

Family Reading.

My Little Boy that died.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN." Look at his pretty face for just one minute! His braided frock and dainty buttoned shoes— His firm-shut hand, the favourite playing in it— Then tell me, mothers, was't not hard to lose And miss him from my side— My little boy that died? How many another boy as dear and charming, His father's hope, his mother's one delight, Slips through strange sicknesses all fear disarming, And lives a long, long life, in parent's sight. Mine was so short a pride!— And then—my poor boy died. I see him rocking on his wooden charger, I hear him pattering through the house all day; I watch his great blue eyes grow large and larger, Listening to stories, whether grave or gay, Told at the bright fireside— So dark now since he died. But yet I often think my boy is living, As living as my other children are; When good-night kisses I all round am giving, I keep one for him, though he is so far, Can a mere grave divide Me from him—though he died? So, while I come and plant it o'er with daisies— (Nothing but childish daisies all year round)— Continually God's hand the curtain raises And I can hear his merry voice's sound And feel him at my side— My little boy that died.

Select Serial.

COMING TO THE LIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BABES IN THE BASKET." CHAPTER XIX.—NEW TIES. Mrs. Clinton did not say anything to Italia on the subject of her private interview with the sailor, on the day of his visit. She was sure that her young friend then needed rest more than new food for thought. The next morning, however, she turned the conversation to Jack Warren and his deep gratitude to the dying Christian who had made him lift his eyes to the heaven where she was to find a sure entrance. His gratitude had not ceased to prompt him to efforts for the child he had saved, when he had seen her provided with a proper and comfortable home. Delicacy towards Italia had made it impossible for him to tell his story in her presence. Before the tall, refined and dignified young girl, he could not speak of the poor, restless, distressed and almost distracted child, whom he had placed with Mrs. Brown, hopeless of her ever regaining full command of her mind or body. Forced by his necessities to take the first situation he could obtain, he sailed immediately on a long whaling voyage. He had, however, not forgotten a purpose that had been formed in his heart on the deck of the vessel that had received him, when, weak and exhausted, he was drawn up from the ocean, in which he and his young charge had well nigh found a grave. That purpose he hastened to carry out, when after a three years cruise, he was able to choose his own course. Sailing for Havre, he went as soon as he landed to the owners of the ill-fated vessel, that had stowed the sea with its charred timbers and removed nearly all its human freight to "that bourn whence no traveller returns." From them he obtained a list of the few passengers on board the ship Bristol, bound for Liverpool, and had no difficulty in identifying Mrs. Murray and child as the persons whose antecedents he wished to learn. A register of the freight told of many and various packages belonging to them, and marked, "to the care of Wm. Murray, of Murray Hill, Kent, England." To

