

## Family Reading.

## An Unanswered Prayer.

"O give me a message of quiet,"  
I asked in my morning prayer;  
"For the turbulent trouble within me  
Is more than my heart can bear.  
Around there is strife and discord,  
And the storms that do not cease,  
And the whirl of the world is on me—  
Thou only canst give me peace."

I opened the old, old Bible,  
And looked at a page of Psalms  
Till the wintry sea of my trouble  
Was soothed by its summer calms;  
For the words that have helped so many,  
And that ages have made more dear,  
Seemed now in their power to comfort,  
As they brought me my word of cheer.

They did not find it easy—  
Those writers of long ago—  
To live in this world of sorrow,  
And its lights and shades to know;  
They often were sad and weary,  
Their hearts were sore afraid,  
But they knew in whom they trusted,  
And they were not quite dismayed.

Like music of solemn singing,  
Their words came down to me:  
"The Lord is slow to anger,  
And of mercy great is he;  
Each generation praiseth  
His works of long renown,  
The Lord upholdeth all that fall,  
And raiseth the bowed down."

That gave me the strength I wanted!  
I knew that the Lord was nigh:  
All that was making me sorry  
Would be better by and by;  
I had but to wait in patience,  
And keep at my Father's side,  
And nothing would really hurt me,  
Whatever might betide.

I found that when he gives quiet,  
No other can trouble make;  
Pardon and perfect safety  
Lie in the path I take;  
So, stronger to carry the burden,  
I met my day of care,  
For my heart was lightened and joyous  
With the peace of an unanswered prayer.

—Marianne Farmingham.

## Select Serial.

## COMING TO THE LIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BABES  
IN THE BASKET."

CHAPTER VII.—THE DOUBLE  
LESSON.

It is in vain for us to expect to find pleasure only in any good work. No great deed was ever accomplished without some disappointment, much patient labor, and a strong will, and a determined purpose. Mrs. Clinton had found an occupation that diverted her mind from dwelling on sad remembrances; but she was not working for her own sake. If her aim had been only selfish, she would soon have given up in despair. She was trying to imitate the Saviour who came "to seek and to save that which was lost" and she could not be easily disheartened.

There were days when Fidgetty's restlessness came back upon her, with renewed power. All that she had gained seemed gone in a moment. Then Mrs. Clinton would grow pale and weary, as she tried expedient after expedient to fix Fidgetty's wandering attention, and calm her excited nerves. For this end Mrs. Clinton found music a most valuable means. Fidgetty would listen to some sweet air played by the skillful hands of her friend, and grow calm as she listened.

Mrs. Clinton had thought she should never open that piano again: but now she daily took her seat there, and played—played for Fidgetty Skeert, though she could not help seeing at her side her own dear daughter, who had once so loved to stand near her, and sing to her accompaniment.

As a reward for uncommon efforts at self-control, Fidgetty was allowed to try her own skill, her wonderful skill that was ever a puzzle to Mrs. Clinton. Sometimes she fancied Fidgetty was only reviving knowledge learned before the blight came upon her; and then she would hope that this one remembrance might serve as a link to recall all the past to the poor, nameless girl. Just as this hope had gained strength, Fidgetty would catch the air of some late composition, and play it so correctly, that Mrs. Clinton would be forced to conclude that her pupil was only now developing a surprising talent for music which enabled the strange child to learn

in a few moments, what would have been a tiresome task for most girls of her age.

Mrs. Clinton's charge no longer looked like the Fidgetty Skeert of the Orphan Asylum. Neatly but simply dressed, there was a peculiar grace about her tall figure, and a bright, pleasing expression in her face, that could not but attract a stranger. The curling hair, that turned back from her forehead, had given her such a wild air, was not parted and brushed smoothly, and only allowed to form brown rings beside her still pale cheeks.

Fidgetty's gratitude to Mrs. Clinton, was unbounded, and her efforts to show it were really touching. She watched every movement of her kind friend, and strove to anticipate all her wishes. Mrs. Clinton contrived ways in which Fidgetty could be thus useful, that the poor girl might enjoy the pure pleasure of doing something for her benefactress. Fidgetty knew that it was not mere pity, but love that was actuating Mrs. Clinton in her patient efforts for her improvement, and this knowledge had a wonderful effect on her. To please Mrs. Clinton, she struggled to suppress the old whims that now tempted her to leap over chairs, now induced her to try to keep all her limbs in motion at once; and now made her feel that to cease walking was a punishment too hard to be borne.

