

## Family Reading.

THE LATE REV. JOHN STAN-  
NAGE.

Sleeper in thy casket lying,  
Safely through the pain of dying,  
Come to lie a few brief hours  
In priestly robes and cross of flowers,  
Come that thy sorrowing flock may see  
The peaceful death that came to thee,  
And gazing on thy reverend face,  
May learn of glory and of grace.

Thou seem'st a sheaf of ripened grain,  
Ne'er with the tares to grow again,  
A conqueror with his armor on;  
"The battle fought, the victory won;"  
The evening of a long bright day,  
Whose toil and heat has passed away;  
A story told to God who gave—  
A good man passed life's toilsome wave.

A parish mourns its reverend head,  
Each feels an orphan by that bed,  
All tell of some kind word or deed,  
His counsels wise, his purse in need,  
His tender interest in the youth,  
The old recall his words of truth,  
The fearless stand he took for right,  
The Church so precious in his sight,  
His priestly office magnified,  
His bright example glorified.

### DESCRIPTION OF A PREACHER.

Firstly—He should preach orderly.  
Secondly—He should have a ready wit.

Thirdly—He should be eloquent.  
Fourthly—He should have a good voice.

Fifthly—He should have a good memory.

Sixthly—He should know when to make an end.

Seventhly—He should be sure of what he advances.

Eighthly—He should venture and engage, body and blood, wealth and honor, by the Word.

Ninthly—He should suffer himself to be mocked and buffeted by every one.

### SOME OF THE BEST THINGS TO GIVE.

There are none so poor as not to be able to give something to others. You may not have money, or costly presents made up of this world's goods, but remember that you can still bestow that which will help to make others far happier and better than all the treasures of earth could do. Let me tell you what are some of the best things to give. I will set the matter down in a few words, so that the youngest can easily remember it.

1. The best thing to give your enemy is your forgiveness.

2. The best thing a parent has to give a child is a good example—"to train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

3. The best things a child can give its parents is to love honor and obey them.

4. The best thing you can give to God is your heart. This He asks you to give Him, though it is by nature sinful and vile. Yet He can make it humble and contrite, and then He will take pleasure in it. (See 51st Psalm, 17th verse.)

Give it to Him at once, and ask Him to accept it for Christ's sake; to take it just as it is, and make it what it ought to be.

### PROVE IT BY MOTHER.

While driving along the street one day last winter in my sleigh, a little boy six or seven years old, asked me the usual question, "Please, may I ride?"

I answered him, "Yes, if you are a good boy."

He climbed into the sleigh; and when I again asked, "Are you a good boy?" he looked up pleasantly and said, "Yes, sir."

"Can you prove it?"

"Yes, sir."

"By whom?"

"Why, my ma," said he promptly.

I thought to myself, here is a lesson for boys and girls. When a child feels and knows that mother not only loves, but has confidence in him or her, and can prove their obedience, truthfulness and honesty by mother, they are pretty safe. That boy will be a joy to his mother while she lives. She can trust him out of her sight, feeling that he will not run into evil. I do not think he will go to the saloon, the theatre, or the gambling house. Children who have praying mothers, and mothers who have children they can trust, are blessed indeed.

Boys and girls, can you "prove by mother" that you are good? Try to deserve the confidence of your parents, and every one else.

### WHAT IS HOME?

Home's not merely four square walls,  
Though with pictures hung and gilded,

Home is where affection calls—  
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded.

Home!—go watch the faithful dove,  
Sailing neath the heavens above us,  
Home is where there's one to love us.

Home is not merely roof and room,  
It needs something to endear it;  
Home is where the heart can bloom,  
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.

What is home with none to meet,  
None to welcome, none to greet us,  
Home is sweet, and only sweet  
When there's one we love to meet us.

D. W.

### OUR NEW NEIGHBOR.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

After a long and awkward pause, Sir Walter offered his pockets for inspection. Stoutly maintaining her belief that there was nothing good in them, the Witch yet showed she possessed some feminine curiosity by edging her chair nearer to Sir Walter, who felt himself growing hot and cold by turns.

There was actually nothing of interest in his pockets. Jeannette, who had begun by distrusting, would end by disliking him, and then—

But happily his hour of trial was over. At this critical moment there came from outside the sound of rapid footsteps. The drawing-room window was thrown open, and Mrs. White entered, looking flustered.

"Oh!" she cried out, "I am so sorry, Sir Walter. I hope you did not think me rude. I only heard this moment that you were here. Pray sit down. Jeannette, I am afraid you have been teasing Sir Walter. Come to me, dear."

Behind Mrs. White appeared Sibyl, with smiling mouth and glistening eyes.

"Sir Walter is so fond of children," she said. "I was sure Jeannette would not tire him. Indeed," turning to the lady behind her, "when I told him about my little adventure, he particularly asked me to introduce him to Jeannette."

But a few moments before, Sir Walter had sternly determined never again to speak to Sibyl, except in the most formal manner. Under the influence of these few words, his determination melted away. For with an adorable smile the stately lady advanced.

"You are very kind," she said, "to take so much interest in my little Jeannette."

Gentle-natured women are generally attracted by men who are fond of children.

But meanwhile poor Mrs. White—she had not been informed of Sir Walter's proposed visit—was going through a series of painful agitations. The baronet had disapproved of her visit to Mrs. Rosebay. What would he say when he

found that the unvisited lady was already on terms of intimacy at the Park?

"You have met before?" she hazarded, turned to Sir Walter. He did not look in the least terrible. On the contrary, his face was moved by those contortions which, from time immemorial, have been taken as indications of a desire to render one's self agreeable, if not fascinating.

