Family Reading.

That voice in Prayer.

The following poem, was read at the Railroad Men's meeting at Boutelle Chapel, Fitchburg. It is a true incident, in remembrance of a mother's secret prayers, by a railroad man.

I seem to hear that voice in prayer
Still echoing down the chamber stair,
I heard so often when a child,
In earnest accents, soft and mild.

At work or play, below the stairs,
We listen to her many prayers:
For there alone, a place most meet,
She bowed before the mercy-seat.

We saw her not, but heard her voice
Thus praying for her little boys,—
"From sins and vice, oh, keep my lambs,
Enfold them in my Saviour's arms,

"In virtue's path, oh, lead them on,—
From thoughts and deeds and words profane
Oh, keep their hearts; may Jesus' love,
Prepare them all to live above."

Not *these alone*, that voice in prayer
Presents to God, who heard her there;
A dearer one in manhood's prime,—
A father's name,—she prays for him.

"Oh, touch *his* heart, dear Saviour, now
In sweet submission may he bow,
In humble trust believe thy word,
And learn to love and fear the Lord.

"From every doubt, oh, cleanse his heart'
Bid unbelief and sin depart;
Oh, fill his soul with love divine,
Renew and own, and seal him thine.

"Oh, give me grace and strength to bear
The toils of life and trials here,—
To heaven at last, oh, bring us there,"
I hear it say,—that voice in prayer.

[illegible] Education Society.

New and New

Next Week's Select Serial.

A DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

BY MISS LILIAN F. WELLS.

CHAPTER XII.

AN UNEXPECTED CHANGE.

One warm June morning, shortly before the Walsinghams were to leave the city for the summer, Martha received a hasty note from Mrs. Iredell's housekeeper, saying that Mrs. Iredell had had 'a stroke,' and wanted her niece to come to her at once.

Martha went without an hour's delay, and found her aunt's condition serious indeed. One side was paralyzed, rendering her helpless and almost speechless; but she succeeded in making it plain that she wanted Martha to stay and take care of her.

'I want you—no one else,' stammered the poor spell bound lips, feebly. 'Come—will you?'

Martha hesitated. Leave her beloved little Fay, and her comparative freedom at the Walsinghams, and shut herself up for no one knew how long to wait on an invalid?

'Aunt Charlotte never cared enough for me to have me here when she was well, and why should I consent to tie myself here now?' thought she.

She looked again at the drawn, suffering face, lifting its pleading eyes to hers so pitifully, and was ashamed of herself.

'I will stay with you, Aunt Charlotte,' said she, smothering a sigh. 'I must go back and tell Mrs. Walsingham, and make arrangements for leaving there; but I will be back again by six o'clock.'

A look of such relief and satisfaction came over Mrs. Iredell's face that Martha was almost glad she had consented. But the parting from Fay was even harder than she had anticipated. Martha was to have gone with the family to the sea-shore; for Fay would not part with her even for a few weeks. Of course, this plan must be given up; yet, though she expected to go back to her teaching in the fall, Fay was very hard to console.

Having been so long with Miss Goodwin, and become so apt in ministering to her helplessness, Martha was well prepared to care for Mrs. Iredell, so far as mere skillfulness was concerned. But in Miss Goodwin's case, the service was one of devoted love, and the simplest or most difficult thing she could do was a privilege. Miss Goodwin's sweet patience alone would have made it a pleasure to wait upon her. With Mrs. Iredell, it was very different. Martha was unremitting in her attentions; a duty once undertaken, it was her nature to do it faithfully to the end; but the tone of her voice lacked that tenderness, the touch of her hand that soothing, healing power, and the thought of her heart that swift, unerring recognition of another's needs before they are spoken, that can come from love alone.

What! did not Martha love her own aunt? If I have a true knowledge of what love is, I am very sure that in Martha's heart there could scarcely have been a very great amount of that sweet, sin-covering feeling toward her aunt. Nor was this to be wondered at. Mrs. Iredell had never sought to make herself lovely to her niece. It is love that begets love.

