"THOU SHALT BE SATISFIED."

Impatient, struggling, weary one,
Craving that which can ne'er be won,
In the Beyond, when life is done,
"Thou shalt be satisfied."

Fiercely toiling, seeking no rest,
Curst art thou where others seem blest,
Doubting even that God knows best,
"Thou shalt be satisfied."

Satisfied! What more canst thou ask?
Finished will be each tiresome task,
Fallen will be each irksome mask,
"Thou shalt be satisfied."

Earthly trials will then be o'er,
Heaven be thine for evermore,
And, with the loved ones gone before,
"Thou shalt be satisfied."

Selected Serial.

ONE GIRL'S WAY OUT.

CHAPTER XI.—*Continued.*

MERCY AT HOME.

School went on about as usual that day and for many following. Mirabel came into the little hot room, destitute of blinds or shading tree, one afternoon. The stage was late and the mail not in yet, and she bethought her to wait there.

It was very evident that Mercy was embarrassed by her coming. She gave her the only chair, by a raised desk, awkwardly and blushing. Found a ragged palm leaf fan, and offered it, retaining the handle in her own hand, but Mirabel drew another from her belt and opened it, wishing that she had stayed away until invited.

But the moment the teacher turned back to her restless, uneasy subjects the change was wonderful. There was no embarrassment then. The shy country girl was at home in her work; that was evident. It would not have served in the city as a "model school-room." It was not "run like machinery;" but it was unique, the ways original. The children were not "advanced" in books, but they knew the reasons for things. Mirabel thought it was no wonder they asked strange questions, when she heard the "first class in Geography" recite. Her respect for Mercy increased each moment. It grew upon her that she might not have made a mistake, after all, in her choice of work. She did not try to imagine Mercy as filling the place of one of the "stylish," "finished" teachers at Madame Blank's any longer. It dawned upon her that the girl was capable of making a place of her own, and very likely would. She resolved to find out Miss Earle's whereabouts on her return to the city, and write to her about this mountain girl. Perhaps she could help her.

The two sat in the quiet room for a long while after the last child had gone out. It was not the first meeting since that evening by the old mill, but it was the first long talk.

Mercy had said to her in the pathway up to the little church, "I have decided Miss Vane, to try to be a teacher in the way that your Miss Earle did." That was all.

To-night they talked of books.

"I would like a list of books, Miss Vane," Mercy said, "such as you have read that did you good. Once in a while, perhaps, I might find one, and there would be a comfort in even knowing the names. I like to know about things. I have eight or ten 'book catalogues,' of different houses, that I have sent for—some are free, and some I pay ten cents for—and I can not tell you how much I get out of them. I read them over and over. I know the names of every book some authors have written, and I make up my mind what kind of a person the author is from his titles. There is one, I know, likes beautiful things, his names are always so graceful and sweet. And another, I am sure, studies a great deal; and one likes mathematics; and another poetry. But all I know is the titles. Will you tell me some of the real good books, please?"

How heartily Mirabel regretted the shortness of the list she could give, and her meagre information. But she was frank.

"I have not read one quarter as much of good solid reading as I ought," she admitted. "The truth is, there is always so much going on that I neglect that."

"Going on?"

"Yes, in society, I mean."

"I shouldn't think there'd be any thing quite equal to books," remarked Mercy.

"Perhaps not; but other things have a faculty of crowding those out—heavy ones, I mean. I am afraid you are a book worm, Miss Task."

"I would like to have had a mind like Margaret Fuller," was the answer. "The minister lent me her life."

"Have you ever read Ruskin?" asked Mirabel.

"No, but I know the names of some of his books. I am afraid he is beyond me."

"No; he is wise, but helpful too, I think. I like him. Would you like to read some of his writings? I did not bring many books."

"Very much."

"I shall be glad to lend it to you. Or would be pleasanter to read it together?"

"Of course it would be, for me."

"We will, then. Can you stop each night on your way home from school?" and that was soon arranged, to Mercy's great satisfaction.

