

Christian Family.

MISS MARY STUMP, EDITOR.

Our Longings.

There is something beyond—something beyond—
 But where is it hiding, that vague, fair dream?
 Always above us, always beyond us,
 A beacon as bright as the sun's glad beam.
 Alas! how oft we try to grasp it,
 And our eager hands are outstretched in vain!
 But our yearning eyes gaze always upward,
 Striving so weakly our purpose to gain.
 How grand it seems in our expectation—
 That unknown something so veiled from our sight!
 How bitter our cry of blind displeasure
 Against the just God who ordains all right!
 But harder, far harder, the painful wisdom
 (For it comes at last after weary years)
 When the longed-for something is in our grasp,
 So faded and poor 'midst our bitter tears.
 Tears—when we find our idol shattered,
 Or our cherished hope as a thing of air;
 Knowing that years have been spent in longing
 For something unworthy our love or care.
 Then is the hour when the heart is riven—
 Then is the time when the blinding tears fall;
 To know that what we have loved is worthless—
 "Oh, that is the cruellest pain of all!"

Strawberries.

Red, ripe, luscious berries how deliciously tempting they are; our rare May days have brought them to perfection earlier and in greater abundance this year than usual, and our native strawberries are the first of summer's luxuries to grace the table with their edible fragrance. It is like a pastoral poem to see the little barefoot boys, come trudging in with their pails full of berries, though to them it must be anything but poetry especially if caught in a shower a mile from home. Uncertain as chance is the perfect May sky that bends above us, and the boy who goes on strawberry or picnic excursion in the sunshine of the morning, may come home in a drenching afternoon rain. However poetical it may be to have the brown barefoot boys bring the berries in all capped and ready for sugar and cream it is quite another thing to go through the performance oneself. If you start early in the morning the grass is too wet, and if you wait longer the sun scorches, or a shower comes on leaving you wondering in discomfort—where the boys found the berries. If the day is all you could wish, and the cricket's chirp lures you where the berries grow then the real delight begins; you may bend and stoop and rub along the ground, till your face grows redder than the ripest berry, your head aches, and your neck is almost broken, while your cup is not so full of berries but that the green ones rattle in bottom when you shake it. The cups are finally filled, (I never could get mine quite full) and you get home in the evening ready to faint with fatigue, those berries must be stemmed by fingers that will retain the rosy red strawberry hue for a week. At the supper table the days experience is laughingly told, while everybody eats and praises the berries not minding the earthy taste and the little lumps of dirt that gait between the teeth. I never could appreciate the greater delicacy of flavor and superiority of wild berries over cultivated ones, that some people are sure to remark when they talk about berries, and the pleasure of gathering them on their native hills. The terrors of wash-day are heaven, to wandering over the hills all day for a few handfuls of strawberries that are spoiled in the tasting through the trouble of getting. It is all nonsense that we relish most, what we work hardest to enjoy, for the berries we get for ourselves never taste one half so sweet as the ones we buy ready to dish, from

the rosy cheeked strawberry boy whose rough little fingers close gladly over the money his labor brings.

The little fellow likes it, and grows excited over his work, as he calls to his comrades,

"Come away!
 Where the fairy cup-moss lies
 Dreamy, starry, queenly bright
 With the wild-wood strawberries—
 Come away!"

The Candy House.

FOR THE SIX-YEAR OLDS.

BY MRS. M. W. HUDSON.

A boy who lived in a candy house. Did you ever hear of him?

A long, long time ago there was a little boy about as big as you who ate candy morning, noon and night, he even took some to bed with him and kept it under his pillow. Everybody called him Roly Poly, because he was so fat he looked as if he would roll over and over if anybody gave him a push. But he was not very well nor very strong, and every once in a while he would waken up in the night and nibble a little, for little boys who go to bed with their stomachs full of candy and raisins and nuts and cake, do not sleep soundly all night long like the birds and the chickens, and like little children who eat bread and milk for their suppers do. It takes so long to make candy and cake into blood, and they make such poor blood, that the little stomachs get tired sometimes and quit before their work is done. But in the night when the little boy is in bed and asleep it begins to work again, trying hard to make good blood out of all that candy. Then most little boys get awake and cry and say they have a pain or feel sick, but Roly Poly used to put one hand on his stomach, and say "Oh," and the other one under his pillow for candy, then he would take a few bites and imagine he felt better.

One day he was sitting in the grass in his father's yard stuffing himself with candy as usual, when a funny little old man came along and stopped to talk with him. The little man was very gray and had a long sharp nose, and twinkling black eyes, and crooked legs and walked with a crutch. He began by saying to Roly Poly, "I see you are very fond of candy my young man, how would you like to live in a candy house?"

"Oh I would like that very much, have you got a candy house?" said Roly Poly.

