

Family Reading.

(Published by Special Request.) Only a Sailor.

"Go and speak to that lad on yonder cart— He is going to sea with a heavy heart; Without a penny, without a friend,— No one to care what may be his end, Perhaps if you speak with a gentle grace, You may touch his heart in a tender place, And, thinking of you, he will go to sea, Saying, 'I know somebody cares for me.'"

The World: "Speak to that fellow? I tell you no! He's only a sailor, let him go."

"I've called to ask for a dozen or more Of good books, from your plentiful store, You'll be to the sailor 'a friend in need,' By giving me something for Jack to read! Just think of the life he must endure, Cut off from all that is good and pure— His thoughts of the past, 'a bitter taste,' His hopes of the future, 'a dreary waste.'"

The World: "Who cares for the fellows that go to sea? They are only sailors, let them be!"

"A cast-a-way sailor lies helpless and sick, Perhaps you may save, if you be quick, No mother, no sister, no wife by his side, To comfort his soul drifting out with the tide, To be tossed by the waves of an angry sea, With the bottomless pit just under his lee, Perhaps if you go, it will not be too late, To save the poor soul from his terrible fate."

The World: "I can't spare the time, it's no use to try, He is only a sailor, let him die!"

"He was only a sailor, friendless and poor, He needed your help, but you closed your door, I asked you for something to let him live; Your answer was always, 'I've nothing to give.' His log is now closed, his voyage is o'er. An abandoned hulk, he lies on the shore, Will you not give me a helping hand, To bury his body beneath the sand?"

The World: "Bury the fellow whom nobody owns? No. Let sailors go to 'Davy Jones'!"

[Fifty years ago these words, from the American Sailors' Magazine, were true of the church of Christ the world over. Are they true to-day of any part of maritime Nova Scotia? Especially, are they true of any among the many active and retired ship masters or merchant princes, who are what they are chiefly through the skill and daring of our sailor boys? Alas! alas! its too true, even now, or our Seaman's Mission would not be so poor or weak. We are sadly in need of magazines, old or new, weekly papers—religious and illustrated—for our hags and boxes. Our ladies' committee are arranging, to open on the first of May, a larger and more convenient Seaman's Rest; open to all the seamen of the port. Address, seamen's missionary, care of Sailors' Home.—Com.]

"If you were only a Christian, I shouldn't feel so. But it does seem as if I couldn't let you go as you are."

Martha turned away with a gesture of annoyance, and went back to her packing. A moment after she reproached herself for her unkindness, as the sound of a half-smothered sob reached her. Going to the bed again she sat down, laying her arm over Huldah's shoulders.

"Huldah," she said tremulously, "you are a dear, good sister, and I do not deserve to have you care so much for me. I cannot feel as you do—may be I shall, though, some day. But please do not think, as I know father does, that I am utterly hardened, and have no love for anything that is good. I certainly intend to do only what is true and noble and womanly; for I hate all that is the reverse. No one shall have cause to say that I have ever broken the laws of the strictest morality. Even religion would not make me do better than that Huldah."

Huldah raised her head. "Martha," said she, earnestly, wiping her eyes, "I see that you don't know any more about religion than I do about all them languages and sciences that you've learned. And I feel just sure that God will let you live till, in some way, he makes you love him and trust him. I ain't afraid to have you go, now, and I shant worry about you any more. But I'll pray for you all the time, till he does it."

"Despite the somewhat disjointed sentences and the uncultured speech, Martha was touched by what Huldah said. Was it possible that she really did know nothing about religion? This sudden change of Huldah from tears and despondency to smiles and hopefulness—what did it mean? What had caused it? 'Faith in God,' Huldah would have said, she knew. But—it was all so vague, so intangible. It would never satisfy her, she was sure of that."

After that, Huldah was bright and cheerful to the last. Martha watched her marveling. But her heart was proud and stubborn, hardening itself against the truth. That heart shall be

humbled one day; but in the humbling it must needs be beaten and crushed.

So out from the quiet resting-place among the hills Martha went, to the heat and glare and roar of New York. Then, after a few weeks of busy preparation, she found herself rocking on old Atlantic's heaving bosom. She never tired of looking at the sea and sky. There was but one storm during the passage, and that one not severe enough to cause much alarm, except among a few timid passengers. To Martha it was simply grand. She was awed by the spectacle—not humbled.

