

Christian Family.

MISS MARY STUMP, EDITOR.

Rock a Bye, Baby.

Rock a bye, baby, in the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock;
When the bough breaks the cradle will fall,
Down tumbles baby, and cradle, and all.

Rock a bye, baby; the meadow's in bloom;
Laugh at the sunbeams that dance in the room,
Echo the birds with your own baby tune,
Coo in the sunshine and flowers of June.

Rock a bye, baby; as softly it swings,
Over thy cradle the mother love sings;
Brooding and cooing at even or dawn,
What will it do when the mother is gone?

Rock a bye, baby; so cloudless the skies,
Blue as the depth of your own laughing eyes;
Sweet is the lullaby over your nest,
That tenderly sings little baby to rest.

Rock a bye, baby; the blue eyes will dream
Sweetest when mamma's eyes over them beam;
Never again will the world seem so fair—
Sleep, little baby—no cloud in the air.

Rock a bye, baby; the blue eyes will burn
And ache with what your manhood will learn;
Swiftly the years come with sorrow and care,
With burdens the wee little shoulders must bear.

Rock a bye, baby; there's coming a day
Whose sorrows a mother's lips can't kiss away;
Days when its song will be changed to a moan;
Crosses that baby must bear all alone.

Rock a bye, baby; the meadow's in bloom,
May never the frosts pall the beauty in gloom;
Be thy world ever bright, as to-day it is seen,
Rock a bye, baby, thy cradle is green.

Drift-Wood.

How many precious memories cluster around our festive season, when the dying year, laid upon the altar of the past, gives place to a new one; looking back over the past years with their mingled joys and sorrows, how very natural it is for us to give to the former the preeminence, and after grieving over the latter, we let them quietly fade away.

A self asked question is, what have we done? Have we achieved any grand and substantial realities during the past years? Have we elected any enduring monuments that shall cause our memories to be venerated? Will it be vain-glorious to say, that after our death, the world is poorer? Will it be mockery to shed a tear over our manes? If it could only be said, that our actions were odorous with goodness as the breath of the rose.

"The good done in life is oft interred with our bones, the bad, liveth after us."

On this our Commencement, it is most suitable to take an inventory of our garnered sheaves—intellectually, spiritually, physically, and see whether we have amassed or lost, since the time when many of us had our Commencement day.

Are we so living, that we can truthfully say that it is in accordance with grand laws of intellectual progress, that we are enjoying life and fulfilling its duties?

Have we grasped the light, and permitted its rays to shine on our very souls? Have we employed the best means to unfold the powers of reason, and reaching the knowledge sought have we used it? Or on the other hand have we only been drones in the busy hive midst its ever changing forms, and allowed the golden grains of opportunity to rust, and now simply reap the stings of a new born as it were, long dormant outraged conscience?

If we would comprehend the truths that are for us, and us only, we must take in to-day, that which will fit us

for the morrow. Every moment, should be so well employed, that the echoes from the past will leave no "dead sea fruit" upon our lips, and the years to come will bring outward quiet, and inward peace.

What have we done in the spiritual world? Have old habits that were wrong, been cast aside, and the tendencies leading thereto been uprooted? Or have the tops of the trees only, that bore the pernicious fruits, been broken off, leaving the stumps, in the hope that they would die out and be forgotten. There are times when these old stumps may be stirred into new life, and in a short time send up saplings, that will bear fruit similar to the old tree which we thought was dead.

If we would rid ourselves of the evils which are the bearings of this tree, we must delve, and take out the roots, leaving the soil so pure there will be no place in which an evil thought can flourish.

Our lives may be compared to a hill, which in youth we are scaling, reach its summit in midlife, and in declining years descend. In early life in the journey up the hill the scenes are noticed but many of them leave no impression. At the summit of the hill the busy mazes of life are engaged in, then comes the time to go down the hill; the scenes and conditions are sometimes similar to those of early life, and again they awaken interest recalling the memories of youth more vividly than those of mature years. The journey over these hills make up the life; while a few reach the round life of three score and ten, the others are strewn along the pathway of eternity.

It has been well said that the first "twenty years," live as we may, form the most part of our lives. Then how important that they be passed in cultivating good tastes, and forming good habits. Of us, it may never be said that we were a Caesar or Napoleon, one of whom is the greatest man of antiquity and the other of modern times, or a Washington or Paine, to whom we owe our liberties. If we cannot use the sword as Washington did, we may wield the pen with burning words of eloquence as did Paine, to urge some poor faltering ones to battle and victory.

