

Christian Family.

Watching and Waiting.

BY MRS. FRESIN L. CHRISTIAN.

"Will any one, then, at the beautiful gate,
Be waiting, and watching for me?"
Oh! I long for the shores of a far away
land,
For the slopes of its sunny vales;
I long for the gleam of its silvery strand,
And the breath of its fragrant gales.
But the waters run dark on the hither
side
Of that far away land unknown,
And I stand in the shadows and wait for
the tide
That must carry me out alone.
I see in my visions a city so fair,
Its glories can never be told;
And I witness the joys that the sanctified
share
In that far away city, so old.
I hear the melodious raptures that roll
Like the unending song of the sea;
They tell of the lost and loved of my soul
Who are watching and waiting for me.
The voices I love, in you "home of the
soul."
Call faintly from over the sea
Whose death-silent waters unceasingly
roll
"Between the fair city and me."
My soul in the silence of joy waits apart,
And uplifts her frail wings to be free,
When the voices of dear ones the loved of
my heart,
Come calling and calling to me.
The light of their glorified faces I see;
I scent the sweet breath of the flowers
Which their snowy-white hands wave in
beckoning me
Across to those heavenly bowers.
Oh! many and many are they who await,
Where the blest and purified be—
At the shining bars of the beautiful gate
They are waiting and watching for me.
The friends of my youth, whom my love
would recall,
Have joined that ethereal train,
And one of my heart more beloved than
them all,
Is chanting the heavenly strain.
I feel my day closing, the hour groweth
late,
That the city more near seems to be.
When I think that beyond, at the beauti-
ful gate,
So many are waiting for me.
Blow softly, blow softly, ye balm-bringing
gales,
O'er the sands of this low-lying shore;
Your favoring breezes are filling the sails
Of the boat that will carry me o'er.
I'll fear not, though dark be the hour, and
late,
To sail out alone on death's sea,
For the friend of my soul, at the beautiful
gate,
Is watching and waiting for me.
—Standard.

Sentiments of the Sand.

We wandered away from the crowd,
The blare of the noisy band,
By the loving lips of the ocean,
Over the golden sand.
Talking ridiculous nonsense,
Inspecting preposterous shells,
Fleetsam and jetsam various,
With singular maritime smells.
A bottle, a barrel, some sea-weed,
Some muscular bivalves agape,
The remains of their edible persons
Shrivelled and dried out of shape.
Past children interring each other
In jocular tomblets of sand,
Digging, and delving, and laughing,
A merry sepulchral band.
"Might I smoke?" "As a matter of
course."
She liked the smell of the weed.
A light from the son of the soil,
And back with impetuous speed.
She was poised in a pensive pose
As I noiselessly neared her stand,
And I saw that she wrote, with her para-
sol,
Lines on the golden sand.
My heart it patted my ribs;
She's writing, no doubt, on the sly,
The name that pleases her best—
"My own, I'll be bound," thought I.
Over her shoulder I peeped—
Over her rustling collars—
On the golden sand she'd scrawled,
\$100,000.

Water-Free.

Take the open air,
The more you take the better;
Follow nature's laws,
To the very letter.
Let the doctors go
To the Bay of Biscay,
Let alone the gin,
The brandy and the whisky;
Freely exercise,
Keep your spirits cheerful;
Let no dread of sickness
Ever make you fearful;
Eat the simplest food,
Drink the pure, cold water,
Then you will be well,
Or at least you oughter.

He Careth.

Something round which it may twine
God gives every little vine.
Some little nook or sunny bower,
God gives every little flower.
Some green bough or mossy sward
God gives every little bird.
Night and day, at home, abroad,
Little ones are safe with God.

Select Reading.

—The gentlemen at a dinner-table were discussing the familiar line, "An honest man's the noblest work of God," when a little son of the host spoke up and said: "It's not true. My mother's better'n any man that was ever made."

—"Always pay as you go," said an old man to his nephew. "But, uncle, suppose I haven't anything to pay with?" "Then don't go!"

