

Family Reading.

In the Long Run.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

In the long run fame finds deserving man,
The lucky might may prosper for a day,
But in good time true merit leads the van,
And vain pretence, unnoticed goes its way,
There is no chance, no Destiny, no Fate,
But Fortune smiles on those who work
and wait.

In the long run.

In the long run all godly sorrow pays,
There is no better thing than righteous
pain;
The sleepless nights, the awful thorn-crowned
days,
Bring sure reward to tortured soul and
brain,
Unmeaning joys enervate in the end,
But sorrow yields a glorious dividend
in the long run.

In the long run all hidden things are known;
The eye of Truth will penetrate the night,
And, good or ill, thy secret shall be known,
However well 'tis guarded from the light,
And the unspoken motives of the breast
Are fathomed by the years and stand
confessed.

In the long run.

In the long run all love is paid by love,
Though undervalued by the hearts of
earth;
The great eternal Government above
Keeps strict account and will redeem its
work.

Give thy love freely; do not count the cost;
So beautiful a thing was never lost
in the long run.

—Advance.

Select Serial.

COMING TO THE LIGHT.

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

CHAPTER V.—EXPERIMENTS.

Mrs. Clinton had been looking over the playthings of her little boy, not now for the gratification of feeling, half-pleasing, half-painful, but for a special purpose. She had selected a large box of blocks, and had them brought to the parlor. There was the box on the floor besides her, but he sunny-faced child looked up from his play to meet his mother's smile. The tears flowed for a few moments down the cheeks of the mourner; then she wiped them away, resolutely. God had removed her darling to his better home, and she was left on earth to be the mere faithful servant of her heavenly Father for the chastening she had received. The dear child's playthings could not be better employed than in the good work upon which the mother had entered.

Mrs. Clinton was really glad when the hour came for Fidgetty's visit. There was no discussion this day at the door. Nora admitted Fidgetty in silence. She had already begun to look favorably upon her since it was plain that Mrs. Clinton's interest in the poor girl was leading her away from the sad thoughts upon which she had been lately dwelling.

Fidgetty had none of her peculiar animation about her this morning, though a glad smile for a moment appeared on her face, as she responded to the cordial greeting of her kind friend. 'Come, Fidgetty, we are going to build some houses this morning,' said Mrs. Clinton, opening the box beside her, and emptying the blocks on the floor.

To and fro went Fidgetty with swift hurrying steps: at length, she stopped suddenly, and the tears flowed fast as she said: 'It's no use! they say. They say I'll tire you out, and I ought to be ashamed to worry anybody who has had so much trouble. They say poor Fidgetty Skeert can never learn anything. I just come to tell you, and to say, I'll never, never forget how good you have been to me!'

'Who says all this, Fidgetty?' asked Mrs. Clinton in a kind, quiet way.

'Mary Jane says so—and Mary Jane knows. She is pretty, she is bright. Everybody praises Mary Jane and she says Fidgetty Skeert will never learn anything. Mrs. Brown, too, good Mrs. Brown, says Fidgetty Skeert stands in other people's way, and all for nothing. I won't give trouble I won't worry you; I'll go away, and oh! dear! oh! dear!' and the poor thing cried as if her heart would break.

'Fidgetty, dear Fidgetty!' said Mrs. Clinton tenderly. 'This will never do; you must be calm and quiet, and then

I will talk to you. You must not let anybody discourage you. Listen to what I have to say.'

Fidgetty sat down on a low seat, and looked earnestly into Mrs. Clinton's face.

'I am not going to give you up. I am going to teach you and make you a good useful girl. You must not mind what other people say. Be patient and try yourself, and by and by, Mrs. Brown and Mary Jane will laugh to think what a mistake they made, to say Fidgetty Skeert could never learn anything.'

Mrs. Clinton paused, and a faint smile came over Fidgetty's face.

Now commenced the building of the block houses. On the floor sat Mrs. Clinton laying up block by block, and watching to see Fidgetty imitate her exactly, and so they went on until at length, the little edifices were complete, doors, windows, columns, and all. Poor Fidgetty, by a desperate effort kept her attention fixed upon what she was doing. The loving interest her new friend had taken in her had roused a resolution to be worthy of such kindness.

