

CHRISTIAN FAMILY.

What is Glory? What is Fame?

What is Glory? What is Fame?
The echo of a long-lost name;
A breath, an idle hour's brief talk;
The shadow of an ardent naught;
A flower that blossoms for a day.

Dying next morrow;
A stream that hurries on its way,
Singing of sorrow;
The last drop of a bootless shower,
Shed on a sere and leafless bower;
A rose, stuck in a dead man's breast—
This is the World's fame at the best!

What is Fame? and what is Glory?
A dream,—a jester's lying story,
To tickle fools withal, or be
A theme for second infancy;
A joke scrawled on an epitaph;
A grin at Death's own ghastly laugh;
A visioning that tempts the eye,
But mocks the touch—nonentity;
A rainbow, substanceless as bright,
Flitting forever.

O'er hill-top to more distant height,
Nearing us never;
A bubble blown by fond conceit,
In very sooth itself to cheat;
The witch-fire of a frenzied brain,
A fortune that to lose were gain;
A word of praise, perchance of blame;
The wreck of a time-banded name;
Ay, this is Glory!—this is Fame!

—Motherwell.

A Trustworthy Boy.

It was on the eve of the battle of White Plains. The British army was encamped within two miles of the Americans. The captain of the several companies had selected the men who were to act as sentinels during the night. Only one was wanting, and the captain after diligent search had just selected a very youthful soldier to fill the position, when Gen. Putman appeared. He expressed great surprise, and even reproved the captain for choosing a mere boy to act in so important a service. "We are in great danger of British spies. I beg you to reconsider this matter," said he.

"I would trust myself under the very guns of the British fort with Stewart to protect me," was the reply, and the general was satisfied.

It chanced that during the night Gen. Putman had occasion to enter the lines. As he approached Stewart, the guard, asked:

"Who goes there?"
"Gen. Putman," was the reply.
"We know no General Putman here. Give the countersign."

"I have forgotten it."

"A pretty story from General Putman's lips," said the sentinel.

"Boy, do you not know me? I am General Putman," replied that officer. The "boy," however, was inflexible, and the stout old veteran was not allowed to pass without the watchword. The general felt considerably displeased at first; but he well knew the youth had acted strictly according to the rules of war, and the next day commended him highly, saying, "We have nothing to fear from the British or any other enemy with such soldiers as you."

Roger heard a friend relate this story. It made an impression upon him, and he talked about it with his teacher. He said:

"I would like to be a soldier and do something brave like that. It would be grand to hear your superior officer speak of you as the captain and general did of Stewart."

"You can do things as manly and brave in daily life, and which, if done from right motives, will make your heart swell with pleasure greater and prouder than that which would be ealled forth by the praise of superior officers," replied Roger's friend.

"How so, Mr. Smith?"
"First let me say, the merit of an act consists not in its greatness in the eye of the world, but in the sacrifice which is required, or in a rigid adherence to duty under trying circumstances. Would it not cause you the highest satisfaction to hear your father or mother say, 'I can place the fullest confidence in Roger. He is a boy to be trusted.'"

Roger's eye and cheek glowed with pride.
Septim.
day was
A man
head chopping
and the Cong.
Sund. morning.

pleasure as he replied, "Yes, it would indeed."

"Strive then to act so as to deserve such commendation whether you receive it or not, remembering, 'He that is faithful in the least, is faithful also in much.'—*Ex.*"

WILLIE'S VIOLETS.

It is not always the case that an act of kindness meets a reward immediately and directly, and it is not a real kindness if such reward is expected; but a little story was told me yesterday of a reward that came so unexpectedly and pleasantly, that I write it down for my young readers, hoping it will please them as much as it did me. Willie Glover is a lad of thirteen years, who was crippled three years ago by a fall from the hatchway of a large factory where he was at work. He lay for many long, weary months in a hospital, and then returned home, knowing that he must never hope again to stand erect or use his feet. It was a very poor home, a room in a crowded tenement house in the great city of New York, and Willie knew that an idle child must be a terrible burden upon his widowed mother, who was not very strong herself. So he tried hard to think of some employment that would enable him to earn a living, and finally decided upon the same work that his mother did, shoe-binding. In the poor close room, the two sat day after day, busily stitching away, and earning food and shelter, but little more. In the next room in the crowded house, a young gentleman had taken lodgings, and was working at his profession, that of an artist, while the two humbler neighbors stitched at the shoe-binding. A friendly greeting had often passed between Mrs. Glover and Mr. Hudson, and sometimes the latter would drop in for a word or two with Willie; but the very poor have but little time for gossip, so all the Glover's knew of their neighbor was, that he was as poor as themselves, though he worked hard at his pictures. The spring was opening after a long, hard winter, when one morning Willie's Sunday school teacher, who never forgot her former scholar in his affliction, came to see him, and brought him a small box containing a root of violets. It would be hard for a country boy to realize what those blue-eyed flowers were to the crippled lad, who could see nothing from his room window, but a dirty, narrow street, and brick walls. They seemed to him like a little bit of the blue sky the high houses shut away from him. He would put the box near him as he worked, stopping often to bury his face in the cluster of blue blossoms, and dream he was in the country while he smelled their sweet perfume. They were to him what walks, drives, and toys are to strong, healthy, or rich children; and he loved the little blossoms, as they unfolded before his eyes, as more fortunate children love their pets or playthings. He had been the owner of this wonderful box of pleasure for more than a week, when, one morning, his mother told him Mr. Hudson was very, very ill.

