

Family Reading.

The Envelope.

Only a little piece of paper,
Folded and joined with care;
Yet I am the greatest traveller,
The greatest beyond compare.

As I never divulge a secret,
The good wishes I hold of all,
And often sealed up within my breast
Are deeds that the world appal.

Select Serial.

COMING TO THE LIGHT.

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

CHAPTER XVII.—PARTING WORDS.

Spring had come with its renewing
power, yet in the great city scarcely a
change was seen, save that the side-
walks were more thronged, and the
shop windows were more gaily decor-
ated. For many weeks Mrs. Clinton
had been longing for her more rural
home; but she had patiently waited
until the close of Italia's school term.

Italia was deeply interested in her
studies, and much attached to Mrs.
Lightfoot and her young associates;
but of the impression she had made
upon them she seemed never to think.

Over Mary Jane's altered manner
she did not rejoice as a triumph, but
kindly accepted her advances towards
friendship, even hoping to see some
proof that a reformation had begun in
her heart, as well as in her outward
deportment.

A proud, conceited scholar is sure
to win enemies; but Italia was too re-
tiring, too unpretending to excite evil
feeling, even when at the close of the
winter session, she was pronounced
first in the school for excellence and
rapid improvement in the branches
pursued.

Sidney enjoyed Italia's success as if
it were her own, and suspected not the
advances she herself had made in what
is more valuable than mental acqui-
sitions.

Sidney had been losing the self-con-
sciousness which had been her torment.
Her warm interest in her friend had
done much to bring about this result.
After Italia's public avowal of her past
misfortunes, Sydney seemed to have
caught something of her indifference to
the opinion of others, and was willing to
risk a smile at any time, if she could
show her attachment to Italia. We
grow like those whom we love, and
Sidney loved Italia too well not to be
constantly influenced by her quiet
example.

Italia had never thought of advising
Sydney. She knew that from child-
hood Sydney had enjoyed a mother's
watchful care, and had been trained in
a knowledge of the Scriptures.

At times she was led to wonder at
Sidney's apparent indifference to holy
things; but she allowed no uncharitable
thoughts to creep into her mind, but
rather persuaded herself that Sidney's
natural diffidence made her strive to
hide all her deeper feelings. As she
became better and better acquainted
with Sydney, she was convinced that
her first conclusion had been just, for
she noticed in her a gradual increase of
interest in all sacred things, and little
thought that to her own silent in-
fluence this change was due.

The time had come for the young
girls to part. Mrs. Clinton and Italia
were to start on the morrow for their
distant home, and Sidney and her
brother too were to leave their uncle's
hospitable roof.

Italia's packing was done, and she
had come into Sydney's room to offer
her assistance there.

"You can't help me about my pack-

ing Italia," said Sydney, in reply to the
offer "but I do want some assistance
from you, in another way."

"I shall be glad to do anything for
you," said Italia, looking about for the
work in question.

"Sit down here," said Sidney, draw-
ing Italia on to a chair beside her. "I
want you to teach me how to be good,
like you."

Italia covered her face with her
hands, and a burning blush overspread
her cheeks. "Don't speak so, Sidney,
pray don't," she said.

"Well, I won't then, if it makes you
feel badly," said Sidney kindly; "but
indeed I have often wanted to tell you
that I was trying very hard to do right,
and should like to talk to you about it.
You seem so cheerful and happy, and
I can never be so, because I can't be
good as I want to be."

To undertake to advise was apart
from Italia's nature, but to give comfort
was quite another thing.

"Dear Sidney," she said, putting her
arms tenderly round her friend, "if
we did not know that Christ is our
righteousness, we might indeed feel
unhappy. By his perfect sacrifice we
are freely forgiven, and his holiness is
accepted as if it were ours. Then if
we faithfully try to follow him, we need
never be disheartened because of our
short-comings. Mrs. Clinton says a
part of the blessedness of the 'poor in
spirit' comes from the knowledge of
their own utter worthlessness, which
increases their joy at the wonderful
mercy that receives them through Christ
into the kingdom of heaven."

"I never looked at it in that light
before," said Sidney soberly. "I have
felt as if all were lost, whenever I
failed to do my duty."

