#### MESSENGER CHRISTIAN

#### Lamily Reading.

6

### For the Christian Messenger. The Pilgrim's Song.

I am lonely, very lonely, Blessed Spirit, come to me : Through this dreary, dismal desert, Bear me company.

I am hungry, very hungry, Bread of Life, oh, satiate me ! Feed me with thine utmost fullness, I can only live by thee.

up and tried.'

lia.'

I am thirsty, very thirsty ; Living water, flowing free, Lo | I come footworn and dusty, To drink and bathe my soul in thee.

I am poor, yea very poor, Yet I rich may be, For my Lord possesseth all things, All kept in store for me.

I am weary, very weary, Perfect rest I long to see ; Leaning on my Saviour's bosom, There there is rest for me.

I am longing, ever longing, Thy glory, Lord, to see ; Where the angels thee are thronging, There to dwell eternally. S. P.



KATHLEEN.

could catch me up in no time, if I tried subject. He only went on asking questo get away, and I was atraid to make | tions about the life in America, and conthem angry. John got into such rages doling with Cleve on all that he had if he was angry. And they said that gone through. It seemed a relief to if I came home I should be taken up. the boy to talk, and in the act of so They always spoke as if Mr. Corrie was doing he was evidently creeping back dead, and it was my doing. And I used into the old home feelings. A long to think I had almost better stay away. chat with his younger sisters had al-I used to think it would be worse per- ready done much in that way. The haps than anything for mother and knowledge of his mother's death lay Leena, if I came home, and was taken | heavily on him, but at present he was trying to put it aside.

'Shame!' said Mr. Joliffe. 'They He was greatly altered from the simwere imposing on your fears. Mr. ple and easily-swayed child of two or Corrie is quite well, and gone to Austra- three years back. He had seen much of the world, much of evil, much of

. I never knew he had recovered, till trouble ; and these had left their comlately, father, and I couldn't stand the bined mark upon him. At fourteen he ing in cages in the shop windows, and thought of facing everybody, if that had been a mere child; at sixteen he were so. Sometimes, now and then, I was developing fast into manhood. He felt as if I must, but other times I used seemed to have left behind him the old to be just hopeless, and never expect to weakness of character, which had caused see any of you again. It wasn't till him to bend before every influence after John was taken up and sentenced, brought in turn to bear upon him. that Fred one day let slip to me about Kenison had once expressed a hope to Mr. Corrie having got well. I don't Kathleen that the very events which know exactly how they heard, but I seemed to sever him hopelessly from know they had letters and money from all good influences. might be the means heir home. They never would let met employed to guard him from evil ; and, pleasure and admiration at the crowds write to any of you. I did once but it strangely, thus it seemed to have come was hard to manage. Till John went to pass. In his distress and horror at things more comfortable for me.'

to prison, I was almost always with one the deed which he believed himself to or the other, and I had no psper and no have committed, he had been driven to money Fred was never so unkind to me take a stand for the right, which be as John, and he used to try to make might never otherwise have taken, ard in the despairing sense of his own weak-· How did you live, Cleve?' ness, he had been driven to prayer for The boy shook his head dubiously. help; while the very lack of a Bible within reach had made him cling the "They had money,' he said. "Not more to recollections of Bible lessons all from home, I am sure. They didn't in the past, once little valued. If any tell me how they got it, and I never "So they would not let you come asked, for I did not want to know. fear remained of a later relapse into the old weaknesses, a fresh antidote had think they meant to train me into their come, in the shape of the grievous knowledge that his flight had hastened his mother's death.

The Rifted Cloud.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY LUCIE DAYTON PHILLIPS

V.

"Where are you going, sister?" Alice was putting on her hat and shawl.

see Dr. Carrol. He is in his city office to-day.'

