

Family Reading.

Under the Daisies.

Under the daisies rest two little feet, Under the daisies two blue eyes sleep, Parted away from the forehead fair Lies many a wave of soft brown hair.

Two little hands on a calm, cold breast Are folded away, for ever at rest; Two sweet lips will be parted no more, Till they sweetly sing on the "shining shore."

Under the daisies a grave is made, Under the daisies my treasure is laid; Under the daisies; it cannot be— I'm sure that in heaven my child waits for me!

-L. J. H. Frost.

New Select Serial.

KATHLEEN.

THE STORY OF A HOME.

BY AGNES GIBBERNE.

CHAPTER XXI.

AWAKING TO SLEEP.

The awakening came, and it came suddenly, not gradually, as Kathleen had pictured to herself.

She was sitting by the bedside one day, alone in her watch. The nurse was sleeping in the next room, having sat up all night, a night of exceeding oppression and restlessness to the invalid and Hardwicke was gone downstairs. A slant gleam of wintry sunshine crept in below the venetians, and the ticking of the clock alone broke the stillness. It was a very quiet hour, those days. Dr Ritchie had thought Mrs. Joliffe worse that morning, and Kathleen knew it, though he did not put the thought into words. Mrs. Joliffe had seemed to know him more distinctly than usual, and had spoken with unwonted clearness; but his parting words to Hardwicke were, 'Call me, if there is a change.' Since then she had been sleeping.

'Kathleen darling—' Kathleen had heard no sound that told of waking till those two words came. There was a naturalness in the gentle tone, unlike the constrained utterances of late. Trembling inwardly but outwardly collected, she stood by the bed.

'I think I am better this morning,' Mrs. Joliffe said.

'I think you are, dearest mamma; your eyes look brighter.'

'I have had such a strange weight upon me lately. Have I not seemed very absent?' She did not wait for an answer, but went on, 'No news of Cleve?'

'Not yet,' said Kathleen softly.

'By-and-bye—'

She knelt down, and laid her face caressingly against her mother's and Mrs. Joliffe said tenderly,

'My own comfort.'

Kathleen could hardly control a sob. 'I have tried you all sadly of late, I am afraid. I don't like to see those thin cheeks. But I am going to be patient now. God will take care of my precious boy.'

'O mamma, you always are patient.' 'Only outwardly, not in heart. I have doubted sadly—distrusted when I might have been so sure I think—it must grieve Him. He knows what is best.'

'One can't always see that at the time,' said Kathleen.

'No. It is easy now for me, harder for you, I think—I am waking, darling—waking to—'

The tones died away, as if she were too weary to continue, and a sigh came in their place.

'Don't talk now,' said Kathleen earnestly. 'Dr. Ritchie would say you ought not.'

'Kind Dr. Ritchie. He will be a friend to you—and dear Catherine. And Leena, my child, you will be dear papa's comfort—you will take care of him.'

Kathleen clenched her hands, and smothered the cry of, 'Mamma don't.' And when Cleve comes home—' Again the voice failed.

'Yes, darling mamma.' 'Tell him—'

Kathleen could not catch the faint mutter. 'Mamma, you ought to rest now. You must talk to me another time,' she said.

'Yes, another time—by-and-bye. God will bring him home to you all.' She did not say 'to us.'

'I am sure He will, mamma,—perhaps very soon.' Mrs. Joliffe looked earnestly across the room, and Kathleen involuntarily followed the gaze, but could find no cause for it.

'Do you want anything?' she asked gently. 'Shall I call—' 'No—hush—' and a strange sweet smile flitted across Mrs. Joliffe's face. 'Hush—I heard—'

Kathleen waited, awe-struck, as the gaze again grew intense. 'Don't call papa,' said Mrs. Joliffe softly. 'Better not. He would be so tried. What was I saying about—'

'Cleve, mamma?' 'No, no! Cleve?—no about—'

Another Name came into Kathleen's head, and with it a rush of unshed tears. Strange to say she did not realise the meaning of all this. She had never been in the presence of death. She was only bent upon hearing every word which her mother might say.

