

Family Reading.

Watchman, what of the Night?

"Watchman, what of the night?" "The night is beautiful, The sky is bright With stars, whose golden light Beams with celestial glory." "Watchman, what of the night?" "It still is beautiful With light divine; The orbs of heaven still shine With a celestial glory." "Watchman, what of the night?" "Ab, the night is darkling, And fleecy clouds, Wrapping it close in shrouds, Now hide its wondrous glory." "Watchman, what of the night?" "Ab, thunder's muttering, Lightning's flashing, And rain in torrents splashing Veils its supernal glory." "Watchman, what of the night?" "Still rolls the thunder, But 'tis afar; And there the morning star Shines out in all its glory." "Watchman, what of the night?" "Ab, the morning cometh, The night is o'er, And I need watch no more Till wanes the day's bright glory." "Watchman, what of the night?" "Within thy soul—is't dark? Or does the gem, The Star of Bethlehem, Shine there with wondrous glory?" "Watchman, what of the night?" "Look to that Star divine; Commit thy soul, Thy talents, life, thy all, Unto eternal glory." A. J. E. SAKELLARIOS. Athens, Greece, June 19, 1883.

New Select Serial.

A DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

BY MISS LILLIAN F. WELLS.

CHAPTER. IX.

A PLEASANT WINTER.

Never had Martha known such a happy winter. The days flew by so fast that she often sighed, thinking she accomplished so little. There could scarcely have been a greater change for her than was the life at Miss Goodwin's after the weary, ceaseless round of housework she had been accustomed to at home, and the years of restless longing for something beyond merely supplying the needs of the body, and keeping the house in a state of almost painful neatness.

She had longed for knowledge, for intellectual food, and that longing was being abundantly satisfied now. Deep down in her heart, in a secret chamber whose key was in God's hand, another longing lay asleep—a longing for what is infinitely higher and better than everything else. Some day that door will be opened, that longing awakened, and God himself will satisfy it utterly.

Deacon Stirling would have been filled with amazement and righteous indignation, had any one hinted to him that the wants of Martha's soul had not been fully met. Had she not heard the Bible read, and earnest prayer offered every night and morning of her life? Was not her memory stored with passages of Scripture, committed either Sunday afternoons and evenings, or in punishment for some childish offence? Had she not been taken to church for two services, and to Sunday-school every Sunday, and to prayer-meeting on Wednesday night, in fair weather or foul, ever since she was six years old, excepting the very few occasions when she had been kept at home by sickness? And if all this were not enough, had she not continually before her the precept and example of godly parents? It would be impossible for a soul to starve on such abundant and wholesome food. It was the food upon which the deacon had been reared and had grown strong; why was it not equally satisfying for Martha also? If she had not chosen to make a proper use of it, was nobody's fault but her own.

That is a question that the future life alone can answer. Suffice it now to say that there was a famine in the land where Martha's soul dwelt, and God had sent her out into other lands to find the Bread upon which alone her

soul might live. But first, she must feel her need. In her Father's house there was 'bread enough and to spare'; but she had no desire for it. She turned away from it, thinking it only an empty husk—never seeking to pierce it and find the sweet kernel within.

At Miss Goodwin's there was not even the husk. But the fruit of earthly wisdom was dropped freely into her hand, and that satisfied her now. At home, there had been a Bible in every room. All the more readily for that reason Martha noticed that, in none of Miss Goodwin's rooms, or among her hundreds of books, was there a bible to be seen. She had wondered about it greatly, at first; but was too shy to ask the reason. No matter when she came into Miss Goodwin's room the latter usually had a book in her lap; but it was never a Bible.

On the second Sunday after her arrival, Martha's curiosity was satisfied. During breakfast Miss Goodwin had said to her:

'You are accustomed to attend church service, I suppose?'

Martha answered that she was.

'Mrs. Plummer generally goes. Would you like to go with her?'

'I should a great deal rather stay with you—that is, unless you would rather have me go.'

'If I were to consult my own wishes, I should prefer to have you stay with me. But I have no reason for keeping you at home, if you wish to go.'

So Martha had stayed at home. Miss Goodwin had no desire to influence her; but would rather have counselled Martha not to depart from the religious observances and customs which the latter had been taught to consider obligatory from her earliest childhood. Nor did Miss Goodwin intend to betray her personal feelings on the subject of religion; yet there was an undertone in her voice of just perceptible contempt when she spoke of anything relating to it. Less sensitive ears than those of her young companion would not have detected it; but it influenced Martha more strongly than an outspoken opinion would have done. That subtle influence was the first break into the outwardly religious life that Martha had led; after this it took but a very slight pressure to widen the breach.

