WANTED.

Wanted-in places of folly and sin, Courage, these wayward souls to win, Voices, to tell them of Jesus' love, Faith, that points to the rest above.

Wanted -yes, in the homes of the poor, Christian love, to open the door; Gentle hearts, to scothe the pain, That to the needy comes oft and again. Wanted-in the business hours of man, The "golden rule" in each trade to plan In all that we say, whatever we do, That the love of God may shine all through.

Wanted—grace to bear each loss, Trials, to burn the gold from the dross; Will, to bow in obedience mild To the rule of Christ, as a little child. Wanted-wisdom, peaceable, pure,

To know the soul's deep sin and cure; Perfect trust in a loving God, Walking the path our Saviour trod. Wanted-to be kept from evil here, To live in his love without a fear-Nothing to know but his will divine, And that I am his, and he is mine.

Our Serial.

-Nashville Banner.

MURIEL'S KEY-NOTE.

BY AGNES GIBERNE.

CHAPTER XV.

"I say, Sybel, don't those girls mean to give you your due honors? asked Chesney, coming down to break fast with his wife.

"My honors, dear!"

"They seem to lose sight of present relationships."

"Oh Chesney, I could not stand their calling me anything but 'Sybel.' Muriel has always been my sisteronly two years younger than I am. begged them never to think of such a thing."

"Nearness of age may be all the better reason for taking care of your dignities; but do as you like, my dear."

"John does not call you uncle." "No: I suppose this is a parallel

Breakfast at first ran on smoothlyoiled wheels. Baby came in for another visit; and Mr. Rivers seemed greatly delighted to have an infant grandchild once more upon his knees. She was a pretty little plump snowflake, with observant big eyes, and plenty of sense for her eleven months. Mr. Rivers poked her about, and tickled her under the chin, and was in high glee at evoking peals of baby laughter.

But baby being gone, and breakfast being nearly over, Chesney looked up from egg and toast to remark,

"I am going to see John this morning. Any one care to come with me?' Nobody spoke, and he looked at his

"Sybel, you must not undertake the fatigue so soon?"

"Not to-day. I told Rose I would | not hate. You don't understand." not be long in going."

"Muriel, you used to be a good walker."

"Muriel shall not go," said Mr. Rivers roughly.

"Will you come, father?"

with a wrathful air. Words were un- | toad?' equal to the occasion, and he used

"Then I must go alone. I expect to be back for luncheon, but don't wait if I should be delayed."

Which he was, apparently, for the day went by and Chesney continued an | not." absentee. Now and then Mr. Rivers came out of his study to inquirelouder.

Sybel was taken possession of by Mrs. Bertram all the morning, and Muriel found, or fancied she found, put you at a distance from me." herself de trop in the drawing-room, not as regarded Sybel, but her mother. She stole away to the nursery-extemporized from an old play-roomand sat down to play with baby and chat with the ayah. The latter's odd broken English amused her greatly. In the drawing-room she was not seen again. After an hour or two, Sybel the nursery, and stood at the door in amazement-Sybel smiling and Mrs. Bertram aghast.

For the little ayah was laughing from ear to ear, and baby crooned sympathetic delight; while Muriel stood arrayed in a clean white sari, with red borders, its fold clothing her to the feet, wound and twisted and flung over her head and shoulders, with the true Eastern ease and elaborate negligence. Her own dress lay upon the

ground hard by. "O Muriel, Muriel, what a handsome native you would make !" said

Sybel merrily. "Missie too-muchee-pretty. No like English Mem Sahib," said the ayah and some rapid words in Hindostanee

followed. "Ayah thinks you are worthy to be a Brahmin's daughter," said Sybel. "You must take the compliment as meant—but really you are almost dark enough for a native. And I notice now

peculiar way of using your hands, which Indian children so often catch from their ayahs. O yes-and the little upward toss instead of downward nod of the head for 'yes.' Most children lose those little ways so soon, but you have managed to keep them. Ah, baby, baby-cousin Muriel makes a grand ayah, doesn't she?"

"Mamma, don't you feel well?" exclaimed Muriel, suddenly in her laughter noticing Mrs. Bertram's livid colouring.

Sybel threw the window wider open, and Mrs. Betram sat down by it. "Thank you, it is no matter-nothing at all," she said; but when Muriel came near, she turned from her with a manner that bespoke almost loathing. Muriel stepped back as from a dagger, and Sybel flushed painfully for her. "Are you better now, Mary?" she

asked gravely. Instead of answering, Mrs. Betram burst into a violent fit of crying. It was something unwonted. The two exchanged glances, and then the clue to the whole flashed into Sybel's mind, with the recollection of a certain past conversation. But she could not enlighten Muriel. She could only feel

very much vexed with herself for hav-

ing made matters worse than they needed to have been. "Would you not like to come to your own room?" asked Sybel, pitying Muriel, who stood rigidly apart

with a look of pain

"Thank you-your arm, pleaseand tell Muriel to take off that horrid sari. Nobody must see her in it."