Mrs. Clinton had dreaded to see Fidgetty at table. She felt, the first time they sat down together, almost as if she were to witness performances more fit to be enacted in a menagerie, than in the dining-room of a lady. But she was agreeably disappointed. Fidgetty's manner at table, though nervous, was by no means wanting in refinement. A scrupulous neatness in all things was one of her peculiarities; and at table there was a kind of daintiness in the use of her knife and fork, that was most unexpected. Mrs. Clinton fancied at first, that this was a trace of some tender mother's careful training but the quickness with which Fidgetty soon imitated some of her own peculiar habits, made her doubt her first conclusion.

Two months had passed since Fidgetty had taken up her abode in her new home. Mrs. Clinton had aimed chiefly at teaching her charge to exercise control over her nervous, restless body; and in this she had succeeded in a measure.

Fidgetty could now sew for an hour, work patiently in her garden for a long time, and still longer listen with rapt attention to the sound of the piano. Fidgetty had an earnest desire for her own improvement; but the motive that chiefly actuated her was the devoted love with which she responded to the interest Mrs. Clinton had shown in her.

Of course, Mrs. Clinton was touched and gratified by the daily and hourly proofs of Fidgetty's attachment, but with this she was not satisfied. She knew that she had undertaken the training of an immortal being, whose soul was to be brought near her creator. She knew that if Fidgetty Skeert were ever to be self-governed in heart and mind, it must be through the highest motive that ever prompts to holiness even—the love of God, and by the power from on high freely given to those who ask it.

Towards this end Mrs. Clinton was quietly working. If Fidgetty was full of joyous admiration for her flowers, Mrs. Clinton spoke of the all-powerful God, who contrives them for our pleasure. As the heathen children at one of our missionary stations, were overcome by the interest felt in them by Christians over the water, when they saw the playthings sent for their amusement so Fidgetty was affected, when she understood the effort made by the Father of all who make bright our earthly dwelling-place. That he should provide her with food and raiment, seemed wonderfully kind to the poor girl, but that one so mighty should minister to her pleasure, touched her with a sense of his mercy and love.

When Fidgetty poured from her full heart expressions of gratitude to Mrs. Clinton, for all her kindness, the Christian friend told of the Great Ruler above who had sent Fidgetty Skeert to comfort a sorrowing mother and made that mother love and care for the orphan.

Little by little, Fidgetty had caught

an idea of the great, all-seeing, all-knowing God, and of his home, beautiful beyond our power to think or imagine. Then the idea took possession of her mind that poor Fidgetty Skeert was unworthy the notice of such a Being. She felt herself too insignificant, too naughty to attract his loving regard. She was sure that such an one as she could never be allowed to enter the pure and holy dwelling-place of the God who inhabiteth eternity.

Mrs. Clinton saw for several days her down-cast, sorrowful look, and drew from her its cause. Then the heart of the watchful friend leaped for joy, and was lifted up in prayer. It seemed to her that the time had come for telling of the love of the Savior for a sinful, dying world.

Fidgetty's eyes were fixed upon Mrs. Clinton, as she simply rehearsed the life of Him who humbled himself to the manger of Bethlehem, and its consequent cares and poverty, mingled in the loathsome throng of the diseased, endured persecution, desertion and scorn, and was at length crucified in the bitter anguish of Calvary. The joys of heaven were forsaken that he might know the poor man's trials—heat the suffering, comfort the sorrowing, set an example of meekness and humility, and die in agony, that there should be a friend for all the distressed, and a Savior through whose blood every repentant sinner might freely enter heaven.

"Did he do all this for poor Fidgetty Skeert, too?" said the wondering, weeping girl.

"For you, dear Fidgetty. He loves you and will gladly be your Savior. For his sake your sins may be forgiven, and you may know that you have a home in heaven."

