Family Reading.

C[illegible] a young Ladies' [illegible]sing Case.

Self knowledge—The Enchanting Mirror.

This curious glass will bring your faults to light,
And make your virtues shine both strong and bright.

Contentment—Wash to Smooth Wrinkles.

A daily portion of this essence use;
'Twill smooth the brow, and tranquility infuse.

Truth—Fine Lip Salve.

Use daily for your lips this precious dye,
They'll redden and breathe sweeter melody.

Prayer—Mixture, Giving Sweetness to the Voice.

At morning, noon, and night this mixture take;
Your tones, improved, will richer music make.

Compassion—Best Eye Water.

These drops will add great luster to the eye;
When more you need, the poor will you supply.

Wisdom—Solution to Prevent Eruptions.

It calms the temper, beautifies the face,
And gives to woman dignity and grace.

Attention and Obedience—Matchless Pair of Ear-rings.

With these clear drops appended to the ear,
Attentive lessons you will gladly hear.

Neatness and Industry—Indispensable Pair of Bracelets.

Clasp them on carefully, each day you live;
To good designs they efficacy give.

Patience—An Elastic Girdle.

The more you use, the brighter it will grow,
Though its least merit is external show.

Principle—the Ring of tried Gold.

Yield not this golden bracelet while you live;
'Twill one restrain, and peace of conscience give.

Resignation—Necklace of Purest Pearl.

This ornament embellishes the fair,
And teaches all, the ills of life to bear.

Love—Diamond Breast-pin.

Adorn your bosom with this precious pin;
It shines without, and warms the heart within.

Politeness—A Graceful Bandeau.

The forehead neatly circled with this band,
Will admiration and respect command.

Good Temper—Universal Beautifier.

With this choice liquid gently touch the mouth;
It spreads o'er all the face, the charms of youth.

Piety—A Precious Diadem.

Whoe'er this precious diadem shall own
Secures herself an everlasting crown.

New Select Serial.

A DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

BY MISS LILIAN F. WELLS.

CHAPTER. X.

A SUMMER BY THE SEA.

True to Miss Goodwin's word, she and Martha were comfortably established on the Massachusetts coast before the end of a fortnight. Miss Goodwin endured the journey much better than she had expected. The trial of being carried from her room to the carriage, and from that to her seat in the car once over, she entirely forgot herself in the delight of the change, and of gazing out on the ever-varying beauty through which they passed.

'Martha,' she exclaimed, her beautiful eyes glistening with tears, 'it is almost as if I had been raised from the dead. It is fifteen years since I have seen anything but the view from the windows of my room at home.'

Just before they reached their destination, she turned from the window and said:

'If it had not been for you, Martha, I should have missed one of the happiest days I ever spent.'

Martha was happy, both for herself, and more especially because Miss Goodwin was happy. She saw every glance, either of admiration or pity, that was directed toward her friend; and at first they annoyed her because she knew Miss Goodwin's sensitiveness; but when she found that Miss Goodwin was wholly absorbed in what was outside the window, and seemed not to know or care whether there was any one else in the car or not, Martha became reconciled; for, so far as she herself was concerned, she could not but feel pleased to have all possible notice bestowed upon her idol.

Miss Goodwin had made all necessary arrangements for their coming, with the lady who was to take them into her house for the summer; so that when they reached the station, they found a carriage waiting. Miss Goodwin was recalled to all the misery of her helplessness by the kindly conductor, who, followed by an assistant, came to her side, saying politely:

'Now, Madam, we will help you out, if you please.'

'It was a delightful journey, Martha, —but I am glad we are here, nevertheless,' said Miss Goodwin, with a long sigh of relief, as they were left alone in their pleasant sitting-room.

'So am I,' answered Martha, glancing through the open window out to where the waves were rolling in over the white sand, flashing and glittering in the last rays of the departing sunlight, and seeming to laugh and shout to each other as they came.

It seemed as though it could scarcely be a reality, that she should be at last in sight of the ocean, about which she had dreamed so long. But there it was—the grand, wonderful, ever changing ocean; and she was to stay beside it for three blissful months.