In spite of her poverty and her toilsome life, there were few happier faces than hers, as she threaded the crowded city streets. Birds were singone canary was sending forth intricate trills of such delicious music that she stopped a moment to listen. The noonday sun was shining, and in the air there was a hint of spring and something, as she passed the parks, that suggested the perfume of early flowers. Both of beautiful girls buying lavishly in the

shops or riding I isurely in carriages, and noticing their rich and dainty toilets, their winsome, unwise faces, She told herself with a smile that it was well ordered that such as they had

to look in on Alice Fane when she had in among its sympathies the world of settled down in her new home-a sorrowing men and women who mourn square, airy chamber, whose broad because their little ones are not. windows showed a fairer landscape than any she could ever hope to paint. The they are ! The mourners above them. simple curtains were looped away in how vast the multitude! Brothers graceful curves, for the girl had an sisters, I am one with you. I press artist's eye and touch. Her bed and your hands, I weep with you, I trust the children's cot had the whitest of with you, I belong to you. Those covers, and a toilet stand which she waxen, folded hands, that still heart, so

match. There were books and pictures sleep bound eyes which have been so

she had so coveted. Its restful atmosphere might soothe some weary queen of the beau monde; at least so sail wings so constantly as the fountain of Augusta and Ethel Carrol.

vow neither to eat nor drink until this whole place has been brought to Christ. I must confess I do not understand this sort of thing. I thought I was a earth and sky were lovely this bright Christian myself, or I never would have day, and she drank in their beauty united with the church ; but I'm afraid gratefully. She looked, too, with I'm a very poor one, if I am one at all. I never saw such people l'

The speaker was a fashionable city the day with them.

with surprise.

young lady, with emphasis. 'I mean deeply as any slave in the South ever Fortunately Dr. Carrol was not out, you and Augusta, your mother-all of did. She bore children who were sold as she half feared he would be; and you! Your pastor is killing himself he gave her so cordial a greeting that trying to keep up with you. Then poor Alice, who had so few friends, was there is a girl, one of your father's She very lately learned to read and numerous proteges-a portrait painter, '1 wanted to see you on a business I think-that acts as if she thought matter, and have been too busy to call her mission was to convert all the at your house, or I would not have factory employees. She even goes given you this long walk,' he explained to the vilest haunts of the city hunting in his most benevolent manner. . How up wretched outcasts. For my part. I'm sick of hearing her name and ex-'They are very well, sir. They ploits. And what with your new church have not forgotten you. And oh ! I and mission rooms, your factory-girls' cannot help thinking that it was you, ' home,' your in-door and out door scenes might be unavoidable, but they every evening, and I never would join. Joliffe's brief assertion in the drawing- sir, who made us so happy Christmas services, your special efforts to interest the mill-hands, I think you have about turned the place upside down. What . We were so rich !' she went on, in provokes me more than anything else

## **DECEMBER 19, 1883**.

. The little graves, alas ! how many "Only for some work, Katie, and to fashioned herself had a drapery to often pressed warm to our own, those about the room, flowers blooming in the full of love and life, that sweet, unmov windows, a slender vase and a blue jug ing alabaster face-ah! We have all full of white roses on the low mantel. looked upon them, and they have made It had, indeed, the 'home look' which us one and made us better. There is no fountain which the healing angel troubles with his restless and life giving tears, and only those too lame and

..... They all work as if under a bruised to bathe miss the blessed infinence.'

Sojourner Truth dead.

The Springfield Republican notes that Sojourner Truth, a negro woman famous for half a century in the causes of abolition and woman's rights, and called by Mrs. Stowe the Libyan sibyl. friend of the Carrols, and was spending died Nov. 26th at her home, Battle Creek, Mich., at the age of 112 years. "Whom do you mean?' asked Ethel, She was African in blood and birth, a slive in New York State, and suffered I mean you for one,' replied the the wrongs and violence of slavery as

be more pro pastures th the amoun the grazing OATMEA some and of oatmeal a little col boiling m three table one quart it cool in vou have f Make a sa cream and thus ;-- To water allo two heapi

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Prof. W. in Knowle ence with I may n I have ma erannuate old, but o dition. she would stead of h gently ste cannot gu ance of th having su After this until it co day was r i.e., in a 1 was exce grown ch ary way, in spite of tained by This sur the softe ligaments traction o spoiled t diluted it. ed was pr an old for than a yo farm hour hens is t rule in th in the p The featu was the As the la to an end drug in th my reade of their o terers by ranted to ward. I supply a may repo cheaply. omy of u duct and and roas

THE STORY OF A HOME.

