

Christian Family.

The Old Way and the New.

I've just come from the meadow, wife, where the grass is tall and green; I hobbled out upon my cane to see John's new machine;

It made my old eyes snap again to see that mower mow, And I heaved a sigh for the scythe I swung some twenty years ago.

Many and many's the day I've mowed 'neath the rays of the scorching sun Till I thought my poor back would break 'ere my task for the day was done.

I often think of the days of toil in the fields all over the farm, Till I feel the sweat on my wrinkled brow And the old pain in my arm.

It was hard work, it was slow work a swinging the old scythe then; Unlike the mower that went through grass like death through the ranks of men.

I stood and looked till my old eyes ached, amazed at its speed and power— The work that it took me a day to do, it did in one short hour.

John said that I hadn't seen the half; when he puts it into the wheat I shall see it reap it, rake it and put it into bundles neat.

Then soon a Yankee will come along, and set to work and larn To reap it, and thresh it, and bag it up, and send it into the barn.

John kinder laughed when he said it, but I said to the hired men: 'I've seen so much on my pilgrimage through any three-score years and ten,

That I wouldn't be surprised to see a railroad in the air, Or a Yankee in a flyin' ship a goin' most anywhere.

There's a difference in the work I did and the work my boys now do. Steady and slow in the good old way, worry and fret in the new.

But somehow I think there was happiness crowded into those toiling days That fast young men of the present won't see till they change their ways.

To think that I should live to see work done in this wonderful way! Old tools are of little service now, and farmin' is almost play;

The women have got their sewin' machines, their wringers, and every sitch thing, And now play croquet in the door-yard, or sit in the parlor and sing.

'Twasn't you that had it so easy, wife, in the days so long gone by; You rise up early, and set up late, a toiling for you and I;

There were cows to milk, there was butter to make, and many a day did you stand A washing my toil-stained garments, and wringin' 'em out by hand.

Ah, wife, our children will never see the hard work we have seen. For the heavy work and the long task is now done with a machine.

No longer the noise of the scythe I hear, the mower—there, hear it afar? A rattling along through the tall, stout grass with the noise of a railroad car!

Well, the old tools now are shoved away; they stand a gatherin' rust. Like an old man I have seen put aside with only a crust;

When the eyes grow dim, when the step is weak, when the strength goes out of his arm,

The best thing a poor old man can do, is to hold the deed of the farm. There is one old way that they can't improve, although it has been tried

By men who have studied and studied, and worried till they died; It has shone undimmed for ages, like gold refined from its dross— Its path to the kingdom of heaven by the simple way of the cross.

—Selected.

For the Messenger.
Autumn Leaves.

Autumn is fast passing. The landscape is donning its winter garb. The leaves fall thick and fast, and as they rustle, brown and crisp, beneath our feet, our thoughts wander back with sadness, a very few days when many a feathered songster nestled cozily, and reared their young among those very same leaves now scattered hither and thither by the chill autumn blast.

Our eyes seek the branches where they so lately clung, only to find them ragged and bare and making melancholy music in the biting winds. Deserted and destitute, not a bird poises upon them or breaks the monotony with a song. They seem to bewail their forlorn condition.

We are made aware that winter is fast approaching, that another year is about drawing to a close, and will soon be numbered with the many that have gone before; which thought, overshadows us with sadness, when we think of our departed friends, like the departed years, have gone before, never, never to return. The high peaks in the mountains have already put on their white mantle of snow, and ere long the valleys will wear the same white robe. How short the summer has been! How few the days seem intervening between the opening of

gay, joyous spring, and grim grizzly winter. How many pleasures we have enjoyed. But alas! how many have passed unheeded until it is too late to repine. I have no doubt but that as the spring and summer of our lives glide by and winter approaches, we shall look back and exclaim, Oh! how few and fleeting are the days between our debut and exit from this world.

We should take warning, and so conduct ourselves through the spring and summer of life, that, when autumn approaches, and our companions fall around us like Autumn Leaves, we may not be compelled to exclaim, Oh! that I had done many things that I have left undone, and left undone many things that I should have done.

A STUDENT.

Nip or the Tail that Would Wag.

Nip is a dog, a great Newfoundland dog, black as the chimney-back and almost as big as a cow. Nip's mistress declares that he is the largest dog ever born in America. Perhaps this is so, and perhaps it isn't; at any rate, I don't see how she knows whether he is or not. If Miss Abigail—that is the name of Nip's mistress—could have a meeting of all the dogs in America in her ten acre lot, though I don't know as that would hold 'em—she could then have a chance for certain.

Be this as it may, one thing is sure, yes, two things are sure; first, that Nip is an unusually fine fellow, and, second, that he is wonderfully intelligent. Miss Abigail declares that he knows more than some families; and the funny part is of that is, she doesn't mean dog families, but human beings.

Nip can open and close the doors, and lock 'em, too, run of errands, and bring bundles and pails home safely, can walk on his hind legs with a stick for a gun, will make believe load it and fire it off, can bark "Yankee Doodle" when his mistress sings it; in short, he can do almost anything you can think of, and a good many things that you can't.