Fidgetty knew not the vision that was ever before the mother's eyes, as she reared the pattern for her strange pupil to copy. The merry boy with golden curls seemed sitting there beside them; smiling, his mother thought as angel's smile, and the fancy cheered her in the effort she was making.

Fidgetty laughed—a mirthful, hopeful laugh, as she saw her success, and in it Mrs. Clinton had a pure pleasure.

'Now, Fidgetty,' said the lady kindly. 'We will arrange some flowers.'

Fidgetty's face was full of delight which changed to open expressions of admiration when Nora entered with a tray, on which were verbanas and heliotropes, roses and geraniums, fresh from a neighboring green-house.

'You may make a bouquet for Mary Jane,' said Mrs. Clinton kindly. 'Tie up a bunch as prettily as you can, and take it home to her.'

Mrs. Clinton watched Fidgetty's face closely as she spoke, to see if any feeling of resentment lingered in her mind, for the contempt that had been shown towards her. The bright smile with which she received the proposal and the eagerness with which she commenced the work, showed very plainly, that she was only too glad to have such a pleasant way of replying to the taunts that had so grieved her in the morning.

Mrs. Clinton busied herself among the flowers, humming the tune she had sung with Fidgetty the day before, and her companion, as in sympathy, joined in with her voice, and kept steadily on with her work.

Fidgetty had grouped her flowers with real taste, and when her bouquet was done she looked at it with earnest admiration.

'This is for Mary Jane,' she said joyously.

'And this is for Fidgetty,' said Mrs. Clinton, placing the other bouquet in her hand.

'Thank you! thank you!' said Fidgetty jumping up to relieve herself by one of her promenades. 'This I'll give to Mrs. Brown, if I may.'

'Sit still a few moments longer, and you may do what you please with the bouquets,' said Mrs. Clinton. 'We must sing our hymns before you go.'

Through that house, lately so quiet, sounded the two voices. In the one there were tones of hidden sadness, but Fidgetty's was clear and glad as the wild bird's in spring.

It was the hopeful springtime for her and she felt it. That poor Fidgetty Skeert should be good and useful, now seemed to her a possible thing. She had made the first steps towards self-conquest, and her heart was full of joy, and running over with love to the one patient friend who had stretched out the hand of tender pity, to raise her from her position of despair and humiliation.

CHAPTER VI.—A NEW HOME.

Mrs. Clinton was lost in a brown study for some time after the departure of Fidgetty. What should she do? She could not have her efforts for the poor girl counteracted by the discouraging influence exercised upon her among her companions. Mrs. Clinton

felt prompted to take Fidgetty to her own home and devote herself to her improvement. The idea of adopting Fidgetty Skeert as her child did not once enter into Mrs. Clinton's mind. She would have felt it almost an insult to the sweet bright children that had been snatched from her, to put in their place the poor despised orphan, who might yet prove herself wandering in mind, or hopelessly afflicted with a nervous bodily disease. Mrs. Clinton was deeply interested in Fidgetty Skeert and she was resolved to do all in her power to develop what was in her. To do this successfully, she must have her more under her own eye. Mrs. Clinton knew that she could not expect any wonderful degree of patience or forbearance from Nora. If Fidgetty was to be a member of the household, she must not be exposed to the unthinking Irish girl's whims and moods.

Mrs. Clinton pondered, pondered, and at length was ready to act. Dr. Aulick had well understood her generous, enthusiastic, persevering character. He knew that to have an object of interest was for her a matter of necessity. Having once undertaken to do a kind action, Mrs. Clinton was not to be deterred by obstacles that were not insurmountable.

It was no inconvenience to her in her lonely condition, to have Fidgetty Skeert at her side and at her table as her companion. Her own prejudices might be shocked, but there was no one else to be wounded; and on this plan she resolved. She would try by constant, patient, watchfulness, to make Fidgetty exercise the self-government which could alone insure a perfect cure.