They arrived safely at Liverpool, and from there roamed at their will through England, Scotland, and Ireland. Late in November they crossed the Channel and spent six weeks in the cities of France. Then—Italy! It was in Italy, in beautiful Naples itself, that something came to Martha—something of which she had little thought in connection with this year in Europe. They met the Verlendens family in Paris—a widowed mother, two daughters, and a son. The two parties were much together then, being mutually well pleased to have it so. They met again in Rome, in Venice, and in Naples. Here they remained for two bright, never-to-be-forgotten months.

But because this that came to Martha in Naples had been unthought of by her, it was no less a wonderful joy. Because the fact that Arthur Verlander loved her came into her heart like a burst of brilliant sunlight into a dark room, it was none the less welcome. He was twenty-three, just out of college, gay, generous, and possessing good intellectual ability. As usual, Martha was at once attracted by these qualities passing over others as if they were not. She would not acknowledge to herself the defects in the young man's character which could scarcely have escaped her notice. Nevertheless, whether she saw them or not, the defects were there. Arthur Verlander was 'unstable in all his ways.' The only son, indulged and flattered by mother and sisters, he was as selfish as a young man could well be; his one thought was pleasure, self gratification. For all this, he was undeniably a very pleasant companion. The Verlendens had been very wealthy; but though they would fain have had it believed that they were so still, rumor whispered that a considerable portion of the family fortune had slipped away by one means and another. The mother and sisters were scarcely pleased when Arthur told them of his engagement with Martha Stirling. They would have looked higher for him. But, after a private consultation upon the matter, they decided to hold their peace, and let things take their course.

When the two parties left Naples, at the coming of the warmer weather, there was a separation. It was not to a long one, however. The Verlendens went to Baden-Baden; Dr. Maynard, Persis, and Martha betook themselves to the mountains and glens of Switzerland. In September, they were all to meet again in Paris, to go from thence back to America together.

Never in her life had Martha been so happy. What a beautiful, blessed thing it was to love and be loved! The world seemed to have taken on a new glory of color, a new joy and brightness. So, joyously, the summer sped away, and September was close at hand.

How to Clear off a Church Debt.

Mrs. Turner and Betsy Taylor were great friends, and were accustomed to talk over all their concerns together. It happened that a rather heavy debt was remaining on the chapel. I had been from home some weeks to recruit my health. Mrs. Turner, who got a scanty livelihood by mangling, called one day on her friend, in low spirits. 'Betsy,' she said, 'I have had something on my mind that I want to speak to you about. You see, our minister has been away some time in bad health, and I have been thinking it is not so much his health, but that there is something weighing on his mind.' 'Do you, why what can it be? I have not heard of anything; and all things, as far as I know, are comfortable in the Church.' 'Why, you know, they say there is a great debt on the chapel, and perhaps it is a burden on Mr. Griffin's heart, and that makes him ill.' 'Indeed! I never thought of that,' said her friend, 'but what can such poor bodies as we do in

it? I am told it is a great deal; how can we be of any use?' 'I can't say,' answered Mrs. Turner, sadly, 'but I have been reading in the forty-first of Isaiah where it says, 'They helped every one his neighbour and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage! So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith and he that smotheth with the hammer him that smote the anvil.' You see,' said she, 'they were working people, so I have been thinking that working folks like us ought to try and do something.' Mrs. Turner had thought that the passage referred to the building of the Temple, not having noticed the end of the verse. But it had suggested a principle, and she ran away at once with that to her friend Elizabeth. Betsy was silent a while, and Mrs. Turner, too for both were downcast. At last, she looked up and replied, 'I tell you what; you go home, and make it a matter of prayer for a week, I will do so too; and then we can meet after that, and talk over it again.' So they parted, and at the end of the week they returned to the subject. 'I have been thinking what to do,' said Betsy. 'I will put my name down for a shilling a week; Henry shall put his name down for a shilling a week; Mrs. Jones—the widowed sister—shall do the same. You put your name down for the same.' And then mentioning the names of others of their friends, of the same class, who were members of the church, she added, 'I am sure they will do so, too.' They accordingly set about it at once. But after a short time it reached the ears of the deacons, and one of them called on Elizabeth. 'We understand Betsy,' said the good deacon, 'that you are trying to do something for the chapel debt. It is very good of you and your friends, but surely you cannot know how large it is. We never heard of Mr. Griffin being anxious about it; you had better give it up, and at the proper time we will attend to it.' Poor Betsy and her friends were woefully discouraged. It happened, however, that about this time she was engaged with some work in the house of a generous friend, Mr. Edward Wood, a member of the church. Passing through the room where she was at work, he saw that she looked dejected, and seemed hardly inclined to speak. 'Why Betsy, you seem down in the mouth this morning; is anything the matter?' 'Well, I suppose I must out with it; and then, telling what she and Mrs. Turner and the friends were wishing to do, she added, 'But the deacons have throw'd cold water on it, and stopped it.' 'Why, Betsy, I didn't think you were such a chicken-hearted woman. Put my name down for £50, and go on.' Looking up with amazement, she said, 'But, do you mean it?' 'Did you ever know me to say anything of the sort without meaning it?' No, that I never did; then blessed be God,' she cried, clapping her hands, while the tears streamed down her face, 'the work is done!'

