

Family Reading.

When I am Dead.

How much would I care for it, could I know
That when I am under the grass or the
snow—

The ravelled garments of life's brief day
Folded and quietly laid away,
The spirit let loose from mortal bars,
And somewhere away among the stars—
How much do you think it would matter
then

What praise was lavished upon me, when,
Whatever might be its stint or store,
It neither could help or harm me more?

If, while I was toiling, they had but thought
To stretch out a finger, I would have caught
Gladly such aid, to buoy me through
Some bitter duty I had to do—
Though when it was done they said (maybe
To others), they never said to me,
The word of applause, so craved, whose
worth

Had been the supremest boon of earth,
If granted me then—"We are proud to know
That one of ourselves has triumphed so."

What use for the rope, if it be not flung
Till the swimmer's grasp to the rock has
clung?

What help in comrades' bugle blast,
When the peril of Alpine heights is past?
What need that the spurring pean roll,
When the runner is safe beyond the goal?
What worth in eulogy's blindest breath,
When whistled in ears that are hushed in
death?

No! no! If you have but a word of cheer,
Speak of it while I am alive to hear.

New Select Serial.

A DEACON'S DAUGHTER.

BY MISS LILIAN F. WELLS.

CHAPTER. VIII.

MABEL WALSHINGHAM'S ACCIDENT.

With the final laying aside of her green delaine, Martha felt that the change in her life was really complete. Partly from the old associations that clung to the old dress, and partly from its being out of harmony with everything about her, Martha was haunted as long as she wore it, with a feeling that this delightful life was not to last; she was oppressed by a half-defined fear that something would happen to send her back to her old life again, to be ten-fold more miserable than before, because of this taste of more congenial living.

But once arrayed in a new suit, her feet shod with dainty kid boots, and her hair arranged in the prevailing style, all these uncomfortable feelings took their departure, to torture her no more.

I hope no one will condemn Martha as being vain or foolish, for she was neither. To any one who may choose to deny that suitable and becoming apparel has an influence for good on every sensible and right-minded woman, I would say: "You have neglected your opportunities for observation, and you are not a reliable judge of human nature as displayed as a general thing in the feminine portion of the race."

Relieved of the fear lest some one should ridicule her or be ashamed of her, entirely free from the sense of mortification, feeling herself at ease with her surroundings, Martha had no longer any necessity to think of herself; consequently, she ceased to be awkward, and bore herself easily, even gracefully, to the surprise and pleasure of the two ladies who were watching her. Listening to their conversation, she perceived her own grammatical errors and faults of pronunciation, and immediately began to correct them, asking Miss Goodwin's help in doing so.

One morning, about the last of October, when Martha had become familiar with her daily duties, and was sufficiently acquainted with Miss Goodwin to be no longer shy, the two were together, as was usual at that hour. Martha had been reading aloud, and, as she laid aside the book, asked some questions relating to a scientific statement which she had been reading, and which she did not understand. Miss Goodwin explained it, and then asked:

"Martha, how would you like to take a course of study—mathematics, history, science, literature and the languages—such as you would take in our best seminaries, you know?"

Martha's eyes glistened.
"Oh, Miss Goodwin, if I only could!" she cried. To study—to know—had been the longing of her life.

"You can, most certainly," answered

Miss Goodwin, heartily. "It will give me more pleasure than I can tell to teach you, and you have plenty of time. What do you say? Shall we call it an agreement, and begin tomorrow? There is no need for delay."

Martha tried to say something, but the words would not come.

"Never mind my dear child, I understand. You need not try to speak. I expect to get as much benefit from the arrangement as I hope you will, though in a different way. You may go by yourself for awhile now, and we will both be ready to begin in the morning."

Miss Goodwin would have been much surprised could she have seen what Martha did after closing the door of her own room behind her. She actually danced and clapped her hands for joy. A very undignified proceeding, I suppose, but not an unnatural one. Then she sat down and reveled in the thought of this climax to her happiness.

The view from her window was not a very extensive one, but she liked it. Her eyes rested on it now, while her mind was busy with her new plans. Miss Goodwin's house stood on the corner, and the window at which Martha sat, looked out upon a street running at right angles with the avenue. It was a highly respectable, but not a fashionable street, the houses being chiefly those of mechanics and tradesmen in moderate circumstances. Martha liked sitting by this window better than by those at the front of the house, for there was really more to be seen. The great houses on the avenue were rather dull on the whole, in spite of their elegance; for they had the appearance of holding themselves within themselves, as if they did not deign to be gazed into by common eyes.

The houses on the street were different. There always seemed to be something about them that was bright and interesting. Scarcely an hour passed without some amusing episode occurring among those who lived in the houses, and who came and went so busily.

