

Family Reading.

The good that you can do.

"What can I do?" you ask, my friend, Is that what you want to know? You can do good in ways without end, Do good wherever you go.

A kindly word, or a loving deed. May lift from some heart its care; And many there are who feel this need, You can find them everywhere.

There are hungry ones who lack for bread Who can find no work to do; Who have struggled on, till hope is dead; They perhaps may ask of you.

There are erring ones whose lives are dark, Who travel the paths of sin— Go gather them into Virtue's ark, Tenderly gather them in.

There are those who lie on beds of pain, In need of your care and love; Who perchance can ne'er find health again, You can point to life above.

There are mourning ones, throughout the earth, Who are weeping bitter tears; You can tell them of the higher birth; You can soothe their foolish fears.

Where'er you go there is work to do; You can find it anywhere; The Master will show it unto you, In answer to your prayer.

Select Serial.

COMING TO THE LIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BABES IN THE BASKET"

CHAPTER IX.—THE DOCTOR'S LETTER.

On the following morning, Mrs. Clinton was agreeably surprised by finding a letter from Dr. Aulick laid beside her plate at breakfast. Nora lingered to see her mistress' smile of pleasure as she broke it open, and then went off to the kitchen murmuring to herself: 'Sure, an' its good to see her look that way once more, the darlint!'

The doctor's letter was as follows: DEAR FAITH: Your letters have been full of interest to me. If I had half an hour to call my own, I should have written to you long ere this, but you know what a doctor's life is; so I shall make no more excuses. You have entered upon a noble work, and have carried it on with wonderful skill. I could not have treated Fidgetty's nervous restlessness better myself. I think just now, however, you would do well to change your course. After the continual noise at the Orphan Asylum, the quiet of your house, and your calm, controlling influence, were just what Fidgetty needed; but now there are other considerations to be taken into view. Her mind is developing rapidly, you say, and that is well; but meanwhile, new pains must be taken to keep up her physical health. It is not enough for her to exercise, she must occasionally have entire freedom of mind and body. Dearly as she loves your society, it is too much for her to be constantly with you. She needs the cheerful companionship of persons of her own age, and exercise taken in the joyous spirit, that only comes when the young are with the young. She needs to forget that she is peculiar, and so lose her peculiarities. The retired life she is now leading would soon show its influence upon a child even less singularly constituted than she is.

I know how you will feel at the thought of having your quiet existence broken in upon; but Faith, you, as well as Fidgetty, are leading an unnatural life. You have always inclined to devote yourself too exclusively to the dear ones of your home-circle. If, in this way, you had not cut yourself off from the external world, you could now have friends who would force themselves into your retirement, and know they were showing true kindness by obliging you to mingle more with your fellow-beings. I see that you are now tempted to fall into the old error. Generous and noble as is your interest in Fidgetty, you must not let it become too absorbing. The severe discipline through which you have passed should teach you to enlarge your sympathies, and extend them beyond the narrow sphere of your home. I do not mean in the way of charities—of them you were never

neglectful—but you must remember that you owe something to persons who need neither food nor clothing. You are formed for wide social usefulness, and you must not shut yourself up to the life of a hermit. When I tell you that I consider some change absolutely necessary for Fidgetty, I shall perhaps influence you more than by carrying on my sermon any further. You are puzzled, and say to yourself, perhaps, that you can not now enter suddenly into society unless there is some call from without for such a proceeding.

Hear what I propose. I want you to come with your charge, to pay me a visit. I should like to have her for a while immediately under my own eye, and without vanity, I think I may be of some service to her. In this way you will gradually become accustomed to meeting with strangers, from whom you still so morbidly shrink. It is easier to mingle with those who know nothing of our sorrows, than with persons who are more in sympathy with us. I think you will not find the change as painful as you suppose.

You know Mrs. Tryon's habits, so you may be sure that I shall at any time be ready to give you a welcome. Week after next I expect my niece Sydney Carr and her brother to pass the winter with me; they will make pleasant companions for Fidgetty, and prepare her for mingling more freely with associates of her own age, out of the house. I should like to have you established here before the children come, so you must make up your mind to start as soon as possible—mark, I say, must; doctors cannot be disobeyed.

