

Christian Family.

A Quest.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

All in the summer even,
When sea and sky were bright,
And radiantly the sunset
Went forth to meet the night,
My love and I were sailing
Into the shining west,
To find some Happy Island,
Some Paradise of rest.

We steered where sunset splendor
Turned into gold the shore;
The rocks behind its brightness
Were cruel as before.

Within the caves sang sirens,
But there the whirlpools be;
Not there the Happy Islands,
Not there the peaceful sea.

Toward the deep mid-ocean
Tides ran and swift winds blew;
It must be there those islands
Await the longing view.

Their shores are soft with verdure,
Their skies forever fair,
And always is the fragrance
Of blossoms on the air.

I set our sail to seek them,
But then my love drew back:
"Not yet; the night is chilly—
I fear that unknown track."

So home we sailed at twilight,
To the familiar shore;
Turned from the golden glory,
To live the old life o'er.

We'll make no further ventures—
For timid is my love—
Until fresh sailing orders
Are sent us from above.

Then to the deep mid-ocean
Though we reluctant sail,
We'll find our Happy Islands,
And joys that cannot fail.

The Rattle of Bones.

How many bones in the human face?
Fourteen, when they're all in place.

How many bones in the human head?
Eight, my child, as I've often said.

How many bones in the human ear?
Three in each, and they help to hear.

How many bones in the human spine?
Twenty-six, like a climbing vine.

How many bones of the human chest?
Twenty-four ribs, and two of the rest.

How many bones the shoulders bind?
Two in each; one before, one behind.

How many bones in the human arm?
In each arm, one; two in each fore-arm.

How many bones in the human wrist?
Eight in each, if none are missed.

How many bones in the palm of the hand?
Five in each, with many a band.

How many bones in the fingers ten?
Twenty-eight and by joints they bend.

How many bones in the human hip?
One in each; like a fish they dip.

How many bones in the human thigh?
One in each, and deep they lie.

How many bones in the human knees?
One in each—the knee-pan, please.

How many bones in the leg from the knee?
Two in each, we can plainly see.

How many bones in the ankle strong?
Seven in each, but none are long.

How many bones in the ball of the foot?
Five in each, as in the palms were put.

How many bones in the toes half a score?
Twenty-eight, and there are no more.

And now, all together, these many bones
Six,
And they count in the body two hundred
and six.

And then we have in the human mouth,
Of upper and under, thirty-two teeth.

And we now and then have a bone, I
should think,
That forms on a joint, or fills up a chink.
A Sesamoid bone, or a wormian we call,
And now we may rest, for we've told
them all.

Mother Truth's Melodies.

A Mother's Love.

A little boy in the doorway sitting,
The mother plied her busy knitting,
And her cheek so softly smiled,
You might be sure, although her gaze
Was on the meshes of lace,
Yet her thoughts were on her child.

But when the boy had heard her voice,
As o'er her work she did rejoice,
His became silent altogether;
And sly creeping by the wall,
He seized a single plum, let fall
By a wild bird of longest feather;
And, all a-tremble with his freak,
He touched her lightly on the cheek.

Oh, what a loveliness her eyes
Gathers in that one moment's space,
While peeping round the door she spies
Her darling's laughing face!
Oh, mother's love is glorifying,
On the cheek like sunset living;
In the eyes a moistened light,
Softer than the moon at night!

—Selected.

The rare phenomenon of St. Elmo's fire was observed in several localities in the Hartz Mountains in Germany recently. The air was so laden with electricity that canes held aloft emitted from their points light blue flames five inches in length and three in breadth. In one place, during a storm of mingled snow and rain, the ends of the branches in an entire grove were surmounted by flames of from four to five inches in length.

"Don't you Pray!"

"We shall expect you and Henry up at the house to dinner to-morrow, Jarvis, and hope both of you will stay and go with us to the weekly evening meeting in our church," said Mr. Newell, a wealthy and prosperous merchant, to one of his subordinate clerks just before leaving his counting-room one night.

