

## Christian Family.

## Strange Things.

'Tis strange that men of common sense  
Can be so taken in,  
By those who only through pretense  
Profess a love for them—  
And lead them on to wretchedness  
And every form of sin;  
When there's a shining goal far hence  
That all should aim to win.

'Tis strange that men with open eyes  
Will go where they must fall;  
That men professing to be wise,  
Can stoop to things so small.  
The soul to virtue sinks and dies,  
And sorrows dark appall,  
When there's a path in which to rise,  
Inviting to us all!

'Tis strange men choose a path so low  
When they might rise so high!  
'Tis strange men buy the cup of woe!  
When joy's free glass is nigh!  
'Tis strange the fair, false colors show  
Since all disclaim to lie!  
'Tis strange that they should set as though  
They never were to die!

'Tis strange that while light paths lead up  
And dark paths lead us down!  
While light will fill the soul with hope,  
And darkness hope will drown—  
So many will in darkness grope,  
Who might enjoy renown,  
And like the world's most favored group,  
Wear honor's shining crown.

## Seattle.

[The following poem was written by one of the Oregon excursionists, Mrs. Belle W. Cooke, of Salem, a lady who has obtained considerable distinction. She is the author of an interesting volume of poems, and wherever known is recognized a woman of culture and high social attainments. The lines here presented describe the beautiful scenery of Seattle and Uget Sound.—Ed. Statesman].

Ugen city by the northern Sound,  
High seated on thy sloping hills,  
Begirt with snowy mountains round,  
Thy beauty all my being thrills.

When burns the sunset in the west,  
With crimson bars and purple shades,  
On dark Olympian snow-flecked crest  
A misty crown gleams out and fades.

While on Tacoma's kingly face  
The rosy blushes gleaming lie,  
And changeful hues, with wondrous grace  
Across the watery mirror fly.

When morning looks through fringe of  
trees,  
And tips the western peaks with gold,  
And misty veils curled by the breeze  
Lie on the water, fold on fold—

Then rocky gorge, and tres-crowned spur,  
Touched by the pencil of the dawn,  
With rounded heights, and groves of fir,  
Spring out to greet the beautiful morn.

The ice-crowned king with shadows cold  
Sparkles and glistens white, and grand,  
And beauty wakes in wood and wold,  
And beams from nooks on every hand.

Long may thy beauty bless the earth,  
And teach the lesson God doth mean,  
And nobler men in thee have birth  
Than ever yet the world hath seen.

—Seattle Post.

## Twins.

Four little fat red legs, two very small red noses, and four as bright red cheeks as you ever laid eyes on, I am most positive. The noses were cold, too, just like two tiny lumps of red ice that might have been a fair-sized piece at some time or other, but if so, had melted away until only a mere little dot was left standing. Then there were four black eyes as bright as—as—why, as bright as your own pretty eyes, my sweet little reader. It is very strange, too, how exactly alike those four eyes were. I have often seen two eyes just alike, but four eyes precisely the very same color and shape, is another thing, I can tell you. The owners of these four great black eyes, were about three feet tall, and their overcoats and caps must have been made from the very same piece of cloth, and cut from the very same pattern. How it happened that one wore blue mittens and the other dark brown, is something I can not explain. Just wait a minute! I shouldn't wonder a bit if their mother insisted on their wearing mittens of different colors so that she could tell them apart. I never thought of that before, did you, now?

It was a very cold, winter morning and the pavements were icy, and I was coming down our front steps very carefully for fear I might slip and break my precious bones—they ain't old bones yet by a good deal. It had rained in the night, and then, the wind changed and every thing froze right up solid, and directly in front of our house was a nice sheet of ice almost large enough for a skating pond. There wasn't another like it on the whole street. I was very proud of all that beautiful, smooth, white ice.

Some people you know, are delighted, if there is more ice in their gutters than their neighbors can boast.

Just as I opened the gate, one of these cold-nosed, black-eyed, red-cheeked individuals called out boldly:

"Please may we break up your ice?"

