

Family Reading.

Cause for Complaint.

"I don't like Grandma at all," said Fred—
"I don't like Grandma at all!"
And he drew his face in a queer grimace.
The tears were ready to fall.
As he gave his kitten a loving hug,
And disturbed her nap on the soft warm rug.

"Why, what has you Grandma done," I asked.

"To trouble the little boy?"

Oh, what has she done, the cruel one,
To scatter the smiles of joy?"

Through quivering lips the answer came,
"She—called—my—kitty—a—horrid—name."

"She did? are you sure?" And I kissed the tears

Away from the eyelids wet.

"I can scarce believe that Grandma would grieve

The feelings of either pet,
What did she say?" "Boo-hoo!" cried Fred.

"She—called—my—kitty—a—'Quad-ruped!'"

—Harper's Young People.

The Cricket's Violin.

"Ah me! Ah, me!" a cricket said,
"Grandmother Gray has gone to bed:

No one listens but little Fred
To all the tunes I play;

So I will hop away."

"I'll climb the chimney, and begin
To play my dulcet violin.

Too long I've waited; 't is a sin
For Genius thus to stay
Hid from the light of day!"

Poor little Fred began to moan;
"Grandmother Gray, the cricket's gone!"

And you and I are left alone!
Alas! I fear," he said,
"The summer time is dead!"

With many a weary hop hop-hop
The cricket reached the chimney-top.

But, Ah! the people did not stop!
None heard in all the din
The cricket's violin.

The cricket played in every key,
From do, fa, la, to, do, re, me;

From a, b, c, to x, y, z,
He played both slow and fast—
The heedless crowd went past.

Jack Frost came 'round and nipped his bow,
And then the music was so low;

The cricket cried in tone of woe:
"Oh, for the hearthstone bed,
The ears of little Fred!"

—St. Nicholas.

New Select Serial.

A DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

BY MISS LILLIAN F. WELLS.

CHAPTER XIII.

MARTHA VISITS HULDAH.

On the afternoon of the first day of June, as the six o'clock train swept round the curve just below Sherwood Station, Amos Parker drove up to the long platform, sprang out of the 'buckboard,' and stood with the rains still in his hand, while the train came to a stop.

With growing disappointment in his sun-burned face, he scrutinized the four people who stepped down upon the platform one after the other.

These were an old lady and gentleman, a half-grown boy, and a young lady in gray travelling attire, which, to Amos' eyes, was really elegant—quite too much so to be worn by the one for whom he was watching. He turned to go into his wagon again, saying:

"She hasn't come, after all! Huldah'll be powerful disappointed."

But the young lady in gray hurried across the platform, calling:

"Amos, Amos! Here I am, Don't you know me?"

Amos started, turned round, and stood staring at her in dumb bewilderment.

"Don't you know me yet?" she asked, laughing. "I had no idea I had changed so much."

"The voice sounds like Marthy's, to be sure; but why, I can't make myself believe you're Marthy—our Marthy!"

exclaimed Amos, taking off his hat, and putting it on again, in a state of such excitement as he had not experienced since his wedding-day.

"I am Martha Stirling, and no one else," she replied, exceedingly amused.

"Well, well, well! I never did in all my born days! You ain't no more like the Marthy Stirling I said good-bye to on this 'ere platform four years ago, than I be like George Washington."

A vivid remembrance of her appearance on the day of her home-leaving four years ago, came into Martha's mind—the green delaine dress, the checked shawl, the down straw hat, the ungloved hands, the coarse boots, and the general awkwardness and ignorance of the girl of seventeen, just 'going out into the world to seek her fortune.'

Contrasting that recollection of herself with her present appearance, she no longer wondered that Amos did not know her.

Her traveling dress was of gray cashmere, her white hat was trimmed with gray silk and a cluster of delicate pink moss rose-buds, her gloves and boots were fine, and perfectly fitting; she had grown taller, and was no longer tanned and rosy.

