

Family Reading.

Lost Names.

"Those women which labored with me in the gospel, and other my fellow-laborers whose names are in the Book of Life." They lived, and they were useful; this we know, And naught beside; No record of their names is left to show How soon they died; They did their work, and then they passed away, An unknown band, And took their places with the greater host In the higher land. And were they young, or were they growing old, Or ill, or well, Or lived in poverty, or had much gold, No one can tell; The only thing is known of them, they were Faithful and true Disciples of the Lord, and strong through prayer To save and do. But what avails the gift of empty fame, They live to God. They loved the sweetness of another name, And gladly trod The rugged ways of earth, that they might be Helper or friend, And in the joy of this, their ministry, Be spent and spend. No glory clusters round their names on earth, But in God's heaven Is kept a book of names of greatest worth, And there is given A place for all who did the Master please Although unknown, And their lost names shine forth in brightest rays Before the throne. O, take who will the boon of fading fame! But give to me A place among the workers, though my name Forgotten be: And if within the book of Life is found My lowly place, Honour and glory unto God redound For all his grace! —Marianne Farningham.

New Select Serial.

KATHLEEN.

THE STORY OF A HOME.

BY AGNES GIBERNE.

CHAPTER XI.

PARTICULARS TOLD.

On the afternoon of the following day, a young man stood outside the front door of Rocklands, carpet-bag in hand. He was somewhat under good medium height, slender in make, with thin features, and eyes full of a certain impatient wistfulness. Two upright dents between the brows told of habitual contraction. He rang the bell mechanically, shifting his bag from one hand to the other; and without waiting for an answer he tried the door-handle, found the door to be on the latch, and entered. Gas burnt in the empty hall, and a folded newspaper lay on a settee, where it had been flung, and had lain neglected. Kenison Montgomerie augured badly from this little sign. Things must indeed be going ill, he thought, if Mr. Jolliffe cared not for the all-important daily news, so dear to the Englishman's heart. He looked into dining-room, drawing-room, breakfast-room, study, in rapid succession, passing from one to another with swift noiseless strides, and finding no one within. The schoolroom came last. At the first moment he could distinguish only a heap of blue serge on the rug, with arms and legs intertwined, and a thatch of chestnut hair surmounting, but then there was an exclamation, and the heap resolved itself into two. Justinia rose slowly, with a scared look upon her face, while Olave gave a subdued shriek, and flung herself into the arms of the new-comer. 'Olave! Mamma will hear,' Justinia said reprovingly. 'Oh, Ken, Ken, Ken, I'm so glad,' gasped Olave. 'Oh, Ken, nobody knows what to do, but you will know.' You'll go after darling Cleve, won't you, and not let those wicked boys take him from us. Oh, Ken, do? Oh, Ken, do. Kenison Montgomerie sat down, with his nine-year-old little cousin on his knee, stroking her hair in a soothing manner. Kathleen's telegram had left him much in the dark, but he was not