"Then all would be always lost, for
we cannot keep the perfect law of God,"
said Italia in reply. "When we think
of what we are and what Christ is, we
feel willing to try on through discouragements
for the sake of him who has done
so much for us."

Sidney threw her arms round Italia's
neck and kissing her tenderly, said:
"Dear Italia, I think I could be very
happy if I could always keep this in
mind. How I thank you for speaking
so to me. I want to tell you that I
never really thought of loving Christ
and wishing to serve him, till I knew
you. I believed all that I had been
taught, but such things did not seem
to take hold of me till I saw how real they
were to you, and how happy they made
you. If we are together in heaven, I
shall have to thank your example for
leading me there."

Italia's heart was too full for words.
Very humble, very unworthy of the
great blessing that had been granted
her, she felt at that moment. That
she should have been allowed to win a
soul for her Master, seemed to her a
holy privilege of which she was utterly
unworthy, yet she accepted it with great
joy. She knew that it was through
the blessing of the Holy Spirit on her
poor example that the good work had
been wrought; but she was grateful to
have been even the mere unconscious
instrument for such a noble end.

Over the hour of free, confidential,
holy communion that followed between
the young friends, we draw the veil of
silence. Sometimes on earth, young-
earnest followers of Christ are allowed
to have a foretaste of the blessedness in
store for them—the sweet union of
earthly affection, and the most sacred
feelings of which human hearts are
capable. Such a blessed season, though
a brief one was granted to Sidney and
Italia, on the eve of their separation.

While the two friends were together
Mrs. Clinton and John were sitting in
the parlor. Mrs. Clinton was sewing,
and John held a book in his hands.
For a time both were silent. At length
John broke forth: "Cousin Faith, I
want you to like me. Somehow I can't
feel comfortable to part with you,
knowing you don't think well of me."

"I do like you, John," said Mrs. Clin-
ton pleasantly.

"Yes; you like me, in sort of a
way; but there's something about me
you don't approve of. I know it just
as well as if you told me. Our head-
master don't seem to feel that way; he
often praises me before all the boys,
and the fellows look up to me. Uncle
laughs at me sometimes, in a queer
way—I don't mind that much; but I
see a sorrowful look in your eye when

it falls on me, that don't make me
feel comfortable. Now cousin Faith,
you can't deny it."

"Are you going to make me account-
able for what my eyes say?" said Mrs.
Clinton, smiling.

"Yes, when eyes talk as plainly as
yours do, they ought to be called to
account. Now tell me what you don't
like in me. Do be frank. I am really
in earnest. Somehow, this winter I
have taken a notion to want to improve.
I do believe Italia and Sydney have
set me at it—girls as they are—and I
want you to help me."

"I could never turn from anybody
who comes to me in that frank way,"
said Mrs. Clinton cordially. "Perhaps
you will not like what I am going to
say, but I will be honest with you. I
think you have an upright, generous,
natural character, and a mind of un-
common strength and cultivation for a
boy of your age."

John's eyes brightened, but Mrs.
Clinton did not notice it, and it went
calmly on: "All this is spoiled, that
is, rendered disagreeable, by your ex-
cessive conceit, your wonderful opinion
of your own powers and your anxiety
to exhibit all you know. People who
try to display their knowledge never
produce the effect they desire. The
listeners are disgusted by their conceit,
instead of awed by their superior wis-
dom. I don't want to discourage you,
John, for we all love you, in spite of
your faults, but I want you to make it
a rule never to say anything in order
to show what you know, or with the
wish to make others feel their inferior-
ity. This will partly correct the dif-
ficulty, but there will still remain the
consciousness of your superiority,
which will be sure to show itself in
some way, and which needs a deeper
cure."

"Well, Cousin Faith, you do paint
me black enough," said John. "One
thing I can't understand. You say I
am uncommonly well advanced and
well gifted for a boy of my age, and
if I know it is true, how can I help it?"

"Your mind and your opportunities
of improvement have been given you
by a Divine hand, and for these mercies
you will have to render an account.
I think if you looked at the
matter in this way, you could not feel
any pride in that for which you deserve
no credit. Gratitude would take the
place of conceit, and a wish to share
what you have with others, would
supercede the desire to humiliate them."