When Mrs. Brown saw that there was really a prospect of parting with Fidgetty Skeert, she confessed how useful she had been in the establishment. On Fidgetty had fallen almost entirely, the care of the younger children, and there was an universal mourning among them at the idea of bidding her good-by. Their restlessness and continual noise had contributed to keep up the excited state of Fidgetty's nerves. And her desire to amuse them had encouraged her to give way to all the wild pranks that had suggested themselves to her mind.

Mrs. Brown and the children gathered round Fidgetty to bid her farewell. There was but one face in the group that expressed no sorrow. Mary Jane's pretty mouth was pouting, and her eyes were full of envy and malice. She felt as though Fidgetty were robbing her of her rights, in going to the home that was offered to her. Poor Mary Jane! She was more to be pitied than Fidgetty Skeert. She had made the mistake that might be her ruin. She thought her pretty face ought to win love and favor, and supposed herself immensely superior to all around her, because she had a quicker, brighter mind. It takes something more than pleasing features or quickness of mind to win love, or to keep it.

Fidgetty had no suspicion of Mary Jane's feeling. 'Good-by, dear. I wish you were going too, you would make Mrs. Clinton a great deal happier,' said Fidgetty giving the kiss that the pouting child was ashamed to refuse and so with kisses and good-bys, Fidgetty left the asylum.

Fidgetty had thought nothing of the change in her position, excepting that she was to be with Mrs. Clinton and that she was to be taught; this was enough to fill her with joy. She was greatly surprised then, when her kind friend showed her into the small, neatly furnished room, that was to be all her own.

'This can't be for Fidgetty Skeert!' said the poor girl in astonishment.

'Yes: for our Fidgetty,' said Mrs. Clinton playfully. 'For our Fidgetty to have and keep in such perfect order that a fly couldn't dust his wing on the bureau.'

'You shall see! You shall see!' said Fidgetty joyously, and with difficulty restraining herself from a series of capers that would have been distressing to her kind friend.

With the coyness of a child, Fidgetty opened every drawer in the bureau, felt the neat bed-spread with the tips of her fingers, tracing out patterns, and looked at herself in the glass with feelings of mingled pleasure and pain.

'Fidgetty don't look as if she be-

longed here!' she said, turning to Mrs. Clinton, and then glancing down at her scant, coarse dress.

'We must put Fidgetty in order,' was the pleasant reply. 'Come down stairs now and we will begin upon your work.'

Fidgetty looked around the small room as if reluctant to leave so charming a spot, and then followed the lady.

Two weeks had passed since Fidgetty's first visit to Mrs. Clinton, before her removal to her new home. While the necessary arrangements had been made she had kept on with her daily lessons, going gradually from the occupations with which she had commenced, to those which required greater and more fixed attention. Now she was beginning to sew for a quarter of an hour at a time, though not promising yet to handle her needle with great skill. On this particular morning she made an uncommon effort to be industrious, feeling that it would be most unsuitable in her not to give all the help possible in making the garments that were preparing for her own use.

As Fidgetty plied her needle, now and then she lifted her eyes and gave such a loving look at Mrs. Clinton, as might have well repaid her kind benefactress for the interest she had shown in a helpless stranger.

The work was not destined to go on quietly, even for a quarter of an hour that day. The sound of wheels stopping before the door was followed by the voice of a man, saying that a friend of Mrs. Clinton's had put his carriage at her disposal, and hoped she would feel able to take a drive that morning.

Mrs. Clinton thought of what Dr. Aulick had said about fresh air, and determined to cut herself off from none of what he had called the physical helps in the promotion of cheerfulness under affliction. But what should she do with Fidgetty?

Fidgetty saw her puzzled look, and said quickly, 'I will try to be quiet. Do go out. See, I have sewed all that,' and she exhibited a seam set with straggling stitches, some in heaps, and some at the most respectful distances from each other.

'You need not stay shut up here, Fidgetty,' said Mrs. Clinton kindly. 'You may walk round the front parlor while I am gone; you will see some things there that will please you, I am sure.'

Fidgetty thanked Mrs. Clinton, and then asked if she might go up stairs to her room to see her get ready.

