

Family Reading.

A Little Red Hen.

This is the story my grandmother told,
One day, when the wind and the weather
were cold;
You have read it before, perhaps, dozens of
times,
Will you hear it again in the simplest of
rhymes?
"Who'll lift the flour?" cried the little red hen
"We need some more bread."
"I won't," "I won't," all the rest of the
ten
Quite lazily said.
"Well, then, I will!" To the pantry she
went
That very same hour,
And merrily sang, on her task still intent
Till she'd sifted the flour.
"Who'll stir in the yeast?" cried the little
red hen, and who'll knead the bread,
"I won't," "I won't," all the rest of the ten
Rather angrily said.
"Well, then, I will," and she worked so fast
That the loaf looked light,
When placed in its shining pan at last,
To rise through the night.
"Who'll kindle the fire?" cried the little
red hen,
"Who'll bake the bread?"
I won't," "I won't," all the rest of the ten
Quite sullenly said.
"Well, then, I will," and she wiped the dust
Till the oven was clean.
And the loaf, when baked, had the nicest
crust
That ever was seen.
"Now the work is done," cried the little
red hen,
"Who'll eat the bread?"
"I will," "I will," all the rest of the ten
Very eagerly said.
"No, indeed, you WON'T as you've said,
before;
I'll eat it myself."
And she left the loaf, after locking the door,
On the closet shelf.
Then the nine who'd been lazy and sullen
and cross,
Went up the attic, and wept o'er their loss.
—Sophie E. Eastman, in Independent.

New Select Serial.

ARCHIE.

A TALE OF INDIA.

CHAPTER XI.

Archie sat in the corner of his little
office one sweet calm summer morning,
when all things seemed made fairer
from the joyous sounds of life abroad.
Children's happy voices—the flower-
girl's 'pretty bowpots, two a penny,'
sent a happy thrill through the heart,
making even sorrow less sad. He had
found a niche in the great world, and
was now preparing to do his best in
the work that had fallen to him.

He was folding some newspapers,
when the name of 'Montgomery' caught
his eye, thus:

"Wanted news of the children, a
boy and a girl, of Major and Mrs.
Montgomery. The children left India
with an ayah, who was an old servant
of the family. Should this advertise-
ment meet the eye of any one who can
give information respecting them, such
news will be thankfully received, and
liberally rewarded by their uncle, Mr.
Archibald Harris, who can be communi-
cated with through Messrs. Brinsbury,
Graves & Co., Mark Lane, City."

Archie sat for a few moments quite
stupidified.

His dear mother's brother wanted
them. He had often thought it was
strange that the relations of his parents
on either side had made no sign—no
search after them. But Archie wronged
them, for during these years their
mother's brother and another had
sought them sorrowing, and that other
was Leila Montgomery, who had sailed
for the Cape, and was there when she
heard of the death of her sister-in-law,
and of the prolonged absence of her
brother, and then the fears entertained
for his safety.

"Why, Archie, what ails you? Art
struck?" cried William Hamlyn, as en-
tering the office he saw the strange
look on his young friend's face, "What
is it my boy?"

"Look there; read that," and Archie
put the paper into William's hand,
and waited quietly until he had finished
reading.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried William
Hamlyn. "My dear fellow, I cannot
tell how delighted I am; but let us get
home and tell mamma Lola; she has
often talked to me of her anxiety about
you both if she should be taken away from
you. Your sister, too, what a change
it will be for her; and the sorrowful

tone of the voice made Archie look
curiously at his friend.

"Get your hat," says William, "and
I will go and make it all right with the
governor."

A quarter of an hour brought them
home.

Gracie was at her piano, and as she
sat there she looked the very spirit of
the summer day. She wore a plain
white dress which was relieved by a
thick collar of Indian gold and work-
manship, to which hung a locket with
her mother's miniature. We have not
said much of homely-virtued Gracie,
she was one of these quiet-voiced, quiet
making girls whose graceful ways make
one look again when you have looked
once. Her love for Lola was beauti-
ful to see, because it was so reverent-
ial and full of sweetness.

When Lola saw the friends enter
the little gate and come up the garden,
she was afraid something was the mat-
ter; but William's smiling face told her
if anything brought them to the house
two hours before their time, it was no-
thing unpleasant.