In this age of progression, unless we think and act wisely, we will be left far behind in the journey of life. It has been said that the evil of the present day, especially of the young, is that they give themselves up too much to the frivolity and lightness of the hour. While this may be, and is, in a certain sense true, older persons are sometimes given to judging too harshly of what they call the follies of the young; these persons will sigh and lament for the good "old times" when they were young; instead of the fast steamships and railcars of the present, they had ox-teams and slow sail boats. In those "old times" the telegraph was an unheard of thing, and such inventions as the telephone and phonograph, were beyond the conception of the closest student. Now, because we have them in successful operation, these persons tell us that the end of this world is very near at hand; all of which may be true, not because we have such inventions nor because we are living in a fast age, but because God so designed it from the beginning.

In looking back to the dim vista of the past, and memory recalls some of the things, that we then thought were only liked and admired, now as the question is asked what were they, echo answers, —idols. Not the hideous images of the heathens, neither the "stocks and stones" of which we read, but idols nevertheless; and we have paid them as great an homage, as any Eastern devotee. With some the idol has been wealth; not such a bad one either when we look at the comforts and enjoyments which it can buy. But when it is worshipped for

only the having and holding we are no better than the heathen who bow in homage to their ivory gods.

Beauty is the idol of some, health and happiness are freely sacrificed at its shrine. Honor has its share. With some persons the most ardent desire of their souls seem to be, "looked up to" as "quality."

Ease and luxury are the gods of others; every care or thought for other persons seem to be lost in that one desire—ease.

But nearer and dearer, than any of these, are the idols of our love. It is right for us to love our homes and those with whom our lives are to be spent, but not right, to love and idolize them to the utter seclusion of all other things.

Among these idols which is mine, and which is yours? Remember there is nothing sadder, than to make unto ourselves idols, and then find them only clay.

In glancing back over the year that is just past, with its glad spring days, the burning summer heats, and the winter with its many long and dreary days, how different has been its passing from what we anticipated. How many joys have brightly blossomed that were not even dreamed of, yet how many of our fondest hopes have faded and died, ere fruition dawned upon them. If there have been many unexpected pleasures, many plans that we thought had a sure foundation, have failed, and dark shadows with heavy trials have come to us, that were unlooked for.

A twelve month ago when we were bidding God speed and good bye in the same hour, to those who were having their Commencement day, also bidding farewell to the year just gone, how hopefully all were looking to the future.

Ah well! 'tis better that we know not what awaits us.

There are few persons that have arrived at a mature age who as they look back over the past would not blot out some days or years, of their lives, with all its memories.—Not all either, for the suffering and trials, bring hearts closer together than they otherwise would be, awakening deep and tender feelings that chasten the soul as nothing else can.

These last days of the school are the best of all the year; those who receive their degree, are proud and happy, and the students of former years meet, and greet, and part, with, we trust, fond recollections.

Oh, year fading slowly from our gaze—thou hast brought us good and ill, pain and gladness, go now in peace, that thy departing hours may be happy to look back upon. May the flowers for thee bloom their brightest, and breathe their sweetest incense.

But we hope an incense more precious than fragrance of the sweetest flowers may hover o'er thy bier, and thy requiem by loving hearts be sung, because thou hast brought their lives sweetest joys.

ERNESTINE.

The Thief in the Sugar-Camp.

BY THE REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"Thump! thump! thump!" That is what the mallet said as Dick's father brought its stubby head down upon the head of a stake.

"What are you doing father?"

Dick's father didn't tell, but shut his left eye and squinted with the right, as if he would say, "Don't you wish you knew, little Dickie?" Then he stuck another stake into the ground, and the mallet got quite hot in the head as it excitedly pummeled the stake, scolding away with a kind of growl, "Thump! thump! thump!" From the top of one stake to the other, Dick's father laid a pole, nailing it firmly. Then he took broad slabs of bark from a pile near by. Standing these up against the frame-work of stakes, he made a kind of tent, closed at both ends, but open at

one side. All the while, Dick's eyes were lengthening into big exclamation-points. At last he cried out, "O father, let me use this for a sugar-camp!" Dick's father didn't say anything, but looked mysteriously as before, shutting, this time, his right eye and squinting with the left. Then he brought some bricks and made a fireplace,—more like a stove, though, than a fireplace. Finally he went into the depths of the maple orchard, where he had been tapping the tall, comely trees, and brought back two pails, a tin one and a wooden one. The tin one he put upon the brick stove: it was for a sap-boiler. The wooden pail he slipped into Dick's hand.

"Mine, father?"

He nodded his head at Dick.

"And this may I have for a sugar-camp?" pointing toward the bark-tent.

"Zactly, my son."

Dick went capering round that bark-tent like a young Sioux about his first wigwam. A sugar-camp, and all to himself! Just think of it! The idea kept him flying from tree to tree by day, and at night he could hardly sleep. All night he was lugging sap-pails from the trees to his camp. It is a wonder that he didn't wake up with a pain in his back after such labors. He didn't,—but sprang out of bed and chirped away, fresh and lively and musical as a robin just out of its nest at dawn.

