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family Reading.

The Angels' Song. It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old,

From angels bending near the earth To touch their harps of gold: "Peace to the earth, good-will to man From heaven's all gracious King;" The earth in solemn stillness lay, To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come, With peaceful wings unfurled; And still their heavenly music floats O'er all the weary world: Above its sad and lowly plains They bend on heavenly wing, And ever o'er its Babel-sounds

Oh ye, beneath life's crushing load, Whose forms are bending low, Who toil along the climbing way, With painful steps and slow-Look up! for glad and golden hours Come swiftly on the wing; Oh, rest beside the weary road, And hear the angels sing.

Rein Seleck Sevial.

The blessed angels sing.

KATHLEEN.

THE STORY OF A HOME. BY AGNES GIBERNE.

> CHAPTER X. SHOT

The distance to the woods was considerable, but the thought of Cleve kept Kathleen from flagging, and Lady Catherine showed no signs of fatigue.

'Hark! was that a gun?' asked Kathleen suddenly, as they drew near. 'Shooting rabbits, no doubt,' responded Lady Catherine. 'I hope Cleve is

not there. They have chosen their time · knowingly. The Penleys are away for ten days.' 'Perhaps friends are staying in the

house, for a little shooting.' 'No; I happen to know that it is

not so just now. Dr. Ritchie was at the house the day before they left.'

'There it is again!' Kathleen exclaimed

'That is not rabbit-shooting,' said Lady Catherine. 'It is nearer than the warren, and they are firing with ball. We must be careful.'

"Ball!' repeated Kathleen, thinking of Justinia's information.

'Don't you hear the difference in the last shot from the one before?'

Kathleen was unpractised, and had not noted it. 'But what can they be shooting with ball?' she asked.

'I don't know. I suppose it is the mischievous enjoyment of doing what they ought not.' Lady Catherine looked a little anxious. 'I must not take you too close to the woods,' she said. 'It would not be safe.'

They went on slowly, listening. Suddenly there came the sound of two shots near at hand, and so close together as to be almost simultaneous. 'Ball again,' Lady Catherine said, and, after a brief pause, a sharp cry of indescribable distress and anguish rang through the air, prolonged, and dying slowly.

Then silence unbroken.

The two stood still. 'Some one hurt,' said Lady Catherine.

She looked round to see Kathleen white and breathless, supporting herself against a fence. For one moment the thought flashed across her that Kathleen had been struck. The next she was saying quietly, 'My dear, don't be frightened. It may be only a child's alarm. Has the keeper any children, I wonder?

Kathleen could hardly draw her ing the old man. breath, and her lips were blue. 'No, no, she panted. 'It was-Cleve-

'That cry? It was a child's voice.' 'It was Cleve!' was all Kathleen could utter, but she spoke as if in certainty. Lady Catherine recalled Cleve's high-pitched silvery tones, and

hesitated. Kathleen might be right. · We will see what is wrong.' She said. 'I think there was more of fear than pain in the cry. Can you walk, Kathleen?

Kathleen said, 'Yes,' mechanically, but her strength was not equal to her resolution. She stood still, under an oppressive sense of faintness. Then rousing herself, she added, ' Please let us go on now.'

Lady Catherine did not resist, and they speedily gained the woods, where they stood outside the enclosing fence. No further sound broke the stillness, and it was a very still day. Voices would have traveled far. They waited and listened.

'It cannot be anything serious.' said Lady Catherine. 'A child, hurt, would go on crying, unless indeed it were taken home at once. But I think we should have heard more. You and I must trespass for once, Kathleen, if you are equal to the fence aud the brambles. Or shall I go, and will you stay here?"

'Oh no, please, I will come with you. The climbing was not easy. Interlaced brambles barred their way, and had to be struggled through to pain of hands and detriment of clothes. Lady Catherine managed for herself, and helped Kathleen also. Perhaps the exertion did the latter good. When landed safely beyond the outer belt of brambles she looked a trifle less colourless.

They paused again, partly for breath, and Kathleen gave a violent start.

'Hush-I hear a moan-Was it, or was it not? Lady Catherine

looked at the girl's white lips, and was inclined to ascribe the sound to imagin. ation.

'I can hear nothing,' she said. 'There it is again!'