Now, when Nip was a little baby dog, he would wag his tail at everything and everybody; and, as Miss Abigail meant to train him for a watch-dog, she made up her mind to nip that in the bud. I don't mean Nip's tail, but the practice.

Now I don't think that was right; still Nip was Miss Abigail's dog and she had a right to do as she pleased with him, I suppose, tail and all. And Nip's tail was elegant. I wish you could see it! It seems to me it must be three-quarters of a yard long—it may really be more than that—and when he does wag it, as he will, sometimes, in spite of all Miss Abigail can do, it sweeps the carpet for yards.

But I don't want you to think that Miss Abigail is a cross old lady, because, on the contrary, she is very kind-hearted, indeed. She is however, quite determined, and when she makes up her mind to do a thing she is bound to succeed, even if it is to stop a dog's tail from wagging—if she can. These three words make me laugh, and I'll tell you why. It seems to me that the only thing that could keep a dog's tail from wagging would be, either to kill the dog or cut off the tail.

"Down with the black flag!" Miss Abigail used to say when Nip accidentally waved it aloft, and down it would go; for Nip knew just as well what the black flag meant as his mistress. But the best of it was, according to my views, the black flag would n't stay down. I said once to Miss Abigail:

"But why in the world do you call that great beautiful waving tail—a black flag? It makes one think of very disagreeable things—pirates, and cut-throats and such."

"Well," she answered with a laugh "I wanted to call it something bad, so as to make Nip ashamed of it. You

see, a dog that is forever wagging his tail, cannot amount to much as a police officer, and I depend entirely on Nip to take care of me and all the valuable things I have in the house, as well as my hens and chickens."

"But," I said, "dogs never wag their tails to their enemies. Its only to their friends."

"Well, I don't intend Nip to have any friends. I want him to guard me and my property, and so I don't allow him to make friends with anybody, and I will put a stop to his tail's wagging."

I wondered what Miss Abigail would think if she should see a person walk out into the orchard, and up to an apple tree, and, when the beautiful buds were beginning to come out, this person should put a warning finger, and stand off and say:

"Apple tree, don't you blossom! I tell you I won't have it! No pink and white flowers waving in the wind for me, you bad, naughty apple tree!"

Don't you think she would have thought such a person crazy? Of course she would. True, apple blossoms and dog's tails don't belong exactly together; but the same nature, the same vital force that starts apple trees blossoming, starts dogs' tails a wagging, that I am sure of, and I don't see why Miss Abigail didn't think of it too.

They say "a continual dropping will wear a stone." I'm sure it's so; for at last, Miss Abigail found that her training had not been all in vain. Nip's tail would not wag at tin peddlers, or "the butcher, the baker, or candlestick maker!" But when Nip, the dear, great fellow, caught a glimpse of children passing the house, how that tail would go! It really seemed as if it was some kind of machinery that was wound up to go, and could n't stop until it run down. I once said to Miss Abigail, and ventured to hint that the same love which made the world go round also made Nip's tail go round; but she only said, with a short laugh:

"Why, what a foolish notion! I don't believe in love to begin with, and the idea of Nip's loving the rag tag and bobtail of the street! It's too ridiculous."

One day two little girls, Kate and Evy, called to see Miss Abigail on an errand from their mother. That very morning poor Nip had been punished for wagging his tail at a beggar boy who came for some cold vittals, and of course Miss Abigail very naturally watched the dog to see how he would act with it before the children. It did work just the least little bit from side to side, but then that motion was very slight she began to feel encouraged. For fear it would go faster, however, she put up her finger and said, sternly:

"Lok out for your black flag, Nip!" and then, for a moment that long, elegant tail was as stiff as if it were dead.

"Mamma wants to know," said Katie, "if you will please to lend her some yeast. Hers is all sour."

Now Miss Abigail was very proud of her yeast, and, indeed, of everything else that she made, and out she went with Katie's tin pail into the buttery to get some for her. Then she wanted to give the girls some fresh doughnuts she had been making and their mamma a piece of her sage cheese; so, taking all these errands together, she was gone much longer than she expected. In the meantime, Nip forgot all about Miss Abigail and all about his tail, and when the lady returned, O! what a sight met her astonished eyes. Katie and Evy had both taken seats, and there stood Nip, a paw on each, and his great, long, silky tail sweeping the carpet for two yards, at least. "Down with the black flag!" almost shouted Miss Abigail; but it was of no use. You see it had got to going so it couldn't stop, and then Miss Abigail grew angry and reached for her big stick. I

guess Nip thought he'd had whipping enough for one day; at anyrate, he was out of the house and half-way down the lane before his mistress could have counted ten.

"Did you bring the do'nuts for me?" inquired Evy, as Miss Abigail threw herself into a chair.

"Yes, I did," said Miss Abigail; "but I'm so awfully frustrated about Nip's carrying on that I don't know whether I'm on foot or horseback."

Then Katie took the kettle of yeast and the sage cheese, and Evy the doughnuts, and started for home. They had gone but a little way before they were overtaken by the runaway Nip, who insisted upon carrying the yeast to the very door.

"Nip behaves as nice as a gentleman; don't he, Katie?"

