

Christian Family.

MISS MARY STUMP, EDITOR.

Babylon.

We cut the following exquisite gem from an exchange paper, and give welcome place to it in our columns, regretting that we do not know the name of the gifted author. We commend the piece to the lovers of poetry:

I climbed the cliff—I crossed the rock—
I trod the desert old—

I passed the wild Arabian tents,
The Syrian shepherd's fold;
Behind me far are haunts of men
Stretched into distant gray,
When spread before me, lone and wide,
The plain of Shinar lay;
The boundless plain of far Linjar,
Where long, long ages back,
Abdallah read the silent stars,
And wrote their mystic track.

Where art thou, gem of the rich earth,
City of far renown?

The glory of the proud Chaldee,
The green earth's ancient crown!
Where lies the lake that, gleaming wide,
Gave back thy hundred towers?
Where are thy gardens of delight,
Thy cedar-shaded bowers?

Where, where—Oh! where rolls rapidly
Thine ever flashing river,
Past marble-gates and columned tower,
Guarding thy walls forever?

There is no voice of gladness here,
No breath of song floats by;
I hearken—but the moaning wind
Is all that makes reply.

Solemn and lone the silent marsh,
Spreads endlessly around.

And shapeless are the ruined heaps
That strew the broken ground.

Sadly, and above huge outlines dim,
Sighs the lone willow bough—
The last, last voice of Babylon,
Its only music now.

Son of Mandane! by whose hand
The doomed city fell—
The swift feet of whose soldiery
Climbed tower and citadel;

Thou foundest revelry and mirth,
Thou foundest dance and song,
Thou foundest many a banquet fair,
And many a joyous throng;

Like the death angel camest thou,
When men were care bereft;
And is this lone, waste wilderness
The total thou hast left?

Oh, glorious were her palaces,
And shrines of fretted gold!
Then rose the fame of Merodach,
The house of Belus old;

And busiest life was in her streets,
Where countless nations thronged,
Light footsteps glided through her homes,
And mirth to her belonged;

But prophet-voices murmured,
Even in her festal halls!
And angel-fingers wrote her doom
Upon the palace walls.

At midnight came the Persian,
Mingling amid the crowd;
He heeded not the beautiful,
He staid not for the proud;

False was her fated river,
Headless her gods of stone;
He entered at the open gates,
He passed—and she was gone!

Her place on earth abideth not—
Memorial she hath none;
Darkness and ruin thou may'st find,
But never Babylon!

—Review.

For the Messenger.

The Wandering Jew.

Every one is familiar with the legend of the Jew to whom Jesus is said to have repeated in tones of authority his own mocking words, "Move thou on," and how cursed with an earthly immortality he still moves on, wandering ever, footsore, weary and old; now among the restless multitudes of the great cities, now in the depths of the vast wilderness; again, through the wastes of northern snows, or, yet over the trackless sands of the burning desert; facing alike the blasts of winter and the consuming winds of summer; always seeking death, but never hoping to find rest for his fainting limbs nor balm for his mocked spirit; for always in his ears are the words of his doom, "Move thou on," and he cannot rest; he can not tarry; he cannot die.

It is true that this story of the wretched old man is an idle tale that had its origin no one knows where; yet, under the threadbare cloak of the legend, one sees something of the history of a race. For many long centu-

ries the Jews have wandered in all countries and climes, despised and scorned; often driven from one refuge to another and persecuted without mercy; yet as if pursued by a relentless fate they have through all, and in spite of all, been preserved in a distinctive existence. Other races when thrown together blend one with another, and each loses its identity, but the Jews endowed with traits that are undying, blend with none. There is an indefinable something that separates them from the rest of mankind, and they are governed by a resistless unseen law that will not let them perish—a law stronger than the natural forces that consign to decay all things that have outlived their time and creates from their mould new forms of active life. They have a perpetuity of existence known in no other people. A handful of any other race placed in the midst of a strange nation after a time is lost, as a drop of wine mingles with a full goblet of water and loses itself, but the Jews remain forever strangers in a strange land. Go where they may they remain unchanged, and they literally have no abiding place.

The Jew is in every land but he has no country. He is mocked by a faith that has no fruition, and is bereft of the hope that his will be the common doom. He moves on through the changing epochs of history, ever the same, though burdened with the weight of all years since Abraham, obeying the mandates of a power that wills that he shall fulfill a peculiar destiny. Some day the doom may be mitigated, but we wonder not at the strange legend, for the wandering Jew is a living miracle.

C. C. C.

Somebody's Darling.

