

Family Reading.

Whatever concerns the early days of the great modern missionary—Dr. CAREY—is of interest to the friends of Foreign Missions. We have had the following lines put into our hands. They appear like the original copy. The paper on which they are written is brown with age, and of a very ancient texture, and dated Leicester, December 9th, 1813. We insert them not so much for their poetry as for their connection with the Missionary work in India.

A genuine token of Friendship.

ADDRESSED TO MR. CAREY ON HIS MARRIAGE.

Hail! bright propitious morn, whose blissful ray,
Fresh radiance gains, from what is done this day;
This day the hymeneal knot is tied,
And FOSHBROOK hence becomes a CAREY'S bride,
Let sweet anticipation now give way,
Let hope expire, and blessings crown the day;
Let pious friends the happy union sing,
And dill December brighter into spring;
Let Martin's aisles retain the whisper still,
Which issued forth, when each replied,
"I WILL!"
And let the priest relate with holy pride,
The joy he felt when this kind pair he tied;
Let all the Church unite in grateful lays,
And sing on their account Jehovah's praise,
Nor once forget to raise their fervent prayer,
That He would make them His peculiar care!
Another Carey now, a name most dear,
Shall tell of Christ, and wipe the falling tear,
Ye zephyrs waft the glad news along,
Till it inspire with joy the Indians' song;
And let them seek some highly favoured place,
Where he to crowds may preach redeeming grace,
Where low beneath the Cross shall idols fall,
And Hindoos crown the Saviour Lord of All!
But still a strange connection fills the mind,
Grief mingles with the joy, tho' both refined,
And Christian brethren know a poignant smart,
Must then be felt, when friends and kindred part,
Yet cheerful all we will our friends resign,
For lo! the hand that governs is divine;
Let stoics laugh, and infidels deride,
Their joys are false—their hopes an ebbing tide,
Forward we press tho' on the thorns we tread,
And yield ourselves, our all, to Christ our Head.
Go then dear man and with thy Consort tell,
How men may heaven obtain, how 'scape from hell,
Tell of Jehovah's love to a fallen race,
The Father's pity and the Saviour's grace;
And may the Holy Spirit deign to teach,
Whilst from the heavenly Master thou shalt preach,
Till numerous as the dewdrops of the morn,
Fresh converts rise the gospel to adorn.
Leicester, Dec. 9th, 1813. J. C.

New Select Serial.

ARCHIE.

A TALE OF INDIA.
CHAPTER VII.

As the good ship sped on its way, the sweet evening with its wondrous charms, brought calmer thoughts.

Baby Gracie says: "I seepy," Archie says, "I think I am too; but oh, mamma Lola, look at that star up there, 'tis the only one I can see; it looks like my dear mamma's eyes looking at us!" continued the boy, in a hushed voice, creeping closer to Lola. "How long shall we be going to England?"

So many thoughts and questions were too much for Lola to answer. Archie had never seen the sea before; he looked on it with a quiet wonder which seemed to daze him. "A house on the water," he said to himself, and then began to look about him with awakened childish interest. He seemed so thoroughly struck by everything he saw that, busy as were those who were passengers, they could not help looking at him.

Archie was a handsome boy, but more, there was a nice honest brave look in his dark blue eyes—so like what his young mother's had been, eyes that always looked straight into those of whom he asked or answered a question, and never failed to interest even strangers.

By this time it was evening, and as he stood, rapt in delight at the novel scene, the sinking sun shed a flood of lovely crimson light, which being reflected in the pellucid water, made everything appear as though bathed in a sort of glory.

Turning to look for Lola, he found

that his little sister Gracie was vainly trying to gain his attention.

"Do you remember a picture in dear mamma's pretty room?" He said, caressing his sister tenderly whilst he spoke, "a picture of a dear little angel in the middle of beautiful clouds, and over so many tiny, tiny little pretty heads round the clouds peeping out of them. Well, Lola dear, Gracie looks exactly like that little one; look at the beautiful light all over her, Lola."

"Yes, dear," was all Lola said.

But it was a charmed light to Archie, and after a few moments he whispered gravely to the, ayah "Mamma Lola, do you think my darling mamma is above that beautiful light, and that God lets her see her little children, do you?"

The dear boy's eyes were bright with tears as he said, "Oh, my mamma do come and take me up there with you!"

"H'sh-sh! my own Archie; dry your eyes, dear: I do not like to see my darling boy unhappy."

A youth of about seventeen years, who had been watching Archie's pretty excitement, made an excuse to come up to him, seeing that he had dropped the scarf he wore on his neck.