Mrs. Plummer, arrayed in her best, met Martha in the hall that Sunday morning.

'Are you going to church, Martha?'

she asked.

'No; Miss Goodwin wants me to stay with her,' replied Martha.

Mrs. Plummer sighed as she went rustling downstairs in her black silk. But Martha neither heard the sigh nor saw the shake of the head that somewhat disarranged the immaculate bow in which the purple bonnet-strings were tied.

That same afternoon, as Martha was sitting by her window, some one tapped at the door; and, in answer to Martha's invitation, Mrs. Plummer entered.

'Sit down, if you please,' said Martha, rising to give Mrs. Plummer the easy chair.

'Thank you, I will, just for a few minutes'—and the good woman settled herself comfortably in the cushioned depths. 'You've got a pretty room here,' she went on, looking about her admiringly.

'I used to imagine beautiful houses that I should like to live in, but I never imagined anything like this. It seems to me I am one of the most fortunate girls in the world to get such a place as this, Mrs. Plummer,' said Martha with great earnestness.

'Yes, you are; and I am glad to see you so grateful. But I want to say something to you—something that I know will be hard to say, and may be you'll wish I hadn't said it. But I've thought over it a good deal, and I've concluded it's my clear duty. You know I'm a member of the church—may be you didn't know, either; but I am—and, though I don't pretend to have reached the state of perfection, nor come anywhere near it, I do believe in religion with all my heart and soul; and I want to do what's right. I think I heard Mrs. Iredell say your father was a deacon.'

'Yes, he is,' said Martha, already guessing what Mrs. Plummer was going to say.

'Then you've been brought up to go

to church and Sunday-school and prayer-meeting, haven't you?'

'Yes.'

'Are you a professor?'

'Oh no!'

'I thought not. Well, now, Martha—I don't know how to say it without having it sound pretty hard—but I see how much you like Miss Goodwin, and how much she likes you. Miss Goodwin's a fine woman—there ain't a person in the world since Mr. Plummer died that I think more of than I do of Miss Goodwin—but if I hadn't been entirely settled in my mind about religion when I came here, I'm afraid I shouldn't have been on the Lord's side now.'

'I do not know what you mean,' said Martha, rather indignantly. 'I do not believe you would find such a pattern of sweetness and patience and goodness as she is if you hunted the world over.'

'I know it; and I wonder at her more every day of my life. She's a wonderful woman; I don't deny that. But Martha—here, Mrs. Plummer lowered her voice almost to a whisper—do you know she's the next thing to an infidel?'

Martha started. Deacon Stirling's opinion of an infidel may easily be imagined; and Martha had grown up to think the name a synonym for the worst crimes against God, and to consider that those who claimed it were laying themselves liable to the most fearful judgments. Miss Goodwin an infidel! The mere thought was absurd.

'Why, Mrs. Plummer!' she exclaimed, half angry, half amused. 'How can you say such a thing?'

'I see you don't believe it, and I don't wonder; for I never saw any one else that didn't believe in religion live a life that ought to make a professing Christian, like me, ashamed of herself. But it is true. I only told you because I wanted to warn you to be careful and not learn to think about religion as she does. She don't read the Bible, nor pray, nor think it's necessary for anybody to go to church. I guess she believes there is a God; but she don't think he has any claim on her, or that she owes him anything. Dear me, what a comfort 't would be to her if she'd only get religion! Now, you won't feel hard because I've talked so plain to you, will you? I'm sure I only meant what was right.'

'N—o,' replied Martha, slowly. 'I know you meant it kindly. But I cannot bear to hear a single word against Miss Goodwin; for it seems to me, she is just as good as it is possible for anybody to be. If I am ever one half so sweet and lovely, I shall be perfectly satisfied.'

'Well, you can't say I didn't warn you,' said Mrs. Plummer, rising. 'You've been brought up in the fear of the Lord, and been taught to know what's right and what's wrong. If you choose to go contrary to all that teaching, I suppose I can't hinder you. But I do hope you won't, Martha, for I like you, and I should be sorry to see you going wrong.'

'Whatever I do, I will not blame you for the consequences, Mrs. Plummer,' returned Martha, with a smile. But after Mrs. Plummer had gone, she resumed her easy-chair with a very grave face. At the end of a half-hour's thought she rose to leave the room, having arrived at this conclusion:

'Whatever Miss Goodwin believes or does not believe, no one could live a more nearly perfect life, as far as I have seen. I do not believe Mother, or Father, or Huldah could stand such a test so well; and if the life is the best expression of the belief, as Dr. Hulse says, then Miss Goodwin's is a more satisfactory one to me than any I have heard of yet.'

