

Him; just as we learn to know our fellow men. Reading about God, even reading the Bible, teaches us what He is like, but we never know anyone only by reading or hearing about him. If all Christians were like the apostles the world would still marvel, and take knowledge of them "that they had been with Jesus" (Acts iv. 13). Certainly we are always in the presence of God, but in order to know Him it is necessary to realize His presence and hold real communion with Him. Those who stand always before Him, "reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image" (2 Cor. iii. 18, *Rev. Ver.*). Again, eternal life begins here, for "he that believeth hath everlasting life," even as "he that believeth not is condemned already" (S. John v. 24; iii. 18).

2. *Future.* But, though begun here, it will only be perfectly realized when we "through the grave and gate of death, pass to our joyful resurrection." (*Collect for Easter Even.*) Then we shall "know even as we are known," for we "shall see the King in His beauty" (Isa. xxxiii. 17), "shall see His face" (Rev. xxii. 4), "and so shall we ever be with the Lord" (1 Thess. iv. 17).

II. WHAT IS NOT IN HEAVEN.

Sin, and all the suffering caused by sin, shall be put away for ever. There will be no hunger nor thirst (Rev. vii. 16), even the hunger and thirst of the soul shall be satisfied (S. Matt. v. 6; S. John iv. 14; Isa. lv. 1, 2). There shall be no more death, the result of sin, (Rom. v. 12), neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain (Rev. xxi. 4).

III. WHAT IS IN HEAVEN.

1. *Holiness.* Into the holy city nothing unclean can enter (Rev. xxi. 27); only the holy and pure shall see God (Heb. xii. 14; S. Matt. v. 8). How then can we be made pure and clean? Zech. xiii. 1; 1 S. John i. 7). Sin is first washed away in Baptism, but as all men sin daily, so all should come daily to God for forgiveness and cleansing (1 S. John i. 9). Then remember the command, "sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee" (S. John v. 14). Holiness requires steady, persistent effort. Little sins must be overcome, little duties done, day after day. It is no use waiting for large things; the little things form the character, "the little foxes spoil the vines" (Cant. ii. 15).

2. *Rest.* Contrast the rest of the righteous (Heb. iv. 9-11), with the unrest of the wicked (Rev. xiv. 11). This rest cannot mean idleness, for it is an entrance into the rest of God, Who, as Christ says, "worketh even until now" (S. John v. 17 *Rev. Ver.*), and "His servants shall serve Him," Rev. xxii. 3). If here we are permitted to be fellow-labourers with God (1 Cor. iii. 9), perfect idleness hereafter hardly seems a thing to be desired.

3. *Peace and Joy.* Christ gives peace and joy even in this world (S. John xiv. 27; xv. 11). Still it cannot be perfect here, but when the righteous perisheth "he shall enter into peace" (Isa. lvii. 1, 2; lv. 25). The good and faithful servant shall enter into the joy of his Lord (S. Matt. xxv. 21). We know very little of the nature of this great joy, but surely "to depart and to be with Christ" (Phil. i. 23), to be "ever with the Lord," must be perfect happiness to those who love Him. Probably we are not capable of understanding the joys which God has prepared (1 Cor. ii. 9).

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Family Reading.

"Changed Lots; or, Nobody Cares."

CHAPTER XX.

(Continued.)

"Ah! I see you are laughing, papa," she said, trying to smile through her tears, "but I am happier now I have told you."

They walked on in silence till they came within sight of the little gate. "There now, papa," she exclaimed suddenly, "there's the gate which I remember coming in at!" Her tears had ceased and she was looking flushed and excited. "Why,

papa, there's some one there!" As she spoke her colour faded till she became so white that her father put his arm around her, nor did he take it away again, when in astonishment that knew no bounds he saw that a girl, ragged, dirty, and unkempt, was standing leaning against the gate with her eyes fixed on them with a glance which spoke both of entreaty and fear. A girl so like his own child that his heart seemed to stand still, and then the great joy which rushed into it excluded any other feeling; surely there could be but one explanation for such a likeness?

But his Dorothy's sudden weakness seemed to have left her; a world of generous impulse came into her eyes, as disengaging herself from her father's clasp, she sprang to the gate and tried to open it. "Why didn't you come before?" she exclaimed. "It was not my fault; indeed it wasn't!"

"Lisbeth caught me, and I was ill; Jem said I was very ill," replied the girl drearily; "but don't send me away now, I don't want to be a gipsy, let me in, let me in," she entreated pitifully.

Mr. Chisholm, now almost beside himself with agitation, unlocked the gate; neither of the girls seemed to remember his presence, as they stood looking at each other, now both within the shelter of the park.

"I couldn't help it, indeed I couldn't help it," repeated Lil; then with a bitter cry she threw herself into her father's arms. "Papa, don't send me away, don't send me away!"

"Dorothy! my darling, hush, listen to what I am saying," he exclaimed, forcing himself to a sudden calmness; "listen, I say, and what I tell you will make you very happy; this poor girl must be my child too, my lost child, your twin sister; do you not remember we thought she was drowned; you could not be so much alike if you were not both our children," and he put out his hand and drew the poor, tired, bewildered little wanderer towards him.

