

CHRISTIAN FAMILY.

Miss M. STUMP, Editor.

When the Cows Come Home.

The following poem written by Mrs. Agnes E. Mitchell, is one of the most exquisite country lyrics ever written, and brings to mind "The brooks old song," and the peaceful hush of the twilight glamour as the cows come home from their browsing on the hillside:

With kingle, kangle, kingle,
Way down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,
The airy twinklings come and go,
Like chimings from some far off tower,
Or pattering of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow;
Koling, kolang, kolanglelele,
Way down the darkening dingle,
The cows come slowly home;

(And old time friends, and twilight plays,

And starry nights, and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways,
When the cows come home).

With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft tones that sweetly mingle,
The cows are coming home;
Maivine, and Pearl and Florimel,
De-kamp, Red-rose and GretchenSorell,
Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue,

Across the fields I hear her "loo-oo"

And clang her silver bell;
Goling, golang, golanglelele
With faint far sounds that tingle,
The cows come slowly home;

(And mother-sonnets of long gone years
And baby joys and childish fears,
And youthful hopes and youthful tears
When the cows come home),

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and threes and single
The cows are coming home;

Through violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun slipping down,
And the maple in the hazel glade,
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown
Taring, torang, toranglelelele

By threes and fours and single
The cows come slowly home;

(The same sweet sound of wordless psalm

The same sweet June-day rest and calm
The same sweet scent of bud and balm
When the cows come home),

With tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle
The cows are coming home;

Aloitering in the checkered stream
Where the sunrays glance and gleam
Clarino, Peach-bloom and PhoebePhillis
Stand knee deep in the creamy lilies;
In a drowsy dream
Tolink, tolank, tolinklelelele,
O'er banks with buttercups atwinkle
The cows come slowly home;

(And up through memory dim ravine
Comes the brooks old song, and its old
time sheen,

And the crescent of the silver Queen,
When the cows come home).

With kingle, kangle, kingle,
With loo-oo and moo-oo, and jingle,
The cows are coming home;

And over there on Merlin hill
Hear the plaintive cry of the whippoor-
will

And the dew-drops lie on the tangled
vines

And over the poplars Venus shines,
And over the silent mill;
Koling, kolang, kolanglelelele
With ting-a-ling and jingle,
The cows come slowly home;

(Let down the bars; let in the train
Of long gone songs, and flowers and
rain

For the dear old times come back again
When the cows come home).

From The Young Folk's Monthly.

Six Hours in a Kitchen.

BY HINDA.

Recently I kept house half day myself. It came to pass in this wise: On Tuesday morning my slumbers in dreamland were rudely disturbed by a voice calling my name. I did not answer immediately, I never do; for if you are slow about it the folks conclude that you are asleep, and dislike to disturb you. But this morning the ruse did not succeed. The voice perseveringly called "Mattie! Mattie!" For the sake of peace I answered it. This was an encouragement, and uncle (for it was he) grew vociferous. "Mattie," he cried once more, "hurry and come down stairs; your aunt is sick, so you will

have to prepare breakfast."

I was out of bed in a flash; no more moral suasion was necessary that morning. "Uncle," I cried, "I'll be down in five minutes, see if I don't." Bats, trizettes, overskirts, all that would prevent me from being ready in the specified time, were abandoned. Of course I forgot to put on my apron—I always do. When I reached the kitchen, I found that uncle had the fire built and the kettle on.

"Fifteen minutes behind time, Mattie," he cried.

"Well, uncle, you know how extremely lazy I am," I answered, as I dived into the closet for a pan. Now I had not the remotest idea of frying anything for breakfast. The pan was merely placed on the stove to show that I meant business.

When he asked me what I was going to make, I answered, "Time will tell." I was ashamed to begin operations whilst he was in the kitchen, so I went into the dining-room and began to set the table. Uncle offered to assist me, but I indignantly refused telling him that men knew nothing about such matters. When I took the dishes out of the cupboard and placed them on the table, I was rejoiced to see how few were needed—for, let me here state, that I consider dish washing one of the horrors of house-keeping. Just then uncle called that "the water was boiling. I should get the coffee ready to scald." It provoked me exceedingly to be compelled to leave the dining room before I had the table fixed, so I put on a smiling countenance and said, "Uncle dear, won't you please grind it for me? I must get the other things ready."

"Of course I will, only I'm sorry I do not know much about such things for then I would be more certain of pleasing you."

I went to the closet and took down the egg basket. "I think six eggs will be enough for you and me, don't you, uncle?"

"Yes, indeed, only hurry and make the coffee, I'm hungry." I hastened to obey, but paused, boiler in hand. I did not know how much coffee to use. Well, I will make it good and strong, it will settle aunt's nerves," I thought; so, seizing the boiler, I threw about a cup full of coffee into it. Uncle poured on the water—he wouldn't let me do it, for fear I might scald myself. After this I placed the eggs in the kettle; true the water was not quite boiling, but what did I know about preparing eggs then? I forgot to put the lid on the kettle, but this uncle kindly did for me. Telling him to watch the eggs, I went into the cellar.

