

## Christian Family.

## Mrs. Browning's Cry of the Children.

Mrs. Browning, Shakespeare's daughter, summarized fifty years of discussion in Great Britain by these most moving words:

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,  
The young birds are chirping in their nest,  
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,  
The young flowers are blowing toward the West.  
But the young, young children, O my brothers,  
They are weeping bitterly;  
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,  
In the country of the free.  
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city;  
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do;  
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow cowslips pretty—  
Laugh aloud to feel your fingers let them through!  
But they answer, "Are your cowslips of the meadows,  
Like our weeds anear the mine?  
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal shadows,  
From your pleasures fair and fine!"  
"For oh," say the children, "we are weary,  
And we can not run or leap—  
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely  
To drop down in them and sleep.  
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping,  
We fall upon our faces trying to go;  
And underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,  
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow."  
"For all day we bear our burden tiring  
Through the coal dark underground;  
Or all day we drive the wheels of iron  
In the factories round and round."

## Lurlina.

Beneath a wintry moon, love  
The tented hills repose,  
But still my soul is June, love,  
And all my heart a rose,  
Another moon is riding,  
Full-bosomed, near and warm,  
A sweet old dream surprising  
Remembrance with its charm.  
The town lies twinkling yonder,  
Another world than ours,  
We have no thoughts to squander  
On wooden walls and towers;  
Under the locusts walking  
We breathe an air divine—  
The stars and flowers are talking  
And we all speech resign.  
The season, wreathed with beauty,  
The throbbing summer night,  
Make loving thee a duty—  
Adoring thee, delight;  
The birds above us nestle,  
Asleep, with folded wing—  
We hear their soft plumes rustle,  
They almost wake and sing!  
We did not drain the chalice  
But quaffed its rich boquet;  
May be 'twas grace, not malice,  
That snatched the cup away.  
You went your way serenely,  
And I went mine with blame;  
Your brow was fair and queenly,  
And mine was red with flame.  
Lurlina, heaven flies not  
From souls it once has blessed;  
First love may fade, but dies not,  
Though wounded and distressed;  
The stars, long since departed,  
Still shine to dust-veiled eyes,  
And so the broken-hearted  
Still cherish golden ties.  
Though after days deride us  
With Hymen's broken ring,  
We know that once beside us  
An angel stopped his wings,  
And angels come so rarely,  
Along life's troubled way  
We may remember fairly  
The moment, as the day.  
We leave our dead, with yearning,  
Where the daisies drink the dew,  
And live our lives in-learning  
That dreams alone are true;  
For dreams, in wild expansions  
Of moonlit locust trees,  
Have built such perfect mansions  
And wrought such roses;  
Adieu! Like ships at ocean  
That nevermore may meet,  
We pass, in life's free motion  
To victory and defeat;  
Your bark, in eastward sailing,  
Will seek the pearl of day,  
But mine, with songs of wailing,  
Drifts on in purple spray.

—S. L. Simpson.

## Thomas Bailey Aldrich's New Neighbors at Ponkapog.

When I saw the little house building, an eighth of a mile beyond my own, on the Old Bay road, I wondered who were to be the tenants. The modest structure was set well back from the road, among the trees, as if the inmates were to care nothing whatever for a view of the stylish equipages which sweep by during the summer season. For my part, I like to see the passing, in town or country; but each has his own taste. The proprietor, who seemed to be also the architect of the new house, superintended the various details of the work with an assiduity that gave me a high opinion of his intelligence and executive ability, and I congratulated myself on the prospect of having some very agreeable neighbors.

It was quite early in the spring, if I remember, when they moved into the cottage—a newly-married couple, evidently; the wife very young, pretty and with the air of a lady; the husband somewhat older, but still in the first flush of manhood. It was understood in the village that they came from Baltimore; but no one knew them personally, and they brought no letters of introduction. (For obvious reasons I refrain from mentioning names.) It was clear that, for the present at least, their own company was entirely sufficient for them. They made no advance toward the acquaintance of any of the families in the neighborhood, and consequently were left to themselves. That, apparently, was what they desired, and why they came to Ponkapog. For after its black bass and wild duck and teal, solitude is the chief staple of Ponkapog. Perhaps its perfect rural loveliness should be included. Lying high up under the wing of the Blue Hills, and in the odorous breath of pines and cedars, it chances to be the most enchanting bit of genuine country within fifty miles of Boston, which, moreover, can be reached in half an hour's ride by railway. But the nearest railway station (heaven be praised!) is two miles distant, and the seclusion is without a flaw. Ponkapog has one mail a day; two mails a day would render the place uninhabitable.

