

Family Reading.

The Will and the Way.

There's something I'd have you remember, boys, To help in the battle of life. 'Twill give you strength in the time of need, And help in the hour of strife. Whenever there's something that should be done, Don't be faint-hearted and say, "What use to try?" Remember, then, That where there's a will there's a way. There's many a failure for those who win, But though at first they fail, They try again and the earnest heart Is sure at last to prevail. Though the hill is rugged and hard to climb, You can win the heights, I say, If you make up your mind to reach the top, For where there's a will there's a way. The men who stand at the top are those Who never could bear defeat; Their failures only made them strong For the work they had to meet: The will to do and the will to dare Is what we want to day; What has been done can be done again, For the will finds out the way. —Harper's Young People.

The great Cave.

'Where have they all gone?' inquired Lucy Bartlett, reaching up to pull the white blossoms from an apple tree that was just then in full bloom, and speaking to Fannie, the hired girl. 'Why, you see, Miss Lucy,' said Fannie, raising her head from her work, 'your aunt came in early this morning, and asked your par and mar to go with her to that pit or cavern that old Mr. Adams was telling us about.' 'How I wish I had staid at home to day,' said Lucy, regretfully. 'Don't fret,' answered Fannie. 'They will be back soon, for they have been gone ever since nine o'clock this morning.' 'Did they take anything to eat with them?' asked Lucy. 'No; I think not,' replied Fannie. 'But Mr. Adams took ten candles, and matches enough to last a week, I should say.' Lucy stood by the garden gate in silence for a few moments. The sun was low, and the shadows of the tall trees lay across the road with bars of golden light between them. Presently she said, 'I will walk a little way into the wood and meet them, Fannie.' 'Very well,' replied Fannie; 'but don't get lost.' 'Oh, no,' said Lucy. 'I know the way.' As Lucy went out of the gate Fannie observed that she had a large book under her arm, so she said, 'Shall I take your book into the house, Miss Lucy?' 'No, I thank you,' replied Lucy. 'Kate gave it to me to-day, and perhaps I shall have time to look at it before they come.' Lucy walked slowly along until she reached an opening in the wood that led to a path which she knew the party must take. Then, seating herself under a tree, she opened her new book. It was quite thick and filled with engravings. She examined all of these, and even glanced at two or three stories, but still there were no signs of the party. The cave which Lucy's parents had gone to visit was then but little known, although it has since become almost as celebrated as the Mammoth cave. After a while Lucy concluded to walk on a little farther. So she moved along slowly under the trees, stopping every now and then to listen. Soon she had left the road and her home far behind. When she had reached the open country again the sun had set, and the new moon and one large star shone brightly in the west. But there was no living thing in sight except one little grey hare, which kicked up his heels and scampered off at her approach. Lucy had heard such wonderful accounts of the extent of this cave, its large chambers and narrow passages, that she now grew anxious, and thought perhaps her friends had missed the right direction, and it might be a long while before they returned. So she hurried up to the opening, and stretched her neck and strained her eyes, but all to no

purpose; there was nothing to be seen but darkness. She called aloud. 'Where are you?' A voice, which seemed to come from the very end of the cave, answered, 'Where are you—are you?' 'Mamma, cried Lucy, joyfully. 'Mamma, mamma, ma-ab,' said the voice, dying away slowly. 'It is only an echo,' said Lucy, sorrowfully. As Lucy wandered backward and forward before the entrance of the cave her foot struck against something soft on the ground. Picking it up, she found it was a brown paper parcel tied with a string. On unrolling it she was surprised to find it contained a number of candles and several boxes of matches. Lucy took the string in her hand to tie the parcel up again, but gave a little cry of fright as she looked closely at it. It was not a cord, but a long strip of calico of a very peculiar pattern. 'Oh!' cried Lucy, aloud, 'This is a piece of Fannie's new dress. These must be the candles that she gave Mr. Adams!' Lucy counted them over with trembling fingers. 'Nine candles! Then they have had only one with them all this time,' Lucy began to cry, and whisper to herself, 'They are lost! they are lost! Perhaps they have fallen into one of those dreadful ponds full of blind fishes that Mr. Adams told us about. I must go and find them.' She lighted one of the candles, and tying the ends of her apron around her waist, placed the other candles and matches in it, and walked boldly into the dark cavern. The single candle flared and flickered, and shed only a very faint light upon the rough stones of the cave. In a little while she came to a narrow passage with two openings, one on the right and the other on the left. Now she became dreadfully worried and puzzled, for she could not determine which of these to take. Lucy turned back and looked at the main entrance of the cave. A narrow stream of moonlight penetrated a little way within it, and lay like a silver thread along the ground. This made Lucy think, 'If I only had a big slice of bread I could sprinkle the crumbs behind me as Hop-o'-my-Thumb did; or if I only had some paper!' Then she remembered her new book, and taking it out hastily, began to pull the leaves from it, and tear them into small pieces. These she scattered along the ground. 'Now,' said Lucy, 'when I find mamma, papa, and aunt, I can lead them right home.' On she went boldly, and this time she neither turned to the right nor left, but kept on until she came to a great vaulted chamber, hung with snowy crystals that sparkled like frost. Although everything around was strange and beautiful, Lucy did not stop to look, but walked on, sprinkling the scraps of paper as she went. She passed through many long passage-ways and great rooms, and at last she began to feel as though she must be walking right into the centre of the earth. After a while her candle burned down so low that she was obliged to light another. This made her think that she must have been walking a long time, and, besides, she now began to feel very tired. As she lighted the second candle she was surprised to hear a rippling sound close by. Looking down quickly, Lucy saw a wide stream of water directly before her, and at the same time she perceived something white at her feet. Picking it up, she found that it was her mother's handkerchief. This alarmed her so that she sat down near the edge of the swift, dark water and began to cry. Lucy put her candle in a crevice of the rock by her side and looked hopelessly about. The once thick and beautiful book was almost used up; the covers flapped loosely in her hand, and now this stream barred her way. What could she do? At that moment her eye fell upon a distinct foot-print in some sand upon which the light shone. 'That is ever so much bigger than mine,' said Lucy, looking at it closely and drying her eyes. 'I am sure it must be mamma's, and she has not fallen into the pond, for the toe points the other way.' She crouched down on the ground near the mark, and pressed the handkerchief she had found to her face. A