Mrs. Betram went slowly out of the room. Muriel's fun was at an end. Sadly enough she unwound the long muslin folds, and resumed her own dress. She was hidden in her room till luncheon. By that time Mrs. Bertram's equanimity was restored, but her manner to Muriel showed marked For the first half of the afternoon

Sybel was claimed for a drive. After that, coming in tired out, she lay down on her bed, and secured Muriel as her only companion.

"Just what I have been longing for all day," Muriel said, sighing, as she laid her face down on the pillow beside her friend's. "O Sybel!"

"O Muriel!" was the gentle echo. What could that deep breath have

"It is not pleasant to be hated." " Hush !"

"Particularly by one's mother." "Hush, dear! You will be sorry

by-and-bye." "Yes, but it is such a relief to speak out now. How should you feel in my

"I can fancy how unhappy I should feel. But, indeed, dear Murie, it is

"Do you ?" Sybel hesitated. "Understand

"Whatever lies at the root of mamma's dislike to me. Did you not see this afternoon how she shuddered when delighted to have me, and, in fact, Mr. Rivers pulled his moustache I came near her-as if I had been a they would not let me go sooner.

" Why ?"

tions that she has with it.'

Sybel touched her cheek affection-"Chesney back yet?" and each time | brother. I must necessarily come in | obliged to you to drop the subject, the after-bang of his study door waxed | for family secrets, which I can't re- | said Mr. Rivers. peat. You understand that."

fondness.

"Sybel, I do wonder at you." " Why ?"

"Don't you think you are changed?" "Since when?"

so bright-when you have such reason and Mrs. Bertram came on a visit to to be otherwise. You used to be far more up and down than even I. Mr. Maxwell called me his 'little barometer," but you were always his small sensitive-plant."

lightly, and her eyes looking across to kissing purple hills.

"Up and down in what way?" she

"Why Sybel—just as I am. One day everything looks sunshiny, and I land. care for nothing; and another day a wet blanket seems wrapped round one's very being. You know."

should yield to such moods."

"But one can't help the feelings." "One can help giving way to the

"But don't you get depressed days?" that you have never quite lost that give way to the feeling, and act as wet 'tion.

blanket to others. I dou't say I never do it. Muriel," she added humbly.

"John is so fond of teaching that Christians should be always rejoicing. And this was given me by a poor crippled girl. I must take you to see her. Look-I always keep it in my Pocket-Testament. But then how impossible it seems to rejoice always. One can't rejoice when there is nothing to re-

"I can't imagine such a state of things.

" Not ever ?"

" Never." "Not even--'

"Not even when my darlings were

Tears gathered and dropped slowly, but presently Sybel went on-"Not even then. I had my Saviour's

"But-at such a time !"

"I never knew His love was so strong till then. And after a while could rejoice that they were safely housed-no more sin or pain for them -my little precious ones !"

"Don't darling," for she was weeping bitterly.

"It isn't mean't not to be sorrow," said Sybel brokenly. "His tears, you know-that is my comfort. I may grieve because He did. But I shall have them again-and heaven seems nearer than earth sometimes, when I think of them there."

"If you could rejoice then, I should think you would find it easy to rejoice

"Ah, that is different. People often find it harder to throw off the burden of little daily worries than of great sorrow. The martyrs could sing in the flames, but depend upon it they didn't always sing, when home-folks were troublesome, or unkind words were said, or money affairs went wrong. I find it hard to sing sometimes when life doesn't seem worth the living for. Dear Chesney has always been so patient. But now, Muriel, I am not going to talk any more about myself. Tell me about yourself."

Muriel, once started, found so much to say that the dressing-bell rang before she had, at Sybel said, "finished the first head of her discourse."

"But Murie, Murie, John is right, she said softly. "You are living too low down in an earth atmosphere. Up above, the air is clearer. You want more of the 'joy of the Lord' in your

"I know I do, but how am I to get

Sybel gave her a kiss.

"Don't think I am telling you to copy my poor playing. We both have to learn the heavenly harmony and the master-touch from Christ."

"Shall I ever?" Muriel said sadly.

as she went away. Chesney appeared in time for dinner, hungry, hearty, and bright. He apologized for his long absence. "I could not resist," he said, looking straight at his father. "John was Sybel and I are to take tea there on "Yes, I am sorry she saw you in Friday. What a bonny little mother Rose makes! Connie is a sweet child -quite clung to me when I talked of "Only because of certain associa- you, Muriel. John has a pulled look -very good spirits, but I should not "And you know them-and I do fancy him quite strong. This unfortunate division is a distress to him.