Martha never grew tired of watching what went on within the range of her window. She soon came to look for the sweet-faced lady who sat with her sewing in the window opposite her own. It was not long before she knew the lady's three little children too; for she had seen them so often standing about their mother's knee and climbing into her lap, that she could pick them out from a dozen others when they were playing on the pavement. She knew at what hour the motherly-looking little girl in the next house beyond took her baby brother out for an airing. She liked to be on the watch when the fathers came home at night, and see the children opening the doors to welcome them.

But this morning, though she was looking steadily out into the street, she seemed not to see anything there. A blue-eyed, yellow-haired girl was going from door to door with a basket of pins needles, and thread on her arm; she had been through the street once before, and Martha had pitied her, because her face looked so sad when she sold nothing. But now she passed out of sight without any notice from Martha at all. The baby was wheeled up and down the street in his little coach, and the children came out to play; but Martha was too deeply absorbed to watch them now.

"What can I ever do to show Miss Goodwin how grateful I am?" mused she. "I wonder why she seems to take so much interest in me. Only a month ago I did not know that there was such a person, and I thought my life was the dreariest that ever a poor girl led. And now I am here in the midst of all these beautiful things, living with such a lady as Miss Goodwin, who could not treat me more kindly if I were her own flesh and blood. And to think I am going to take a regular course of study, with her for a teacher! Oh, it seems too good to be true; and I know there is not a happier girl in the world than I am now!"

She took her writing materials and wrote a long letter to Huldah, pouring out her heart in her happiness more freely than she had ever done before, even to her sister.

In the afternoon Miss Goodwin

asked her to do an errand for her, Martha set out accordingly with much pleasure, for it was a beautiful day, and she was just in the mood for a long walk. She had learned to find her way about the streets very well by this time, and she loved the city. The solid blocks of houses pleased her in an indescribable way. The streams of people flowing on and on along the street fascinated her. She liked to glance into the faces of those who hurried past, and speculate on what life had been to them, and what it still might be. Her knowledge of human nature and the possibilities of life being somewhat limited, these speculations were apt to be unsatisfactory; but without being aware of it Martha was making rapid progress by this means in the knowledge aforesaid.

She walked along this afternoon at an easy pace, liking the steady click of her heels on the pavement, and keeping eyes and ears constantly on the alert to catch all the sights and sounds of busy life, and taking pleasure in the thought that she was a part of it all.

As she was passing a large dry-goods establishment, she glanced at a handsome carriage standing before it, and recognized it as one she had seen but a few days since at Miss Goodwin's door.

"That is Mrs. Walsingham's carriage, I am quite sure," thought she, slackening her pace, and admiring its satin cushions and general air of elegance and ease, and the restless black horses, that required the coachman's constant watchfulness. "It must be extremely nice to have such a carriage ready to be driven round to the door whenever you want it. How I should like to change places with Miss Mabel Walsingham! Not that I am discontented—oh no, indeed! I should be an ungrateful wretch if I were—but it would be fun to have all the money I wanted—wouldn't it?"

Just then Mrs. Walsingham and her daughter, a lovely-looking girl of fifteen, came out of the store to re-enter their carriage. Martha quickened her pace again, and was about to turn the corner when a piercing shriek, a crash, a shout, the frantic clashing of hoofs, and the sight of men rushing past, made her turn back in terror.

She saw Mabel Walsingham carried back into the store, her face colorless; her eyes closed, her hat fallen off, and her bright golden hair gleaming about her shoulders. She had had her foot on the carriage-step when the horses, frightened by a loaded dray, sprang forward so suddenly, that the young girl was thrown violently back upon the pavement, striking a fruit stand, and uttering the shriek that Martha had heard.

It was but a moment before the horses were under control again, and Mrs. Walsingham was soon bending over her unconscious daughter, in an agony of fear that she was dead, and of impatience for the arrival of a physician.

Martha had stood motionless, pale and frightened, believing that Mabel was killed. She had never seen such an accident before, and it had a far greater effect upon her than upon the other by-standers, who were somewhat accustomed to such scenes.

Longing to go and ascertain the poor girl's condition, yet shrinking from doing so, Martha finally turned toward home, thinking that Miss Goodwin would probably hear very soon.

Miss Goodwin was much alarmed by the account of the accident; and early the next morning Martha went to the Walsingham's stately brown-stone mansion with a note of inquiry. She was obliged to wait some time for her answer; but at last Miss Agnes, Mabel's elder sister, came into the small reception-room where Martha sat. She was a very handsome young lady, with fair hair and a complexion of wonderful beauty; her eyes were large and clear; but Martha thought them as cold as icicles; and it seemed as if they might read her very heart—they fastened themselves upon her so intently.