faint perfume of violets still clung to it. This and the footstep together made her feel as though her mother must be near. She sat very still for a little while with her eyes closed. Presently her weary little head fell forward upon her breast. She was asleep. Lucy slept a long while; in fact, all night. When she awoke the candle had burned down, and she was in perfect darkness. She felt in her apron for the matches and another candle, but before she could find them a slight sound startled her. It grew louder and louder, and presently she heard what seemed to be a number of people advancing. Then she heard a voice say: 'How many days do you think we have been in this dreadful place?' And another voice answered: 'I am sure I do not know; but it seems a long, long while.' Lucy tried to scream, but her voice died away without a sound. Then a third voice said, 'Be careful; move slowly. Although all three voices sounded strange and hollow, Lucy had recognized them, and knew also that they came from the other side of the stream. She sprang to her feet with a loud cry. 'Mamma! papa! aunt! Stand still!—do stand still!' 'It is little Lucy!' cried her aunt, in a horrified voice. 'Do stand still!' pleaded Lucy; 'there is a great deep river right before you.' 'My darling, where are you?' sobbed her mother. 'This is terrible,' said her father, in a low, sad voice. 'How came you in the cavern, Lucy, and who is with you?' 'I came to look for you, papa,' answered Lucy, 'and I am alone.' 'Alone!' cried her aunt and mother in concert. 'Yes,' replied Lucy, 'and I found the candles Fannie gave Mr. Adams. Wait a minute and I will light one.' Lucy kindled a match, and a faint light gleamed through the darkness. She could not see her friends across the stream, but they could perceive her and also the danger which they had just escaped. 'My little girl,' said her father, 'hold the light up, and I will swim across and bring you to this side.' 'Then we will all starve together,' said her aunt. 'Oh, no, aunt,' said Lucy; 'we shall not have to starve, because I know the way out.' 'Are you sure?' asked her father, in surprise. 'Certain,' replied Lucy, 'for I tore a big book up, pictures and all, and sprinkled the pieces on the ground in a long streak from the opening of the cave to just where I am now. When I picked up mamma's handkerchief I found that the book was almost used up. Then I sat down and cried, and I guess I went to sleep.' 'Was there ever such a darling?' said her mother. 'Where did you find the handkerchief?' asked her father. 'Where I am standing now, papa,' said Lucy. 'Then it is plain to me,' replied the father, 'that we have been on that side of the stream some time during our wanderings. If you will walk along your side of the water, Lucy, we will follow on this side, until we find the place where we crossed.' Holding her candle high above her head, to give as much light as possible to the people on the other side, Lucy walked slowly by the side of the black water until she came to a place where the rock formed a natural bridge over the stream. In another moment she was clasped in her mother's arms. After she had been kissed and praised by each one in turn, her father said, 'Now, Lucy, take us home, for we are all hungry and tired.' 'Yes, papa,' said Lucy, running forward. 'Come, mamma; come, aunt.' She held the candle close to the ground and moved quickly onward. The track of paper lay along the ground like a narrow white ribbon, and led them safely to the entrance. But before they reached it they were joined by Mr. Adams, who came from a dark corner, rubbing his eyes, and looking very much bewildered. He had just

