The Day of Life.

MISS EVA, MISS VIVA.

Lo! the Day—the Day of Life—Day of unimagined Light,
Day when Death itself shall die—and there shall be no more night.
Steadily the Day approaches when the just shall find their rest,
When the wicked cease from troubling, and the patient reign most blest.

See the King desired for ages, by the just expected long;
Long implored, at length he hasteth, cometh with Salvation strong.
O how past all utterance happy, sweet, and joyful it will be,
When they who, unseen, have loved Him—Jesus face to face shall see.

In that Day, how good and pleasant, this poor world to have despised;
And how mournful, and how bitter, dear that lost world to have prized;
Blessed, then, earth's patient mourners, who for Christ have toiled and died,
Driven by the world's rough pressure into those mansions to abide.

There shall be no sighs or weeping, not a shade of doubt or fear,
No old age, no want or sorrow—nothing sick or lacking there.
There the Peace will be unbroken, deep and solemn joy be shed;
Youth in fadeless flower and freshness, and Salvation perfected.

What will be the bliss and rapture, none can dream and none can tell,
There to reign among the angels, in the heavenly home to dwell.
To those realms, just Judge, O call me—deign to open that blest Gate,
Thou, whom seeking, looking, longing, I with eager hope await.

—*A Hymn of the Twelfth Century.*

Selected Serial.

ONE COMMONPLACE DAY.

BY PANSY.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

SEVERAL STARTLING POINTS.

"Mr. Durant, do you—do you suppose you could remember the name of one young man in Chicago, so that if you should meet him you would know that you had heard something about him?"

"I am very well drilled in remembering names, and I carry special items connected with his names in my memory, sometimes for years, waiting opportunities to use them."

"Then I will tell you. There is a Mr. Airedale in Chicago, who, I hope, will meet you. He is a book-keeper in the wholesale house of McGilpin & Co. He is in great danger, I think. He has made a promise, something as you did, not to his mother, but to a friend; but his natural tastes are bitterly against him, and he is proud and will not let his weakness be known. His family are blind to his danger. His own mother offers him home-made wine, though she knows that he is sorely tempted in that direction. He was fed on brandy for days and weeks when a child. It was a physician's prescription, you know. I do think the whole thing is so wicked, Mr. Durant, but I never knew before that there was anything to do—anything that girls could do. I mean—not until this afternoon, when I heard you talk. I want to help and I mean to try. I have never done a thing; all I thought I could do was to refuse to do some things, but I see ways of working, or of trying, now."

She was speaking rapidly, her whole face aglow with strong feeling, her eyes bright and her breath coming in little, eager waves, which showed that she was under the control of some strong emotion.

Mr. Durant had taken out his note-book, and was writing an address.

"Could you give me the business number of this Mr. Airedale?" he said. "I am interested in him. I want to seek him out."

She named the street and number, her eyes flashing on him such grateful thanks that he told himself he should certainly try for that young man. Then she went on hurriedly:

"There are reasons, Mr. Durant, why I ought not to be mentioned in this connection. I am not to hold communication with him in any way, and this might seem to him almost like sending a message if he knew, and I wouldn't wish to do that. I mean mamma."—And she stopped in utter confusion, her eyes heavy with tears.

"I understand," he said gravely; "this is to be between you and me about one of the stamp that you and I are bound to help back to the fold if we can. And it is not to be mentioned in any way save to the dead Shepherd himself. I hope to be in Chicago three weeks from to-night, and I will not forget this name. Am I right in my deductions, Miss Powers? do you belong to Christ?"

The tears were dropping quietly now.

"I think I do, Mr. Durant; indeed, I may say I am almost sure that I do, but it is all very new to me; and I came to him through trial and darkness. Sometimes it seems to me as though I only sought him because I had nothing else, and that I was unworthy of his love or care."