"Mamma was unable to write this morning," said Miss Agnes, in a clear, cold voice, that corresponded well with her eyes. "So she gave me the message that she wished to send to Miss Goodwin. Mabel was seriously injured; but whether permanently so or not, it is impossible to tell yet. Dr. Hammerly's report last night was

unfavorable; but he has two of the best physicians in the city consulting with him now, and we hope—we hope—"

Miss Agnes' voice trembled, and so did her lips; but though her eyes were as clear as ever, there were tears in Martha's. Mabel's death-like face had haunted her almost constantly; it seemed so terrible that the bright young life should have been so suddenly darkened, perhaps forever.

Miss Goodwin will be so sorry—and so am I," said Martha, with much feeling.

"Thank you; you are very kind," was the answer, given with perfect calmness. "A day earlier the haughty Miss Walsingham would scarcely have condescended to say even so much to a girl in Martha's position. But to-day she was much softened by the calamity that had befallen the household."

"Suppose it had been in my power to change places with Mabel Walsingham," thought Martha, as she left the house. "Everything that money could buy would not be worth having now, if I were injured as she is. I think I will not be so foolish as to wish to change places with any one again."

But it never occurred to her to think how wonderfully she had been kept in the midst of seen and unseen perils. She had no feeling of gratitude to Him who was even at that moment keeping her.

We are apt to forget, as we live on in safety day after day, and year after year, while a thousand fall at our side, and ten thousand at our right hand, that it is only because of our Father's loving and ceaseless care that "it does not come nigh" us.

Reconciled.

During the last war, when the prison at Andersonville was crowded with sick and starving men, and the days were long and filled with suffering, the nights bringing no rest or peace, there was one prisoner to whom an exchange came. That meant that he might go back to his home in the North, might realize the dreams of many weary months. He pressed the document to his bosom, but at that moment caught sight of one of his fellow-prisoners. Instantly he said:

"You have wife and children; I have none. Take this exchange and go to your family. I can stand it a little longer."

And so he stayed, and sent the other away. After a time another exchange came, and this same prisoner walked up to one who was almost delirious in the longing to see his dear ones, and said:

"Here, brother, take my place. I can wait a little longer."

And so he stayed, and the other went home. A third offer of release came while he was bending over a sick comrade, to whom he had ministered for many weeks. The invalid looked up and said:

"You are going away. If you leave me I shall die. You are my only hope."

"Well," said the other, "I won't leave you. You shall go in my place. I will stay. I can stand it a little longer."

And so this man stayed again. It was the writer's privilege recently to hear this man telling his experiences of Andersonville. Not a word against the Southern people; indeed, he was careful to say that they, as a people, were brave, chivalrous, kind hearted. He was careful to lay the blame only on those to whom it belonged.

In a recent meeting of Christian workers one of the number, filled with emotion, several times broke out in hearty "Amen's." Some one asked the presiding officer to keep him quiet. Instantly the leader was on his feet, saying:

"I am requested to keep brother Smith quiet."

He then related the incidents to which we have referred, for this man, Smith, was the hero of Andersonville Prison.

"Now," said the leader, "does any one object to brother Smith's saying Amen?" And the whole audience broke out into hearty applause.

Mr. Smith came forward before the great assemblage, and said, as he took another present by the hand:

"This is Capt. Lovelace, of Marion, Ala., the very man who captured me

and put me in prison. We were fighting on opposite sides then. He is now in the Christian Army. We are on the same side at last. I want you to sing, 'Blest be the tie that binds.'"

And so the two soldiers stood holding each other by the hand, while was sung that noble hymn which must have been heard all over heaven.—*Advance.*

Life Weaving.

BY J. HUNT COOKE.

Providence and principle are the warp and the woof of the canvas on which our lives' work is to be wrought. Threads of various kinds are supplied. Sometimes a golden one of prosperity, when life is all joy and sunshine. Sometimes a crimson one of conflict, when sin has to be resisted, even to peril of death. Sometimes an azure one of peace, when all is calm; like a clear morning sky. Sometimes the white of pure and hallowed circumstance. Sometimes the purple of success, honour, and fame. Sometimes there are supplied the black threads of darkness, disgrace, and tribulation. As you are directed, so must you work. As in tapestry, you see not the side on which the design is manifest. Year after year the work grows, until at length the last dark trying thread of death must be taken, and all is completed. Then in the grand unseen world, before the bright light of the great throne, it will be revealed, the picture beheld, the execution manifest. Every false thread will now be seen. If you put in some glaring colour when a calmer tint was required; if you, for the sake of what appeared to you some more brilliant effect, neglected principle; if there be blank patches of neglect, or spots of unwise haste—all will be evident. And if there shall have been a steady, patient submission throughout to the great Designer, then all the entanglement and confusion that seemed to mark the progress will be seen to be only in appearance. The tapestry of your life will reveal some grand and perfect picture of Divine grace. God will approve. It shall be displayed in the appointed place in the mansion of God for His glory for evermore.