There is a love that only Christians can know, that delights in showing tenderness and making sacrifice, not for the sake of its object only, but for the sake of him who inspires it in the heart. Of such a love Martha knew nothing. To her, love was as yet connected only with lovely things. Mrs. Iredell was not lovely, and there was no denying it. She was not patient, but grew more and more irritable as the weeks dragged by, and she made little progress toward recovering her health. She had been remarkably free from sickness during her life, and now found it exceedingly hard to bear. Her constant mourning over her lot, was pitiful to hear. She poured out her complaints, not only during the day, but even at night, when she was often unable to endure [illegible] She would wake the Subordinate Sister, Martha, who slept in the adjoining room; and while the weary girl performed some office either really or fancifully necessary, the unhappy woman would bemoan herself like a sick child, or indulge in expressions of useless regrets, repeated again and again, like a tiresome refrain, till Martha was strongly tempted either to shake the invalid soundly, or to rush out of the house and never come back. Happily for Mrs. Iredell, however, she successfully resisted the temptation, and tried to make all possible allowance for her aunt.

She did get out now and then, or she could scarcely have gone on as well as she did. Sometimes she would steal out for an hour while her aunt was sleeping; sometimes Mrs. Iredell would notice that Martha looked pale, and would send her to the Park for awhile. These hours of freedom were precious to Martha, and she made the most of them.

July and August passed, and Mrs. Iredell was still very feeble. Martha hoped that its end might find her released, but hoped in vain. Early in September Mrs. Iredell seemed to be losing instead of gaining; and very reluctantly Martha saw that she must resign her position at the Walsingham's entirely.

Mrs. Walsingham was extremely sorry to part with her. She had liked Martha from the outset, and trusted her implicitly. She was, at first, quite inclined to think her own need of Martha as great as Mrs. Iredell's.

'There are plenty of skilful nurses to be had; but one does not find so competent and trust-worthy a governess every day.'

'I am exceedingly sorry to give up teaching Fay,' Martha replied, in answer to this complimentary remark. 'I regret the necessity of doing so more than I can tell. But my duty seems to be with my aunt; and I feel that I ought not to deny her any care I can give her.'

'You show a very commendable spirit, I am sure, Miss Stirling; and, of course, I shall not urge you to stay against your will. But I am sure you do not regret your going more than I do.'

When Martha gently broke to Fay the news that she could not come back to be her teacher again, the child at first refused to believe it; and then, on being assured that it was really true, she seemed almost beside herself with grief. She threw herself into Martha's lap, and wailed and sobbed so piteously, that Martha could not help crying too. But at last, when the first burst of the storm was over, she gently but firmly unclasped the clinging hands, and put the still violently-weeping child off her lap.

'Fay, darling, you must not cry so, or you will be sick,' she said, stooping to kiss the quivering lips again. 'I must go; but I will come to see you whenever I can; and you shall come to see me as often as you like.'

But Fay turned her back with an indignant little sob, and said:

'No. I won't come to see you at all, not once! I'll just cry and cry and cry till I get awful sick; and maybe I'll die. And *then* I guess you'll be sorry. And I won't ever have another teacher; and I'll grow up the awfulest dunce! so now!'

No coaxing would pacify the little maid; and Martha was obliged to leave her at last unreconciled.

October came, and Martha was still as closely confined in the sick-room as ever, and enduring the daily and nightly trial of her patience with commendable fortitude. She did not get out quite so often, however; so that when the short times of liberty did come, they were all the more enjoyable.

It was on one of those occasions, and after a longer confinement in the house than usual, that Martha was wandering along a winding path in the Park, enjoying extremely the cool October air and the many beautiful things around her. While crossing a rustic bridge, she noticed a young lady apparently of about her own age, leaning on the railing with an open book before her.

Seeing that she seemed to be absorbed—not in the book, but in watching the mirror-like water below, Martha allowed herself the pleasure of a prolonged gaze; for she had seldom seen so attractive a face and figure.