The village—it looks like a compact village at a distance, but unravels and disappears the moment you drive into it—has quite a large floating population. I do not allude to the perch and pickerel. Along the Old Bay road, a highway even in the colonial days, there are a number of attractive cottages straggling off toward Milton, which are occupied for the summer by people from the city. These birds of passage are a distinct class from the permanent inhabitants, and the two seldom closely assimilate unless there has been some previous connection. It seemed to me that our new neighbors were to come under the head of permanent inhabitants; they had built their own house and had the air of intending to live in it all the year round.

"Are you not going to call on them?" I asked my wife, one morning.

"When they call on us," she replied lightly.

"But it is our place to call first, they being strangers."

This was said as seriously as the circumstance demanded; but my wife turned it off with a laugh, and I said no more, always trusting to her intuitions in these matters.

She was right. She would not have been received, and a cool "not at home" would have been a bitter social pill to us if we had gone out of our way to be courteous.

I saw a great deal of our neighbors, nevertheless. Their cottage lay between us and the Post-office—where he was never to be met by any chance—and I caught frequent glimpses of the two working in the garden. Floriculture did not appear so much

an object as exercise. Possibly it was neither; maybe they were engaged in digging for specimens of those arrow-heads and flints hatchets which are continually coming to the surface hereabouts. There is scarcely an acre in which the plowshare has not turned up some primitive stone weapon or domestic utensil disdainfully left to us by the red men who once held this domain—an ancient tribe called the Punkypoags, a forlorn descendant of which, one Polly Crow, figures in the annual Blue Book, down to the close of the Southern war, as a State pensioner. I quote from the local biographer.

Whether they were developing a kitchen garden or emulating Professor Schliemann at Mycenae, the newcomers were evidently persons of refined musical taste. The lady had a voice of remarkable sweetness, although of no great compass, and I used often to linger a morning by the high gate and listen to her executing an operatic air, conjecturally at some window up stairs, for the house was not visible from the public road. The husband, somewhere about the grounds, would occasionally respond with two or three bars. It was all quite an ideal, Arcadian business. They seemed very happy together, these two persons, who asked no odds whatever of the community in which they had settled themselves.

There was a queerness, a sort of mystery, about this couple, which I admit piqued my curiosity, though, as a rule, I have no morbid interest about the affairs of my neighbors. They behaved like a pair of lovers who had run off and got married clandestinely. I willingly admitted them, the one and the other, of having no legal right to do so; for, to change a word in the lines of the poet,

It is a joy to think the best  
We may of human kind.

Admitting the hypothesis of elopement, there was no mystery in their neither sending nor receiving letters. Where did they get their groceries? I do not mean the money to pay for them—that is an enigma apart—but the groceries themselves. No express wagon, no butcher's cart, no vehicle of any description was ever observed to stop at their domicile. Yet they did not order family stores at the sole establishment in the village—an inexhaustible little bottle of a shop which (I advertise it gratis) can turn out anything in the way of groceries from a handsaw to a pocket-handkerchief. I confess that I allowed this unimportant detail of their house-keeping to occupy more of my speculation than was creditable to me.

In several respects our neighbors reminded me of those inexplicable persons we sometimes come across in great cities, though seldom or never in suburban places, where the field may be supposed too restricted for their operations—persons who have no perceptible means of subsistence and manage to live royally on nothing a year. They hold no Government bonds, they possess no real estate (our neighbors did own their house), they toil not, neither do they spin; yet they reap all the numerous soft advantages that usually result from honest toil and skillful spinning. How do they do it? But this is a digression, and I am quite of the opinion of the old lady in David Copperfield who says, "Let us have no meandering!"

Though my wife had declined to risk a ceremonious call on our neighbors as a family, I saw no reason why I should not speak to the husband as an individual when I happened to encounter him by the wayside. I made several approaches to do so, when it occurred to my penetration that my neighbor had the air of trying to avoid me. I resolved to put the suspicion to the test, and one forenoon, when he was sauntering along on the opposite side of the road,

in the vicinity of Fisher's saw-mill, I deliberately crossed over to address him. The brusque manner in which he hurried away was not to be misunderstood.

It was at this time that I began to form uncharitable suppositions touching our neighbors, and would have been as well pleased if some of my choicest fruit-trees had not overhung their wall. I determined to keep my eyes open later in the season, when the fruit should be ripe to pluck. In some folks, a sense of the delicate shade of difference between *meum et tuum* does not seem to be very strongly developed in the Moon of Cherris, to use the old Indian phrase. I was sufficiently magnanimous not to impart any of these sinister impressions to the families with whom we were on visiting terms—for I despise a gossip. I would say nothing against the persons up the road until I had something definite to say. My interest in them was—well, not exactly extinguished, but burning low. I met the gentleman at intervals, and passed him without recognition; at rarer intervals I saw the lady.