seek this Mr. Murray was now the sailor's aim. By strict economy he had so treasured his wages that he could travel whither he would, little caring if he spent his all in finding the object of his search. His mistakes and disappointments we will pass over, though they were detailed in full to Mrs. Clinton. At length he stood before the fine old mansion where the real William Murray doubtless dwelt. The way-worn sailor was rudely repulsed by the consequential butler, but the frank earnest tones in which the sailor declared that the insolent servant was shutting off tidings from his master that he might give worlds to hear, at length prevailed. Jack Warren told his simple story while a grey-haired, calm-browed gentleman lent an attentive ear. Left alone in the world while wife and children had passed away, William Murray stood in his "age's lateness" like a fine old oak tree, developing itself only the more fairly and fully, because without shade or support, save that which comes from the passing clouds of Heaven and the strength that nature gives within. For the daughter-in-law who had been dear to him as if she were his own, he had long mourned; and of the little girl whom he had never seen, he had thought only as one of that family group gathered in heaven, who would ere long welcome him there. Now, he heard of that child as saved from the grave, indeed, but left to live, the object of pity and charity, in a strange land. This was more than the grandfather could bear: tears fast flowed down his manly cheeks. He reckoned the years since the little Italia's name had been registered on the marble in the family vault; and started to think that the poor helpless, afflicted being, must, it now living, be at that sweet age when the heart is stirred with the strength of a woman's noble feelings, and yet retains the simplicity and gentleness of childhood. What might not Italia now have been but for the sad misfortunes that had shipwrecked her earthly prospects, and left her to live among the unfortunate who claim their support, even from the most hard-hearted. Jack Warren would receive no reward for the part he had acted in the sad drama. Upward the sailor pointed his finger, and said: "She led me there! I want no more. I am unworthy of what I have already received. The great blessing came to a wicked, runaway boy, and made him a Christian man. He wants nothing now but to put into port with no shame to his colors." Unwilling as he was to receive anything for himself, he gladly took charge of a sum sufficient to defray the past expenses of the little Italia, and of a letter promising to send her if she should be still living, that she might be cared for, under the eyes of her only surviving relative. Mrs. Clinton placed the letter in Italia's hands. It was frank, honorable and manly, expressing the greatest interest in the little sufferer, and the strongest desire to see her, afflicted and unfortunate as she was represented to be. Italia's heart was full of mingled feelings as she read. Yes, she once was the unhappy child described, but through the mercy of heaven and the persevering love of her best earthly friend, that was past. What did she not owe to her dear Mrs. Clinton! How noble and true hearted it was in her grandfather to be anxious to see and care for one who could only be a source of anxiety to him. Her father's father! What a claim that was on her love! Would he send for her? Should she go? Poor Italia! She was speechless, and Mrs. Clinton suffered her to go away in silence. In this hour of doubt and agitation, Italia was not without a refuge. Into the ear of her ever-present Friend she poured out the over-powering feelings of her heart. His all-wise hand could direct her future path—he would "do all things well." Calmed by communion with the only source of peace, Italia returned to Mrs. Clinton. She laid her hand in that of her friend, and looking into her face, said earnestly: "What is to be done?"

Italia's modesty prevented her from appreciating the trial that had come upon her kind friend. After having her heart wrung by repeated bereavements, Mrs. Clinton had at first felt that she could love and suffer no more and had been tempted to shut up within herself the warm affections that had made her sorrow so keen and lasting. Persuaded that this course was wrong, she had given to the poor orphan almost the love of a mother, but had ever kept in mind that she might at any time be removed to the better country, and had thus prepared herself against the shock that had before so prostrated her. As her selfishness increased, this task had been the more easy, and she had sometimes fancied that she could calmly see her dear Italia transferred to the kingdom of heaven, for which she was so evidently maturing. Now the trial had come in an unexpected form. Could she let go from her the daughter she had won for herself, by patient, judicious, untiring love? Go, not to the heavenly rest, but to new scenes of care and trial on earth? Could she give to another the stay of declining years, on which she had hoped herself to lean? The trial was a hard one, but Mrs. Clinton was not left to act in her own power strength. She was a follower of him who gave up all things, and bowed himself even to the death on the cross for the sake of those whom he loved while they were yet sinners. The upright, unselfish path was the only one she could think of taking. To William Murray, of Murray Hill she wrote a long, long letter, telling him what Italia now was, and rejoicing that she should be able to send him a granddaughter, who would be fitted to make glad his home and cast around her the pure influence that ever comes from the true followers of Jesus. In a few short sentences, Mrs. Clinton merely alluded to the sorrow that must be hers, at parting, with one who had so well earned her devoted love. In Italia's hand Mrs. Clinton now placed this letter. The praises that were lavished upon her could not inflate with pride or vanity one who was so truly "poor in spirit." They were to her but proofs of the affection of the friend who had so faithfully watched over her. "You have not said a word about all you have done for me!" exclaimed Italia as the letter dropped from her hand. "I owe you every thing. I can not leave you—I will write myself and tell the claim that binds me to you. I know—I know I shall not be forced to go." "That must rest with your grandfather," said Mrs. Clinton calmly. "It is proper that you should write, but do not ask to stay; you must wait, and go where duty calls." Italia's letter was the best proof that Mrs. Clinton's praises were not undeserved. Gratefully she acknowledged the interest that her grandfather had taken in her when he supposed her still one of the afflicted of earth, and frankly she expressed her yearning to see one who was bound to her by the ties of nature, and could talk to her of the dear parents who were now no more. Then she sketched her life since the morning when she had roused the mourner from her apathy of grief into pity, curiosity, and love. She told of the tenderness and patience with which she had been gently led to self-control and self-improvement, and the earnest Christian counsel that had made her know and love the Redeemer. "All that I am, I owe, under God, to my dear Mrs. Clinton. You can well think how I love her, yet you stand to me in the relation of those whom I am bound to honor and obey; and your will shall be law to me. If you wish me to come to you, I shall come and try to be a true daughter." Thus ended Italia's letter to her grandfather. It was enclosed in that of Mrs. Clinton, and was soon speeding its swift way across the wide sea. Those weeks of waiting that must elapse before a reply could be received—how did they pass with Mrs. Clinton and Italia? Not in listlessness and inactivity. Not in idle speculations or fruitless wishes. Mrs. Clinton and Italia had grown suddenly more precious to each other by the idea of their possible separation. A