THE INTERIM.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

home sooner, my boy ?"

It was late that same night. Dr. ways, in time. We used to go about a Ritchie was some time gon 3, and the good deal from one place to another, and house had grown quiet after its stir. they had a great many triends somehow; Mr. Joliffe had been for an hour or two but it was the sort of friends that you in the study, pitying the state of his wouldn't have liked for me, father, and own nerves, and feeling that he was an I tried to keep clear of them; I did inaggrieved individual. These family deed. They used to play for money were especially unpleasant to a man of That made John so angry with me. the impression that somebody, not himself, was to blame for their occurrence, somehow I only minded more and more table. He could not at all see why everybody | and I used to think it must be mother's -himself alone excepted-should not and Leena's prayers.' The boy gave a take things more quietly, and put a short sob as he spoke. I suppose I for conversation, and Joan and Miss my eyes until they are quite strong more cheerful face upon matters. He was much at a loss how to pass his time Everything looked hopeless, and I bereft of wife and daughter at once. His presence in the sick room was not desired, as absolute quiet was enjoined swindling a poor old man out of his half an hour, not far from midnight, and for Kathleen, and Mr. Joliffe never money, and they condemned him to two found Cleve alone in the study, sobbing is just what I wanted to see you about ; could be absolutely quiet. He was glad years' imprisonment. And Fred grew like a child beneath his mother's pic- but I am in a great hurry and must be abstractedly, to see Mary Joliffe occupying her rightful position, as head-nurse for honest work. That was when he and household referee, but in any other sense except abstractedly he would and it did make a difference in my life. Mrs. Joliffe was able to put thoughts of return from Europe, where she has greatly have preferred to see the sick I made up my mind that I would get self aside. She took the boyish head been studying music. He remembers room left in Hardwicke's hands, and away as soon as possible, and come upon her knee, and sat talking freely to that I was always fond of paintings, his wife free to attend to himself.

So he sat in his study forlornly for a time, and then wandered about in aimthe returned wanderer, alone in the drawing-room.

"Why, Cleve, my dear boy !' he said kindly, 'I did not know what had become of you. Have you been sitting Joliffe. with your sisters?"

He knew so much, as he sat talking | are the children, Alice?' with his father. The children and Joan and Miss Thorpe had given him many detached particulars, expanding Mrs. room. He knew that he had not indeed | day.' his temperament, and he laboured under Fred always told him to have patience, killed his mother, though his conduct and I shouldn't mind by-and-by. But had hastened the death, before inevi-

> got in a way used to the kind of life. Thorpe were not gifted in the art of again. I hope never to be as poor any that question. didn't expect any change. Then all at to Mrs. Joliffe to be his comforter. She once John was taken up and tried, for managed to leave the sick room for more careful, and talked of looking out | ture.

It would have been an embarrassing in the West, is about to refurnish his told me the truth about Mr. Corrie; situation for some women, but again house, in honor of his oldest daughter's never let me have a penny of my own. of that mother's deep love for her boy. and in my younger days, made some Sometimes I thought I would write to She described Katie Joliffe's dying trust pretentions as a critic and student of she had heard from her husband. 'My dear boy, I should have come

"Till they went to bed.' Cleve an- think I had grown stupid, and didn't you must meet her in heaven.'