"Yes I have one, and if you like to live in it, I will take you there, but you will have to live all alone and have nothing to eat but candy, candy beds to sleep on, and candy chairs to sit in, and you can never go away from home, because if you did, the little boys and girls would eat your house all up."

"All right," said Roly Poly, "I'll go." He thought he could do anything for the sake of getting all the candy he wanted. "Come right along then" said the little old man, "I have no time to wait." Roly Poly thought he must ask his mother first and say good bye to her, but the old man would not stop, he said he must go and find another boy unless Roly Poly would go just then and just as he was, with his hands all sticky with candy and no hat on his head. Roly Poly could not bear to think of another boy getting all that candy, so he climbed over the fence and started off with the queer old man. They walked and walked, until Roly Poly was almost tired out. But after a while they came in sight of the candy house. It was built of great big sticks piled up like a log house and the chinks filled in with mint drops and kisses and lozenges and chocolate creams and caramels and the windows were made of ju-jube paste. The little old man opened the door and told Roly Poly to go in, just as he did so the old man took a big pancake out of his pocket and handed it to Roly Poly, telling

him that was to cover himself with at night, said good bye to him and shut the door and locked it. The floor was made of pink and white taffy and shone like a looking glass. Roly Poly thought it was almost too pretty to step on, so he stood a minute looking about him. Candy, candy, everywhere the sight of it made his mouth water, and his long walk had made him hungry, so he soon went to a cupboard that he saw in one corner and opened the doors, there he found fancy candies of every kind, baskets full of them, and he got up on a high stool and ate there, and picked out the nicest and prettiest ones, and ate till he could not eat another bite. By that time he began to be pretty sleepy and to feel a little homesick too, but he curled down under his big pancake and soon forgot all about it. When he awoke in the night, he thought he heard rats and mice gnawing at the walls of his house, and at his bed posts, but he didn't care much, he felt as if would be glad to have even a mouse for company. After a while morning came and Roly Poly got up, but somehow he did not feel very hungry for candy, he climbed up on the high stool again and looked all through the cupboard and took a little bit of two or three kinds, but it did not taste good, and he wished he had a piece of his mother's bread and butter. "It is very strange," he thought to himself, that a boy can get all the candy he wants so soon when there is nobody to take it from him. I believe I will go to bed again and I guess by dinner time I can eat some more.

Dinner time came but Roly Poly could not eat at all, he was so sick he could not get up, and if he had not had the big pancake to cover himself with he would have been very cold, for he could hear a hard wind blowing out side and he knew that a great storm was coming.

Pretty soon he began to cry, and to wish that he was at home in his own little bed, and that he had never come away with the funny little old man, but just then a great gust of wind struck the side of the candy house so hard that it upset it, and the big sticks of candy and the kisses and caramels went rolling all about over the ground, and Roly Poly rolled out of his candy bed. As soon as he knew he was out of that house he felt better and jumped up on his feet and started to run home as fast as his fat legs could carry him. Before he got out of sight he looked back and saw a great flock of little boys and girls gathering up the pieces of the candy house and eating them as fast as they could. He did not care for that, he felt as if he never wanted any more candy in his life, but not very far behind him he saw the little old man with the crutch, scrambling along at the top of his speed trying to overtake and catch him. They had a long hard race, but Roly Poly won it and tumbled into his mother's sitting-room door all out of breath. The little old man slipped around the corner out of sight and Roly Poly never saw him again, but you may be sure he never forgot him. When he got done hugging and kissing his mother, and she had told him how they had hunted every place for him, he said he guessed the little old man had not served him such a very bad trick after all, for he was sure he would never want too much candy again. And always after that when any one asked him if he liked candy, he would say "well, a little of it is very good, but I tell you it is awful to have to live in a candy house."

Previous to the tenth century, all buildings in England, with very few exceptions, were built of wood, and covered with thatch or straw, and were consequently combustible and liable to destruction by fire, and to this fact may probably be traced the origin of the curfew bell or fire-cover bell, which was rung at eight o'clock every evening, when fires and lights were obliged to be extinguished, under penalty of law.

Catherine E. Beecher.

Catherine E. Beecher, whose death is announced elsewhere, was in many respects one of the remarkable women of the century. She was daughter of Rev. Lyman Beecher, and was born in East Hampton, Long Island, September 6, 1800. But one sister and brother of the numerous and remarkable Beecher family are more widely known than was the subject of this sketch, and her influence as an educator has been scarcely less felt throughout the successive schools and seminaries under her charge than that of her distinguished brother, the pastor of Plymouth Church, through the pulpit has been. Of high moral character, no breath of scandal ever sullied her fair name; and she has left a monument of good works built up by herself through a long period of years that will be enduring and faithful to her memory. As long ago as 1822 we find her opening a school in Hartford, Connecticut, which, through her skill and industry, acquired no mean fame.

