

Christian Family.

The Mandolinata.

The night is still, the windows are open,
The air with odors is sweet;
Hark! some one is humming the mandolinata
Along the open street.
The mandolinata! Ah me! as I hear it,
Before me you seem to rise
From the other world, with your gentle
presence,
Your tender and smiling eyes.
How we jested together, and hummed to-
gether
That old and threadbare song,
With forced intonations and quaint affec-
tations,
That ended in laughter long!
How oft in the morning beneath your
window
I framed to it bantering words,
And heard from within your sweet voice
answer
With a flute-tone like a bird's!
And you opened your shutters and sang
"Good morning,
O troubadour, gallant and gay!"
And I chanted, "O lovely and lazy lady,
I die of this long delay!
Oh, hasten, hasten!" "I'm coming, I'm
coming,
The lady is coming to thee,"
And then you drew back in your chamber
laughing—
Oh, who were so foolish as we?
Ah me! that vision comes up before me;
How vivid and young and gay!
Ere death like a sudden blast blew on you,
And swept life's blossoms away.
Buoyant of spirit, and glad and happy,
And gentle of heart and thought;
Ah! who would believe you were mortal-
ly wounded,
So bravely you played your part?
We veiled our fears and our apprehensions
With hopes that were all in vain;
It was only a sudden cough and spasm
Betrayed the inward pain.
In the midst of our jesting and merry
laughter,
We turned aside to sigh,
Looked out of the window, and all the
landscape
Grew dim to the brimming eye.
And at last, one pleasant summer morning
When roses were all in bloom,
Death gently came with the wandering
breezes
To bear your spirit home.
A smile on your lips—a tender greeting—
And all that was once so gay
Was still and calm, with a perfect sadness
and you had passed away.

Through the casement the wind is moan-
ing,
On the pane the ivy crawls,
The fire is faded to ashes,
And the black brand, broken, falls.
The voices are gone, but I linger,
And silence is over all;
Where once there was music and laughter
Stands Death in the empty hall,
There is only a dead rose lying,
Faded and crushed on the floor;
And a harp whose strings are broken,
That Love will play no more.

W. W. S.

Remembered and Forgotten.

What shall we remember,
What shall we forget?
Seems the vexing question,
Over which men fret,
Till the shining angel,
Charity by name,
Points to her white record,
Known to earthly fame.
What shall we remember?
Every kindly thought,
Every well-fought battle,
Every good thing wrought;
Every thoughtful saying;
Every honest deed,
Done by friends and neighbors
For each other's need.
What shall we remember?
Nothing that will harm;
Nothing that will scatter
Trouble and alarm;
Nothing that will foster
Hatred in the heart,
Nothing that will make us
Act the vengeful part,
What shall be forgotten?
Everything that brings up
Old forgotten scars;
Everything that rankles,
Everything that stings—
Making room for treasures,
And all beautiful things.
What shall be forgotten
As we pass along?
Every jealous feeling;
Every grudge and wrong.
If we close our journey
With our faults forgiven,
What shall be forgotten?
Everything but heaven.

—Banish all malignant and ven-
geful thoughts. A spirit of re-
venge is a spirit of the devil, than
which nothing makes a man more
like him, and nothing can be more
opposite to the temper which Chris-
tianity designs to promote. If your
revenge be not satisfied, it will give
you torment now; if it be, it will
give you greater hereafter. None is
a greater self-tormentor than a
vengeful man, who turns the poison
of his own temper in upon himself.

—Paint splashed upon window-glass can
be easily removed by a hot solution of
soda.

Nat's Prayer.

BY KATE SUMMER.

There was a loud cry from the play-
room. Mamma dropped her sewing
and ran to the rescue just in time to
see Nat striking Mamie's white chubby
hand with his whip.

"You are just the meanest girl I
know, Mamie Wallace, I hate you, I
do."

Nat stopped suddenly, for there in
the doorway was mamma. Mamie
ran sobbing into her arms, but Nat
stood sturdily defiant.

"I—I didn't mean—to break it—
mamma," sobbed Mamie.