"I have the pleasure of knowing Mrs. Rosebay by sight," he said, "but I have not yet been presented to her."

Tremblingly Mrs. White went through the form of introduction. His geniality might arise simply from politeness towards her guest. He might be really annoyed. There was certainly something unusual about his manner. Oh! if she had only not donned this garment of independence!

Happily, her thoughts were diverted by the arrival of other guests, for, at this moment, James Darrent and Maggie were announced.

She went in with Sibyl to meet them. Jeannette, always anxious to know what was going forward, followed. Sir Walter and Adeline were left standing together on the terrace.

What an opportunity! But a few hours before he would have given worlds for it; and, indeed, several times, in fancy, he had lived through such a scene, for he was determined not to be taken *à l'improvu*. He had planned how he would open the conversation with general subjects, but subjects that could be made to bear particular meanings; how, gradually, with the utmost tact, he would work round to something more intimate; how he would indicate, rather than parade, his special interest, at the same time conveying a general impression that he was a man, sensible, dignified, and gifted with an eminent knowledge of men and manners. And the fancied interview would always end in the same way—in the beautiful and friendless woman being gratified by his interest, and struck with his judgment, in her asking his advice on some subject that had been troubling her, and so being laid the first paving-stones of friendship's golden path.

But now, this prudent forethought notwithstanding, Walter Harcourt found himself at a loss. He stood silent. The color came and went in his face, as if he had been a boy, instead of a sensible dignified man of the world. Several forms of speech occurred to him; he set them aside. One was too commonplace; another not sufficiently natural; a third might bear misinterpretation. Where, where were those general subjects capable of bearing particular meanings, where the fine openings in half-enigmatical speech for indications of general interest!

Little suspecting, meanwhile, the tumult of conflicting feelings which she had aroused within this neighboring breast—so entire is the isolation in which human spirits live and move—Adeline Rosebay was looking out placidly on Sibyl's flowers.

"The late roses are particularly good this year," she said, presently. And he, thankful for any opening, replied in the affirmative; adding, that up in the North, where his home was, they had a grand show.

"I understood your home was here," said Adeline. She was not curious. She wished merely to make conversation.

"Oh, no!" he answered, charmed by her interest. "My aunt brought me up, educated me, and all that kind of thing, and I pay her frequent visits; but my own place is in the North—up in Lancashire."

"Oh!" she said, awakening to real interest. "Lancashire; do you know many people there?"

"I imagine I know everybody. Have you friends up there? If so, we may find out that we know something of one another."

Adeline shook her head. "It is not at all probable that you know anything of me. Lady Egerton, who has a place

up there, is not a relative, only a friend."

"Lady Egerton: let me see, a little eccentric, is she not? Seldom at home. Does the Hester Stanhope business in the East?"

"She certainly likes to be different from other people," said Adeline, smiling; "but she is different. Have you ever met her?"

"I met her once. It was at the last elections, about a year ago, you know. She came over to help her son; he was contesting one of the small boroughs. By-the-bye, there was a story—"

He broke off abruptly. The red color had flooded Adeline's face and neck. There followed an awkward pause; then, as if in answer to an inquiry, she said, turning towards the drawing-room window—

"Yes, it is certainly a little too sunny here. We had better go in."

At the same moment Maggie's face, radiant and smiling, appeared at the window.

"Oh, Mrs. Rosebay—" she cried; then, stopping herself, "How pale you look! But are you coming in? I was looking for you. Uncle James has come. I want you to meet him."

"Yes," said Mrs. Rosebay, in her ordinary quiet manner, "I am coming in; the sun was a little too much for me. Now," looking round with a smile, "where is this remarkable uncle?"

"He is not conscious of anything just now," said Maggie; "but come and see what he is doing."

Followed by Sir Walter, whose state of mind may be conceived by the male reader, but scarcely lends itself to description, Adeline and Maggie crossed the long room to where, with Jeannette already on intimate terms with him, on his knee, and Sibyl, in an attitude expressive of deep interest, by his side, James Darrent sat. He was busy adjusting on the stage of a small microscope the stamen and anther of a minute flower. As Maggie had intimated, he was conscious of nothing but his occupation.

Adeline thus was able to observe him, and she did observe him for a few moments with a steadfastness so unusual in a stranger that Maggie was moved to whisper, smiling mischievously, "So you really think him remarkable!"

Then Adeline looked away; but she did not blush or tremble as now, when, in utter innocence, Sir Walter had been on the point of referring to one of the most uncomfortable incidents in the latter part of her life. For the consciousness of this presence made her strong, not weak. There was help in it, and possible comfort.

But now at last the delicate task is accomplished. James Darrent rises from his chair, and, with certain directions, offers his place to Sibyl. Jeannette calls out that she wants to see, and Maggie seizes the opportunity of drawing her uncle's attention to her friend.

"Uncle James, this is Mrs. Rosebay, of whom I told you," says the young girl; and he looks up smilingly.

What does he see that the smile should die away upon his lips, and the half-extended hand should be withdrawn, not in repulsion—no, for there is nothing but sympathy and kindness in his face—but because convulsive movements are natural to surprised feeling. What does he see?

He sees the face of his dreams, that first in girlish joy, which he, if it had been in his power, would have prolonged into womanhood's deeper joy, and afterwards in sorrow, terror, despair, that he had been unable to relieve, had haunted him for so many a long day. This, in fact, was no introduction; it was a recognition. Yet not even Maggie was aware of there being anything unusual. Uncle James was impressed, but that was natural. His love for music proved he was impressionable. That he should not respond even to an ordinary introduction after precisely the same manner as other people was

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