Indeed he did; and a good deal better than many who are called gentlemen. The little girls were very much afraid that Miss Abigail would give Nip a dreadful whipping when he returned, but she did no such thing. This was all she said, as the splendid great fellow walked into her presence two hours afterwards:

"So you've got back, have you, Nip? and you've brought your black flag along with you, I see"—I wonder if she thought he was going to leave it on the road. "Now, stand up there by the window and wiggle it all you like, for I've got through with it." And I fancy Nip was glad she had.—Wide Awake for October.

Saved by his Child.

Some twenty-five years ago I was at my desk, when David N. Sears came up to me and said:

"Have you any petition? I wish to send my name in to the Division of the Sons of Temperance. I am determined to be a man. I have as good a wife as any man, and three lovely little girls; and yet, like a fool, I am spending the most of my earnings for whiskey. I am now under the influence of whiskey; have been on spree for a week. I never go home while on a spree for the place would be too warm for me. I determined, this morning to 'call off,' and go home. Soon as I took my seat one of the little ones, my pet, came to me as usual and sat upon my knee. Looking up into my face, and at the same time stroking down my hair with her little hands, she asked me:

"Papa, do you love me?"

"Yes, my child."

"This was repeated twice. The last time she asked the question, I said:

"Why do you ask me whether I love you? Do you not know I love you?"

"With tears running down her cheeks, she said:

"Well, papa, if you love me why do you let me be called a drunkard's child?"

"I dashed her from me as if she had been a serpent; and if the Sons of Temperance will receive me, sir, I will become a man; and, God helping me, never shall a child of mine, again, be called a 'drunkard's child.'"

He removed from our town and, when under very strong temptation—led into temptation and sin by improper association—he violated his pledge; but was restored. He finally removed to a small town in East Tennessee, where he established himself in a good business, and lived an honored and highly esteemed until called to his reward.

I saw him a few months before his death. He was then confined to his room by protracted sickness, but was waiting patiently for the coming of the Master. He died in peace.

In giving the foregoing statement I have written it for the purpose of bearing testimony to the power and influence for good of children, when properly trained by their mothers. The mother of the child was a Christian; but the child but reflected under the influence of the Spirit, the teachings of the mother.—Our Morning Guide.

Pray For The Rich.

Selfish mortals indeed are those who live "at ease" and "have no sympathy" with those they meet day by day in the drudgery of "paid" service; quite as selfish those who, living in lowlier estate, loudly lament their enforced frugality, and think, because of it, the world of suffering and temptation has no need of their sympathy; that, too, deserves as harsh a name which assumes the "duty" of an other's daily round under a common roof, and does not strive to smooth and lighten it. That, again, is a superficial sort of sympathy, scarce worthy the name, that drops its ready tears over a published paragraph of woe, yet never lifts its earnest prayer for the man or woman of fashion, born and brought up in that trying estate, good society, without the inner eye of grace to perceive the "narrow way" amid the flowery paths of life. The rich need more of sympathy than condemnation, and I am writing now especially to those who dwell on the envying border-land of hard earned comfort, with no more, and these, too, who bend discontented shoulders to their burdens and grow bitter over their privations. Riches are good, not only for a "house and name" perpetuated, but for all the great enterprises of science and art, which could not exist without them; but they are truly good only when linked with integrity, honor, sincerity, simplicity, charity. Riches gotten or maintained by fraud, and used for display and selfish enjoyment alone, are a curse, and will bring one in the end.

Why, then, dare any christian for one moment make envious comparisons between the owners of such and themselves? Satin, lace, jewels, equipage—right in their place, since they are God's gifts—are not right for thee, since thou art envious, and cravest that which is not thine. Think for a moment what are the attendants of upon the estate of wealth—thou who, with less talents, hast less responsibility—the care of houses and land, of servants and retinue; the perpetual requirements of sumptuous viands and costly raiment; the wasting of time in the demands of society and the incessant round of amusements; the mind filled to repletion with its early thoughts, and little or no desire for sweet retirement, the trimming of the lamp of heavenly love—think of all this, and let thy envy turn into sympathy for their hard work to get enjoyment, which, after all, may pass in a moment away. If thou wouldst comfort thyself more, think that it is emptiness here that is to be satisfied above; it is the despised and neglected here who will be remembered and esteemed there; the lonely and sorrowful (how many there are among the rich!) who will be cheered and made, oh, so unspeakably glad! But also remember it will be the contented here who will be contented there; lovers of heaven alone who shall see heaven: those who sympathize with "all estates of men" who shall receive that fruit of divine abasement and sympathy from Him who died for all men—eternal life.—The Churchman.

Christian Readiness.

"The preparation of the Gospel of peace" which Paul exhorts us to have our feet shod with, seems to mean a simple readiness to go when we are sent. This quality of readiness is an excellent quality. Many that are competent and that are not altogether unwilling to serve, are never quite ready. When they are called they always answer "Coming!" they never say "Here am I!" That which is done quickly is twice done; and the disciple whose feet are shod with readiness is the disciple for whom the Master will find the most errands and the best rewards.—Sunday Afternoon.

Send us a new subscriber.