

Family Reading.

Two Gates.

Open the East Gate now, And let the day come in, The day with untraced brow, Untouched by care or sin.

Select Serial.

COMING TO THE LIGHT.

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

CHAPTER I.—THE WOUNDS OF A FRIEND.

On the wide door steps of a tall brick house, stood a stout gentleman. Three hundred miles he had come to pay an hour's visit;

Dr. Aulick had a warm affectionate heart, but a calm exterior. He did not like to be moved; he did not like to show his feelings; and now he was steeling himself to play the part upon which he had determined.

Any passer-by could have told at a glance that it was a house of mourning before which the doctor stood. The closed shutters, the quiet air of the place, where sufficient indications of the sorrow that had been borne within.

Dr. Aulick did not contradict her. He knew her well. He knew the depths of her strong affectionate nature. Life without love and exertion for others, was for her a state so unnatural that it could not last.

All this the good doctor knew. It was this that had called him from the circle of patients who looked up to him as an oracle, and seemed to think he had discovered the elixir of life.

The doctor touched the bell, and the sound rang through the quiet house, and startled its silent inmates. There was a stealthy step along the hall, then the door was partially opened, and a broad Irish face appeared.

'How is Mrs. Clinton to-day?' asked the doctor. 'Sure, and she's as well as can be, frettin' her life away for them that's gone,' said Nora, with a wondering, curious look at the stranger.

'She don't see anybody, sir, if you please,' said Nora, placing herself directly in the doctor's way.

'She'll see me,' said the doctor decidedly, and he waved his gold-headed cane, in a way that showed he wanted a clear passage, as he was determined to come in.

'The poor thing! She ain't fit for company,' said Nora deprecatingly, as she followed the doctor down the hall. The stout gentleman opened the back parlor door. There in the dimness sat a lady about thirty-five years of age, dressed in deep mourning.

'Faith, Faith Clinton!' said the doctor, 'I suppose you are here, though I can hardly see you.' 'Uncle!' exclaimed the lady, rising suddenly—"dear uncle, this is very kind!" and in another moment she was weeping on the shoulder of the persevering visitor.

In the darkness, the doctor sat down beside the mourning mother. In silence he heard her tell how she had parted with her sweet companion, her fair young daughter. He heard her describe how all the brightness passed from her life when her merry boy closed his eyes in the sleep of death. There was no wild grief in the mother's tones; all was calm and gentle. She knew her darlings were free from sorrow, and beyond the reach of temptation; and she was ready to say, 'They will be done.'

So spoke the mother, while in the dim light, the tears coursed down the doctor's honest face. At length there was a pause; then he rose quickly and said: 'You are right, Faith! quite right. They are beyond the reach of the cares and sins of this wicked world. God hath well done, you say: then why shut out the light of heaven, and give yourself up to hopeless grief? Wide open the doctor threw the shutters, and the clear, bright sunlight streamed cheerfully into the room.

Perhaps the doctor did not care to have his face fully exposed; at any rate he sat down in the shadow, as he went on to say: 'Yes, Faith, we own the loving hand of God in our trials, and we ought to strive to meet them as if we felt the truth we own. It is almost as hard for a sad heart to keep cheerful in a dim light, as for a plant to develop its beautiful colors in a dark cellar. Sunshine, fresh air, and occupation, are the outward helps we are to use, to enable us to carry out the resignation we really feel. Faith, it is time you were attending to your garden! Why, our crocuses and snowdrops have been blossoming. That won't do, eh? Sad memories linked with everything lovely? Well, I have another expedient. Go to the Orphan Asylum, get a child; interest yourself in her!'

'I never could adopt a child to fill the place of dear ones who still live, though not at my side,' said the mother.

'Pshaw, I did not say anything about adoption,' said the doctor quickly. 'Get an orphan. Do what you can for her. Train her, love her. Bring her up like a Christian.'

'I can never allow myself to lose anything else in this world,' said the bereaved mother sorrowfully.

Dr. Aulick did not contradict her. He knew her well. He knew the depths of her strong affectionate nature. Life without love and exertion for others, was for her a state so unnatural that it could not last.

'Don't talk about what you won't do, Faith,' he said kindly. 'Here's my plan: You have an Orphan Asylum here; fifteen children, a gentleman in the care of the matron. Relieve her of one of her charge, and give the child the advantage of your kind influence. God gives us our homes to make somebody happy in, even if the light goes out for ourselves. We have no right to sit down and say we will do no more for God, because he has afflicted us. Perhaps he has made our hearts tender, that we may befriend some unfortunate being, who is particularly dear to him who loveth the poor. Perhaps you have been made desolate that some orphan may find with you a home.'