"You're always breaking something
of mine, and then saying you didn't
mean to; but I'll never forgive you for
this," said Nat, angrily, surveying the
fragments of the pretty toy velocipede
that Uncle Nat had given him not
long before. Anything coming from
Uncle Nat was doubly precious.

Mamma, without a word or even
look to Nat—naughty, cross Nat,—
took Mamie with her to her room,
leaving him to his own reflec-
tions. Do you know what he
wanted to do? He wanted to
have a good cry and "make up"
with mamma and Mamie; but some-
thing naughty within him said, "don't.
Mamie was naughty to break your
pretty velocipede, and mamma ought
to punish her."

And all the time Nat knew very
well that he was the one that deserv-
ed to be punished; but he stayed
there alone in the play-room, just as
miserable as you can imagine a little
boy to be. You see it has been such a
wretched day from the very beginning.
It was Saturday. Papa was going to
take him to the city that very day,
but the first thing he heard in the
morning was the rain pattering
against his window-pane. Then he
felt so disappointed that he forgot to
say his prayers, so you see he was
soon to have trouble. Well, every-
thing went wrong, and Nat kept
growing crosser and crosser until the
worst thing of all happened when
Mamie broke his velocipede. Poor
Nat! You cannot guess how miser-
ably wretched he felt all the rest of the
morning, for he was too naughty and
proud to go and tell he was sorry.

"If she'd only come and ask me,
maybe I'd tell her I was sorry," he
said to himself, but no mamma came.

Dinner-time came at last, however,
and Nat made his way, rather shame-
facedly, I must confess, to his place at
the table. But not one spoke a word
to him, and there was such a lump in
his throat at this strange treatment,
that even though they had his favor-
ite apple dumplings, he could scarcely
swallow a mouthful. After dinner,
feeling sure he could never endure
another solitary season in the play-
room, he followed meekly after mam-
ma as she went back to her room.

"Mamie," she said, after a little
time, "would you please go down
stairs and get me the paper?"

"I'll go," said Nat, quickly, before
Mamie could get her playthings out
of her lap.

"Thank you, but I had rather have
Mamie wait on me," was the grave re-
ply.

That was too much for Nat; he
turned quickly and fled to the lounge
in the play-room, and sobbed as though
his heart would break. Was mamma
never going to love him again? And
all the time he knew he ought to go
and take his naughty words back, but
he would not.

"They've been cross to me, too," he
said, by way of excuse.

By and by he sobbed himself to
sleep, and knew nothing more until
the tea-bell rang. He looked stealthily
out from his eyes to see if mamma
showed any signs of relenting. Once,
just once, he caught her eye; and it
was such a loving, pitiful look she
gave him that he nearly broke down
and had a great time choking.

"When she comes to hear my pray-

ers, I'll tell her I'm sorry," he resolved
forthwith, and felt better for even that
much. But lo and behold, to his as-
tonishment, bed-time did not bring
mamma to his side at all. He and
Mamie had a little room together;
and mamma tucked her snugly in,
heard her say "Our Father," but she
did not come, as was her wont, to do
the same for Nat. She had reached the
door. Nat sat up in bed.

"Mamma," he said, "you haven't
tucked me in, nor heard me say my
prayers, nor kissed me." The last
came out in almost a sob.

Mamma came back, and sat down
by his side, but her face was very
grave.

"I think you had better not say
your prayers to-night, Nat." And
Nat could say nothing from sheer as-
tonishment. From his babyhood up
he had said "Our Father" every
night. What could it mean.

"You know if you said your pray-
ers you would have to say, 'Forgive
us our trespasses as we forgive
those that trespass against us.' And
you know you are never going to for-
give Mamie her trespass against you,
so you would be asking God never to
forgive your trespasses against him."

That was a new idea to Nat. No,
of course, he could not say his prayers
unless—there he hesitated—unless he
was ready to forgive Mamie. Now
you must know that Nat felt himself
very much superior to mamie. Was
he not a boy? did he not go to school?
and had he not been in the city on the
cars all alone once? Of course he was
very much superior to Mamie, and to
think of having to beg her pardon!
Besides, she ought to beg his for hav-
ing broken his velocipede. Nat lay
down on his pillow once more, and
mamma went slowly and sadly down
stairs. It grew very dark, and the
rain had a dreary sound. Mamie was
sound asleep, but Nat's eyes refused
to stay shut. He felt afraid, he wish-
ed that mamma would come up, or
even that Mamie was awake. Then
he began to think over the day—
what a long wretched one it had been
how unhappy he had been himself,
and how naughty.

