

## Christian Family.

MISS MARY STUMP, EDITOR.

## Commissioned.

"Do their errands; enter into the sacrifice with them; be a link yourself in the divine chain, and feel the joy and life of it."

What can I do for thee, beloved,  
Whose feet so little while ago  
Trod the same wayside dust with mine,  
And now up paths I do not know  
Speed, without sound or sign?

What can I do? The perfect life  
All fresh and fair and beautiful  
Has opened its wide arms to thee;  
Thy cup is over-brimed and full;  
Nothing remains for me.

I used to do many things:  
Love thee and chide thee and caress;  
Brush little straws from off thy way,  
Tempering with my poor tenderness  
The heart of thy short day.

Not much, but very sweet to give;  
And it is grief of griefs to bear  
That all these ministries are o'er,  
And thou, so happy, love, elsewhere,  
Dost need me never more.

And I can do for thee but this:  
(Working on blindly, knowing not  
-If I may give thee pleasure so.)  
Out of my own dull, shadowed lot  
I can arise, and go

To sadder lives and darker homes,  
A messenger, dear heart, from thee  
Who was on earth a comforter;  
And say to those who welcome me,  
I am sent forth by her:

Feeling the while how good it is  
To do thy errands thus, and think  
It may be, in the blue, for space,  
Thou watchest from the heaven's brink,  
A smile upon thy face.

And when the day's work ends with day,  
And star-eyed evening, stealing in,  
Waves her cool hand to flying noon,  
And restless, surging thoughts begin,  
-Like sad bells out of tune.

I'll pray, "Dear Lord, to whose great love  
Nor bound nor limit-line is set,  
Give to my darling, I implore,  
Some new, sweet joy, not tasted yet,  
For I can give no more."

And, with the words my thoughts shall  
climb  
With following feet the heavenly stair  
Up which thy steps so lately sped,  
And seeing thee so happy there,  
Come back I'll comforted.

SUSAN COOLAGE.

Sunday Afternoon for November.

## The German Language.

The following tribute to the language of the fatherland we clip from the *Deutsche Zeitung* of Portland.

The English language extends the greatest distance round the circle of the earth; it almost entirely monopolizes the international commerce, and we, therefore, can confidently designate it as the language of the merchants; then, on account of its brevity and precision it is admirably adapted to their explicit manner. It is true, it has in the Spanish language a notable rival, in South and Central America, but this will eventually be driven out of the field, at least in commerce, as the direct result of the English brevity and consequent clearness.

The French language is heard in the state apartments of courts and princes, and on the parquet floors of the salons at home; it is the language of the "polite world." On account of its pleasant sound, and the richness of its flatteries, and play upon words, it is of inestimable value in that conversation of the polite world, which is carried on for hours without sense or substance, yet without becoming tiresome, as it falls pleasantly on the ear. Only in song, in the opera, does the Italian hold the preference above the French, as being more entertaining to the hearing.

But the German language comes out of the heart, it is the language of the feelings, the language of the thinkers and dreamers, of the poets and philosophers. The ingenious writer, Ludwig Börne, says of it: "What other language can compare with the German? What other is so rich and strong, so spirited and graceful, so beautiful and so mild as ours? It has a thousand hues and a hundred shades. It has a word for the smallest want of the moment, and a word

for the deep, unfathomed emotion, that no eternity can exhaust. It is strong in need, expressive in danger, terrible if it is wrathful, tender in its sympathy, and pliant to every condition. It is the true interpreter of all languages, that heaven, earth, air and water speak—what the rolling thunder mutters, what caressing love prattles, what the noisy day babbles, and the silent night broods, what the rosy morning paints green, gold and silver, and the earnest sovereign on the throne of thought ponders, what the maiden chatters, the quiet fountain murmurs and the poisonous serpent hisses; when the gay boy hops and rejoices, and the old philosopher of his difficult I sits and speaks: I am I! All, all, it translates and declares to us intelligibly, and every entrusted word delivers to us more graceful and more adorned, as it is given over.

Who, therefore, still feels himself in the heart a German; in whom; the wild search after gold and goods has not yet destroyed every feeling of love for man and nature, ideality and poesy. Who near the clinking of the gold also still understands the secret rustling of the woods and the gay trill of the birds, he will and must make use of the German language, for neither English brevity, nor French shallowness can suffice for the warmth of his feelings and the depth of his emotions.

Some one calls us Germans a nation of dreamers; and indeed, not entirely without truth; but we thank the Creator that we are so; that we still experience the emotions of the heart and are acquainted with the language of nature and know a more noble purpose for our earthly existence, than the mere untiring search after riches; and, therefore, can and will only vanish the German language with the extinction of the German spirit and German peculiarity of character; and no one in whose heart lies the honor of his fatherland, needs the caution: "Forget not the German tongue."

## The Bronze Lamp at Pisa.

It is a large, handsome lamp—the bronze lamp at Pisa.

"But is there only one? Yes said the lamp—and does it light all Pisa?"