awakened from a long nap. Lucy learned that he had only missed the candles when the light in his lantern grew dim. He went to look for them, telling the party to remain where they were until his return; but the light went out before he reached the opening, and he had lost his way. He said that Lucy must add him to her list of rescued people, for he felt sure he would never have found his way out in the dark. In a little while the tired party found themselves standing on the sun-lit grass before the cave in which they had passed such a dismal day and night. As they hurried home through the woods they were met by a number of neighbors who had started out in search of them. When they heard what Lucy had done they called her the smartest and bravest little girl in all Virginia, and carried her home in triumph.—Harper's Young People.

No need of being in a Hurry.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

One pleasant summer's evening, a score of years ago, the boys in a certain country neighborhood, as their custom was, were playing ball on the green in front of the Brickyard district school-house. As the twilight deepened, an aged man with long gray hair falling over his shoulders, walked briskly past nodding a cheerful 'Good-evening, lads,' as he turned into a foot-path that led across the fields to another school-house near the Broad-brook. 'Good-evening, sir!' 'Good-evening, Uncle Eben!' responded all the bright-faced young fellows, with cordial respect, and when he was out of ear-shot, Zi Morris said,— 'He's bound for the Broad-brook prayer-meeting.' 'And he has been at work all day in the brickyard, and is as tired as can be,' said Sid Miller. 'Just to think of his footing it away over there and back again.' 'He's a real Christian,' put in Sammy Bishop, hitting the ball, dropping the bat and running, while the words were leaving his lips. As he stood on the first bound awaiting his chance, he added bravely, 'I mean to be a Christian sometime; and when I am, I hope I shall be just such a one as Uncle Eben. He never shirks any of his duties. He goes to all the meetings and prays and sings as if he enjoyed it. He talks to us boys as though he loved us and loved the gospel he was recommending, and somehow he makes a fellow feel as if the religion he is so full of is a good thing to have.' 'I suppose we all mean to be Christians sometime,' said Ned Morrill, walking along slowly and thoughtfully to pick up the bat, 'but there's no need of being in a hurry about it. I say boys, it is too dark to play any longer! Remember, Sammy, it is our ins tomorrow night, and the game broke up. The next night, the same little company were assembled after supper, in the brickyard just beyond the school-house green, engaged in good-naturedly throwing bits of brick at each other, calling out as the missile left their hand,— 'Dodge it, Zi,' 'Dodge it, Sammy,' 'Dodge it, Ned.' The dodging was usually successful, but at last a bit hit Sammy upon the temple. As he put up his hand, some of the boys thought he turned pale, but there was no scratch or bruise visible; and the boys laughed when he said cheerfully and pleasantly, 'I guess I won't play any more,' and jumping over the fence, walked slowly across the fields to his home a few rods away. His mother noticed that his face was very pale as he entered the back-door, passed through the kitchen, where she was folding clothes for the morrow's ironing, and on up-stairs to his room. After an interval of a few minutes she followed, finding him lying across his bed insensible. All her efforts to rouse him were unavailing, and in a few minutes he ceased to breathe. The physicians said, on examination, that the shock of the blow burst a blood-vessel and his brain was drowned. Only four days later and the neighborhood boys were gathered in the twi-

light, after the funeral, lying quietly and sadly on the turf beside the school-house. They were talking in subdued tones of their dead companion and friend. 'Do you remember,' half whispered Ned Morrill, 'how the other night, when Uncle Eben went by, he said he meant to be a Christian some time, and he hoped he should be just such a one as Uncle Eben.' 'Yes,' 'Oh yes,' assented the boys. 'Well, I wanted to say then that we all ought to be Christians, and to propose going across to the prayer-meeting with Uncle Eb, and taking a stand then and there; but I was too cowardly to follow my convictions of duty, and said instead, "There is no hurry!" Had I proposed going to the prayer-meeting Sammy would have been the one to take the lead. Why did I not do so? Oh, I cannot bear it; that I should have been permitted to utter those fatal words, "There is time enough!" Oh, if I could only take them back, and the strong lad rolled on the grass in agony of spirit, while his companions sobbed audibly in grief and sympathy. That hour of regret was never forgotten by those boys. They soon after in a prayer-meeting led by Uncle Eben declared their determination to join forces with the army of the Lord. They are now all working Christians, one at least is a minister of the gospel, and that early experience has made itself felt in all their lives. Their motto is not, "There is time enough," but "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

Alphabet of Proverbs.