After the usual handshakings Wil-
liam Hamlyn took out the newspaper
and read the notice.

Poor Lola, although thankful that it
seemed likely her nurslings would now
find a relative, the first cry of her heart
was fear that she would be separated
from them. "Oh, Archie, my very
own child, almost,"—cried the devoted
ayah. "Gracie, darling, don't let them
take you away from mamma; she
would soon die, to be left alone in this
strange cold land—promise me dear
ones," and the poor woman sobbed as
if her heart would break.

"No, darling mamma, we won't go
with any one who would wish to take
you from us—would we, Archie?" asked
the affectionate girl, as she stood by
Lola, with her arms round her neck.
"Why, they would be wicked to think
of such a thing. There, dear, be quiet,
nothing will ever part us." And
Gracie meant it.

The letter was written that evening,
and then they all sat and talked about
the newly found relative.

In the rose-garden of a stately home
in England a young lady who is a very
fair rose-bud herself, is strolling quietly
amid the flowers, clipping here and
there, trimming off with a dainty neat-
ness every dried leaf or tinge which
might tend to disfigure their beauty,
whilst a young man follows her foot-
steps, basket in hand, wherewith to
carry the flowers she is gathering.

It is our own dear winsome Gracie,
and William Hamlyn. "Where are
you young people?" cried a cheery
voice, and a gentleman, handsome and
stalwart, came up the grass steps from
the lawn below, followed by Archie. It
was Uncle Archibald Harris.

"Well, my white dove of doves, come
and give me a button-hole from your
store, and make me handsome."

"Ah, Sahib," (Lola never forgot
her Indian tongue), "ah, Sahib,
whilst you have my sweet Missie
Nellie's blue eyes, and the smile
—ah me, so loving—you will always
be so beautiful, won't he, little missie?"

Archibald Harris was a good man.

Ever since his sisters' death and the
departure of the Major he had wanted
the children, and his delight was real
when at last he found them, and he
loved them better because with the
assistance of their true and devoted
nurse they had fought the battle and
now they had won their well earned
rest.

"If you had been a coward, and
a lazy one my boy,—ready to let
that schoolmaster beat you like a
hound, and then run away to find
adventures which William Hamlyn
tells me you meant to do—you would
probably never have seen my advertise-
ment or me; but the trouble God in
his Providence sent you made you look
into your heart, and your dear mother's
child did not dishonor her sweet mem-
ory. You have made me proud of my
nephew."

"Won't you give me one word of hope,
Gracie, darling—just one? I have
loved you so long, and I do not think
you would spoil my life wittingly, sweet,
and I have your uncle's permission."

"Twas in the rose-garden—her own
by deed of gift to her the first time she
had put her foot on its lovely, mossy,

soft, green carpet—that they stood,
Gracie's soft eyes never lifting from
the flowers among which she stood.
Only the sound of a French horn in the
distance, and a view halloo made them
start. 'Twas her brother and his friends
who were coming to her birthday fête.

William walked away a step or two,
thinking he heard some one coming—no,
only a little pet fawn which came soft-
ly to her side.

"One word, dearest—do not send me
away"—and as she heard her brother's
voice saying gaily, "Where are they?
I want you to know my sister," Gracie
darted lightly down the shrubbery
walk, followed by William; and before
they parted, a gentle "Yes, if you really
love me," made the stars look brighter,
and the already half-illuminated gar-
dens a very Aladdin's palace.

And Archie, our bright, faulty, but
always loving Archie, before the time
came for Gracie's marriage, he too
yet one who seemed to love him, he
told her, as his other half, one for whom
he had been seeking some time. Such
logic prevailed with Jessie Heston, and
the bells for Gracie's wedding-day rang
also for the betrothal vows of Archie
Montgomery and his sprightly little
Jessie.

THE END.

The Icebergs.

Those immense masses of ice from
northern shores, which, occasionally
breaking loose, are borne on the
waves into more southern latitudes, are
very dangerous to navigators. They
are feared more than rocks; for if a
vessel strikes upon the latter, there is
a support generally afforded to the
wreck, which allows the crew time to
use such means for their escape as the
nature of the coast may admit of; but
these icebergs yield none. It is com-
puted that in general they show only
one-third of their real bulk above the
water; that part which is hid extend-
ing in an irregular shape in all direc-
tions, and slanting down towards the
base. Thus, when one of them has
struck a ship, it is impossible that it
should uphold her for a moment, being
not only a bill of glass, as it were, on
all sides, but also perpetually in mo-
tion.