—People talk about men of iron with nerves of steel and look as if they thought they had said something—as if there were anything quite so good to make a man of as the flesh that can quiver and the nerve that can twinge.—*Spurgeon.*

—Good works do not make a Christian; but one must be a Christian to do good works.

—A sinful, degraded heart is like a choice tree which has been neglected: by the weeds and rubbish accumulated around it, it has become distorted and ugly; constant care and a lifetime can not bring it up to the standard of a perfect tree.

—An old-fashioned lady wants to know why the graduates of Vassar and other female colleges, always have their ages printed after their names in reports of alumni meetings—Miss I. Smith, president (70); Miss Jones, vice-president (60); Mrs. Robinson, secretary (78); etc.

—Rubber hose is made by wrapping rubber cloth around a tube of the required size, the number of plies depending upon the required strength. The tube is then placed in a heater, and subjected, for a sufficient time, to a steam pressure of eighty pounds to the square inch, equal to 280 degrees Fahrenheit which melts the sulphur, and vulcanizes the gum. The tube is then withdrawn from the hose.

—"Tabby."—The name "tabby cat" is derived from Atab, a famous street in Bagdad, inhabited by the manufactures of silken stuffs called Atabi, taffety, the wavy markings of the watered silks resembling pussy's coat.

—In Cicero and Plato, and other such writers, I meet with many things acutely said, and things that excite a certain warmth of emotion; but in none of them do I find these words, "Come unto me, all ye that are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*St. Augustine.*

—"So," said a lady recently to a merchant, "your pretty daughter has married a rich husband?" "Well," slowly replied the father, "I believe she has married a rich man, but I understand he is a very poor husband."

—He who never relaxes into sportiveness is a wearisome companion; but beware of him who jests at everything. Such men disparage, by some ludicrous association, all objects which are presented to their thoughts, and thereby render themselves incapable of any emotion which can either elevate or soften them; they bring upon their moral being an influence more withering than the blasts of the desert.—*Southey.*

—The true creed must come down from above—not out from within.

Have your opinions always, but do not bind yourself to them. Call your opinions your creed, and you will change it every week. Make your creed simply and broadly out of the revelation of God, and you may keep it to the end.—*Rev. Phillips Brooks.*

—A London newspaper furnishes the curious statement that 1,885 out of 5,241 shares of a new brewery company in Sheffield are held by English clergymen. But it does not tell among how few clergymen the 1,885 shares are distributed.

—He who climbs above the cares of the world and turns his face to his God, has found the sunny side of life. The world's side of the hill is chill and freezing to a spiritual mind, but the Lord's presence gives a warmth of joy which turns winter into summer.—*Spurgeon.*

—A good remedy for a cough is one ounce of elecampane root; ounce wild cherry bark; one ounce of hoarhound. Boil well in two quarts of water; add one pound of brown sugar; strain and add one pint of the best spirits. Take a half a wine glass three times a day.

—Let prayer be the key of the morning and the bolt of the evening.—*Mathew Henry.*

—We should act with as much energy as those who expect everything for themselves, and should pray with as much earnestness as those who expect everything from God.—*Fuller.*

—Boys are an obstinate fact everywhere; we thank kind Providence that the Indians are exterminated in these regions, and plume ourselves on the fact that the last of the Mohicans pointed a moral and adorned a tale long ago; but do we ever reflect on the host and herds of boys that are still left? I think Miss Lydia would have preferred the Indians.—*Rose Terry Cooke in Sunday Afternoon.*

—The editor of the *Educational Weekly* has been, for many years, principal of one of the largest Chicago schools, and should know whereof he affirms. He writes: "There is not a teacher, not a cadet, scarcely a pupil of the High School, that does not know that everything in the schools is now done by fear or favor."

—One Niagara is enough for the continent or the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets, that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and that shall flow on every right with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds like those of the martyrs, that good is to be done; it is by the daily and quiet virtues of life, the Christian temper, the good qualities of relatives and friends, and all, that it is to be done.—*Albert Barnes.*

—In the Province of Biscay every landowner must plant two saplings for every timber-tree he cuts down. In Java the birth of every child is celebrated by planting a fruit-tree, which is carefully tended as the record of the age of the child whose birth it registers. The wise regard for the future deserves imitation.

