

hear a paper read by one of their own number on some missionary subject, and to engage in conference on missionary work. For a long period they have supported one or more foreign missionaries, and but a few years since fully one-half of the graduating class offered themselves as missionaries in our great Western fields."—*Spirit of Missions*.

Family Department.

"NOT ALL AT ONCE."

A LESSON FOR THE YEAR.

Not all at once, but day by day
Our debt of gratitude we pay
To Him whose care for us exceeds
Our knowledge of our daily needs.
As sun and showers
Enrich the flowers
That bud and bloom in yonder vale,
Nor dream it ill
To drink their fill
Of fragrant incense they exhale;
So we who gather good receive
That we more noble lives may live,
As sweet acknowledgments may pay,
Not all at once—but day by day.

Not all at once may we attain
To any good we hope to gain,
Nor soar by rapid, eager flights
From darkest depth to sunnier heights.
The little rills
That skirt the hills
And breathe a trembling melody,
May join ere long
The solemn song
The anthem of the sounding sea,
Through dark ravine, down mountain slope,
Through all the labyrinths of hope,
They journey on their devils way,
And gather courage day by day.

Not all at once does heaven appear
To those who watch with vision clear,
And eager longing to behold
Its pearly gates and streets of gold.
But from the wheel
Of life we reel

The silken thread so finely spun,
Through light and gloom,
Nor leave the loom
Till death declares our task is done,
And if the heart with love be filled,
And if the soul with joy be thrilled,
Then heaven will shine upon our way,
Not all at once—but day by day!

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

JULIE.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

Now, these were the evil thoughts that his love of money was putting into John Gerring's mind. Nobody had seen him pick up Julie; nobody had seen him bring her home; nobody but John and Martha knew that the other Julie was dead—dead and buried in a far-off place. The villagers more than a mile away know that their niece was sick; what an easy thing 'twould be to put this sick child in her place! The child herself could tell no tales if she lost her memory now. And the quarterly cheques that he thought were gone would come in just the same.

Martha wrote to Mr. Strickland once in every month; in her last letter she had said that his little daughter was ill. She need not mention in the morrow's letter that the poor little soul was dead. "We'll wait a bit," said John. And so he suggested to Martha, hinting many other thoughts of his with a good many excuses for having thought of them at all.

"Nobody seems to want the child; there's nobody bothering—that's plain. She can't tell you anything about herself. Why don't you keep her, Martha? Perhaps she's run away from a cruel stepmother, who don't want her back

again. She's enough like poor little Julie to pass for her very well, specially after an illness of that sort. Nobody'd be wiser, I tell you; and the money'd come in all the same! I know you've set your heart upon the child—keep her; that's all you've got to do. Let the neighbors know you're now come back, and that Julie's still very ill. Fetch the doctor you've been speaking about, if you feel at all anxious like; for my part, though, you're equal to the doctor any day.

Poor Martha! It was a great temptation for her. She wanted to keep the child—not for the reason that John wanted her; she wanted the child for herself. She had been so lonely, so sore, and very sad, and this child had comforted her so; it would grieve her more than she liked to think if she had to give up Julie now.

John did not suggest these things to her all at once—they came by slow degrees; and gradually they fitted to Martha's mind without troubling her conscience much.

Nobody seemed to want the child, and poor Martha wanted her so. She could give her a really happy home, and no one would care for her more. The father, too, away in foreign lands, would grieve at his dear child's death; what was the use of troubling him when she could give him this Julie instead? He would never be a bit the wiser—indeed, how could he be? And what a future she was able to secure for this little waif and stray!

"It'll not wrong you, my lamb," she thought as she bent over Julie's bed; "and if you can't remember the home you have lost, you'll not grumble at the one I shall find."

So when she thought it better to call a doctor in, she spoke of Julie as her little niece; and he took it for granted, of course, especially as he had never attended the Gerrings before. He could not improve on Martha's treatment—she was doing quite right, he said; and merely asked some questions about the fall that Martha said she had had; looked grave as he bent over Julie and left some instructions behind.

And when the villagers kindly inquired how Julie was getting on, John answered, "Better. Martha's come home you know."

