

Christian Family.

Creeds of the Bells.

We give the poem below as read by Mrs. Scott-Siddons. The poem was written by Mr. G. W. Bungay. The notes as to how it should be read are by Mr. Richard Lewis, author of the "Dominion Elocutionist."

How sweet the chime of Sabbath bells;
Each one its creed in music tells,
In tones that float upon the air,
As soft as song and pure as prayer;
And I will put in simple rhyme
The language of the golden chime.
My happy heart with rapture swells
Responsive to the bells—sweet bells.

(1) "In deeds of love excel—excel,"
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell;
"This is the church not built on
sands,
Emblem of one not built with hands;
Its forms and sacred rites reverse,
Come worship here, come worship
here;
In ritual and faith excel,"
Chimed out the Episcopal bell.

(2) "Oh, heed the ancient landmarks
well,"
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell;
"No progress made by mortal man
Can change the just, eternal plan,
Do not invoke the avenging rod;
Come here, and learn the way to God.
Say to the world, farewell! farewell!"
Pealed out the Presbyterian bell.

(3) "Oh, swell, ye cleansing waters,
swell,"
In mellow tones rang out a bell;
"Though faith alone in Christ can
save,
Man must be plunged beneath the
wave,
To show the world unflinching faith
In what the sacred Scripture saith;

(4) Oh, swell, ye rising waters, swell,"
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist
bell.

(5) "Not faith alone, but works as well,
Must test the soul," said a soft bell.
"Come here and cast aside your load,
And work your way along the road,
With faith in God, and faith in man,
And hope in Christ, where hopes
began;
Do well—do well—do well—do well,"
Pealed forth the Unitarian bell.

(6) In after life there is no hell,"
In rapture rang a cheerful bell;
"Look up to Heaven this holy day,
Where angels wait to lead the way.
There are no fires, no fiends to blight
The future life; be just and right.
No hell—no hell—no hell—no hell!"
Rang out the Universalist bell.

(7) "To all, the truth we tell—we tell!"
Shouted in ecstasies, a bell;
"Come all ye weary wanderers, see!
Our Lord has made salvation free.
Repent! believe! have faith! and
then
Be saved, and praise the Lord. Amen.
Salvation's free, we tell—we tell!"
Shouted the Methodist bell.

(1) This line is to be sung like a chime
of bells. The second line is only read,
but the succeeding five lines, to "excel,"
should again be chimed, varying the
chimes on each two lines. If the reader
cannot sing the chimes, the lines may be
read in a pure, high tone.

(2) Read the imitation of the tolling of
a bell, deep and slow. Dwell on the italic
words like a pealing bell.

(3) Read like No. 2, but higher pitch.

(4) Rise higher on this same line, and
chant "swell."

(5) Same as No. 3, but softer tone.
Swell with greater power on "Do well,"
etc., giving a chanting tone to "swell."

(6) Loud and clear tone of a bell,
chanting "No hell," etc., in a high triumphant
tone.

(7) Chant loud and clear. Rise higher
on "Come, all," etc. Chant loud and
rapid "Repent," etc. The last line is to
be read.

Broken Strings.

There is no minstrel ripe in years,
But, as his song he sings,
Feels miningly across his harp
To find some broken strings;
The early songs that from his lyre,
His youthful fingers sung,
Have lost their first Promethean fire
Since love and life were young.

The world may listen to the strains
Which, from each harp-string floats,
But still unto his ear remains
A discord in the notes.
And still his heart unsatisfied,
Seeks yearningly in vain,
To find the music which has died,
And mend the broken strain.

O world! that listens, when too late,
Unto the voice which sings,
And loves the music, when the years
Have shattered many strings,
But little owes the bard to you
For praises from your tongue,
Who heard not when the harp was new,
And love and life were young.

Scribner's Monthly.

A Second Trial.

It was commencement at G—
College. The people were pouring
into the church as I entered it, rather
tardy. Finding the choice seats in
the center of the audience-room al-
ready taken, I pressed forward, look-
ing to the right and to the left for a
vacancy. On the very front row of
seats I found one.