"Have you ever studied botany?" Mirabel asked presently, plucking some wild-wood beauties from the bouquet in a broken-nosed pitcher at hand. I do not know this flower."

"Only from a small book."

"I like the study," went on Mirabel. "Couldn't we take some time for that too?"

"I could."

"I will send home for my books to-morrow, then," said Mirabel. "I find flowers every day I do not know, and they say that no knowledge is ever lost, but will be of use somewhere."

That night she wrote her long delayed answer to Joy Alden's letter.

"And I am really developing into a teacher," she wrote. "A teacher in the line of natural science. My class in botany and plant-life is secured, not on an extravagant basis, and we only await the text books. Question and conversation class already open. Furthermore, I am elected Professor and Englightener of the dark sayings of Ruskin, and expounder of his wisdom. Carlyle may even be my next venture. Do you recall Miss Earle? And did you ever hear her say, 'Leave a little empty place, girls, in the world, when you go out of it?'"

"That will sound strangely to Joy Alden, at Long Brach," she said, as she directed the envelope, and sealed it with violet wax and a monagram. "But Joy used to be one to say things to. I believe I love her the best of any of the girls, after all."

And will any girl wonder at knowing that the sleep of Mercy Task that night was broken, and her waking dreams rosy with promise? Such a beautiful thing had come into her life and taken her into its very heart. How could she help but be better in the time to come? She could never again be so ungrateful as to be unhappy, when God had given her so very, very much of good.

CHAPTER XII.

NAMING BABY.

Mirabel drew Joy's answer from her pocket one afternoon a week later and read it to Madame Merril. The two were sitting together in the "Cozy Corner," as the girl had named it, of that odd "Court."

The season was wearing away. The high tide of summer was past, burned out by the fervid August heats. The hills were dotted with golden flecks of early yellowing grain. The grass bent its waving head with a silvery sheen unknown to its earlier green. There was a difference in the very air. From its June clearness to the misty haze that hung like a bridal veil, softening, but not concealing. It was full of richness, too; the scent of early-ripening apples, and wild grapes turning, and mountain-laurel, tropical in its fragrance, and poisonous dogwood bunches, and wild thyme and sages.

Her voice fell clearly into that upper atmosphere as she read:

"Brief as it was, your letter gave me pleasure. It was like one of your clear mountain-breezes, bringing rest and refreshing. Only it passed by as quickly, and my solitary solace was, its re-perusal, to find, if might be, its elusive charm. How can I return it? Not in kind, certainly, for that coin does not ring at this watering-place. Long branch owns no nature but human nature. There is plenty of that; and, glossed over as we best can, it will show itself at times. I presume it is felt even more than seen. I humbly trust I keep my own from being obtrusive. That is if I have any of my own left.

"Did you ever wonder what you really were of yourself? If you had been left in a 'state of nature,' that is, and not varnished, and 'toned,' and polished, out of all original semblance. I have been guilty of wondering if it would not have been better to have been born a Hottentot, more comfortable to have lived and died a barbarian. But this aside.

"Society still 'goes on.' Some go down and we dance heartlessly above the ripples. It will serve me in the same way in time.

"But the season is a gay one, and good—for the hotels and doctors. Yesterday was a specimen. I rose at ten, too late for the 'sunrise on the water,' breakfasted at eleven, dressed and went out to lunch at half-past one, a short drive, and around to Mrs. Sydney Waldringham's at four for a tennis, on to a garden tea at Surf Cottage at half-past five. Then home to my hair-dresser and maid, a wedding reception at nine, followed by a german, and, thirdly, a party, leaving me at home finally at two this morning. Had it been for any thing but 'pleasure,' I should have protested myself 'fagged out,' inelegant though it be. I am thankful to say that even 'cling sun' does not furnish quite so much a variety.

"Mrs. Sydney, as you see, is again here and upon the 'top wave.' It was merely a 'peculation' on her husband's part, and she has such exquisite taste. Hal Billings has been visible here, faultless in dress and manners, a proper escort for us 'do-nothings.' The Allisters

Closing with,—

"Send me another zephyr soon; I pine for it. Yours,

"JOY ALDEN."