"They used to call me Dorothy," said the girl wistfully; her calmness was a strange contrast to poor Lil's passionate sobs. "And I had another name too, but I can't remember it."

"Chisholm?" asked her father gravely—"was that it?"

"Yes, Chisholm," repeated the girl, and for the first time joy stole into her tired face, and her eyes sought his with wondering wistful perplexity.

"I used to play here," she said, at last, slowly; "and I used to look out there, and the rabbits used to run about."

Lil's sobs had grown softer, and she now turned with a joyful smile to the girl she felt she had so deeply and unwittingly wronged.

"Come back and see mamma," she cried, taking her hand; "she has often told me I once had a little twin sister; come, come quickly, she will love us both, and so will papa."

Again, hand in hand, as on that June evening more than six years ago, the sisters walked side by side under the now leafless trees, but this time they walked slowly, for Dorothy's steps lagged, she had eaten little the last two days.

Meanwhile, Mr. Chisholm hurried back to prepare his wife for the wonderful news, which seemed in its marvel almost too great to grasp, with his mind full of plans for arriving at the truth, and feeling that he could not rest an hour till he had unravelled a mystery which, however, at that moment did not seem so incomprehensible as the strange story which had been corroborated by both girls.

CHAPTER XXI.

HAPPY SISTERS.

When Mr. Chisholm re-entered the room, where he had left his wife and Miss Knox, he found them still sitting there, and saw by the expression of their faces that they, too, were deeply moved, and her first exclamation showed him that his wife was already prepared for the great joy which was so near at hand.

After he had left the room, full of the subject which now filled all her thoughts, Mrs. Chisholm had for the first time told Miss Knox of the hope which had taken possession of her, that this girl, whose likeness to her child was so unmistakable,

should on inquiry prove to be the lost baby whom she had for so many years supposed to be drowned with her unfortunate nurse; and it had been a great comfort to her that, instead of throwing any doubts on the possibility of such a happy termination to the mystery, Miss Knox, in whose good sense she had great confidence, had been seized with equal conviction that the explanation was a reasonable one. Then all at once Miss Knox's mind reverted with painful misgiving to the confused but persistent story which her little pupil had told her throughout the last six years; what if this, too, were true? She was trying to decide whether it would not be right to repeat at once everything that Dorothy had said, when Mr. Chisholm entered the room, and his extreme agitation told them that something had happened.

In a few minutes the wonderful story was told. "I cannot doubt that she is our own child, Louise; but we must have proofs; yes, we must have proofs," repeated Mr. Chisholm, trying in vain to speak calmly. "I shall not be quite happy without them."

He had not as yet attempted to explain to his wife the extraordinary change which had unwittingly been made in the children six years before, for their voices were heard in the hall before he had time to do so.

Who can describe the mother's rapture as she clasped the poor forlorn wanderer in her arms, and scanned eagerly the sweet faces which were such a strange counterpart of each other. No proofs were necessary for her at least!

And when at last the wonderful story was unfolded to her, and she grasped the undoubted fact of the change which had taken place six years before from the lips first of one girl and then of the other, she cried triumphantly, "Didn't I say Dorothy was changed unaccountably by that illness, George? Didn't I say she was not the same Dorothy? Oh! George, how could a mother be mistaken? She was my child, but not the same child. She has never been quite the same to me. Just as dear, my Sibyl," she added, drawing Sibyl towards her, "only your mother felt there was a difference."

The wanderer was sorely in need of food, and as Sibyl (as we must now call her) waited on her sister with loving eagerness her heart was indeed full to overflowing.

When Dorothy had finished eating the bowl of delicious soup which had been promptly put before her, she for the first time remembered the precious little bundle which had not left her hand, and with trembling fingers untied the knots and spread its contents before her parents, telling them as she did so the story Jem had told her of the saving of the baby from the river by Rover, of the intention of Jem's father to give it up to any one he met, of his subsequent fear of blame, of Nance's love and care.

"And these are mine," cried Sibyl, joyfully, "look, there is S. C. I was the baby who was pulled out of the water!"

As one little garment after another was examined and recognized, Mr. Chisholm owned that no further proof was necessary; there could be no doubt of the identity of the baby reared in the gipsy encampment with his lost infant.

Then, if anything was wanting to prove the change that had taken place that June afternoon, there, carefully wrapped with the other little garments, was a small crumpled chemise, on which were the letters D. C., and of this Dorothy was able clearly to explain her own recollections, though they were vague: it had been worn by her, and Lisbeth had taken off the lace.

A few hours later, dressed in some of her sister's clothes, and so bewildered with her sudden happiness that her words came very slowly, Dorothy Chisholm sat by her twin sister's side trying to recall the past, of which she was obliged, however, to admit she remembered very little; and yet everything around her seemed familiar, and her mother loved to hear her say that she remembered some one who was always lying down whom she loved very much.

Then she told the story of the last six years, and tears came into her eyes as she spoke of Jem, of all his goodness to her, of his long illness and death; her amazement at the sight of her own picture was very great.