She looked young to be talking about "having nothing else," but Mr. Durant knew that the trials of young hearts were very bitter, and, perhaps all the harder to bear because of their lack of the discipline of experience. He had just time for his reply before others joined them.

"There is a sense, certainly, in which we are all of us unworthy of His love or care, but we are always to remember this: that He has chosen us for His own, that we have been bought with a price, that we are held as infinitely precious in his sight, and that, therefore, we must set a high estimate on our own importance, and live accordingly."

After that there was little time for talk. Somebody reported that the train had whistled at the station two miles below, and the various companies gathered their wraps and baskets and made all speed toward the depot.

Just across the ravine, also making rapid strides toward the train, was a party who had been with the company, but not of them, all the afternoon. These were five young men. Had you watched them you should have observed that, while they seemed anxious to reach the train, they were also anxious to avoid close scrutiny from any others; that they slackened their gait so soon as they found themselves nearing any of the groups hastening in the same direction, and that one of them was receiving somewhat anxious assistance, his face being flushed, and his step unsteady.

It was this man whom Mr. Durant at last observed, and he halted to call across the ravine:

"Is your friend ill, gentleman? Can we be of any assistance?"

"It is nothing of consequence, a sudden attack of dizziness; he will be all right presently," called back one of the five, his face in a frown, and they noticeably slackened their pace.

Mr. Durant still looked after them.

"The young man who spoke has a hard face," he said, "and it is a very youthful face, too. He can't be more than nineteen or twenty. I have not seen him before. Who is he?"

Charlie Lambert looked about him to see who were within hearing before he replied in a low voice:

"He is a brother of Miss Josie Fleming; and a wild boy, I guess. Has the name of leading a set of fellows who are always in mischief. He is just about twenty."

"Do you know the young man whom they seem to be helping?"

"I did not notice," said Charlie, glancing back; "why, I think I know him; he looks like one of the clerks at Morrison's. Halloo, Lloyd, wait a minute; I thought you said Bruce did not come on this trip. He seems to be back there with Fleming's set, and they say he is sick."

"Sick!" repeated Lloyd, who had been halted by his friend's call, "why, it can't be Bruce; he told me he wasn't coming, and I have seen nothing of him this afternoon. He would naturally have gravitated toward our party if he had been in the company."

Nevertheless, it was Eben Bruce. And to tell you how he came to be of the party, I must return to the starting hour of the train. You will remember that in spirit of hauteur he had determined not to join the picnic party. Nevertheless, he was by no means averse to a half-holiday, such opportunities being rare in his experience. He had resolved to spend the afternoon in the office of a medical friend, looking up, in his library, facts about a certain organ which he was just now studying with interest. But the physician's office was closed and locked; an unusual circumstance, and in itself a very trivial matter—that is, apparently. The trival matters of this life would make a very curious study, if one could trace them from their inception to the hour when their influence ceased to work. In point of fact, the doctor was not absent from his office ten minutes. He merely stepped into the office around the corner to watch a game of cards which was being played. He told himself while he stood there that this was his office hour, and he ought to go; and he told himself that he should go in ten minutes; he would just like to see whether Jones would beat, after all. And during that ten minutes Bruce came and shook his door and departed disappointed. There was no physician in town, save this young one, with whom he felt on terms of sufficient intimacy to sit in his office and study a medical work. Had the young doctor known of this, he would have said that it was of no consequence, that Bruce could come at another time just as well.