—The *Golden Rule* well says: "Nothing is much more hopeless than the ways of a household that gets to 'living in ruts,' and hasn't gumption enough to lift itself out. The same things to eat, the same people to see, the same round of duties and cares and pleasures, the 'same old thing' over and over again on all sides—what wonder that so many women grow morbid at 'never accomplishing anything,' and come to regard house-keeping as a tiresome treadmill."

AND WHEN THE ANGEL.

And when the angel of shadow
Rests his feet on wave and shore,
And our eyes grow dim with watching,
And our hearts faint at the oar.
Happy is he who heareth
The signal of his release
In the bells of the Holy City,
The chimes of eternal peace.
—*Whittier.*

The Value of a Fixed Heart.

If any of you are so wise that you know all the objections to Christianity, all the dark places that faith must encounter all the dark sayings and perplexing mysteries of the gospel, remember that it is nothing to your credit. A wrecker who lives from the goods of foundered vessels and shipwrecked crews where all the dangerous rocks are along the coast, and he is always hovering about them. But the shipmaster knows more about the channel than about the reefs. A calm, self-possessed captain of a vessel was asked, "Captain, I suppose you know where every rock and shoal is along this whole coast, do you not?" "I know where they are not," was his reply, "which is the more important thing." Admirable answer. If your faith is fixed on God and your heart is wedded to His service, you will know where the dangers and difficulties and mysteries and contradictions are not. Riding peacefully upon the great depths of His love, your greatest joy will be that you no longer live by doubts, but by affirmations.

The Home of Josephine.

"Josephine, wife of the First Napoleon, Empress of the French, born on the Isle of Martinique, June 23, 1763."

Dictionaries of biography and cyclopædias contained only these meagre data. Even historians seemed to know nothing of the early life of her who once was mistress of the heart of the great French General.

Isle of Martinique! These words rang in my ears and danced before my eyes all that lovely afternoon in June, as our vessel approached that same historic island. Isle of Martinique! We sailed in under high, frowning cliffs, down which fell silver streams into the sea, past broad, smiling fields of cane, golden in the sunshine; past long stretches of yellow sand overtopped by silent palms; beneath a towering gloomy mountain, hiding its crest in the clouds.

A shower came down from those impending clouds and pattered over deck and sea, and ended as abruptly as it came; and a rainbow sprang out from the mist and sunshine and spanned the bay of St. Pierre from headland to headland, dissolving at either end above a little fishing hamlet, bathing houses and boats and long lines of nets and beach in showers of light.

The port town of St. Pierre, Martinique, is low and level, with wide straight streets crossing at right angles, lined with wooden houses. There are few trees save in the park, which lies near the shore; between fort and town. Here there are long and thickly-planted rows of tamarinds and mangoes, making cool, even in the hottest day, the broad, wide walks. Inclosed in this double wall of trees is a large *savane*, or common, covered with a luxuriant carpet of grass, in the centre of which stands a statue of her of whom I came to learn.

Inscriptions state this monument was raised by the inhabitants of Martinique, to the memory of the Empress Josephine, born in this colony. On one side is the date of her birth (June 23, 1763), and on another that of her marriage to Napoleon (March 9, 1796).

Here let me venture a remark upon the fallibility of certain biographers; Headly, in his "Life of Josephine," is careful to confess his ignorance of her early life; but Abbot explicitly states that she was left an orphan at a tender age, and confided to the care of a loving aunt. He draws a very affecting picture of this little child so early bereft, and appeals strongly to our sympathies.

As a comment upon this I give here a literal translation of the inscription carved in that *tombeau*, or tablet, and copied by me on the seventeenth day of August, 1878.

"Here lies the venerable Madame Rosa Clare Durerger de Sannois, wife of Messire J. G. Tascher de Lapagerie, mother of her majesty the Empress of the French; died, the second day of June, 1807, at the age of seventy-one years. Provided with the sacrament of the church."