Martha had been so busy all this time, she had scarcely stepped out of the house, and by the time she came in contact with the villagers again, the mystery of the missing child was all cleared up. She had been found drowned, as we know; and something else having taken their attention, people ceased to speak of the unhappy affair.

John's luck was certainly not "agin" him now. And as nobody bothered, or made inquiries at all, John settled down comfortably to his usual life, and thought he had accomplished a capital stroke of business, feeling very well satisfied indeed.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. STRICKLAND'S RETURN.

But you want to know more about Julie herself, and how she was getting on. She was ill, indeed, and during the fever she moaned and tossed about and rambled in her talk, and took no heed in any way of her new surroundings at all; but Martha nursed her carefully—no one could have been more tender—and at last she had her reward. The fever passed away, and Julie was in no more danger now; she had come to her senses again. Only one thing had gone completely out of her life—it was the memory of the past. She had forgotten who she was; forgotten the dear old home, forgotten her playmates, Chubbie and Puff; and Guy, Rose, Elsie, and Lance. That was a blank to Julie now.

There was a very kind person who bent over her bed, and called her endearing names, who smiled at her gently and coaxed her to eat, and was very loving indeed.

"Look what auntie brought for you to-day. Do you think you can eat that, my lamb?"

Julie always looked confused when this person called herself by that name; but it was such a trouble to think, and it pained her head so much, that she was glad not to think at all. And as she didn't know what to call her nurse, she called her "auntie" sometimes, which always brought a smile of pleasure to the person she addressed. And Julie's tender heart was just the same—the tender heart that guessed so soon what pleased or vexed anybody; so she called her "auntie" oftener when she saw it pleased her so, and after a while fell into the way quite naturally.

"Auntie," she said one day, when she was feeling ever so much better, sitting up in bed, propped up with the pillows, and a ripe pear in her hand, "Wasn't there somebody else?"

"Somebody else, my dearie? What d'you mean?"

"I can't tell," said Julie, looking very confused, and putting her little hand upon her brow. "Weren't there a lot of others? I can't think, you know."

"Don't think, dearie; it is bad for you. Doesn't auntie please you, love?"

"Yes," said Julie, with a fluttering sigh—"oh yes!" and returned the kiss which Martha pressed upon her cheek with interest.

"You've been very ill, my pet, a long, long while. You've forgotten many little things, you know. Shall auntie tell you some of them?"

"Yes, please," said Julie, with a brightening eye. "I want to know."

"Don't you remember papa, my lovey—papa that I often talked to you about—papa has sent you pretty things from India? Don't you remember him?"

A bright light beamed in Julie's eyes just for half a second. "I thought he was dead," she said.

"Dead! Bless your little heart, papa's no more dead than me!" And Martha tried to laugh as she stroked the poor child's cheek.

Julie looked confused again, and gave a heavy sigh.

"Julie, don't you try to think at all, my dear. It'll all come right by-and-by. Papa will come to take you to his house one day. He's on the big ship now. He was to start last week. He's coming home my pet."

Yes, Mr. Strickland was really coming home. Only last mail had brought the news to them. In five weeks he hoped to be in England, he said, and was longing much to see his little girl.

John Gerring was greatly relieved at the news. The child would be safely off their hands; and he gloated over the luck that had managed everything so nicely, and was only anxious for Julie to get quite well.

And Martha? It came like a pang to think of meeting Mr. Strickland so soon—the husband once of her well-loved sister Jessie. What could she say to him? Well, she had deceived the neighbors all around; she must now prepare to deceive the father too.

"Will you take charge of her for me? I can trust her with you, Martha, more than anyone in the world." She had not forgotten his words. He had trusted his child to Martha, and the little one had died, and she was going to palm off as his own another—somebody else's child. She wished so much she could confess it all without reserve to him, and keep for her own this poor little girl who had fallen into her hands so strangely, but she dare not suggest such a thing to John. What would John Gerring say? No, no, it was no use now. She must carry it out to the end. Even if she confessed to relieve her mind, it wouldn't save her the child. John only kept Julie, she knew very well, for the money she would bring in. It grieved her, too, very often to deceive her poor little charge, and Julie's wondering and puzzled eyes made her often guilty and sad;