William Hamlyn—the youth—recovered the scarf, and giving it to Archie, at the same time gave him a lovely pomegranate blossom, from his own coat. Drawing Archie between his knees, he deftly pinned the flower in his tunic.

Dear little boy! he took the gift from his new friend with smiling eyes, and a pretty bow, resting in the place to which he had been drawn, but looking with eager eyes towards the active scene around him.

And indeed, to an intelligent child, it was one which was sure to attract.

The deck of the "Vesper" was a scene of great animation—the sailors putting things "ship-shape" as they say; passengers looking to their luggage being stowed away, and having the small things sent to their state-rooms Archie turned his inquiring eyes for explanation to his new friend.

The vessel had dropped down the shoally river as far as Golden Reach, and was quickly nearing Diamond Harbour and Fort William with its snow-white barracks, the bright green of the ramparts making a beautiful contrast, whilst the small Gothic church was charming to behold.

William Hamlyn pointed out all these, to Archie's great delight, having something to tell his intelligent young listener of each.

But that which caught the eye of Archie was the row-boats, quaint in their almost barbaric ornament and with gilded sterns—strange animals being painted about their sides, and gorgeously colored peacocks at their prows. The boy eyed them with silent delight, listening to his new friend's description of their various uses.

Archie never forgot that delightful day; he used to speak of the things he had seen then as in a dream.

William Hamlyn was greatly pleased with his little friend, his quick intelligence pleased him greatly, and Lola had to call Archie twice before he could make up his mind to leave his pleasant friend.

"May I come to you when I have had my supper?" said Archie, before going to their cabin.

"Yes, my boy, if Mamma Lola will permit you."

Lola thanked the young gentleman for his kindness to her charge, and said she would certainly send him on deck for half an hour before he retired for the night.

Archie was glad enough to run to William Hamlyn after he had taken his supper; everything was so new to him, that it seemed he could never be tired of seeing and hearing.

"Shall I see any boats like those yonder when I get to England?" asked Archie.

"Not like those I think, but you will see others quite as nice, though not so gaily painted. Perhaps I may meet you there some day, and then I shall be able to show you a great many things, but you will not see anything like that," pointing to a tall bamboo cane, with a piece of red linen floating like a flag from the top.

Archie coned his lessons with Lola, but when young Hamlyn appeared on deck she gladly gave up the duty to him; Gracie would sit in her pretty rocking chair with her bird in her cage on her little table by her side, the knowing little fellow playing all manner of tricks and refusing now and again his little mistress's command, with her tiny uplifted finger that he should sing, pecking it mischievously instead.

Archie clung to his friend William Hamlyn as an intelligent child with an inquiring mind often does to an older lad who can explain things to him.

"Won't you please tell me what it means?" said Archie.

"Certainly, it shows that a fierce tiger, a 'man-eater,' as they are called, killed some poor fellow on that spot, and as the cruel monster always comes back to the same lurking place, the red flag is put there as a warning to travellers."

"Are you going home to your mamma and papa in England?" asked William Hamlyn, later on, when the boy was silently regarding the deep blue sky, where some stars already shone out.

Archie's pretty sensitive mouth quivered painfully and then grew wonderfully grave, as he answered, "No, and trying to steady his voice he almost whispered—No, my mamma is in heaven!"

William Hamlyn saw how deeply the boy was pained, and shaking hands with and kissing him, wished him good-night, saying, "You shall tell me all about your mamma to-morrow, Archie."

Lola was waiting with baby Gracie to put them to rest, it being beyond their usual hour.

When the children were safely and snugly asleep, Lola came upon deck to enjoy the quiet after a day which to her had been a most trying one.

T'was, Mirza Lal had been of great

use in their exodus from the bungalow, and subsequently from the valley, where he and his old father had cheerfully given up their quiet little home, for her and the children's accommodation, for all of which she was truly grateful; but now that she was alone, for her brother had been obliged to return to his aged father, Lola felt that she must call up all her energies, and be brave, and look her responsibilities in the face.

Moonlight on the sea! No sound but the splashing of the water against the vessel's sides, and the measured tread of the watch on deck, and after a time the challenge, and the deep-mouthed "All's well!"

Many heavy thoughts and sad were Lola's in that quiet hour. "With my life," whispered she to herself, "did I promise my dear Mem Sahib, the day before she went to heaven, I would protect her dear children, and I also repeated my promise to the kind Sahib Major. Where is he? Why did he not come back as he promised? Ah, he must have been slain in that dreadful fight! But no; God is too merciful to take both parents away; I pray Him in his mercy to send their father to them! Ah, if my poor husband had lived, how he would have lightened my load for me; but ah me, 'tis lonely—very lonely for poor Lola."