"I can hardly afford the time," said the widow, "to nurse a stranger, but he will die if somebody does not care for him. So, if you don't mind being alone, Willie, I will go in and stay with him. I'll leave both doors open, so if you want me, I will hear you call." "I shall not want you," said Willie. "Is he very sick indeed, mother?" "I fear so."

"Does he know you?"
"Oh, yes. He is not delirious."

"Then —," Willie gave a great gasping sigh—"take him my box of violets. They will make him better."

"Your violets, Willie! I thought you loved them too well to give them away?" "But he is sick, and —and—" here Willie was nearly ready to take back his words; so he said: "Take them quick, mother,

and tell him they are a present, with my love. I have nothing else I can send him." For nearly two weeks the young artist lay very ill; then, when death seemed near, he said to his kind nurse: "Mrs. Glover, will you go to my mother for me?"

"I did not know that your mother was here!" "I have not been a good son," said the young man in a low tone, "and I left her in anger to try to seek my own fortune. But I am dying, and I want to hear her say she forgives me. Will you send her to me?" Gladly the widow went upon the errand, and brought the mother to her child.

"Such a grand lady, Willie," Mrs. Glover told her son, "and such a splendid house! She came in a carriage, and has a doctor in there now, who is ordering wines and medicines and all sorts of expensive things."

The mother was evidently rich, and in the fear of a separation by death, forgave her son for his former wild life, and nursed him faithfully till he was able to return to his old home. But the story I wanted to write was about the box of violets. Upon the day when the grand carriage stood in the narrow, dirty street, to take Mr. Hudson home, the gentleman himself came to bid Willie good-by, and in his hands he held the violets. "They have comforted me, Willie," he said, "and taught me more than one lesson. I will be a better man yet for having had them beside me during my illness."

He put the box in its old place and left the room, after thanking Mrs. Glover for all her care. But the violets would not thrive. Their roots had been disturbed, and then drooped and died. Willie tried in vain by care to make them vigorous again, and shed more than one tear over them as they faded away.

"Take them up, mother," he said one day, "and see if a little fresh earth will do them any good."

"I am afraid not," Mrs. Glover said, "but I will try."

Gently she loosened the earth, and then lifted the poor dead roots in her hands. A cry of wonder burst from her lips, and then great tears of joy fell upon the box, for there, amongst the grains of earth in the box, were broad gold pieces, as many as could be hidden under the thin layer of dirt.

"O, Willie! I thought he was ungrateful! I did not nurse him for pay, but I hoped he would give me some little keep-sake, when I found he was so rich. I was a little hurt when he seemed to forget it, and now see—see—the fortune he has left us!"

To the little act of kindness to the sick neighbor they thought poorer than themselves, brought comforts and rest to the widow and her son, hidden under the leaves of Willie's violets.—*S. Annie Frost.*

God's Sunshine.

"Well, Aunt Polly, here you are again on the doorsteps. It seems to me you almost live on them."

Old Polly raised her faded eyes to the face of her friend, and laughing, said: "Yes, dear, dat's jus' so! Jim says: 'We ought build a house all doo'-steps, and nothin' else, fo' granny, 'cause she lives dar an' nowbar else.'" "I suppose you like to see the people, and to hear the children prattle as they go by to school," said the lady.

"Well, yes, I likes to see folks, 'cause my Fader up dar made 'em all, but it's most fo' de sunshine dat I stays out here. O God's sunshine's a powerful blessin', dear. When I's cold I come out and sits in it, and I grows warm; when I's hungry, and Jim's wife's got nothin' to eat, I comes out here and 'pears like I'd had my dinner; when I's in pain, and 'scrutated all over wid de rhumatiz, I comes out into de sunshine, and de pain skulks off; when Jim don't be good and 'pears like he was goin' to 'struction, and my heart is bustin' like, I comes out and sits in God's sunshine, and peace comes

through his beam into my soul; when old Death comes an' star's in my face, and say, 'I cagin' arter ye soon, to take ye into de dark grave,' den I comes out into God's sunshine, and dares him to frighten my soul! Says I to him, 'Ye hasn't power in ye to throw one shadow onto my pillow; for my blessed Jesus, de Sun of Righteousness, he been down dar before me, and he left it full, heaped up, and and runnin' over wid God's sunshine. I shall rest sweet in dat warm place fo' de eternal sunshine dat shall magnify and glory all as loves de shinin' Jesus.'"

"Auntie," said her friend, who always felt that she could sit at the feet of this humble saint and learn of Jesus, "that is very lovely. But there come days when there is no sunshine—when the clouds gather, and the rains fall, and the snows come, and the winds blow. What do you do then?"