stronger incentive was added to their wish to make their time pass profitably as well as pleasantly. Italia was eager to improve every opportunity of hearing Mrs. Clinton's wise and ennobling counsel, or joining with her in such works of charity as they could perform in concert. Together they read, worked, and prayed; making glad their home, and spreading joy around them—striving to think rather of the far eternal future, than of the earthly circumstances through which they must pass ere they reached that home of peace. CHAPTER XX.—WHITHER? The wished for letter at length arrived. It was addressed to Italia; but she placed it in Mrs. Clinton's hand, saying: "Read it for me—read it with me." It contained not a summons for Italia's immediate departure, but a permission for her to remain with Mrs. Clinton. The grandfather had been deeply touched by Italia's description of the love that had gently led her from her afflicted state to that happy condition which she now enjoyed. He declared himself unwilling to rob the noble friend who had been raised up for Italia in adversity, of the daughter she had won for herself. The letter was written at two sittings. In the first portion, the writer expressed his intention of coming at once to the United States, to see the grand-daughter he would not selfishly claim, and the warm-hearted lady, with whom she had found a home. The second portion of the letter pronounced this visit an impossibility, as he had suffered from a sudden and violent, though short illness, which might at any time return, and put an end to his days. Mr. Murray expressed his regret that the bulk of his property must pass to the nearest male heir, but added that he had made a provision for Italia, which in case of his death, he hoped would be sufficient for her. The old gentleman could not close without an expression of regret that he had not some one near him in his present delicate state of health, who would be to him as a daughter; but he would not press his claims. "Then I may stay with you," said Italia, kissing Mrs. Clinton affectionately, as they finished the letter. The generous spirit shown in the letter, and the true Christian principle there expressed had not been without effect upon Mrs. Clinton, and they nerved her for the sacrifice for which she had been trying to prepare herself. "Italia," she said tenderly, "God has given you a knowledge of your own living relative. He has claims upon you which are greater than mine. I am well. My feelings only will suffer in parting with you, while he may really need you beside his sick bed. I think, my darling, you must go." Italia's habitual submission to the will of Mrs. Clinton now came to her aid and stilled the sudden rising of rebellion that for a moment stirred her heart. She must show her love to Mrs. Clinton by obedience, rather than by selfishly clinging to her society. After a short pause, Italia said gently: "I will go, if you think it is best." She could say no more for the fast-flowing tears that would not be repressed. Mrs. Clinton was as prompt in action as she was generous in her impulses. She wrote immediately to Italia's grandfather, telling him she would send him her adopted daughter, as soon as possible; and with her would go many prayers, that she might be the same comfort to him that she had been in her present home. Mrs. Clinton soon found among her friends a suitable escort for her young charge; and the preparations for Italia's departure went forward rapidly. Italia had resolved to go, and to go cheerfully; and no one knew the pain she suffered at the prospect before her. To leave Mrs. Clinton to go to a stranger, and to a strange home where no true woman's heart was ready to comfort and counsel her, was a sore trial. Another haunting, painful thought made Italia shrink from what was before her, but she could not even name it, as by so doing she knew she should be giving added pain to her tried friend. A strong and awful dread of the sea and its many dangers had taken pos-