Here a little girl moved along to
make room for me, looking into my
face with large gray eyes, whose
brightness was softened by very long
lashes. Her face was open and fresh
as a newly blown rose before sun-
shine. Again I found my eyes turn-
ing to the rose-like face, and each
time the gray eyes turned, half smil-
ing to meet mine. Evidently the
child was ready to "make up" with
me. And when, with a bright smile
she returned my dropped handker-
chief, and I said "Thank you!" we
seemed fairly introduced. Other per-
sons, now coming into the seat, crowd-
ed me quite close up against the lit-
tle girl, so soon felt very well ac-
quainted.

"There is going to be a great crowd,"
she said to me.

"Yes," I replied; "people always
like to see school-boys made into
men."

Her face beamed with pleasure and
pride as she said:

"My brother's going to graduate;
he's going to speak; I've brought
these flowers to throw to him."

They were not greenhouse favor-
ites: just old-fashioned domestic flow-
ers, such as we associate with the
dear grandmothers; "but," I thought,
"they will seem sweet and beautiful
to him for little sister's sake."

"That is my brother," she went on,
pointing with her nosegay.

"The one with the light hair?" I
asked.

"Oh no she said, smiling and shak-
ing her head in innocent reproof; "not
that homely one, with red hair, that
handsome one with brown wavy hair.
His eyes look brown, too; but they
are not—they are dark blue. There!
he's got his hand up to his head now.
You see him, don't you?"

In an eager way she looked from
me to him, and from him to me, as if
some important fate depended upon
my identifying her brother.

"I see him," I said. "He's a very
good-looking brother."

"Yes, he is beautiful," she said, with
artless delight; "and he's so good, and
he studies so hard. He has taken
care of me ever since mamma died.
Here is his name on the programme.
He is not the valedictorian, but he has
an honor for all that."

I saw in the little creature's famili-
arity with these technical college
terms that she had closely identified
herself with her brother's studies
hopes and successes.

"He thought, at first," she continued,
"that he would write of the 'Ro-
mance of Monastic Life.'"

What a strange sound these long
words had, whispered from the child-
ish lips! Her interest in her brother's
work had stamped them on the child's
memory, and to her they were
ordinary things.

But then, she went on, "He de-
cided that he would rather write on
'Historical Parallels,' and he's got a
real good oration, and he says it beau-
tifully. He has said it to me a great
many times. I 'most know it by
heart." Oh! it begins so pretty and so
grand. This is the way it begins,"
she added, encouraged by the inter-
est she must have seen in my face:
"Amid the permutations and combi-
nations of the actors and the forces
which make up the great kaleido-
scope of history, we often find that a
turn of Destiny's hand—"

"Why bless the baby!" I thought,
looking down into her bright, proud
face. I can't describe how very odd
and elfish it did seem to have those
sonorous words rolling out of the

smiling infantile mouth.

The band striking up, put an end to
the quotation and to the confidences.

As the exercises progressed, and
approached nearer and nearer the ef-
fort on which all interest was concen-
trated, my little friend became excit-
ed and restless. Her eyes grew lar-
ger and brighter, two deep-red spots
glowed on her cheeks. She touched-
up the flowers, manifestly making the
offering ready for the shrine.

"Now it's his turn," she said, turn-
ing to me a face in which pride and
delight and anxiety seemed about
equally mingled. But when the over-
ture played through, and his name
was called, the child seemed in her
eagerness, to forget me and all the
earth beside him. She rose to her
feet and leaned forward for a better
view of her beloved, as he mounted to
the speaker's stand. I knew by her
deep breathing that her heart was
throbbing in her throat. I knew, too,
by the way her brother came up the
steps and to the front, that he was
trembling. The hands hung limp;
his face was pallid, and the lips blue
as with cold. I felt anxious. The
child, too, seemed to discern that
things were not well with him. Some-
thing like fear showed on her face.

He made an automatic bow. Then
a bewildered, struggling look came
into his face, then a helpless look, and
then he stood staring vacantly, like a
gymnambulist, at the waiting audi-
ence. The moments of painful sus-
pense went by and still he stood as if
struck dumb. I saw how it was; he
had been seized with stage fit.

