

Family Reading.

The Portals of the Hereafter.

I sat by the wayside watching
The motley, moving throng,
As with eager and hurried movement.

New Select Serial.

KATHLEEN.

THE STORY OF A HOME.
BY AGNES GIBBERNE.
CHAPTER XXVI.

WHAT TO SAY.

It reminded Dr. Ritchie of the day
when he had had to tell Kathleen of her
mother's danger—only now he had
come to hear, not to tell.

startle you, but have patience, dear one,
till you grow used to it. I confess
that when first the thought came to me
—which was not till after I left Milan
—I too was startled, was distressed,

hour over it, and the words seem to have
lost all sense, so that I don't know
whether they are right or wrong.
Please, would you mind reading it
and telling me if you think it will do?

afternoon, but do as you like about
admitting her. She will understand.
'I should like her to come in; only
please tell her all first, Dr. Ritchie.'

their seats, and stood stretching forward
with a kind of fright and wonder. Still
there was no action, only the following
on of that thin voice, with a marvelous
witchery of apt and melodious words,

will be remembered by one single gem
of sacred melody; for Bishop Heber,
Charlotte Elliot, Perounet, and Mrs.
Sarah F. Adams, the author of 'Nearer
my God, to thee,' belong to the same
category.

Hymns of an Upward Flight.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

'Oh! that I had wings like a dove;
for then would I fly away and be at
rest.' This longing of the Psalmist's
soul for a homeward flight toward a
land of rest has found utterance in
many of our favorite hymns.

The Sin of Fretting.

There is one sin which, it seems to
me, is everywhere and by everybody
under-estimated, and quite too much
overlooked in valuation of character.

Powerful Preaching.

BY REV. E. FAXTON HOOD, LONDON.

We remember having heard a dear
departed friend tell how, when a boy
he was taken by his father one still
summer evening across the Northamp-
tonshire fields—I believe it was to the
little village of Thrapstone—to hear
Robert Hall.

Copying my Lord's Likeness.

Leaving my desk and books early one
forenoon, in Florence, I wandered out
into the Piazza, which was glowing in
the morning sun, and making my way
across the Arno, I landed at length in
the gallery of the Pitti Palace, so justly
celebrated for the wondrous gems of art
that adorn its walls.