session of Italia; and at times she felt as if she could not trust herself again upon the treacherous water, in which she had once well-nigh perished. Even this dread Italia kept under control by the faith which enabled her to leave her future in the hands of her heavenly Father; and as the days swiftly passed away, she learned to look forward with calmness to the coming voyage, although she could not speak of the parting hour that ever drew nearer. One thing Italia had requested, and to this request Mrs. Clinton willingly consented. Italia wished to go to her new home and new scenes of trial as the open, acknowledged follower of Christ. For many, many months she had been ready and desirous to become a member of the church, and had been only waiting until she should be a little older before she should take upon herself the solemn vows. Now, there seemed no reason for further delay, and Mrs. Clinton had the pleasure of kneeling with Italia to commemorate the Saviour's dying love. This solemn service seemed to give the young Christian new strength for the scenes through which she was to pass. There was a sweet cheerfulness about her that told of a heart at rest, because staid on the Rock of Ages. We will not dwell upon the parting between Mrs. Clinton and Italia. The orphan was borne away by the swift steamer, and Mrs. Clinton was left alone, once more childless. Not now, as in her bereavement, did the true-hearted Christian give the half resignation that can dwell with despondency. The lessons she had learned in the school of affliction taught her another and a better course. Activity, usefulness, work for her heavenly Master, these were to be Mrs. Clinton's comforters. As she took Dr. Aulick's arm, and turned from the steamer that bore away her beloved Italia, it was not to go back to the silence and desolation of her own home. Under the Doctor's roof she was to find new occupation and new interests. There Sidney and John were again to be with her; and to their improvement she was determined to lead her energies. Italia had been perhaps taken from her to do a good work in her distant home, that she might turn to Sidney and her brother, and faithfully labor for them. Happy are they who have learned to be willing to love on, when one dear one after another is taken away. It is the selfish spirit that whispers: "Love is an avenue of suffering. I will henceforward live a life of lonely indifference." It is Christ-like to keep the heart ever open, ever ready to love, though the parting hour must come, and the sharing of affection be but the sharing of sorrow. CHAPTER XXI.—CONCLUSION. Italia trusted herself again on that fearful sea, that in her dreams had roared and muttered its threatenings, and was safely brought to the haven where she would be. The young Christian had yet work to do on earth, in her English home. The affection with which she was greeted and which daily grew in strength, she looked upon as a free gift, and worthy of a grateful return. That any one should love her, she considered a proof of true kindness of spirit; and this modesty made her receive the tenderness of her grandfather in a way that only increased that feeling on his part. Outward circumstances were little to Italia. The position which her grandfather held made no impression upon her. What the world thought of him, she was not inclined to ask. He was to her one dear, at first through the ties of blood, and soon dear for his own sake. Tenderly as her heart ever turned to Mrs. Clinton, she could not but rejoice that it was her privilege to smooth the declining years of one who would otherwise have been so lonely. There was about Mr. Murray no appearance of weakness, but he was slowly yielding to disease; slowly as the majestic tree bows and falls when the strokes of the strong man's axe have insured its destruction, he was going down to the tomb. In that tomb he was at last laid, and