The figure was a tall one, and quite slender, with grace in every outline. Its raiment was fine and costly, and arranged with excellent taste. All this Martha saw at a glance. It was upon the face that her eyes lingered. It was one of the few beautiful faces she had ever seen. Very fair, with a faint rose-tint in the cheeks, the features regular and delicately moulded. The eyes were cast down, and hidden by long dark lashes; but Martha was sure that they must be either brown or hazel. The young lady had taken off her hat, and the bright afternoon sunlight made golden gleams in her brown hair.

'I wish I knew her!' said Martha to herself.

Just then the object of the wish lifted her head, and looked straight into Martha's face. Both flushed a little—Martha, because she had been caught staring, the other, because she had been stared at. Yet she did not seem at all annoyed. Martha hurried away, and passed out of sight in a moment around a turn in the path.

November was half over before Martha was able to get to the Park again. It was such a day as we sometimes have in November—more like early summer than late autumn. The sun was hot and the air almost sultry. Martha carried "Lalla Rookh" with her, and sitting down where she could hear the musical plash of a fountain, soon lost herself in the enchantment of the book, all unaware that a heavy cloud was sweeping up from the southwest, and spreading itself over the bright sky. Suddenly a big drop splashed down on the open page over the very word she was reading.

With an exclamation of dismay, Martha sprang up, and hastened to reach the shelter of a bridge that spanned the path not far away. As she stepped under the bridge, just in time to escape being drenched, some one else entered from the other side. One glance was enough to show Martha that it was the very young lady at whom she had gazed with so much interest a few weeks before.

Persis Maynard, for that was her name, must have been somewhat surprised to see the look of delight that suddenly illuminated Martha's face. With an answering smile of recognition she said brightly, giving her gray silk dress a vigorous shake:

'This seems rather unfortunate for us, doesn't it?'

'It does, indeed,' assented Martha. 'But as it is something we cannot help, we must try to bear it cheerfully, I suppose.'

Godliness consists not in a heart to intend to do the will of God, but in a heart to do it. — *Jonathan Edwards.*

The Costly Pearl.

BY N. M. WILLIAMS, D. D.

A pearl, is too well known to need description; but it is not so well known that not all pearls in name are pearls in fact. Pearls are either real or not real. There is the cocoanut pearl, for example, so highly esteemed by the *rajahs* of India—a beautiful gem, and in many respects resembling the mineral pearl but it is not a real pearl. Then there are imitation pearls, formerly, and for aught I know, still manufactured with wonderful skill in Paris. Imitation pearls were made as many as four hundred years ago—little beads of thin glass, lined inside with a delicate substance obtained from one species of fish. People were deceived then, as they are deceived now; they thought they were wearing real pearls. Yet another kind is made which in small part is genuine, and in large part is false. A mold is introduced into the oyster which irritates the animal, and causes a more rapid secretion of the substance of which the pearl is made. In due time, the material secreted is taken out, the mold is removed, the cavity is filled with resin, and the orifice is artificially covered with a piece of mother-of-pearl. So we have a little of the genuine concealing much which is false—*defective* pearls.

This practice sometimes tokes a very religious turn. Molds of the Chinese god Boodh are introduced into the oyster, and in process of time the artist is able to offer for sale little pearl images of Boodh, filled with resin, very bright without, but very defective and deceptive.

Jesus speaks of a trader in pearls who went seeking *goodly* pearls, and found at last one pearl of great price. What are goodly pearls? There are souls that cannot be satisfied with what is low and grovelling. They shrink from the sensual. They long for somethink higher. They seek truth. They aspire after virtue. They seek these higher things as goodly pearls. They believe in the existence of God, and accept Christ as a historical character. These goodly pearls, however, are not the *one* pearl of great price. Yet in seeking them, they may find this.