You ask me, with trembling, what I think of Fidgetty, and the prospect of her entire recovery. I see no reason why she should not be equal in mind to any of us. As to whether she will ever recover the memory of those forgotten years, I cannot say. Even if she should not, she will not be so very different from the rest of the world as you seem to imagine, if she could only feel so. Who can tell why early childhood is a blank to so many of us? For my own part, I cannot remember a single circumstance of my life before I was five. Fidgetty has but lost probably about four years more. The phenomena connected with memory are so curious and so variable, that they present a most interesting study. One thing is certain, that nothing we have thought, spoken, or done, nothing that we have seen, heard, or experienced, is every utterly lost to us. Somewhere in the chambers of memory our past is all stored away. What a thought that is for all of us! Who could dare think of seeing his whole existence rise up in witness against him, but for the remembrance of the Lamb's book of life! If our names are once written there, for Jesus' sake, we may think with calmness of remembering all our forgotten misdeeds, for then the deeper our shame and humiliation, the purer will be the grateful joy with which we shall cry, "Alleluiah to the Lamb," and cast down our crowns before him through whom they were won. That we shall have this perfect memory of all the most minute occurrences of our lives, I cannot doubt. There are, as I dare say you know, instances on record of persons who have been recalled to consciousness after being near death by drowning or in other ways, who have testified to the wonderful vividness with which their whole lives suddenly passed swiftly before them. Not a word or a deed is forgotten, all are safely registered in memory, to convict us as unworthy at the great day of account. Similar to this experience, though not the same in extent, is the revival of the remembrances of childhood, in persons of advanced age. I have known an old man who could repeat page after page of the lessons he had studied as a boy, and recite the hymns learned at his mother's knee, of which he could not remember ever having thought for eighty years at least.

I have had several cases where persons in sickness, when the brain was under great excitement, repeated whole poems, that they had read but once, and almost forgotten when in health. There is, you know on record, an account of a girl, who when delirious quoted long passages from Latin authors, which she had but overheard her master reading, and had not consciously noticed when they fell upon

her ear. Almost as singular as this quickening of memory, is the strange forgetfulness to which we are all occasionally subject though some persons are more troubled with it than others. I have a friend, a lawyer, who, when deeply interested in the study of an important case, so loses the remembrance of the matters of ordinary life, that it is sometimes impossible for him to find his way home without assistance, and he cannot tell his own name when suddenly asked it. I myself sometimes forget who is my next door neighbor—ask where the friend goes to church, who sat in the pew adjoining mine for years, or wonder whether William the Conqueror lived before Alfred the Great. Such mistakes would be mortifying if we did not slowly find out that almost everybody falls into them. I remember when I thought I was the only person that suffered in this way, and then was it truly to me an affliction.

After severe illness, or sudden fright, persons have been known to forget all that had before occurred to them, and have slowly recovered a knowledge of the past. One man after a sickness that had well nigh proved fatal, lost all knowledge of Latin, and had to begin the study of it again like a very child, but when he was half through the grammar his old knowledge came suddenly upon him, and he took up his Latin favourites, where he had left them at the beginning of his sickness.

I do not want you to be too hopeful about Fidgetty. She may recover entirely what she has lost, but if she does not, you will have no occasion to grieve for this cause. What you tell me of the simplicity and earnestness of her religious faith, has interested me deeply and, has, I hope, had upon me a practical effect. We are all too slow to believe that we are indeed freely forgiven, and accepted in the Beloved. There is no doubt that there is offered to us the joyous life of children truly pardoned, and henceforward left to live and labor for His sake, through whom their salvation is won. This truth Fidgetty seems to have taken home to her heart. In this confidence she has a treasure which is far more precious than the remembrance of the past, which you so naturally desire for her.

I have written you a long, long letter, yet have not yet said half that I wish. I hope we shall soon be able to talk, face to face, about the subject which so greatly interests you. It seems to me that the name Fidgetty helps to keep up in your charge a consciousness of her almost conquered peculiarities. Could you not change it? Think upon the matter, and try to come prepared to have her appear here with such a name as she deserves.

With best wishes, and earnest prayers for you and your dear charge, I am

Your attached uncle, ROBERT AULICK.