At one particular season of some
years the icebergs come down in great
numbers and obstructed the passage on
the North American coast, endanger-
ing the vessels considerably. They
appear in every form, and of all sizes;
some scarcely larger than a small cot-
tage; and others appearing like the ruins
of a large town; and others again of
an extent that cannot be easily calcu-
lated, sometimes miles in length, and of
a great height. I have seen them off
the coast of Newfoundland, tossed up
on the billows and looking so beautiful
that I should have wished for their
nearer approach, if not aware how
perilous it would be to our vessel.

I met at sea with a gentleman, an
old sailor, who had experienced a most
wonderful and providential escape when
entangled amongst icebergs; I will re-
late it, as nearly as my recollection of
his narrative will permit.

He was captain of a merchant vessel
that traded between the eastern and
western shores of the Atlantic. It had
often been his lot to take out mission-
aries, the messengers of God to the
perishing heathen.

Probably it was from the teaching of
these missionaries, that the captain had
become so well acquainted with the
truths they were sent forth to proclaim;
he certainly appeared a very pious
man; and in the attention he paid to
the souls, no less than to the personal
advantages of his crew, there was good
evidence that his was a living faith in
Christ the Saviour, glorifying God in
the fruit which it bore.

His vessel had made her last voyage
from England to the West Indies. Thence
she took out a cargo and some
passengers for North America; but, on
the way thither, she was overtaken
with a dreadful storm, sprang a leak,
and would inevitably have sunk, with
all on board, had not the Lord merci-
fully heard the prayers of the poor des-
titute people, and given them strength
to make such persevering efforts as
kept the ship afloat until they could put
into the port of Halifax and repair the
injuries she had sustained.

Once more the vessel sailed, but
without any passengers. They could
not await the slow process of refitting
her; and therefore they providentially
took their departure in another, by
which they arrived safely at the place
of their destination.

It was now the season when icebergs
begin to abound in those seas; and an
unusual number had already been ob-
served about the coast.

To pass up the river St. Lawrence
was the captain's object, and he steer-
ed in that direction, but was driven out
of his course by adverse winds. After
a long time he found himself in the
Bay of Gaspe, and every hour the ice-
bergs became more numerous around
him.

Very thick weather came on. He
proceeded cautiously, for the danger
was most appalling. To which side so
ever he turned icebergs met his view,
rising in grotesque shapes, rendered
yet more strange by the effects of a
constant fog, and frequently chasing
each other with a lasting noise like
thunder, destroying one another by the
violence of the shock, and threatening
immediate death to the trembling mar-
iners, who cautiously guided their ves-
sel through the mazes of these terrible
rocks of ice, continually moving from
place to place.

The captain now felt the consolation
of that religion which he had made his
delight in the season of prosperity. He
had never neglected, while gliding over
smooth seas before a favourable wind,
to direct the attention of his men to
that book which now yielded the sweet-
est support to their drooping spirits.
He had regularly assembled them to
address the Lord in prayer, throughout
their voyage; and now they could ap-
proach the throne of grace, as those
who well knew the way of access, and
plead for the compassion of a recon-
ciled Father in Christ Jesus. They
had not turned away or refused to hear
his call in fairer times, and now they
had no reason to apprehend that He
would hide His eyes from their suppli-
cations.

It was at daybreak one morning that
their awful situation became fully
known to them. All that day and
night, and the following day, the cap-
tain remained upon deck, at the wheel,
steering his ship through the frightful
icebergs that enclosed it on every side.
Another night came, and their danger
only appeared more imminent; another
day passed, and still the captain never
left the deck.

He knew it was his duty to use every
effort for the preservation of his own
life and those of his men; he therefore
worked diligently, and left the event to
God. He ordered the boats to be in
readiness to be launched in a moment,
and a small stock of provisions laid up
in each. Towards dawn on the third
day, he became aware that a very large
and dangerous iceberg threatened to
cross the only place they could pass a
long, and he was doubly watchful.
The faint gleam of the morning, red-
dened by its passage through the fog ap-
peared to tip with fire each huge mass
of ice that lay piled around them; and
the more distinct the scene became,
the more evident was their exceeding
danger. They proceeded—the iceberg
came rolling towards their course—the
captain hoped to evade it by a dexter-
ous movement of the rudder, but in
vain. With a force that stunned every
body on board, the keel of the vessel
struck on the base of the iceberg, for
a moment became stationary, and
then began rapidly to fill with water.