Lady Catherine listened, and then took hold of Kathleen's arm.

Don't faint this time," she said calmly. 'Try to forget yourself, Leena. If it is a fancy, it is not worth fainting about, and if any one is really hurt our help will be wanted. Listen steadily, and when you hear the sound tell me where it comes from.'

Kathleen obeyed, leaning against a tree, and fighting against the feeling of deadly sickness which threatened anew to overpower her. 'From there,' she said, lifting her hand. 'Please come' -and this time she took the lead herself, pressing forward breathlessly.

They followed a little path under the trees, and reaching a bend in it, came suddenly upon an elderly man, hurrying in the opposite direction. 'Holloa!' he said roughly, 'you be trespassing.'

'Yes, and I am sorry for it,' said Lady Catherine. 'We were in the road, and heard shots fired, and I am afraid someone is hurt. There was scream.

'It's them boys. I know 'em,' said the man. 'I'll have 'em up this time and no mistake. I've caught 'em at at last, though they did think I wa safe off at t' other side o' the woods I wasn't too far to hear what they were after. Rabbits! no, they was shooting with ball,-makin' a target of a old nest. I've knowed that trick afore.' ' Did you see the boys?' asked Lady Catherine.

· See 'em-yes, that I did. And know 'em too-leastways the two on 'em. I'm ready to swear in a court of justice it was them Hopkinsons' They're the worst-brought-up unprincipledest lads in the county-no trick too dirty for 'em. There was a third

with them to-day, a young chap, as it's a shame to see beginning such ways. I'll know him again fast enough, though I hadn't but a glimpse. He'd one of mand 'Then none of the three was hurt?'

'Not they-cutting and running like rabbits they was, just like rabbits, the little 'un looking dazed like, and the others draggin' him along. I don't know what scared 'em, for they cut across my path, and it wasn't me they had run from. I gave 'em chase for a bit, but I might as well have chased the wind. But I saw 'em plain for once, and I'll have 'em up, all three.'

'Hush-oh, hush-' Kathleen said the words. She was listening again intently, only half heed-

Someone is hurt,' said Lady Catherine; 'I hear it too.'

'Then there's somebody else been a-trespassing,' said the old keeper. But he trudged quickly in the direction whence the sound seemed to proceed, the others following, not plunging deeper into the woods, only keeping a straight course parallel with the border. That brought them speedily to an other side of the woods, facing east instead of south. The surrounding fence took a

sharp bend just here. And there, ontside the fence, upon a sloping bank of green grass, lay a silent figure, whitefaced, senseless, dabbled with blood. Lady Catherine and her campanion

made short work of fence and brambles Kathleen had no sense of faintness. It was not Cleve-but-They reached the spot, and it was-

Marshall Corrie.

Out of Tune.

While yet but a little girl, Mabel Downing had seen her father and mother pass away from her, and after the breaking up of the happy little family she was sent to live with Grandma Downing, who lived all alone in a rambling old house, propled more by memo ries than by living inmates.

Of course it was very lonely and very sad, although there were some pleasant neighbors near, and grandma would gladly have made it a happy home for the pale, sorrowful little girl who had come to her; but it seemed as though Mabel could not, or would not, brighten up under her grandmother's kind-efforts. It seemed to her that the old lady had such strange ideas of making people happy, and a strange way, too, as she found, of dealing with their faults. She seemed really to believe that girls were happier for having regular duties for regular hours, and, to Mabel's way of thinking, many, of these duties were not in the least amusing: but instead of wisely adopting grandma's views, the little girl clung obstinately to her own, and I need scarcely tell you that she was far from happy.

There was but one thing in all the house which Mabel had found really to love or care for; this was nothing less than the old piano standing all alone in the old-fashioned parlor, a piano that years ago had sent forth beautiful strains making melody in many hearts, but which, in the silence creeping gradually over the old home, had not been even opened for a long time.

found her way to it, and when grandma friend, giving a double pleasure as she discovered her little visitor's love for music, and heard her play some sweet little airs caught by ear, she willingly gave Mabel permission to entertain herself thus whenever she wished.