The doctor looked at a bit of paper: 'Here! what is the matron's name? Let me write her a note, and tell her to send up her flock to you this afternoon to choose. Brown—Mrs. Brown. Yes that is it.'

Dr. Aulick took out his note book and penciled a few lines to the worthy

matron, as calmly as if he were writing a prescription.

Mrs. Clinton looked on, only half acquiescing in what he was doing; and at length said desperately: 'Tell her I will send Nora for the children; she need not come with them. I cannot see a stranger.'

'Morbid feeling Faith; but I'll do as you say,' replied the doctor. Nora was despatched with the note Dr. Aulick had accomplished the object of his visit, and his hour was over.

No one since Mrs. Clinton's affliction had dared to approach her naturally. Even Nora came into her presence with her loquacity subdued, and her clumsy step softened. There was a relief in being met in the usual free, cordial way. It was a relief to be spoken to frankly. Mrs. Clinton loved her uncle and she was sorry to part with him. Go he must; he had broken away from the ties that bound him to his distant home, when most men would have deemed it impossible.

The doctor's thoughts were pleasant, on his quick walk to the cars. He had done something for his widowed niece, to whom he was fondly attached. He had broken up the unnatural life into which she had fallen, since the loss of her children. He had said truths to her which he knew would be kept before her by her tender conscience, and carried into action by her resolute will. He had provided her with occupation, and he was satisfied.

CHAPTER II.—FIDGETY INTRODUCED.

'Who shall go in first?' said a timid young voice.

'Fidgety Skeert! Fidgety Skeert!' answered several small speakers.

The Orphan Asylum children had come to be inspected by Mrs. Clinton, and in her now bright parlor she awaited their appearance.

Into the room stepped Fidgety Skeert, while the little troop followed shyly in her rear. Fidgety was a tall, slender girl of about twelve. Her face was very pale, and her clear dark hazel eyes had a peculiar brightness. Her hair was cut short, yet its disposition to curl made it turn back from her face, leaving her high, smooth forehead entirely bare.

There were no extra folds in Fidgety's stuff dress, which was so short that it was evident the good matron had tried her skill in economizing in striving to clothe Fidgety from the same quantity of material that it took for her smaller inmates.

Fidgety seemed all unconscious of her appearance. The Brussels carpet on Mrs. Clinton's back parlor was of a large diamond pattern, with roses at each of the points. Across the room came Fidgety, with a peculiar motion, half-leaping, half-dancing, evidently thinking more of placing a foot on a rose at each step, than of the person into whose presence she was ushered.

A neat, tidy-looking set were the children, all in their home-spun dresses. Dark-haired and light-haired, pretty and ugly, Irish and American, they gathered together and stood in a group opposite to Mrs. Clinton. Why was it that Fidgety Skeert attracted her attention? Fidgety was unconscious, while all the rest were smiling and smirking, evidently looking their prettiest, and cautiously on their good behavior.

'Can you sing, little girls?' said Mrs. Clinton, looking at the group of visitors.

The children ranged themselves in an orderly file, and began to sing. 'There is a happy land,' 'weaving' to and fro, as if a wave of music were passing through them like an electrical shock. Fidgety's voice rose clear and sweet above the rest, though she stood, not in the line, but wavered up and down the room as she sang.

'Now I want to hear you say some hymns,' said Mrs. Clinton, really becoming interested in her visitors. The show scholars of the Asylum now stepped forward and said their hymns very perfectly, but not very agreeably, while Fidgety posted herself at Mrs. Clinton's right hand, and eagerly watched her countenance. There was a wonderful sweetness in Mrs. Clinton's face, mingled with the subdued touching expression of one who had bowed in submission to a heavy stroke, sent by the hand of a loving heavenly Father. Moving her head, now this

way, now that way, Fidgety studied that sweet, sad face, as if it somehow spoke to her in a language new, but very pleasant.

'What is your name?' said Mrs. Clinton, turning suddenly to the strange being at her side.

'Fidgety Skeert,' said the girl, moving round so as to stand directly before Mrs. Clinton.

'She don't know any!' said several of the children scornfully. 'She's Fidgety Skeert!'