Gradually, as they were together more and more, Martha came to understand what Miss Goodwin's 'belief' was. It came out little by little, in her words or looks, or tones, creeping into Martha's mind unconsciously to her, but just as surely and dangerously as the fatal miasma from the marsh steals into the system of the traveler.

All this time Martha was making progress in her studies that delighted Miss Goodwin. With much satisfaction Mrs. Iredell beheld her 'countryfied' niece becoming easy and graceful in her manners; listened to her refined, intelligent conversation, and marked

the daily strengthening contrast between Martha Stirling, as she sat in Miss Goodwin's elegant room, tastefully dressed, appearing, in all respects, to be in her proper element, and Martha Stirling, the awkward girl in the green delaine dress, checked shawl, and ungloved hands, who had so annoyed her aunt, at the time of her first meeting.

Not once during the winter did Martha enter a church. When her father wrote and asked her 'why she didn't say anything about the religious privileges she enjoyed,' she answered that Miss Goodwin was not as well as usual this winter, and needed some one with her almost all the time. This was true; but had Martha expressed any desire to go, Miss Goodwin would have insisted that she could be left alone for an hour, or Mrs. Plummer would willingly have stayed at home every other Sunday. But Martha had no wish to go. Almost unconsciously to herself, she was growing to think, as Miss Goodwin did, that church-going was entirely unnecessary.

As the months passed on, she took more and more care of Miss Goodwin; so much so, that Mrs. Plummer grumbled a little sometimes at being superseded in her long and faithful service as nurse. Miss Goodwin sought to persuade her that the house-keeping was really all she ought to be burdened with; that occasional assistance, when Martha needed it on account of inexperience or lack of strength, was all that ought to be demanded of her. Mrs. Plummer was scarcely satisfied, however; for her keen eyes told her what was indeed true—that Martha's society and ministrations were preferred before her own.

But, after all, if Miss Goodwin's satisfied, I haven't any right to complain, as I know of, the good woman felt that if it had not been for this means of forgetting herself, or if she had been obliged to spend the time with any less congenial companion than Miss Goodwin, she should scarcely have gone through the summer as well as she did.

With the coming of the autumn she recovered much of her strength and vigor, and resumed her studies with renewed earnestness. The winter passed swiftly, and again the air grew soft and warm; and even the city was all astir with the glad knowledge, made more certain every day, that the spring had come.

Martha made no complaint, but she looked forward to the coming summer with unspeakable dread, and already found herself struggling against the languor that daily oppressed her. But Miss Goodwin was watching her this time. She loved Martha with an intensity of which only such natures as hers are capable. Try as she might, Martha could not hide the fact that she was growing rapidly paler and thinner, as May gave place to June.

'What if this dear one should be taken from me, too?' Miss Goodwin asked herself, over and over again, with growing anxiety.

With every argument she could think of, she urged and entreated Martha to go away for a change; but without success. No doubt it was foolish in Martha; but she had made up her mind never to leave Miss Goodwin while the latter lived; and nothing could move her from that determination.

At last, with great inward reluctance, Miss Goodwin decided that she would go to the sea side for the summer. They would find some quiet place, and she would try to put aside her sensitiveness, would allow herself to make trouble for others, would expose herself to whatever risk there might be in making a change, after remaining so many years in one room. She could do it, and she would, for Martha's sake.

When she announced, early in June, that she intended spending the summer at the sea-shore, Martha suspected at once why she had made such a plan, and was deeply touched.

'Oh, Miss Goodwin!' she exclaimed, putting aside her book, and crossing the room to kneel beside her chair. 'I am afraid you are going just because you want me to go, and you know I could not go without you.'

'Well, and what if I am? I have a right to do as I please, I suppose?' returned Miss Goodwin, laying her hand on Martha's with a smile.

'But it distresses me to have you do what I know you dislike so much,' persisted Martha.

'Nonsense! It is only a foolish notion of mine to dislike it, any way. I know I shall enjoy it very much, and I am glad I have a motive for going. So banish your doubts and fears; for in a fortnight, at least, we shall be watching the tide come in.'

ought to be willing to spare you a little while, in order to get you back refreshed and invigorated. Where will you go?'

'Nowhere, without you. If you can stay in the city all summer, so can I. There is no use in urging me, Miss Goodwin; it would do me more harm than good to go away and have to think of you staying here. And you need not pretend you could get on just as well without me,' she added, playfully, 'for I know perfectly well that you could not do it.'

'I will not pretend it, dear, for it is not true. But I know you really ought to go. I should not like to lose you, Martha.'

'I assure you there is no danger,' said Martha, laughing. 'If my constitution will break down under one summer in the city, it is not what I take it to be. Miss Goodwin said no more, and Martha could see that she was pleased. But Martha found her unselfish resolution more difficult to keep than she had thought.