And done it was. These two poor women brought into the deacons £750; for their zeal had provoked very many; and all liked to give their contribution by the hands of these generous women. In a short time a list of subscriptions was sent to me at Clifton, by the deacons, amounting to more than £1,100; and by-and-by, the whole debt of nearly £8,000 was cleared off; and so the good women had a rich answer to their prayers, and a full reward of their self-denying love to the 'House of their God.'—From Memories of the Past, by Mr. James Griffin.

A Swearer Reformed.

A young man in the State of Indiana not long ago left home for a business opening in Ohio. There a gentleman from his own native place found him, and was shocked to discover that he had become a profane swearer. Returning home he felt constrained to tell his parents of his awful degeneracy. They said little, and in doubt whether they had understood him he called the next day and repeated the statement. The father calmly replied: 'We understood you; my wife and I spent a sleepless night on our knees pleading in behalf of our son; and about daybreak we received the assurance from God that James will never swear again.'

Two weeks later the son came home, a changed man.

'How long since this change took place?' asked his rejoicing parents. He replied that just a fortnight before he was struck with a sense of guilt so that he could not sleep, and spent the night in tears and prayers for pardon. Mark—there had been no time for any parental appeal, or even for a letter of remonstrance—while they were praying for him God moved him to pray for himself.—Dr. Pierson.

smile that attracted a group of three little ones, the oldest about nine. They all stood in a row in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. The smile brightened, lingered, and then suddenly faded away, and a corner of the old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear. Then the eldest child stepped forward and said: 'Are you sorry because you haven't got any children?' 'I—I had children once, but they are all dead!' whispered the woman, a sob rising in her throat. 'I am awful sorry,' said the little girl as her own chin quivered. 'I'd give you one of my little brothers here, but I ain't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one.'

'God bless you, child—bless you forever!' sobbed the old woman, and for a full moment her face was buried in her apron. 'But I'll tell you what I'll do,' seriously continued the child, 'you may kiss us all once, and if little Ben isn't afraid, you may kiss him four times; for he is just as sweet as candy!'

Pedestrians who saw the three well dressed children put their arms around the strange old woman's neck and kiss her were greatly puzzled. They didn't know the hearts of children, and they did not hear the woman's words as she rose to go. 'Oh, children, I'm only a poor old woman, believing I'd nothing to live for but you have given me a lighter heart than I've had for ten long years.'—Detroit Free Press.

Boys' Department.

Original and Selected. Bible Enigma. No. 275.

A scripture statement from the Psalms which should afford comfort to every Christian. It contains 32 letters.

2, 3, 6, 5, 7, are a wicked king mentioned in the New Testament. 12, 13, 14, 17, 15, are a living symbol of Jesus.

16, 17, 23, 18, 19, are what the Lord did when that he feared him spake one to another.

22, 27, 28, are a covetous nephew. 9, 4, 24, 11, are what Peter was told to do when he was in a trance.

32, 22, 30, 29, are a result of heat on snow. 10, 8, 9, 1, are vapor slightly condensed.

CURIOUS QUESTIONS. No. 231.

Insert the proper vowels in their right place in the following, and you will have a stanza from Tennyson's Deserted House:

Cm w : fr Lf nd Thght Hr n lngr dll; Bt n of gls—grt nd dntst ct—hy bght mnen norrttbl. Wld th old hv std wth s!

No. 232. Form a square of five letter words of

- 1. The worth. 2. A place for a contest. 3. A man's name. 4. To undo a fastening. 5. An artist's stand.

No. 233.

- 1. Curtail solid and leave a tree; 2. A small-nut tree and vapor see; 3. A bird of prey and leave berry or seed, 4. Again and leave surprise indeed; 5. Curtail again and there appears 6. What's seen but once in a hundred years.

No. 234.

- 1. Behead a difficulty and leave a coin. 2. One of the books of the Bible and leave a vessel. 3. Dumb and leave one of a tribe of Indians. 4. A snare and leave to strike. 5. Veracity and leave a noted woman of the Bible. 6. A useful ornament and leave a noise.

