

Family Reading.

Thy Burden.

To every one on earth
God gives a burden to be carried down
The road that lies between the cross and crown.
No lot is wholly free;
He giveth one to thee.

Some carry it aloft,
Open and visible to any eyes;
And all may see its form and weight and size.
Some hide it in their breast,
And deem it thus unguessed.

The burden is God's gift,
And it will make the bearer calm and strong.
Yet, lest it press too heavily and long,
He says, "Cast it on me,
And it shall easy be."

And those who heed His voice,
And seek to give it back in trustful prayer,
Have quiet hearts that never can despair;
And hope lights up the way
Upon the darkest day.

It is the lonely load
That crushes out the life and light of heaven;
But, borne with Him, the soul, restored, forgiven,
Sings out through all the days
Her joy and God's high praise.

Love's Mastery : Or the Gower Family.

It was, as Lora had said, many weeks since last the Croombe carriage had drawn up before the old church-porch. And many a glance full of sympathy and interest was directed towards the one slight girlish figure which alighted, and walking up the broad aisle, was soon lost to sight in the shelter of the great pew. Mary Lyon clasped her little hands close together with pleasure and thanksgiving; and the rector himself, looking down, and meeting once more that up-turned child-like gaze, gave thanks inwardly on her behalf.

To Stella herself the morning worship was one of almost unsullied joy and gratitude. How many prayers had been answered, how many inner untold longings met and realized, how many hopes fulfilled since last she had knelt there! If painful and wearisome had been the waiting-time, yet more precious had been the promised and granted strength, and her banner this morning seemed indeed one of praise and joy.

Service over, she waited until all had left the church, and then followed the beadle into the rector's little vestry. Dr. Lyon's grave countenance was illumined as he took the small outstretched hand in his. "My dear child, I need not tell you how thankful and glad I am to welcome you once more. God has been very pitiful!"

"Yes," replied Stella, reverently. "O Dr. Lyon, no one will ever know how pitiful to me."

"A stranger intermeddled not with joy," thought the rector, as he marked the new light and life in the child's glad face; and, though neither he nor Mary ever knew the extent of the previous burden, or the price of the new-found treasure, yet both discovered that the weeks, thought of by them as weeks of bitter anguish, had brought to their child-friend a blessing of wondrous value, of which before she had been destitute.

"And you will come to us for to-day. Will it be asking too much?" the rector said.

"Yes, if you are not afraid; and, I do not think there is any occasion," Stella answered innocently.

Dr. Lyon replied only with his grave smile; and in less than five minutes they were overtaking Mary and Miss Fridell, and exchanging the happy thankful greetings of friends, who after circumstances of long and anxious separation are permitted to meet again in peace. It was a very happy Sunday to Stella, and not the least happy part the going home again—home, where she knew there would be words and looks of love awaiting her, so different now from any former going home.

She went to Somerset's room first. Whether Lady Trevannion's gossip had been a little too much for him, or whether, as Stella herself reprovingly reasoned, she had been absent too long,

Somerset appeared a shade lower than for the last few days, and his voice sounded a little weary as he told Stella he was very glad to see her back again. But she sat beside him in the fire-light, and, encouraged by one or two questions, told him all about her pleasant day; and Somerset's spirits soon recovered their usual tone.

"I like that German lady well enough," he said, after Stella had delivered a special message of condolence from Miss Fridell: "her eyes are full of spirit; and she can talk to admiration. But, though I humbly ask your pardon in saying so, your friend Miss Lyon appears to me one of the unapproachables, a condensation of goodness, ready labelled, with only the redeeming feature of a pretty face."

Stella laughed, for her brother spoke good-humouredly.

"You have never approached her, to begin with; so you cannot judge," she answered him.

"She has never given me the chance. I ask her here; and she declines, point-blank. What would you have a man do, after that?"

"I am sure I don't know about a man: I can only judge for a woman, or for a girl indeed."

"Well, and what would a girl do under the circumstances?"

"Ask her again. I should. It was not out of disrespect or disregard Mary did not come that night. For many things she would have liked it very much, only she and Dr. Lyon never do go to dancing parties, you know, Somerset: so what could she do but decline?"

"Nothing, I suppose."

"Then you will forgive her, and not call her 'condensed goodness' any more."

"I shall not promise. I may perhaps sometimes, to punish you when you keep me waiting for my supper till I feel as though I should presently eat my slippers."

Stella sprang from her seat, and rang the bell with unwonted energy. "O really, Somerset! But you have had your first tea?"

"I have had neither bit nor drop since dinner, at four o'clock: so you may imagine my feelings." Poor Stella's face was full of dismay. "But, Somerset, how is it?"