But what is the one pearl? Salvation? Christ? *Salvation by Christ.* So we combine both in one. It is not the Bible, not the church, not a hope, not any given kind or degree of feeling. Even the Pearl of great price may be imitated—counterfeited. A Christ with no human nature, or with no divine nature; a Christ who wrought no supernatural works, and made no atonement for sin; a Christ who never rose from the dead, is no more like the Christ of Christianity, than the glass beads of the Fifteenth Century were like the pearls of which they were the imitation. Oh, seek the Pearl of Great Price, young friend, and you will find it to be all you need.—*Our Young People.*

An Egyptian Picture.

The Mosque of Mehemet Ali, with its tapering minarets overlooking all Cairo, was found to be quite a modern edifice, scarcely more than half a century in age, but it is a very remarkable and beautiful structure, and of great cost. The spacious building is lined throughout with Oriental alabaster, and the exterior is of the same costly finish. There is the sarcophagus of Mehemet Ali, the most enlightened of modern Egyptian rulers, before which lamps are burning perpetually. The interior of this mosque in its combined effect seemed to be the most effective, architecturally, of any temple of the sort which we had visited. There is a height, breadth, and solemn dignity in its aspect, which earnestly impress one. The exterior is much less striking, but yet admirably ballanced and harmonized. The lofty situation of the mosque commands one of the most interesting views that can well be conceived of. The city, with its countless minarets and domed mosques, its public buildings and tree-adorned squares, its section of mud-colored houses and terraced roofs, lies in the form of a crescent at the visitor's feet, while the plains of Lower Egypt stretch far away in all directions. The tombs of the Memlooks lie close at hand, full of suggestiveness, as also does the lonely column of Heliopolis, four thousand years old, marking the site of the famous 'City of the Sun.' Beyond and towards the sea is the land of Goshen, where the sons of Jacob fed their flocks. A little more westerly in the mysterious Nile is seen the well-wooded island of Rhoda, quietly nestling in the broad bosom of the river. The grand Aqueduct, with its high arches reaching for miles, reminds one of the Campagna at Rome; while beyond loom up the time-defying pyramids, the horizon ending at the borders of the great Libyan Desert. Far away to the southwest a forests of palms dimly marks the site of dead and buried Memphis, where Joseph interpreted a monarch's dream. Twilight was approaching when we were there. The half-suppressed hum of a dense Eastern population came up from the busy, low-lying city, and a strange sensuous flavor of sandal-wood, musk, and attar of roses floated upon the golden haze of the sunset, indelibly fixing the Oriental scene on the memory.—*Ballou's Due West.*

Dr. Vinton and his Karens.

Rev. J. B. Vinton, of Rangoon, has just paid a visit to Calcutta on a somewhat curious mission.

The Government has been collecting from all parts of the country specimens of the wild hill tribes and has brought them down to Calcutta to be modelled. The Chief Commissioner of Burmah was requested to supply his quota. The efforts of Government officials not proving very successful, Dr. Vinton was requested to collect and convey to Calcutta specimens of the raw material from the border hill tribes, as well as specimens which might serve to illustrate the effect of a careful Christian education upon individuals of the same interesting race. The result has been successful beyond all expectation. Dr. Vinton brought to Calcutta eighteen men and women, the latter of whom have all been trained in the Mission School at Rangoon; but most of the former have been selected from the frontier Karen tribes, among whom the preservation of life and property depends on a man's own strong arm. (Specimens of *educated men* have been furnished by two young men who have gained Government scholarships and are pursuing their education in Calcutta.) One remarkable feature in this unique collection, and which distinguishes it from all others that have been brought down to the International Exhibition, is that every member of it is a *Christian*, and personally known to the missionary, whose influence among these tribes reaches back for more than twenty years.

Dr. Vinton might have induced others than Christians to accompany him, but he thought it best to bring only those who acknowledged him as a teacher, and who would willingly obey him as a leader; and what he has witnessed since he has been in this city of the trouble given by others who have been brought to Calcutta for the same purpose has convinced him of the wisdom of his decision.

These Karens are not only all of them Christians, but also staunch teetotalers: indeed, total abstinence is a condition of membership among all the Karen churches.