The boats were cut loose instantly;
the sailors dropped into them; and the
captain saw nine of his men in one
of the diminutive vessels and five in the
other, before he, the last who left the
ship, entered the smaller boat. When
he did so, the deck of his fine brig lay
lower than the edge of her little boat,
and instead of descending he had even
to ascend into the latter: they quickly
pushed off, and in a few seconds noth-
ing but the top of the masts remained
above the water; an instant longer,
and they too were gone.

If the situation of the mariners had
been terrible when in their good shel-
tering ship, what must it now appear
exposed to two puny boats that scarcely
bore them above the surface of the
ocean? What helpless objects were
they now, surrounded by the towering
icebergs, one of which could have

easily borne down a thousand such boats
in its way!

They looked up, and saw the over-
hanging edges of two such frozen crags
almost meeting above their heads, as
if combined for their destruction; they
felt the grating of their little keels up-
on the bases beneath the water; and
still the fog prevented them from be-
holding any objects but those that im-
mediately surrounded them. To hoist
a sail was impossible; all they could
do was to row cautiously along in the
direction of the land, as they estimated
at about eighty miles distance.

I asked the narrator what was his
feeling when he stepped from his sink-
ing ship into the boat. His reply was
short but full of meaning, "I felt that I
was in the Lord's hands."

There were others besides the cap-
tain who knew that to live was Christ,
to die was gain; and that in all which
could befall them, they were safe in
God's hand.

They continued to pass unharmed
all that day through the crowd of ice-
bergs. When night came on, the
hearts of the poor mariners could not
but droop. It was summer, but the air
was rendered cold by so much ice, and
the icebergs becoming less numerous had
room to dash about more freely. Pro-
videntially, the weather was very
calm; they committed themselves to
the special guardianship of Him to
whom the night is as clear as the
day, and sang, as they were accus-
tomed to—

THE MARINERS' MIDNIGHT HYMN.

O Thou who didst prepare
The ocean's caverned cell,
And teach the gathering waters there
To meet and dwell;
Toss'd in our reeling bark
Upon this briny sea,
Thy wondrous ways, O Lord, we mark,
And sing to thee.

That glorious hand of Thine
That fills the fount of Day,
And gives the lunar orb to shine
With silvery ray,
That hanged forth on high
The clustering gems of night,
Can point beneath a beamless sky
Our course aright.

How terrible art Thou
In all Thy wonders shown,
Thou'lt veiled in Thine eternal brow,
Thy steps unknown!
Invisible to sight,
But oh, to faith how near!
Beneath the gloomiest cloud of night
Thou beamest here.

Snatched from a darker deep,
And waves of wilder foam,
Thou, Lord, those trusting souls wilt
Keep.
And waft them home;
Home, where no storm can sound,
Nor angry waters roar,
Nor troublous billows heave around
That peaceful shore.

Morning came, and most welcome it
was: for under the cheerful ray they
beheld a long line of coast stretching
before them, crowned with groves, and
smiling in all the beauty of rich vege-
tation. How refreshing to the eye,
how invigorating to the spirits, of the ex-
hausted mariner! Very little ice remains
in sight; just enough to remind them
that they were not quite safe until they
could gain the land, and to induce them
more eagerly, under a full press of the
canvas that they now hoisted, to enter
the clear harbour that opened before
their view; where they arrived with-
out having sustained the slightest in-
jury in their persons or health, and
found every want liberally supplied by
the compassionate hospitality of the
inhabitants.

Toy Cigars.

The Christian Advocate is responsi-
ble for the following:

As the toy pistol has been conceded
to be a more dangerous weapon in the
hand of the thoughtless boy than a real
pistol, so may it as well be conceded
that the cigarette, the toy cigar of the
present day, is far more harmful than
the real cigar. When one thinks of
the number of boys who have been
killed and injured by it, one is aston-
ished that any parent will allow it to be
used.