"I believe you are right Cousin
Faith. To tell you the truth, I should
like to be a real Christian—such a
man as uncle, for instance; but I don't
see how to begin."

"Begin by earnest constant prayer,
and God will make the way open before
you. The faithful study of the Bible,
and true prayer can not fail to lead
any sincere person into the perfect
knowledge and appreciation of the
truth. If you ever become a follower
of the meek and lowly Jesus, humility
will spring spontaneously, while you
try to cultivate other virtues. Pride
vanishes when we begin to cry: 'God
be merciful to me a sinner.'"

John shook his cousin's hand in silence
and left the room. There was ground
for hope in the way he had borne the
frank rebuke, and the advice that fol-
lowed; and as Mrs. Clinton prayed
for him in her heart, she trusted the
time was not far distant, when he
would be not only almost persuaded
to be a Christian, but altogether such
an one as the great company of earthly
pilgrims travelling heavenward.

CHAPTER XVIII. MRS. BROWN'S
COMPANION.

Dr. Aulick was once more, alone in
his bachelor home, but he was consoled
not only by the pleasant remem-
brances of the winter, but by the better ele-
ment that had been diffused abroad in
his household.

The talking, energetic, wilfully and
consciously useful Christians are gen-
erally thought to do the greatest work.
Truly without them much of the good
that is done would be left undone.
Now and then it happens, however,
that some humble, modest gentle
Christian goes quietly on his way to
the Eternal City, with his eye ever
fixed on his Divine Master and his
thoughts ever dwelling on his perfect
holiness. Such an one never dreams
that his daily walk has won any to fol-

low him in the upward path, yet per-
chance at the last great day, he may
find that his consistent life has silenced
the scoffer, his joy and peace in believ-
ing has won the weary and sorrowful
to the service of his Master, and his
patient perseverance in duty has upheld
the wavering and encouraged the dis-
heartened, to go forward with new
courage and new hope.

An influence like this, Italia had
been silently and unconsciously ex-
erting. Mrs. Tyron had felt her eager
desire for authority checked by Italia's
modest demeanor, and her anxiety for
a position of respect rebuked by the
humility which made the young Chris-
tian willing at all times to "take the
lowest room." Mrs. Tyron had long
been a professed servant of God, but
she had neglected to cultivate the gen-
tler graces that are the chief charm of
a feminine character. Lately she had
grown less severe in her discipline in
the kitchen; and less anxious to dis-
play her powers as commander-in-chief
of the domestic department. A grow-
ing modesty as to her own opinions had
made her more ready to listen deferentially
to Dr. Aulick's plans of benevo-
lence, and a growing love of doing
good had made her a more eager part-
aker in these plans.

Mrs. Clinton and Italia had truly
left behind them a blessing—such a
blessing must surely follow wherever
sincere Christians have tarried, even
for a time. Alas! for the would-be
disciples of Christ, young or old, who
can visit among friends—sojourn in a
boarding-house, or mingle with school
companions, without setting an exam-
ple, that even without words would
have preached for Christ. Not that
we should never try by counsel and
judicious guidance to lead others to the
truth. Such means should be cautious-
ly tried, but such means sometimes fail;
but a faithful practice always does its
sure silent work.

Italia had returned with Mrs. Clin-
ton ready to fall in with any plans sug-
gested by that kind friend for the ar-
rangement of her time and for her im-
provement.

A few days after her return, Mrs.
Clinton was talking with her one morn-
ing, about the comparative advanta-
ges of a school education and receiv-
ing instruction from mothers at home.
Mrs. Clinton loved to cultivate free-
dom and independence of opinion in
her charge, and she often drew her into
discussion in order to develop her views
and enable her to express them with
clearness.

This morning, however, the conver-
sation was to be of short duration.
Nora suddenly appeared announcing,
with surprise in her face, that some
visitors were at the door. "It's Mrs.
Brown, ma'am! from the Orphan Asy-
lum, and a sailor man with her. She
seems to think, savin' yer presence,
that you'd see them right here in the
parlor. Sure ma'am, and she should
have known better!"