Fidgetty dropped on her knees, and bowed her head on Mrs. Clinton's lap for many minutes in silence. When she raised it, her face was beaming with an expression that only comes when a human heart is filled with the holy faith that is the gift of God. From that time Fidgetty seemed to feel as if the work of her salvation was accomplished. She could not doubt that the suffering of such a Savior would be accepted. For her poor unworthy self, a priceless ransom had been offered, and she felt redeemed from the curse. She accepted the full salvation given in Christ, and welcomed it with great joy.

One master-thought now took possession of her: the wish to do something for him who had so loved and suffered for sinful human beings.

"To present herself a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable" unto him, seemed indeed a "reasonable service." No effort seemed too great, no task too difficult to be accomplished for his sake, and in the strength promised his name.

Mrs. Clinton felt herself instructed by the simple faith, and single-hearted love of the poor girl, into whose mind it was her privilege to pour the light of truth. The perfect salvation wrought through Christ, was better understood by the teacher, as it was caught and welcomed by one of the lowly of earth.

## CHAPTER VIII.—ONE MOTIVE.

Life was all simplified now to Fidgetty Skeert. She had no doubts as to what she should do. "This is right," Mrs. Clinton would say, and that was enough to ensure the most strenuous efforts from her pupil.

Fidgetty was learning to read, and patiently and cheerfully she went through with the labor. She needed no encouragements, no stimulus, but the thought that there was a book given by God to man, and it would be open to her when this task was accomplished. Precious words from the book she daily heard, but she longed to pore over it in secret, and draw water herself from the wells of salvation.

The skillful training to habits of attention through which Fidgetty had passed, had prepared her for using the mind that had so long been suffered to rest.

She had been affected by a physical disease, but her mind had lost none of its powers, because the record of the past had through danger and suffering been blotted from her memory.

What is a slow and long-drawn-out effort with a little child, was with Fidgetty Skeert, at twelve, an easy process. When her mind was once

wholly, intently interested, her body ceased its restlessness, and was forgotten in the new occupation.

The daily lessons were now a source of contentment to Mrs. Clinton, and she already felt more than rewarded for all her anxious toil. It was as sweet music to her ears when Fidgetty could read to her the devout Psalms of David, or the loving teachings of our Lord and Savior. Through and through the New Testament read the earnest scholar, eager to know all that could be learned of that Jesus, who had so loved the world that he took his life in his hand and came to save us. Then in the Old Testament Mrs. Clinton pointed out how his coming had been promised even to sinful Adam, and his life and sufferings been shadowed forth in the death of righteous Abel, the misfortunes of Joseph, the wise rule of Moses, the lifted healing serpent, the bread from heaven, the water from the rock, and the many, many, signs and types that fill with interest the history and prophecies of the Jews.

The Bible was the book that Fidgetty studied until she had mastered its divine meaning, or rather caught an outline of its message; then she took it as her life-long companion, her comfort and guide.

An eager thirst for knowledge had taken hold of the once ignorant, hopeless orphan. The mind that God had given her, she considered an inestimable treasure. It seemed to her a wonderful blessing that poor Fidgetty Skeert was found to be in the possession of a mind that could know and understand, and deep was her gratitude for the mercy that most children take as a matter of course.

The wonders of foreign countries, the curious contrivances and interesting anecdotes contained in natural history, the experiences of the great men of the past, of these Fidgetty daily learned more and more, and found a pleasure in each acquisition. For figures she showed a peculiar aptness, the combinations of numbers giving her that strange gratification that only comes to lovers of mathematics.

It is true, that after more than a year of study, Fidgetty was still far behind most girls of her age in the extent of her knowledge, but she had a desire for self-improvement, and a taste for learning, that too many more favored children utterly lack.

She would gladly have lingered daily for many hours over her lessons, but Mrs. Clinton had only to say, "It would not be right for you to study too much, Fidgetty," and the books were promptly laid aside.

Happy are they who have learned this one thing, to do the plain duty of the moment quickly, and cheerfully, whatever it may cost!

Fidgetty was industriously sewing one morning, while Mrs. Clinton was reading aloud in a History at Rome. The author suddenly made a comparison between the condition of Italy in the days of its power and its present sad humiliation, closing with the exclamation: "Italia! Italia! alas for Italia!"