This was indeed a pleasure to Mabel; morning and evening found her continually in the dim-lighted parlor, not caring for listeners, preferring to be all alone, to be friendly, wondered now over the playing softly or gladly on the old instrument, never knowing when to leave it, and often not till grandma had called several times, reminding her of some forgotten duty, or to send her out into the fresh air.

It is true the old piano had long since seen its best days; many of the keys were quite mute, half were out of tune, and all jaugled most unmusically, except a few chords, which Mabel soon learned had ceased to repine for the lost plea to love and dwell upon; indeed, to the lonely little girl it seemed as though the old piano could understand her feelings, and could sympathize more fully with her than anything else; when accident ally touching a dumb note, and receiving no response, it seemed to remind her of loved voices now mute or silent; the long row of keys seemed to her like so many little friends, each in turn giving her all the pleasure in its power regardless of discord. And little by little Mabel ceased to care for any other friends; finding comfort in the old piano at all hours, and telling out all her troubles through heridly wandering fingers, really believing that the instrument understood all, and responded as sympathetically as its cracked voice would permit.

Don't you think it was time for grand ma to insist upon more fresh air and busy duties for a little girl who could indulge such dreamy thoughts and fancies? But grandma insisted to little purpose, for Mabel only retreated the more persistently to her old friend for every unwelcome suggestion or com-

more than an hour on an important sweet, rich notes! Before she could errand for her grandmother, but when she returned found she had forgotten full half the message she was to have delivered; now surely this was very careless; yet nevertheless Mabel thought grandmother's reproof very unkind and unmerited, and, full of moody thoughts and with a sob in her throat, away she went to the darkened parlor to pour out her feelings in melancholy notes on the sympathetic old piano.

Entering from the brilliant sunshine, Mabel had almost to grope her way, had reached the centre of the room before neticing anything unusual, when suddenly, with an overpowering sense of something missing, of a great vacancy about her, she stood motionless and felt, more than she saw, that her one true faithful friend was GONE!

For several moments she stood quite still, a mute, incredulous sorrow creeping over her, and then with a great choking sob away she flew to her grand. mother.

"O grandma," she cried, "they have taken it away! Some one has carried off my piano! What has happened to it? Tell me where it has gone !"

Grandma's face, that could be stern at times, turned now with gentle love and tenderness towards the distressed young countenance looking up to hers. "Mabel, dear," she said, "I was

sons I cannot explain now; I would have told you before it went, had I not believed it would only increase your pain in giving it up. I hope my little girl will try and be happy without it."

"But, grandma, I never can be happy without it," sobbed poor Mabel; "I loved it better than anything in all the world, and I don't believe I can live without it !"

"Not quite so bad as that Mabel," said grandma, soothingly. "We are very, very rarely required to give up anything which we really cannot live without; trust grandma for once, and try to learn, what she was long in learn- life, and a new heart through Jesus ing, that, if we will but look for it, a truer happiness will often spring up to fill the place of one that has been taken

from us." But those were sad days for a time that followed for Mabel; her first thought in the morning was of her great loss, and she could not go near the old parlor without a fresh burst of grief. There were so many hours that now seemed empty and joyless for her, hours which for a few days she spent mostly in sullen, repining thoughts, but which she gradually began to find so tedious that she was glad to shorten them by almost any device.

Having no temptation now to hurry through her morning duties, one by one they were performed more thoroughly, thereby calling forth only praise and cheery words from grandma, instead of reproof, and this of itself drew the little girl's heart nearer to the one whose real love she could not doubt. And many a pleasant book, wholly discarded while the old piano stood waiting for her, did But on the very first day Mabel had Mabel now find a true and entertaining read aloud to grandma while the latter sat knitting.

The garden, too, seemed now to bloom with new and sweet attractions to Mabel, tempting her to remain longer each day and sending her in at last with rosy cheeks and bright eyes. The little neighbours, who before had tried in vain change that made Mabel so much more attractive and loveable, a change altogether more perceptible to others than to the little girl herself.

For we must not suppose that she had quite forgotten her dear old friend that had been so great a treasure; no, far from it; she longed for it often with a yearning desire to pass her fingers over the sympathetic keys once more, but she sure, learning the lesson that comes to us all in time. "The lesson of doing

Three months had gone by, and one summer evening, after a long walk for grandma, Mabel wandered mechanically to the parlor in one of these wistful moods, thinking sadly but patiently of her lost delight. And once again, as on that well remembered evening so long ago, she had reached the centre of the room before something caused her to pause and gaze incredulously before her.