And Bruce, disappointed, yet told himself the same thing, and said he would go back in half an hour or so and try again. He would really like to get that point worked up before the night for the discussion. At that moment out from her door fluttered Miss Josie Fleming, in her light silk and delicate gloves. He was slightly acquainted with her, and she greeted him with a smiling face. It seemed quite natural that as the corner he should resolve to extend his walk in her direction; she was pleasant enough. In her direction lay the depot, and she was going to the picnic, and she urged his attendance, assuring him that it would be "just lovely" at the falls. He wavered in his decision. Why not go and have a holiday with the rest? But on the platform of the station was Mr. Cleveland, walking back and forth waiting for the arrival of his wagon, loaded with baskets and pails for the lunchers. Miss Fleming admired the aristocratic-looking and supposed-to-be fastidious stranger, and quite turned her back on the young clerk, who was aware that his boots were not of the latest cut, nor of the finest material, and was as sensitive about all those things as a girl. He was not acquainted with Mr. Cleveland, and Miss Fleming did not introduce him, and he presently went around to the other side of the building and assured himself that he was a first-class fool for trying to push himself into society that felt itself too grand for him. Just at that moment appeared Fred Fleming, his handsome face aglow with fun. It was a handsome face, although it was a hard one. There were possibilities in it, either for good or evil, and when he laughed, and his bright eyes twinkled with good feeling, one not deeply read in life would not be likely to notice that the evil in it was gaining the ascendency. Young Bruce knew him. He had met him in that very room from which his friend, the doctor, was just now bustling away, and it was his friend the doctor, who had introduced them one evening, having taken him around to watch a game.

"I don't play myself," the doctor had said, "but I like to watch a game now and then to see what will come of it. That Fred Fleming plays too well for a boy of his years. If he belonged to me, I should be afraid that it would get too deep a hold on him."

And then he had stood beside him and watched the game, and cheered a little at his good luck. But the young doctor was a very moral man, a member of the church, and rarely touched cards.

"Halloo!" had Fred Fleming said the moment he caught sight of the young man, "here's another. Come on, boys, we'll kidnap Bruce, and then there will be five of us. I told you that four was an unlucky number. I say, Bruce, we are in for a lark. We are bound to shock all the good temperance people to-day. This is a regular Sunday-school affair, this picnic, with all the naughty things, as well as all the naughty people, left at home. At least, that is what the nice, good men and women hope and believe. Now, we are going along to stir them up a little, and give them a chance to exercise some of the Christian virtues. You join us, and we will have a jolly time."

CHAPTER IX.

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

Ordinarily, a greeting of this sort would have had no charms for Eben Bruce. He was inclined to be quiet and studious. He was ambitious, and meant to be something more than a second book keeper in a retail store. But just now he felt alone, and friendless, and sore-hearted. He felt like being avenged on all aristocrats who judged of people by the clothes they wore. If Miss Josie Fleming did not think enough of him to introduce him to her high-toned friends, it seems her brother was not of that stamp, for his companions were, two of them, sons of rich men, and they gave him cordial greeting. Why shouldn't he go with people who were glad to have him, and enjoy himself in their way if he could?

And he went forward with them into the smoking car, and accepted a cigar, though he rarely smoked; and he spent that entire afternoon with those four young men. Not as they had at first intended. In fact, it would have been hard for them to tell what they had at first intended. They had no definite plan beyond the fun of smuggling a basket of wines into the temperance picnic grounds. Fred Fleming, it is true, had planned in his own mind that he would carry a tray of wine-glasses, well filled, among what ever party the temperance lecturer seated himself with, and offer them with his best bow. But this part of the programme he failed to carry out. And I can not help thinking it a pity that he did, because people with wide open eyes can often accomplish what those with the best intentions and blinded eyes fail to do. What these young men had done was to drink more liquor than two of them, at least, were used to. In fact, Eben Bruce was used to none. He had been brought up by a careful mother, who knew little of the world and its temptations. She used no liquors in her home, because she had never been in the habit of doing so. She attended no temperance meetings, because there had never been any drunkenness in their family, and was not likely to be. She wished well to the cause, because the drunkards—poor miserable wretches—ought to be saved, she supposed, if they could be—though they always seemed to her more like brutes than men.

