

Christian Family.

MISS MARY STUMP, EDITOR.

A Literary Curiosity.

It is said that a lady was occupied for a year in selecting and arranging the following lines from American and English poets. The whole reads almost as if it had been written at one time and by one author.

LIFE.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour? [Young.]
Life's a short summer—man is but a flower; [Dr. Johnson.]
By turns we catch the fatal breath and die— [Pope.]
The cradle and the tomb, alas! so nigh. [Prior.]
To be is better far than not to be. [Sewall.]
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy, [Spencer.]
But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb— [Daniel.]
The bottom is but shallow whence they come. [Sir. Walter Raleigh.]
Your fate is but the common fate of all; [Longfellow.]
Unmingled joys here no man befall; [Southwell.]
Nature to each allots his proper sphere. [Congreve.]
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care; [Churchill.]
Custom does not often reason overrule. [Rochester.]
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool. [Armstrong.]
Live well—how long or short permit to heaven, [Milton.]
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven. [Bailey.]
Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face,— [French.]
Vile intercourse where virtue has not place. [Soutarville.]
Then keep each passion down however dear, [Thomson.]
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear; [Byron.]
Her sensual snares let faithless pleasures lay. [Smollet.]
With craft and skill to ruin and betray. [Crabbe.]
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise; [Massinger.]
We masters grow of all we despise. [Crowley.]
Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem; [Deattie.]
Riches have wings, and grandeur is adreafn. [Cawper.]
Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave, [Sir Walter Davenant.]
The paths of glory lead but to the grave. [Gray.]
What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat, [Willis.]
Only destructive to the brave and great. [Addison.]
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown? [Dryden.]
The way to bliss lies not on the bed of down. [Francis Quarles.]
How long we live, not years but actions tell; [Watkins.]
The man lives twice who lives the first life well. [Herrick.]
Make, then, while yet we may, your God your friend, [William Mason.]
Whom Christianse worship, yet not comprehend. [Hill.]
The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just; [Dana.]
For live we how we may, yet die we must. [Shakespeare.]

"Underneath are the Everlasting Arms."

If we could always remember that the "eternal God is our refuge, and that underneath are the everlasting arms," how much stronger and braver, we would be in overcoming the sorrows that embitter every life. There stands the divine assurance, writ in lines of living light upon the page of truth, that He knoweth our feebleness and in infinite strength, will bear us in His arms, though the world mock at our trials and laugh when we suffer. Aye, the eternal God is our refuge when unjust accusers blame our best efforts; and when every earthly hand is withdrawn, underneath us, yet, with far more than a father's tenderness, are extended the everlasting arms, which never weary nor forget that we are dust. When the noblest striving of our hearts is misconstrued, the most generous impulse of our nature is coldly called self-interest; when disappointment throws a chill upon our best endeavors, and no earthly hope brings consolation to the troubled mind, how blessed is the comfort that the pitying love of the eternal Father

is able to save, and that always about us are His protecting arms. Preachers seldom take this grand, comprehensive, passage as a text; one noted divine has given as a reason, that it is felt to be in itself so much richer and more touching, than anything that could be said in the pulpit about it, that ministers hesitate to blur the vivid idea contained in the blessing of Moses upon the house of Asher. It is one of the sweetest passages in the Bible, and whenever we open the Holy volume, we see on every page the evidence that the promise given before the great law givers death has never been removed; shall we then ever again forget that "the eternal God is our refuge and that underneath us are the everlasting arms."

Six Little Geese.

THE FIRST ONE.

This little boy had new boots. That made him so proud that he would not speak to Mikey Finneran when Mikey came to the gate with the milk-pail. And because the boots were so new and so shiny he would not go into the wet grass to get Aunt Lena's hat when it blew away. And because the new boots squeaked so delightfully, he walked up and down the piazza, right under the window of the spare room, where poor Uncle Norman was trying to sleep away a headache. Of course he could not sleep with that squeak, squeak on the piazza; so the headache grew worse, and he could not go out driving in the buggy and take the boy with new boots, as he had intended to do.

As for the boy, he went on making a noise, and looking on his shiny toes with great pride.

He wanted to wear his new boots to bed, and when he could not be allowed to do that, he put them beside his pillow where they smelled very leathery all night.

It is very plain that he was a little goose.

THE SECOND ONE.

This little girl had a new hat. It was trimmed with light-blue ribbons and beauty-pink rosebuds. She wore it all day Sunday, and wanted to eat her dinner with it on; but papa would not let her do so. On Monday morning she wanted to wear it to school; but mamma said she must wear the brown straw one. Then she cried, and turned up her nose, and pulled down the corners of her mouth, and said: "I won't wear this hateful, ugly, old thing." She ran up stairs, got her new hat out of the box, and went down the back stairs with it under her apron. When she was outside the garden-gate she took off her brown straw hat and hid it in the lilac-bush; then she put on the new hat and ran away to school.

All the girls stared at her beautiful ribbons and roses, and at recess five girls asked to try it on. When she was coming home it rained, oh, so hard! The new hat was nothing but spots, and wrinkles and streaks; she couldn't wear it ever again. She had to wear the old one, and that had got so wet and crumpled in the lilac bush that it crackled like a basket, and all the girls laughed.