Italia's face was beaming with pleas-
ure at the idea of seeing Mrs. Brown,
for whom she retained a strong attach-
ment, and she was rejoiced to hear
Mrs. Clinton say: "Show them in
here, Nora!"

"With the greatest pleasure in life,
if it's your biddin'!" said Nora, disap-
pearing.

"Perhaps you'll hardly know your
old mammy now," said Mrs. Brown
going up to Italia and doubtfully offer-
ing her hand.

Italia's cordial greeting put these
suspicions to flight, and Mrs. Brown's
face was all smiles, as she turned to
her companion and said: "That's her!
Would you ever think it!"

The young sailor stood as if rooted
to the floor, and to the astonishment of
Mrs. Clinton and Italia, great tears
suddenly rolled down his brown cheeks.

"She would—would have been proud
of her so this day! I never thought to see
her so; he at length found words to say,
as he looked with respectful wonder at
Italia.

"It's the sailor ma'am, Jack Warren,
as brought Fidgetty to us!" said Mrs.
Brown to Mrs. Clinton, more as an ex-
planation than an introduction.

Mrs. Clinton took the rough hand of
the sailor, and said warmly: "I owe
you more than I can express. To see
her what she is must be your reward."

Mrs. Clinton had cautiously told
Italia the way in which her life was
rescued, and such particulars of the
scene as she had been unwilling to
withhold from the child who had so
dearly loved her mother.

Now, Italia fully understood who it
was that stood before her, and she ex-
claimed with intense feeling: "It is I,
it is I, who owe you all! Oh! how can
I thank you?"

"Don't, Miss! don't, Miss!" said the
sailor hastily. "Where would poor
Jack Warren have been this day but
for you, or rather for that angel mother
of yours? The prayer that she meant
only for you went straight through me,
and made me a different man. From
that day I set sail for a sure harbor,
thanks be to God."

"Tell me of my mother, my dear
mother," said Italia eagerly.

With rough eloquence the young
sailor described that scene that was so
impressed on his memory, while Italia
listened with rapt attention. Mrs.
Clinton dreaded the renewal of the as-
sociations connected with that time of
distress, but she soon saw that her
fears were groundless.

Remembrances of those fearful
scenes had no power to agitate or un-
nerve Italia. She had within her that
secret influence which reveals the
'silver lining,' even when under the
shadow of a cloud. It was joy to her
to hear of her mother's triumphant close
to her saintly life, and to know that
with that mother's death came the new
birth to the child's deliverer.

There is a pride of ancestry that is
weak, contemptible, and even absurd
in poor, sinful creatures, all derived
from him who was cast forth from the
garden of Eden, and doomed to earn
his bread by the sweat of his brow.
Since the hour of that expulsion, the
curse has been made a blessing and the
workers are the only happy beings in
the human hive. To work with the
head, the heart, or the hands is the duty
and privilege of all who have their
three-score years, or less, to spend in
this 'barren vineyard,' where there is
nothing good to be won without toil.

It is no honor to be descended from
those who have achieved nothing noble
or useful, though their names may have
been made great in the eyes of the
world by riches, refinement and high
position. Such advantages, when they
have been turned to no good account,
become a blot upon the fame of those
who are gone; their descendants should
so live, that when they die they may
leave to their children a better inheri-
tance than a mere name without sub-
stantial claims to veneration.

Foolish as is the groundless pride of
ancestry of which we have spoken,
there is a pure pleasure in the know-
ledge of the name, life, and character
of those from whom we are descended
that even the 'poor in spirit' may en-
joy.

There are families in our country
who can point to a genealogical tree
rooted in the time of William the Con-
queror, or even in the more remote
past; but this is but a poor boast, a
short-lived honor, compared with that
of the happy persons who can claim a
pedigree that is known and honored in
the heavenly kingdom. We have God's
assertion that he 'showeth mercy to
thousands in them that love him and
keep his commandments; and we doubt
not that they who by their faith and
devotedness are counted worthy to dwell
with Abraham in glory, will, like him,
be known and revered in the courts
of the New Jerusalem as long as time
shall last.

To have such parentage is indeed a
privilege! This privilege had already
been a source of pure joy to Italia, and
now her heart was full of gratitude as
she heard how her mother had smiling-
ly passed from death unto life.