To show her zeal in her work at this time, it is stated that for the benefit of her own pupils her first printed work on arithmetic was published. This was followed by a work on the more difficult points of theology, and this by an octavo volume on mental and moral philosophy. This last has been printed and introduced into our colleges for young men, but has not been published. Her labors and plans as an educator extended over a long period of years, and their vast results cannot be computed. Born a reformer she was yet not so radical in expression of her views as other members of her family have been, latterly perhaps on account of her age and physical disabilities. However, she filled an important niche in the reform work of the nineteenth century and filled it well, entering the "rest which remaineth to the people of God" peacefully and quietly, leaving a noble record behind her.—Northwest.

"A Skeleton in Every House."

The origin of the above is briefly this: A young student of Naples believing himself dying, and fearing the news of his death would break the heart of his widowed mother, who passionately loved him—after much reflection, adopted the following device: He wrote to his mother, telling her he was ill, and that a soothsayer had foretold he could not recover, until he wore a shirt made by a woman who had no trouble—in fact, who was perfectly happy and contented. The widow, in her simplicity thought that attaining such a garment was an easy task; but after making inquiries from her friends, found that each had a secret care. At last she heard, from several sources, of a lady surrounded by every comfort, and possessing a husband who seemed to think of nothing but making her happy. The old lady hastened to her, and made known her wish; the lady made no reply; but took her visitor into an adjoining closet where she was horror-struck at beholding a skeleton suspended from a beam. "For twenty years have I been married," said the lady. "I was forced to marry my husband while loving another; shortly after our wedding, my former lover came one evening to bid me farewell forever; my husband surprised us while together and instantly stabbed him, whom he unjustly suspected, to the heart; he then caused his skeleton to be preserved, and every day he makes visit to it." The widow concluded that no one was without trouble; and as her son desired, she became reconciled to the idea of his loss. Every one has troubles—there is a skeleton in every house.—Selected.

Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant.—Everett.

Hobbyhorses.

One man's hobby is books which he never reads. He spends his life, and all his superfluous cash, in the collection of volumes, of which he never peruses more than the title page. His shelves are groaning beneath the erudition of all ages and all countries. He gloats over the possession of the rarest works, and will travel from one end of the kingdom to the other, for the mere chance of purchasing a unique specimen to add to his collection. It would take a century to spell over what he has already amassed; but he never dreams of such a thing—he reads the catalogue, the inventory of his riches, and nothing else. Another man's hobby is pictures. His mind is profoundly impressed with the glories of art—the mysterious gloom of Rembrandt, the savageness of Salvator, the "corregiosity of Corregio." He dreams of old masters, and haunts the dusty parlours of Wardour street and Soho, and hangs about the auction rooms and nods his head at Christie at the cost of fifty pounds a time. He is learned in oils and varnishes, and knows "all about megilps and that," he rises with Raphael, of whom an "undoubted original" hangs at the foot of his bed; he breakfasts with Hobbima, dines with Rubens, sups with Vandyke, and goes to sleep with Claude Lorraine. He is never taken in; not he, he is too good a judge for that! Is he? A third rides a musical hobby, and goes merrily through the world to the sound of fiddle and flute, and French horn, and double bass. He puffs, and scrapes, and blows and thumps away the days of his years upon all manner of instruments; and his mouth is full of German and Italian celebrities—of Mozart, of Beethoven, and Sebastian Bach, and Padre Martini, and Albrechtsberger and Regini, and Cherubini, and Cianchettini, "and all others that end in ini," and Spohr, Grann, and Droebts, and Eybler, and Schneider, and a hundred and fifty more whom to pronounce were to dislocate one's jaws, but to hear were to be rapt in ecstacy. His whole life is one song; and when he sinks into silence at last, it is with the blessed hope of a joyful *da capo* in the land of celestial harmony.—London Spectator.

How They Settled It.

A minister named Dooley, tells in the *Pacific Evangelist* the following story:—"Brethren H. and C. are elders in a church in Illinois, organized by the writer. Last spring they each turned some calves in the same pasture. It appears that two of those calves were so nearly alike that they could not be distinguished apart, though attention was not at the time called to this fact. By some means, one of the calves disappeared, and each one thinking the remaining calf was his, for some months salted it and herded it as his. One of the men sold the calf, and, of course, the other thought he had sold his calf. Neither could be convinced that the calf was not his. There were several witnesses on each side, who would have sworn positively to the ownership of the calves.

"As Christian men should, they talked the matter over without anger or excitement, each claiming the calf, but allowing that the other was perfectly sincere. I was called in to advise in the matter. I advised them to give the money in dispute, what the calf sold for, \$10, to the missionary cause, and the Lord would know how to give the proper credit. To this they agreed, and thus the mouth of the world is forever shut. If the other calf is ever found it is to be divided between them. I have forwarded the \$10 to our Board of Missions."

The worst kind of men are those who do not care when men see them doing wrong.