"Thank you, sir," replied the young man, with a beaming face, as he held the door open for his employer and a gentleman friend to pass through.

"You don't tell me," said the gentleman, who was an old college chum of the merchant, as he took his arm after reaching the sidewalk, "that the fastidious Fred Newell, the proudest and most exclusive of the old 'Gamma Sigma,' the very high-toned society of our college, in our day at least, is in the habit of inviting the clerks in his employ to his elegant residence?"

"I hope I have improved in some particulars since those days," said the merchant, a far-away, regretful look quickly taking the place of a pleasant smile. "In the first place, I trust I have met with a change of heart, as we evangelical people say. But I have to confess with shame that it was some time after I had tasted the joy of believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, and had inclined my ear unto his precious promises, before I got entirely over my love of *caste* and my disinclination to associate with so-called inferiors. I was led more fully to surrender myself to the spirit of the Gospel, and thus got a step nearer the Savior, in this way:—

"We are blessed with quite a number of children in our home, and they educate me about as much as I educate them. One of these little ones, my sunny-haired Katy, was not very well a year or more ago. The doctor told me that I must encourage her to walk more in the open air, and that her mind must be taken up with different scenes in life. So all winter the little thing walked with me to my office nearly every morning, and stayed with me till lunch-time. She greatly enjoyed seeing the customers who went in and out, noting and commenting upon their peculiarities, and made a great many fast friendships among my employees, from my confidential clerk down to the grey-headed old night-watchman.

"Some time in the spring following, Frank Knox, my shipping-clerk, a fine manly fellow, married my cashier, Julia Ledyard, as pretty, quiet, and ladylike a young woman as one often meets, and they set up housekeeping on the west side, not far from our place of business. One day, when Katy had accompanied me down town as usual, Frank asked me if I would let her go home with him to dinner, saying that his wife, of whom the child had been very fond, was longing to see her bright face once more.

"I rather reluctantly gave my consent, and I watched her from my office window trip off up the street, clinging tightly to Frank's hand. She enjoyed herself so well, and was so importunate in asking to go again, that I allowed her to make the happy couple another visit the following week. She returned just as the carriage came to take us home, and this time I noticed she was very quiet.

"Didn't you have a pleasant time at Frank's, my dear?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, lovely, papa; but I don't think it looks quite right for people to sit down to dinner and not have anyone pray before they begin to eat. Don't you think it would be a good way, before the clerks begin to keep house, to have them come up to our house and learn to pray? And can't I ask Frank to come up to dinner some day and hear you pray? Then Frank would know how."

"The next morning I let down the barriers of my 'exclusiveness,' as I had that night determined on my

knees I would do, and questioned Frank a little about home life, while I improved the opportunity to speak of the necessity, as well as the propriety, of fixed religious principles and the observance of Christian duty, now that he had married and had a home of his own.

"It came out in our conversation that on the occasion of Katy's first visit at his house, when they had seated themselves at dinner, she bowed her head and sat in silence a moment. Presently, as Frank began to serve the food, she said, 'Why, Mr. Knox! don't you pray?' 'No,' said the young husband, in some embarrassment. 'Why don't you?' Katy persisted. 'Because I don't know how,' he replied.

"On the second visit, while waiting in the little parlor for the summons to dinner, Katy said, 'Mr. Knox, have you learned to pray yet?' 'No, little dear,' was the answer. 'Oh, Mr. Knox,' she replied, *sorrowfully*, 'it is too bad.' I wish you could come up to our house to dinner and hear papa pray, and then you would know how."

"That was the first intimation my head shipping-clerk, who had been in my employ for years, ever had that I was a praying man. That little incident opened my eyes, and showed me the path of duty. If my employees don't pray now it is not for the want of a word in season from me, nor for the want of my example in my own home, where I occasionally invite them to dinner and to spend the evening, one or two at a time, as I did in your hearing just now.—Mrs. A. Preston.

Select Reading.

—Better to have been betrayed than to betray others.

—Anybody can catch a cold. The trouble is to let go again.

