

Christian Family.

Calling the Angels In.

We mean to do it. Some day, some day,
We mean to slacken this fevered rush
That is wearing our very souls away,
And grant to our loaded hearts a hush
That is only enough to let them hear
The footsteps of angels drawing near.

We mean to do it. Oh, never doubt,
When the burden of daytime broil is
O'er,
We'll sit and muse, while the stars come
out,
As the patriarchs sat at the open door
Of their tents, with a heavenward gazing
eye,
To watch for the angels passing by.

We see them afar at high noontide,
When fiercely the world's hot flashings
beat;
Yet never have bidden them turn aside,
And tarry awhile in converse sweet;
Nor prayed them to hallow the cheer we
spread,
To drink of our wine and break our bread.

We promised our hearts, that when the
stress
Of the life-work reaches the longed-for
close,
When the weight that we groan with hin-
ders less,
We'll loosen our thoughts to such re-
pose
As banishes care's disturbing din,
And then—We'll call the angels in.

The day that we dreamed of comes at
length,
When tired of every mocking quest,
And broken in spirit and shorn of strength
We drop, indeed, at the door of rest,
And wait and watch as the day wanes
on—
But the angels we meant to call are gone!

—Baldwin's Monthly.

The Banks of Ayr.

The gloomy night is gathering fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of Ayr.

The Autumn mourns her rip'ning corn,
By early Winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly;
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of Ayr.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore;
Though death in every shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear;
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart-transpiercing wish many a wound
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of Ayr.

Farewell, old Coila's hills and dales,
Her healthy moors and winding vales,
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell my friends! Farewell my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell the bonnie banks of Ayr.

—Written by Robert Burns when preparing
to embark for the West Indies.

The Choice.

BY MRS. M. M. B. GOODWIN.

"Which shall it be, dear mother?
To which home shall I go—
The grand old castle beside the sea,
Or the little brown cot below?"

"Which shall it be, dear mother?
A plain white muslin gown,
Or the richest and rarest of lace and silk
To be found in Inslaytown?"

"Which shall it be, dear mother?
A tiny, plain gold ring,
Or a wealth of diamonds and gems most
rare,
That would ransom a captive king?"

"My child, your heart must answer
The question your lips have asked,
Lest sowing in pride, you sorrow
When the harvest is overpast."

"Choose with your heart, my darling,
Let pride be swept away;
Flowers are fairer than jewels,
Gather them while you may."

"Often, glittering diamonds
Conceal but an aching brow,
And the chill heart's bitter throbbings
Bear record to falsehood's vow."

Truth is the brightest jewel
That womanhood can wear—
Never a silken robe can care
A heart grown sick with care.

"This world is not all sunshine;
There's many a stormy day,
And love is the sweetest shelter
When clouds obscure the way."

"So choose from your heart, my daughter,
Remember, this life of ours
Must have some thorns and briars
Among its fairest flowers."

"But thorns, and tears, and darkness,
Matter not, so love is true!
While you climb, keep step together,
With a higher life in view."

Christian Standard.

"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."
Mrs. Jane Miller, a member of the
Central Methodist Episcopal church,
Brooklyn, has left to the different
benevolent objects of the church the
sum of \$23,000.

There is a greater sin committed when a
parent fails to make a child mind, than in
the act of disobedience.

The Morrill Twins.

"No boy or man," said the doctor,
"accomplishes so much in life as the
one with the bull-dog jaw and set
purposes—in short the quality of hold-
ing on."

"No," hesitated the colonel. "And
yet the success of these strong-willed,
obstinate fellows depends altogether
on the track on which they run. They
go down hill just as the go up. Did
I ever tell you about James Mor-
rill?"

"Probably not. I don't recall the
name."

"Well, he was a classmate of mine
when I went to a distant school up in
the mountains of Vermont."

"There were two of the Morrill
boys—twins—James and Jack. Red-
headed, ugly fellows, so much alike
that their mother scarcely knew them
apart. But Jack was an easy, good-
tempered, noisy boy, while James
was silent slow, and almost as sure as
death itself."