With the next morning began the happiest time Martha had yet known, even since she had been with Miss Goodwin. Every day seemed more pleasant than the last. The two were out on the beach together almost from morning till night, Martha pushing Miss Goodwin's invalid chair over the smooth, white sand, from one rock's shelter to another. Sometimes Martha read aloud; sometimes they talked; sometimes they would sit for hours in silence, gazing at the bit of the 'mighty deep' within their range of vision, listening to its voices, breathing in its reviving breath, making it a part of their lives.

There seemed to be some subtle influence about it, too, that drew the girl of nineteen and the woman of nearly thrice her age more closely together, and made them open their hearts to each other as they had not done before. Miss Goodwin had thought that she knew Martha; but now she found that there were depths in the girl's nature that she had not even suspected. As for Martha, she was permitted to lift the veil hiding Miss Goodwin's inner nature as no other had ever done before her.

Miss Goodwin had hitherto avoided any open discussion about religion with Martha, knowing that the latter's father was a deacon, and having no desire to influence his daughter against his teachings, though she had been unconsciously doing so every day. But one beautiful Lord's Day afternoon, when they were sitting as usual on the beach, in the cool shadow of the rocks, the long reserve on this subject was broken between them at last.

Martha had brought a book with her from the house, but it lay beside her unopened. She sat with her hands folded in her lap, leaning back against the rock, her head uncovered, and her eyes fixed dreamily on the far horizon-line.

'Martha,' said Miss Goodwin at last, speaking softly, as if half unwilling to disturb her.

Martha looked round inquiringly. That dear voice would have aroused her from a far deeper revery.

'I am sorry to disturb you, but I must confess that my curosity to know your thoughts proved too strong for me. I have been trying to guess them for the last half hour; but I am not able to satisfy myself in that way. Would you object to telling them?'

'Not in the least. I was thinking of my childhood, and of what the Lord's Day used to be to me.'

'Something not very pleasant, I should judge, from the expression of your face just now. I seldom see you look so grave, Martha. But you never told me much about you childhood. Suppose you do so now—unless you would rather not.'

'Oh, I am quite willing, Miss Goodwin. I have not spoken of it much, partly because I did not think it would interest you, and partly——.'

She paused, and seemed to find it difficult to go on.

We have been favored by the Rochester Astronomical Society, through the Secretary, C. S. Whittemore, with the above handsome cut of their institution. In acknowledgement of our notice. Mr. W. says: "we shall be pleased to render you any favors in our power at any time."

The erection of the new Astronomical Observatory at Rochester, N. Y., the only observatory in the world that is free to the public, is a most important step in scientific progress. Dr. Lewis Swift, its director, who has become known throughout the world as the fortunate discoverer of so many comets, has three German medals in addition to the Lelande prize from the French Academy of Sciences, has labored under great disadvantages in his work, owing to a lack of proper facilities. The new observatory will entirely overcome these troubles, as the telescope which is mounted in its dome is the third largest in size of any upon this continent. Professor Hall, of the Washington Observatory, discovered the two moons which accompany Mars, one of the grandest achievements of the present century.

The new observatory at Rochester is to be devoted primarily to discoveries. Its arrangement and facilities are specially designed for this purpose and much may reasonably be expected from it. It is named after Mr. H. H. Warner, proprietor of the Safe Cure and other remedies, by whom it has been most liberally endowed, and its locality is one of the most commanding in Rochester. The new telescope is twenty-two feet in length, its lens is sixteen inches in diameter, and it weighs over four tons, while the dome of the tower is arranged with the latest appliances for thoroughly sweeping the heavens in every direction.

'I have thought, from things you have said, that your childhood was not a very happy one,' said Miss Goodwin.

'No, it was not. And still—I do not think it was altogether unhappy, either.'

'Indeed, I should hope not. A wholly unhappy childhood would embitter one's entire life, and make one sad always. But I scarcely think such a thing could be possible. It is against nature for children to be unhappy; and even when circumstances are the most unfavorable that can be imagined, children always seem to suceed in finding some happiness, as you probably did.'

'My circumstances were not the most favorable that can be imagined. though I made most of my unhappiness by fighting against circumstances. If I had been like my sister Huldah, and had yielded peaceably to the inevitable, I should have spent as happy a childhood and girlhood as she did. But two sisters could not well be more unlike than Huldah and I. She was always gentle and quiet and sweet from her very babyhood, and I was just the reverse.'

'Why, Martha, are you not exaggerating a good deal? You have been with me nearly two years now, and have never been anything but 'gentle and quiet and sweet.''