'I shall know another time where to find your bonnet and shawl when you wish to go out,' said Fidgetty, who kept her arms going all the time while she watched Mrs. Clinton dressing, but did not move her feet, an effort for which Mrs. Clinton warmly praised the poor child.

A dim light shone through the front parlor shutters, but Fidgetty managed to make her way about the room, and was soon able to see everything that it contained. At the pictures on the wall she looked and wondered. One of them particularly attracted her attention. It represented a little girl sitting with her arm about the neck of a plump baby boy, who was watching a pair of doves feeding at his side. There were Mrs. Clinton's mild eyes looking out from the face of the little girl, while her sweet smile lingered about the mouth of the boy. These must be the children for whom Mrs. Clinton was mourning. Fidgetty looked at them, wiping her eyes, and saying to herself: 'Gone! Gone! and only poor Fidgetty Skeert here to make the house cheerful! Fidgetty will be good! and on the floor she put down her foot firmly, as if to strengthen her resolution.

Fidgetty turned from the pictures, but it was to be even more interested in the object on the other side of the room.

Round the long-silent piano she walked, looking at it, putting her ear down to it, and passing her hand over her forehead, with a strange, bewildered expression. At length her eyes brightened, she sprang towards it, opened it, and laughed, laughed again and again. Over the keys she moved her hands, listening eagerly to the sounds produced. Up and down she gently drew her fingers, with the look of one trying to remember some forgotten tune, then seating herself she played a simple Scotch air, her face

expressing, the while, the most excessive delight. Over and over Fidgetty played that simple tune, then she sank down on the floor, and buried her face in her hands. There she was, when the wheels of the returning carriage made her start to be ready to open the door for Mrs. Clinton. Other hands had performed that office, other faces had once greeted Mrs. Clinton at that door, and the mother could not forget it; yet she had as mile for Fidgetty Skeert, with which to repay her for the little attention.

That afternoon Fidgetty spent in the garden. Her restlessness found vent in the active use of hoe and rake, while she 'made' what was to be her garden. Mrs. Clinton walked to and fro, giving directions to the gardener and encouraging Fidgetty in her unskillful performances.

What a short day that seemed to the poor orphan! She felt as if the sun must have made a mistake to drop down in the west and leave the world in darkness so soon. Night had to come, however, and bed time too. Then Fidgetty went up to her neat room, but she was not happy there; a thought came into her mind—a thought that troubled her. Perhaps Mrs. Clinton would be displeased to know of her strange joy in the morning, the strange pleasure she had had in the music she had made. Fidgetty could not rest, she stole back to the parlor, and coming up to Mrs. Clinton suddenly, she said, 'Fidgetty was bad, very bad today. Fidgetty made music in there! Oh! so sweet!' and Fidgetty swept her hand across her forehead with a bewildered look.

'What do you mean, Fidgetty? I don't understand you,' said Mrs. Clinton, wondering.

'Come, come and see,' said Fidgetty, taking Mrs. Clinton's hand.

Mrs. Clinton's curiosity was roused, and she let herself be led into the room that she had not entered since it had been the pleasant gathering place for herself and the little ones.

Fidgetty put down the candle she had taken in her hand. The piano was still open. With eager delight she brought forth the same sounds, the same simple tune that had so charmed her in the morning.

Mrs. Clinton listened with wonder. Had Fidgetty found a clue to her forgotten past, or had her quick musical ear enabled her to play the tune that she had but sung before?

The question was a puzzling one, but Mrs. Clinton was not left to dwell upon it.

'Was I bad? Was I bad?' asked Fidgetty eagerly. 'Oh! I am so sorry! You must learn not to touch anything without permission,' said Mrs. Clinton kindly; 'but I will forgive you this once. Now go quietly to bed like a good girl.'

Fidgetty sprang up stairs and was soon in a tranquil sleep.

Mrs. Clinton sat down to write a letter to Dr. Aulick, a long letter, full of Fidgetty Skeert. She wanted the advice of her experienced uncle as to the training of the singular being she had taken under her charge, and in whom her interest daily increased.