So you see she certainly was a little goose.

THE THIRD ONE.

This little boy had new trousers. They were gray, with stripes, and two pockets. As soon as he got them on he put all his marbles into the pockets and rattled them. Then he went out on the sidewalk and played marbles with the town boys. He did that every afternoon regularly, until one day his mamma said:

"Look at the knee of your trousers; what's the matter? It is turning whitish gray."

"Dust, I guess," said the boy with new trousers; and he tried to brush it off.

"I told you not to play marbles when you had your best trousers on. That is a hole wearing in the right

knee; mind now, I shan't make you another pair till your birthday."

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy with new trousers, who hadn't listened to a word, for he was counting the marbles in his left pocket.

Then he ran out and played marbles again, and all at once his right knee came through his trousers. His bare knee! It rested right on the pavement.

He ran to his mamma to have the hole mended, but mamma was too busy to mend it for three days after that, and all that time his knee kept poking out; and he cried.

There is not a doubt that he was a little goose.

THE FOURTH ONE.

This little girl loved molasses. Mamma never gave her enough; she thought there always was some of the bread-crust that didn't have the least taste of molasses on it. The molasses was kept in a pretty glass pitcher, with vines and grapes on the handle. Mamma's grandma used to put cream in that pitcher long, long ago.

The little girl who loved molasses had her breakfast all alone one morning when mamma was ill. "Now I will give myself molasses," said the little girl, and so she did. The pitcher opened its mouth very wide, and all the molasses came tumbling out. She couldn't stop it. All over the bread, over the plate, on the cloth, and down on her dress; so much molasses!

She called Mary, and Mary came running to her, and got a spoon and scraped her, and a big wet towel and washed her. But the pitcher was sticky, and she let it fall before Mary could catch it, and the handle came off, and there was molasses on the floor, too.

Mamma said a naughty girl could not go out to play, and must not have any more molasses for a whole week. So she cried, and molasses was on her cheeks and some in her hair, because her fingers were sticky.

To be sure, this little girl was a very goosey little goose.

THE FIFTH ONE.

This little boy would catch bullfrogs—sometimes. But bullfrogs are very hard to catch. It takes ever such a smart boy to catch bullfrogs. They jump before you can say "sixty," and when you do catch them they're very slippery. This boy went to the pond with a basket. There were lots of frogs in the pond, and he meant to have them all in the basket; so he took a string to tie the lid down. He took off his shoes and stockings to wade, but when he got into the water something snapped at his toe. He thought it might be a snapping-turtle, so picked up his feet very quickly to look at it; then something slipped under his other foot, and he sat down. The water was dirty and green; slimy things crawled around on the bottom of the pond. He heard a big bullfrog say something that sounded like "You—goo—goose," and then he went home. He didn't need to tie the lid of the basket down.

Yes, I shouldn't wonder if this boy was a little goose, too.

THE SIXTH ONE.

This little girl had a friend who had a doll which had gloves. It was a French doll, with eyelashes and a winker to wink its eyes with—and gloves. This little girl had never seen a doll with gloves; her doll had eyes, but they did not wink, and it had fingers, but she had no gloves for it. She came home across the fields; she was ashamed to come home by the street with a doll that had no gloves. And she cried because she could not have gloves for it. Crying made her eyes swell up, and she did not look where she was going, till she tripped on a stone and fell and broke her dolly's head all to pieces. So then she had no dolly to put gloves on, even if she had them. But still she cried.

Surely she was indeed a silly goose. —Churchman.

The man who minds his own business has a good steady employment.

Of Fiddlers.

The popularity of the fiddle, its presence at merry makings, and the aid it furnished to the pleasure of the public, excited the indignation of the English Puritans. In due time the fiddler shared the fate of the player, and was silenced and proscribed. An ordinance passed in 1658 contained the following clause: "And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that if any person or persons commonly called fiddlers or minstrels shall, at any time after the said first day of July, be taken playing, fiddling, and making music in any inn, ale-house, or tavern, or shall be taken proffering themselves, or desiring or entreating any person or persons to hear them play or make music in any of the places aforesaid, that every such person and persons so taken shall be judged, and are hereby adjudged and declared to be rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars, and shall be proceeded against and punished as rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars within the said statute; any law, statute, or usage to the contrary hereof in any wise notwithstanding." Roundhead prejudices are confessed in the invectives of Hudibras against Crowdero and his profession, and reference is made to the ordinance against fiddling in the lines:

"He and that engine of vile noise,
On which illegally he plays,
Shall dictum factum both be brought
To condign punishment as they ought."

