

Family Reading.

My Four Ships.

I stood and watched my ships go out,
Each, one by one, unmooring free,
What time the quiet harbor filled
With flood-tide from the sea.

The first that sailed, her name was Joy,
She spread a smooth white ample sail,
And eastward drove with bending spars,
Before the singing gale.

Another sailed, her name was Hope;
No cargo in her hold she bore,
Thinking to find in western lands
Of merchandise a store.

The next that sailed, her name was Love;
She showed a red flag at the mast,
A flag as red as blood she showed,
And towards the south sped fast.

The last that sailed, her name was Faith;
Slowly she took the passage forth,
Tacked and lay to, at last she steered
A straight course for the north.

My gallant ships they sailed away
Over the shimmering summer sea;
I stood at watch for many a day,
But only one came back to me.

For Joy was caught by Pirate Pain,
Hope ran upon a hidden reef,
And Love took fire and foundered fast
Mid' whelming seas of grief.

Faith came at last, storm-beat and torn,
She recomposed me all my loss,
For as a cargo safe she brought
A crown linked to a cross.

Rest is not quitting.
This busy career.
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.

'Tis the brook's motion
Clear without strife,
Fleeing to ocean
After its life.

'Tis loving and serving
The Highest and Best;
'Tis onward, unswerving!
And that is true rest.

The Deacon's Dreams.

'Mary, look at the bread won't you?
It's done, I guess.'

'In a minute, mother,' and the young
girl bent still lower over the book she
was reading. A footstep sounded upon
the well-beaten yard, and both mother
and daughter started nervously, the
latter slipping her book hurriedly out of
sight, and started toward the stove.

'It's only Willie,' and Mrs. Hey-
worth resumed her patching, with a
sigh of relief.

The boy who entered threw himself
dejectedly upon the long, high back set-
tee, and buried his face for a moment in
his hands, then, starting up, he ex-
claimed,—

'I might just as well give up first as
last, I suppose.'

'O Willie, did father say you
couldn't go?'

It was the girl who spoke, and her
face flamed red and hot, as she turned
to her brother.

'Of course he did! I might have
known it,' he added, in a choked voice;
'but I did think that surely he would
consent when he knew how much I
wanted to go to college, and how hard
I had tried to prepare for entering this
fall.'

'Did you tell him about it, Willie?'

'Yes, but he only said I needn't say
another word: he had 'set his foot
down' that his boys should be farmers,
and farmers had no need of college; it
only made them lazy and stuck-up! As
if I wouldn't work my fingers to the
bone, and study all night long, if only—'
and his voice broke away in a sob.

He was sixteen; a great, shy, awk-
ward boy; with a promise of manly
beauty on the smooth face and broad
white brow; a prophecy of noble man-
hood in the clear eyes, the firmly set
lips, and well-poised head.

This was his ambition; to go to col-
lege, to know the many things that
students know; by day and by night it
had been his one wild hope, sleeping or
waking, ever present with him.

'I do think it's too bad, and father is
just as mean as he can be! I don't
care!' she exclaimed defiantly, turn-
ing determinedly away from her
mother's admonitory 'Mary! Mary!
child! I don't care! If father
wanted us all to hate him, he couldn't
try harder than he is doing all the time

to bring it about. There isn't a day
that he doesn't set 'his foot down,' as
he says, to something we all hate and
protest against. You know as well as
I do that if it hadn't been for some
things, Elizabeth would never have left
home, and if he don't mind, there'll be
one or two others missing one of these
mornings.'

And having 'said her say,' she
turned her flashing gray eyes, and
flushed, burning face away from them
toward the heated oven, where, after
giving the nicely-baked bread a vigor-
ous thump and shake, she deposited
it again, instead of upon the table, as
she should have done.

'Well, grieving won't do my work,'
said the boy, with a pitiful attempt at
cheerfulness. 'I'll just have to quit think-
ing about it, that is all!' And he walked
slowly away from the house, and off
over the meadow lot with a sad, hopeless
air, that made the mother's heart ache.
A white look came over the patient
care-worn face, and the lines about her
mouth settled into tense rigidity as
Mrs. Heyworth's eyes followed her son.
Was it right, was it just, that her
children's lives should thus be cramped
and narrowed?