"Lady Trevannion has, I suppose, been closeted with Lora, or enjoying her siesta, leaving me anyhow to enjoy the pangs of hunger for the last two hours."

"It will be a long time before I go out for the day again," Stella said, pathetically.

"Make no rash promises. Wait till next Sunday comes, and see: meanwhile, I may comfort myself with the assurance of a week's indemnity from starvation, at any rate."

"Have you had a pleasant day, dear?" Lora asked, when Stella went to say good-night.

"O yes, very; only poor Somerset, he has been so famished!" and Stella related, laughing, how, owing to her absence, and no one being there to order his refreshment, Somerset had gone without a meal, and been sorely tried.

"Dear fellow! I am so thankful he can eat. They say that is all he needs now—that, and care for a while, and then change. Auntie has decided to go to Ventnor, as soon as he can travel safely, Stella."

"O, I am very glad! But I hope she will give him plenty to eat. People don't remember that now he wants seven or eight meals, where three used to do," Stella added, seriously.

"My dear, he will not go till he can care for himself in that respect," Lora said, with a smile; "besides, Mrs. Fleming is at Ventnor, with one of her young sisters-in-law, who is out of health; and she will look after him, I daresay. You must stay and take care of me and Tracy when he comes, you know, Stella."

Stella kissed the pale tired face, and thought again of Captain Flamank's parting charge. Would he think that she had faithfully fulfilled it? She hoped and believed he would.

"And now, good-night, darling. I have had a long day's thought and worry, and shall be very glad if I can sleep."

A long day of thought and worry, indeed; and the wrong conclusion arrived at, after all. Poor Lora, with an amount of self-inflicted anguish which only herself could know, had at last made up her mind—forced herself not only to believe

that the decision that falsehood framed was the only true and right one, but the only step that in justice and faithfulness to him ought to be taken.

(To be continued.)

Waiting.

Each day when my work was ended
I saw, as I neared my home,
A sweet little face at the window-pane,
That was watching for papa to come.

The blue eyes closed one morning,
And I knew that never again
Should I see my baby watching for me,
With her face at the window-pane.

Yet I fancied to-night that I heard her
Call, just as she used to do
When she heard my step at the open gate,
"Come, papa, I'm waiting for you."

And I think that maybe she is waiting
As of old, in the soft twilight,
She watched, when the long day's task was done,
To welcome me home at night.

Some time when my work is ended
I shall see, as I near my home,
A dear little face in Paradise,
That is watching for papa to come.

Let the Women Speak.

Mrs. A. Sampson, 208 Bennington St., East Boston, writes: "I had been afflicted with dyspepsia for the last four years, was so bad that I did not dare to eat as it caused me terrible pain. Hearing of K.D.C., I procured a package. It gave me almost immediate relief. One package cured me. I have not been so well for a number of years. I cheerfully recommend it, and feel justified in saying that dyspeptics who can get this medicine have no excuse for suffering."

For immediate relief after eating use K. D. C.

Pompeian Advertisements.

A number of business announcements are to be found at Pompeii, that brisk little city to the daily life of which the energy of Vesuvius has lent a kind of immortality. Here we get a large number of miscellaneous inscriptions dealing with matters of daily life, announcements of forthcoming gladiatorial games, edicts of magistrates, wine-sellers' attempts to captivate customers, rewards for lost or stolen property, houses for sale or to be let, and other things of that sort.

We learn from one announcement that a glass of wine could be got for one as (about 3 farthings), while for four asses one could drink real Falernian. Another inscription informs us that a denarius (about 7½d.) was paid for washing a tunic, and the date, the 13th of April, is carefully recorded by the writer. Whether she was the laundress or the owner of the tunic must be left undecided, but it seems at least that she was in the habit of marking up her washing account on the walls of her house.

There are several such inscriptions on the same wall of this particular house, all dated; the 20th of April, tunic and pallium; on the 7th of May, an article which need not be particularized, while on the day following two tunics are scored.

—Whatever I may think of the pursuits of industry and science, and of the triumphs and glories of art, I do not mention any one of these things as the great specific for alleviating the sorrows of human life, and encountering the evils which deface the world. If I am asked what is the remedy for the deeper sorrows of the human heart—what a man should chiefly look to in the progress through life, as the power that is to sustain him under trials, and enable him manfully to confront his afflictions—I must point to something very different; to something which, in a well-known hymn, is called "the old, old story," told of in an old, old book, and taught with an old, old teaching, which is the greatest gift ever given to mankind.—Gladstone.

Indigestion is stubborn, but K. D. C. overcomes it.