But no ordinance or act of Parliament could abolish music or wholly suppress the fiddlers. They led proscribed lives, but still they lived. The theatres were closed against them; they might no longer occupy the music-room or the balcony above the stage, and provide harmonious accompaniments to the more important transactions of the drama. Nor could they now appear in the palaces or mansions of the great upon the occasion of balls, banquets, or other festivals. They had fallen upon sad, strait laced, psalm singing times. They could only play in a furtive, subdued way, in whispers, as it were. They hid their instruments under their ragged cloaks, and haunted the tavern doors, or peered in at the low windows of inns, not only because of the gratifying odors of mulled wine and cooked meats, or in envy of the warmth of the chimney-corners, but in quest of a merry gentleman or two who might care for a tune by way of adding relish to their supper. "Will you have any music, gentlemen?" humbly asked the poor fiddlers, sliding into the warm room and the hopeful presence of the merry gentleman. They crept about in pairs, we are told, and were glad to accept the humblest dole in payment for their strains. But oftentimes these mendicant artists met with very insulting rebuffs from those who were disinclined to listen, or without music in themselves, nor moved by concord of sweet sounds.

Sometimes the habit of leading this wandering existence developed a taste for it, or the musicians could not or would not rise again to the position from which they had fallen, and continued therefore to be vagrants long after the necessity for vagrancy had completely passed away. It is told of Thomas Eccles, a member of a family famed for their musical gifts during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries (John Eccles set to music, among other works, Congreve's "Ode to St. Cecilia," and his mask, "The Judgment of Paris"), that he passed his whole life as a mendicant or street musician. One who knew him, and was on the authority of Sir John Hawkins, "a good judge of music," relates: "It was about the month of November, in the year 1735, that I with some friends were met to spend the even at a tavern in the City, when this man (Thomas Eccles), in a mean but decent garb, was introduced to us by the waiter. Immediately upon opening the door I heard the twang of one of his strings

from under his coat, which was accompanied with the question: 'Gentlemen, will you please to hear any music?' Our curiosity and the modesty of the man's deportment inclined us to say yes; and music he gave us, such as I had never heard before; nor shall again under the same circumstances. With as fine and delicate a hand as I ever heard, he played the whole fifth and ninth solo of Corelli, two songs of Mr. Handel, 'Delmainnaci' in *Olto*, and 'Spero si mio caro bene' in *Admetus*; in short, his performance was such as would command the attention of the nicest ear, and left us, his auditors, much at a loss to guess what it was that constrained him to seek his living in a way so disreputable. He made no secret of his name. He said he was the youngest of three brothers, and that Henry, the middle one, had been his master, and was then in the service of the King of France." Inquiry concerning Thomas Eccles led to the discovery that he was idle, dissolute, and addicted to drinking. He lived in Butcher Row, near Temple Bar, and was well known to the musicians of his time, who thought themselves disgraced by his proceedings. It seems that this state of musical mendicancy was commonly known as "going a-busking." One of the "Leges Convivales" drawn up by Ben Jonson, and inscribed in gold letters in the Apollo Room of the Devil Tavern, forbade the admission of such persons as fiddlers into the assembly.—Harper's Weekly.

The Squint-eyed Party.

One day when George was playing near the gate of the lawn, he heard a boy going from school cry out to another: "No, squint-eye, shan't go to our party." And he saw poor, homely Tim Dunn, with his crooked eye crying and sobbing. He put his little hand through the fence, and said, "here little boy, you may have my new whistle. Don't cry any more."

Then he ran into the house, and asked, "Can't I have a squint-eyed party on the lawn?" Mamma laughed, and said, "O George, dear, you are very kind, but I don't think there is any other squint-eyed boy around here but little Tim."

"Oh, yes, mamma, you forget. There is lame Sam, with such a thick sole on his shoe, and the boy that had his hand cut off in the hay-cutter, and"—

"But they are not squint-eyed, George," said his mother.

"Well, but it's in their feet and hands, and that's just as bad, isn't it mamma?" asked the dear child.

George's brother was ten years old and thought he knew a great deal more than this little fellow. "Ha, ha! George thinks Sam is squint-eyed in his foot, and little Tom is in his hand."

But the mother said, "I know what George means. He pities such and wants to make them happy. He shall have the tent pitched on the lawn and have the poor boys here, and I will help to make them happy. His party will be like the one we read about in the Bible to which the halt and the maimed and the blind were invited. Go, William, pitch the tent, and then ask these boys to George's party.—Ex.

PALESTINE EXPLORATION.—A new line of levels has been run between the Mediterranean Sea and the Lake of Genesaret, by the surveying party of the Palestine Exploration Fund, for determining with greater care the surface height of the latter. The actual depression of the lake was found to be 682½ feet; and this, accordingly, will be regarded as the closest approximation to the exact level and be quoted hereafter as the right figure. Though thirty feet more than the determination by Lynch (653 feet), slightly more than that of Russegger (665 feet), and considerably more than that of Von Schubert (670), or Symonds (328), it is less than that of de Berton (755 feet), and of Allen (810), or of Von Wildenbruck (845 feet). In this connection, it will be a matter of interest to recall the fact that the survey of the same Fund redetermined the depression of the Dead Sea to be 1,292 feet—slightly less than that of Captain Lynch (1,317 feet); so that the difference of level between these two bodies of water, which is also to say the descent of the Lower Jordan, is 610 feet.—Independent.

Retiring early at night will surely shorten a man's days.