Saved from Freezing to Death.

When Bobby Smart was six years old he was left to the care of his uncle James, who lived in the country. Bobby was lonely and sad; his uncle often treated him with harshness, and even cruelty. The cold winter had come on early. Bobby was the only boy about the farm, and he had to work very hard. His clothing was unfit for the winter weather, and he often suffered from the cold.

Among the duties which this poor boy had to perform was that of tending a flock of sheep. One afternoon, when there were signs of a snow-storm, he was sent to drive the flock to the barn. He started for the field, but his clothes were so thin that he was benumbed by the intense cold. He sat down on a large rock to rest himself. He felt strangely tired and cold. In a little while he began to feel drowsy. Then he thought it was so nice and comfortable that he would stay there awhile. In a very few moments he was asleep and perhaps dreaming.

Suddenly he was aroused by a tremendous blow which sent him spinning from his perch on the rock to the ground. Looking about him he saw an old ram near by. The creature looked as though he had been doing mischief, and Bobby was no longer at a loss to know where the blow came from, but he thought the attack was an accident, and in a short time he was again in the land of Nod.

Again the ram very rudely tumbled him over into the snow. He was now wide awake and provoked at the attack of the beast. He began to search for a stick to chastise his enemy. The ram understood his intention, for he turned upon Bobby as if to finish the poor boy. Bobby was forced to take to his heels and ran toward home.

The ram chased him, while the rest of the flock followed after their leader. The inmates of the farm house were surprised to see Bobby rushing toward the house as fast as his little legs would allow him. His hair was streaming in the wind, and he was very much terrified. Close upon him was the old ram kicking up his heels in his anger. Be-

hind him could be seen a straggling line of sheep doing their best to keep up.

Bobby won the race, however. His uncle came out in time to turn the flock into the barn. It was a long time before Bobby would venture near the ram again.

Bobby knows now that but for the efforts of the old ram in knocking him from his seat on that bitterly cold day, he would have been frozen to death in a very short time. The sleepy feeling which overcame him would have ended in death.

Bobby declares that the ram knew all the time what ailed him, and that he butted him from the rock on purpose. I cannot explain it, but do know that "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."—*Our Little Ones.*

The Beginning of a Cake.

Once I heard a story of a girl, quite a small one, that wanted to begin at the beginning, and make a cake, and she said to her mother:

"I want to begin at the beginning, and make a cake. How does it begin?"

Her mother said, "If you want to begin at the beginning, you must go into the kitchen and begin it with flour."

She went to the kitchen, and said to Bridget, "Does a cake begin here? I want to begin at the beginning and make a cake. Please give me some meal."

Bridget said, "If you want to begin at the beginning and make a cake, you must go to the baker's. Flour comes from the baker's."

She went to the baker's and said to him, "Does a cake begin here? I want to begin at the beginning and make a cake."

The Baker said, "If you want to begin at the beginning, you must go yonder to the miller's. My flour comes to me from the miller's."

She went yonder to the miller's and said to him, "Does a cake begin here? I want to begin at the beginning and make a cake."

The miller said "If you want to begin at the beginning, you must run over the fields to the farmer's. The farmer brings corn to my mill; my mill grinds it into flour for the baker; the baker sells flour to the people living in houses, and people living in houses make flour into cakes."

She ran over the field to the farmer's and said to him, "Does a cake begin here? I want to begin at the beginning and make a cake."

The farmer said, "The beginning was last spring when I planted my corn. When the snow had all melted away I planted my seed-corn. From the seed-corn sprang up cornstalks. All summer these grew and grew, and grew taller and taller, and when summer was over there was gathered from them bushels of corn. I sell the corn to the miller; the miller grinds it to flour, and sells the flour to the baker, and the baker sells flour to the people, and the people make it into cakes. But you see if you begin at the beginning it takes all the summer to make a cake. If you want to begin at the beginning come next spring and plant some seed-corn."

The story did not tell if the girl went in the spring to plant some seed-corn. My big sister says even that would not be beginning at the beginning, for she says that the seed-corn that you plant had to be grown somewhere.—*Wide Awake.*

More Patience.

The boy was in his place in the Sunday school class one Sabbath—uneasy, frolicsome and inattentive, as usual. The teacher almost lost patience with the little fellow, and thus not only failed to teach him any Christian truth, but, as she thinks of it now, showed an impatience which might make him question her sincere desire to do him good. The next Sunday the boy was in his grave, taken out of life suddenly and without warning. The teacher thinks now, unavailingly, of that last opportunity, which was lost. She wishes that she had been more patient more loving, more faithful. Treat your scholars so lovingly and faithfully that if it should be the last holy day either for them or for you, its recollections may be pleasant, and its influence forever blessed.—*S. S. World.*