Morning.

In thy God's good name go forward,
And, with hearty will and mind,
Do thy work and sow thy harvest;
What is done is left behind.

Look not always on the distant,
But thy nearest duties keep;
He may only rest who labors,
Thou must sow if thou would'st reap.

Ill for thee is idle standing,
For temptations gather fast;
Better far to work in earnest,
And to rest when day is past.

Fear not, then, because thou know'st not
What may happen or go wrong;
Do the right—for God's good blessing
Clears all clouds, and keeps thee strong.

In God's name, then, up and forward!
And, with hearty will and mind.
Do thy work and sow thy harvest—
What is done is left behind.

Selected Serial.

MARGIE'S MISSION.

BY MARIE OLIVER,

Author of "Ruby Hamilton," "Old and New Friends," "Seba's Discipline," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

Ruth knew just where to look for the little chamber furnished with those luxuries which follow a petted child of fortune—and which presented a painful contrast to her own plain little room tucked away under the eaves. She could picture Lois asleep. She knew every turn of the white neck, every smile that flitted across the fair face. She wondered if she was dreaming of her? How lonely the great house looked looming up so silently against the heavens. The guests had departed. The music had died away. Lois was tired and had gone to sleep. How strangely the sky looked! Here and there appeared a great space of empty blue, with a few mottled clouds grouped together like a flock of timid doves, while the moon coming up from behind the tree-tops threw queer shadows over the maples and rose bushes.

Ruth pressed her lips to the bit of woodbine climbing in at the window, then the hot tears welled up in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh!" she cried, "what would life be without papa? What should I care for sky, moon and flowers if he were not here?"

Breathing a faint prayer that her father might be well in the morning, she closed the window, shutting roses and woodbine out, and after seeing that everything about the house was secure for the night, went up to her little chamber under the eaves.

Kirke Morton found it impossible to rest that night, in spite of the weary feeling which a hard day's work at his desk had left in back and limbs. Much as he coveted sleep, he lay till long after midnight watching the moon sail under this and that soft cloud, ever calm and stately, as if she had ought but the most peaceful scenes to shine on. Finally a brisk breeze sprang up. The moon grew timid and withdrew her light. The maples in front of the house shivered as with fear, and here and there the rattling of a loose blind gave evidence of an approaching storm.

At the first patter of rain on the window, Kirke turned on his pillow and sat up. Something beside the rain had caught his ear, and without further delay he hastily drew on his clothes, and lighting his candle, stepped out into the hall.

Every one knows the confusion which follows a sudden awakening from a sound sleep to the stir and bustle of outward things; and for a moment Ruth Morton could not collect her scattered senses sufficiently to ask Kirke what the trouble was, or why he had called her.

She noticed he had set a lighted candle on her bureau, and she reached out listlessly for the dress she had laid over the back of a chair the last thing before going to bed. But when she had found it and put it on, she buttoned it up slowly, wondering all the while how there came to be a storm when the evening had been so quiet and beautiful; if she had not dreamed Kirke had called her—and if she hadn't better go back to bed again.

Kirke's face looking in through the half-opened door recalled her scattered senses. Taking her candle she went out into the entry where he stood putting on coat and hat.

"Father is very sick, Ruth," he said. "I am going for Doctor Allen, and one or two of the neighbors. Don't be frightened," as Ruth's eyes met his with an appealing look. "I trust it is nothing serious."

Nothing serious!

Ruth's heart sank lower than ever at these words. She watched Kirke down the stairway, and out into the wind and rain, closing the door behind him with that carefulness which sickness invariably teaches, then passed on to her father's room and went in.

Daniel Morton lay on the bed just as his son had left him. A deadly pallor had settled on his face, and his eyes as he lifted them to Ruth's wore a dim far-away look. A bowl of water, with a wet towel thrown over it, stood on the table. Kirke had evidently been bathing his father's head. Ruth took it up mechanically, and commenced smoothing the thin hair from the cold forehead.

"Is it one of your old spells, father?"

The minister moved slightly. His lips parted, but though Ruth bent her ear close to them, she failed to catch the whispered words. Just then Kirke came in, bringing Doctor Allen and one or two of the neighbors with him, and Ruth moved away to make room for them.

Kneeling by her father's pillow, her startled eyes watched every movement of the family physician. She counted each drop of the dark colored liquid he put between her father's lips, noted every motion of his hand holding the great gold watch whose tiny beats betrayed the state of the feeble pulse clasped between his fingers.

Doctors seldom betray their feelings, and Doctor Allen knew very well how closely he was watched by Ruth Morton's brown eyes.

Sitting back in his chair, he looked keenly at the face on the pillow for a moment, then calling Kirke, whispered a few words to him, and the two left the room together. Ruth could hear them talking just outside the door, but she did not attempt to follow. She did not move even, when one of the neighbors came to her, and putting back her hair from her face, kissed her and called her "poor child!" in that commiserating tone one unconsciously assumes to a person in trouble. Presently Kirke came in, and then Doctor Allen called Ruth to him.