The writer of these lines was privileged, with some others, to spend two very pleasant hours with Dr. Vinton and his heterogeneous collection at their residence at Hastings. During the visit the women and girls sang in English very sweetly and correctly several hymns from Sankey's collection, after which the whole band joined in one of their Karen hymns. The Karens are passionately fond of singing, and Dr. Vinton informed us that one of the most effective punishments in the training school at Rangoon is to forbid a pupil attending the singing class for a day or a week as the case may be.

One chief, a grand old man of over eighty years of age, was pointed out to us who in his time has suffered everything short of death for the sake of his faith, and who has always been a happy Christian, always singing. On one occasion, his tribe was attacked by a hostile tribe while Dr. Vinton happened to be present. Though they hardly expected to escape with their lives, so imminent was their danger, he was observed at his post with rifle ready for use at a moment's notice, but singing away most joyously; and as the missionary came up, he remarked to him with quaint humour, 'we shall have less difficulty ascending to heaven from here than from Rangoon.' The beleaguered post was more than 7,000 feet above the level of the sea.

So exposed is the position of some of these Karen tribes, that the young men are compelled to keep up their drill. One evening since the arrival of these Karens at Calcutta the whole neighborhood round their place of residence was aroused and alarmed at what appeared to them a murderous duel between two of the foreigners. Spear after spear was hurled by one or the other with main force at his opponent, who dexterously warded off the blow with his long shield. When the excitement was at its highest, one of the combatants incautiously discharged his last spear. In an instant the other closed with him, and seizing him by the hair went through the motions of decapitating his helpless victim with his short sword. A shriek from the horrified bystanders brought out Dr. Vinton, who was able to explain that what seemed a deadly fight *a l' outrance* was merely a friendly contest between two brothers-in-arms.

The story of the old chief led to a brief description of the special difficulties which Karen converts have to contend with. Caste is unknown; but devil-worship, the only form of religion prevalent among the Karen, presents obstacles almost as formidable as those occasioned by caste. If anyone falls sick, a devil is supposed to take possession of one or more of the seven or eight souls which the body of every man is said to contain. To appease this devil, a sacrifice has to be offered by the oldest female relative of the sick man. This sacrifice is not considered complete unless every individual in whose veins runs any of the blood of the aged priestess is present and brings to her an offering which she has to offer on his or her behalf. If a single individual of the family is unrepresented, the whole of the proceedings are vitiated, and should death ensue the absentee is regarded in the light of a murderer. Hence the strong opposition which has to be encountered by anyone who leaves his national religion and adopts another.

The Karen churches represented by Dr. Vinton and his interesting band are are all Baptist churches, and they are all self-supporting. Not only do they pay their own pastors, but they contribute to the extension of the Kingdom of Christ; indeed, the amount raised by these Karen Christians exceeds that which is contributed by the American Mission.—*London Baptist.*

A Noble Resolution.

We want to call special attention to the grand words of the Apostle Paul, as given in the closing verses of the Lesson for April 27: 'Wherefore if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.' In the noble resolution here affirmed the apostle, we think, gives the true rule of Christian self-denial—a rule which is as operative now as it was in the day when it was first announced.

There are many young people who claim, and, perhaps, justly claim, that many amusements are harmless. It is said that the simple forms of the dance, attendance upon the better theatres, and the playing of cards in a private parlor, are only innocent diversions which may even be wholesome and good. This we will not attempt to deny. Paul felt so about the eating of meat offered to idols. But then whatever we may think and feel, there are others who take different views. Our indulgence in these things may influence them to take license in things that are wrong. In view of such possibilities, our true course is to take Paul's resolution and make it ours. Better starve the taste, and deny ourselves even innocent pleasures, than go to the judgement dripping with the blood of lost souls.

The *Carleton Sentinel* has this statement: "Rev. W W. Colpitts found his parsonage, in the Town of Nelson, Manitoba, furnished to the extent of a cooking stove and a bedstead. Energy, perseverance and a good deal of cash has now remedied that; the walls are papered, the floors carpetted, and chairs and tables are where such things should be found."