sure whether the children would be fully informed as to particulars, and resolved to be careful in his questions. Olave's words, however, supplied a clue, and he followed it by asking, 'Where is Cleve?' while Justinia came and stood beside him. 'Nobody knows,' said Olave. 'Oh, Ken, he has gone quite away, and nobody knows where. He hasn't been here since yesterday morning. And oh, Ken, Wills says that if he doesn't come back our sweet mamma will die—and Cleve doesn't know—and nobody can tell him.' The child's distress grieved Kenison. 'Hush, darling don't cry.' He said tenderly. 'Who is Wills?' 'Our new housemaid,' said Justinia. 'Hardwicke said it to Wills, and Wills told us, but she said we were not to tell.' 'Wills was very wrong,' said Kenison, 'Don't talk to her any more, either of you. She very likely quite misunderstood Hardwicke, and Kathleen will tell you all that you ought to know. Can anybody guess why Cleve has run away, Justice, dear?' 'I know what they are all saying, because Wills told us that too,' said Justinia. 'Everybody says it must be because he shot Mr. Corrie—Kenison made an exclamation—but Olave and I don't believe it, added the child resolutely. 'And I am sure Leena doesn't.' 'Shot Mr. Corrie!' was all that Kenison found voice to utter. 'Yes,—poor Mr. Corrie is dreadfully hurt. Didn't you know that, Ken? He went to the woods to see after Cleve, because he thought he was rabbit-shooting there with the Hopkinsons, and so he was, and they were shooting at a tree with ball, and Mr. Corrie was shot. Lady Catherine and Leena came upon him, lying on the grass, and the keeper was there too, and they brought him home. He is very bad, and they haven't got out the ball yet, and Dr. Ritchie doesn't know if he will live. And Cleve never came back at all, Ken,—never, all yesterday or to-day. The keeper saw the Hopkinsons and another boy running away, and Wills says it is because they are afraid of being put in prison. And mamma is so ill—oh, so ill. She hasn't said one word for hours and hours, and when they first told her, they thought she would die. And Leena and Hardwicke can hardly ever leave her,—and that was why Wills came to see after Olave and me. Oh, Ken, it has been such a day—and so was yesterday evening,' said the child incoherently, pressing closer to him. 'Nobody seemed to know what to do except Leena. Papa sat with his head in his hands, and only groaned. And Miss Thorpe screamed. That was how we first heard about Cleve. Wills told Miss Thorpe, and Miss Thorpe shrieked so that mamma came to see what was the matter. And she has been in her room since, nearly all day. She only came down once, and she was so shaky and crying that Dr. Ritchie said she must go to bed. And Papa comes in and out, and looks so miserable, and says, every time—'No news yet of our boy! I wish he wouldn't say it every time. The time has gone so slowly to-day.' 'Justice said we ought to pray,' murmured Olave, 'and we did try. She said you would say we ought, if you were here. Will mamma get well, Ken?' 'I hope so, Olave. She is in God's hands.' 'Yes, so is everybody,' said Justinia. 'People always say that. But everybody doesn't get well. He lets some people die.' 'Don't you think it would be sad if He did not?' asked Kenison. 'I am not talking now of people who don't love God. But those who do—think how many are weak and sad and suffering, and how weary they would be of living on in this world year after year instead of being allowed to go to heaven. He does not leave the ripe fruit to hang uselessly on the tree. It has to be plucked for the King's own table.' But if Kenison had meant to comfort Justinia the attempt was a failure. 'Oh, I hope mamma isn't ripe fruit,' Justinia exclaimed, with a burst of sobbing, and he had scarcely succeeded in soothing the tears away, when Kathleen appeared. She did not seem surprised to see