She objected to her little boy's joining a juvenile temperance organization, because she did not believe in urging children to tamper with promises—promises were sacred things. She refused to urge him to join the Young Men's Temperance Society when he was older, because his tastes and inclinations were all in another direction from those "poor tempted fellows" who were becoming members. What was the use in mixing society so? Eben would be a student, and students were always gentlemen. And so the years passed; and Eben's father died, and the money which was to send Eben to college was swept away in that misterious fashion which happens so often, and Eben went out from the shelter of home, with his refined tastes and his student habits, to mix with a world none too gentle at its best, unfortified by warning, or pledge, or any such thing, for the temptations which were sure to assail him on every hand. The wonder was that he had gotten through nearly a year in comparative safety.

He did not know that he possessed the sort of brain which would respond to the touch of alcoholic poison as surely and as quickly as gunpowder responds to the touch of fire. He aimed to be a physician, and pored of nights over musty volumes of learned treatises about the nature of the skin and structure of the human frame, and yet he did not know, not having been taught, the sure action of alcohol on liver and lungs and stomach, and, above all, brain.

It will surely not be considered strange that such was the case, when you remember that apparently only about one physician in a hundred understands anything of this matter! Poor Eben Bruce was not a physician, and was as ignorant as a babe about some things which he ought to have learned at his mother's knee.

Do you need to be told that he made a discovery that afternoon? Yes; it happened that he had lived to be twenty-one years of age without ever having tasted anything that can intoxicate. He had lived a sheltered home life, and had not chanced to associate with people who tempted him. But it happened also that the first taste awakened a demon within him that may have been sleeping for generations back, for aught that I know. Probably, if you care to trace back the genealogical record of the Bruce family, on the father's or the mother's side, you may find a reason this sudden flaming into life of a taste that was almost a passion, ready to consume this unguarded young man.

Anyway, whether you do or not, it was there. And you know, or at least you ought to know, that there are hundreds and thousands like him, and that they are growing up in homes all about you—their danger you do not suspect. Now, what will be the inevitable result of that afternoon's work? So far as the immediate result is concerned, after the first glass, the victim wanted another and another; he alarmed his four companions; they tried to restrain him; they plunged deeper and deeper into the ravine; they had such an afternoon as they had not planned and will not soon forget. They succeeded at last in getting their lunatic to throw himself down on a bed of ferns and mosses, where he sank into the strangest sleep that his life had ever known. And, when he awakened was it a wonder that his eyes were bloodshot and his step unsteady, and that his head throbbed, and that the pain in it was blinding?

They did not dare, those four, that he should be seen by others of the company; he bore too distinctly the mark of his shame. In fact, he was not yet himself, but demanded more of the poison, and was fierce because there was none for him. They hurried him to the smoking car; they found him a chance to lie down; they stood guard over him. When Lloyd McLean came in anxious search, they explained that it was a sudden headache which had attacked him, but that he was sleeping now, and they felt sure that rest was what he needed.

"He has been overworking," Lloyd said, standing doubtfully by the side of the sleeper whose face was carefully shielded from view. "He studied last night until after midnight, and does so nearly every evening."

"It is undoubtedly that which has caused this attack," Fred Fleming said, eagerly. "I noticed that he looked very pale and worn when he came up this afternoon. Oh! he needs rest; he will be better, no doubt, for this nap. I will attend to his comfort when we reach the depot. You have a lady in charge this afternoon, have you not, McLean? Just so. Well I will see that your friend gets to his room and his bed all right. I told our Jim to be at the depot with my phaeton, and I'll just drive around to your boarding-house and see that he is comfortable. Oh! thanks are not necessary; I am glad to do it. Yes, we were on the grounds all the afternoon; but we went off on a tramp through the ravine, and got farther in than we intended. Bruce is a little overdone with the exercise, too, I presume."

And the door closed on Lloyd, who went back to his car and reported that his friend was suffering from nervous headache, but the boys who had taken him in charge were very kind—warm-hearted fellows, evidently, if they were a little wild. And "the boys" laughed as the door closed after him, and Fred Fleming, drawing a relieved breath, declared himself glad that none of the sharp-eyed fellows had come in search of their victims, for if this thing got out there would be need of talk, which would not be pleasant for the old folks.