So well she knew her children's
troubles that she could not at heart
blame her daughter for the sudden
outburst that had just occurred—there
was too much truth in the girl's rapid
words. Poor Willie! How hard he
had studied, every moment that he
could snatch from work, preparing him-
self for examination, hoping although
against hope, to enter college. How
proudly he had exclaimed, dashing
down his books gleefully,—

'There, mother, there's not an
example in this I cannot solve, nor a
proposition I cannot state; and as for
these,' rapidly running over other text
books, 'there's not a question here I
cannot answer, from lid to lid; and
now, mother, don't you think perhaps
father will let me go?'

And then she thought, with a shiver,
of the words of her restless, high-
spirited daughter, 'If he don't mind,
there'll be one or two others missing
one of these mornings.' Would it end
in this at last?

The corner clock struck nine, and the
Deacon laid aside his paper. Mrs.
Heyworth's opportunity had come at
last, the moment she had waited for
anxiously. 'Something must be done.
Oh, if I only could say something to
convince him! His heart is kind and
good enough, if it only could be got at
—like green moss and shining shells
under the water when it's frozen over,
easy enough to be got at when the ice
breaks and floats away.'

'Father!' she commenced, desperately,
'college begins next week.'

'Yes, I know!' and the Deacon's
voice expressed slight irritation.

'Willie does want to go so bad, it
seems a shame for the boy to be disap-
pointed.'

The Deacon's face became flint.

'I've explained to William my reasons
for not letting him go, and when I say
a thing I mean it; I've set my foot
down—'

'Yes! Yes! but I do wish, Nathan,
you wasn't quite so swift at 'setting your
foot down,' as you always say.'

The Deacon gasped, and his wife,
throwing away her last remnant of timid-
ity, continued:—

'Now, I say let Willie go to college,
and let Mary go to school, and Thomas
to the singing school, if they want to go.
It'll do you good, and there's none of
our children going to be ignorant.'

'Of course you can't do the work;
but you've got the money that'll hire it
done, and it's a great deal better to be
a few dollars out of pocket and have the
love of your children, than to leave it
all to them after a while, and perhaps
have been feeling glad you are gone.'

'I think, sometimes, perhaps if you
had been a little more kind and gentle
to Elizabeth, she might 'a—'

'Mis' Heyworth! Hannah!' ex-
claimed the husband, with suddenly
awakened dignity. 'I hope you'll not
attempt to blame me for what that sin-
ful girl may have done; me, a deacon!'

And he clasped the chair's arm firmly,
while his feet took an amazed jump
from the fender to the floor.

'Being a deacon doesn't help the
matter a bit, and it won't help you,
either, when it comes to the last; and

if you've not done anything to make
any one else happy, I'm afraid there
will not be much happiness for you.'

Deacon Heyworth could not sleep.
He was, to say the least of it, surprised.
This was not Hannah's usual way of
talking, and he couldn't imagine what
in the world possessed her now. If
she had spoken angrily, he could have
replied; but her language had been so
calm, so dispassioned, so straightfor-
ward, that he had not the least oppor-
tunity for anger.

But he could not sleep; over and
over again, he determined not to think
any more about it, but over and over
again would the words recur to him:
'If you've never done anything to make
others happy, I'm afraid there'll not be
much happiness for you when it comes
to the last.'

He could not get rid of them, try as
he would, until, in desperation, he de-
termined to end them by self-examina-
tion. He ransacked his memory, first
carelessly, then eagerly, then anxiously,
and with a great wondering if it really
could be, and if his children might not
possibly be glad when he was dead.
The thought was horrible, yet turn
whichever way he would, it only grew
more intensely certain; for from among
all the years, the days, the hours,
gathered from the past, he could only
single out pitiful selfishness and greed.

Sleep came to him at length, not
sweet and refreshing, but busy with
dreamings that startled the man's soul
like arrows of warning.