"When you have said as much as ately. "Murie, I am wife to her you particularly wish, I shall be

"By all means, father,"—in a most "Yes, and do not mind it-only I good-humored tone, Chesney having girl imagined it was the sunlight which don't like anything which seems to decided on his course of action. 'What a good fellow John is !-so "Nothing can do that. We are sis- thorough and hard-working and selfters always," Sybel said with playful denying. My life looks quite small beside his. We had a long walk together through the old lanes, and tried to fancy ourselves boys together once

But Chesney's face shaded, and "Old days. It isn't like you to be sigh escaped him. Perhaps the attempt had proved a failure.

----A CASE OF CONSCIENCE BY HON NEAL DOW.

A friend of mine, yet young, who Sybel lay with her hands clasped had been in business in a small way, thought he would go to New Orleans, the open window, where might be live there, and try his fortune. He caught a distant view of the blue sky put all his property into a certain kind of merchandise which he knew the market of New Orleans would readily take, embarked on board a brig and sent her off, while he resolved to go by

In those days there were no railways. From Philadelphia he took stage over the mountains to Pittsburgh. On Sat-"Yes-I know. I don't think we urday night there was talk among some of the passengers on the question of Sunday travel. My friend said he would not travel on that day-he would stop over at the hotel where the passengers had supper. He had never "Often-just as children get their travelled before, and some old stagers cross days.' Very much the same represented to him the possible if not thing, too. I never feel it right to probable consequences of his resolu-

On the Monday the stage might have no place vacant and he must necessarily wait another day, and perhaps another and another before he could continue his journey. In that case, on arrival at Pittsburgh he might find the steamer gone, and another delay would result from it. My friend considered the matter carefully. His orders to the shipmaster were to await him at New Orleans so many days; if he should fail to arrive he was to warehouse the cargo, a costly affair in New Orleans. He had hoped to sell it from

the vessel. My friend said: I will stop over. will not travel on the Sabbath. The stage with his pleasant companions went on without him. He remained in the poor country inn, with no books, no company, no church. On the Monday the stage was full and he could not proceed; on Tuesday the same; on the Wednesday he found a seat. and on his arrival at Pittsburgh there was no steamer, and would be none for CUSTOMERS two weeks. He took passage on a flatbeat for Cincinnati, where he arrived after a tedious passage, and was obliged to wait there three days for a steamer to New Orleans. All looked very dark

If he had kept on without stopping over he would have found a steamer at Pittsburgh all ready to start, by which he could go without change to New Orleans. On arrival at his destination he found his cargo in a warehouse, as he had feared, and besides he missed an admirable opportunity to sell the whole of it, from the vessel, to a merchant in undoubted credit, who importuned the captain to sell and thus save storage. All looked very dark to my friend. A worldly man would think Sabbath-keeping

would not pay. In two days after his arrival, the merchant failed who had endeavored to buy his cargo. The sale would have been "on time," and the entire cargo would have been lost. In the meantime my friend's merchandise greatly advanced in the market, was very quickly sold at a large profit and for cash, the transaction being the foundation of a handsome fortune, which he employed always wisely and well, not for himself and family only, but most literally in every good work.

In keeping God's commands there is in truth great rewards in many ways.

WAITING.

To most waiting is harder than working. Patience is a difficult virtue, and in this busy, over-strained age, it is becoming somewhat scarce. Ofttimes it is the best service that can be rendered. "For they also serve who only stand and wait." Away from the glare of the world, in the privacy of home, waiting, not in idleness, nor in disappointed pride, but in faithful performance of the small duties, by which hour by hour the soul's devotion to God is proved, its strength is nourished, and if a call comes to higher work, it is not found wanting. "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much."

THE DUSTY ROOM.

A young girl was sweeping a room one day, when she went to the windowblind and drew it down. "It makes the room so dusty," she said, "to have the sunshine always coming in."

The atoms of dust which shone golden in the sunbeams were unseen in the dimmer light. The untaught made the dust.

Now many people imagine themselves very good people. One poor old man, who lived all his life without a thought of love to God, said he was willing to die. He didn't owe any man a shilling.

If the Spirit of God should shine brightly into such a heart, how would it look? It would show him sins enough to crush him. This light of FOR DRESS COMBINATION the Spirit is like the sunshine in the dusty room. It reveals what was before hidden. When we begin to feel unhappy about our sins let us never try to put away the feeling. Do not let us put down the curtain and fancy there is no dust. It is the Holy Spirit's voice in our hearts. He is showing us ourselves, and better still, He will show us the true way to happiness. - Presbyterian.

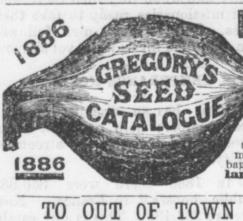
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