"Well," said Amos, after a pause, "if you're main sure that you're the Marthy Stirling I'm after, I'll take your word for it; but I ain't a bit sure myself. Mebbe Huldah'll be able to see somethin' nat'ral about ye, though, if I can't. So jump in, and we'll get home as fast as we can. Where's your trunk?"

"I'm afraid my baggage will astonish you even more than I did," Martha answered. "It is over there."

"Which one?"—and Amos looked at two large trunks and a packing-box.

"All of them," said Martha, quietly enjoying his surprise.

Amos gave a long whistle, looked at the buckboard and the bay colt, then at the baggage, then at Martha, and laughed.

"That beats the Dutch!" he exclaimed. "I never thought but what you'd bring back the same little trunk ye carried away. But never mind, there's Jim Doolittle comin' along the road with his ox-team. I'll ask him to bring 'em, as it's right in his way."

The man readily agreed, the baggage was bestowed in the ox-cart, and Amos and Martha rode away down the quiet country road in the shadows of the hills, under the clear sky, and with the pleasant sights and sounds of the sweet June twilight all about them. And so at length Martha had come to Sherwood again.

After her aunt's death a sudden longing had seized her to go home and rest. She might not have yielded to it, though, had it not been for a letter from her sister. Huldah had written, urging Martha to come and stay with her, for a few weeks at least.

"Mother won't mind, for I have asked her about it, Huldah wrote. 'I think it will be pleasanter for you to be here with us, and of course you can go over to father's as often as you want to. I am so anxious to have you see the children, especially your little name-sake. I shall begin to believe you don't care anything about us if you don't come.'

This proposition to go to Huldah's cosy home, instead of the bare, dreary homestead, made Martha decide at once to go. Accordingly, here she was, speeding toward home as fast as the bay colt could trot.

They were quiet at first; for Amos, recovering from his astonishment, found himself actually a little shy of this well-dressed lady beside him. She was a lady, our Martha, and, though quite unconsciously, she carried herself with an 'air' that commanded deference and respect. She was very weary now, and leaned back in the wagon, looking eagerly about her at the familiar scenes all along the road from Sherwood to their destination.

"Amos will think me very unsocial," she thought, at last, and roused herself to talk.

"Amos," she began, "you think I have changed so much—is it for the better or the worse?"

"Oh, the better—a hundred per cent!" he replied hastily, glancing round at her admiringly. "Ye don't look very well, though—look as if ye was clean tuckered out."

Martha gave him an account of her life at Mrs. Iredell's, and kind-hearted Amos sympathized heartily. By the time they saw the lights twinkling from the windows of the little brown house, Amos had lost his shyness, and was ready to pass a most favorable opinion upon Martha's improvement.

The door flew open as they drove into the yard, and Huldah came out to the 'horse-block.'

"I've got her, Huldah!" cried Amos, with a gleeful chuckle over the surprise in store for his wife.

But it was almost dark, and Huldah did not wait to look. She just took Martha into her arms with a sound between a laugh and a sob, and held her as if she meant never to let her go again.

"Haden't ye better have it out in the house, Huldah? Marthy's tired," suggested Amos, getting impatient.

"Sure enough! I couldn't think of anything but just how glad I was to see her. Come right in, Marthy, and Huldah led the way."

Amos was perfectly satisfied with the result of bringing Marthy into the light. Huldah turned to speak to her as they entered the sitting-room; but stopped, with her lips parted, gazing.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Amos. "I knew ye'd be beat when ye come to see her, Huldah!"

"Why, Martha, I can't hardly believe it! I never saw such a change! I shall have to get acquainted with you, I'm afraid." Huldah's voice had a queer little quiver in it.

The change in Martha's dress and general appearance was indeed great; but the change in her face was far greater. When they had seen her last she was a girl—intelligent, eager for all knowledge, but unsophisticated, and immature in thought and character. As they see her now she is a woman—cultured, refined, and with well-developed intellectual power. With all this, however, she has an expression of restless dissatisfaction—of seeking for something longed for—but not yet obtained.

"Why, Huldah, I'm inclined to believe you would rather have me the awkward, ignorant, shabbily-dressed girl I was when I went away!" exclaimed Martha, laughingly, though more than half in earnest.