"Well—don't—know about that," I said slowly; "I'm afraid my ice won't like to be all broken up with that great stick you have there. Will you be careful and not hurt it much?"

"Yes ma'am," they both said together, and they looked at me as though I was a very particular person indeed, and their eyes grew larger and brighter than ever.

So I left them with those two great sticks, and a large sheet of ice for playthings, and went off down town; but somehow or other I kept thinking the whole morning long about these same industrious young gentlemen. I went in a store to order some oysters for dinner, and the man asked how many I wanted, and I answered, "Two please," and he said, "What did you say madam?" and gave me a glance as much as to say that he didn't consider me exactly first class customer, and I replied, as quick as a flash, "I mean a quart; I was thinking of something else." Then I bought some crackers to eat with my oysters, and it is a wonder I didn't ask for red-legged ones, for I still had the twins on my mind.

When I at last reached a certain large drygoods store I forgot all about my little friends, because, you see, I was choosing a new silk dress for myself, and this is a matter that requires the concentrating of one's entire mental faculties. These are pretty large words ain't they, dear? Never mind, when you are a woman, and do your own shopping, you will understand what I mean.

Just as I had made up my mind that I would take one of three pieces of silk that lay on the counter before me and had begun to feel rather glad, on the whole, that I wasn't obliged to select a new dress every day of the week, Mrs. Donavon came sweeping up to me. Her hair is exactly the color of—of—why, of sunshine, it really looked just like sunshine as it lay in soft rings on her beautiful forehead. And her eyes are the deepest of brown, the very shade of the long sealskin sack that she happened to have on that morning. Then her dress was black velvet, and trailed on the floor for a half yard or more, and glittering diamonds were fastened in her little pink ears. But she didn't look happy. She looked very beautiful, she looked very fashionable; she looked very queenly, but she didn't look happy. I think she was tired of her velvets and diamonds. Mrs. Donavon's dear little son is an angel in heaven. I thought of somebody up in our street who has two bright-eyed boys to be proud of. But I feared that she hadn't the velvets and diamonds and sealskin sack too.

When I reached home again there were my red cheeked friends in the very same place that I left them. Their noses looked colder than ever, and I doubt if they had stopped to rest once.

"Well, boys," I call out, "have you had a good time this morning? I think you two must be twins; ain't you twins?"

"Yes, ma'am, we're twins," spoke up the blue-mittened one, looking as wise as an owl, and nodding his head very gravely.

"I thought so," I said, "now, tell me your names."

Mine's Willie Miller, and his name's Johnny Davis, and I live in that house, and he lives over there!"

"What a shame it is," I went on, "that two such loving twin brothers can not live in the same house together!"

And then I opened my gate, and walked up the steps, and into the hall,

climbed the front stairs, and laughed every step of the way as though something very funny indeed had just happened.—Interior.

## True Story of Betsy Prig.

Betsy Prig lives at Hull's cove on the island of Mt. Desert. The scenery around her home was beautiful, and crowds of strangers came ever summer to praise the sea which sparkled at her feet, and to roam over the mountains that towered far above her head. But Betsy Prig cared nothing for scenery. She devoted all her time and thought to getting a living for herself and children.

Fortunately she had a little house, and it did not cost her much to clothe them, though they could not be blamed if sometimes when their toes were frost-bitten in the winter they asked for better shoes and stockings.

But Betsy had a way of telling them if they had not been standing about idle their toes would not have had time to freeze. Hers never had when she was their age.