Alas! little sister! She turned her
large, dismayed eyes upon me. "He's
forgotten it," she said. Then a swift
change came into her face, a strong,
determined look, and on the funeral
like silence of the room broke the
sweet, brave voice:

"Amid the permutations and com-
binations of the actors and the forces
which make up the great kaleido-
scope of history, we find that a turn
of Destiny's hand—"

Everybody about us turned and look-
ed. The breathless silence; the
sweet, childish voice; the childish
face; the long, unchildlike words,
produced a weird effect.

But help had come to late, the un-
happy brother was already staggering
in humiliation from the stage. The
band quickly struck up, and waves
of lively music were rolled out to
cover the defeat.

I gave the little sister a glance in
which I meant to show the intense
sympathy I felt; but she did not see
me. Her eyes, swimming with tears
were on her brother's face. I put my
arm around her. She was too absorb-
ed to heed the caress, and before I
could appreciate her purpose, she was
on her way to the shame-stricken
young man sitting with a face like a
statue's.

When he saw her by his side, the
set face relaxed, and a quick mist came
into his eyes. The young men got
closer together, to make room for her.
She sat down beside him, laid her
flowers on his knee, and slipped her
hand in his.

I could not keep my eyes from her
sweet, pitying face. I saw her whis-
per to him he bending a little to
catch her words. Later, I found out
that she was asking him if he knew
his "piece" now, and that he answered
Yes.

When the young man next on the
last had spoken, and while the band
was playing, the child to the brother's
great surprise, made her way up to the
stage steps, and pressed through the
throng of professors and trustees and
distinguished visitors, up to the col-
lege president.

"If you please, sir," she said with a
little courtesy, "will you and the
trustees let my brother try again?
He knows his piece now."

For a moment, the president stared
at her through his gold-bowed specta-

cles, and then, appreciating the child's
petition, he smiled on her, and went
down and spoke to the young man
who had failed.

So it happened that when the band
had ceased playing, it was briefly an-
nounced that Mr. ————
would now deliver his oration—"His-
torical Parallels."

"Amid the permutations and com-
binations of the actors and the forces
which make up the great kaleidoscope
of history—"

This the little sister
whispered to him as he rose to an-
swer the summons.

A ripple of heightened and expect-
ant interest passed over the audience,
and then all sat stone-still, as though
fearing to breathe lest the speaker
might again take fright. No danger!
The hero in the youth was aroused.
He went at his "piece" with a set pur-
pose to conquer, to redeem himself,
and to bring the smile back into the
child's tear-stained face. I watched
the face during the speaking. The
wide eyes, the parted lips, the whole
rapt being said that the breathless
audience was forgotten, that her spirit
was moving with his.

And when the address was ended
with the ardent abandon of one who
catches enthusiasm in the realization
that he is fighting down a wrong
judgment and conquering a sympathy,
the effect was really thrilling. That
dignified audience broke into raptur-
ous applause; bouquets intended for
the valedictorian rained like a tem-
pest. And the child who had helped
to save the day—that one beaming
little face, in its pride and gladness,
is something to be forever remem-
bered.—SARAH WINTER KELLOG in *St. Nicholas* for June.

A Few Proverbs.

Better go round than fall in the
ditch.

Better go alone than go in bad compa-
ny.

Be slow to promise, but quick to
perform.

Better go to bed supperless than to
get up in debt.

Cut your coat according to the
cloth.

Catch the hare before you sell the
skin.

Charity begins at home, but it does
not end there.

Do not rip up old sores.

Doing nothing, is doing ill.

Diligence commands success.

Debt is the worst kink of poverty.

Dependence is a poor trade to fol-
low.

Deeds are fruits; works are but the
leaves.

Do unto others as you would have
them do to you.

Every couple is not a pair.

Everything is good in its season.

Everybody's business is nobody's
business.

False friends are worse than open
enemies.

Fortune knocks once at least at ev-
ery man's door.