He dreamed it was the last great
day; the millions on millions of people
melted slowly away from before him,
bring him nearer and nearer the Great
Arbiter of souls.

At last, nothing remained between
him and the Searching Eye bent upon
him. It was an expression of infinite
mercy, loving compassion, and yearn-
ing tenderness, yet unswerving justice,
that seemed to draw him nearer and
nearer, as by some invisible chain.

'I am a deacon,' exclaimed our friend.
There was no voice, no sound, yet
deep down in his heart he seemed to
hear in living thunders, 'I know thee
not!' while the angels turned away in
tears.

'Don't you know? Don't you re-
member? I am Deacon Heyworth,' he
said, shivering and withering beneath
the awful horror that grew upon him.
But no 'Well done!' greeted him from
the Presence there; all the glory faded
away—only the cruel pierced side and
hands and feet of the thorn-crowned
brow remained; a voice infinite in its
sadness came from out the awful silence
—'Ye have done this unto me!'

The angels sobbed, and still the
horror grew; he seemed enfolded in a
living breathing agony, with his con-
science his accuser, 'You were a
deacon with a deacon's work to do: it
was yours to bind up the hearts of God's
children, to make the widow's heart to
sing with joy, to be a peace-maker
among your brethren, and to advance
God's cause and kingdom in the earth,
but you have not given even 'a cup of
cold water to one of these, his little
ones!'

Fainter and fainter grew the voice,
and the angels veiled their faces and
turned away; waiting, listening for his
fearful sentence; ages seemed to con-
centrate in that one instant of anguish,
and he shrieked aloud.

'Nathan, what upon earth! what is
the matter with you?' and Mrs. Hey-
worth shook her husband vigorously.

'O Hannah, I've had an awful dream,
an awful dream!'

'Have you? Nightmare, I suppose!'
and she turned over sleepily.

It was not the nightmare, Deacon
Heyworth knew, but he did what many
of us would not have done,—determined
to accept its teaching.

'Who would ever have thought it?'
he queried wonderingly to himself,
scarcely able to deny the reality of it
all. 'Who would ever have thought it
of me, a deacon!'

Shivering, thinking, and resolving,
he fell asleep again, and again he
dreamed.

He was dead—lying still and pale
and cold; and yet he stood watching
his family as any curious bystander
might have done. He thought he could
read their hearts, and to his surprise
there was not so much of sorrow as of

contentment, deep down beneath their
mourning.

His wife's face seemed to grow
brighter, as if a world of care had been
removed from her life. He thought
Willie was trying hard not to think how
glad he was that he could go to college
at last; while Mary and Thomas were
saying over and over to themselves,
'No person will hinder me now from
going to school when I want to go.' He
saw another form bowed near; it was
his long-absent daughter, and through
her heart were wandering the words,
'Thank God, I can come home again!'

It was terrible. He tried to speak,
to tell them he was not dead, that he
loved them more than they ever knew;
it was in vain, and he saw himself
carried away and buried; but he thought
he could see them still, was with them
all the while, yet immeasurably separ-
ated from them; through days and
weeks, months and years, he followed
them, all the time suffering a remorse-
ful anguish that would have been in-
supportable but that he could not speak
or weep. He thought it had been ten
years since he died, and that he had
long been forgotten by any but his
family; his wife now looked restless,
happy, and contented; and his children
all occupied places of usefulness and
honor in the world, and he dreamed,
often and often, that their inmost
thoughts were, 'We were never happy
while father lived, and we would never
have been happy had he not died!'

He tried to speak, to tell them he
loved them; again and again he tried
to do so, and awoke.

Long the Deacon pondered over his
dreams, and in his heart he felt that
they had been of God.

'They're warnings, Nathan Hey-
worth!' he decided at length, solemnly,
'and ye'll do well to abide by 'em.'

The ice was melting away, and
already the green moss and shining
shell were shimmering up from beneath.

It was breakfast time at Deacon
Heyworth's, and the meal was being
eaten, as usual, in almost perfect
silence. Again and again had the hus-
band and father been on the verge of
speaking—his lips only opened to close
again silently. No one knew of the
previous night's experience—of the
warnings he firmly believed he had
received; he could remain forever
dumb, and no one would ever be the
wiser, but he had determined to right,
if possible, the wrongs of years, and
yet—it was not so easy as he had
thought.