'Mamma are you thinking about Jesus?' Mrs. Joliffe smiled again, and pressed her hand. 'No fear—no fear,' she muttered dreamily.

'He is with you, isn't He?' Kathleen's quivering tones said.

'So near. O Leena, darling never, never doubt His love.'

And then, with a sigh, 'I am going to sleep. Kiss me—'

Kathleen obeyed, restraining herself to do it calmly. Mrs. Joliffe closed her eyes.

'Tell papa—tell Cleve—'

But the messages were not uttered. Kathleen lifted her eyes, and found Hardwicke by her side. 'Hardwicke, mamma is different,' she breathed.

'She has been talking to me.'

'Yes, Miss Leena.' Hardwicke went away, and sent a messenger for the doctor.

The messenger found Dr. Ritchie out, and more than an hour passed before he could come. But it made no difference.

'Is mamma better? She said she was,' Kathleen questioned outside the sick-room, with a kind of wild hope, beneath which lay a sense of the reality. Yet that reality fell heavily. Dr. Ritchie would not veil it from her. Mrs. Joliffe was dying. Nothing more could be done.

'How long?' asked Kathleen, as she had asked before, when it was a question of months, not hours.

'She may last through the night—not longer I think.'

'Will she speak to me again?' 'It is not impossible, but I hardly expect it. Better not, perhaps, for her, Leena. It might be only waking to pain.'

Kathleen clasped her hand with a dreary gesture. 'I ought to be glad that she is going to rest—but I don't think I can be. Please, will you tell papa. I can't—'

'I will speak to him. Would you like me to look in again presently?' 'If you please. Dr. Ritchie—'

He pressed her hand compassionately, and passed on. She was grateful that he made no attempts at consolation. The time for that was not yet come.

Kathleen went back to her watch by the bedside, and they could not draw her away. Hour after hour she sat there, tearless and still. Mr. Joliffe came in, but he was unable to endure the sight, and distressed sobs brought a shadow over his wife's still face.

Kenison obeyed, Mr. Joliffe yielding to him like a child. Mrs. Joliffe took no further notice, but when Kenison came back, he asked them all to kneel in prayer, thinking she might understand. No sign was made till he had done, when she whispered, 'Thank you,' and then, 'The children.' Kenison brought them in, Justinia quietly tearful, Olave pale and awe-struck. They kissed in turn their mother's face, and she said something fondly in a low tone, the words of which could not be distinguished. Then Olave burst into frightened sobs, and the two were led out of the room. After that there were no interruptions. Mrs. Joliffe lay breathing quietly, with no signs of suffering. Once only Kathleen heard a murmur of her own name, followed by—'Tell Cleve—he must come—'

Then she slept again peacefully, and spoke no more. The sleep deepened calmly into death.

Saved by a Song.

A TRUE STORY OF THE WESTERN FLOODS.

'Mamma,' said Nellie Andrews, coming in from the front gate, one bright spring morning. 'Mr. Brown says he will come for you in an hour to go to town.'

'I don't know,' said her mother, hesitatingly. 'I don't like to leave you and Dot all day. I would take you to Mr. Hill's, but they have whooping cough there.'

Mrs. Andrews went to the door and looked out. The bright sun glistened on the foaming waters of the river, and the little white home nestled among the sand hills. It had been raining constantly for weeks, and this spring sunshine freshened everything.

'Oh, mamma,' continued Nellie, 'do go; you have been wanting your things so long. I am a big girl now, and can take care of Dot. You'll see how well I'll get along.'

'Well, dear, remember I leave Dot in your charge, keep her safe till I come.'

'Yes, mamma, indeed I will.' Reluctantly Mrs. Andrews stepped into Farmer Brown's old market chaise; she had never felt such unaccountable misgiving on leaving home.

She looked back at her darlings until a turn in the road hid them from sight, and it was a pretty picture on which her eyes rested. Nellie, with her wind-tossed curls over her face, was holding four-year-old Dot up in her arms that she might catch the last glimpse of 'mamma,' as she vanished from sight.