'That is simply because I have had no occasion for manifesting my dark side. But, Miss Goodwin, I am sure you must have read me well enough to know that I am not exaggerating in what I say of myself.'

'You are right, Martha. I must be as honest as you are. But let me qualify your statement. Your sister is naturally amiable and yielding. You are as *lovable*, no doubt, as she; but you yield only to certain influences. You have a strong will, and I can easily imagine that it has often brought you into trouble, especially if it were opposed by a will equally strong.'

'You have told the substance of my story for me, Miss Goodwin. I have only to tell you some of the details, to have you understand my whole life so far.'

She proceeded to tell many of her experiences from her early childhood, with the most of which we are already acquainted. She paused a moment after relating one of these, and then said:

'I do not deny that I was as wilful and disobedient as a child could be, and often deserved punishment. My father's favorite method of punishment was the vigorous application of a birch rod. The trouble with that was, that every blow only made me more rebellious, and more fiercely determined to have my own way. But when it came to whipping me for failing to learn a long chapter in the Bible, as a penance for some small offence—could you expect me to love the Bible very dearly? That is the way my father tried to train me, and my life has been passed in such an atmosphere as that. Do you wonder that I was glad to get away from it, or that I have never been home-sick?

'Well—scarcely, I must own.'

'Miss Goodwin, do you believe in God?'

It was an abrupt question, coming after a short silence. Miss Goodwin was a little startled, and seemed reluctant to answer. But Martha waited, and would be content with no evasion.

'Not such a God as many are taught to believe in,' said Miss Goodwin after a moment.

'I was sure of that,' replied Martha. 'I should like to know about your belief, if you have no objection.'

'I should be unwilling to influence you in any way on this subject, Martha.'

'Please do not think me impertinent or conceited; but I really think I am tolerably able to judge whether a theory is sound or weak, and to act accordingly.'

'Yes, I think your estimate of your ability in that direction is just. I have never spoken to you on the subject because I believed that my opinions were at variance with those held by your father, and I have seen from the first that my influence over you was strong. But, as you say, I think you are capable of judging for yourself as to whether my opinions are sound or weak. First, let me say, I have not arrived at my conclusions hastily. For a long time I was strongly inclined toward atheism, but I never quite reached the point where I could say 'there is no God.' I do believe in a Creator who possesses infinite wisdom and power; but I do *not* believe that he bears such a relation to human affairs as people in general claim for him.'

'Then you do not believe that every event of our lives is specially watched over and directed by him?'

'No, anything but that. How can I believe the body he himself gave me had been made helpless as it is, not only by the permission, but even by the ordering of God?'

'Then I suppose you have no faith in the Bible?'

'I regard it as the best of ancient Oriental writings, and an excellent code of morals for those whose natural instincts toward what is good are dulled by circumstances of birth and education.'

'And about the hereafter?'

'I know nothing about that. Who can know before he has left this life? I must wait and see, like all the rest.'

'Suppose you are wrong, Miss Goodwin? Suppose my father and other Christians are right? Does not that thought ever trouble you? Do you never wish that you could believe as others do, and were looking forward to an eternity of blessedness as certain to be yours?'

'No, I think not. I believe as far as my reason will take me, and I cannot see how anything more can be required of me, constituted as I am, and with such circumstances as mine. My life has been a blighted one, Martha, but I have tried to make the most of it. I owe my helplessness, as I believe, to an unfortunate accident, not to any so-called 'dispensation of Providence,'—Why, Martha, dear, it rains!'

They had been talking so earnestly as not to notice the dark clouds driving so swiftly up from the west; and now the first large drops of the shower were splashing down upon them. Martha sprang up in terror, covered Miss Goodwin with a shawl, and set off toward the house, pushing the wheeled chair as rapidly as she could along the sand. But there was some distance to go; and before they could reach any shelter both were drenched completely.

Everything was done for Miss Goodwin that kindly Mrs. Lathrop could think of to ward off any ill effect that might come from the exposure, and the invalid repeatedly assured Martha that she did not apprehend any serious result. But Martha hovered about her incessantly, pale with fear, and bitterly reproaching herself for her carelessness in not having kept watch of the clouds.

