

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.

New Select Serial.

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 is 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 breath, and her lips were blue. "No, no," she panted. "It was—Cleve—"

Out of Tune.

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 and 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 imagination. "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 a 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 it at last, though they did think I was 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 I 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 unprincipled 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 the guns." "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 heeding the old man. "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 the other side of the woods, facing east instead of south. The surrounding fence took a sharp bend just here. And there, outside the fence, upon a sloping bank of green grass, lay a silent figure, white-faced, senseless, dabbled with blood. Lady Catherine and her companion 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.

High License.

The National Temperance Advocate Says: High license has been advocated by some temperance men as a temperance 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 unceasingly 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 evangelists 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 for the State which they would not try themselves, and made the license \$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."

Temperance.

An Appeal for Prohibition. I heard a young man in a railway carriage tell his own story, while conversing on the Maine law. He said: "My father was a drunkard for years; my mother was a strong-minded 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 he 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 a 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. Oh, how she will feel this! When we got about two miles from home my father said, 'I will drive.' 'No,' said I, 'let me drive.' He snatched the reins from 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 him to my mother, and she never smiled 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 killed my father, and was my father's murderer.' 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 prayers, and kick him out at midnight. 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 protection is what we want. Come and help us. Vote for prohibition.—John B. Gough.

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. 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 hundred 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.

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