'Who knows,' sighed Mrs. Andrews, 'what may happen before I get back? I believe I am a little superstitious to-day.'

Little did that mother know how sadly her heart would beat with pain and anxiety before she saw her loved ones again.

'Now,' said Nellie, turning back into the house, 'let's play I am keeping house, and you are my little girl.'

And the ten-year-old housewife busied herself with all sorts of trifles of work. The day passed quickly, the children had their simple lunches, and the afternoon waned.

Dot grew tired, and Nellie cuddled her in her arms like a veritable mamma, and she fell asleep. Then she took her seat by the window, hemming her towel and singing softly to herself.

A loud muttering sound aroused her, and looking out, she found the big drops were beginning to fall from the fast darkening sky. Faster and faster came the rain; louder and louder grew the thunder peals, until the frail house shook beneath the angry storm.

Then came a shock which waked Dot, and with a cry she started up.

'Where's mamma? Dot wants mamma.'

Nellie flew to the child, saying: 'Come to sister, darling, mamma will come soon.'

And praying that her words might come true, she sat down in the low rocking-chair, with the little trembling arms clinging about her neck. Her own heart was beating with terror, but Dot was in her charge, she must be brave for Dot's sake.

'Don't you remember, dearie,' she said, 'when Jesus was asleep on the sea, and the disciples were afraid of the storm, and came and waked him up, how he said to them, "I am here, you needn't be afraid," and he will take care of us just the same if we ask him.'

'Will he, really, sister?' 'Yes, really. He says, "Nellie, Dot I am here," don't that sound good?'

'Yes, it does,' said the little one, and she lay quiet for a while, with her head on Nellie's shoulder.

The darkness deepened, but Nellie kept the child interested by lighting the fire, putting on the kettle, and making the room bright and cheery for mamma's home-coming. The kettle sang, and the candles gleamed from the window, where Nellie had placed them to light her mother home, but still she did not come.

The rain still poured, and Dot became tired and fretful. Nellie gave her her simple supper of bread and milk, and put her to bed.

Released from the strain that had been upon her for hours, faithful Nellie dropped her head upon the chair and cried piteously.

'Where was mamma? Had everybody forgotten her, and would the rain never stop?' Suddenly she seemed to hear a voice saying:

'I am here, and will take care of my little Nellie.'

And she remembered how she had told Dot of the dear Jesus, who came to his frightened companions when they trembled before the fury of the storm. He would hear her also if she called him. And kneeling down she prayed him to be with her in her loneliness.

Then lying down with Dot's hand clasped in hers, she fell into the trusting sleep of childhood.

Hours alter it might have been, she was awakened by a dull, heavy sound against the door, and springing up to open it, Nellie cried—

'Oh, mamma! I am so glad you have come! It has been so long without you!'

But what was it that came rushing in at the open door, defying the child's little strength? Swirling, whirling, in came the raging yellow water, instead of the expected loving mother.

Nellie's feet and ankles were covered but with a God-given thoughtfulness she shut the door instantly, and turned to the room again, where lay her still sleeping sister. She went to the window and looked out. The rain had ceased, the moon was full, and up and down far as she could see, only water, yellow water everywhere rising, steadily rising. It was almost up to the window-frame now, and it was only a question how long the frail wooden door and window could bear the stream before the house would be flooded and they swept away.

'What must she do? What could she do?' she almost screamed with terror, but the thought of Dot sealed her white lips; above all, she must not frighten the baby; these few hours of terrible responsibility were fast making a woman of her.

Suddenly she thought of the stairs, and gathering the sleeping child in her arms she went softly up the steps. Dot did not waken, only clung to her and murmured, 'Mamma, mamma.' She laid the baby on the bed, and kept the awful vigil alone.

'Oh, for one kiss from mamma before the terrible waters swallowed her up!' The hot tears flowed silently as she prayed as she had never prayed before.