Her anxiety was not unfounded. That night Miss Goodwin showed symptons of illnesss. The village physician was at once summoned, and did what he could; but when two days passed, and his patient continued to grow worse, Martha sent to Dr. Hammersley, in New York, begging that he would come to them. He had been Miss Goodwin's physician for years, and she had several times wished that he might be there. The wise old doctor came; but he could not give the encouragement for which they had hoped.

'Doctor, you can save her if any one can. Is not there something you can do?' asked Martha, who had followed the physician from the sick-room, after he had been sitting beside the bed for two hours.

Turning his eyes away that he might have courage to tell the truth, the doctor said:

'Miss Stirling, I would do anything in my power for Miss Goodwin; and I certainly intend to do all I can. But I fear she will leave us very soon.'

To describe the look of despair on Martha's face is impossible.

'How soon?' she gasped, catching at the bannister to support herself.

'Perhaps not for a day or two; perhaps to-night. The only thing human power can do for her is to make her last hours as free from pain as possible.'

Martha turned without a word, and went back to her place at Miss Goodwin's bed-side. Mrs. Plummer had come with Dr. Hammersly, but Martha would not leave the room except in case of necessity, or to perform some service for Miss Goodwin. She sat down now in her usual place at the head of the bed, and gazed with a new feeling on the fever-flushed face among the pillows.

Martha had never lost a near friend, and had never seen death. And now this friend, whom she loved with such passionate devotion, was dying. the young girl shuddered. She always had a great fear of death. Even when a child, she had often made herself miserable by dwelling upon the thought of it. But very soon even that dread was lost in the thought of the parting so soon to come.

The night passed, and another morning's sun gladdened 'the one-half world.' Miss Goodwin still lived, though she had been unconscious for hours. Dr. Hammersley had decided to stay with her till the end, which he knew could not be far distant now. Martha's eyes sought his face now and then—he was sitting opposite her, keeping watch over his patient—but it gave her no hope.

Dr. Hammersley was a Christian. He knew much of Miss Goodwin's mind in regard to religion, and he felt that it was almost more than he could bear to have her go down into 'the valley of the shadow of death' without 'the rod and staff' to 'comfort' her. He watched eagerly, prayerfully, for even a few moments of consciousness, that he might speak one word, if no more, of Him who died. And his watch was not in vain.

Soon after sunrise Miss Goodwin's eyes opened, and she spoke—faintly, but clearly:

'Doctor, how is it with me? Must I die now!'

'Very soon, I'm afraid, Miss Goodwin.'

'My time has come, then.'

She spoke so calmly, that the doctor began to hope there had been a change in her of which he did not know.

'You have no fear, then?' he asked.

'No.'

'Have you hope for the future?'

'No,' she answered again, still calmly.

'Then let me beg you to look away to the Lord Jesus. He will hear you and save you even now. His mercy and love are so great.'

'It is too late—to find him—now. I wish——'

What she wished, God only knows. Her eyes closed again, never more to open on earthly scenes. A few moments more, and the spirit had fled.

Life without Christ would be miserable, indeed, to one who had once known him; and to die without him; terrible beyond conception. What must be the reality to one who has never known him? How strange, how incomprehensible it seems, that Isabel Goodwin could have persisted, even to the last moment of life, in refusing to 'acquaint herself with him!' How unspeakably awful is the thought of a soul going *alone* into eternity! We ask ourselves, what is reserved for the soul that *will* not trust itself to its Saviour?

'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved. But he that believeth not——'

I cannot write the rest. Isabel Goodwin's life on earth was ended. None can deny that it had been a wonderful life. She had been strong and self-reliant in pain, in sorrow, in loneliness, even in the fearful hour of death. If her courage and strength had ever forsaken her, no one knew it. She had suffered in silence; she had made herself lovely to all around her. If she had but known Christ!

But she had not known him. She would not come to him of her own will; but the Messenger who may not be resisted had come, and summoned her to meet this One whom she had despised and rejected. She had gone, and we cannot follow her to that meeting. Love her for her beautiful life; pity her in her hopeless death; and let us cover her still, dead face tenderly, and come away.

An Arab woman, when left a widow, mourns her husband much, but often marries again. The night before her second marriage she pays a visit to her first husband's grave. There she kneels and prays him not to be offended. As, however, she feels he may be, she brings with her a donkey laden with two goat skins filled with water. The prayer ended, she pours the water on the grave to keep him cool under the circumstances about to take place, and, having well saturated him, departs.