

## Christian Family.

## What Will the New Year Bring?

Will the New Year bring greetings  
Blithesome and gay?

Long-looked-for meetings,  
Joy's sunny day?  
Father, we know not!  
Coming joys show not;  
Hear our entreatings—  
Show Thou the Way!

Will the New Year bring weeping—  
Sorrows increase?  
Will the New Year bring sleeping—  
Quiet release?

Father, most tender,  
We can surrender  
All to Thy keeping—  
Grant us Thy peace!

—Sunday Magazine.

## A New Year's Song.

BY EMILIE SEARCHFIELD.

Merrily, merrily, bells are ringing,  
Cheerily, cheerily, hearts are singing;  
Around the hearth there are faces bright,  
As the firelight flashes its rosy light;  
And they gayly speak, without shadow or fear  
Of the gladsome birth of "A Happy New Year."

Dreadfully, dreadfully, bells are tolling  
Wearily, wearily, hands are folding;  
The light has fled from the dear one's eyes,  
And the air seems rent by mourner's cries;  
And the New Year seems old, tho' scarce a day  
Has gone since the Old one passed away.

Silently, silently, tears are falling,  
Tenderly, tenderly, Christ is calling;  
For the New Year speaks of His childhood's pain,  
The first sad link of a long, long chain;  
Yet tho' we are called in His steps to tread,  
The path leads to Jesus, who raised the dead.

## The Fountain and the River.

Far up the side of a mountain  
there was a little fountain which was shaded and kept cool by the trees that grew around, and it had nothing to do but laugh and play with the sunbeams all day long.

The little birds sang to it, and often came and bathed in it; and the weary pilgrim or traveler would come and drink of its pure crystal water; here also the dusky warriors would alight from their foaming steeds, and sit upon its pleasant bank, while they talked of the "Great Father" of Waters, whose voice they had heard from afar, and whom they had learned to worship.

Then the little fountain pondered over the words it had heard, and its heart swelled within it, as it thought of the great things that were going on in the world from which it felt itself shut out. It now became dissatisfied with the unvarying life it led, and firmly resolved to break loose its bounds and flow away to seek the acquaintance of other, and greater waters than itself, and an intense desire sprang up in its heart, to perform some deed which might render its name immortal.

While it thus mused the thought occurred that thoughts alone did not accomplish great aims, but that obstacles however great must yield to persevering effort.

Taking this view of the subject it tried to over-leap the bounds which held it. After several unsuccessful efforts it finally surmounted the first barrier. Then it began a rapid descent down the mountain, clapping its hands for joy in its new found freedom. It leaped and turned summer-saults shouting aloud with maniacal laughter; with fright the birds flew away and hid themselves in the topmost branches of the trees, which whispered in an ominous manner concerning the fate of their much beloved fountain.

In the meantime the rill, for such we must now call it, in its rapid descent, soon reached the foot of the mountain, where it was joined by another rill, and they agreed to travel together.

The rill spoke to its new found

companion, of the "Great Father of Waters," and its intention to travel until it found him. Its companion was very much delighted with the thought; and it also spoke of the weariness it had felt in the idle, aimless life it led on the mountain, and its determination to accomplish something in the world. Then it started in a southeasterly course, for in this direction the rill had heard the warriors say was the home of the "Great Father."

It felt very happy as it plowed through fertile meadows, and saw the lilies leaning over the bank to catch a glimpse of their own loveliness, which was mirrored back from the crystal brook.

Although these things were very pleasant and the brook enjoyed them exceedingly, still it tarried not, but ever kept the object of its search in view.

It was joined by numerous other brooks, as it went on farther, until it was a river. It swept along with such force that it carried particles of earth and pebbles along with it, so that it became dusky in color as the fairest children, who played upon its banks.

It was now very many miles away from the home of its birth; and it had begun to realize some of the fond dreams of its childhood. It had now reached the land of civilization and commerce, oh! how proud did it feel when it bore upon its broad bosom for the first time a steamboat, with its valuable freight and admiring passengers.

Although it experienced much pleasure as it swept by the beautiful cities with their gay throngs of pleasure seekers, who strolled along its banks, yet its bosom heaved with uncontrollable emotion, when it thought of the rapture which it felt surely awaited it; for it now began to hear in the far off distance the voice of its father calling it thither.

Swiftly as though borne upon the wings of the wind, it hastened to receive a father's blessing.

I will leave you to imagine the joy of the "Great Father of Waters" as he clasped in his arms the son of his heart, and praised him for his persevering effort and success.

INEZ CURL.

## Phoebe Cary's Hymn.

A correspondent has asked us to furnish Phoebe Cary's hymn, "One sweetly solemn thought," etc.

This hymn of our late beloved parishioner has appeared in many versions, some of which damage the poetry while they fit the stanzas to music. There was no special tune in her ears or in her mind when she wrote it. The theme came to her one Sunday morning, in 1842, as she was returning from church. She sat down and wrote off very rapidly the verses which had formed themselves around that theme. These she afterward carefully corrected and published. They became immediately popular.