So the long night wore away, the candle flickered and flared, and then died down in its socket. Suddenly there came a heavy sound from below, which Nellie knew in a moment must be the breaking up of the furniture.

Dot was wide awake now, and she said, plaintively: 'Will mamma come for us, sister?'

What a pang those words sent to Nellie's heart, as she asked the question to herself inwardly. But steadfastly she replied:

'If mamma don't, darling, Jesus will.'

'Then said the child dreamily, "I wish He would come quick," and she dropped asleep again.'

'Swish, swish, came the water upstairs, slowly, surely, steadily upward. Nellie held Dot closely in her arms, hoping she would wake no more.

But she did, and this time it was with a loud cry—

'I want mamma, O where's my mamma?'

It was more than Nellie could stand, she sobbed aloud and shook with nervous terror. Dot screamed louder still with fright. Then Nellie, with a silent prayer for help, controlled herself with a mighty effort, and said:

'Don't cry, baby, and sister will sing to you.'

Tremblingly she began: Safe in the arms of Jesus, Safe on his gentle breast.

The words calmed her, and she felt as though she was indeed resting on his tender bosom, while nearer the waters rolled.

With the first gleam of morning a boat with two oarsmen might have been seen rowing up and down the river, searching for the sufferers of that awful night.

'That's a deserted house, no use going there,' said the elder of the two 'it rocks so now, in five minutes it will be down.'

'Hush! listen,' cried the younger, resting on his oars, as a childish voice,

clear and distinct, rang out across the waters. Nellie sang on till the end of the verse,

There shall my soul find rest. 'Father in heaven,' said the man, reverently, 'there's a child in there, and he thought of his own babies asleep in their cribs at home.'

A few steady strokes brought the boat with its eager rowers up to the little window-sill, and he called loudly—

'Who's there?' Nellie rushed to the window, now almost faint with despair.

'Come, my little maid,' said the boatman, 'no time to talk, and he reached out his arms for her.'

But she drew back. 'No, Dot first,' and catching up the little one, she hastily wrapped her in a quilt, and relinquished her charge to the strong arms that waited without.

The sight of the two, the motherly air of the elder, scarce more than a baby herself, and the tangled curls and tear-stained face of the younger, almost unmanned him. But there was not a moment to lose.

'Please, sir, won't you take me to my mamma,' said Dot, reaching out her little arms.

'Yes, my sweet, I will,' and he lifted her into the boat. Nellie followed.

'Now, Ben, quick; be off!'

Not twenty yards were passed before the old house shook, tottered, and fell into the waters, leaving no trace behind. Nellie trembled, and hid her face in her hands.

'Never mind, little one, you are safe. You see Jesus sent me for you.'

Farther out the stream was a steamboat where all night had been a company of good men and women, who were ministering to the sufferers whom the boatmen brought to them. They took the children, and kind hands fed and warmed them, but Dot's continued cry was—

'Won't you take me to my mamma?'

Soon after this another boat's company, containing a distracted-looking woman, a weeping Rachel calling for her children, came down the river.

'Where was the house?'

'It was just here,' said Mrs. Andrews.

'A white house with green blinds, mamma?'

'Yes, yes,' said she, eagerly. 'Well, that went down an hour ago, answered a man from another boat.'

'O God! where are my babies?' cried the unhappy woman.

'A boat went by with some rescued children, taking them to the steamboat yonder,' said another.

Trembling with doubt and fear, the mother climbed upon the deck, asking for her little girls from every kindly face. At last the weary search was interrupted by a cry from within of—

'Mamma! Oh, my mamma!'

And in a moment Dot was clasped close in the loving arms, and Nellie was clinging to her mother's neck saying:

'Oh, mamma! I did try to keep her safe till you came, and Jesus took care of us both.'—Christian at Work.

Jonah's Conversation with the Whale.