Could it have been a dream all this time, or could her eyes now be deceiving her, for there, in the same familiar spot, looking unchanged, except perhaps a little fresher and brighter, stood the dear old piano, every well-remembered line on its carved case greeting her astonished gaze.

The next instant the top was raised, and, forgetful of everything but her ecstacy of surprise and delight, Mabel passed her hand lovingly over the keys, but once more started back more delightfully astonished than ever. Could it be the same old instrument, so discordant, One afternoon she was absent for so defective, now sending forth such again touch the soft chords, grandma stood beside her.

is the old piano with new life!" "That is indeed just it, my own little I,' 'let me drive.' He snatched the girl," answered grandma, "a new life that I hope is to be a pleasure to you for many years to come; and let me give you your first lesson. Do you not see these keys, that only a few months since did their work so imperfectly, some selfishly mute, giving forth no sweet response him to my mother, and she never smiled when called, others all out of tune, jangling together and producing no true music; now who do you suppose must have wrought this change upon it, giving it a new sweet life?"

"It must have been the maker, grand ma," said Mabel, a very thoughtful look stealing through her gladness.

"That is rightly guessed," answered grandma; 'the old piano, with all its imperfections, has been given into the keeping of its maker all this time, and think of anything else that has grown sweeter and better during the same time? I know a young heart that three obliged to send the piano away for real lay straight before it each day like these B. Gough.

white and black keys, yet when God listened for sweet music, as he does from every heart, these being his own loved instruments, his ear heard only discordant sounds, some of the keys remaining cated by some temperance men as a coldly mute, others harsh and unlovely, and all sadly out of tune. I have tried to send that poor little heart back to its Maker, and I believe he alone has made it the healthy, happy heart it now is giving out sweet music to all."

"Ah, grandma," said Mabel thoughtfully. "I never understood so well before what you have meant in telling me that we must all ask God for a new

And Mabel never forgot that lesson or, if inclined to forget, instead of tempting her to neglect its teachings, the old piano remained a continual reminder of her duties, and as she watched carefully to keep her dear instrument free from dust or injury, so did she watch over God's instrument within her, that it might send forth only sweet and pleasant music to his pure ear .- N. Y. Observer.

Bemperance.

An Appeal for Prohibition.

'My father was a drunkard for years; My mother was a strongminded energetic woman, and with the help of the boys managed to keep the farm free from debt. When my father signed the pledge what pleased her most, next to his having signed it, was that she could tell him that there was not a debt nor a mortgage on the farm. My father used to drive into the city about eight miles distant, twice a week, and I recollect my mother saying to me : 'I wish you would try and persuade your father not to go any more. We don't need that which be earns; and, George I am afraid of temptation and old associates.' Oh, said I, 'I don't think of it; father's all right.' One evening we had a heavy load, and were going home, when my father stopped at one of his old places of resort, and gave me the whip and the reins. I hitched the horse, tied up the reins, and went in afterwards. 'How long is it since the temperance whim got hold of you?' 'Oh, about two years,' said my father. 'Well,' said the landlord, 'You see we are getting along pretty well,' and they chatted together for some time. By and by he asked my father to have something to drink. Oh, but I have got a little temperance bitters here,' said the landlord, that temperance men use, and they acknowledge that it purifies the blood, especially in warm weather. Just try a little.' I stepped up and said, 'Don't give my father that.' To which he replied. 'Well, boys aren't boys hardly now-a-days; they have got to be men amazingly early. If I had a boy like you I think I should bring him down little. What do you think, Mr. Myers? Do you bring that boy to take care of you?' That stirred the old man's pride and he told me to go and look after the horses. He sat and drank till ten o'clock and every time the landlord gave him a drink, I said, 'don't give it to him.' At last my father arose up against me he was drunk. When he got up to the waggon I drove. My heart was very heavy, and I thought of my mother. O grandma, have you seen it, have Oh, how she will feel this! When we you heard,' cried Mabel joyously. "It got about two miles from home my father said, 'I will drive,' No,' said reins frem me, fell from the waggon, and before I could check the horses, the forward wheel crushed his head in the road. I was till midnight getting his dead body on the waggon. I carried from that day to the day of her death. Four months after that she died, and we buried her.' 'Now,' said the man, after he finished his story, 'that man