The east was showing the light of the new-born day when Lola slowly sought her berth.

Memory had been busy with her in those still night hours. Her husband was an Englishman, and had been confidential valet to Major Montgomery. They had married when Lola was but fifteen—like all Indian girls, and after a few short years of happiness, she became a widow and childless before she was twenty.

'Twas then she had become foster-mother to little Archie and subsequently ayah to Mrs. Montgomery, her sweet, quiet, loving nature endearing her greatly to her gentle mistress and her children. She had also been taught by her loved mistress those truths of the gospel which when truly received, never fail to enlarge the mind, as well as to sanctify the feelings.

Hence she had wisdom above the average of her class, which the responsibility of her position had brought into exercise.

And the ship sped on, and before a week was over passengers and sailors all petted and loved the little orphan children. Gracie's sweet baby ways, and Archie's pretty air of protection to his baby sister, were nice to see.

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William would lead him to talk of his mamma, for he saw that her memory was so dear to the little lad that if it were kept alive it would help to hold him back against any temptation, when nothing else would avail.

The one great cause of Archie's unflinching tenderness for his mother's memory was that his nature, which was a full one, had never been unjustly treated. His gentle young mother had never shamed his boyish dignity by unfair or hard punishment. The boy had the truest love for his parents—for the major's mode was the same—united with a reverent respect which made him feel that when they were angry their anger was just. All the naughtiness of childhood had been held in check by the power of this loving confidence between parents and child, and from his very babyhood he had been treated with, and guided by, that truest love that never permits the waywardness of early childhood to develop into faults. A deeply sorrowful look, an uplifted finger and reproachful, "Oh, Archie, my Archie!" from his gentle mother, would bring her boy in loving penitence to her arms.

The effect of this early training became apparent in the after-time, when trouble and poverty came to him hand in hand. When his baby sister had only him to look to, then did the seeds of gentleness and truth, with a just sense of the right, spring up and help him to conquer the difficulties which arose like thorns in their path.

Archie never forgot the promise he made to his father.

The Nobleman's Offer; or the Door was Shut.

Lord A—was a nobleman of wealth and influence, and as an earnest Christian he was ever seeking to do good, both to the poor about him and to the tenants on his large estates. Like many other faithful Christians, he was often saddened and grieved to find that so few seemed impressed with the calls of the gospel and the offers of redeeming grace. Thinking over the matter, he fixed upon a plan which he hoped might teach a lesson of faith that would not be forgotten, and which, at the same time, might press the importance of now accepting the gracious offers of salvation. Going down to his large estates, he had the following notice posted up in various places, where all his tenants could see it. It fixed on a date some ten or twelve days in advance, and read as follows:

"NOTICE!

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Very soon crowds were seen gathering about the various placards through the village and at the office, and curiosity and astonishment possessed them all. Every one was asking, "What does this mean?" But to one and all the steward had but one and the same answer, "This is Mr. A—'s offer, and the notice speaks for itself." Any further explanation he declined to give. He merely said he was directed to put up the notice by Mr. A—himself, and that it meant just what it said.

The day appointed in the notice rapidly drew on, and the excitement among the tenants increased. Some, as they read the last clause of the notice, seemed to think it meant that they must give up all they had if they would claim the offered benefit; and as they

were not insolvent, they concluded that they would not apply. Some looked over their accounts and made out the required statements, but thought they would wait and see how others might fare, intending, if the latter succeeded, then to present their own list of debts. Some, again, planned to keep back part of their assets; while others, influenced by argument or ridicule, gave up all thought of the matter; and still others thought the idea was so strange and incredible that they did not deem it worth a moment's notice.

"But there's his own offer, and he'll never go back on that," said a neighbor. And so the discussion went on.

At last the day came, and the crowd of tenants and lookers-on gathered about the office. A little before the appointed hour Mr. A—stepped from his carriage into the office, and closed the door after him. Precisely at 9 o'clock a step came from the inner room, and the door was thrown wide open, so that any one could enter. Men looked at each other and waited, none being willing to be the first to go in, fearing either to confess their poverty and indebtedness, or to meet the ridicule that might follow an unsuccessful application. "Do you go and try, Jones," said one to his neighbor. "No," said the other; "I'm not so poor as that." "Do you go," was said to another. "I guess I'll wait and see what the others do," was the answer. "Why don't you try it?" said a fourth. "Well," said the one spoken to, "there's plenty of time yet." And so the hours passed on, each waiting to see what the others would do, and no one going in.