After a while I not only missed my occasional glimpses of her pretty, slim figure, always draped in some soft black stuff, with a bit of scarlet at the throat, but I inferred that she did not go about the house singing in her light-hearted manner, as formerly. What had happened? Had the honeymoon suffered eclipse already? Was she ill? I fancied she was ill, and that I detected a certain anxiety in the husband, who spent the mornings digging solitarily in the garden, and seemed to have relinquished those long jaunts to the brow of Blue Hill, where there is a superb view, combined with sundry venerable rattlesnakes of twelve rattles.

As the days went by it became certain that the lady was confined to the house, perhaps seriously ill, possibly a confirmed invalid. Whether she was attended by a physician from Canton or from Milton I was unable to say; but neither the gig with the large white allopathic horse, nor the gig with the homeopathic sorrel mare, was ever seen hitched at the gate during the day. If a physician had charge of the case, he visited his patient only at night. All this moved my sympathy, and I reproached myself with having had hard thoughts of our neighbors. Trouble had come to them early. I would have liked to offer them such small, friendly services as lay in my power; but the memory of the repulse I had sustained rankled in me. So I hesitated.

One morning my two boys burst into the library with their eyes sparkling.

"You know the old elm down the road?" cried one.

"Yes."

"The elm with the hand-bird's nest?" shrieked the other.

"Yes, yes."

"Well, we both just climbed up, and there's three young ones in it!"

Then I smiled to think that our new neighbors had got such a promising little family. — *Atlantic Monthly*.

## The Cossack Women.

Count Tolstoy says: "The Cossack looks on women as the tools of his prosperity (a girl only has the right to amuse herself.) He makes his wife work for him from youth to old age, and looks on women with the eastern demand of labor and obedience. In consequence of this view, the women, who are strongly developed both physically and morally, although externally obedient, have every where in the East incomparably more influence and weight in home life than in the West. Their separation from social life, and their habits of heavy manly labor, give them more weight and force in home affairs. The

Cossack, who before outsiders considers it unbecoming to speak affectionately or unnecessarily with his wife, always feels her superiority when left face to face with her. His whole house, his whole property, his whole fortune, have been got by her means, and are kept up only by her labors and efforts. Although he is firmly assured that labor is shameful for a Cossack, and is suitable only for a Tartar workman or for a woman, he feels in a confused way that all that he enjoys and calls his own is the product of that labor, and that it is in the power of the woman—his mother, or his wife whom he considers his slave—to deprive him of all that he enjoys. Besides this, the constant masculine heavy work and labor put upon her have given an especially independent and masculine character to the Cossack woman, and have developed in her in an astonishing way, physical force, sound sense, decision and firmness of character. The women, for the most part, are stronger, more sensible, more developed and finer-looking than the men. The beauty of the Grebna Cossack woman is especially striking by the union of the purest type of the Circassian face with the broad and powerful frame of the northern women. The Cossack women wear the Circassian dress—Tartar shirt, gown and drawers; but they tie up their heads in kerchiefs, in the Russian style. Elegance, neatness and beauty in their attire and in the arrangement of their cottages, form a habit and a necessity of their life. In their relations to the men, women, and especially girls, enjoy complete freedom." — *Ec.*

## Recipes.

This is the time of year for mince-pies, so we print for the benefit of our friends the recipe of an old Dutch house-keeper: One bowl chopped meat—beef well boiled; one bowl chopped suet; two bowls chopped apples, greenings; one bowl sugar; one bowl molasses; one bowl currants; two bowls cider; half bowl citron. Nutmeg, cloves and cinnamon to taste, not forgetting a teaspoonful of salt. This mince-meat may be prepared (leaving out the apples and cider) a long time before wanted, but they must not be added until ready for use.

*Rochester Jelly Cake*, (try this).—Two cups sugar, three eggs, two thirds cup of butter, one cup sweet milk, three cups flour, one teaspoonful cream of tartar mixed with the flour, one-half teaspoonful soda in milk (two teaspoonfuls baking powder answers the same purpose). To one-half the mixture add one tablespoonful of molasses, one cup of raisins stoned and dropped; one quarter pound of citron sliced fine, one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, one half teaspoonful each of cloves and allspice, and a little nutmeg; add one tablespoonful of flour. Bake in jelly cake pans, two of white and two of dark put them together while warm with jelly.

*Orange Cake*.—Two cups of sugar, two of flour, one of water, five yolks of eggs, and three of the whites; two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; a little salt, and juice and grated rind of one orange. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, add the sugar, and when thoroughly mixed add the yolks (which should have been previously beaten for five minutes). This mix all together and bake in five jelly cake pans.

*Frosting for Same*.—The whites of three eggs thoroughly beaten, the juice and rind of an orange, and sugar enough to make it quite stiff. Put this between the layers of cake while warm.

Under God's mighty hand,  
My soul, exultant stand;  
Not long shall sin and sorrow bow thee low,  
The bliss of holiness thou soon shalt know:  
From ashes of thyself thou shalt arise  
To him who makes thee ready for the skies,  
Under his mighty hand.

(S. S. Times.)