him, but came in with a swift step, and stood with her hand on his arm, her face very calm, though not with the child like serenity that he had known in her hitherto. It was white as well as still, dark blue eyes sunken and seeming to have lost half their colour. Kenison kissed her brow, with a low, 'My poor Leena.' 'Oh Ken, it is a comfort to have you here,' she breathed. 'I could not get away sooner. Your telegram arrived late last night. You had mine?' 'Yes. Come with me, please. I must speak to you.' 'May we come too, Leena?' asked Justinia. 'No, dear, I want Ken alone.' They submitted at once, and Kenison followed her into the study. He placed her there in the easy-chair, which she would have offered to him, and took a seat beside her under the gas-light. 'I can stay a few minutes,' she said. 'Hardwicke will ring if I am wanted. Ken, how much do you know? I want you to be able to act for us all.' 'The children have given me some particulars. You did not mention Corrie in your telegram.' 'I couldn't,' she said, with a shudder. 'It seems too terrible—such a return for all his kindness? Oh Ken, I sometimes think it is all a dreadful nightmare.' 'My poor Leena!' he said again. 'Don't pity me too much. I must not give way, and I want you to tell me what ought to be done. Papa is quite unnerved and bewildered, and I can ask him nothing. And mamma—' 'How is she?' 'I don't know—I can't tell. I dare not think. Dr. Ritchie does not say much. She has scarcely spoken a word, or seemed to know any one. Once last night we hardly thought she would pull through.' 'And Corrie?' said Kenison in a low voice. 'Dr. Ritchie cannot speak decisively yet. He says Mr. Corrie's cheerfulness is in his favour, but there is the trouble about Cleve. His first thought when he became conscious was about Cleve. He is very very anxious that we should find him, but no one knows what to do.' 'Does Corrie know who fired?' 'Two fired at once, and Cleve must have been one, for the keeper said he was carrying a gun. If Mr. Corrie knows which it really was who hurt him, he will not say. He is not allowed to speak much, only when they first brought him round, he would keep on repeating, 'Mind, there was no intention—no intention whatever to do injury—they did not see me,—no intention, mind.' 'Then he was unconscious when you found him.' 'Yes, and till after he reached home. Lady Catherine bound up the wound before he was moved. If she had not, they say he must have died from loss of blood. But she did it beautifully. The keeper went for men, and he was carried on a shutter, quite insensible all the way. I never shall forget that long dreadful walk. I don't think I could have borne it but for Lady Catherine. Before we started she spoke to the keeper, and made him promise: not to set the police after Cleve. I thought it would kill mamma if it were done, and she knows the Penneys so well that she could answer for them. She promised to write to them at once, and take all responsibility. The old man said he would do all he could to overtake Cleve without making a public affair of it. All Lady Catherine asked was just a day's delay till the Penneys could telegraph back their wishes.' 'And then?' Ken said. 'Then we reached Rockston, and Lady Catherine stayed with Mr. Corrie, and sent me in a fly for Dr. Ritchie. He made me drive straight home, and told me to say nothing to mamma till after dinner, when he would come to us. I told papa, and he was dreadfully distressed, and went out at once for more particulars. I don't know how I got through dinner, and when we had almost done, a report of what had happened reached the servants, and Wills told Miss Thorpe.' 'The children say she was in hysterics.' 'Yes, we heard her screams in the dining-room. I could not keep mamma from seeing what was the matter.' The children were looking dreadfully fright-

ened, and Miss Thorpe was sobbing and calling out about 'Mr. Corrie killed!' and 'Cleve run away!' Mamma did not say a word. She sat down on the sofa, and seemed as if she were turned to stone, such a strange grey whiteness coming over her face. And just then Dr. Ritchie walked in. Oh Ken, I was so thankful. He seemed to understand at once. Mamma gazed at him in a wild way, and said, 'Cleve—Cleve!' as if she could hardly speak. He gave her his arm, and led her into the next room, and there she seemed to go off into a kind of stupor, not exactly like fainting. She made no answer when we spoke, and took no notice of any of us for hours, not even of papa. Dr. Ritchie says it is a more merciful form of sorrow than acute distress, but I can see how anxious he is. It seems so strange that she should ask no questions. 'Has she asked none?' 'Once or twice in a faint voice whether Cleve is found. When Dr. Ritchie says, 'Soon, I hope,' she sighs, and seems to lie and wait for his next coming, when she asks the same again; she does not ask me. I don't think she understands about Mr. Corrie. She only seems to have grasped the one fact that Cleve is gone.' 'Better so, perhaps.' 'Yes, she would feel that terribly. Oh Ken, only think, if we had not found him when we did, he must have died? Is it not terrible?' 'Is it not something to be thankful for that you did find him then?' he said, and she almost smiled. 'But what will become of Cleve?' she asked some minutes later, when he had gathered a few more particulars, as yet unknown to him. 'He is in God's keeping,' Kenison said, much as he had said to Justinia, and with a different result. Kathleen folded her hands quietly together. 'Yes,' she said, 'that is my comfort. I have had it in my mind all day. God knows where our boy is, and He will take care of him for us. I am sure He will. Cleve would not stay away, if those boys did not make him. He always loved mamma so dearly, he would not willingly grieve her. It is they who have led him astray. But—if he fired the shot—' 'You must not make more of that part of the matter than the reality, Leena,' he said. 'The boys were guilty of trespassing and recklessness, and Cleve was guilty of disobedience. But even if Corrie should not recover, they would not be guilty of murder. They had not the slightest intention evidently of injuring any living person.' 'And Cleve would be broken-hearted at the thought of doing harm to Mr. Corrie. He was so fond of him. Ken, I believe you understand it all now, and I want you please to think what can be done about finding Cleve. It must be in your hands. Papa talks of advertising, but he seems to have no energy to act, and I cannot leave mamma, and there is no one else. Dr. Ritchie is overwhelmed with work. He was with mamma for hours in the night, and to-day he looks worn out, without a moment for rest; and Lady Catherine could not leave Mr. Corrie until the London nurse arrived. I did think of Dr. Baring, but we hardly seem to know him well enough. He has called twice to see mamma, and we took him to her at once, but she did not seem to know him. Every one has been so good, and Dr. Ritchie's kindness I could not describe.' 'And nothing has been done yet about Cleve?' 'There are inquiries going on, and searching. But nothing as it should be. I have been longing so for you.' 'We will lose no more time,' Ken said, rising. 'Don't forget one thing Leena dear. This may be just the way in which our prayers are to be heard, and Cleve brought back to safe paths.' Kathleen looked earnestly at him. 'Do you think so?' she said. 'I cannot say positively. I do not know, but it may be so. I don't mean for a moment that Cleve's getting himself into this trouble was according to God's will. Still, Cleve is a child of many prayers, and in one way or another they will be answered. I believe He will bring Cleve right at last.' 'Yes—by-and-bye,' said Kathleen mournfully. 'I can believe that too, But, oh, Ken, if he is not found now, quickly,—mamma will die.'