There I found some very nice cold meat. This was quite an addition to our meal, and I triumphantly carried it into the dining-room, and tried to slice it. Uncle came to my relief—he saw that I was too stubborn to ask his assistance, so he volunteered it. Then there was the bread to cut. I never could do it nicely, but I went bravely to work. Such a mass I made of it! Some pieces were translucent, some two and one half inches thick, whilst others were good examples of an inclined plane, or wedge. To crown all, I cut my finger. Then I became angry and dropped the loaf, declaring that bread cutting was a detestable job.

We had forgotten the eggs all this time and when I went to the kettle I found the water boiling furiously, and the eggs, so far as I knew. Everything else being ready I put them into a dish. Then, proudly placing two chairs at the table, I announced breakfast. Uncle said he was very glad, for a person got a good appetite when I cooked.

I noticed that he did not take an egg, so I timidly invited him to have one.

"Certainly, I'll take an egg. Whew! they're hard as bullets!" he exclaimed, as he opened one. I for-

got to say that in the strength of the coffee I was not disappointed. I believe it would have borne up an egg, perhaps not one of those I solidified, but an ordinary one. Uncle went to town directly after breakfast. Just before he left, I heard him laughing heartily in aunt's room. I know now what called forth that merriment—it was my housekeeping. I never thought of taking aunt her breakfast. It worries me yet, when I think of how I neglected her; but I think it must have been because I knew I had the dishes to wash. I grow furious at such times. I splashed the water about me at a fearful rate. I got through pretty well, with the exception of breaking a plate and cup. I'm thankful I hadn't more crockery, for then the destruction would have been frightful.

After finishing them, I swept the kitchen and as I was in a hurry to boil taffy, I swept the litter under the stove, then I got a pan, filled it with syrup, and the candy was on the stove in a jiffy. I forgot to say that uncle put wood into the stove—if he hadn't the fire would have gone out, for I never think of such trifles. Now I really understand boiling candy, but not washing the pans in which it is boiled, so when mine was done, I took it out and set the pan for aunt to wash when she came down stairs. After this I concluded to make a pie for dinner. I went to work with a will. Before commencing, I determined to have them short, for I knew uncle hated tough pies; he used to tell aunt that "she put her shortening in long ways." I went to the lard can the first thing. Then I procured flour and put it in a pan. Water was needed next. I took a small bucket to the pump and filled it. First I worked the flour and shortening together, then I added water. I never in my life have hit a thing exactly, so of course I poured in too much water and was obliged to add more flour, then the dough was too stiff. I added just a tiny bit more water and then took the

pastry in my hands, and pulled it as I had my candy. I imagined that this would mix the various ingredients together thoroughly. I suppose it did, at least it should have done so, for my arms ached pulling it. I did not know that aunt flour ed the board and rolling-pin, and placed the dough on so. If it hadn't been so elastic, I wouldn't have been able to take it off at all. However, I did succeed partially, and placed it in a pie dish. As nearly as I can remember, it was about an inch thick. After this under crust was prepared, I remembered that I had prepared no fruit for the inside of the pies. To save time I went to the cupboard took down the sugar bowl and sprinkled its contents liberally over the dough in the pan. Then I rolled out the upper crust. I was obliged to use a knife in getting it off the board but at last I was successful. I ornamented the edge of the pie by pinching it all around with my fingers. Then it was finished. What a work of art! How supremely happy I felt as I gazed at it!

Not knowing anything about dampers on stoves, I did not glance in the direction of the one on aunt's that day, but just shoved in the pie so. I remembered to put wood in and burned my fingers in consequence. I read from a cook-book for about an hour, then remembered that I had dinner to prepare. Rice is one of my favorite dishes, so I concluded to boil some. I went to the closet, took out a sauce-pan which held about two quarts, then I looked for the rice. I found about two pounds. I knew this wouldn't be enough. Why, I could eat it nearly all myself; however I'd boil it. Forgetting to wash it I threw it into the pan—I always forget such trifling matters. Then over it went an untimed amount of boiling water, and it was placed on the stove.

Again I perused the pages of aunt's

cook-book, and was oblivious to all else until I heard something sputtering on the stove. I looked, and lo, the rice had boiled over! I lifted off the lid—the vessel was more than full. Not having anything else convenient, I divided the rice between the sauce-pan and teakettle. Just then aunt came into the kitchen. She said "she felt better and would prepare dinner; I should go into the sitting room and lie down on the sofa." I scarcely touched it before I was asleep. I awoke about three o'clock, and found aunt sewing. She asked me "what I was going to do with all the rice? that a tenth of it would have been sufficient for three persons."

"Was it nice, aunt?" I asked timidly.

"Go ask the chickens, child; they seem to appreciate it," she answered.

I forgot to make my bed that day, and was too tired in the evening, so I just tumbled in so. I dreamed through the livelong night that I was lying on the floor and eating rice fritters. The next morning aunt found that pie in the oven. Uncle happened to see it. He declared it was the longest pie he had ever seen, and thought he wouldn't take any of just then. Half an hour after, I saw him feed it to the chickens—and so finished my hopes. I don't think I will ever marry, for if I do, I run the risk of having any amount of dish washing and housework to do.