"O li, honey, by de time de storms come, I've got my soul so full ob de sunshine dat it lasts a heap o' time. Den times Jim scolds, and his poor wife's 'scouraged, and de child'n a cross, and de stove smokes and de kittle wont bile; but I never knows it. God's sunshine is in my soul, and I tries to spread it round, and sometimes Jim's wife feel it and she say (O she's a good daughter law), 'Long as I keeps close to granny, 'pears like my heart's held up.'"

"Well, well dear, you can teach me somethin', and ye can fetch me nice things to make me sunshine, but I can teach you what ye never thought on—dat God's sunshine's 'nough fo' rich and poor, and den dat thank him fo' it, and sit in it, or work in it, and let it into dar heart, will soon go whar it's all sunshine. Try to make folks live in God's sunshine, and get it into dar hearts, honey."—*Christian Standard.*

Got a Going and Couldn't Stop.

Arthur had a new sled which he prized very highly, as it was a New Year's present from his aunt. He was very careful lest it should be injured or broken. One day he drew his sled to the top of a high hill, near the foot of which was a stone wall. He thought he could take a good long ride down the hill, and stop the sled in time to save it from striking against the wall. He seated himself on the sled, taking firm hold on it, and then gave it a gentle start. It moved slowly at first, but its speed soon increased, and it went on faster, and faster, 'till it was quite beyond his control. In vain he tried to stop its progress, and on it sped almost with the swiftness of an arrow, 'till it reached the stone wall, and was dashed in pieces against it.

Arthur only saved himself from being badly hurt by leaping from the sled just in time to escape. As it was, he received many bruises, and felt the effects of them a long time. *He got a going and couldn't stop.* Now this is the way with very many boys who get into trouble; for doing wrong is like going down the hill. They begin so slowly that at first they scarcely know they are going down at all; but they get a going and couldn't stop.

Those two boys whom we saw fighting began by bantering each other in fun. At length they became angry, and then harsh names were used 'till at last they came to blows. Thus they got a going and couldn't stop. The boy that tells lies began by stretching the truth just a little. By and by he learned to tell a direct falsehood, until now it is easier for him to tell a lie than to speak the truth. Thus, he got a going and couldn't stop. That young man who was sent to prison began by stealing a few apples from a neighbor's orchard, next he stole a few cents from his father's drawer, and then he stole a horse. Thus, he got a going and couldn't stop.

A few young men were in the habit of meeting together in a room

at a hotel to "enjoy themselves." One of them paused a minute. He thought within himself: "I go on in this way I shall not be able to stop. I will go to the public house no more." He kept his word, and lived an honorable and useful life. *The rest got a going and couldn't stop,* and every one of them filled a drunkard's grave. Beware, boys, how you get a going. Before you start be sure you are in the right way; for when you are sliding down hill, it is very hard to stop.—*Selected.*

A Lecture for Young Men.

When you retire to bed think over what you have been doing during the day.

Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper; small and steady gains give competency, with tranquillity of mind.

Avoid temptation for fear you may not withstand it.

Never go in debt unless you see a way to get out again.

Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it.

Never speak evil of any one.

Save when you are young to spend when you are old.

Be just before you are generous.

Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy.

SICK HEADACHE.—The distressing complaint can generally be relieved by soaking the feet in very warm water, in which a spoonful of powdered mustard has been stirred. Soak as long as possible, or till the water gets cool; it draws the blood from the head. Another quieting remedy is to scald sour milk till it wheys off; make a bag of thin muslin, and strain it off, not very dry, and put the curd in the bag, upon the head, as warm as it can be borne; it will relieve the pain in a few moments. Some such simple remedies are far preferable to drugs or to doctor's prescriptions; they relieve as quickly, and are cheaper, as well as more readily applied.

MINCED CABBAGE.—Cut up the cabbage heads into quarters or eighths, or smaller, and stew gently two hours, doing the water well out, measure it, and put into a porcelain-lined stewpan an equal measure of thick stewed tomato, adding to each quart one spoonful of finely minced onion; let this cook five minutes, and then add the cabbage chopped up, fine; mix well till all is hot, and then serve. This should be stiff enough to make up in shape on a platter. The edge of the platter may be garnished with slices of boiled beet, or with baked tomatoes.

TOMATO FIGS.—Take six pounds of sugar to sixteen pounds of fruit, scald and remove the skins in the usual way, cook them over the fire until the sugar penetrates them and they are clarified; take them out, flatten, spread on dishes, and dry them in the sun; keep the syrup, and sprinkle a little of it over them occasionally while they are drying, after which pack them in boxes; sprinkle powdered sugar between each layer.

CURRENT AND RASPBERRY, OR CURRENT AND CHERRY PUDDING.—Take equal quantities of raspberries and currants, or cherries and currants, line a pudding basin with a suet crust; stem your fruit, put it into the basin with plenty of sugar, but do not put any water; cover it with a top crust well fastened on, tie a cloth over it and boil for two hours.

TO FASTEN LABELS TO TIN CANS.—Put a teaspoonful of brown sugar into a quart of paste, and it will fasten labels as securely to tin cans as to wood. Housekeepers may save themselves much annoyance in the loss of labels from their fruit cans when putting up their own fruit, by remembering this.