The Higher Motive. John B. Gough, in a temperance lecture, related a conversation he once had with a Christian gentleman in England on total abstinence. The gentleman remarked: "I have a conscientious objection to teetotalism, and it is this: our Saviour made wine at the marriage of Cana in Galilee." 'I know he did.' 'He made it because they wanted it. So the Bible tells us.' 'He made it of water.' 'Yes.' 'Well he performed a miracle to make that wine.' 'Yes.' 'Then he honored and sanctified wine by performing a miracle to make it. Therefore,' said he, 'I feel that, if I should give up the use of wine, I should be guilty of ingratitude, and should be reproaching my Master.' 'Sir,' said I, 'I can understand how you should feel so: but is there nothing else that you put by, which our Saviour has honored?' 'No, I don't know that there is.' 'Do you eat barley bread?' 'No;' and then began to laugh. 'And why?' 'Because I don't like it.' 'Very well, sir,' said I, 'our Saviour sanctified barley bread just as much as he ever did wine. He fed five thousand people on barley loaves by a miracle.' You put away barley bread from the low motive of not liking it. I ask you to put away wine from the higher motive of bearing the infirmity of your weaker brother, and so fulfilling the law of Christ.' Keep the Soul on top. Little Bertie Blynn had just finished his dinner. He was in the cozy library, keeping still a few minutes after eating, according to his mother's rule. She got it from the family doctor, and a good rule it is. Bertie was sitting in his own rocking chair before the pleasant grate fire. He had in his hand two fine apples—a rich red and a green. His father sat at a window reading a newspaper. Presently he heard the child say,— 'Thank you, little master.' Dropping his paper, he said,— 'I thought we were alone, Bertie. Who was here just now?' 'Nobody, papa, only you and I.' 'Didn't you say just now, "Thank you, little master"?' The child did not answer at first, but laughed a shy laugh. Soon he said,— 'I'm afraid you'll laugh at me if I tell you, papa.' 'Well, you have just laughed; and why mayn't I?' 'But I mean you'll make fun of me.' 'No, I won't make fun of you; but perhaps I'll have fun with you. That will help us digest our roast beef.' 'I'll tell you about it, papa. I had eaten a red apple, and wanted to eat the green one too. Just then I remembered something I'd learned in school about eating, and I thought that one big apple was enough. My stomach will be glad if I don't give it the green one to grind. It seemed to me for a minute just as if it said to me, "Thank you, little master; but I know I said it myself." 'Bertie, what is it that Miss McLearn has been teaching you about eating?' 'She told us to be careful not to give our stomachs too much food to grind. If we do, she says, it will make bad blood, that will run up into our brains, and make them dull and stupid, so that we can't get our lessons well, and perhaps give us headaches, too. If we give our stomachs just enough work to do, they will give us pure, lively blood, that will make us feel bright and cheerful in school. Miss McLearn says that sometimes when she eats too much of something that she likes very much, it seems almost as if her stomach moaned and complained; but when she denies herself, and don't eat too much, it seems as if it was thankful and glad.' 'That's as good preaching as the minister's, Bertie. What more did Miss McLearn tell you about this matter?' 'She taught us a verse one day about keeping the soul on top. That wasn't just the words, but it's what it meant.'