'William!' he exclaimed at length,
suddenly, slowly breaking an egg into
the glass beside him.

The boy looked up respectfully, but
wearily; he, too, had spent an almost
sleepless night—a night of tears, and
disappointment. 'Well, father?' he
said, questioning, for the Deacon had
stopped to break another egg.

'When does the examination at the
college begin?'

All the blood in the boy's body seem-
ed rushing into his face, such a strange
question for father to ask! He tried
to quell his heart's sudden beating as
he replied, 'This afternoon, sir,' but
the mother could see how painful the
suspense was to her son.

'If you can satisfy them that ex-
amine the students, you may start to
college whenever you please!'

'Father?'

Tears came slowly into the father's
eyes; how blind he had been! 'O
father!' but the words only ended in a
convulsive burst of tears, and the boy
hurriedly left the room.

'And Mary and Thomas,' continued
the Deacon, after a few preliminary
coughs and throat-clearings, 'I believe
school has been 'took up' just about a
week, but maybe if you study hard
and learn fast, you can catch up with
the best of 'em; you'll have to fly
around, daughter, and help mother all
you can until I get some help; and
you boys must give me a lift once in a
while on the farm until we get things
to work good. I want to say just
here,' he said, falteringly and blunder-
ingly, yet bravely, nevertheless, 'that
you've all been powerful good children,
notwithstanding you couldn't often get
what you wanted, and you shan't lose
anything by it from this on. Perhaps
father thinks more of you, after all,
than you'd think when he is cross and
ugly like.'

'O father! you dear, dear father, you
don't know how much we all love
you!' and for almost the first time with-
in her remembrance, the warm-hearted
girl threw her arms about him and
kissed him fondly.

'There, there, child, you'll spoil me!'
exclaimed the delighted deacon, blowing
his nose vigorously, and wiping a sus-
picious moisture from his eyes: 'you'll
spoil me sure!'

'Nathan, husband!' Their children
had left the room, and she came up to
the window beside him. 'What does it
mean, Nathan?'

'It means that God has been teach-
ing me the error of my ways, Hannah,
and I'm trying to take the lesson to
heart.' And then laying his hand
gently upon the hard, toil-worn one
near his, Deacon Heyworth told his wife
his warnings.'

Years have passed over them all
since then, and children's children play
in the great old fashioned rooms.
Often they meet together there, and
even, 'Elizabeth, long ago welcomed
home is with them. The mother with
her soft, white hair, looks after them
all with happy, peaceful eyes, as the
father, 'almost home,' tells over and
over again his dreams. 'I can see it
all,' he says, 'just as plain as I could
that night. But I'm not afraid now.
I know the Pierced Hands will welcome
me up there, and I can almost hear the
angels sing again.'

'It will be no dream then, Nathan!'
Her eyes are dim, 'rest of brightness
long ago, but their children think of the
land of eternal youth as they look
upon her, and hear the tremulous
trusting answer,—

'No, Hannah, no dreams there!'

I feel it pull.

As a pastor called on one of his pa-
rishioners, just in the dusk of evening
he found a little boy sitting in the door-
way, holding firmly a string and looking
up into the deep gloom. 'What are
you doing here my little friend?' said
the minister. 'I am flying my kite, sir,'
replied the boy. 'Your kite?' said the
minister. 'I see no kite, and you can
see none.' 'I know it,' quickly
answered the little fellow; 'but I am
sure it is there, for I feel it pull.'

It is often thus with the Christian.
He is interested in something above
him. All is gloom; he can see nothing;
but his affections are attached to
heavenly things; and so long as he
feels these heavenly things pulling up-
ward he knows that the connection is
not dissolved. One of the most difficult
of Christian attainments is to trust
God in the dark. What though we see
him not? What though he is silent?
Yet if our own hand is in his, if he
holds us up, and leads us, and throws
around us his paternal care, why should
we not be assured of his love? We
must not choose in disregard of his
will; we must not dictate as to the
manifestations with which we will be
satisfied. 'Not as I will, but as thou
wilt,' is the example set before us by
Him who redeemed us.