"She does not seem to me to be experiencing 'unmixed pleasure,'" Mirabel said, as she folded away the dainty French sheet, with its fashionable, square chirography.

"I think the voice of the soul is speaking through the aimless life," the old lady said, looking up from her knitting.

"Joy has one," the girl went on. "There is a great deal to her, but of late I could not understand her; she seems restless, almost bitter at times, as she does in her letter."

"Do you see it more clearly now?"

"I think I do. She needs work."

"Hearty, earnest, satisfying work; and that society alone does not give its votaries."

"I know that, Mrs. Merril. I shall never be thankful enough that I was sent up here this summer, though it took me quite a while to be reconciled. I have learned some lessons, and it does not seem to me that I can be quite as useless again. The question is, where to begin or what to do. And I am afraid, after all, Mrs. Merril, that when I get back in the old place I shall find its temptations are just as great for me; that it is nothing but circumstances that makes the difference. I wish I had some rule to guide me in every thing."

"God has given you one."

"Oh! but—what is it?"

"'Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.'"

"Of course, I know; but that seems given for workers."

"'We are workers together with Him,'" the sweet soft voice quoted.

"With Him?"

"With Christ, yes. For the glory of God."

"Mrs. Merril, I would like to be just that," Mirabel answered, earnestly. "I can not tell why, but these truths seem a great deal more to me than they ever did before. Dr. Payson made one point very plain to me, that there was a satisfaction in life that I had not yet found, and that it was woth seeking after. My way had been the meat, but the life was better. Now I don't wish to go back to meat alone."

"No. What has given you the greatest pleasure since you came up here?"

"When Mercy Task came to me and said that I had helped her to Christ," Mirabel answered, with deep feeling. "I had never thought before that I could do such a thing personally, unless I was a Sabbath-school teacher, and I have refused to be even that, or a pupil, for the last three or four years. I must have thought that I was created entirely for ornament," with a faint smile, "never for any use."

"I think that your bright sunny girlhood has the Father's purpose for each in it. Like the flowers He has made, you are to cheer and brighten the way for others, but that is by no means all the mission of any life. The 'sinning' and the 'suffering,' you remember, are always here. The 'poor' shall always be in the world, and whenever we will we may 'do them good.' You have already experienced the privilege of that, and you have learned that 'the poor' includes many hungers besides those of the body."

"I am seeing that," returned Mirabel, "and to my own great surprise. I see, too, how it makes of life one grand ceaseless opportunity. I need never go anywhere without finding it."

Madame Merril—she had asked Mirabel to call her by the less formal "Mrs."—drew her Bible from the box, and opened it to the Gospel of Luke. "I like these words," she said, reading, but forgetting to look at the page, as though too familiar with it, "And he went through the cities and villages, teaching, and journeying toward Jerusalem." It is a good word; and a good word for the many chance opportunities of our lives that we cast aside carelessly because we are not going on with them, and are not to know the end here. The Master probably went into some villages that he never passed through again. But after He was crucified at Jerusalem, when word was brought back there, some poor woman whose child He had healed, would say, 'Was it not this Nazarene Christ who made my daughter well? Surely, I would carry spices to his tomb if I were there.' And another, 'I am very wicked, and cast out of my own people; but this man smiled on me. I wish I could have helped Him bear His heavy cross up the hill.' Do you not see?"

"I realize, dear Madame, that you make of life a very solemn and earnest thing I am almost afraid to meet."

"A very blessed privilege, with His help, dear; but perhaps my lonely living has colored my words. Only, yours seems such a good gift that I would like you to realize all its worth."

"I should have to be peculiar, Mrs. Merril."

"Yes, child, I know. Are you strong enough for that?" and the dark eyes seemed trying for a moment to read the girl's very heart. Then she added, "Never mind, dear; never mind answering that. If your love for Him is true and sincere, He will give it growth and strength. It is not necessary that you should jump into my place, or thoughts even. Simply, as you journey toward Jerusalem, leave your sweet memories in the villages along the way."