Finally before he knew it, just as he
was thinking how sorry mamma had
looked, the naughty spirit within him
died. He jumped out of his bed, and
ran over to Mamie's.

"Mamie," he said,—"Mamie, I know
you didn't mean to break my veloci-
pede, and I want you to forgive me
for being so hateful about it!"

"O Nat, I was drefful sorry! I
thought I'd never be happy again,"
said Mamie, putting up her mouth for
a kiss, and dropping off to sleep again
in less than no time.

"Mamma" called Nat from the top
stairs, "please come up, for I can say
my prayers now."

Five minutes after—will you be-
lieve it?—Nat was just as sound
asleep as Mamie!—S. S. Times.

Playing Barber.

When Bessie Gray was about three
years old, and Harry five, grandpa
came from New York to make mam-
ma a little visit. Such lovely presents
as he brought the children! They
were sure no boy or girl in Brookdale
had such a kind grandpa as theirs.

The next morning Harry and Bessie
were sitting on the front stoop when
grandpa came out of the house. "Har-
ry," said he, "I want to have my hair
cut, and to get shaved. Do you know
where the barber's shop is?"

"Yes, grandpa, I will show you; it
is down the street." So off they went
Harry holding grandpa's hand, till
they came to the red-white and blue
pole in front of Mr. Post's shop.

"Well, Harry," said Mr. Post, as he
caught sight of Harry's curly head,
"did you come to get shaved?"

Harry laughed, and just then grand-
pa's portly form appeared in the
doorway, and Mr. Post was taken up
with attention to him. Harry climb-

into one of the chairs set back against
the wall, and watched Mr. Post take
off grandpa's collar, tie the big napkin
round his neck, and prepare for busi-
ness. Harry had never been in the
shop before, and he watched the lather
made in the cup, and spread all over
grandpa's face and then scraped off
again with a razor. "Snip, snip, snip,"
went the barber's scissors, and the
gray curls lay on the floor; finally
grandpa's face was bathed off with
something that "smely," and Harry
and he started for home.

"Grandpa," said Harry, as they
went up the street, "do you know
what I am going to be when I grow
up?"

"No," said grandpa, "what is
it?"

"A barber like Mr. Post; and be-
fore grandpa could reply, they came
in sight of the house, and saw Bessie,
in her pretty blue dress, running to
meet them.

"Bessie," asked Harry, a few mo-
ments later, when they were alone,
"were you ever in Mr. Post's shop?"

"No,"
"Well, I will show you how he
does; it will be a lovely new play for
us; come up to the nursery."

So up they started, as they passed
the parlor door, mamma called out to
them "Children, where are you go-
ing?"

"Up to the nursery to play," they
answered, and mamma was satisfied.

About a half an hour afterwards
she was walking in the garden with
grandpa, and they stopped a moment
to pick up something in the path. It
proved to be a long light curl.

"Why this is strange," said mamma,
as they passed on; to whom can it be-
long? and here is another," she added;
and just then a third curl came from
the window above, right on mamma's
head. "Mercy!" she cried, and darted
into the house and up to the nursery
as fast as she could go.

There sat little Bessie with a towel
pinned around her neck, her cheeks
covered with soap-suds, and half her
head completely shorn of her pretty
curls. Harry stood over her, flourish-
ing his mother's largest scissors, with
which he had been cutting off the
curls.

Their mamma took her baby in her
arms and fairly cried over her greatly
to the wonder of the children, who
tried to tell her of the pretty new
play Harry had learned at the barber's.

There was nothing left for mamma
to do but to send Bessie down to Mr.
Post's and have the other side cut off
short too. Harry said he would have
shaved her if he could have found pa-
pa's razor.