—Weddings are always fashionable.

—Self-sacrifice is the only power that can plant or build.

—A woman that successfully hides her age is educated beyond her years.

He who thinks he has nothing to fear from temptation is most exposed to a fall.

—Never strain a point in writing. If you do, you will have to sharpen your pencil again.

—There is one advantage in marrying a woman who hasn't a mind of her own, she can't forever be giving you a piece of it.

—I never knew a fashionable woman who didn't think more of a fool than of an upright, sensible man," says Talmage.

—No rich American ever knows what he is worth. After his death, his family are generally glad to make his fortune pay off his debts.

—"I am inclined to believe," said a fop to a lady who had refused to sing, "you are fishing for compliments." "Oh, no," replied she, "I never fish in so shallow a stream."

—The British Museum has lately acquired a small fragment of a terracotta tablet, containing parts of the annals of Nebuchadnezzar. The portion relates to his thirty-seventh year and a war with Egypt.

—An old bachelor may well be called a traveler on life's railroad, who has entirely failed to make the proper connections.

—It is better to preach the whole Gospel of Christ in a humble tent, than to preach a partial Gospel in a gorgeous temple.

—Miss Helen M. McDonald argued her own case, involving an infringement of her patent for an improved dress-protector, in the United States Court of Boston the other day, General Butler being one of the opposing counsel.

—The proud are always most provoked by pride.

—Love has no age, as it is always renewing itself.

—Words, like sunbeams, burn deeper when condensed.

—Where there is mystery it is

generally supposed that there must also be evil.

—They who cannot weave a uniform web, may at least produce a piece of patchwork.

—The great moments of life are but moments like the others. Your doom is spoken in a word or two. A single look from the eyes, a mere pressure of the hand, may decide it; or the lips, though they cannot speak.—*Thackeray*.

—Man may plant and water, but the increase comes from God. How little men think of this. The work is with us, but the results are with God. It is ours to hear what God says to us, and to do what he commands us. If we do his will we will have full proof that the will of God is good, acceptable and perfect.

—A hundred years wrong do not make an hour right.

—More are drowned in the bowl than in the sea.

—The fewer the words the better the prayer.

—Religion is the best armor a man can have, but the worst cloak.

—The richer one is in moral excellence, the nobler he should appear in kind consideration for all around him. Penuriousness and selfishness would bedim all his virtues, as rust will destroy the luster of the most brilliant metal.—*Heubner*.

—There are men who no more grasp the truth they seem to hold than a sparrow grasps the message passing through the electric wire on which it perches.—*Norman Macleod*.

—The brave man is not he who feels no fear, for that were stupid and irrational, but he whose noble soul its fear subdues and bravely dares the danger which it shrinks from.—*Joanna Baillie*.

—Said an old friend: "I don't like a man who is intimate on short acquaintance, because he is almost sure to be 'short' on intimate acquaintance."

—Cardinal Manning is one of the most abstemious of prelates. It is said that on the few occasions when he goes out to dinner he not infrequently contents himself with a biscuit and a glass of water. He is tall, thin, austere, reserved. Monsignor Capel, on the contrary, is plump, gay, handsome, and accessible, and in the height of the season may be met at two or three "at homes" the same evening, and in each is the centre of an animated and happy circle of guests. He is withal a nobly charitable man and a tremendous worker. He is now very ill, and it is overwork, it is reported, that has caused his illness.

Receipts.

FLOOR MATTING.—When floor Matting will not go down smoothly—the inside being looser than the edge of the breadth, wet the edges and it can be drawn out flat and straight.

TO EXTERMINATE RATS.—Butter some biscuits, and on each half sprinkle what calomel can be taken up with the point of a penknife. Put the calomel on the buttered sides of the biscuits. Lay them where the rats can get at them, placing a dish of water close by. The rats will soon disappear.—*Country Gentleman*.