Little Worries.

There is not a day in our lives that
we are not distressed by some one of
those numberless little worries that
meet us at every step, and which are
inevitable. The wound may not be
deep, but the constant pricks, each day
renewed, embitter the character, destroy
peace, create anxiety, and make the
family life, that otherwise would be so
sweet and peaceful, almost unendurable.

Life is full of these little miseries.
Each hour brings with it its own
trouble.

Here are some of the Little Worries:
An impatient word escapes our lips
in the presence of some one in whose
estimation we would stand well.

A servant does her work badly, fid-
gets us by her slowness, irritates us by
her thoughtlessness, and her awkward
blunders makes us blush.

A giddy child in its clumsiness
breaks something of value, or that we
treasure on account of its association.

We are charged with a message of
importance, and our forgetfulness makes
us appear uncourteous, perhaps, un-
grateful.

Some one we live with is constantly
finding fault, nothing pleases them.

Each of these, and many more, are
liable to befall us every day of our
life.

If when the night comes, we find we
have not experienced these Little
Worries, then we ought to be grateful
to God.

What the Clock says.

'Tick,' the clock says, 'tick, tick, tick!'
What you have to do, do quick;
Time is gliding fast away;
Let us act, and act to-day.

'When your mother speaks, obey.
Do not loiter, do not stay;
Wait not for another tick,
What you have to do, do quick.'

Strive to be rich in knowledge. A
man gets more than the value of what-
ever he gives in exchange for learning.

Youths' Department.

Scripture Enigma.

No. 161.

If you should these initials place,
A scripture text you then will trace;
Which will remove all anxious fear,
Teaching that God is ever near;
And good from all things He will bring
To those that love and serve their King.

1. He was the brother of our blessed Lord, And wrote a portion of his holy Word.
2. Where David o'er the tribe of Judah reigned, Before the holy city he obtained.
3. The honoured mother of the priestly line, Who in God's temple served in things divine.
4. A beast which typified a power of old, And thus, in type, its conquests swift foretold.
5. What mighty giant reigned o'er Babel's plain, The ruins of whose cities yet remain?
6. With this the earliest miracle was wrought, And thus to trust in God was Israel brought.
7. Where was a mighty image raised on high, And all were bid to worship it or die?
8. The town near which a wicked king was slain, As was foretold for his unrighteous gain.
9. What was the awful judgment that befell Those who against God's prophet did rebel?
10. What heavy metal on the water's brim Did at the prophet's word once lightly swim?
11. The spot where Israel dwelt in Egypt's land, And thence were brought by God's almighty hand.
12. What monarch had when sleep his eyes had sealed The history of the world to him revealed?
13. The land where God his mighty wonders wrought, And Israel's sons from cruel bondage brought.
14. Who, ere the flood, in brass and iron wrought, Which shows how soon the arts to man were taught?
15. A holy seer who urged the Jews to raise A beauteous temple to their Maker's praise.

—Selected.

CURIOUS QUESTIONS.

313. What Jewish priest was punished for not restraining his sons?
314. What were the names of the sons?
315. How did Solomon's son Absalom die?
316. Find two words having five letters each, and yet each having but three different letters, form them into two separate diamonds of words, the same from top to bottom, as from left to right.
317. Form a word square of
(a) Grain.
(b) One of the United States.
(c) A Russian town.
(d) The greatest ship builder.

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

Answer to Scripture Enigma.

No. 160.

A Historical character. Daniel—Belle-shazar, (607 B. C.)

ANSWERS TO CURIOUS QUESTIONS.

311. FIVE WORDS FORMED OF FOUR LETTERS.

Spot, stop, post, pots, tops.

312. WORDS BY CHANGING A LETTER. Rose, hose, rise, rope, Rosa.

313. NINE HIDDEN TREES.

Ash, oak, linden, pine, beech, maple, elm, cedar, date.