Though Bessie looked for a time,
like a little fright, the pretty curls
grew out again; but Harry and Bes-
sie were strictly forbidden even to
of such a thing as "playing barber"
again.—E.

In the Mountains.

It is not strange that men love the
mountains, and that so many seek in
their heights and shades, and by their
streams, rest from the weariness of
busy life. Their elevation gives re-
pose. Standing where the great hills
are far below, and to the eye are
merged into one vast plain, a rich
mosaic of harvest field and meadow,
wood and water; where clouds hover
lovingly near, and sometimes stooping
down wrap all in their gray mantle,
—we have a peculiar feeling of separ-
ation from the busy world of daily
life. These vast ranges, where rocks
were riven and heaped by an Al-
mighty hand, quiet us by their grand-
eur, and awaken a feeling akin to
reverence; and yet their deep shades
and tangled thickets and clear streams
entrance us, and constrain us to
linger and share the joys they keep
in store for those who love them.
The light, clear atmosphere, the un-
broken hemisphere of sky, the wide-
reaching views, give a sense of im-

mensity that dwarfs the things of a
lower plane; the works of men sink
into littleness in the presence of these
great works of God.

Standing under the great pines, in
whose tops the "sound of the going"
is ever heard; climbing the great
rocks gray with unnumbered ages, or
walking under their shadow as be-
neath the walls of a castle we may
not enter; creeping among the large-
leaved laurel, gathering the blue and
scarlet berries; sitting on banks of
moss and arbutus; rambling by the
stream as it laughs and leaps over the
boulders, or scatters into spray as it
dashes in wildest glee over the rocks
in charming cascades, or in thought-
ful mood flows in a quiet course where
the cardinal flower bends to kiss its
image, every nerve returns to its
proper tension, and the mind weary of
thought and care revels in rest.
Every summit, every opening in the
road, every walk in the wood, gives a
new scene; every morning and every
evening has its individuality, and
each rivals the other in its ministra-
tion of strength and joy.

In the mountains we can under-
stand why the "high places" were
chosen for the altars in the days of
greater simplicity, when nature spake
to the heart more directly of God.
Without superstition, the devout
heart here still feels the nearness of
God, and adores him as the Father of
our Lord Jesus, who created all this
and redeemed us.—United Presby-
terian.

Relation of the Christian to Christ

Some time ago, in listening, for the
first time, to a young minister of some
note, he made the assertion that
"The relation of the Christian to
Christ is similar to that of the slave
to his master." Now, I do not set
myself up as a critic in matters of
theology, nor do I, as a rule, approve
of criticising sermons we have heard,
but this idea was so repugnant to my
mind, and so contrary to my precon-
ceived notions of this relation, that I
have thought a great deal upon it
since that time, and I am unable to
see where any warrant can be found
in Scripture for such a doctrine. I
know we are told, 1 Cor. vi. 20, "Ye
are bought with a price," but does not
the same apostle tell us, Rom. viii. 14,
"As many as are led by the Spirit of
God they are the sons of God," and
again, verses 16, 17, "The Spirit itself
beareth witness with our spirit that
we are the children of God; and if
children then heirs—heirs of God and
joint heirs with Christ?"

I love to think of our relation to
God as one of sonship, and though we
are "bought with a price," it seems to
me the purchase was in the nature of
a ransom, to deliver us from the con-
dition of slavery into which we had
fallen, the bondage of sin, and that it
no more had the effect to establish a
relation of the Christian to Christ,
similar to that of slave and master,
than it would between an earthly
parent and son, were the latter sold
into slavery, and should the father
pay a price required to ransom him
from this condition.

After all He has done for us, our
service is but His just due, and this
He requires of us, but to consider it
as rendered in a state of servitude
seems to me entirely inconsistent with
all the teachings of the Gospel, and I
can not, in my mind, reconcile the
idea of being at the same time
"children of God," "joint heirs with
Christ," and yet sustain the relation
to Him of slave to master; and were
I an unconverted man, nothing it
seems to me could have a greater ten-
dency to prevent me from accepting
the conditions of salvation than to
believe, if I could believe, that this
was correct Bible doctrine.—E. J.
Brownell.

—We hand folks over to God's
mercy, yet show none ourselves.