It was near 11 o'clock, when an old couple from the poor-house came up to the office. "Is it true," they asked, "that Mr. A—has offered to pay all our debts?" "Well—yes; but he hasn't paid any yet." "Has any one been in to see if he would do it?" "Well—no—not yet; we are thinking about it." "Well," said the old man, "the offer seems plain, and, thank God, we may yet die free from debt; for we have some debts we were never able to pay." And they both started for the door of the office. "That's right, old man," exclaimed one; "you go in first, and let us know how you fare."

"Well," said another, "I guess he'll find himself fooled after all." "And," said another, "I guess he'll go back to the poor-house just about as he came." Such were some of the comments and remarks as to the old couple; but disregarding them all, they went forward and entered the office.

Within they found Mr. A— and his steward. And the old man laid his statements on the table, saying, "There, sir, are my debts. I have no property, but live in the poor-house; but what matters little if I can but pay what I honestly owe, and so die free from debt." "But why should I pay your debts?" asked Mr. A—. "I do not know, except that you say you will; and I fully believe your promise and rely upon your word." "That is enough," said Mr. A—; and turning to his steward, he told him to fill out a check for the whole amount, which being done, he signed it, and handed it to the old man, who received it with the deepest thankfulness, and then started for the door, saying, "I must go and tell all those outside of your kindness, that they too may come as I have done." "No," said Mr. A—, "you must not tell them; they must trust my word for themselves, as you have done." And so the old couple were shown into another room to wait till 12, while Mr. A—, being satisfied that their poverty was their misfortune and not their fault, ordered the lease of a nice little place to be made out to them for life, and added this to the check he had given them.

Outside the office time wore away, some wondering why the old couple did not come out, and some concluding that they must have failed, and that, after all, there was nothing in the matter. The hour of 12 drew near. Men looked at each other, but still did not go in. At last the hour rang out from the church clock, and with the last stroke from the bell the door opened, and the old man and his wife were seen coming out. "How is it? how is it?" cried the people. "Have you got the money?" The old man showed them his check. "Good," he said, "as solid gold; it was all so." And at the same moment Mr. A—came out; and as he went to his carriage there was a rush toward it, each one pressing forward his statement, and crying, "Here, Mr. A—, will you not pay my debts?" "Here is my account." "Will you not look at my statement?"

"Friends," was the reply, "it is after 12 o'clock. The hour is past. It is TOO LATE!" And he drove away.

"Now is the accepted time," and "now the day of salvation!" "Strive to enter in at the straight gate; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able when once the Master of the house hath risen up, and hath shut the door!"—*Nat. Baptist.*

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Boutique Department.

Original and Selected.
Scripture Enigma.

No. 213.

Find in the initials of these names the name of a city destroyed by fire from heaven:

1. In what part of Egypt did the Israelites dwell?
2. The eleventh of the precious stones in the High Priest's breastplate.
3. One of Joseph's sons.
4. A constellation of stars mentioned by Job.
5. The earliest tribe of total abstinence.
6. What was Isaac's wife's name?
7. Who was Esther's mother?
8. Who was hung on the gallows he erected for another?

CURIOUS QUESTIONS.

No. 23. Hidden Words.

In each line of the following stanzas find the name of a tree, a fruit, a vegetable or a flower:

Beneath the trees I sleep at ease,
And dream a pleasant dream;
I see a knight with helmet bright
Beside a dashing stream.

And through the glade appears a maid—
A figure small and slight;
"Art thou a fay or angel, say?"
Exclaimed the plumed knight.

"I am no fay, but peasant gay,"
She scornfully replied.
"Oh, turn, I pray," the knight did say,
"And be a noble's bride."

She at his word awhile demurred:
"Now, master, you provoke me!"
Uprose, I frowned; but here a sound,
A robin's call, awoke me.

No. 24. Form a word square:

1. A portion of a fence.
2. A portion of land.
3. The most valuable metal.
4. Given for a time.

No. 25. Supply the vowels to the following and find two heartless acts:
s h t k t h w g r m t n o l d w t h r,
a v n g r p a n t r, s h t a u g h t s n g t n h v b r t.

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. 212.

A Double Acrostic.

J e s u i t H
E l i a h
R e u b e N
E z r A
M o o N
I s a i I
A n n A
H a n n a H
J E R E M I A H, H A N A N I A H.

ANSWERS TO CURIOUS QUESTIONS.

No. 18.

There is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside,
Where brighter suns dispense serene light,
And milder moons impart the night.

A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.

No. 19. 300 cats.

No. 20. 65 geese.

No. 21. T R A M P
R O S E
A S H
M E
F

No. 22. 1. Deer break through brake and bush.

2. That the man was faint, was evidently a feint
3. The poor dyer was in dire distress.
4. The ship sailed straight through the strait.

The Game of Verbal Anatomy.

The