A good example is the best sermon. Better a bare foot than no-foot at all. Content is the philosopher's stone that turns all it touches into gold. Do what thou ought, let come what may. Eat to live, but do not live to eat. Fruits are deeds; words are but leaves. Good to begin well, better to end well. He who spends more than he should shall not have to spend when he would. It is not how long, but how well, we live. Just men will flourish in spite of envy. Keep thy faith. Love rules his kingdom without a sword. Men that break their word bid other be false to them. Neither praise nor dispraise thyself; thine actions serve the turn. Of evil grain no good seed can come. Patience is a flower that grows not in every one's garden. Quiet conscience gives quiet sleep. Reason is a ray of divine light. Step after step the ladder is ascended. That is not good language which all do not understand. Under this sign thou shalt conquer. Virtue alone is invincible. Wine is a turncoat, first a friend, then enemy. Experience is the best teacher. Young man idle, old man needy. Zeal without knowledge is the sister of folly. A. C. M.

more imposing; Tawhiao has with him a number of extremely beautiful Kiwi mats as presents for Her Majesty. The other chiefs who accompany him are Te Wheoro and Topia Turou, Mr. Skidmore, a half-caste, acts as interpreter.

No Man can serve two Masters.

If there are any of us who really believe in our hearts that personal enjoyment is the true object of our lives, let us honestly acknowledge to ourselves that we are lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God, and so go back to crown with roses the forgotten statues of the kindly Pagan gods who loved hot life and the beauty of sense. There ought not to be room in one house for both the cross of Christ and the ivy-crown of the wine-god, or the myrtle of the goddess of pleasure. "No man can serve two masters"—so runs the old saying, but the lesson is hard. Nevertheless, it is one which must be learned sooner or later, when every man must make the deliberate choice whether he will count his own pleasure the chief object of his life, or whether he will yield his will, for pleasure or for pain, to the will of God. And on that one decision hangs every man's destiny for here and hereafter.—S. S. Times.

English South Africa.

An English member of Parliament who has recently visited South Africa, gives rather a gloomy account of that colony. Its affairs, he says, are in "fearful confusion." The population consists of three nations: the native Kaffirs, Boers, and English colonists. The Boers are the strongest element, but they are not enterprising. The natives enrich grog-sellers and brandy-merchants by the proceeds of their irregular and uncertain labor; and the Englishmen are in antagonism to both the other sections of the population. Everything is dear in Cape Town. Oranges which grow in the place are four cents apiece, and eggs six cents. Kaffirs who work get in other towns five to six dollars a week. When a Kaffir man has a higher ambition than brandy he works to get money to buy cows, and with nine cows buys a wife. "A woman is not properly married unless cows have been given for her. Missionaries accept the ceremony of exchange of cows for a wife as constituting legitimate marriage." It is common for native children to be apprenticed to Boers for fifteen years, and the dark children grow up and associate on equal terms with the little Boers. "The Boers manage the natives better than the English settlers do." They are more severe, and at the same time, more kind. They dislike the British legislation with regard to the natives, claiming that the natives must be treated like children, with a firm authority. The general desire of the blacks is to become the direct subjects of the queen, for whom they have the most reverential feeling. They regard the Boers with dread and apprehension.

A REMARKABLE WOMAN.—There is not known but one person in the whole world who is deaf, dumb and blind. That is Laura Bridgeman of Boston. Yet with apparently every avenue for the reception of instruction closed, she was taught to read and talk in the deaf and dumb way, and that she can write pure English witness the following beautiful letter:

SOUTH BOSTON, Jan. 30, 1884. I appeal to the Boston people in behalf of the blind, and beg them most earnestly to lend a helping-hand toward the foundation and endowment of a kindergarten for little sightless children. They live now in darkness and gloom. Let there be light and joy for them soon. LAURA BRIDGEMAN.

The Boston 'Post' prints in fac simile Miss Bridgeman's note. Could there be a more touching appeal? How the perseverance which has enabled her to acquire knowledge sufficient to the writing of such a letter shames the faint-heartedness that looks upon any obstacle in the way of good as insuperable.

A STRIKING EXHIBIT.—A certain Western clergyman denounced a saloon-keeper whose whiskey, it was thought, took away a poor man's senses and put him in the way of death on the rail. The liquor-seller responded with a vote of thanks for the gratuitous advertising, accompanying his note with a bottle of the stuff that supposedly did the work. Thereupon the minister gave him a little more free advertising. The whiskey was sent to a chemist with the following returns as to analysis: Alcohol.....25 per cent. Fusil oil (poison).....10 per cent. Pirotoxine (deadly poison). 5 per cent. Acetic Acid (vinegar).....10 per cent. Coloring.....5 per cent. Aqua (water).....45 per cent. Such an exhibit is the best sort of a temperance lecture.