"James had a few ideas and as few
friends, but he held to them both with
a tenacity which I never saw equal-
ed."

"One day Mr. Ruddiman, the teacher,
accused James Morrill of some mis-
chief—I have forgotten what—the
breaking of a window I think. Jim
denied it; and the doctor, to punish
him for lying, whipped him severely."

"Teachers are mortal and the doc-
tor was mistaken. Jim, as it turned
out afterwards, was innocent. He
bore the thrashing without a word.
When it was over, he stood up before
the doctor, pale as a corpse. The doc-
tor was a big burly man, and Jim a
little fellow of ten."

"I'll pay you for every blow," he
said, if I have to wait for fifty years
to do it! I never was struck before,
and I never will be again!"

"He walked out of the school, and
never came back. The Morrills, soon
after that, moved to Boston, and Jim,
a few years later went with his Uncle
to China."

"He was employed in an English
house in Foochow, as tea-taster, and
did not return to the States until he
was a man of thirty-five, with a griz-
zled beard, and strong as Hercules."

"I suppose that the comparative
solitude in which he had always lived
—for there were but few Englishmen,
and no women, then in Foochow—
had given morbid strength to the feel-
ings and prejudices of his childhood."

"He came home purposely to see his
brother John, for whom he had that
strong attachment which often exists
between twins. John had gone to
New Mexico, on some wild exploring
expedition—for the vagabond blood
was strong in him yet—but he should
have returned in June, and this was
in August."

"He will be in New York by the
time I return," said James. "In the
meantime, I have a little business to
attend to in Vermont. Old Ruddi-
man, I hear, is still living."

"I looked at him in astonishment.
"Morrill," I said, "you surely do
not, after half a lifetime, bear a grudge
for that childish squabble?"

"He was no child! He was a
man! He struck me unjustly. There
is not a day in which those blows
have not burned into my flesh! I am
a man, like himself, now, and I'll give
him blow for blow!"

"I also had business in Vermont,
and I went with him, hoping to en-
terfere, if possible. But the sence of
injury had rankled so long in his
brain that it almost amounted to in-
sanity."

"He was a genial kind-hearted fel-
low, except when Ruddiman's name
was mentioned. Then he would grow
gloomy and silent."

"His long absence from a civilized
country made him ready to note all
than happened about him. He took,
too, the keenest interest in every child
and woman that entered the cars, and
was always ready to help them in any

way he could.

"At a station among the hills, a
little girl came into the cars, leading
a feeble old man. Morrill sprang to
help them to a seat, and then he
came back for his valise."

"He sat by the old man at intervals
during the whole day, helping them
on and off the train when we stopped
for meals, and, I fancy paying for
sumptuous repasts, to which his com-
panions had long been strangers."

"Once he came back to me."

"A fine old gentleman," he said.
"Singularly intelligent. And there's
something very reverend in his sim-
ple piety and goodness. If you had
lived among heathens for thirty years
you'd appreciate it."

"At sunset we reached C——,
and Morrill assisted the feeble blind
man to descend the platform."

"This is my home," said he. "Do
you stop here?"

"Yes," stammered Morrill. "I have
business in C——."

"You will come to my house, then,
when it is finished?" said the old man.
"You have been very kind to me. I
feel sure that we shall be friends. My
name is Ruddiman!"

"Morrill's face grew pale, then scar-
let. He shook hands without a word.
When we had gone down the street,
he laughed aloud, like a woman in
hysterics. But when I smiled, he
turned on me fiercely."

"Stop!" he said. "I'm a fool, but
I know it! I know it!"

"He proved a good friend to the
old teacher, whose life became more
comfortable after that. Morrill was a
generous fellow, had plenty of money,
and I think felt that he ought to make
amends for every blow that he had
not given."

"I left him in Providence, on his
way to New York to meet his brother.
A few days later, I received a letter
from a friend, in which he stated that
the exploring party had been attack-
ed on the plains by Indians, and all
but three had been murdered."