A look, half of sorrow and half of shame, came over the poor girl's face; then she said with a smile: 'I'm Fidgety Skeert—I don't know anything—nobody ever taught me anything.'

'Why not, Fidgety?' said Mrs. Clinton, kindly laying her hand on the girl's arm, and looking directly into her face. The gesture and the glance seemed to have an influence over her, and for a moment she was quite still, for the first time since she had entered the room.

Fidgety did not reply. She seemed unwilling to escape from the glance of kind inquiry that was fixed upon her.

'Why have you never learned anything, Fidgety?' asked Mrs. Clinton again.

'They say I can't, because—because I'm Fidgety Skeert,' and the poor girl resumed her queer movement across the room, stepping carefully on the roses of the carpet as she went.

Mrs. Clinton looked long and earnestly at Fidgety's face. It bore no marks of imbecility or insanity, but there was the same restlessness in its every-varying expression, as in the continual movements of her tall, loosely knit person.

If Doctor Aulick had been present at that moment his heart would have been full of joy. The strange despised child of the orphan asylum had awakened an interest that the demure little creatures on the other side of the room had failed to excite.

Mrs. Clinton was puzzled, roused. Fidgety,' she said, 'would you try to learn if I would teach you?'

'You teach Fidgety!' said the poor girl, her eyes filling with tears. 'Why, I can't be taught.'

'Would you try to be quiet?' asked Mrs. Clinton, quietly.

'I would do anything for you,' was the earnest answer. Fidgety was touched. There was true affectionate interest in the face and tone of Mrs. Clinton, and Fidgety felt it. She had been made physically comfortable. She had had much patience shown her, but now she felt the power of love. It seemed to her at that moment she could do anything, everything, for one who could so look at her.

'Can you sew, Fidgety?' asked Mrs. Clinton.

Fidgety can't do anything!' said the poor girl humbly.

'Fidgety can! Fidgety best of all. Fidgety always kind,' said a little round-faced girl, the smallest in the group of orphans.

Fidgety caught the child in her arms tossed her in the air, and kissed her under her chin in a frolic. The child could not be deceived.

'Fidgety cry! Poor Fidgety!' said the child, crumpling up her clean apron to wipe away the hot tears that were on the poor girl's face.

'To-morrow, Fidgety, you shall come to me, and I will teach you to sew,' said Mrs. Clinton. 'Now you may all go.'

Fidgety caught the pale, fair hand that lay in Mrs. Clinton's lap and kissed it again and again; then at the head of the little group she left the room.

'Ma'am,' said Nora, putting in her head with a little less solemnity in her manner than she had adopted of late, 'Ma'am,' Mrs. Brown says you must excuse Fidgety, she ain't quite right and she can't teach her manners.'

'Mrs. Brown! is she here?' asked Mrs. Clinton in a tone of surprise.

'She came with them, ma'am and just waited in the kitchen with me,' said Nora, hesitatingly, as if she were confessing a misdemeanor.

said Nora, her face beaming with delight at the change that had come over mistress.

Mrs. Clinton had done well in retaining Nora, when she dismissed her other servants, and shut herself up to a life of seclusion and sorrow. Under Nora's rough exterior there was a warm, loving Irish heart.

Boy Inventors.

A boy's elders are guilty of a foolish act when they snub him because he says or does something which they don't understand. A boy's personality is entitled to as much respect as a man's, so long as he behaves himself. In the following anecdotes wise and foolish elders are exhibited; one class respecting and the other despising a boy.

Some of the most important inventions have been the work of boys. The invention of the valve motion to the steam-engine was made by a mere boy.

Newcomb's engine was in a very incomplete condition, from the fact that there was no way to open or close the valves, except by means of levers operated by the hand.

He set up a large engine at one of the mines, and a boy, Humphrey Potter was hired to work these valve-levers; although this was not hard work, yet it required his constant attention.

As he was working the levers, he saw that parts of the engine moved in the right direction, and at the same time he had to open or close the valves.

He procured a strong cord, and made one end fast to the proper part of the engine, and the other end to the valve-lever; and the boy then had the satisfaction of seeing the engine move with perfect regularity of motion.

A short time after the foreman came around and saw the boy playing marbles at the door. Looking at the engine he saw the ingenuity of the boy, and also the advantage of so great an invention. The idea suggested by the boy's inventive genius was put in a practical form and made the steam-engine an automatic working machine.

The power-loom is the invention of a farmer's boy who had never seen or heard of such a thing.