Fire and water are good servants,
but bad masters.

Great barkers are not biters.

Great gain and little pain makes a
man weary.

Give a rogue rope enough and he
will hang himself.—Selected.

Notable Changes.

The *Hornet* an English journal,
brings out a remarkable contrast in
the case of two prominent men of the
time: "On most Saturday afternoons
in the last year of the first decade of
the present century two boys, aged
respectively nine and five, might be
seen playing in the grounds of Blooms-
bury Square, London. The boys both
natives of the square, offered the most
complete contrast to each other in ap-
pearance. The younger, whose head
was profuse with long, black, glossy
ringlets, was a child of rare Jewish
type of beauty, and full of life and ac-
tivity. The other was grave in de-

meanor, wore his hair short cut, and
walked and talked and moved in a
way which, in young people, is called
'old fashioned.' He was of pure Eng-
lish race and Puritanical family. The
names of the children denoted these
differences as much as their appear-
ance. The one was Benjamin D'Is-
raeli; the other John Newman. Six-
ty-eight years have passed since then
and much has happened in the mean-
time, but nothing more wonderful
than that the handsome little Jew
boy should become a Christian and
Prime Minister of Protestant Eng-
land, and the Puritan lad a Catholic
and Cardinal of the Holy Roman
Church."

The Vultures of Vera Cruz.

The black vultures, called *zapilotes*,
are an institution of Vera Cruz. Tame
as domestic fowls, they circle about
singly, in pairs and in great flocks,
roosting upon the towers, cupolas and
housetops. They act as scavengers of
the city, cleaning the streets of offal
and refuse, and in fact, descending up-
on anything edible within their reach.
They quarrel with hungry dogs for
the possession of a bone, uttering
many guttural protests during the
struggle, and clinging pertinaciously
with beak and talons to their end of
the prize. They haunt the fish mar-
ket when the sun has begun to do its
work upon the finny meachandise, and
steal surreptitiously up behind the
vendor when his head is turned, to
abstract a fish. Their expression,
when detected before the theft takes
place, is that of unimpeachable inno-
cence. They seem to say, "Oh! I
won't take anything; I'm simply
looking on." No one is allowed wan-
tonly to destroy them, five dollars fine
being the penalty for shooting or oth-
erwise killing a *zapilote*. Those with-
in the city walls are of the species
known in the Southern States as the
carrion crow (*cothartes atratus*),
though two other kinds exist upon
the coast—the common turkey buz-
zard, with plumage of more sombre
cast, and red neck and legs of a livel-
ier tint, and the king vulture, mon-
arch of his tribe. One of the most
common roosting places of the vul-
tures are the crosses on the church
towers, and the sight of three of these
black coats perched upon either arm
and top of those white emblems forms
a novel if not a cheerful spectacle, one
involuntarily thinks of the crucifixion
and the two thieves.—*Evening Post*.

Cinderella's Slipper.

It is curious to learn that the "glass
slipper" in "Cinderella," of which
from our youth upwards we never
questioned the authenticity, though
well aware that no one who was not
a protee of fairies would think of
dancing in such an article, was not
part of the original story, but has
been due to a misunderstanding of a
word used in the French version of
the tale. The slipper, we have been
told by a writer in the *Sunday*
Times, supported by "Littre's Dic-
tionary," was originally a slipper
trimmed with a peculiar kind of rare
fur, called in French *vair*—the fur
of a creature of the weasel kind. But
this fur not being known to ordinary
French story-tellers, they spoke of a
pantoufle de verre—a glass slipper—
by a sort of unconscious pun. Cer-
tainly the new reading is far more
creditable to the sagacity of Cindel-
ella's godmother, as a purveyor of com-
fortable clothes; for whatever magic
power the glass slippers might have
had of surviving a dance, it is impos-
sible that they could have been com-
fortable to the feet, and must have
resulted in all probability in serious
corns.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

—The fortunate man is he who born
poor or nobody, works gradually up
to wealth and consideration, and hav-
ing got them, dies before he finds
they were not worth so much trou-
ble.