And I can not help wondering what poor Eben Bruce's lady mother would have thought, could she have seen her sheltered boy then! What is to be the fate of such as he? Shielded by no promise, either to mother or to God. Left vulnerable, through ignorance, at almost every point of attack. Inheriting a wild passion for the poison, which makes it seem almost impossible, for one unused to resisting, to resist—a passion all the more fierce and dangerous, perhaps, because not suspected heretofore, not understood now. God pity all such young men! Their mothers have failed them; their teachers, both in the day and Sabbath-school, have failed them; the country, which is bound to protect them, has failed them. How are they to be saved from their almost inevitable doom?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Star-Fish.

BY RALPH S. TARR.

No animal is more common on the seacoast than the star-fish, and for this reason visitors to the sea-shore are very apt to pass it by, and search for the more attractive and rare sea-anemones. But, in doing this, they pass by one of the most interesting animals, and one which has very curious habits. Drop a star-fish into a glass filled with sea water, and watch it for a few moments. If it happens to drop on its back, one of the five arms, which seem so rigid when taken from the water, will begin to bend, scores of small suckers will begin to fasten themselves upon the bottom of the tank, and soon the star will be right side up.

He is a restless creature when in an aquarium, and will continually rove about in search of something to eat. He moves about with a slow, regular motion, which at first seems mysterious. There is no irregular motion, as in walking, but simply a slow propulsion along the bottom or up the sides of the tank, as if pushed on by some continual pressure from behind. In a moment he mounts the perpendicular side, and, through the transparent glass, we have an opportunity to see how he moves. In the centre of each arm there is a depression, and in each depression there are several rows of pure white suckers, extending from the base to the tip of the arm. These are his locomotive organs, and well do they serve the purpose. There are hundreds of them, elastic yet muscular, all working at the same time to propel the creature along. One loosens its hold, stretches itself out, and takes another hold an eighth of an inch further up. Others follow, and the creature moves. It is held firmly, yet at the same time is continually moving.

How can these countless hundreds of little feet all be worked by one small bang so low in the animal kingdom? To do this the creature has a most wonderful arrangement not unlike a system of water works. There is a tank, which he has always filled with water pure and clear, and strained from all foreign particles in its passage through the brightly colored sieve-like madrepore plate. From this tank there are five tubes, each leading into one of the arms, and from these main tubes countless numbers of small ones branch off to form the suckers. By filling or drawing off the water the suckers are detached, or made to cling to a surface in a manner very like a boy's leather sucker.

But see, it is approaching a mussel that is hanging by its finely woven byssus to the side of the tank. Can it have designs upon this shell-fish? Straight toward it the star moves; it nears the mussel; the forward sucker touches the shell; the star hesitates a moment, then moves on faster than before. One arm has passed over the mussel, and the mouth of the star-fish is just over the center of the shell. Surely it can do no harm to this well-defended shell-fish. Its mouth is so small that it cannot swallow the mussel, and surely it cannot bore into the hard shell.

The star-fish has stopped, the five arms are curled around the mussel, and it is held in a strong embrace. We watch the star-fish with renewed interest, but all we see is the same motionless attitude, no change in position, nothing to indicate change. The star seems satisfied to remain as it is, as if at rest. Soon a thin membrane encircles the mussel, but nothing further is seen. We revisit the aquarium at the end of an hour, and the star is in the same position; at the end of two hours there is no change; but in three hours we return to see the starfish nestled in the darkest corner of the aquarium, while the unfortunate mussel hangs in its old position, quite dead, the shell gaping open, and numerous little shrimp feeding on the half-digested parts left by the destructive star-fish.