God helping me. 'As He will,' Mrs. J oliffe said. Then thing so real about them that I think even in a little while, when his grief was my Western friend will recognize their quieter, she spoke in a different tone : . I want very much that you should you see. Will you sell me all you understand one thing, Cleve. I know it must be great pain to come home and find me in her place. It isn't to be ex- the office was light, the one she bore was no knowing how he had come by pected that you should not feel it, and want to hear a few particulars myself.' it; but I knew you would repay it to you won't get used to it yet awhile. which had seemed not long ago a tlack, But I do want you to remember that I black night, was now radiant with hope · Of couse, of course,' said Mr. Joliffe. haven't the very least thought of being and promise. Common necessities of in the place of your dear mother to you. life, which she had denied herself and "Fred didn't die for some days, but Such a thing could not be, and I know the children that a pittance might be 'They never would hear of it,' Cleve it was sudden at last. He used to make it right well. You can never love any- put aside for a 'rainy day,' could now said dejectedly. 'I wasn't free till me say a text to him now and then, for body as you loved her, and I should be purchased and enjoyed. She looked John was in prison, and Fred was dead. I had not any Bible. I wished so not like to think that you could. And at the gay display in the shop windows that I had. But he was very very you must never think that I mind hear- with the comfortable thought that she 'In prison and dead! You don't miserable up to the last, and nothing ing you speak about her. for I don't. could go in and buy if she liked, and say so ! Yes, now I remember, you told that I could say comforted him. He I often talk of her to your father, and I passing a fruit stall she selected some us so when you first came in, but, really would not let me call a clergyman. I would like to do the same with you of the finest, paying for it with the air one could hardly take in anything then. told him mother would tell him to pray, and Kathleen. But though I can't be of one who has ten thousand a year. Poor unhappy lads! They had a mis- but he did not seem able. It was a what she was, I do want just to be a 'I will even get Susie and Kate a erable bringing-up. But, my dear boy, horrid time, father. And then, when friend to you all. Will you let me little rocking-chair apiece. Think of de you positively mean to say that you he was dead, I came off as quick as I Cleve? Do you think you can trust that !' she said to herself, wasting her 'I'm sure, if she was to know, she 'And I will find a larger and lighter would want us to be good to you,' the room for us to live in, and make it look boy answered frankly, with a truer in- like a real home. Oh, I hope father "Ob, I don't know,' the boy said list- Mr. Joliffe must have understood, stinct in the matter than Kathleen's had knows all this ! How good God is !'

quite overcome.

'No, no,' said the doctor.

no living to earn.

a child's delighted way that made his is that I can't help wishing for a differ. Mr. Joliffe kept studiously clear of heart throb with pleasure. 'We had ent life myself. What started you all? Birney and Redmond. Her own life, the subject, and Kathleen was in no state plenty to eat and to wear, and I rested I'd like to know that.' consolation. So, strange to say, it fell more as I was the day you bought my pictures.'

> "What if I were to tell you, Alice, that I want some more pictures? That brief. A friend of mine, a rich man

But perhaps no one could answer

### THE END.

# Death of the First Born.

This beautiful extract, from Dr. Holland's 'Arthur Bonniecastle,' will be read with deep and tender interest by many whose experience it truthfully portrays " I stand in a darkened room before a little casket that holds the silent form of my first born. My arm is around the wife and mother who weeps over home. Only I had to wait. for they him of the mother that was gone, and prided myselt on my own collection, the lost treasure, and cannot, till tears have their way, be comforted. I had less style, till he suddenly stumbled on you, but I was afraid that if a letter that Cleve would be kept from evil, and art. He has great confidence in my that my child could die. I knew that came back it would only fall into Fred's restored again to his home; for all this judgment, and has written me to select other children had died, but I felt safe. him a dozen fine pictures, offering, as We lay the little fellow close by his "Kathleen will be able to tell you he crudely expressed it, "the market grandfather at last; we strew his grave terference of God in the affairs of men; out to you-or sent some one,' said Mr. more,' she said. ' But I know her end price, cash down.' Now you know in with flowers, and then return to our sad- it was partly a race birthright, no doubt, was peace, with no shadow of a fear a city like this it is not difficult to fill dened home with hearts united in sor- but much more a personal faith ; for she 'Yes, I thought of Ken. But I for you. And her last message was that such an order. But those pictures of row as they had never been united in spoke as one who was in the secret your father's struck me as bearing joy, and with sympathies forever open counsel of the Almighty, and declared swered drearily. 'They say I must know what to do. Then Fred had a 'Oh, I will-I will !' sobbed Cleve, strong marks of genius. While the sub- toward all who are called to a kindred what He would permit, and what He grief. I wonder where he is to-day, in would compel, as if she verily knew it what mature angelhood he stands, how he will look when I meet him, how he to overstate the impression which the will make himself known to me, who has been his teacher. He was like me. hearers. Her strange name was one Will his grandfather know him? never can cease thinking of him as cared witness to her imaginative genius. for and led by the same hand to which my youthful fingers clung, and as hearing from the fond lips of my own father the story of his father's eventful life. I feel how wonderful has been the ministry of my children ; how much more I have learned from them than they have Sojourner,-for the was 80 years of age learned from me ; how, by holding my then,- ' sat crouched against the wall own strong life in sweet subordination on the corner of the pulpit stairs, her of their hopelessness, they have taught sunbonnet shading her eyes, her elbows me patience, self-sacrifice, self-control. truthfulness, faith, simplicity and purity. broad, hard palms.' Few dared to have "Ah! this taking to one's arms a little group of souls, fresh from the who was president of the convention, to hand of God, and living with them in prevent her from speaking. They did'nt loving companionship through all their want their cause ' mixed up with abolistainless years, is, or ought to be, like tion and niggers.' But the time came living in Leaven, for of such is the when Sojourner Truth telt it borne in heavenly kingdom. To no one of these upon her to speak ; ' She moved slowly am I more indebted than to the boy who to the front, laid her old bonnet at her went away from me before the world feet, and turned her great speaking eyes had touched him with a stain. The key to me.' Hisses came from the audience. that shut him in the tomb was the only But she looked the disapproval down.