She wanted to thank the good doctor for his frank kindness in rousing her from the state of inaction into which she had sunk, and bringing her to a sense of her responsibility to the Giver, for the use of time and talents.

How the worthy doctor did enjoy that letter! It was like seeing the color come back to the pale cheeks of one rising up from an illness that had seemed unto death.

Slack's Disease.

WHAT AILED THE BOY.

'Get up, little boy! You are lying in bed too long; breakfast will soon be ready. The canary-bird has taken his bath, and is now singing a sweet song. Get up! get up! or I shall throw this pillow at you.'

'Don't throw the pillow at me!' cried Oliver. 'I'll promise to get up in five minutes.'

'If you would be healthy, wealthy and wise, you must rise early, little boy,' said Charlotte.

When Oliver came down to the breakfast-table, his father said, 'How is this, Oliver? You are late again.'

'I went to sleep and forgot all about it,' said Oliver.

'Come here, my boy, and let me feel your pulse,' said his father. 'I should not wonder if Oliver were suffering from a disease, which is very common at this time.'

Oliver gave his hand to his father, who, after feeling his pulse, said, 'Yes, it is as I thought. Poor Oliver has Slack's disease. Take him up to bed again. Put his breakfast by the side of his bed, and when he feels strong enough he may eat it. He may stay at home from school to-day.'

The little boy went up-stairs with his sister and was put to bed. He could not sleep, however. He heard children playing out-of-doors, he heard Ponto barking, and Tommy, the canary-bird, singing a sweet song.

Then Oliver called his sister, and said, 'What is Slack's disease? Is it dangerous?'

'I rather think not,' said Charlotte. 'You dear little simpleton! don't you know what father meant? He meant you were troubled with laziness—that's all.'

Oliver saw that a trick had been played on him. He jumped out of bed, dressed, and ate his breakfast, and ran off to school, where he arrived just in time.

Since that day Oliver has been the first up in the house. He is no longer troubled with Slack's disease.

The entire Bible in the Basuto language has just been published by the British and Foreign Bible Society, making the ninth completed Bible in African tongues.

Better be upright with poverty than be wicked with plenty.

Boutley's Department.

Scripture Enigma.

No. 181.

Find out a sensible and suggestive question asked by Solomon in his Proverbs. It contains 49 letters. Write down the numbers and try to discover what letters should be placed under each by the following:

18, 20, 29, 5, 22, 3, 9, 36, form the name of a place where the Israelites pitched during their two and forty journeys.

32, 6, 33, 43, 21, from the name of one of the spies sent to the land of Canaan.

1, 14, 37, 23, 32, 15, 17, 31, form the name of a companion of Paul who departed to Galatia.

13, 38, 46, 26, 48, 33, form the name of a nation compared to an empty vine.

42, 11, 23, 4, 27, form the name of one of three besides Samuel who delivered Israel from their enemies.

19, 1, 40, 47, 30, 45, 25, where was converted a great multitude, both of the Jews and of the Greeks, under the preaching of Paul and Barnabas.

41, 16, 44, 7, 30, aspiring to be king lost his life, and his rival Omri reigned.

12, 24, 34, 35, Asher was told to dip in oil.

To be 10, 13, 39, 49 is one of the evidences of real charity.

8, 37, 3, the number of years that Abram dwelt in Canaan.

A Prize Puzzle.

We will send the book "Seth Treadwell" one of the late publications of the American Baptist Publication Society, to the son or daughter of one of our advance subscribers,—who first sends us the solution of the following passage from the epistle to the Romans:

o e o a a

w n n n n

t b n h y

t u g i t

o e n a

l v o e n

r e h t o

The answer will be given and the name of the successful competitor, Aug. 2nd.

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. 180.

Melit A.

Abisaa I.

Cinamo N.

Eurocyd O. (u).

Dav D.

Oliv E.

Naana C. (Canaan).

Idume A.

Adulla M.

MACEDONIA.

ANSWERS TO CURIOUS QUESTIONS.
405. Babylon.
406. Samaria.
407. Amos.
408. Jonah.
409. A. bun. dance. Abundance.
410. For-get-me-not.