Well, my inquiring mind, you are yet young, or you would know that though there may be hundreds of lamps in Pisa, the world knows only one, and that this one. Once upon a time, though its tapers were not lighted, it sent out such a flood of light that its beams reach every civilized town on the globe.

"The Bible didn't come from Pisa, did it?"

You are a very good child to take a moral view of the subject so soon, but the lamp at Pisa is not so great a lamp as the Bible, and it has not done men nearly as much good, but still it is very valuable.

"Is it noted for its beauty, like the seven golden candle-sticks?"

No, but it is very pretty. There are four little fat cherub boys without wings, standing on one rim and holding up another, containing these bands and rosettes and carved scroll-work, and very many little pendants that hold the lights, looking like little balances that are ready to adjust all the difficulties in the world. It is in the fine old cathedral to-day, suspended from the ceiling, just as it was hundreds of years ago, when it became so famous, and you can see it when you go to Europe. But there are doubtless handsomer lamps than this Pisa.

"I wish you would tell me about it. Did it ever shine in our town?"

Well, I intend to tell you, but you keep me answering questions. Yes, it shines in your own town and your own home. Did you ever listen to the measured ticking of a clock and watch the hands move slowly? The benefit that clocks do the world is the light that came from the lamp at Pisa. A man of noble family, but quite poor,

named Vincenzo de Galili had a very bright little boy named Galileo. The father intended that his child should be a trader in wool, but as the little fellow improved so rapidly under his father's instructions, and seemed as anxious and quick to learn, he waited, hoping some opportunity would open for Galileo's higher education. Under his father he became a fine musician, and was far advanced in Latin and Greek. When he was a little past seventeen, in 1581, he was sent to a large school—the University at Pisa, to study medicine and philosophy. He did not study books simply, but things; and, while, he was always courteous, he gave great offense to his professors sometimes because he dared to question and doubt what a great philosopher, Aristotle, had said. He used to sit in the great cathedral and look at the painting and statuary, richly gilded ceiling, and carved pillars, just as any one else would do. But one day the bronze lamp of which I have been telling you, that suspended by a very long cord from the ceiling of the nave, was by some means put in motion, and the young man found himself indolently watching it swinging forward and backward again and again.

But, as I said, this young man had learned to think for himself. Shorter and shorter grew the arcs, or parts of a circle, through which the lamps passed, but it moved with a slower motion. A thought came into his mind: Was not the time of each vibration the same, whether the distance was greater or smaller? He set the lamp to swinging again, and watched, and was sure he had found a truth. His mind being full of the study of medicine, he made a little instrument with a pendulum, by which he could measure the vibrations in the beating of the pulse. This was the first little instrument that ever measured duration by means of the pendulum, and within the lifetime of Galileo many clocks were made to tell the time of day. Galileo's genius lighted the bronze lamp, and the beams have never been extinguished. Little objects and slight actions have great influence.—Selected.

## Musings By The Sea.

A certain Hebrew psalmist, and a certain Christian apostle looking forth, each from his own individual mood and circumstances, upon the sea, were very differently affected by it. It spoke to them in different tones; set them thinking and reflecting differently. The wild waves had not the same voice for both. To the poet of Judea, whoever he may have been, they sang melodiously, in concert with the whole creation, the praise of God's dower and wisdom. They awoke in him bright and happy thoughts of the Lord the maker, and of his wonderful strength and skill. As he gazed out upon the blue expanse of Mediterranean from the Tyrian shore or the walls of Joppa, its vastness, compared with the inland lakes behind him, and its wealth of diversified life, sampled in the countless painted shells which the waters lay at his feet, in the nets of the fishermen, and still further, in the stories of strange creatures told by weather-beaten mariners who had roamed the deep—these impressed him with a sweet sense of the riches of the divine might and majesty, and drew from him lyric notes of worship. Probably, it was fine, glorious weather when the wide-reaching ocean and its treasures moved him thus. Perhaps he had journeyed to the coast after a year of honest and successful work, to recreate and enjoy holiday, with that famous heart's-ease in his breast, the consciousness of something attempted and something done; or perhaps to welcome back his long absent ship, and receive the profits of its safe and prosperous voyage. Doubtless he was, at the time, pleasantly situated, where the sight of the sea made glad with nothing but suggestions of a good and bountiful God.

But what said the wild waves to

St. John at Patmos? We find him interpreting a word in which their thunder would never be heard. In the dream which he dreams of his ideal universe, of the heaven and earth that are to be, he begins with the line, "There was no more sea;" as though until it were done away the beautiful order of things for which humanity blindly sighed, and of which the Spirit of the Lord gave assurance, was impossible. Now he was no voluntary sojourner by the seaside; no affliction-free, comfortably placed creature, who had come to look upon the great waste of waters. He was a prisoner, whom these waters sternly enclosed and guarded, confining his movements so that he could not go whither he would, and cutting him off from connection with kindred spirits and friends. They were cruel waves that shut him up and hemmed him in. As morning by morning his ear opened to their roar, and his eyes rested on them anew, it was to be reminded that they were his jailers. They were forever saying to him, whether in the crash of stormy days, or in the low monotonous chant with which they broke upon the strand during hours of calm, "We are the arms that bind and thwart you!" He heard nothing when he stood and listened, either to the ripple of their sleep, or the tumult of their unrest, but a dreary repetition of the words, "Separation and restraint; restraint and separation." That was their only voice to him, in consequence of the unhappy personal condition through which their varying sound came to him, until at length the sea became to him, the symbol of separation and restraint; and in seeking to express what he saw in his Apocalyptic vision of the glorious freedom and fellowship that obtained in the new heaven and earth, he hit it off with the stroke, "And there was no more sea."