While the warm-hearted sailor was
telling the story so full of interest and
moment to him, he had been free and
unreserved, but when he had finished
he became embarrassed, looked at
Italia doubtfully, and then said to Mrs.
Clinton: "If the lady pleases, I should
like to see her alone."

Much wondering, Mrs. Clinton led
Jack Warren into another room, while
Italia proposed to Mrs. Brown to take
a view of the garden.

Deeply as Italia had been moved,
she managed to put aside her own feel-
ings, and tried to make the time pass
pleasantly to Mrs. Brown, of whom

she cherished only the kindest remem-
brances.

Now and then the stout matron
would call her companion 'Fidgetty,'
and then start as if she had committed
an unpardonable error, and fall into a
fit of reserve for some moments.

Italia only smiled at these mistakes,
and at length Mrs. Brown became quite
at her ease, and then she broke forth
with the exclamation: "Why you
haven't grown proud a bit, I thought
you'd be so stuck up, maybe, you'd hard-
ly speak to me. Why, I met Mary
Jane a half a year ago when I was in the
city, and she held up her head and went
right by me without speaking a single
word."

"Mary Jane is much improved of
late. She was one of my school-mates,
and is going to make a fine girl. I
think," said Italia kindly.

"She will be a good while in the
making over before she's done!" said
Mrs. Brown tartly.

"You used to say a slow bake was
good, sometimes," said Italia smiling.

The smile was reflected in Mrs.
Brown's face, at this allusion to by-gone
days, and she answered: "You
haven't forgot all about them times,
then. It seems a good while ago, don't
it?"

"It does, indeed," said Italia thought-
fully.

At that moment Mrs. Clinton ap-
peared, followed by the honest sailor.

Jack Warren would hear no more
thanks, and the idea of reward seemed
painful to him. He would accept
nothing but a bouquet which Italia
gathered for him, and which he declar-
ed he should keep till he grew grey.
After a long, satisfied look at Italia he
hurried Mrs. Brown away, only stop-
ping for a cordial good-by at the garden
gate.

The little Hero.

"Can a boy be a hero? Of course he
can, if he has courage and a good op-
portunity to show it." The boy who
will stand up for the right, stick to the
truth, resist temptation, and suffer
rather than do wrong, is a moral hero.

Here is an example of true heroism.
A little drummer boy, who had become
a great favorite with the officers, was
asked by the Captain to drink a glass
of rum. But he declined saying, "I
am a cadet of temperance, and do not
taste strong drink."

"But you must take some now," said
the Captain. "You have been on duty
all day, beating the drum and march-
ing, and now you must not refuse. I
insist upon it." But still the boy stood
firm and held fast to his integrity.

The Captain then turned to the
Major and said: "Our little drummer-
boy is afraid to drink. He will never
make a soldier!"

"How is this?" said the Major in a
playful manner. "Do you refuse to
obey the orders of your Captain?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I have never re-
fused to obey the Captain's orders, and
have tried to do my duty as a soldier
faithfully; but I must refuse to drink
rum, because I know it will do me an
injury."

"Then," said the Major in a stern
tone of voice, in order to test his sin-
cerity, "I command you to take a
drink, and you know it is death to dis-
obey orders!"

The little hero, fixing his clear blue
eyes on the face of the officer, said:
"Sir, my father died a drunkard, and
when I entered the army, I promised
my dear mother that I would not taste
a drop of rum, and I mean to keep my
promise. I am sorry to disobey orders
sir; but I would rather suffer anything
than disgrace my mother, and break
my temperance pledge." Was not that
boy a hero?

The officers approved the conduct of
that noble boy, and told him that so
long as he kept that pledge, and per-
formed his duty faithfully as a soldier,
he might expect from them regard and
protection.

THE BENEFITS OF A STRIKE.—A strike
has lost Paris a lucrative industry which
in 1880, employed 1,200 men. The
manufacture of gold and silver lace and
fancy trimmings was very prosperous,
and the workmen struck for more wages.
The masters said they could not pay
more, but the workmen held out, and
with such success that the manufactur-
ers have been obliged to send their work
to England, Germany and Belgium, and
now not more than eighty men are em-
ployed in Paris in place of 1,200.

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