The breakfast had grown cold, and Fidgetty had sat long in patient silence, when Mrs. Clinton dropped her uncle's letter on the table.

The meal passed over without conversation. Mrs. Clinton was lost in deep thought. It was most painful to her to think of leaving the seclusion that was so grateful to her feelings, but her resolution was promptly taken. She was too unselfishly interested in Fidgetty Skeert to keep from her any opportunity of improvement that might be open for her. The letter had come to solve the doubts that had agitated Mrs. Clinton's mind the evening before. She herself had felt that her charge needed some change, and now, what that change had better be, seemed plain.

When they rose from the table that morning, it was not to resume the studies in which Fidgetty was so much interested. The work of packing was immediately commenced, and Fidgetty learned that she was to accompany Mrs. Clinton on a visit to her uncle.

The idea was most agreeable to the young girl, who had not, within her remembrance, been beyond the neighborhood of the rural city of—. The one she loved best was to go with her; and only pleasant thoughts were suggested to her mind by the proposed change. She had no worldly anxieties to depress her young spirit. She did not even wonder how poor Fidgetty Skeert would be received among Mrs. Clinton's relatives. She was sure the

change would be of service to her dear friend; and that this friend would continue all kindness, she could not doubt and with this she was satisfied.

To do her Savior's will, and to contribute to Mrs. Clinton's happiness, were the aims of Fidgetty's daily life. These could be accomplished as well among strangers, as in the quiet home she had enjoyed for so many months; and Fidgetty thought not of herself. Self-forgetfulness is one of the beautiful fruits of holiness, which greatly contributes to the happiness of its possessor, and is sister to that humility which shields from many a venomous shaft.

CHAPTER X.—MRS. TRYON.

It was evening when Mrs. Clinton and Fidgetty arrived at Dr. Aulick's. The good doctor was not at home to receive his guests. His time, as usual not being at his own disposal, he was with a patient in a distant part of the city. Mrs. Tryon, the worthy housekeeper, thought that matter of trifling importance if she herself were in the house to attend to the physical comfort of the strangers. This she did in the most unexceptionable manner. The large room that had been prepared for their reception, was the picture of neatness; and the supper that was soon on the table, might have tempted appetites more dainty than theirs. To make Dr. Aulick comfortable, had been Mrs. Tryon's aim for the last ten years; and she had become so skilled in the business, that if the doctor had taken it into his head to marry, any inexperienced young wife would have found it hard to make good the place of the worthy housekeeper.

The doctor, however, had no thought of marriage; perhaps he might have told his own story of the past, if he had chanced; but be that as it may, he never said why he was a bachelor, and even Mrs. Tryon would not have dared to ask him. One thing was certain, Dr. Aulick had never seen any reason why he should be cold, selfish, and unfeeling because he had no wife and children to love. He kept his heart open by constantly doing something for others. A capital secret, by the way, for anybody to learn. Nobody can become selfish and unlovely, while acting on that principle.

The doctor's plans of usefulness were not altogether in accordance with Mrs. Tryon's views, but she had learned to submit to his will, as to fate. It had cost her two or three years of fretting and fuming, before she could learn that lesson; now she took out her excitement at the doctor's proposals, in extra animation in preparing to carry them on, however distasteful they might be to herself.

She had managed to bear with equanimity the announcement that Sidney Carr, a school-girl of thirteen, and her wild, frolicsome brother, were to spend the winter with the doctor, to attend school in the city. This had been a strain upon her patience, that rather unfitted her for being told suddenly that the doctor's niece, Mrs. Clinton and a young girl who was in her charge were to be expected before the arrival of the other visitors, and might, perhaps, prolong their stay far into the winter.

Mrs. Tryon had settled it in her own mind that Sidney Carr, and her brother would make a world of trouble; but she had resolved to maintain her authority over them, and this she was sure she could do, with the doctor to sustain her in all reasonable matters. The idea of having a lady, a near relative of the doctor's, in the family, was quite another thing. The lady, no doubt, would be inclined to take the lead in everything, and would very likely put on airs, and perhaps banish the consequential housekeeper from the family table entirely.

Mrs. Tryon, looking upon matters in this light, was not prepared to give Mrs. Clinton and Fidgetty a very favorable reception; but she was too much in the habit of making people comfortable to do anything else than have every thing in order for them.