one young, true mourner stood beside it, looking upward in faith, while weeping friends were around her, and humble dependents bewailed as for the loss of a father. Italia was an orphan and without relatives; but a motherly heart was waiting to welcome her in a far distant home. In that far distant home, that welcome had been given, and Mrs. Clinton felt as if a mercy were granted her greater than she should have dared to hope or ask, while Italia wept with chastened joy. Italia's blessedness was ever that of the "poor in spirit," that which is found in lowly, perfect obedience to a heavenly Father. To go or come, to be lonely or beloved, had become easy to her, as all that could happen to her in her earthly lot was by the will of her Lord and Master. Love she gratefully welcomed from earthly friends, while the love Jesus gave filled her with the deep heart-thrilling thankfulness that made glad her pilgrimage. Three years of separation had passed, when Italia was again pressed to the heart of her best earthly friend. Mrs. Clinton and Italia were not alone in the hour of their happy reunion. Dr. Aulick was there to rejoice with them, and to contrast that time of joy with the morning, when Faith Clinton had resolved in her desolation to love no more, and Italia was but the orphan, poor Fidgetty Skeert. Sidney too was with the friend she valued, and of whom she was now worthy. Self-reliance and unconsciousness had grown in Sidney, as she felt herself day by day more truly sustained within by an Almighty Power, and realized that she was ever in the presence of the all-seeing eye. Now she only thought of Italia in joyous return, and was astonished when John could not resist saying: "Look at Sidney, Italia; would you ever know her? Am I not right in being proud of her?" John had been struggling to walk in the upward path, and he had soon found that Sidney was in advance of him on that heavenly road. To his sister he learned to go for communion on the subject he now deemed most important; and her simple words sometimes were worth more to him than many a lengthy sermon. Intercourse with his fellow students had taught John Carr that he was not so wonderfully wise as he had supposed, and appreciation of true wisdom had made him feel that to understand "all mysteries and all knowledge" is little worth, without that charity which "vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly." Unconsciousness, obedience, and humility had been growing and strengthening in Italia, Sidney, and John; and daily, through a joyful experience and a living faith, they were learning the truth of that saying of Jesus: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." THE END. It will light you Home. Going two miles into a neighborhood where very few could, to spend an evening in reading to a company who were assembled to listen, and about to return by a narrow path through the woods, where paths diverged, I was provided with a torch of light wood, or "pitch pine." I objected; it was too small, weighing not over a half pound. "It will light you home," answered my host. "The wind may blow it out." "He said, 'It will light you home.' But if it should rain?" I again objected. "It will light you home," he insisted. Contrary to my fears, it gave abundant light to my path all the way home, furnishing an apt illustration. I often think, to the way in which doubting hearts would be led safely along the "narrow way." If they would take the Bible as their guide, it would be a lamp to their feet, leading to the heavenly home. One man had five objections to the Bible. If he would take it as a lamp to his feet, it would light him home. Another told me he had two faults to find with the Bible. I answered him in the words of my good friend who furnished the torch. "It will light you home."—American Messenger.

ELECTRIC endeavoured of the Tuileries and disclimbing over made an effort by holding a ing part of illumination rendered withstanding ance of a Rue St. Hon nounced to tity of one of about eight not been e was a soldier. FINE CAS State House S. C., their commemora soldiers who whose name tablets at pondent say casting cons tion of the favourite tr We have h other place able to be flexible leav supposing optical delu the easc. iron, life-like fibers of the wave tremu and the ically, has s the real tr acutest obs five rods. BIG-TREE Minnesota trees of C take a bac there has r a specimen dalina, or has been a proves to first bran and sixty "some dist TO PRES the sea-wee remove the pervades it shallow ves or card to it under the plant as na with the firm brush. Ran into a slant the water. of board or ay two or paper on it specimen, a piece of more blott board, and your specim On the upp The blotti will requ every day exudes. W imens can according lector, with ing, and below.—O STAMME aloud each It may tir within a fe and one b ment in s way bring the stamin and keeps are used t who wou remedy s finally rea weeks, tw on accou read twice tely cur Do everyt eral heal It requir ance, but EUROPE In the was the Gots, th Huns, th other bar and over