"Ruth," he said gently, "your father is a very sick man. I can do nothing for him. You must be prepared for the worst. I can only leave you in God's hands."

Ruth bowed her head. Why had he told her that? She had known it all along. She had thought herself prepared for the worst; and yet—why, how could she live without her father!

Just then Mildred came in. It is said the blind are keenly sensitive to change in the voices and actions of those they love; and Mildred Morton knew there were tears on Ruth's cheeks, and sobs in Kirke's throat, without being told. She put out her hand with a helpless cry. Ruth heard it, and forgetful of self, clasped her in her arms, whispering words of comfort. Some one hurried Margie to her father's bedside and lifted her up to look at him. She nestled down beside him, bewildered by the tearful faces, the dim lamps, and Doctor Allen's presence. Then there was silence. Daniel Morton evidently slept, but still the physician walked the room, his eyes fixed intently on his patient's face.

The rain fell on the window pane unheeded. The wind whistled through the maple-trees, and twisted the wet leaves of the woodbine into queer little shapes. Now and then a loose blind in the L rattled and tried to free itself from its hinges; but though Ruth heard every sound, she never once changed her position, or removed her hand from Mildred's.

At last day broke. The rain had ceased. The early sun hurried up to dry the drops from the rose bushes, and the ivy climbing over the gate. It shone in at the eastern window, and as it fell across Mr. Morton's face, he unclosed his eyes, turning them with a tenderness born of love, first on Margie and then on Ruth. Instinctively the elder girl understood his wishes, and her trembling lips pressed a last good-by on those held feebly up to them.

"God helping me, I will try, father," she said, then hid her face and sobbed aloud. A moment more the sun rose in full splendor, but the soul of Daniel Morton had gone to meet the Sun of Righteousness.

CHAPTER V.

GOD'S PROVIDENCE.

I weened not that a time so sweet
Could have an end; and yet too soon
God in his mercy deemed it meet
That each should walk a way alone.
—*Anon.*

Every one knows the stillness which settles throughout a house of mourning in the country. Every one remembers the closed blinds, the slow steps and subdued voices of the mourners. There is no crape on the door, no idle crowd of gaping children, no lookers out of the windows; but the quiet and calm make the passers-by speak softly, and look with pity on the house standing hushed and silent.

All Maplewood mourned the death of Daniel Morton, but grief cannot last forever, and when another grave had been made in the little churchyard, the neighbors returned to their various homes, each to their own work, leaving Ruth to comfort the sorrowing hearts about her as best she could.

The sun was just setting. The distant sky blushed scarlet and crimson under his steady gaze, and one tiny purple shaft shone in at the window of the deserted study, and lay like a narrow ribbon across the sombre carpet. The trouble Ruth had feared so long, had come at last. The Bible lay closed in the little book case, the unfinished sermon in the desk drawer beneath. The favorite study chair stood pushed back against the wall, and the well-worn dressing-gown hung limp and motionless on its accustomed nail inside the closet door. The time for Ruth to go into the little study and find it empty, had come. What should she do? Never before had she been called to the front of life's battle, and she stood tearful and dismayed. Oh! for one more sound of that dear voice—one more smile, one more caress. But the setting sun shone on that father's new-made grave, and the old Parsonage would never again echo to the sound of his footsteps.

Kirke Morton had borne up nobly under the heavy blow which had fallen on him; but he was only a boy at best, and it was natural he should feel heart-broken and alone. Because manhood's cares lay just beyond, was no reason he should not give way to his sorrow. His heart was heavy, and tears often relieve the weight of grief. I doubt if Daniel Morton had sadder tears shed for him than those which fell from the eyes of his son Kirke, when in the solitude of his own room. Then a thought of his young sisters entered his mind, and made him wipe his eyes and begin to lay plans for the future.

As a boy, he could do much better than they, therefore his first care should be for them. No matter if Death does steal into our homes and take our loved one's from us, life's tide sweeps on the same as ever. There are meals to be got and eaten, rest and sleep to be taken, and the comfort of others beside ourselves to be thought of; so Ruth and her brother Kirke met at last in the deserted study, and sitting down with clasped hands, began to look bravely into the future.

"I don't suppose we shall be able to stay here much longer," he said. "Maplewood will be calling a new pastor before a great while, and then the old Parsonage will be needed. I have been examining father's papers, and I find he has left us but little. To be sure, a few hundred dollars will remain in the bank after paying funeral expenses, but I would rather not touch that at present. Margie needs to be educated, and that will form the first stepping-stone. My salary is small as yet, for I am only a boy, but I stand as good a chance of having it raised as many who are older. I think with economy we shall be able to make it do, providing you are willing to help. And that is where the tug comes. Oh Ruth! I never can let you go out into the wide world. You have always been shielded so carefully. Oh! if I were only a man instead of a useless boy."

Kirke flung himself on the little sofa face downward. It was Ruth's turn now to act the part of comforter. All a woman's feelings came into play at the sight of her brother's tears. A moment before she had been rebellious and wicked enough to wish God had taken her too. Now she wanted to live for Kirke's sake. Kneeling beside him, she smoothed his flushed face with her hand.

