

Family Reading.

Treasures.

Have hope! Though clouds environ round,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow;
No night but hath its morn!

Have faith! Where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have love! Not love alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, faith and love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges fiercest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

Love's Mastery: Or the Gower Family.

But Somerset did not ask anything. He was even more ill than poor Lora had pictured him, lying pretty much like herself, only more prostrate. The room was partially darkened; and Stella did not feel quite sure whether he knew she was there or not, till she took him his first medicine. And then she did not observe the look of thankful relief which even in the midst of his pain and weariness passed across Somerset's features, when he noticed the small white hands which held the glass and smoothed his pillow, and the gentle indescribable quiet of every act and movement, which to a feverish sufferer is always unspeakably welcome.

Stella had learned many a lesson in her little brother's sick room, which now stood her in good service. When Dr. Mostyn came that evening, he did not need to be told again that the young girl was used to the post which she had assumed. He saw, too, that Miss Gower's mind appeared to be relieved from some heavy burden; which was indeed the case. For Lora could trust Stella implicitly where duty was involved; and, once having taken upon herself the care and tendance of her brother, she knew that nothing would tempt or force her from the post.

"If things do not look up to-morrow morning, I shall ask for a second opinion," the doctor said to Stella that night. Whom would your brother and sister wish to call in?"

"Our own family physician, Dr. Argyle," Stella replied promptly; for she knew that, not only to them, but to herself, it would be a very great satisfaction to have the opinion of so long tried and skilful a friend.

The following morning, as Mary Lyon was sitting down to the breakfast table, a note was put into her hand.

"It is from Stella, papa dear," she exclaimed. "I never did believe, notwithstanding your strictly correct authority, that she had gone away and left them—the little, loving, unselfish thing!"

"Dearest Mary," the note said, "you will have heard before now of our great trouble; and I write this little hasty line to ask you and dear Dr. Lyon to remember us, as indeed I know you will. You need not be afraid for me, as I was vaccinated a very little while ago; for which I cannot be too thankful. If I do not write again, you will know how it is; only think of me very often as your loving little Stella."

"They ought to have insisted on her going up to London to her little brother," Dr. Lyon remarked, sternly for him: "that fragile child is not fit to face the fatigue and anxiety of such a terrible complaint."

"They may be too ill to consider, or make any arrangements," Mary said. "Besides, think what a comfort it must be to her sister to have Stella near her. Lady Trevannion is from home, you know; and there is no one else."

"I shall call this afternoon," the rector said; which he did, and brought word to the anxious Mary that the malady was gaining ground, and that the family physician from town had been summoned.

It would be useless to describe the days and weeks of terrible foreboding, trembling suspense, and weary watching which passed slowly along.

Very few there are among us who do not know from heart-breaking experience what such days and nights of weariness mean—days when all hope borrowed from sight alone fades utterly away, and the only gleam of consolation comes from the realized assurance that One mightier than we is walking with us across the troubled waters, and that at His word the calm will come, whether it be of life returning, or of vanquished death.

And, as a little child clinging to the loving hand of a tender parent, Stella was enabled thus to trust; and sorely did she need this. Sometimes, especially as regarded Lora, hope sank to so low an ebb that it well-nigh vanished; and though prepared for much that was distressing and painful to witness, Stella had not guessed the half; and even in after days it made her shudder to look back on what had been. She never told to Lora, or to any human being, all the anguish and pity which those days of mortal sickness to her brother brought with them.

Strong in his very weakness, patient and enduring in the depth of pain and darkness—for, for some days, owing to the height of inflammation, Somerset was totally blind—tranquil in the midst of suffering and exhaustion, the lofty and enduring nature of her brother had never before been so displayed to Stella; and, when, in all the debility of the wasting sickness, he lay helpless and prostrate as a little child, he seemed to her to rise to a height of heroism which filled her heart with wonder and devotion.

She would gaze on him by the hour as he lay perfectly unconscious, while a hundred mournful thoughts occupied her mind, and her eyes filled with tears, as with the tenderness of a mother she anticipated every means of relief or alleviation, bathing his burning hands and forehead all the day, and watching with the most eager anxiety every variation of the painful and cruel malady. During the days of darkness and unconsciousness, Somerset always fancied that it was his elder sister who was so tenderly ministering to his wants and fancies.

"My good true Lora," he would say, "you must be wretchedly tired and weary. You must leave me now, and go to George: he will be tired of waiting." These and other broken sentences, spoken in the gentlest of tones, but with all the uncertainty and vagueness of delirium in their utterance, went to Stella's heart; and sometimes she felt almost thankful that her fast-falling tears could not be seen or heeded.