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. 274. P uteoli, L uith, E liashib, A lmon, D umah, M ibzar, Y ellow, C asphor, A donibeek, U lai, S ospater, E drel, O had, L oruhamah, O bil, R eba, D ephkah.

PLEAD MY CAUSE, O LORD.

ANSWERS TO CURIOUS QUESTIONS. No. 228.

- 1. Stephen March. 2. March. 3. Stephen. 4. Charm. 5. Arch. 6. Arc. 7. Step-hen. 8. March.

No. 229. Word Square. M E D L A R E U R O P E D R A C I N L O C K E T A P I E C E R E N T E D

No. 230. The letter e. No. 231.

- 1. Dog, dig, did, cid, cod, cow. 2. Face, fare, fore, fort, foot.

A Child's Heart.

The other day a curious old woman having a bundle in her hand and walking with a painful effort, sat down on a curb-stone on Woodward avenue to rest. She was curious because her garments were neat and clean, though threadbare, and curious because a smile crossed her wrinkled face as children passed her. It might have been this

Right out in Meeting.

On Sunday, little Annie May, who lived in the country, went to church for the first time. She wore a blue dress, and blue shoes and white stockings, and a white straw bonnet with blue strings tied under her mite of a dimpled chin. Her eyes matched the ribbon, and her cheeks were as pink as a rose, and her hair was almost the shade of my canary's wing. Altogether, she was a very sweet and dainty little maiden indeed. Elder Rogers was the preacher. Annie knew him very well. He came to her papa's house often in a big covered carriage; and he brought her apples in his pocket, and took her on his knee and told her stories while she ate them. Annie remembered all this; and, when the elder had taken his place in the pulpit, she slid off her seat, and crept out under the settees to the pulpit, before anybody knew what she was going to do. She held up her wee mouth. 'I've come to give you a kiss,' said she, 'and I want you to tell me a story.'

The congregation smiled, all but Annie's Aunt Jane. The elder smiled too, and took the kiss, and told Annie she must wait a little while for the story. Annie climbed up on the big chair to wait. But she couldn't keep her blue eyes open, and the first thing she knew Aunt Jane was shaking her awake. 'I'll bring you the story to-morrow,' laughed the elder. 'And the apples?' asked Annie. 'Wasn't she a funny little girl? But she didn't know any better, you know.'—Youth's Companion.

Plea for the Babies.

Be kind to the babies, The dear little babies, Then with you they seldom will cry, Touch gently the babies, Speak softly to babies, As softly as if mamma were by.

Be patient with babies, The poor little babies, Remember they cannot tell why They make up wry faces, With pains in all places, Enough to make any one cry.

Rock softly the babies, The sweet little babies, They all will grow up by-and-by; And we hope fill their places, With charms and with graces, So never to cause us a sigh.

We all have been babies, Just such little babies, For babies were both you and I, With fathers and mothers, And sisters and brothers, So to help other babies pray try.—The Little Housekeeper.

A poor fox which was being hunted to death at Portside on Friday took refuge in the pulpit of the parish church. He was not suffered to remain there long, however, and soon became a prey to the hounds.

New Select Serial.

A DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

BY MISS LILLIAN F. WELLS. CHAPTER XIV.

MARTHA GOES ABROAD.

It was very pleasant and restful to be at Huldah's. Martha grew strong again, with the fresh air, the wholesome food, and the entire freedom from care. But by the time August came she was growing restless, and longing for change and action. What should she do? She must decide the question, and that speedily. A letter from Persis Maynard, brought in by Amos, one mellow August evening, answered her question in a most delightful way.

"Martha dear, you must prepare yourself to say, yes, without delay, for I won't take any other answer. Do you wonder what unheard of thing I am going to ask of you? Only this—that you will go to Europe with papa and me. We want to be gone a year or so, and go about just when and where we please, you know—enjoying ourselves at our leisure. I am very anxious to go; but, unless I can have you with me, I would almost rather stay at home. We want to go about the middle of September. I am having my dress-making done now, and I want you to come down immediately, get your outfit ready with mine, and make me happy. You will not say no, will you dear?"

Martha was in raptures, and began her preparations for a speedy departure. 'What? what? goin' to Europe?' gasped Deacon Stirling, when Martha told him of her plans. 'Ye don't know what ye're a doin', child. Do ye know what a power o' money it'll take?' 'I have made a calculation of the probable amount,' said Martha. 'Of course, I cannot calculate very closely, because our movements will be so uncertain. But a thousand dollars ought certainly to cover all possible needs.'

'A thousand dollars!' The deacon fairly groaned. 'Will ye deliberately throw away all that money?'