To be continued.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS ARE ASKED TO SEND FOR SAMPLES OF OUR OWN S. S. PAPERS, THE RECORD, YOUTH'S VISITOR AND GEM BEFORE ORDERING ELSEWHERE. PRICES ARE LOWER THAN IMPORTED PAPERS.

How They Lock Up the Tower of London.

A few minutes before the clock strikes eleven, the porter, with an attendant, appears before the main guard-house, carrying a lantern, and calls out "Escort Keys." The guard, supplied always from the queen's household troops, then turns out and escorts "Keys" to the outer gate called the "Spur," each sentry challenging as they pass his post. "Who goes there?" "Keys." After the gates are securely locked and barred the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanations as before. When they come in front of the main guard house, the sentry stationed there gives a loud stamp on the ground with his foot, and demands, "Who goes there?" "Keys." "Whose keys?" "Queen Victoria's keys." "Pass Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well." The porter then calls out "God bless Queen Victoria!" to which the main guard sponds "Amen." The guard then presents arms, the officer kisses the hilt of his sword and the keys are deposited in the Lieutenant's lodgings. After this all ingress or egress is impossible. It sometimes happens that strangers visiting the pile do not get out before the time comes for locking up. In that event they may have to sleep—or keep awake—on benches in the guard-room.

The Place of Music in Church Service.

Eugene Thayer tells us in the Century for October, that music should not be considered the chief attraction in church service. We have all seen churches where, for a little while attractive music seemed to augment the number of worshippers. There is not a case on record where this device did not ultimately fail. Nothing but the Word of God, preached by one able and consecrated, ever did or ever will permanently fill the church. Setting aside, however, all the claims of worship, the pastors are still in the right on simple grounds of courtesy and common sense. A plain parallel case is this. How would we like to have them step upon our concert platform and insist upon reading the liturgy or even the Bible as the chief attraction of the concert? No; we are not to forget that music in the church is a means, and not an end. We weaken our cause when we claim too much for it.

Corn Raising.

It may surprise the good people of Canada to learn that the corn crop has been immensely increased in Canada. No doubt the N. P. people will clalm this as a product of protection, but PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR alone is entitled to all the credit. It raises more corn to the acre, than anything else the world can supply. Safe, sure, and painless. Take no substitute. Only 25 cents. Try your hand. A good crop guaranteed. Beware of flesh-eating substitutes. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

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Better than Gold.

So easily is a cold taken that not infrequently one is at a loss to tell when or how it has originated, and is prone to expect it will go HEALTH as lightly as it came. Perhaps it may go easily, if helped a little; but every cold that comes is *liable to stay*. It may happen just at a IS time when, from other causes, the normal strength of resistance in the system has been lowered. A little inattention or delay may give it a dangerous BETTER hold. Let it once become firmly seated, and the work of dislodgment will be very difficult. The simple Coryza, or cold in the head, may THAN develop into a Catarrh, and is indeed exceedingly likely so to do. That such is the case is evidenced by the fact that seven persons out of every GOLD. nine, in the Atlantic and Middle States, have catarrh in a severe form. Or, if it does not take that turn, the little cough that is at first but an annoyance, is almost certain to become dry, hard, racking and constantly recurrent, worrying in waking hours, banishing sleep, and momentarily weakening the patient. The larynx, vocal cords, and tonsils, become inflamed. The inflammation extends into the bronchial tubes, "Laryngitis" and "Bronchitis" AYER'S are the easiest words that the doctor, called in about that time, will use. The trouble goes on working down the CHERRY bronchial tubes to the lungs, ultimately threatening Pulmonary Consumption. Or, perhaps, the malady assumes the quickly fatal phase of Pneumonia. PECTORAL Just about as unwise a thing as an ordinarily sensible person can do, is to neglect a "little" cold or cough and PRESERVES give it a chance to develop in any of these ways. And when it comes to the treatment of children, neglect is criminality. All HEALTH. the dangers to be feared from colds and coughs may be averted, in the very outset, by the administration of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a medicine ineffably beneficent, which allays the coughing, soothes to refreshing rest, and brings back health.

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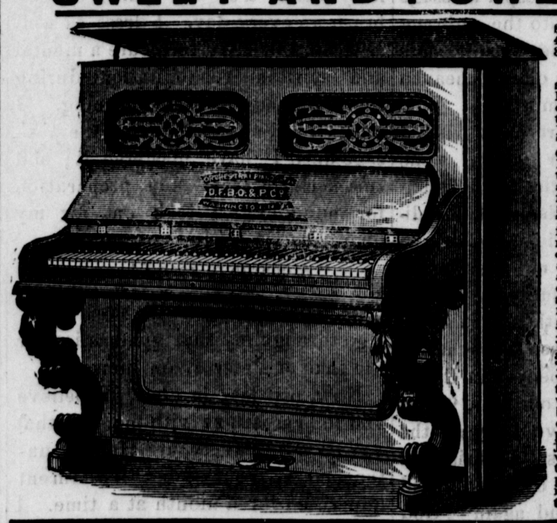

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