There is not a publican but can take your brother, your father, your son, into his dramshop to-night and make him drunk in spite of your entreaties and to-day he has returned it to be renewed, And you may find his dead body in the gutter. All you have to do is to take the dead body and bury it; you have had no redress or protection. Now months ago was as much out of tune as | protection is what we want. Come and the piano; though duties and pleasures help us. Vote for prohibition.—John

High License.

The National Temperance Advocate Says: High license has been advotemperance measure, who are honest and earnest in its advocacy. The following extract from the leading daily paper in Des Moines, Iowa, sheds some light on this question: " High license, we have been uncea-

singly told by the anti-prohibition

people and press, will decrease the

number of saloons and kill off the low

groggeries. In Des Moines the license has just been advanced from \$250 to \$1,000 and eleven more saloons have taken out the high license than took out the low. Will some of the evan gelists of high license as the only practicable temperance measure kindly explain this? Especially how can it be explained by the papers in the river cities in Iowa, where \$250 is called a high license? These river papers said if Des Moines would adopt high license it would show good sense and actual temperance, and that such high license would reduce the number of saloons here to ten or twelve 'respectable concerns, in which drunkards would be made in a polite and genteel way. Des Moines has followed this advice, and tried the experiment of high license I heard a young man in a railway for the State which they would not carriage tell his own story, while contry themselves, and made the license versing on the Maine law. He said: \$1,000, or-four times as high as they recommended-to the result of what? To the result of adding eleven licensed saloons to its previous number, and therefore to the result of proving that, as a temperance method, high license is a snare, a delusion, and a cheat. It is unfortunate for the high license hobby this experiment with a really high license at Des Moines. The river cities. which are all the time preaching it, merely to defeat prohibition, knew the cheat so well that they could not be forced to try it themselves. But Des Moines has done it, and behold the proof of the disproof of all the fine theories about high license as the only sensible and practicable temperance method. High license is merely a make-shift for some sort of a decent excuse in opposing prohibition. Those who have used it for this end have known it all the while. Now all the State know it as well."

Abstaining from Meat Takes away the Desire for Alcohol and Tobacco.

A vegetarian reports to the British Medical Journal the result of his experience without meat. At first he found the vegetables insipid, and had to use sauce and pickles to get them down. As soon as he became accustomed to the diet all condiments were put aside except a little salt. The desire for alcohol and tobacco left him spontaneously. Then all his digestive functions became regular, and he found himself wholly free from headaches and bilious attacks. After three months a troublesome rheumatism left him, and at the end of a year he had gained eight pounds in weight. He believes he can do more mental labour than before and that his senses are more acute. For breakfast he has brown bread, apples and coffee; dinner consists of two vegetables, brown bread and pie or pudding; for tea he rejoices in bread and jam, with milk and water, and for supper bread, jam, cold pudding and, as a luxury, boiled onions. Eggs, milk, butter and cheese are used only in small quantities. The dietist is a doctor, and his statement is drawing out many, similar ones from medical men.

A little incident which strikingly indicates the growth of temperance principles among the working classes recently occurred in connection with the International Fish Exhibition in England. Four hundred of the fishermen in attendance on the exhibition were entertained at luncheon by the Prince of Wales on the lawn at Marlborough House. On serving out drinkables to the gathering it was ascertained that one-half of the company were abstainers' The stock of temperance drinks in the royal cellar soon gave out, and the butler had to procure a fresh supply. Of all classes fishermen might be supposed the least likely to become temperance men, owing to the prevalence of the idea that stimulants are a necessary in case of exposure to rough weather. killed my father, and was my father's But the above instance clearly shows that this notion is fast dying out.

The diminution of drinking-places proceeds in Holland; the law allowing but one such place to every five hunprayers, and kick him out at midnight. dred souls, although in force for but two years, has resulted in the closing of twelve thousand houses.

> The quantity of beer produced in the United States last year averaged more than fourteen gallons for every inhabitant of the country, being 525,000,000 gallons.