One morning, at the very height of the malady, when she was bending over her brother, trying in her sweet winning way to soothe his restlessness and allay the strange unreal phantoms which the fever awakened, Dr. Argyle, who came from London as often as his professional cares could possibly admit, entered the room.

"My poor, poor child," he said, coming up and laying his hand upon her shoulder, "you will wear yourself out."

He had been intimately acquainted with the family too long not to know how matters stood between the elder and the younger members; and it was very touching to him to see Stella thus sacrificing her health and liberty in the painful care of one who, as he knew full well, had never wasted love or tenderness on her.

"O, Dr. Argyle, it is so hard to see him suffer, and I cannot help him," she murmured; and the hot tears fell from her eyes as she turned away from her brother's bed-side.

The physician suffered her to weep for a few minutes in silence, while he examined his patient and talked to the nurse. He knew that tears, to such as Stella, were sometimes absolutely necessary. Then he came up to her again, as she stood in the window, and said, "My child, do you see those snowdrops?" For on the sweep of lawn immediately beneath the window there were patches of white snowdrops blooming exquisitely in the brightness of the early spring morning.

Poor Stella had neither time nor thought for snowdrops; and the doctor's question startled her a little. It seemed for the first moment almost trivial to be speaking of little flowers in the sadness of that solemn sick room. Her gaze, as she stood in the window, had been long away at the distant blue sea, and her thoughts in the valley of the shadow of death. But, when her attention

was thus called to those shining snowy patches glistening in the sun-light, their uncommon loveliness and purity awakened a strange reaction in her breast.

(To be continued.)

My Daughter's Cure.

Mrs. George L. Hicks, 76 McGill St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "It is with pleasure that I testify to the wonderful merits of K. D. C. My daughter has suffered severely at intervals for the past two years and was steadily getting worse. She tried three of the best doctors in the city, but obtained no relief, also every remedy that friends would recommend, with the same results, and continued to grow worse all the time. She was recommended by a friend to try K. D. C. and sent for a sample package. Before taking all of the sample the symptoms of dyspepsia were gone, and though she has since taken only one \$1 package, the symptoms have not returned. She has also gained considerably in weight, and her friends are surprised at the change in her appearance. If any person in Toronto, suffering from the same disease, would like to call on me, I could tell them more fully what K. D. C. has done for my daughter."

Wedding Feasts.

In Sweden a bride has her pocket filled with bread. It is supposed that every piece she gives to the poor on her way to church averts some misfortune. In Norway the bride herself hands around strong drinks that all the company may drink long life to her; the wedding feasts last some days, and the guests have no wish that their moderation be known. In Liberia it is the custom for the bride to retire from the dinner, and to throw over the bridegroom's house a hard cake made of coarse flour; the higher she throws it the happier will she be. In Circassia there is always set on the carpet in one of the rooms of the bridegroom's house a vessel of wine and a plate of dough; and the first thing the bride does on entering the room is to kick over the wine and scatter the dough with her hands about the room. In some parts of Russia the bride and the bridegroom, during the banquet, which always takes place on the evening of the wedding-day, are separated by a curtain; the parents of the couple exchange rings, and a basket of cheese and small loaves is blessed by the priest.

Rheumatism racks the system like a thumb-screw. It retreats before the power of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies the blood.

Ants at Play.

"I approached one day to the formicary of some wood ants, exposed to the sun and sheltered from the north. The ants were heaped upon one another in great numbers, appearing to enjoy the temperature of the surface of the nest. None of them were at work, and the immense multitude of insects presented the appearance of a liquid in a state of ebullition, upon which the eye could scarcely be fixed without great difficulty, but when I examined the conduct of each apt I saw that they were approaching each other, each moving his antennae with astonishing rapidity, each patting the cheek of one of his fellows. After these preliminaries, which very much resembled caressing, they were observed to raise themselves upright on their hind legs by pairs, struggle together, seize each other by mandible, foot or antennae, and then immediately relax their hold, only to renew the attack again in a moment. They would fasten to each other's shoulders, embrace and wrestle; overthrow each other and then raise themselves by turns, each taking revenge without producing any serious mischief.

"They did not spirt out their venom as they do in their real combats nor retain their holds upon opponents with such obstinacy. I have seen some so eager in these exercises that they would pursue and vanquish several in succession, only struggling with each a few seconds. . . . In one place two ants appeared to be gambling about a stalk of straw, turning alternately to avoid or seize each other, which forcibly brought to my