The latest version was made under the following circumstances: One day she was ushered into our back parlor as we sat with sprained ankle in a vessel of water. She was almost always very bright and witty, and for awhile her conversation was very gay; she was cheering her imprisoned and perhaps impatient pastor. When the conversation turned on graver topics he made this remark: "Phoebe, it's amazing how many hymn-books there are, and how few are the hymns that are sung. Now, here lies a book used by a large denomination. It contains over a thousand hymns. I have gone over them all, and marked every hymn I have heard sung or quoted in whole or in any part, and there are very few over two hundred that are marked, and less than a hundred that I have heard frequently. Other hymns, of course, may have been used and heard by other per-

sons, and so the total might be set down at three hundred. It would seem that three-fourths of the hymn-book had been printed and carried about for the sake of the useful one-fourth."

"Why," said she, "don't you know that there are not three hundred hymns in the language that are worth using, or that will live a hundred years?" Then, after a pause, she added: "Let's make a little book that will have the three hundred best."

"Agreed," was the answer.

After she left the conversation was considered. One evening we said: "Are you ready to begin that hymn-book?" "Yes," she replied. We went at it. We gathered all the books we could find. Over twenty thousand metrical compositions, in English, German and Latin were examined. Three hundred were selected. Some were inserted, removed, and reinserted. Some were removed and never replaced, but stood so near the line we had marked that if others for any reason had fallen out of line those would have taken their place. Thus came the volume called "Hymns for All Christians." Subsequently, after Phoebe Cary's death, the poet Whittier wrote us that in his opinion there were only about twenty hymns in the language that were in all respects worth the name, "and these has them all in thy Collection."

It was while we were at work on this Collection, in her room over the parlor in the house in Twentieth Street, in which Alice Cary died, that we said:

"Now, Phoebe, let us put in your 'Sweetly solemn thought.'"

"Oh, that was not written for a hymn."

"Nevertheless, people will sing it; and as I have allowed you to insert hymns on your own independent judgment, and one of mine is among them, it is my turn now. Yours shall go in."

"Well, I'll look it over and fix it up. Posterity never did anything for me, but I suppose I must do something for posterity. I'll rewrite it just as I want it to stand for ever, and I'll never touch it again."

And the following is that last version:

One sweetly solemn thought  
Comes to me o'er and o'er;  
I'm nearer my home to-day  
Than I ever have been before.

Nearer my Father's house,  
Where the many mansions be;  
Nearer the great white throne,  
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,  
Where we lay our burdens down;  
Nearer leaving the cross,  
Nearer gaining the crown;  
But the waves of that silent sea  
Roll dark before my sight,  
That brightly the other side  
Break on a shore of light.

Oh, if my mortal feet  
Have almost gained the brink,  
If it be I am nearer home  
Even to-day than I think:

Father, perfect my trust,  
Let my spirit feel in death  
That her feet were firmly set  
On the Rock of a living faith.

—Sunday Magazine.

## Writers of the Bible.

Moses wrote Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy.

Joshua, Phineas or Eleazar wrote the Book of Joshua, but it is not certain which of them.

Samuel is the penman of the books of Judges and Ruth. He also wrote the first acts of David, and probably Nathan and Gad wrote the last acts, and the whole was formed into two books, which were named after Samuel, as the most eminent person, called the first and second books of Samuel.

Jeremiah most probably compiled the two books of the Kings.

Ezra compiled the two books of the Chronicles. He is also author of the book bearing his name.

Nehemiah wrote Nehemiah.

The author of the book of Esther is

unknown.

Elihu was most probably the penman of the book of Job. Moses may have written the first two chapters and the last. Some think Job wrote it himself.

David wrote most of the book of Psalms. Asaph penned a few of them. Solomon wrote Proverbs, Ecclesiastes and the songs of Solomon.

Isaiah is the author of the prophecy of Isaiah.

Jeremiah wrote the book bearing his name and the Lamentations of Jeremiah.

Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, probably Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Zephaniah, Haggai, Zechariah wrote the books of prophecies bearing their respective names.

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John wrote the gospels named after them.

Luke wrote the Acts of the Apostles.

Paul is the author of the Epistles to the Romans, Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, Thessalonians, Timothy, Titus, Philemon and Hebrews.

James, the son of Alphaeus, who was cousin-German to Christ, and one of the Apostles, wrote the Epistle of James.

Peter wrote the Epistle bearing his name.

The Apostle John wrote the Epistles of John.

Jude, the Apostle, the brother of James, called also Lebbeus, whose surname was Thaddeus, a near relative to our Lord, wrote the Epistle of Jude.

St. John, the Divine, wrote Revelation.

## Household.

—Two teaspoonfuls of finely powdered charcoal, drank in a half tumbler of water, will often give relief to the sick headache, when caused, as in most cases it is, by a superabundance of acid on the stomach.