Fidgetty jumped from her seat, with her eyes dilated, and her whole face expressing strange excitement and delight.

"Italia! Italia!" she exclaimed: "Italia! I am Italia! Italia; that is my name." Then sweeping her hand across her forehead she sank down bewildered and exhausted.

Mrs. Clinton was alarmed; she feared her labors had been all in vain, and at length Fidgetty's mind had become bewildered and given way.

Shutting the book, she said cheerfully, "Come, Fidgetty, we must gather our flowers; our vases are sadly in need of replenishing."

With the wondering, bewildered look still on her face, Fidgetty rose and mechanically followed Mrs. Clinton to the garden. The fall flowers were in their beauty, and at length her attention was so far attracted to them that her usual expression returned. That day Mrs. Clinton opened no more books. A walk followed the excursion to the garden, then came a drive, then Mrs. Clinton must have Fidgetty's assistance in preparing some baskets of clothing to be sent to the Sailor's Home, and so the day passed away.

Mrs. Clinton was troubled, and Fidgetty

saw it, and made unusual efforts to be cheerful, and attentive to the wishes of her beloved friend. She fancied Mrs. Clinton was lingering in the happy past, and comparing it with the childless present.

When she bade her kind friend good-night, she whispered: "Don't grieve, dear Mrs. Clinton. We shall go to them so very soon, and then you know 'all tears will be wiped away.'"

"Yes, Fidgetty, there shall be no more sorrow, no more sighing there," said Mrs. Clinton smiling. "I shall have three children then in heaven."

The joyous look on the face of the orphan showed that she understood the affection that made the mother count her with her dear lost ones, but she only silently again kissed good night. When in her quiet room, Fidgetty Skeert poured out more fully than ever the abundance of her gratitude to her heavenly Father, who had given her such a home and such a friend.

Fidgetty's words had had their influence upon Mrs. Clinton. She resolved to banish from her mind the anxious forebodings that had been called up by Fidgetty's excitement in the morning. She must leave the future of her charge in His hands who "doeth all things well."

Down at the bottom of Mrs. Clinton's heart there lingered a faint hope that she by chance had hit upon the true name of her who had been known only as poor Fidgetty Skeert, but in such fancies she had been so often disappointed that she would not suffer herself to dwell upon it. She would patiently and quietly wait, only fixing her eyes on the eternal joy, which she felt sure was in store for one who had so truly and faithfully begun to "remember her Creator in the days of her youth."

## History of Inebriety as a Disease.

Under this title a communication appears in the *Detroit Medical Review* from the pen of Dr. Crothers, of Hartford, Conn. He points out that inebriety was recognized as a disease, long before insanity was thought to be other than spiritual madness, as a possession of the devil. This disease was hinted at in an early age of the world, and is by no means a modern idea. On an old papyrus found in one of the tombs of Egypt dating back to a very ancient period was a very significant passage referring to an inebriate who had failed to keep sober. Many of the sculptures of Thebes and Egypt exhibit inebriates in the act of receiving physical treatment from their slaves, such as rubbings, or applications to the head and spine. Herodotus, five centuries before the Christian era, wrote "that drunkenness showed that both body and soul were sick." Diodorus and Plutarch assert "that drink madness is an affection of the body which hath destroyed many kings and noble people." Many of the Greek philosophers recognized the physical character of inebriety, and the hereditary influences or tendencies which were transmitted to the next generation. Laws were enacted forbidding women to use wine, and young boys were restricted. In the first century of the Christian era, St. John Chrysostom urged that inebriety was a disease like dyspepsia, and illustrated his meaning by many quaint reasonings. This was the first clear distinctive recognition of the disease which had been hinted at long before. In the next century Ulpian, the Roman jurist, referred to the irresponsible character of inebriates, and the necessity of treating them as sick men. Many of the early and later writers on Roman civilization contain references to drunkenness as a bodily disorder, not controllable beyond a certain point, which resulted in veritable madness. Little reference was made to this theory until the thirteenth century, when one of the Kings of Spain enacted laws fully recognizing inebriety as a disease, lessening the punishment of crime committed when under the influence of spirits. In the sixteenth century the penal codes of France, and many of the German States, contained enactments which recognized the disease character of inebriety. All punishment for crime committed during this state varied according to the condition of the prisoner at the time. In 1747, Condillac, a French philosopher, wrote expressing clear views of the disease of inebriety, and that the state should recognize and provide means for its treatment. He asserted that the impulse to drink was like insanity, an affection of the brain which could not be reached by law or religion. Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, in 1790, set forth the same theory, supported by a long train of reasoning. To him belongs the honor of first elaborating this subject and outlining what has been accepted half a century after.—*Medical Press and Circular*.