"That I will promise to try and do," Mirabel assented heartily.

"Be warm with sympathy and bright in hopes," went on the elder. "Did you ever stay in a room that was cool but not enough so to attract your attention, until you went into one of higher temperature, when you found that you were chilled through, by the very sensation of delightful warmth that you found so grateful?"

"Oh, yes," Mirabel answered, wondering.

"It is a good thing to be such a Christian in the world as that warmer room; that when others meet you they may rejoice in your warmth and refreshing."

"But how can one be like that?"

For answer Mrs. Merril seemed to turn aside from the topic. "And how do you like our people of Highlake now, Miss Vane? Better than at first?"

"Better? There is no comparison, because at first I had no interest here whatever. Now I am adopting their wants and entering into them heartily. Mercy Task, with all her family of peculiar names; Beriah wants to be an architect, Zenas to live in the city, and Baby seems to be the only contented one. Then, Mrs. Dame's Teddy is to be a minister, and my washerwoman's daughter longs to go into a bakery, and then have one of her own. And I find myself planning with each, and becoming as eager as they. One forgets all but the longings of another, I find; their peculiarities slip out of sight."

"Even those of Miss Lumly?"

Mirabel made a grimace. "I have not found Miss Lumly's specialty yet," she said.

"But, my dear," said Mrs. Merril, "you have answered your own question. Such an interest with and sympathy for others is the warmth into which they delight to come. It was the way in which Christ travelled up to Jerusalem. His eyes were not so turned thitherward that he could not see the blind beggar by the way, and he could stay his steps at every call of need."

"I see," returned the girl, thoughtfully; "the end was in His heart so truly that He could not lose it even when stopped or turned aside. And that is a thought one can take into any circumstances. I have wondered if I should just go back into the old life, the same as ever, when I returned home. There will so many questions meet me, dear Mrs. Merril, in trying to make any change. As I asked before, where shall I begin?"

"With the opportunity that is beside you," was the answer. "Don't reach forward to make them until you have taken the one at hand."

"Is that all? Then, I won't worry. Dress and a good time have been first. I wonder how much of those is right, Mrs. Merril?"

"Of course, my own plain surroundings and customs could not give me guiding for you. We can only remember that in these days unostentation and simplicity are often the most convincing features of a Christian life. Live on a higher plane—that is all."

"I must take a class in Sabbath-school. That will be an opportunity, for the superintendent has often urged it."

"The influence of a good man or woman teaching six or eight children, even once a week, and following them all the time with prayer and counsel, is an influence that no man can measure, and the responsibility of which no man can calculate."

"I must find my work as I go along, then."

"Take Florence Nightingale's motto, dear, as far as you can, 'Never refuse God any thing.'"

"But what if He should ask great things of me?" the girl exclaimed, startled.

"He never will, my dear, until you are ready for them first, if you are His child. Have no fear. The Breton sailors pray as they launch, 'Keep me, my God, my boat is so small and Thy ocean is so wide'; so He holds our boats.

"I am glad you came up here to help Mercy Task. You were sent to her. There is much in her that is noble and worthy, but she sadly needed an anchor. And you were sent to her help. I have known many of her trials and feelings, but what she wanted was a girl like herself, more of her ideal of what she would like in life. Any word from you would have tenfold the weight of mine. That is what it is to be a girl."

"But you have been my help," returned Mirabel, brightly. "I was 'sent' to you too, don't you see? And I must try and do something for Mercy. I must write to Miss Earle."

"She tells me you are studying and reading with her?"

"My own amusement."

"Have you any system in your own time, Miss Vane?"

"Unheard of. I do what happens. Never knew any thing else except in school."

"Try a little, then, and grow into it. Say you will have one hour a day for study or practice, and discipline yourself to give it. Set aside some thing for a thank-offering and enjoy that. Have some anchors for your habits as well as actions. And now, dear, sing to me a little;—your voice is a gift. And you must pardon the lonely old woman her grave words. The thoughts have had a long time to grow. Just think, you are the first girl I have met in near fifty years, who has come to me out of my own youth, as it were. What I say to you is only the reflection of my own experience. Now, the songs."