What has been done? Simply this: the star-fish, unable to take the shell into its stomach, has accommodated itself to circumstances, and extended its stomach out of its mouth, and digested the shell-fish with its stomach entirely outside of its body. In this silent manner hordes of star-fish invade oyster beds, and in a single night destroy thousands. The oystermen, recognizing their destructive power, formerly had the stupid habit of cutting every star-fish that they caught into three or four pieces and returning them to the water, not knowing that each piece had the power of reproducing itself, and that, for each star thus torn into three or four pieces, two or three new individuals were formed.

—*Congregationalist.*

—Just being in a hurry all over," is the fit description a little girl gave of nervousness.

—"How far is it to Butler, if I keep straight on?" "Well about twenty-five thousand miles; but if you turn the other way, it's about half a mile."

—"What is the best remedy," asked a preacher of a shrewd observer, "for an inattentive audience?" "Give them something to attend to," was the insignificent reply. "Hungry sheep will look up to the rack if there is any hay in it."

—The country shopkeeper said: "Here, my friend, these balls of butter I bought of you last week all proved to be just three ounces short of a pound." And the farmer innocently answered: "Well I don't see how that could be, for I used one of your pound bars of soap for a weight."

—Phrenologist.—"Your bump of imagination is abnormally large, sir. You should write poetry, sir." Citizen:—"I do write poetry. Only yesterday I took a poem to an editor, and that bump you are feeling is where he hit me. Don't bear on it so hard." Spring poets take warning.

—On Wednesday evening, while the Louisville Short Line train was poking along towards Lexington, a passenger stopped the brakeman as he was going through, and asked: "How fast does this train go—a mile an hour?" "It goes fast enough to suit us. If you don't like the rate of speed, get out and walk," was the rejoinder. "I would," replied the disgusted passenger, settling back in the corner of his seat, "but my friends won't come to meet me until the train gets in, and I don't want to be waiting around the depot for two or three hours."

—The Rev. Sam Jones rakes the boys terribly sometimes about their gambling and drinking frolics. "O! I've been all along there, boys. I know all about it, and I used to go to balls, and dance, too boys. But when I wanted to get married, when I wanted to settle down with a good wife, I quit drinking and gambling; and I didn't go to the ball-room to get my wife, but I went to a prayer-meeting, and I got a good one." He told this in Texas, and when he returned to his boarding house his landlady, who had heard his remarks, said:—"I don't blame you, Brother Jones; but, poor Sister Jones, where did she go to get her husband?" They say this is the only time he has been floored since he quit drinking.

What Disease is this that is Coming Upon Us?

Like a thief at night it steals in upon us unawares. Many persons have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A sort of sticky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and feel clammy. After a while a cough sets in at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greenish coloured expectoration. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After a time he becomes nervous, irritable, and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become costive; the skin is dry and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow, the urine is scanty and high-coloured, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart; the vision be-impaired with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of great prostration and weakness. All of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms. It has been found that medical men have mistaken the nature of this disease. Some have treated it for a liver complaint, others for kidney disease, etc., etc., but none of the various kinds of treatment have been attended with success, because the remedy should be such as to act harmoniously upon each one of these organs, and upon the stomach as well; for in Dyspepsia (for this is really what the disease is) all of these organs partake of this disease and require a remedy that will act upon all at the same time. Seigel's Syrup acts like a charm in this class of complaints, giving almost immediate relief. The following letters from chemists of standing in the community where they live show in what estimation the article is held.

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Geo. A. Webb, 141, York Street, Belfast:—I have sold a large quantity, and the parties have testified to its being what you represent it.

J. S. Metcalfe, 55, Highgate, Kendal:—I have always great pleasure in recommend ing the uratve Syrup, for I have never known a case in which it has not relieved or cured, and I have sold many gross.

Robt. G. Gould, 27, High Street, Andover:—I have always taken a great interest in your medicines and I have recommended them, as I have found numerous cases of cure from their use.

N. Darroll, Clun, Salop:—All who buy it are pleased, and I recommend it.

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