"The next week I went down to
New York, and hunted up Morrill.
He was very pale and quiet, but had
made preparations for a journey across
the plains. This was before the days
of the Pacific railroads, and the jour-
ney would be one of months, and must
be made in a wagon train."

"John, they tell me, was murdered
They buried him there. I am going
to bring him home."

"Bring him home? Impossible!
"I must see John, dead or alive.
Do you think I would leave him there
for coyotes and savages to dig out of
the ground?"

"He went. The men who had re-
turned gave him accurate directions
as to where their slaughtered comrades
were buried."

"But there were twenty of them,
I remonstrated. 'How can you tell
which is John's grave? It is unmark-
ed.'"

"I shall dig them up until I find
him," he said, with compressed lips.

"And he did it. I am stating a
fact, and one that always seemed to
me terribly pathetic. The man jour-
neyed for months before he found, on
a boundless sage plain, the heaps of
earth over the murdered travelers."

"Then alone—for his companions
would not aid him—he uncovered
every grave, looking for his brother,
and covered them reverently again."

"John was not there!"

"One or two of the bodies had al-
ready been torn up by the coyotes,
and his, it was supposed, was one of
them."

"James Morrill returned to the
States, and prepared to go back to
China, to remain there the rest of his
life."

"The day before he was to sail, I
was walking with him on Broadway,
when his brother John met us, face to
face!"

"James stood looking at him in
blank amazement, with staring eyes
and open mouth. Then he laid his

hand on his shoulders.

"You are a fraud," he said, quietly.
"You ought to be dead. I've been
digging for you for months." Then
the tears came to his eyes, he choked,
as if he had swallowed something, and
was silent."

"The two men walked away to-
gether as calmly as if they had part-
ed yesterday, instead of thirty years
before."

"But they did not separate again.
They went together to China, and are,
most likely, still wandering through
the world in each other's company."
—Youth's Companion.

Farmers' Sons.

How shall farmers treat their sons
so as to stimulate in them a desire for
farm life? First, is it not desirable
that all sons of farmers should have a
desire for farm life. Some have tact
for mechanical and other pursuits,
and it is worse than useless to try to
divert a boy from any honorable call-
ing for which nature has adapted
him. Besides farmers' sons often
make the best professional and busi-
ness men. But how can we keep our
boys on the farm, rather than have
them swell the crowd of loafers and
dead beats in our towns and cities?
Let the boys be allowed an actual
ownership in some of the products of
the farm. The practice of giving a
boy a sheep or a colt to call his, and
induce him to pet and care for it, and
then for the father to sell it and pocket
the entire proceeds, has a chilling
effect on the rising aspirations of a
farm boy.

Again, a boy designed for the farm
is made to feel that he is good for
nothing else. He sees his smarter
brother dressed and better schooled
or his mates, the children of the neigh-
borhood, have these privileges, while
he is denied them; and naturally asso-
ciates farming with social degra-
dation, and either resolves to leave
home and the farm, or sinks into a
condition of indifferent inferiority.

Better educate them thoroughly. If
he develops a taste for music, or sci-
ence, or literature, give him an oppor-
tunity to gratify it. If in time he ex-
hibits a peculiar fitness for any other
calling, do not spoil a good preacher
or lawyer, to make a bad farmer. If
farm life can be made attractive to
the boy while at home, added years
and maturer judgment will usually
lead him back to it.

Again, the life of a farm boy is of-
ten unnecessarily made one of con-
stant drudgery. He has no time given
him wherein he is exempt from
calls to "bring wood" and "water"
"hunt eggs" etc. If he tries to read
or "blow his flute," or "make his hand
sled," he is told that he is lazy and
will never amount to anything. Should
he be attending school, he is liable
to be taken out to help "finish-
ing husking," "butcher hogs," and the
like, and soon gets behind his class
and loses all interest in his studies.
A little system in farm labor, with
due regard for the boy's welfare,
would avoid all this and give him
time for self-improvement.