NEAPOLITAN CAKE.—Take the whites of fifteen eggs, one and one-fourth pounds sugar, one and one-fourth pound of flour, three-fourths pound of butter, one teaspoonful of sweet milk, two-teaspoonfuls of baking powder; beat together for the white cake. For the fruit part, take eleven yolks of eggs, three cups of sugar, four cups of flour, one-half pound of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, (or sweet milk and two teaspoonfuls baking powder,) one and one-half pound raisins, half pound currants, half pound blanched almonds, one-fourth pound dry citron, one nutmeg; add one-fourth of the white batter to the fruit batter,

then bake in one inch pans, and ice together in alternate layers. The recipe makes three each.

—A good way to clean Japanese ware is to wash it with a sponge dipped in clean cold water, wipe it dry and polish it with dry flour well rubbed on with a soft cloth.

—Sieves to be cleaned properly should be put in hot water containing a little soda or borax, but no soap; scrub them well with a clean brush, rinse them thoroughly in plenty of boiling water, and shake them dry.

TRAINING PETUNIAS.—A fine effect is obtained by this method of training petunias. Procure a number of hazel rods, each about two feet long, bend them like hoops and drive both ends into the bed, placing them at suitable intervals all over it. On these tie and train the petunias, which blossom more abundantly than usual under this treatment. Petunias have been successfully treated as if sweet pea vines, and trained on a slanting trellis. The trailing habit of this plant, especially late in the season, is not always sufficiently considered.

HOME MADE VINEGAR. Steep a pint of good firm corn in two and a half gallons of cold water for two or three hours, and put it on the fire and boil it until the corn shows signs of bursting. Take it off before the grains do burst and strain off the liquor, adding half a pound of sugar to each gallon. Place the cask, or the jug containing it, in the sun, and in three weeks or a month the liquor will be converted into good vinegar. The writer tried this receipt, using molasses instead of sugar in one case, but the sugar makes far the best vinegar. It is both good and cheap. Large quantities can be made by using proportionate quantities of corn, water and sugar.

FURNITURE POLISH. Take beeswax and turpentine on the proportion of two ounces of the former to half a pint of the latter. Put the turpentine in a tin basin and cut the beeswax in small pieces and put in, then put in the oven when not very hot, so it (the wax) will gradually melt; stir it constantly. Apply to the furniture with a piece of woolen rag (a piece of broadcloth is best for the purpose), and have another piece to rub with. Don't be afraid to use plenty of "elbow grease."

TO STOP BLEEDING.—It is said that bleeding from a wound, on man or beast, may be stopped by a mixture of wheat flour and common salt, in equal parts, bound on with a cloth. If the bleeding be profuse, use a large quantity, say from one to three pints. It may be left on for hours or even days, if necessary. The person who gave us this recipe says; "In this manner I saved the life of a horse, which was bleeding from a wounded artery; the bleeding ceased in five minutes after the application."

PERSONAL INFLUENCE.—What is the secret of personal influence? Who can tell? In a voice at times; in manner frequently; in the assumption of infallibility in sympathy, and in directness; in opposition, and in a shifting which is quite opposed to directness; in broadly outlined acceptance of your views, with a fine shading of dissent which shows you to be quite right in vague essentials, but somehow all wrong in individual points; in smiles that attract confidence, and in silence that gives assent; in a moral pose offered as the expression of the true character; in the power of insinuating impressions without omitting one's self to a positive statement; and in the impetus which lies in a thundering assertion, let who will dispute or disprove.

A BRAND AND A GREEN STICK.—A plain countryman, who had been effectually called by divine grace, by means of a sermon from Zach. iii: 2, was sometimes afterward solicited by an old companion to accompany him to the ale-house. But the good old man strongly resisted every persuasion, saying, "I am a brand plucked out of the fire." His old companion not understanding this, he explained it to him thus: "Look ye," said he, "there is a great difference between a brand and a green stick. If a spark flies upon a brand that has been partly burned, it will soon catch fire again; but it is not so with a green stick. I tell you I am that brand plucked out of the fire, and I dare not venture into the way of temptation, for fear of being set on fire again."