Thus, while to the happy Hebrew psalmist the ocean seemed resonant of the wisdom and majesty of God, to the exiled Christian apostle it wailed with all its billows of the manifold limitations and privations of the present time—his own painful situation throwing its shadow upon the magnificent main, and making it of melancholy aspect and import forever. So much is our reading of nature, as of everything else, inevitably affected by our mood and surroundings at the time. The voice of the sounding sea was cracked into harshness for St. John by the subtle action of the place and state in which he was wont to hear it. And there are few things around us, perhaps, that are not spoiled or marred for some one by some trouble or other in his life, by something of unpleasantness or painfulness, which in the course of his history has come to be associated with it.

Many of us have returned lately from the sea. We have been falling asleep and waking within hearing of its solemn music. We have watched it dashing itself against the rocks in windy weather, or creeping lazily on still afternoons up yellow sands. We have loitered beside it in quiet, sheltered bays, and from breezy cliffs and headlands have heard it churning in the darkness. But how differently has it affected us! What different things has it said to us, according to the different frames and tempers that we brought to it, the burden or buoyancy of spirit under which we communed with it. It has sighed out doubt and despair to some ears, probably; and to some has sung anthems of triumph or hope. We have found it, now calming, and now quickening. Is it not so?

And yet, have there not been certain impressions borne in by it at times more or less powerfully upon us all; at least, upon those of us who, not content with idling in the neighborhood of bathing-machines, or among the crowd on the esplanade, have sought to walk with it in solitude, and surrender the mind to its influence?

Has it not at such seasons chastened and solemnized us, made us look up and aspire beyond our wont, and stirred in us braver resolves or nobler yearnings? And this, maybe, even when we had no definite idea of what it was saying, no sense of language in its tones. Just as men, on occasions, have felt themselves benefited or comforted under sermons from which they have derived little or no actual teaching. Just as it was with a Londoner on hearing a certain famous Yorkshire Methodist, whose dialect was almost as unintelligible to him as Sanscrit or Greek, when he said, with a grasp of the hand, "God bless you, my good northern brother; I have been blessed under your ministry, though I could scarcely understand what you said." To whom the Yorkshire orator replied, "Niver heed, niver heed, if thee dost but get blest."

Yes, the sea has blessed us sometimes with a swell of better feeling; while yet we were unable to tell exactly what it was that its wild waves were saying. Has it not, as we have stood listening to its ceaseless wail, as of an unspeakable, unfulfilled longing; or gazing upon the constant heaving and undulation of its mighty breast—has it not touched and awed us once and again with a sense of *One*, not the sea, but in the sea, who was calling us to appease him with the offering of ourselves, and seeking to bring us to the beauty of his perfection? Have we not felt in it something appealing to us against the vanity and folly of our lives, against the sordid, servile cares and fears, solitudes, and ambitions with which we are allowing ourselves to be fretted; against the lowliness of the aims and the pettiness of the interests to which we are devoted; against our bondage to trifles, to things transitory and changing; and summoning us to live more earnestly and more nobly, to forsake frivolity, to strive after duty and truth, and to rest, not in the temporal, but in the eternal?

There are few of us, surely, who have not had some such impressions during our wanderings and musings by the sea; whom it has not stirred now and then to some serious thought and loftier resolves. It has led us somehow to feel afresh the solemnity of life; to think what dissatisfaction of the comparative emptiness and meanness of our ways, and to crave to be swayed and governed by grander ends, and to be moved by a greater spirit. If it be so, if the voice of the Lord has been at all audible to us upon the waters, calling us to higher things, let not its sound be forgotten, or its effects fade. Let us come from this great and wide sea of his, with the mystery and majesty of which he has somewhat awed and quickened us, to seek to present ourselves anew to him, "a living sacrifice."—*Christian World*.

A Rochester (N. Y.) newspaper man, being called upon to tell how he obtained certain information published in his paper bearing on a trial now pending, declined to answer, on the grounds that a disclosure by him of the name of his informant or informants would seriously injure him in his business as a newspaper man, that the information had been imparted to him under the pledge of secrecy, and that all communications to a newspaper man should be regarded as privileged, the same as communications between lawyers and clients—and the court sustained him.

Take a map of the United States, place its eastern and western edges together, and fold it; and then double it from north to south; open the map, the folds have crossed each other near Fort Riley. Do it yourself and you will know that Kansas is the center and heart of America. It is a curious coincidence, that the routes of the first explorers and the folds made by the map will cross at the same point.