The intense heat of the city was something she had never imagined. Stifling nights followed the scorching days; showers brought but little relief; and Martha grew almost desperate, sometimes, in her longing for one breath of pure, cool air. When Miss Goodwin was sleeping in the afternoon, Martha would lie on the floor in her own room, too exhausted to sleep, and tantalizing herself with the remembrance of how she used to lie in the soft grass under the willows by the brook at home, listening to the cool plashing of the water against her hand.

But Miss Goodwin knew nothing of this. Beyond the walls of her own room Martha strove to be bright and cheerful—succeeding so well that Miss Goodwin never suspected the effort it cost.

Their more difficult studies were laid aside for the summer, and the two devoted themselves to reading poetry, history, biography, essays, works of fiction and of science—all received a share of their attention. Martha often felt that if it had not been for this means of forgetting herself, or if she had been obliged to spend the time with any less congenial companion than Miss Goodwin, she should scarcely have gone through the summer as well as she did.

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Booth's Department.

Original and Selected.

Bible Enigma.

No. 267.

Find the answers to the following and you have the name of a city to whose people Paul addressed two letters:

- 1. Who was Abraham's father?
2. The Jewish Christians to whom Paul wrote.
3. The sons of Joseph who were joined to their idols.
4. A king who had an ivory throne.
5. The ointment used to anoint Christ.
6. A cousin of Saul and commander of his army.
7. A mountain—the source of timber for Solomon's temple.
8. A city in Goshen.
9. A prophet who was a king's cup-bearer.
10. A city of Lycania.
11. The brook near which Elijah was fed by ravens.
12. A nut of Palestine.

CURIOUS QUESTIONS.

No. 198.

- 1. What bird is likened to the covetous person who wrongfully amasses wealth?
2. What fowl was sent in great numbers to the Israelites in the wilderness?
3. Mention the birds which the children of Israel were forbidden to use as food?
4. What birds did Jeremiah say were more observing than the Israelites?
5. What were the Israelites who could not afford to offer a lamb as a sacrifice, allowed to bring?
6. What bird, was it prophesied, should inhabit Babylon and Nineveh in their desolation?
No. 199.

Five men in conversation sat; The first one said amidst their chat: "Were I to cease my lengthened reign, There never could be war again." The second said: "If my breath cease, The world will nevermore have peace." The third continued: "Six would die Were I amongst the dead to lie." The fourth exclaimed: "If I should go, The earth would no more sorrow know." While from the fifth the statement fell, "If I amongst you cease to dwell, Mankind will then forever be From anguish and from suffering free." Say, if you can, who are these men, You've seen them oft, and will again. J. B., in London Recorder.

No. 200.

- Find the following and their initials are the names a water bird:
1. A city founded by Asshur.
2. A river mentioned in the Bible.
3. A city of Dan.
4. An African nation.
5. A son of Chislon.
6. A word found but once in the Bible.

No. 201.

Charade. (Three words.) My first is a business carried on— The world, no doubt, could spare it, For grief it brings to many a one, And guileless ones must share it.

My second is he who the business tends, And of him it may be said, 'Tis pity he cannot make amends For the ruin his work doth spread.

Third is the place where the work is done In heat and steam and fume; Far better it ne'er had been begun, Or drenched men's brains in spume. —Watchman.

Find answers to the above—write them down—and see how they agree with the answers to be given next week.

Answer to Bible Enigma.

No. 266.

David in the cave of Adullam.

ANSWERS TO CURIOUS QUESTIONS.

No. 195.

- 1. Adonizedek, Josh. x. 1. 2. In Joel iii. 3. 3. Jonathan, 1 Sam. xiv. 27. 4. Acts xxviii. 11. 5. Judges ix. 7-21. 6. 2 Kings xii. 9.

No. 196.

- 1. Twine, wine, win, in. 2. Plate, late, ate, at. 3. Sore, ore, or. 4. Shoe, hoe. 5. Pair, air. 6. Frame, ram.

No. 197.

NINE-LETTER PUZZLE.

Table with 3 rows and 3 columns: C A P, O I L, D R Y

Every year carries away something beloved and precious into a soft and visionary twilight. It is the nature of bells to bring out this tone of mournfulness. Every chime has its connecting toll. Each week locks the gate of its predecessor and keeps the key. Thus it becomes a monument which the old sexton Time watches over. Beautiful is it indeed, when studded with the rich jewels of wise hours and holy minutes; most magnificent of sepulchres! The dust of our own creations, our hopes, thoughts, virtues and sins is to us the costliest deposit in the burial ground of the world.—R. A. Wilmott.