away from her; she endured the lash and wore its scars to her dying day. write, but she had always the gift of an inspired eloquence that moved audiences when many a cultured speaker had failed to stir them. She was a seer, and long before the Civil War predicted its coming, its weary duration and its great result-the freedom of the enslaved. The world, she said, had been recreated since her birth, for she remembered a whole century, when her race were cattle, and had lived through all the growth of public opinion to the full recognition of the African as equal in rights with the Caucasian. She spoke on the platform with Garrison, Phillips, the dispoilment of her family, the abuse of her womanhood, were her themes, and they were presented with a simple vigor and unadorned honesty that madea deep impression. Her later culture did not wean her from the speech of the field-hand, with its marvelous readiness in the use of Scripture ; and at times her utterance was that of one inspired. It is a familiar story how once in an anti-slavery meeting, when Frederick Douglass had spoken almost in despair over the dulness of public opinion, the antagonism of party and the dritt of events against the cause of freedom,-Sojourner Truth arose, and lifting her right hand straight up, said only ' Frederick, is God dead ?' This uneducated black woman never

doubted when almost everybody else did doubt. The believed in the personal inat first hand. It seems scarcely possible sibyl of Battle Creek left upon her of her own devising, and is in itself a Mrs. Frances D. Gage has recorded one of Sojourner Truth's impressive outbursts on she public platform, in the ' History of Woman Suffrage.' It was at a woman's rights Convention at Akron O., in 1851. During its sessions old on her knees, her chin resting upon her her speak, many implored Mrs. Gage I think it would give you pleasure key that could unlock my heart, and let Nearly six feet high, her head was

but a night's rest will do her good. You first, and he seemed wretched and sorry see she was a little startled-as indeed for all he had done. He told me I had have had a long talk with Justina and deal to tell one another. And now I He lowered himself into a large arm- anybody, if one could find out." chair opposite the boy. 'So they would not let you come home sooner. How was that Cleve ?'

kept you like a slave !'

'Not very well, poor dear child | cart. There was no hope from the we all were. But it is a great relief to better come straight home, when he have you home again, my boy. You was gone and he said I should find money enough in his pocket, and so I Olave? Of course you have a great did. I didn't like using it, for there 'And then, my boy---'

have never had a chance to escape from | could, and sailed in the first ship, just | me, and learn to love me?' them all this time-between two and as I was. I could not bear to lose an three years? Why, they must have hour. I did so hope I should findbut I was always afraid----'

lessly. 'They always told me they but he did not pursue that branch of the been.

jects are rather unusual, there is somemerit. I want to do my best for bim, have for ' cash down' ?'

And so, if the heart she carried into away was lighter still. The future, happy smile on the senseless canary.

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