It ought to be suppressed by law.
And what should be the fate of these
bits of poison called cigarettes? Are
they to be offered for sale without
hindrance when we know their ten-
dency is to stunt manhood, and to
poison the fountains of health? Would
we might see these vile things swept
from the land, even if law has to be
brought to bear upon them.

Young men, readers, have you been

enticed into the use of cigarettes?
Do you know how they are made?
I will tell you.

Old, cast-away cigar stumps are used
in their manufacture. Boys are em-
ployed to gather them from hotels, bar-
rooms, sidewalks, or wherever they are
thrown. Collectors buy them, and
send them to the manufactories by the
barrel. No matter how disgusting the
spot whence they are picked—whether
from the spittoon with its dangerous
saliva, or the gutter with its filth—the
foul refuse finds its way into the
mouth and nostrils of the cigarette
smoker.

But even this is not the worst of it.
These cigar-stumps have been in the
mouth of all sorts of men—drunkards,
fast young men, rotten old rouses, whose
very kiss, or touch, or even the pencil
they have held in their mouths, might
communicate the foulest and most
fearful disease that comes to a human
being.

Knowing this, can you ever put a
cigarette in your mouth again? Com-
mence with a good resolution to let
smoking alone, and let nothing tempt
you to swerve from it.

An Ant Funeral.

Mrs. Hutton gives this account of
some ants which she saw in Sidney.
Having killed a number of soldier ants,
she returned in half an hour to the spot
where she had left their dead bodies,
and in reference to what she then ob-
served she says: "I saw a large number
of ants surrounding the dead ones. I
followed four or five that started off
from the rest toward a hillock a short
distance off, in which was an ant's nest.
This they entered, and in about five
minutes they reappeared followed by
others. All fell into rank, walking regu-
larly and slowly two by two, until
they arrived at the spot where lay the
dead bodies of the soldier ants. In a
few minutes two of the ants advanced
and took up the dead body of one of
their comrades; then two others, and
so on, until all were ready to march.
First walked two ants bearing a body
then two without a burden; then two
with another dead ant, and so on until
the line extended to about forty pairs,
and the procession now moved slowly
onward, followed by an irregular body
of about two hundred ants. Occasion-
ally the two laden ants stopped, and
laying down the dead ant it was taken
up by the two walking unburdened be-
hind them, and thus, by occasionally
relieving each other, they arrived at a
sandy spot near the sea. The body of
ants now commenced digging with their
jaws a number of holes in the ground,
into each of which a dead ant was laid,
where they now laboured on until they
had filled up the ants' graves. This
did not quite finish the remarkable cir-
cumstances attending this funeral of the
ants. Some six or seven ants had
attempted to run off without performing
their share of the task of digging;
these were caught and brought back,
when they were at once attacked by
the body of the ants and killed upon
the spot. A single grave was quickly
dug, and they were all dropped into it.

Education of Ladies in India.

The Times correspondent at Calcutta
states that Pundita Romabai, a learned
Hindoo lady who has consecrated her
life to the work of promoting female edu-
cation in India, has aroused profound
interest by a course of lectures which she
is delivering in Bombay. She is a widow
aged barely twenty-five, and renowned
among the natives for her knowledge of
Sanskrit, and for her complete emanci-
pation from all narrow and debasing
superstitions. There was a very large
attendance of Hindoo and Parsee ladies
at her first lecture, and the hall was
crowded to excess. The lecturer, who,
it is stated, was modestly attired in a
simple white dress, spoke with perfect
fluency and complete self-possession.
She dwelt at great length upon the bene-
fits arising from education, and impressed
upon the members of her sex the im-
portance of cultivating and embellishing
their minds if they wished to advance
with the progress of the times. A
native, commenting on the results of
her lecture, states that her example
"has had something of an electric effect
on the large number of native ladies
that have attended her lectures." Al-
though native ladies are unusually
bashful, yet when, after the Pundita
had finished, the ladies present were
asked to express their thoughts on the
subject which she had dwelt upon, one
of the ladies present, after a slight
pause, gathered courage and stood up
and spoke, and nearly half a dozen
other ladies followed, vying "eagerly
with one another for the privilege of
gracefully speaking to the audience in
praise of their able and learned sister."
Even the most hopeful of women's
advocates among us (the native paper
adds) were hardly prepared for this
singular but most delightful spectacle.