At this, papa's paper went suddenly right up before his face. When in a minute, it dropped down, there wasn't any laugh on his face he said:— 'Weren't these the words, "I keep my body under"?' 'O, yes!—that was it; but it means just the same. If I keep my body under, of course my soul is on top.' 'Of course it is, my boy. Keep your soul on top, and you'll belong to the grandest style of man that walks the earth.' Bertie put on his coat and cap, and went away to school. His father took up the apple he had left behind on the table, and put it in his pocket. On his way home late in the afternoon, he called at Miss McLearn's boarding-house. He gave her the apple, and told her all that Bertie had said. She could not eat that apple. She wrapped it in rose-coloured tissue-paper, and laid it in the drawer where she kept her dainty lace and nicest things. She had worked hard in school that day, and was very tired. At night, when her head was resting on its pillow, the moon looked in through the window, and saw tears of joy dropping on it from a sweet face.—Well Spring. ALL ARE WORKERS.—You are all of you workers, either in the vineyard of the Lord or out of it, either for Christ or against him. Your employment may be low and mean, as the world reckons work, but if you put into it a patient, consecrated spirit, if you do with a will, and because it is right, whatever your hands find to do; if you stand up for Jesus whenever you have an opportunity, you are as truly helping the cause of Christ as the editor in his office, or the minister in his pulpit. Your daily employments may be such homely tasks as washing dishes, making beds, dusting the office, sweeping the stairs, or running errands. It does not matter. Every thing—study, play, work, conversation—may be carried on to the glory of God. It is not for you to say whose influence is most far-reaching: What though thy power compared to some Be weak to aid and bless; Because the rose is queen of flowers Do we love the daisy less? Others may do a greater work, But you have your part to do, And no one in all God's heritage Can do so well as you. ONE BY ONE.—It will be well for us to learn to speak to individuals, singly. A congregation of one may be large enough to call forth all our powers, in proclaiming the good news of salvation. Often, we may save sinners one by one. If you had a bushel of bottles, and wanted to fill them with water, you would not think the quickest way would be to get a fire-engine and hose and play over the heap—especially if the corks were all in; but you would be likely to take a single bottle by the neck, extract the cork, and then by means of a funnel turn in a little water at a time until it was filled; and then take another and repeat the process. You would get more bottles filled that way, than with a hose and fire-engine playing upon them. So you may be able to accomplish more by working single-handed than in crowds. You may preach the Word by the wayside and by the fireside: for people need the same gospel indoors as out.—Christian Intelligencer. LIFE ABOVE FEELINGS.—Paying a pastoral visit to a brother who was gradually melting away, we said to him, 'Dear friend, it may be that when this disease has greatly weakened you, your spirits will fall, and you will think that your faith is given way. Do not be cast down by your feelings.' His answer was most satisfactory, for he replied, 'No sir, I am in no danger of that, for when I have had the most joyful feelings, I never rested in them. You have taught me that a soul can only lean on eternal verities, and these I know come from the mouth of God, and never from the changing feelings of the flesh.' Yes, that is it. Do not rise upon feelings, and you will not sink under them. Keep to believing; rest all your weight on the promises of God, and when heart and flesh fail, God will be the strength of your life, and your portion for ever.—Spurgeon.

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