given a feast of wel-
come to the New Chicago. The poor
woman was bewildered, she could not
understand it at all. "You couldn't
get a penny in New York," she said,
"to save you from starving." Then a
team was brought up, and the woman
and children were taken to the old
City Hall where they remained until
Saturday night.

In the meantime the husband work-
ed all that long Friday afternoon,
without food, to earn a few cents to
feed, as he thought, his starving fam-
ily. —*Kansas City Journal.*

Borate of Soda: Borax.

This substance, which is of great
use in the arts and in the household,
has until recently been quite expen-
sive. The supply, in time past,
has come from distant countries,
where it has been found in the form
of a saline encrustation of the shores
of lakes in Persia, Thibet, India, China,
and in parts of South America. When
collected in this form it is impure, and
is known under the name of *tinca*.
About four years ago, a Mr. Smith,
while prospecting for gold and silver
mines in Nevada, came upon a vast
bed of white sand or clay, or some-
thing like dry sea foam, which proved
to be crude borax. An enormous la-
goon, two miles and a half wide and
five or six in length, was covered with
this substance. He had it analyzed
and it proved to be almost pure, and
is the largest deposit of the kind
known in the world. Mr. Smith and
his brother established extensive
works for the manufacture of the pure
article. The supply is said to be in-
exhaustible, the crude borax reprodu-
cing itself every three or four years.—
Exchange.

Mental powers may fill a chapel;
but spiritual power fills the church.
Mental power may gather a congrega-
tion; but spiritual power save souls.
We want spiritual power.—*Spurgeon.*