

## Christian Family.

MISS MARY STUMP, EDITOR.

## Keramos and Other Poems.

Critics who insist that Henry W. Longfellow's later efforts give signs of decaying powers, will have cause to change their opinion when they read the volume entitled *Keramos and Other Poems*. The opening poem has all the old fire, freedom of movement, sweetness of melody and wonderful felicity of expression, with an undercurrent of solemnity and pathos not found in his earlier efforts. It was evidently suggested by the modern rage for Keramic art. The potter is introduced to us singing as he turns his wheel, and the poet standing near muses between the verses. Here is a portion of the song of the potter:

Turn, turn, my wheel! Turn round and round

Without a pause, without a sound;  
So spins the flying world away!  
This clay, well mixed with marl and sand,  
Follows the motion of my hand;  
For some must follow, and some command,  
Though all are made of clay!

Turn, turn, my wheel! All life is brief;  
What now is bud will soon be leaf,  
What now is leaf will soon decay;  
The wind-blows east, the wind blows west;  
The blue eggs in the robin's nest  
Will soon have wings, and beak, and breast,  
And flutter, and fly away.

Turn, turn, my wheel! This earthen jar  
A touch can make, a touch can mar;  
And shall it to the Potter say,  
What makes thou? Thou hast no hand!  
As men who think and understand  
A world by their Creator planned,  
Who wiser is than they.

And listening to the song the poet muses:  
Who is it in the suburbs here,  
This Potter, working with such cheer,  
In this mean house, this mean attire,  
His manly features bronzed with fire,  
Whose figurines and rustic wares  
Scarcely find him bread from day to day?  
This madman, as the people say,  
Who breaks his tables and his chairs  
To feed his furnace fires, nor cares  
Who goes unfed if they are fed,  
Nor who may live if they are dead?  
This alchemist with hollow cheeks  
And sunken, searching eyes, who seeks,  
By mingled earths and ores combined  
Some new enamel, hard and bright,  
His dream, his passion, his delight?

Oh, Palissy! Within thy breast  
Burned the hot fever of unrest;  
Thine was the prophet's vision, thine  
The exultation, the divine  
Insanity of noble minds,  
That never falters nor abates,  
But labors and endures and waits,  
Till all that it foresees it finds,  
Or what it cannot find, creates.

As leaves that in the autumn fall,  
Spotted and veined with various hues,  
Are swept along the avenues,  
And lie in heaps by ledge and wall,  
So, from this grove of chimneys whirled  
To all the markets of the world,  
These porcelain leaves are wafted on—  
Light yellow leaves with spots and stains  
Of violet and crimson dye,  
Or tender azure of a sky  
Just washed by gentle April rains,  
And beautiful with celadon.

Some of the minor poems are very sweet and tender. They are tinged with a spirit of half sadness, as if the poet was conscious that his end was not far off. How touching is this sonnet:

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,  
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,  
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,  
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,  
Still gazing at them through the open door,  
Nor wholly reassured nor comforted,  
By promises of others in their stead,  
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more,  
So nature deals with us and takes away  
Our playthings, one by one, and by the hand

Leads us to rest so gently, that we go  
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,  
Being too full of sleep to understand  
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

—S. F. Chronicle.

Tyndall and Topsy! They have both vaulted to the identical conclusion, and explain the origin of the universe by one comprehensive formula: "Specs it growed."—*Advantage*.

## Vacation.

Upon the garlands of Commencement time, the dust and cobwebs have already gathered, the desks are empty the schoolrooms deserted and the haunting silence of the halls and stairways, makes one turn away with a lonely feeling that always comes when we tread alone some banquet hall deserted.

Whose lights are out, whose garlands dead,  
And all the guests departed.

The examination terrors of May and early June are over, and the school-folk, both teachers and students, have shaken hands at parting with scarcely a tear of regret, for the happy expectancy of holiday time dispels the sadness that always follows a chance in the ordinary routine of school life.

If we know the plans each one had made to while away the two months summer vacation, what a book it would make, what a strange medley of anticipated pleasures, or variety of work to those whose vacation means only a change from scholars desk, to the honest toil of harvest time, or the ringing strokes of the work-man's hammer.

According to the circumstances surrounding each life, and the different inclinations leading each to follow the guidance of his own heart, the school kingdom is dissolved, its kings, princes and underlings are following their own sweet will afar from the worry and aggravations that beset every teachers way; and those whom they have kept in leading strings for ten months, where are they? As widely separated as their diversity of mind will allow them to be ever seeking green fields and pastures new, for the development of real or imaginary talent, nevermore many of them go enter the lists for a scholars championship, but bending every energy to secure Fortunatus' prize while the greedy world looks on and applauds. To the graduates of this last commencement time, vacation has a deeper meaning than to those whose expectant eyes will turn to the familiar books and the well remembered faces at the beginning of a new session, for with the diploma of the institution they have honored and that has honored them, tucked snugly under their arms, they start valiantly on their journey ready to conquer worlds, little thinking the "slough of Despond" is just ahead, or that before they have gone far on the road they may be treading up hill with peas in their shoes. Alas! that the graduates dreams for renewing the world should be hid away with their diploma, knots of ribbon, withered bouquets and compliments of proud friends as soon as vacation time is over and the real work of life begins. That tests the truth of prize medals and certificates of thoroughness, and the world soon learns to honor the deserving one, or to laugh mockingly at a pewter cup that has been silver-scoured.