"May-be I would," returned Huldah, in the same tone. "I know I ought to have been prepared for a change in you; but I wasn't, somehow. I'm afraid our plain country ways won't suit you now, Martha."

"Nonsense!" said Martha, giving Huldah a playful little shake. "I am prepared to be suited with anything and everything. I am very glad to get home, and it is absurd for you to talk so, Huldah."

"Well, you must have some supper now, anyway. But where are the children? You haven't seen them yet. Why, there are Nathan and Charlie under the table! Did you ever? Come out here, children and speak to auntie."

The two obeyed, emerging from their hiding-places with down-cast eyes and fingers in their mouths.

"How much they look like Amos!" Martha exclaimed, as the sturdy little lads—one five, the other three—were led up to be kissed. "Is the baby asleep, Huldah? You shouldn't have named her for me, if you didn't want me to feel more interest in her than I do in the boys."

Huldah went into the next room, and came back in a moment with her six-months old daughter in her arms, saying:

"No, she ain't asleep; and if you don't say she's the prettiest baby you ever saw, I miss my guess."

Indeed, Huldah might well be proud of her baby. She was very small, but beautifully formed, with soft rings of golden hair, and bright, dark eyes, much like Martha's.

"You little darling!" cried Martha, taking the baby in her arms, with a quick upspringing of love for her tiny name-sake. "Oh, Huldah, she is lovely!"

"There, Martha! you looked a little like yourself, then," exclaimed Huldah. "I really begin to believe it is you, after all. Come, now, we'll have supper."

The sun was high when Martha woke next morning, and she knew it must be late; but she lay still for some time, feeling it a pleasant thing to be lazy, and examining her room with pleased satisfaction.

It was very pretty, and gave evidence of Huldah's tasteful, as well as loving, labor. The carpet was a new one—a dark ground, with a pattern of green leaves and red berries; the furniture was a mahogany set that had belonged to the mother of Amos, and was charmingly quaint; there was a large cushioned chair before one window; before the other, a small

stand, with a vase of fresh roses upon it; curtains and counterpane were snowy white; around the looking-glass, above the windows, and about the mantel were sprays of running pine. Over both the windows, making an outside curtain, softening the bright as it came into the room, and tinting it with green, was a luxuriant climbing rose, just now all aglow with bloom.

Amos had been out in the field for hours, and Huldah's morning work was nearly done, when Martha came into the kitchen, arrayed in a dainty lace-trimmed white cambric wrapper, with a half-open rose-bud at her throat.

Huldah, in dark calico, with sleeves rolled up to her shoulders, and a long gingham apron on, was swiftly stirring up a sponge cake. She turned as Martha came in, and looked first surprised and disappointed, then satisfied and admiring, and said cheerily:

"Good morning. Did you have a good night's rest? Seems to me you look a little better this morning."

"I haven't slept so well since I first went to Aunt Charlotte's," replied Martha.

The first thing to be done after disposing of the dainty breakfast that Huldah had prepared, was for Martha to go over to the old house, where she knew her mother must be waiting impatiently to see her. Her feelings can be readily imagined as she walked slowly along the road, every foot of which she remembered so well. When she came in sight of the house, she stopped, and, leaning against the fence, gave it a long look. It seemed smaller, plainer, drearier than ever.

Presently Martha roused herself from her reverie, and went on, past the front of the house, in at the side gate, and up the well-worn path to the back door.

Sunny Husbands.

BY MRS. MARGARET E. SANSTER.

We read so much about the obligation laid upon the wife to be a perpetual sunbeam in the house that a word to husbands on the same topic may not be amiss.

A cheerful atmosphere is important to happy home life. It is very hard for children to be good, when they are exposed to an incessant hail-storm of fault-finding from their parents. It is very difficult for a wife to maintain a calm and charmingly sweet demeanor when her husband is critical, cynical or sullen, and takes all her tender efforts with indifferent appreciation.