Mrs. Clinton's mourning garments, and the sad sweetness of her face, made Mrs. Tryon at once show her most kindly manner, and give the stranger a far different welcome from what she had intended. The doctor's absence too, left her to do the honors,

and that was exactly what she would have wished. It gave her once a position in the house.

Fidgetty, Mrs. Tryon had noticed at first, but she soon for herself hoping that Miss Sidney Carr would have the modest, pleasant manners of Mrs. Clinton's companion, and then the winter perhaps might not be as hard as she had feared.

At table, Mrs. Clinton quietly took a place at the side, leaving Mrs. Tryon to preside over the tea-tray, and this point conceded, the house-keeper was in a good to be pleased with everything.

Will you have tea or coffee, Miss? Mrs. Tryon, looking inquiringly at Fidgetty.

Mrs. Clinton did not suggest the expected name, but said in her quiet way: 'Tea, I suppose, my dear, won't you?' Fidgetty assented; and Mrs. Tryon did not make another experiment for finding out the name of the new comer. The trunks were all marked with Mrs. Clinton's initials, so there was nothing to be learned from them. That the good matron had made sure of before she came to the table.

As soon as supper was over, at Mrs. Clinton's suggestion, Fidgetty retired for the night. As she was to have a bed in the room with Mrs. Clinton, this time of solitude was most welcome, and Fidgetty did not forget to use it in prayer to the heavenly Father, who had made beautiful the hills and valleys on which she had looked that day, and who had brought her safely to her journey's end.

Very earnestly Fidgetty prayed that she might be enabled to remember continually the presence of her loving Savior in her new abode, and be kept ever walking in his footsteps.

Boutique Department.

Scripture Enigma.

No. 183.

Find the following names; and the initials form a passage found in three of Paul's epistles, also, with the addition of one word, in Habakkuk:

- 1. The crime for which Bigthan and Teresh were executed.
2. Father of the prophet Jehu.
3. A prophet quoted by Paul as having accused the Jews of blindness, deafness and hardness of heart.
4. Author of the parable of the trees.
5. That for which the world is condemned.
6. A city where Paul tarried three days on his way from Melita to Rome.
7. What Paul did when the brethren met him at the Three Taverns.
8. Place where Joshua gathered the people to renew their covenant with God.
9. A small coat of mail.
10. Useful in trying our faith and obedience.
11. A teacher of Cyrene.
12. A Hebrew measure for liquids.
13. Tetrarch of Abilene.
14. A conspirator of the seed royal who assassinated the governor appointed by the king of Babylon over the cities of Judah.
15. Fastened itself on Paul's hand at Malta.
16. One of the three whose names Paul said was written in the book of life.
17. Birthplace of Philip, Andrew and Peter.
18. The best time to serve the Lord.
19. A symbol made by Moses while in the wilderness for the healing of the people.
20. Father of Isaiah.
21. A king of Israel assassinated by the sons of Rimmon.
22. A small timid bird accepted as the poor man's sin-offering.
23. One who made shipwreck of his faith.
—Selected.

CURIOUS QUESTIONS.

- 412. Find the name of a literary combination that is more ancient than any book. If it be a human composition, the name of the author and the date of its discovery are both lost in the darkness of remote antiquity. It consists of eight letters:
4, 5, 8, are a covering for the head.
8, 7, 5, are a meal.
3, 6, 8, are a gentle touch.
2, 1, 3, are a mode of drinking.
8, 5, 2, 1, are a story.
4, 1, 2, 8, are a short stop.
413. Make a square of five words:
1. The condition that fell on Elymus the sorcerer.
2. A model lady who Paul found at a prayer meeting.
3. A person who wastes his time.
4. The relation that Rachel held to Rebekah.
5. A synonym of ventured.

414. Syncope the central letter of the following words, each of five letters:
1. A fruit, and leave a name of a wild beast.
2. A sound, and leave a feature.
3. To cut fine, and leave small animals.
4. The original of butter, and leave to press into.
5. A useful animal, and leave a covering for the leg.
6. A digger of a canal, and leave a fleet of ships.
7. The smallest, and leave a conjunction meaning "that not."