In a quiet and pleasant Eastern village hardly larger than our own, a middle aged man with blue eyes, and tall, lank form was laid up on a hammock. His head waving, his brain throbbing, and his mind whirling with an over-glass of kings-evil he was induced by his friends to be carried to a bed, where he was partly cared for, and soon the groaning snore signified that the drunkard was asleep. His heavy eyelashes that shaded his brow, his head of thinly scattered hairs and his face all covered with wrinkles, furrows, bruises and scars portended clearly that he had before been the same swill-tub of desecration that he now was,—and that countenance mottled with grief was only too significant of an inward burning sorrow. Shunned by all he was approached by the lady of the house and was asked if he would take a plate of soup. He, finally succeeded in opening his eyes, stuttered out a "Yes," and in a moment the dish was prepared for him. Being helped to his elbows he began to try to eat, but it was noticed that he could not. The lady inquired of him why he did not eat the food she had given him. A tender gloom spread itself over the drunk man's face and he said, "You have been a mother to me. I"—and here the grief became too much for him, and the tears streamed down his cheek—"I've got another mother living that's been a mother to me for thirty-five years, but I'm ashamed to let her see her drunken son. She don't know that I'm a drunkard—I can't go to her this way, but I will see her, and if ever your boy should need help, she'll be a mother to him."

This son when lying under the burden of ten-thousand sorrows, wrangling in the midst of a million terrors conjoined with a drunkard's—a devil's death, fairly saw the contrast between his situation and his blessed mother's ideal darling. "My mother dare not see me," but her prayers saw him and angels kept their vigils over him while he let the serpent bruise his heel—The devil, to cower that brow. A mother, a blessed mother, but while he has a mother, that mother has a darling—a drunkard—yet a darling in her broken hopes.—Ez.

Lord Beaconsfield's Wife.

A London correspondent, describing Lord Beaconsfield as he entered the House of Lords after his return from Berlin, writes: His face has been well described as a mask. That is a common simile, which finds pictorial expression in the sphinx. But there is a soul behind it. I fancy that "vacant look" is the practical disguise of feeling. A face that tells no secrets, eyes that can look unconcerned on all occasions, a mouth with the lips that never tremble, must be useful to great politicians and diplomatists. Depend upon it, many a time the fierce fires of passion have burned red and hot behind that human mask. But every thing comes by practice, and Disraeli is an actor who can control the expression of his features and administer in his strongest feelings with the discreet management of a great histrionic artist. The common people look at him wonderingly, his peers don't understand him; only Montagu Cory, I suspect, knows him thoroughly, now that his wife is no more. How much in the past he owed to the patient devotion of that good woman, the Premier touchingly made known during her lifetime; and there must be something good in a man to whom a true, noble woman is as devotedly attached when they tread the downhill of life together as she is in the heyday of their ambitious hopes. She was his only companion. They went together everywhere, like two close companions. When she died his bitterest political foes expressed a deep sorrow for him. Everybody knew how intensely he suffered. And yet there rose up in due course miserable gossips who talked of his taking a second wife, and poor scribblers who were silly enough to suggest that he was going to marry the Queen. These latter were of the class who have not scrupled to scandalize the true wife and mother because she showed special favor to her dead husband's Scotch servant, just as a man might feel kindly toward a servant whom the man she loved had liked and trusted above all other attendants.

A Rich Man's Experience.

Self-love—acting only in self-indulgence—is a fatal passion. An unmarried merchant, who had amassed great wealth, disposed of his business at the age of fifty-eight and retired to a splendid country seat, where he expected to spend the remainder of his days in ease, luxury and happiness.

He had a library large and rare enough to satisfy a bibliomaniac; the choicest paintings and engravings covered his walls; trained and trusty servants waited on him; fine horses and "fancy spans" stood in his elegant stables; his rooms were adorned with sumptuous carpets and furniture; his table was loaded with epicurean delicacies; throngs of friends and acquaintances visited him and paid him deference. He had nothing to do but to entertain and be entertained, and his hopes of ease and luxury were certainly realized.

But his hopes of happiness were not realized. Missing his personal interest in the stirring world—the news of the markets, the fortunes of trade, and the policy of government—which had once spurred his energies and kept his attention keen, he found himself ere long restless and disconsolate. Soon his mind preyed upon itself. Life became a terrible blank to him. Amusement only made the emptiness more distressing. His habits had unfitted him for reading, and to the joys of scientific research he was an utter stranger.

At last, one morning, very early, he rose in a state of mind approaching insanity, and went down to the river to drown himself. As God willed it, he met a wretched, ragged man, who had come there for the same desperate purpose.

Astonished at the coincidence, the

merchant questioned him, and the man told the story of his misfortunes. He had determined to destroy himself because he was too poor to live. The merchant was still more astonished. He had been driven to destroy himself because he was too rich to live! Placed side by side with the pauper, by that mutual misery which respects no conditions, he accompanied him to his cheerless dwelling and found his story true.

His wicked purpose of suicide was forgotten. Pity entered his heart when he saw the want and suffering of the poor man's family. He at once provided them with food, fuel and clothing. He also sought for employment for his new friend. New energy was awakened within him by the very act, and when he thought of the strange providence that had caused it, his heart was softened towards his fellow-man, and filled with gratitude to his Creator for his fortunate escape from self-destruction.