Cities of the Bible.

NUMBER III.

JOPPA.

And thou, O Joppa, apportioned to Dan when the wandering of Israel's children were over, what can be said of thee, as thou liest in ruins up in the lofty rocks that crown upon invaders of the holy land. It was the only seaport of the Jews, and was situated some thirty-five miles north-west from Jerusalem upon the shores of the Mediterranean, a very poor harbor at best, and during a storm said to be inaccessible. The Jews never being a commercial people, the place was but little used for trade, and Joppa became a refuge for pirates. Under the Roman power, however, these were disbanded and driven out. Every boy and girl in Sunday school knows that Hiram, king of Tyre, sent the fir and cedars of Lebanon for the building of Solomon's temple, on floats down the sea shore from Tyre to Joppa, and every lover of heathen mythology locates at Joppa the beautiful myth of Andromeda, and says that here Cepheus her father reigned, that upon a rock by the sea was the princess chained waiting to be torn in pieces by the hideous sea monster, when Perseus returning from conquering the Gorgons, turned the monster into stone, released Andromeda, and as a reward received her hand in marriage. So runs the old Grecian fable, told by Ovid in poetical allusion to the rocky barriers of the harbor; but to students of the Bible, Joppa has a wider history. Here is where Jonah embarked

when trying to escape from the unpleasant mission to Nineveh; here upon a house-top Peter had his vision of tolerance, learning that the Lord in his omnipotent goodness is no respecter of persons, that the partition wall must be broken down, the same Lord being Savior of the Gentiles as well as the Jews. Here in an upper chamber, the widows were mourning around the lifeless body of Dorcas, when Peter, who had been sent for entered, and restored alive the beloved christian disciple to her weeping friends who wept for her as for the dead.

Pilgrims for many ages, and from every land beneath the sun, have landed here to go up to Jerusalem, soldiers with drawn sabers, sinners in sackcloth and barefoot, doing penance, tourists and curiosity hunters have landed at Joppa on their various missions. The secular

history of Joppa is connected with that of many nations. When first taken from the Jews it became a Phœnician city, then became a Syrian possession at the overthrow of Tyre by Nebuchadnezzar. The Maccabees overthrew it, making it one of the strongholds of their nation; it was sacked and pillaged five times, by the Assyrians and Egyptians in their wars with the Jews; it was conquered three times by the Romans, and twice plundered by the Saracens, who at one conquest butchered eight thousand of its inhabitants. It was taken and retaken many times during the crusades; Saladin destroyed it, but Richard the Ironhearted rebuilt the fortifications. In the thirteenth century there was not a house entire on its site. Napoleon, in March, 1799, while pursuing his mad scheme

of conquering the entire east, captured Joppa, and for breaking some of his rules of capitulation, commanded that four thousand soldiers, chiefly Albanians, be marched out and deliberately shot. What other city has had so stormy an existence? No prophecies have denounced it and foretold its history, but we may glean from ancient and modern writers something of the turbulent scenes through which the now neglected city of Joppa has passed. It is called Japhio in the Old Testament, and is now called Yaffa by the Arabs, and Jaffa by the Franks. Each name in its own language signifying "beauty."

Mr. Wilson, a noted traveler, estimates the present population of Joppa at 5000; another thinks the city with the suburbs contains perhaps 12,000 people. The place is distinguished for its fruits, the watermelons especially, being said to be finer than those grown in any other country. The inhabitants are chiefly Arabs, but few Jews being found there. About one thousand of the population are estimated as Christians.

MAY WELLING.

THE SYMBOL OF THE CRESCENT.—

The crescent was the ancient symbol of Byzantium, now Constantinople. Philip, the father of Alexander the Great, having planted his hosts against the city, and pushed the siege for a time without effect, at length conceived the plan of undermining the walls at night, that his troops might enter and take the place by surprise. On the first dark night he set about the work, his engineers having examined and decided where the mining could be most easily and successfully done, which was under a section of the wall on the west side of the city. The work was fairly commenced, when suddenly a rift in the thick clouds revealed the bright face of the new moon; and this new moon, thus, as by a miracle, unaccounted, revealed to the watchmen in the towers the work of the enemy, and the design of Philip was frustrated and the city saved. Believing that heavenly power had given them the gleams of the crescent moon for their deliverance, the Byzantines, in token of grateful remembrance, adopted the crescent as their national symbol. The Moslems found it at Byzantium and retained it.

The palindrome is a line that reads alike backward and forward. One of the best is Adam's observation to Eve: "Madam, I'm Adam." Another is the story that Napoleon when at St. Helena, being asked by an Englishman if he could have sacked London, replied: "Able was I, ere I saw Elba." Years ago might have been seen in California a street sign which came very near being an excellent palindrome. It reads "S. Gillings—Yreka Bakery." Now try it backward.

There are times when, if we would see God, we must turn our face to the wall and keep silence.