He wittled one out with his jack-knife, and after he had got it all done, he with great enthusiasm showed it to his father, who at once kicked it to pieces, saying he would have no boy about him that would spend his time on such foolish things.

The boy was sent to a blacksmith to learn a trade, and his master took a lively interest in him. He made a loom of what was left of the one his father had broken up, and showed it to his master.

The blacksmith saw he had no common boy as an apprentice, and that the invention was a valuable one. He had a loom constructed under the supervision of the boy. It worked to their perfect satisfaction, and the blacksmith furnished the means to manufacture the looms and the boys received half the profits.

In about a year the blacksmith wrote to the boy's father that he should bring with him a wealthy gentleman who was the inventor of the celebrated power-loom.

You may be able to judge of the astonishment at the old home when his son was presented to him as the inventor, who told him that the loom was the same as the model that he had kicked to pieces but a year ago.

Whoever has a good work to do must let the devil's tongue run as it pleases.—Luther.

The world can pry out everything about us which it has a mind to know. But there is this consolation, which men will never accept in their own cases, that the world doesn't care.—Thackeray

Too late I loved Thee, O Thou Beauty of Ancient Days, yet ever new! Too late I loved Thee.—Augustine.

Wood burns because it has the proper stuff in it; and a man becomes famous because he has the proper stuff in him.—Goethe.

The nature of things is but another name for the divine nature. God would not be God if there could be blessedness without holiness.

Infantile Mortality.

This painful subject has of late received considerable attention at the hands of health officers, whose efforts to secure an improvement in this direction are worthy of special commendation. Improper feeding is rightly held to play an important part in the deplorable mortality amongst children that occurs in our manufacturing towns. Alluding to the subject in his last report on the health of Alnwick and Canongate, Mr. F. McEwen observes that, so long as child-bearing women are as ignorant as many of them are, of the very rudiments of the principles of nursing and rearing of infants, so long will children be born only to die during the first year or two of their existence. How many children fall victims to the feeding bottle—that utter abomination of child feeding contrivances, when in the hands of a slovenly mother or an ignorant careless nurse—he should not like to guess. Whatever medicine a doctor may prescribe is expected to work a miraculous cure, while the most important part of the treatment—the nursing and feeding—is neglected, either because it is too troublesome or is considered superfluous.

Too many people are apt to console themselves, when a little one dies, with the remark—often sincerely, though ignorantly, made—that it is the will of Providence. However consoling this may be, he thinks that it is the duty of clergyman and others, who can use their influence among the poor, to try and convince them that it is not the will of Providence that children should die; and that if they were fed, clothed, and otherwise treated in accordance with those principles that regulate the health of children, the tables of infantile mortality would soon show most gratifying results.—British Medical Journal.

Hygiene amongst the Chinese.

The 'Heathen Chinee' has not a few revilers, who are ever ready to point to features in his social character which render him an undesirable neighbour. The medical officer of the State Board of Health of San Francisco has, however, something to say in favour of the Celestial. In his report lately presented to Congress he states that he never knew any disease or pestilence originating or spreading in the Chinese quarter of the city. He admits that they live quite close, and attributes their healthy condition and immunity from disease to their frugal life. 'They eat to live, and do not live to eat. They are clean in their habits, and and they drink no whiskey. I have never seen a drunken Chinaman in my life. They consequently obtain a better resisting-power to the attack of disease. They constantly wash themselves, and keep themselves and their clothes clean. The death-rate is greater among the whites than among the Chinese; greater with adult white people than with adult Chinamen. There have been no epidemics among them; and there has been less small-pox among them than among the whites, the ratio of population being allowed'—Lancet.

A little blind child had an operation performed that restored her sight. In some cases the oculist can take his instrument and skillfully pare off the integument that has prevented the light from passing through to the retina, and then the eyes have to be bandaged until the parts are somewhat healed; and when for a short time the bandage is removed, and the patient is allowed one little glimpse, oh, what a moment of intense anxiety that is to all the friends, and what a glimpse that must be to one who has never seen! This little child, when she could bear the light more, and for the first time saw the beauty around her, and realized, as no words ever could show, that 'truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun,' cried out, 'O, mother, why didn't you tell me it was so beautiful?' The mother burst into tears, and said, 'I tried to tell you, dear, but the words could not make you understand. So it is when we try to tell what is the joy unspeakable and full of glory; what is the love that stays, and what is the excellency of the knowledge of Christ, for whom we could suffer the loss of all things.—Chicago Witness.