Times have been hard at Mount Desert lately, as they have everywhere, and Betsy has found it difficult to get her great family enough to eat. She has scraped together all sorts of dishes, some of which they liked and some they left untouched until hunger drove them to eat. Clams, flounders, even the detested sculpins, that family had to consume; and as they grew fat, Betsy ceased not to tell her friends that it was all nonsense being so particular with children—one thing would do as well as another if they were properly brought up. So when she chanced one day to capture a little snake, as green as the sweet grass that grows at Hull's Cove, and as changeable as the treacherous waters of Frenchman's Bay, she ordered her family to devour it. But they rebelled; go hungry they could; but eat snake they would not. Then Betsy, to carry out her notion that one thing was as good as another, tried to swallow it herself. Even she found the head slightly objectionable, so she deftly turned her dainty morsel, began at the tail, and down it slipped.

A neighbor who saw Betsy thus prove herself to circumstances, described the scene to her son Cally. He said if his mother had not seen it with her own eyes, he would not have believed it.

"Well," answered Mrs. Hamor, "I caught a green snake this very morning, and it is under the door step now; let us take it down to Betsy, and you can see her eat it."

So Cally poked out the little reptile, put him on a shingle, and they went to Betsy's modest house. She thanked them, and said, "Certainly, she should be glad of it." Then she called the children in from the shore to their supper; and that might be duly influenced by the example, swallowed it as she sat in her place at the head of the table. But this time she began at the tail. Cally said he should have to believe it, but he never would eat another egg Betsy Prig laid as long as he lived; for Betsy Prig is a hen.—ANNIE SAWYER DOWNS, in July Wide Awake.

## Seven Fools.

The angry man who sets his own house on fire in order that he may burn that of his neighbor. The envious man—who cannot enjoy life because others do. The robber—who, for the consideration of a few dollars gives the world liberty to hang him. The hypochondriac—whose greatest happiness consists in rendering himself miserable. The jealous man—who poisons his own banquet and eats of it. The miser—who starves himself to death in order that his heirs may feast. The slanderer—who tells tales for the sake of giving his enemy an opportunity to prove him a liar.

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## Everlasting Consolation.

"Consolation!" There is music in the word. Like David's harp, it charms away the spirit of melancholy. It was a distinguished honor to Barnabas, to be called the "son of consolation." Nay it is one of the illustrious names of a greater than Barnabas, for the Lord Jesus is "the consolation of Israel." "Everlasting Consolation." 2 Thes. ii. 16. Here is the cream of all, the spikenard very precious, for the eternity of comfort is the crown and glory of it.

This makes an estate worth having when a man may hold its fee simple in perpetuity forever. A man works to make money, and after toiling hard he finds himself the owner of it, and it is a consolation to him; but it is not an everlasting consolation, for he may lose or he may spend all his treasure, or he may be compelled to leave it. It can not be, at best, more than a temporary consolation.

A man toils hard for knowledge. He acquires it; he becomes an eminent scholar; his name is famous—this is a consolation to him for all his toil. But it can not last long; for when he feels the headache, or the heartache, his degrees and his diplomas can not cheer him. Or should his soul become a prey to despondency, he may turn over many a learned tome before he will find a balm for a broken heart. All earth-born consolations are, in their essence fleeting, and in their existence, short lived. They are brilliant and evanescent as the rainbow-hues of a soap bubble. But as to the consolation God gives to his people, they fade not, neither do they lose their freshness. They can stand all tests—the shock of trial, the flames of persecution, the lapse of years; nay, they can even endure death itself. What is this "everlasting consolation?" It includes a sense of pardoned sin. A Christian man has received in his heart the witness of the Spirit that his iniquities are put away like a cloud, and his transgressions like a thick cloud. Union to the risen Lord is a consolation of the most abiding order—it is in fact "everlasting consolation."—Spurgeon.