Vacation we say it now with an eager looking forward to the weeks of ease that are to come, but while we say it the hours are slipping, slipping, through the glass, and the precious moments will soon be but an echo of the past, that shine out at us through a rainbow of tears as we row swiftly down the tide to another commencement that will usher in the vacation time which will never end.

## Day Dreamings.

WRITTEN FOR THE STUDENTS' EXHIBITION, CHRISTIAN COLLEGE, MONMOUTH, OREGON, JUNE 11, 1878, BY MISS ROSA BENTLEY.

"Life does not find completeness here,  
We grasp at tiny things, too far away,  
And many a hope, grown doubly dear,  
Just at its brightest droops away."

But when the mind has become sad and weary with the prosy monotonous hum-drum of every-day toil, this battle for food to eat and raiment to wear, this always striving and never reaching, which we call life, it is such

a relief to steal an hour from the counting house, the workshop, or the kitchen, and give it to the mind when untrammelled by these cares, it may soar away and picture in imagination health, wealth, blissful association, and a happiness which would almost be heaven.

And what though the "further on" should never bring a realization of these fancies? would our dollars be any fewer? would our hands have any more arduous tasks to perform, or our hearts be any sadder for having feasted for a season upon this bright hued picture?

Did you say it was wasting time—this day dreaming—this filling the mind with beautiful thoughts and holy aspirations?

You mistake.  
Better a day spent in meditating upon, and planning a beautiful, and a glorious future to work in, than an hour spent in lamenting your present narrow resources and real unhappiness.

The one makes the face bright and cheerful, labor light, and the heart purer, and nearer its maker. The other makes life seem a burden, and places heaven beyond our reach.

"Christopher Columbus," says Washington Irving, "was decidedly visionary."

He was only a common wool-combers son, but while yet quite young, his vivid imagination (with little aid, by way of doubtful evidence) pictured out a new continent, healthful, and rich with gold, which he might explore. Think you he indulged in no day-dreams of the great honor and happiness to be his in the future?

He, like all others who will be the first to introduce some new scheme, was ridiculed, and when he applied to the senate of his native city for aid in consummating his plans, he was refused. His fellow Spaniards doubtless regarded his project as merely a "castle in the air," but who can say that our glorious America might not, to-day have been a wilderness inhabited only by the savage, had not the youthful Columbus been blessed with a fruitful imagination to which he gave full sway.

And what though our "air castles" should never result in the discovery of a continent, or some other great good, we know that the mind, if constantly tied down to the stern hard duties of life, loses sight of the beauties and grandeur of half God's creation, and becomes too painfully sensitive of its own cares and burdens.

Better to study the beautiful, and make our lives bright, remembering that—

"Sometime for those who trusting wait,  
Shall the white flowers of gladness blow,  
And heaven will fully compensate  
The pain and loss that now we know."

## A Bunch of Primroses.

Ella Smith had just found a large bed of beautiful primroses, and with all a child's eagerness she stopped to gather them.

"I am very fortunate," she said to herself. And so she was. Ella did not live in the south of England where primroses are plentiful, but in the bleaker north, where tall chimneys are the chief objects which attract the eyes, and where few flowers or trees are seen. In such a neighborhood large beds of primroses are rare, and the sweet flowers are very precious. Ella had been walking with her companions when one of them proposed that they should disperse, and search in different directions in case there should be any spring flowers hidden away.

"If we cannot find violets, let us content ourselves with daisies," said one. "And perhaps the most diligent may be rewarded by a find of primroses," suggested another.

"That would be treasure-trove, indeed," said Ella.

And actually she was the one to discover it. In a very diligent systematic and business-like way, she set

to work to gather together the pretty flowers. She knew better than to overlook the leaves, for she quite understood what a beautiful addition they are to a bouquet, and she arranged them tastefully around the flowers, while they (the flowers,) put in a bunch at the centre, made such a pretty posy as people in those parts do not often see.