The central letters form the name of a heathen goddess of Greece.

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. 182. "What must I do to be saved?" Acts xvi. 30.

ANSWERS TO CURIOUS QUESTIONS.

- 411. Names of sixteen animals—birds, beasts, or fishes:
1. Sloth. 2. Ounce. 3. Ferret. 4. Goose. 5. Crane. 6. Kite. 7. Swallow. 8. Hobby. 9. Heron. 10. Ram. 11. Mole. 12. Fly. 13. Sole. 14. Skate. 15. Bass. 16. Pike.
412. In the word "woo" the letters are all double, and there is not a single letter in it.
413. Sixteen words each containing but one single letter:
Will, well, wool, wood, woof, weed, weep, ween, wo, we, bee, see, fee, ooo, too, and wall.

Answer to the Prize Puzzle.

given in Christian Messenger, July 19th. We were a little surprised to receive the correct reply to the Prize Puzzle so soon after it went out. It came on the next day, July 20th from Miss Clara M. Hubly, 14 Mile House, Chester Road. "Owe no man any thing but to love one another."—Rom. xiii. 8.

We have forwarded the book to her address. We have also since received correct replies from a number of others, as follows:

- On the 21st, from Idilla B. Potter, Clements vale; W. B. Gourley, Great Village; Frank B. Freeman, Amherst; Sarah O. King, Johnson's Crossing.
On the 22nd, from Miss Belle Skinner, Weston, Kings Co.; Laura E. Johnson, Bear River, Minnie I. Bent, Paradise.
On the 24th, from Handley C. Westcott, Brighton; Laura Titus, Weymouth; Silas F. Covey, Indian Harbor; N. B. Dunn, Inglesville; Ava Crossby, Brazil Lake, Yarmouth; Mrs. W. Brooks, Freeport.
On the 25th, from W. C. Dodge, Middleton; Theodore Hill, St. Croix Cove, A. C.; R. O. Morse, Williamston; Lillie M. Whitman, Boylston, G. C.; Winifred Sabean, Southville, Weymouth Bridge; C. A. Richan, Barrington Passage; Grace M. Goucher, Fairfax, Vermont; W. H. Marshall, Hill Grove; Mrs. Z. Darling, Lawrence town.
On the 26th, from Charles R. Marshall, Falkland Ridge, A. C.; Francis Gardner, Barrington; Burton Jost, Gaysboro; Miss Pamela McCully, Mastown.
On the 27th, from Catherine Crocheron, Jordan Bay; Nettie T. Common, Cherie, Hants; Carrie M. B. Dimock, Newport; Minnie McKeen, Cross Roads, G. C.; Arvilla C. McKinlay, River Philip, Cum. Co.

A Short Temperance Story.

In a large city a laboring man, leaving a large saloon, saw a costly carriage and pair of horses standing in front occupied by two ladies, elegantly attired, conversing with the proprietor. As it rolled away he said to the dealer:

"Whose establishment is that?" "It is mine," said the dealer complacently; "it cost \$5,000. My wife and daughter cannot do without it. The mechanic bowed his head a moment in deep thought, and looked sad; then, with the energy of a man suddenly aroused by a startling flash, said, "I see it, I see it!" "See what?" queried the dealer. "See where for years my wages have gone. I helped to pay for that carriage, for those horses and that gold-mounted harness, for the silk and laces and jewelry for your family. The money I earned, that should have given my wife and family a home of their own and good clothing, I spent at your bar. My wages and the wages of others like me have supported you and your family in luxury. Hereafter my wife and family shall have the benefit of my wages, and by the help of God, I will never spend another dime for drink! I see the mistake, and a cure for it!"

BAPTISTS IN TURKEY.—The spreading influence of the Baptists is being felt in the Protestant Community at Constantinople. In the Armenian newspaper, published by the Armenian Protestants of Constantinople, the attempt is made to prove that sprinkling was the apostolic mode because there was not time nor place at Jerusalem to baptize (immerse) 3,000 persons in one day as recorded in the acts of the Apostles. We really hope enlightened missionaries will not employ this thousand times refuted lie for an argument. The Baptist work at Bartzak, under the guidance of Pastor Sheeshmanian is evidently awakening a good deal of interest.