Recently, we visited a friend living
on a farm of one hundred and fifty
acres, keeping horses, cattle and sheep
most of which were high grades; no
"fancy strains." The barns and sheds
were ample, not elegant. The house
had an appearance of comfort not ex-
travagance. The tables were loaded
with substantial, not dainties. The
sitting-room contained a first-class
piano; the walls were adorned with
drawings and portraits, most of which
were the work of the wife and daugh-
ters, and were fine specimens of art.
For reading, besides many books,
there were two of the leading maga-
zines, one by exchanging with a
neighbor, and several religious, politi-
cal and agricultural papers. In the
evening a company of eight all sons
and daughters of farmers, the young
men themselves working on farms,

assembled for a drill as a neighbor-
hood orchestra. They made some ex-
cellent music, and from the interest
manifested in their undertaking, we
think those farmer boys will not be
found in saloons these long winter
evenings and judge they have no de-
sire to leave the farm.—Ohio Farmer.

How Franklin Was Cured.

Somebody has brought out the fol-
lowing interesting reminiscence:
"When Benjamin Franklin was a lad
he began to study philosophy, and
soon became fond of applying techni-
cal names to common objects. One
evening when he had mentioned to
his father that he had swallowed
some acephalous mollusks, the old
man was much alarmed, and suddenly
seizing him, called loudly for help.
Mrs. Franklin came with warm water,
and the hired man rushed in with the
garden-pump. They forced half a
gallon down Benjamin's throat, then
held him by the heels over the edge
of the porch and shook him, while the
old man said:

"If we don't get them things out
of Benny he will be pizened, sure."

"When they were out, and Benja-
min explained that the articles refer-
red to were oysters, his father fondled
him for an hour with a trunk-strap
for scaring the family. Ever after-
ward Franklin's language was mar-
velously simple and explicit."

How To Become Graceful.

The Young Woman's Journal
thinks a refined, graceful manner can
be acquired by any woman. It says:
"The best grace is perfect naturalness.
Still, you must study yourself and
form your manners by the rule of that
art which is but the carrying out of
the law of nature. But if it is your
nature to be forever assuming some
unpicturesque, ungraceful attitude,
pray help nature with a little art."

If you are stout, avoid the smallest
chair in the room, and be sure you sit
on it, not to lean back in it with your
hands folded in front of you just be-
low the line of your waist, especially
while the present fashion lasts.

If you are thin, do not carry your-
self with your chin protruding and
your spinal column curving like the
bowl of a spoon.

Do not wear flimsy materials made
up without a ruffle or a puff, or flounce
to fill up the hard outlines of your
bad figure, so cruelly defined by the
tightly pulled back draperies.

Study the art of dress. We once
knew a very plain woman who
dressed so tastfully that it was an
absolute pleasure to look at her.

If you have been moping until you
are sick with the thought of your own
hopeless ugliness, be up and doing.
Forget your disappointments, forget
the past sneers of your own family
over the mistakes you have made."

Strychnine.

In Ceylon and several districts of India
grows a moderate-sized tree, with thick
and shining leaves and a short, crooked
stem. In the fruit season it is readily
recognized by its rich, orange colored
berries, about as large as golden pippins
—the favorite fruit of many birds—within
which are the flat, round seeds, not an
inch in diameter, ash-gray in color, and
covered with very minute silky hairs. The
Germans fancy that they can discover a
resemblance in them to crow's eyes, but
the likeness to them is purely imaginary.
The tree is the strychnine nux vomica;
and the seed is the deadly poison nut.
The latter was used as medicine by the
Hindoo, and its nature and properties
were understood by Oriental doctors long
before it was known to foreign nations.
Dog-killer and fish-scale are two of its
Arabic names. It is stated that at present
the natives of Hindoostan often take it for
many months continuously, in much the
same way as an opium-eater eats opium.
They commence with taking the eighth
part of a nut a day and gradually in-
crease their allowance to an entire nut,
which would be about twenty grains. If
they eat it directly before or after food,
no unpleasant effects are produced, but if
they neglect these precautions, spasms re-
sult.