I know full well the air of polite amazement, or amiable incredulity with which men receive the statement of a woman's opinion that, in the home partnership, wife and not husband pulls the laboring oar. Still it is true that, let a man's business be ever so engrossing, ever so wearisome, ever so laborious, the mere fact that he goes to it in the morning, and returns from it at night, sets him above his wife in ease and comfort. For him, the slavery of routine, has its intervals and its breaks. He gets a breath of the world outside; he has change of scene daily; he sees people and hears them talk, and his home is distinctly his refuge and shelter.

Let a wife and mother love her home and her children with the most absolute, unswerving devotion, and serve them with the most unselfish fidelity, there are, nevertheless, times when she is very weary.

She knows, better than any one else, the steps and the stitches, the same things done over and over, and the pettiness of the trials that come to nursery and kitchen. They are so insignificant that she is ashamed to talk about them, and I fear she sometimes forgets to tell her Saviour how hard they press her, and so bearing her cross all alone, its weight becomes crushing.

A sunny husband makes a merry, beautiful home, worth having, worth working in and for. If the man is breezy, cheery, considerate, and sympathetic, his wife sings in her heart over her puddings and her mending basket; counts the hours till he returns at night, and renews her youth in the security she feels of his approbation and admiration.

You may think it weak or childish if you please, but it is the admired wife, the wife who hears words of praise and

receives smiles of commendation, who is capable, discreet, and executive. I have seen a timid, meek, self-distrusting little body fairly bloom into strong, self-reliant womanhood, under the tonic and the cordial of companionship with a husband who really went out of his way to find occasions for showing her how fully he trusted her judgment, and how tenderly he deferred to her opinion.

In home life there should be no jar, no striving for place, no insisting on prerogatives, or division of interests. The husband and the wife are each the compliment of the other. And it is just as much his duty to be cheerful, as it is hers to be patient; his right to bring joy into the door, as it is hers to sweep and garnish the pleasant interior. A family where the daily walk of the father makes life a festival is filled with something like a heavenly benediction.—*Congregationalist*.

Visit to a Caste Girls' School.

BY MISS RAUSCHENBUSH.

The other day, I went with Mrs. Jewett to visit her caste-girls' school.

It was held in a zenana. There may be some dear little Mary or Johnny, who has not heard yet what a zenana is, and who wants to know. A zenana is the back part of a house, and is usually a court with a number of little rooms opening into it. In these zenanas, the women of the whole household live. In one of them, I saw a little baby, its mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother. If the women were allowed to go out the way our mothers and big sisters do at home, it would be well enough to live in a zenana, although I do think it is very selfish and impolite in the men to have the front part of the house all to themselves. The misery of zenanas is that the women are not allowed to go out of them, and the men try to keep them just as ignorant as they can.

I thought it was just splendid that Mrs. Jewett had rented a zenana house, and in the large court of it this caste-girls' school was held. It looked to me like a shining light in the very midst of heathen darkness.

When we entered, the girls all rose, and said a very hearty "Salaam!"

There were about seventy-five girls; and, as I looked at their faces, I could not help thinking, Those girls look just as bright and smart as we girls ever did, when we went to school. I wondered whether they felt just as we did,—whether they want to go on in their studies, and whether they want the freedom we so much enjoy. All the little girls that were there were high caste, so they all lived in zenanas. Very soon, they would leave school and get married. Some of those bright-eyed little girls may become widows, and you surely have heard what a bitter life Hindu widows have. But I was so glad that these girls have this opportunity of hearing gospel truths and of learning something.

Dr. Jewett was with us; and he said to me, "There are a hundred and twenty million women in India, and only one in every twelve hundred receives any kind of instruction." Is not that terrible, girls? Why, when he told me that, I thought, What is this little school? But it is a promise from God that the time is coming when Hindu girls shall come out from ignorance and misery.