It was not long before the health of his mind came back. What was better still, the lesson of the singular adventures which had saved him from self-destruction, led him to the cause of doing good among his fellow-men. Henceforth he devoted his vast wealth towards helping the needy, and his remaining days were passed in peace and content.—Ez.

Going into Debt.

Half the young men in the country, with many old enough to know better would "go into business" that would run them in debt to-morrow if they could. Most poor men are so ignorant as to envy the merchant and manufacturer, whose life is an incessant struggle with pecuniary difficulties, who is driven to constant "dodges," and who, from month to month, barely evades that insolvency which sooner or later overtakes most men in business; so that it has been computed that but one in twenty of them achieves a pecuniary success. Let no man misjudge himself unfortunate or truly poor so long as he has the full use of his limbs and faculties, and is substantially free from debt. Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable; but debt is infinitely worse than all. Avoid pecuniary obligations as you would pestilence and famine. If you have but two bits and can get no more for a week, buy oat meal and live on it, rather than owe a man half a crown. Of course some men must often give notes and other obligations, and we do not consider him really in debt who can lay his hand directly on the means of paying, at some little sacrifice, all he owes. We speak of real debt, that which involves risk of sacrifice on the one side, obligation and dependence on the other; from all such let every one humbly pray heaven to preserve him evermore. To the editors, we say, never be in debt to your printers.—Commercial Advertiser.

Personal Dealings.

The greatest trouble with sermons is they hit the wrong persons. A broadside against covetousness goes right over the head of that old skinflint at whom it is aimed, and hits a poor widow who has already cast in all her living into the treasury of the Lord. The man at whom you aim your scathing rebuke for his long and hypocritical prayers, does not have the slightest idea that you refer to him, and prays on just as he did before, while some one whom you have been trying to encourage for a long time to be more active in the meeting, shrinks back affrighted and disheartened. If you could get these persons where you could talk with them one by one, you might apportion their instructions to their peculiar needs.

Nathan's word, "Thou art the man!" broke through the refuge of lies which had covered David's sin, and

saved the king from being a hypocrite to his dying day. But nothing save personal dealing would have effected the object. No wise physician would think he had done his duty when he had gone through a hospital and given to each patient a spoonful of the same kind of medicine; he must feel the pulse of ever man, and examine his symptoms and give to each the medicine which he needs.

If you had a bushel of bottles, and wished to fill them, you would not think it the best way to get a fire engine and pour a stream of water over them; especially if half of them were tightly corked. You would never fill them in that way. Much of the pulpit labor of the day is quite that. We bury our hearers in Gospel messages we pour the waters of life all over them but the corks are not drawn, and at the end the bottles are as dry as ever.

To fill a bushel of bottles, we should take them one at a time between the thumb and finger; withdraw the cork then and turn a little stream of water into the mouth of each bottle, and thus fill it, and then cork it again, and then the work is done. So if we wish to pour the Gospel into sinner's hearts, it is not enough to march them into the meeting-house and deluge them with streams of living water once or twice a week, we must remove their doubts and prejudices; we must take out the corks, and gently pour in the living stream, and thus bring them to the knowledge of Christ and of his salvation.—The Christian.

The Church and Temperance.

Just before he was laid in the tomb, in a speech at Washington city, Vice-President Wilson said: "Probably we have 60,000 churches in this land, 50,000 or 60,000 clergymen at least; and 8,000,000 church members. The ministers of these churches profess to believe that God has placed us here to prepare ourselves for a higher and better life. They profess to believe that they have consecrated themselves, all they are, all they hope to be, to the cause of the Divine Master. Now we have in the United States hundreds of thousands of poor drunkards. The human mind cannot fathom the evils and the sufferings the habitual use of intoxicating liquors brings upon its victims. Thousands of the young men of this country are going headlong to ruin. Nobody can doubt it, everybody sees it, everybody feels it. Where are the voices of the 60,000 clergymen? Where are the activities of the 8,000,000 of church members of the United States? I say, to-night, I have little hope of the triumph of the temperance cause until a large proportion of the clergymen and professing Christians of this land rise up to the duties of the occasion. I call upon every Christian minister of this land, and every member of the Church of Christ, upon every man and woman, to come up and aid this work by precept and example."

To a large-souled christian philanthropist, such as Vice-President Wilson was, the apparent apathy of temperance christian people, in the face of the gigantic and hydra-headed evil of intemperance seems appalling. It must however be remembered that the grandest, and most successful part of the work done by them is not the surface. There are the individual efforts, the ever day entreaties and exhortations, the steady example, the firm opposition to home, and table practices that are anti-temperance, the mother's trembling voice and tearful eyes, as so many steady, standing admonitions against the vice, and the thousands impassioned petitions that go heavenward to the Hearer of prayer; these and many other unrecognized agencies are silently at work, and their influence must tell in the general result.—Pacific Evangel.

No man's religion ever survives his morals.