In 1807! at that time Josephine at the "tender age" of forty-four, had been twice married. Her mother had lived to see her married, at the age of sixteen, to Beauharnais; had seen her the mother of children (Eugene and Hortense); had heard of her husband's death on the guillotine, in 1794; of her marriage to Napoleon, in 1796; of her coronation as Empress of the French, in 1804. She passed away fortunately, before the cruel act of divorce, and while Josephine was still the wife of Napoleon.

From the little *bourg* of Lapagerie, the scenery is uninteresting, being only of cane-fields. About a mile from the church we reached a narrow valley, running up from the sea for about three miles. In this valley once stood the house in which Josephine was born, in 1763. Jut-

ting hills hide the site until you are close upon it and a turn in the road discloses a secluded vale, with a low wooden house built under the shelter of a hill. It is old and dilapidated, with a little "shingle" over the doorway, having upon it the common shopsign of the country, "*Debit de la Ferme*," which means that you can buy their rum and salt-fish in limited quantities.

This was too much! I will confess to feelings of disappointment and disgust. If the proprietor acted in accord with his neighbors of the bourg, he would probably refuse me permission to photograph his old shanty; and it was with a sinking heart that I drew my water-logged and mud-clogged feet to his door.

I was at once reassured at sight of his face, which was that of an honest man, a good looking, intelligent one, with dark eyes, and a pleasant mouth shaded by a heavy gray mustache. He readily gave me the desired permission, and assisted me so ably that in a short time I had secured four photographs of the two buildings co-existent with Josephine, and had explored the rooms where she resided in early life.

It pleased me to learn that the house he occupied was not one of the original structures, but had been constructed of material from the mansion in which the Empress of the French was born.

The habitation was destroyed by a hurricane, in 1762, it is said; its walls may be traced, and they give evidence of a house of ample dimensions. There are two buildings now standing which were in existence in Josephine's time; the "*ancienne cuisine*," or old kitchen, once attached the old dwelling, and the sugar-house, the "*sucrerie*."

Lowly and humble, with walls of stone and roof of earthen tiles whose mellow tone and gray lichens suggest great age, was the old house which had been the home for many years of Madame Lapagerie. For tradition, as authentic as tradition can be, relates that here lived the mother of Josephine, after the departure of her daughter for France, the wife of Viscount Alexander de Beauharnais.

Tab's Doll.

On the curb-stone on Bush street, there sat a girl of nine or ten, full in the hot sun, but so busy with a woe-begone rag-baby that she seemed not to mind the heat and glare. One arm had been torn from poor "baby," its head fell over to one side, and the sawdust fell from the dilapidated feet every time it was lifted about.

As the child sat there trying to make "baby" whole again with an old darning-needle and a bit of twine, a boy halted on the walk and sneeringly said:

"That doll's bin sunstruck, and all the doctors in town can't save her life." The girl made no reply, and after a moment the lad advanced, snatched the doll and flung it high above his head, laughing loudly at her efforts to prevent him.

"Is your mother dead?" asked the girl, as her chin quivered and her eyes filled with tears.

"Not as I knows of."
"But mine is, and she made that dolly for me when her hands trembled so much and her eyes had so many tears that I had to cut the cloth for her. That's why baby looks so bad."

"Whew!" whistled the boy below his breath, and walking into the street and picking it up carefully dusting the plaything, he placed it in her hands as he said:

"I remember now about seeing the crape on the door, and I'm sorry I was rough. This 'ere linin' in my cap will make that baby a full dress, and if you want say nothin' to nobody of how I acted, I'll give it to ye."

He had it out at one pull, tossed two coat buttons after it, and went away saying:

"When a gal's mother is dead that beats me, and any time that dolly is taken sick you can count on me to run for the doctor or sit up nights. Good night Tab!"
—*Detroit Free Press.*

—Trust in God; commit the way and thy destiny to him, and cheerfully obey his word; and he will bring forth thy salvation and thy joy as the dew of the morning.