Every face, though, must have its tears, and they came into Dick's eyes when he visited his camp one day and found his boiler knocked over. There it was, down among the embers, with the ashes upon it like any penitent in Lent.

Who could have done it? The wretch! Dick concluded to forgive him that once. A second morning the thing was done. Who could have done it?

"I'll—" and Dick, in imagination, visited upon the criminal all the penalties he had ever read about, from those of the Chinese on the bottom side of the globe, to those of the State of Maine on the top side.

"Oh! it must be that French boy at the foot of the hill."

It was the only boy neighbor Dick had; and as the criminal must be a boy (and of course it was not Dick), it was Pierre Gaston!

Pierre Gaston, a brown-eyed, mild-faced boy, stood at the door, whistling to a bluebird up in a maple by the roadside. Pierre had a scarlet tassel in his cap. Dick charged upon him like a bull, upon the obnoxious color.

"You Peer Gaston! You have been in my sugar-camp, stealing; and you tipped my boiler over!"

"Parlez—"

"No Pollie about it! You did it. You went into my sugar-camp!"

"Suerre—"

"No Sukie about it! You did it, not Sukie." And Dick flourished his arms about like flails in threshing time. Pierre kept quite good natured, wondering what it all meant, and putting in a French word when he could get a chance: but his smiles and bows and outlandish talk only affected Dick as pine boughs the fire in his sugar-camp. It might have ended in a fight, had not Madame Gaston come out, her white cap nodding, her pink bows flying, her tongue gibbering French, and her arms waving a broomstick before our knight of the sugar-camp. Dick thought it prudent to beat a retreat.

He was far from a state of satisfaction. Pierre must have done the mischief. He would be likely to repeat it. "To-morrow morning," thought Dick, "I will watch for him. He will be out early."

So about four o'clock, Dick stole out of the house, softly as a shadow, and made his way to the sugar-camp. Then he crouched in his big overcoat down by the side of the bark tent, and waited for Pierre.

Dawn came at last. There were all sorts of colors in the sky, as if a lot of jewelers from Paris were coming to town, and just above the hill-tops they were hanging out their bright showy goods.

"I guess I can see now, when Peer comes," thought Dick.

With one planted at a crack in the tent like a cannon at a port-hole, he waited for Pierre.

"Hark! There's a noise! Some one is coming into the camp! Clang! clang! clang! Halloo! halloo! halloo!" and Dick banging away on the tin pail with a stick, and making a wild outcry with his shrill voice, charged into the camp. Out of it tumbled a bear! Yes, a bear; black as a bundle of darkness, and bounding away toward the woods! I can't say which one was more frightened, the bear at Dick's unearthly noises, or Dick at the sudden appearance of the bear. Both ran: one for the woods, and the other for the farm-house. I can't say how far the bear ran. Dick didn't stop till he was safe inside his father's bed-room. His father roared well.

"Dick, that bear was the thief. I hung up in your camp a squirrel that I shot the other day, and Bruin was after him. You'd better go and tell Peer you made a small mistake. Ha! ha! ha!"

Dick's father shook with laughter till Dick thought he would shake himself out of bed.

Dick was generous to atone for a wrong while hasty to make a charge. With a big pail of sap in his hand as a peace-offering, he presented himself before Pierre, and made him understand somehow that Dick was sorry for something, that the sap was his, and that they were first-class friends.

All this brought Madame Gaston to the door again, and she beamed on the scene like the red round harvest moon on a pair of lovers. The next time Dick thinks anybody is a thief, he means to wait and see if possibly a bear has not raided into the sugar-camp.

Health and Talent.

Health and talent are very closely related. A man may have a fine intellect, but without health, his work will be dwarfish. On the other hand, let him have a good sound body, and his talent scarcely knows failure. Of the two, a weak mind in a healthy frame is far better than a giant mind in a wrecked constitution. Then while you are seeking to improve your mind, be sure that the body, the temple of the mind, is kept strong and healthy. A pound of physical strength with an ounce of talent is worth more than a pound of talent with an ounce of health.

If we could only read each other's hearts we should be kinder to each other. If we knew the woes and bitterness and physical annoyances of our neighbors we should make allowances which we do not now. We go about masked, uttering stereotyped sentiments, hiding our hearts' pangs and our headaches as carefully as we can; and yet we wonder that others do not discover them by intuition. We cover our best feelings from the light; we do not so conceal our resentments and our dislikes, of which we are prone to be proud. Often two people sit close together with "I love you" in either heart and neither knows it. Each thinks "I could be fond, but what is the use of wasting fondness on one who does not care for it?" and so they part and go their ways alone. Life is a masquerade at which few unmask even to their very dearest.—Selected.

If you would have your children respect religion and grow up something more than mere thorns, take them with you to meeting, and when there, see that they behave in a becoming manner.