## How to Choose Silk.

Many ladies do not know how to choose a good black silk; but well informed women know that it should be soft and heavy. A good silk must never be gummy or stiff. They prefer a *gros grain* because it is fashionable; but they will have it light, though "full in the hand." They do not look so much at the grain as at the floss they pull out of it. If this process of investigation is not allowed, they pinch the specimen on the cross, then pull it in a contrary direction. If the crease looks like a fold in a paper, they reject that piece; but if it smooths out and disappears they are secure. They also imperceptibly touch the sample with the tip of the tongue, for the presence of iron used in dye is thus detected. As regards the color of black, there are very unreliable green blacks and dun blacks. A black, singularly enough, and without the slightest desire to appear ridiculous, should be blue. The raven's wing has a blue haze over it. No one not in the business can know how difficult it is to get glossy blue black; a dead black is not such a feat. Cheap qualities of silk would not reward the manufacturer for his trouble, therefore a brown or green black are of inferior fiber. There is not a more useful investment to be made than money expended for a really good black silk.—Ex.

—Every man should ask himself this question: Should this turn out to be a false step, shall I be able to get back again?

—He that would sleep, both in a whole skin and a whole conscience, must learn rather to forgive injuries than to revenge them.

## Courtesy and Christian Courtesy.

There is a thing which we call high-breeding or courtesy; its name proclaims that it is the manner of the court, and it is supposed to belong exclusively to persons highly born. There is another which we call Christian courtesy; the difference between the two is that high-breeding gracefully insists upon its own rights; Christian courtesy gracefully remembers the rights of others. In the narrow limited sense of the word, "gentleman" can only be applicable to persons born in a certain class, and "gentle" is the only English word "genteel," but in the larger, higher meaning it belongs to those who are gentle in character rather than in blood; and just as "gentle" has been corrupted into "genteel" so the words "gentleman," "courtesy," "politeness," have come to be considered the exclusive property of one class.

The Spirit of Christ does really what high-breeding does outwardly. A high-bred man never forgets himself, controls his temper, does nothing to excess, is urbane, dignified, and that even to persons whom he is inwardly cursing in his heart, or wishing far away. But a Christian is what the word seems to be. Love gives him a delicate tact which never offends, because it is full of sympathy. It discerns far off what would hurt fastidious feelings, feels with others, is ever on the watch to anticipate their thoughts. And hence the only true refinement—that which lies not on the surface, but goes deep down into the character—comes from Christian love.

## Little Things.

A pin is a very little thing an article of dress, but the way in which it is put into a dress often reveals the character of the wearer. A skrewd fellow was once looking out for a wife, and was on a visit to a family of daughter with this object. The fair one of whom he was partially enamored one day entered the room in which he was seated with her dress partially unpinned and her hair untidy; he never went back. You may say such a fellow was "not worth a pin;" but he was really a shrewd fellow, and afterward made a good husband. He judged of women as of men—by little things; and he was right.—Smiles

## In Search of a Word.

There is something funny in the idea of such a universal scholar as Caleb Cushing being at a loss for a word. But it is characteristic of him that he would of course hunt till he found the right one.

Many years ago, Gen. Cushing went into a lawyer's office with whom he was well acquainted, and asked, "Mr. —, what do you call those strips left on your check-book, on which you write your notes, when you detach a check?"

"Well, really, I don't know," replied the lawyer, "I suppose they are marginal notes."

"No, that ain't it," he replied; "they have a specific name."

He then hurried into one of the banks, and asked the same question of the President. That gentleman was taken aback for a moment, and could not give the required proper name. The affair was forgotten until months afterward, when the bank president received an envelope marked "Newburyport." Opening, he was surprised to read:

"Stabs! Yours, C. CUSHING."

He instantly remembered, however, and highly appreciated the joke.—Ex.

"The most alluring swindle that a penny wise and pound-foolish economy ever forced upon the masses, is a cheap school teacher. The sons of the rich, whether aided by public law or not, will have good teachers. The sons of the poor, if a false economy is practiced as to common and high schools, obtain only third and fourth rate instructors. Penuriousness as to public schools widens the chasm between rich and poor. A system providing one kind of education for the rich and another for the poor would delight the black angels, because it would lead to the formation in the United States of an ignorant class, and of a wide hereditary distinction between the wealthy and indigent. Every advocate of republican institutions will be forced by political necessity, as well as by philanthropy, to defend the educational rights of the poor."—Rev. Joseph Cook.