I have been in the Telugu country almost three weeks, so you can imagine that I had not graduated in the Telugu language; but, as Mrs. Jewett made me the examining committee,—and missionaries must always do whatever their hands find to do,—so I went about, hearing those little, dusky maids read. And, while they read to me, I had plenty of chance to take a good look at their jewelry. The ear was covered with jewels, at the top and at the bottom. They wore finger-rings, toe-rings, bracelets, rings around the ankles, necklaces, and something in the hair. But I was most interested in their nose ornaments. I noticed one girl who had jewelry in her nose that extended beyond her lips. I could see that it made her very uncomfortable.

When it was time to dismiss school, the girls all stood together, the roll was called, and they answered, "Present," to their name, just as you do at home; but it did not sound like "Present."

They twisted the word about in their little Telugu mouths, and made something like "Pridjen," of it. Then they started a song, the tune of which I immediately recognized as "There is a happy land"; and Mrs. Jewett told me they were singing the same words, translated into Telugu.

I wonder whether some of the little girls, as they went home to their zenanas, did not feel thankful that they have learned to sing,
"Lord, we shall dwell with thee,
Blest, blest for aye."
—Little Helpers.

Temperance.

WHAT TO DRINK TO KEEP YOU WARM.—"If you want a drink that will keep you warm a whole night long out of doors," said an old policeman to a friend, "don't drink whiskey or rum, or any liquor. The heat they afford is short-lived, and leaves you cold and weak. They are worse than nothing."

A car driver says: "We car drivers have colder work than policemen do, I think, and the old ones have tried every drink you ever heard of. A lot of us were talking the whole thing over the other night. Hot rum, hot whiskey, brandy and ginger, and all the cold, clear alcoholic drinks were discussed. But the majority were in favor of hot coffee. That is the least hurtful, the most heating, and the longest-lasting drink I know of."—*Rochester Exponent*.

THE DRUNKARD.—A drunkard is the most selfish being in the universe. He has no sense of modesty, shame, or disgrace; he has no sense of duty or sympathy of affection with his father or mother, his brother or sister, his friend or neighbor, his wife or children; no reverence for his God; no sense of futurity in this world or the other—all is swallowed up in the mad selfish joy of the moment. Is it not humiliating that Mohammedans and Hindoos would put to shame the whole Christian world by their superior examples of temperance? Is it not degrading to Englishmen and Americans that they are so infinitely exceeded by the French in this cardinal virtue? And is it not mortifying beyond all expression that we Americans should exceed all other eight millions of people on the globe, as I verily believe we do, in this degrading beastly vice of intemperance.—*John Adams*.

Temperance newspapers are becoming more and more numerous every day, and the booming sounds louder and louder from "Mains to Mexico," like "glad tidings of great joy which I hope and trust shall be to all people."—*Wisconsin Statesman*.

Twelve per cent. of the suicides in England and twenty-five per cent. of those in Germany are ascribed to intemperance.—*Canada Citizen*.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.—Water is the strongest drink. It drives mills; it's the drink of lions and horses, and Samson never drank anything else. Let young men be teetotallers if only for economy's sake. The beer-money will soon build a house. If what goes into the mash-tub went into the kneading-trough, families would be better fed and better taught. If what is spent in waste were only saved against a rainy day, poor-houses would never be built. The man who spends his money with the publican, and thinks the landlord's bow and "How do ye do, my good fellow?" mean true respect, is a perfect simpleton. We don't light fires for the herring's comfort, but to roast him. Men do not keep pot-houses for laborers' good; if they do they certainly miss their aim. Why then should people drink "for the good of the house?" If I spend money for the good of the house, let it be my own and not the landlord's. It is a bad well into which you must put water; and the beer-house is a bad friend, because it takes your all and leaves you nothing but headaches. He who calls those his friends who let him sit and drink by the hour is ignorant—very ignorant. Why, red lions, and tigers, and eagles, and vultures are all creatures of prey, and why do so many put themselves within the power of their jaws and talons? Such as drink and live riotously, and wonder why their faces are so blotchy, and their pockets so bare, would leave off wondering if they had two grains of wisdom. They might as well ask an elm tree for pears as look to loose habits for health and wealth. Those who go to the public house for happiness climb a tree to find fish.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon*.