[The following very original composition was written by a little African girl who had been rescued from utter heathenism and had learned English at Cape Palmas. It is copied word for word.] HISTORY. GEOGRAPHY AND THE EARTH. Do you know what history is? History, as you know, teaches us what is to happen in the past event; and geography teaches where the things has happened at. History tells us when Adam and Eve were created, and geography shows us where the garden of Eden is, which continent and which division, History tells us that Adam was the first man who was created, and while he was sleeping God took out one of his ribs and made Eve. After a while Eve went to walk among the trees of the garden. Conversation took place between her and the devil. The devil told her to eat some kind of fruit, which God told her and Adam not to eat. She took it and ate it, also took some for her husband. When Adam saw it he did not take no time to ask Eve where she got it from. History, geography and the earth

just do go together; one tells us about that and one about this, etc. Histories are interesting to read, indeed they are. It tells us something about the whale. The whale is the largest animal in the sea. Whale is spoken of in the Bible. When God had sent Jonah to Nineveh to preach to the people about their sins, Jonah refused to go. He went into a ship with some people; he just went in there to hide from God. But God caused a storm to take place, and the ship went from this way to that way. The people were afraid, indeed, and they began to cast lots. The lot fell upon him. They took him and threw him into the sea; he met with this animal. And the whale said:

'My friend where are you going?' Jonah answered and said: 'I have disobeyed my God, and am trying to hide from His face.'

The whale said: 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself; don't you know that neither you nor I cannot hide from His face?'

Jonah said: 'O whale I am so afraid, I don't know what to do.'

Then the whale did swallow him up. Jonah thought that the whale's body was his grave and end. He did not think he would go to the shore anymore; therefore he offered up a prayer to God for his sins, and if he should die before he should get to the shore, if it was God's will to carry him to heaven. The whale did not rest day after day, night after night. So after three days the whale went to the shore and vomited Jonah up. Jonah was just like a drowned rat.—16.

THE MIXED MULTITUDE IN JERUSALEM.—Some of the people to be met with at Jerusalem must be strange folk. One singular character, whom they call an officer of the Salvation Army, because he happens to be an Englishman, might be seen walking about the streets of the city with a rod in one hand and a pot of colour and a brush in the other. He halts occasionally and writes the figures 666, and beneath them the word *Domino*. A German woman who asserts that she is the bride-elect of Christ might have also been met armed with a revolver which she presented at the heads of the Jews she met. She then went down to the banks of the Jordan, living some time there upon herbs, waiting for death. An Englishwoman, too, might have been seen living in a room having an eastern aspect, in order to be sure of seeing the feet of the Lord alight on the Mount of Olives. Last year one might have met a man there who on every Friday and Sunday roamed about bearing a heavy Cross. In order to be sure of not missing the hour, he watched the clock carefully from eight o'clock in the morning. There is also an American whose hallucination is that he will not die and that no one could kill him, so he has constructed a little dwelling for himself outside the walls of the city, and lives there alone.

ORGANS IN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCHES IN IRELAND.—Many eminent clergymen in the Presbyterian Churches are deeply dissatisfied with the recent decision of the Irish Assembly to give each church liberty to have or not to have a musical instrument in its Sunday services. Among these is Dr. Petticrew. He said a day or two ago in a public discourse, "The purity of our worship is at stake, and so are the liberties of those conscientiously opposed to innovation upon the uniformity of worship. Our people are deeply moved and terribly dissatisfied with the assembly for permitting such lawlessness and insubordination. Their wishes have been shamefully disregarded. By the late census Presbyterians amounted to 476,000. Of these not 20,000 desire alteration in the worship of their church. There are 450,000 determinedly opposed to it. Yet a majority of the assembly, for the sake of gratifying a few, takes a course calculated to alienate nineteen-twentieths of the Presbyterian people. The matter cannot possibly be allowed to rest where it is. The principles contended for are as true as before the recent vote, and the danger to a pure worship is greater than ever."

CUTTING CLOVER fairly in the first If allowed to become dry and wilted it and which cial carrying the and in shed rain. It is not to be housing not seen be open have no to beco sweating through a great in the cured o crop—cows.

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