## Puzzles' Department.

## Scripture Enigma.

No. 182.

Find by the following a most important question once asked of two prisoners. It is composed of 20 letters:

- 1, 2, 19, 17, 4, is what Solomon gave Hiram in payment for wood.
- 4, 9, 5, 13, 12, 2, 19, 6, 7, the disciple whom Paul called "his beloved son and faithful in the Lord."
- 10, 3, 18, 9, 20 took the shields of gold that were on the servants of Hades.
- 5, 11, 16, 15, 7 wrote a beautiful song and taught it to the children of Israel.
- 14, 17, 8, 2, 7, 2, 15, 14, 3, the daughter of Eliam.

## CURIOUS QUESTIONS.

411. Find the names of sixteen animals—Birds, Beasts or Fishes—here described:
  1. Idleness.
  2. A small weight.
  3. Narrow wollen tape.
  4. A name for a foolish person.
  5. A machine for raising heavy goods.
  6. A boy's plaything.
  7. Passing of food into the stomach.
  8. The theme of ones constant thought.
  9. A woman's symbol of marriage.
  10. To force into a tube.
  11. A place around a fort.
  12. To move in the air.
  13. The lower part of a shoe.
  14. An iron shoe for moving on ice.
  15. The lowest musical part.
  16. A long spear.
412. Find an English word that does not contain a single letter.
413. Find sixteen words, each containing but one single letter.

Find answers to the above—write them down—and see how they agree with the answers to be given next week.

## Answer to Scripture Enigma.

No. 181.

Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned?  
Hashmonah. Caleb. Crescens. Israel.  
I conium. Tibni. Foot. Kind. Ten.

## What Cows can be taught.

It may be that the farmers, or country families, are comparatively few who can afford time for such perfect training of their domestic animals as is here intimated. But there is always time enough for gentle treatment at least—and the results of this are really a "training" that in most cases will prove quite sufficient. A farmer's wife thus writes to the *New York Observer*:

"Reading in a recent issue the article 'The Cow Intellectually,' reminds me of some instances which have occurred within my own observation.

"In our own herd of twelve cows was one the children called 'Betsey,' who, as soon as the milkers entered the yard with pails, always came forward and placed herself in position for her master to milk, often following him around the yard to where he chose to stop for that purpose; and if to test her, as he often did for the amusement of spectators, he passed her by, seating himself at another cow first, Betsey always came forward and instantly and decisively pushing her away, placed herself in front of him, thus expressing her wish in a most unmistakable way.

"When in position, she would look around at him as much as to say, 'I am ready; me first.'

"A lady of our acquaintance, who is a sweet singer, goes to the pasture-bars with her pails, sits down upon her stool and commences to sing 'Hymn and Psalm tunes, hearing which the cows lift up their heads, look and immediately proceed to the place, evidently expecting their mistress to sing as she milks.

"A feeble old gentleman whom we know, goes to his yard and seating himself in a good place says, 'Come! Cow No. 1, comes and places herself before him to be milked.

"When the operation is completed, he says 'Go.' She passes on to the stable and takes her place in her stallion for the night. Then he calls No. 2, and does the same.

"Another old gentleman takes his dinner-horn and blows a blast or two towards the pasture, when the cow comes home directly, thus saving her master a long tramp 'going after the cow.'

"All these examples go to show that cows are as capable of being trained as any other domestic animal, and that kind treatment will accomplish, without any trouble, what severe or cruel usage will never affect, but only defeat.