But though she was so fortunate, and knew that the others would envy her, Ella Smith was not happy. No smile lighted the face that bent over the primroses, and if the lips of the girl parted they did so not to sing, but to sigh. Any one who watched her would have seen that only half her thoughts were given to the flowers, the other half was centered upon some subject that was evidently painful. And so it was. Ella's mind and memory kept repeating these words:—"Nellie Harrison is in the infirmary. Nellie Harrison has had an accident. Nellie Harrison is in the infirmary." Round about this thought there hung certain facts. Nellie and Ella had not been friends for a long time. Perhaps this was more Nellie's fault than Ella's, for she had certainly not shown herself a true friend. "That is more than I can forgive," Ella had said several times, under some fresh provocation received from Nellie, and she thought herself justified in saying it. Certainly, she was not always well treated. On one occasion Nellie had laughed at her because her hat was shabby and old fashioned, and although a laugh does no real harm, for it cannot break bones, nor cause physical pain, girls would rather receive a blow than be laughed at. At another time Nellie possessed herself of Ella's missionary card, and although she knew that the little girl was anxiously looking for it, she said not a word about having it, but told some of their mutual friends that it was a bad sign for Ella's card to be lost, and looked as if she wanted to keep the money. When Ella heard of this she said, "Nothing is too bad for that Nellie Harrison."

And now Nellie was in the infirmary! "She was not nice. She has been most unkind," Ella said to herself. But there was another voice speaking in the girl's heart, a voice of pity, forgiveness and love. She could not help listening to it. Indeed, she felt that she ought to do it. And she was right. Not only little girls, but grown up men and children too, should never let that gentle voice be unheeded, for it is full of wisdom and tenderness. And listening to that voice Ella made out what to do with her primroses. "I will take them to the infirmary, and ask the porter to be very careful to give them to Nellie, and no one else. Ella felt more comfortable after this resolve, and at once proceeded to carry it into execution. She called to the other girls, and, showing her own spoils, advised them to look about the same spot, in hope of finding more. Then, she took a slip of paper from her pocket and wrote on it, "With Ella Smith's love to Nellie Harrison, hoping you will soon be better." Having done this, she hastened to the hospital and rang the bell at the gate. The porter promised to do that which she asked him, and he was as good as his word.

Poor Nellie Harrison was lying in one of the wards, looking very white. She was suffering considerable pain, and was about to pass under a very bad operation. The nurse and doctor were trying to cheer and comfort her, and she was herself asking God to forgive her for all the wrong she had done, and spare her life, when the flowers were brought in.

"They are for Nellie Harrison, with Ella Smith's love," said the nurse.

The little girl brightened immediately.

"Ella Smith! Does she love me still?" she cried. "I have been not been so bad as she thinks me; and I

do hope I shall live to tell her so, and to thank her for the flowers. It is good for her to bring them, and, oh, how lovely they are!"

She enjoyed them for a few minutes until the chloroform made her insensible. Then the operation was successfully performed; and afterward, when consciousness returned, the bunch of primroses was the first sight that greeted her.

A few days afterward she was able to write a little note in a very trembling hand to her friend. And this is what she said—"Dear Ella, thank you. I love you and I'm going to prove it as soon as I am well. Jesus says, 'Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God.'"—*Marianne Farningham, in Christian world.*

## Each in his Own Way.

All great works are done by serving God with what we have on hand. Moses was keeping sheep in Midian. God sent him to save Israel, but he shrank from the undertaking. We sympathize with Jethro's herdsman, alone and a stranger, owning not a lamb that he watched. He had nothing but his shepherd's rod, cut out of a thicket, the mere crabstick with which he guided his sheep. Any day he might throw it away and cut a better one. And God said:

"What is that in thine hand? With this rod, with this stick, thou shalt save Israel." And so it proved.

"What is that thou hast in thy hand, stranger?"

"An ox-goad with which I urge my lazy beasts."

Used for God, and Shamgar's ox-goad defeats the Philistines.

"What is that in thine hand, David?"

"My sling with which I keep the wolves from the sheep."

Yet with that sling he slew Goliath whom an army dared not meet.

"What is that in thine hand, disciple?"

"Nothing but five barley-loaves and two little fishes."

"Bring them to me; give them to God." And the multitude was fed.

"What is that in thine hand, poor widow?"

"Only two mites."

"Give them to God, and behold, the fame of your riches fills the world."

"What hast thou, weeping woman?"

"An alabaster-box of ointment."

"Give it to God. Break it; pour it upon the Savior's head, and its sweet perfume is a fragrance in the church until now."

"What hast thou, Dorcas?"

"My Needle."

"Use it for God, and those coats and garments keep multiplying, and are clothing the naked still."—*Bible Student.*

Tupper and Tennyson furnish an item for the chapter of literary coincidences. In Mr. Tupper's "Centennial Play" these lines occur:

"A man is nothing if he has no foes,  
Nothing if slander, ridicule, contempt  
Are not the frequent scorpions in his path."

Tennyson has the same idea in his "Eloise."

"Never yet  
Was noble man but made ignoble talk;  
He makes no friend who never made a foe."

THOROUGHNESS.—Nothing must be slurred over; nothing left to chance; nothing be taken on supposition. Your whole energy must be thrown into your work, whatever it may be. All your thoughts must be concentrated on it. Your labor must be given unsparingly. You must grudge neither time nor fatigue. You must let nothing connected with it (no matter how small) escape your notice.

If a man empties his purse into his hand, no man can take it away from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.—*Franklin.*