—Physicians of Berlin have sent forth an urgent warning against the use of the popular baby-carriage in which the little ones sit facing the nurse and are pushed backward. The natural desire of the eye is to draw nearer to what it sees, and the practice of reversing this normal order of things and causing surrounding objects to recede is liable to effect injuriously the development of both sight and brain.

—BITS OF SOAP.—Instead of throwing away the pieces of soap which become too small for convenient handling, make a square flannel bag of suitable size; leave one end partly open, and put in the pieces as they collect; when it is full baste up the opening, and it makes a nice bath-tub arrangement. Another way is to add a little water, set them in a tin on the stove, and let them simmer slowly. When cold, you have tolerably good soft soap, just the thing for putting in your wash boiler or washing tins with. Or by evaporating part of the water you may get the soap hard enough to be molded into small cakes, which can be dried for use.

—TWO WINTER SALADS.—Cabbage salad needs finely-cut cabbage according to the eaters, and this dressing: One egg, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, butter the size of a walnut, two tablespoonfuls of ground mustard, a little salt; mix well together, then stir into one pint of cold vinegar, and continue to stir until it boils. Pour while boiling hot over the cabbage. Potato salad in German fashion is thus made: Potatoes boiled in the "jacket" are peeled while warm, cut evenly into fine slices, and while still warm mixed with fine olive oil. After having drawn with this for a little while, add salt, pepper, chopped onion, and mix all this by shaking it up, as using a spoon would break the potatoes and make them unsightly; finally add good vinegar, serve moderately warm. Should the salad get dry, freshen it up with meat broth. Another recipe is as follows: Take

twelve good potatoes, medium-size that will cook "mealy," boil or steam them: three eggs, boil hard: allow both to cool; three onions, raw; slice potatoes (having removed their jackets), onions, and eggs right into the dish to be used on the table, in alternate layers, and season each layer to taste, with salt and pepper. Make a vinegar and butter sauce, by melting butter the size of a walnut is sufficient warm vinegar to well moisten the salad; pour over the salad, and place on the table. In serving, let each spoonful contain some of each layer of the salad.

A CONVENIENT COOKING TABLE.—My cooking-table is eight feet long (it should be nine), and is placed in a recess between the chimney and the window, the size of which decided its length. It is two feet several inches wide on top. Below it is enclosed at the back and ends, and has doors in front. It has no floor, but stands directly on the floor of the room, and is movable. The enclosed space below is divided into three compartments. The right hand closet containing the flour barrel; adoor coming down to the floor opens to admit it, and closes tightly again until the next barrel is needed. Inside there is space to hang baking pans by their rings on the partitions; over the flour barrel is a lid that is raised whenever flour is to be taken out; the sieve and scoop remain in the barrel. The lid is a part of the surface of the table, and opens over the whole width of the floor compartment. Above the door of the middle closet there is a drawer without back or sides, which is the bread board. When drawn out and turned around, the front becomes a back, and is very useful in preventing the scattering of the flour in rolling pastry. When returned to its place the roller can remain upon the boards. Below this drawer is a closet with a door, and a shelf large enough for a pan of milk, or bowls and pudding dishes; below the shelf is a space for a bucket of sugar, a jar of lard or cream, and a molasses jar. The left hand closet has at the top a drawer divided into two compartments, one for eggs, the other for spices, yeast, powders, nutmeg-grater and cake-cutter; a shelf below holds boxes of saleratus, a bag of salt, boxes of rice and tapioca, jug of syrup, jars of preserves, while in use, or is an excellent to keep them. —Farmer's Wife's Journal.

## Spurgeon When a Lad.

When Spurgeon was still almost a lad, says the *London Echo*, he was sent down to preach for an aged Baptist minister in the country. On his arrival, the old man looked at him as if he expected the world to come to an end by the mere force of a boy's impudence; and, instead of giving the accustomed greeting, walking up and down muttering loud enough to be heard, "tut, tut, is it to come to this! boys for pulpits! children to preach! babies to preach!" Mr. Spurgeon, too, muttered to himself, but not loud enough to be heard, "You shall pay for this, old boy." So next morning he chose for his first lesson the sixteenth chapter of Proverbs, and read until he came to the verse, "A hoary head is a crown of glory." Looking up with an air of surprise, he exclaimed, to the astonishment of the orthodox congregation, "Solomon's wrong there. Some hoary heads can't be civil to a boy who comes to preach for them. Rudeness gives no crown of glory." Then, returning to the book, he added with dramatic surprise, "Oh, I see, Solomon's right after all, for even rudeness to a lad who preaches for you is not the way of righteousness." The old man was capable of bearing a joke even from the pulpit; and when the sermon was over, ran up the stairs, and, slapping the boy preacher on the back exclaimed with delight, "Thou'rt the sauciest dog that ever barked in a pulpit." —*Ex.*

Send us a new subscriber.