(*To be continued.*)

Doctoring in the Dark.

No sensible surgeon will attempt the performance of an operation involving human life in a room secluded from the proper amount of light. A practitioner will not attempt the diagnosis of a complicated disease unless he can see the sufferer and make an examination upon which to base his opinion relative to the treatment necessary to bring about restoration of health.

Notwithstanding the impropriety of such action, there seems to be a great deal of doctoring done in the dark.

It needs no illustrations to demonstrate that gross ignorance has caused many fatal mistakes in the treatment of diseases by those who profess to be learned in the art of healing.

In many diseases several organs are more or less implicated and what seems a primary ailment may be one quite remote. For instance, a severe headache may have its origin in a disturbed stomach. On the other hand, sickness at the stomach may be caused by a blow on the head. The seat of typhoid fever is in the upper part of the bowels, but most of its worst symptoms are often in the brain.

Symptoms of disease as well as diseases themselves are oftentimes followers or concomitants of some unsuspected organic disease, and this is peculiarly true of lung, liver, brain and heart diseases in general, for it is now known that they are the result of kidney disease, which shows its presence in some such indirect manner.

Several years ago a gentleman became convinced of the truth of this and through his efforts the world has been warned of kidney disease and as a result of continued effort a specific known as Warner's Safe Cure was discovered, the general use of which has shown it to be of inestimable benefit in all cases where kidney treatment is desirable or necessary.

When consumption is threatened, see to it that the condition of the kidneys is immediately enquired into, and if they are found diseased, cure them by an immediate use of Warner's Safe Cure and the symptoms of lung decay will rapidly disappear.

There are too many instances already recorded of the terrible results produced by a lack of knowledge concerning the cause of disease, and human life is of too much importance to be foolishly sacrificed to bigotry or ignorance.

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has been used for many years with success for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and other lung troubles.

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Advice to Mothers.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other kind.

The Boomerang.

That singular weapon of warfare, the "boomerang," in the use of which the Australians are so skillful, is as much of a puzzler to foreigners visiting that country as the counting system in tennis would be to an Indian, set down in the midst of some gay party of boys and girls enjoying that grand sport. A recent traveller in Australia tells us that the peculiarity of these V-shaped sticks of wood is the delicate curves made along their outer edge. These are, of course, carved by hand, and thus almost every "boomerang" is slightly different from every other. The way in which they skim through the air depends on just the twist with which the skillful thrower hurls them from his hand. Sometimes the missile will fly straight forward for 100 or even 200 yards, then rise sharply to a great height, and at once flutter back to the very feet of the thrower like a weary-bird. There is something almost human in these "boomerangs," and the word may well stand in common speech for any unkind or unjust statement which goes out of our mouths only to return in time to make us sorry and ashamed.

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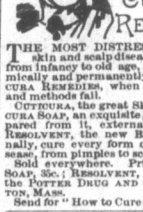
When the question has to be met as to what is the best course to adopt to secure a sure, safe and agreeable remedy for those organic diseases and weaknesses which afflict the female sex, there is but one wise decision, viz., a course of self-treatment with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is an unfailing specific for periodical pains, misplacement, internal inflammation, and all functional disorders that render the lives of so many women miserable and joyless. They who try it, praise it. Of druggists.

— A miser died a few weeks ago. After careful investigation his trustees find he once gave something away. In the giddy frivolity of his early youth he gave the measles to his younger brother.



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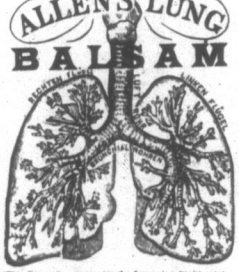

[This Engraving represents the Lungs in a healthy state.]

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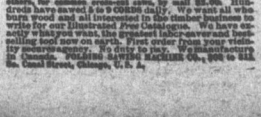

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