

Family Reading.

An Incomplete Revelation.

BY RICHARD A. JACKSON.

While Quaker folks were Quakers still, some fifty years ago. When coats were drab and gowns were plain and speech was staid and slow, Before Dame Fashion dared suggest a single friz or curl, There dwelt, 'mid Fenfield's peaceful shades, an old-time Quaker girl.

Ruth Wilson's garb was of her sect. Devoid of furbelows, She spoke rebuke to vanity, from bonnet to her toes; Sweet red bird was she, all disguised in feathers of the dove, With dainty foot and perfect form, and eyes that dreamt of love.

Sylvanus Moore, a bachelor of forty years or so, A quaintly pious, weazened soul, with beard and hair of tow, And queer thin legs and shuffling walk and drawing, nasal tone, Was prompted by the Spirit to make this maid his own.

He knew it was the Spirit, for he felt it in his breast As oft before in meeting time, and, sure of his request, Procured the permit in due form, on Fourth-day of that week He let Ruth know the message true that he was moved to speak.

"Ruth, it has been revealed to me that thee and I shall wed, I have spoken to the meeting and the members all have said That our union seems a righteous one, which they will not gainsay, So if convenient to thy views, I'll wed thee next Third-day."

The cool possession of herself by friend Sylvanus Moore Aroused her hot resentment, which by effort she forbore,— She knew he was a goodly man, of simple, childlike mind, And checked the word "Impertinence!" and answered him in kind:

"Sylvanus Moore, do thee go home and wait until I see The fact that I must be thy wife revealed unto me." And thus she left him there alone, at will to ruminate, Sore puzzled at the mysteries of Love, Free Will, and fate.

—The Century, Oct.

New Select Serial.

KATHLEEN.

THE STORY OF A HOME.

BY AGNES GIBERNE.

CHAPTER XXII.

The journal was resumed two days later and contained an entry of unwonted length.

'Saturday; Hotel Grande, Milan.

'Yesterday we all hoped to reach Lugano by the evening; but we did not succeed in doing so.

'About half-past five in the morning we started from the Meyerhof. It was chilly work standing about at so great a height, and at that early hour, waiting for our seats. A second smaller diligence, or 'supplementary carriage,' had to be got ready, as there were too many passengers to go in the one diligence. Happily it did not rain then. Miss Joliffe was so shivering that I gave her my arm, and said, 'You are not well.' She said, 'No, I think I must be going to bed. Don't tell papa, please—only if either you or Hardwicke could be in the same diligence with me, I should be glad.' For there had been some talk of her being alone with her father, away from the rest of us. I said, 'Keep quiet, my dear, and I'll settle it.' She might not have quite liked me to call her 'my dear' at another time, perhaps, but it came naturally; and she was too poorly to mind anything just then.

'I had made sure of a coupe seat for Mary, which she went to in her quiet way, quite content with anything I chose to arrange. Mary's is an odd nature. She never thinks of offering to give up the best to anybody else, yet if the worst falls to her share she is just as willing to have it, and never grumbles.

'Two back seats in the diligence remained. Miss Joliffe looked at me, and said, 'I don't think I can go backwards to-day,' and I knew Mr. Joliffe would want to have her with him. I thought I might do more for her comfort than a servant could do, so I told Joan that she and Hardwick had better

step in. Mr. Joliffe and his daughter and I waited for the supplementary carriage, and a stout Frenchman made our fourth. He had been with us the day before, and I could not quite forgive him for sleeping through some of the best bits of the pass. People are so differently made. What is real joy to one is just a row of big rocks to another.

'The first part of our journey this second day was wild and bare. We had our carriage open for a little while, but drenching rain came on, and it had to be shut up. When we had gone over the very highest part of the pass, we had a steep descent, the road winding to and fro down the mountain, in a sharp zig-zag, with narrow bends. The diligence whirled down at a swinging pace, not slackening for the turns. There were no walls or fences, but only low heaps of stones dotted along the outside edge of the road, and very near the edge we went.

'I would have liked to see the Valley of the Ticino, which we soon after reached, on a fine day. That wanted sunshine, whether or no the gorge did. But all the heights on either side were wrapped above in thick mist; and rain poured in torrents; and to right and left there were cascades and waterfalls streaming down the mountain-sides in numbers past counting. Some of them were magnificent; and any one of the lesser falls, among the scores that we passed, would be counted well worth a ten-mile's walk in England, just for a sight of it. Some poured quietly, and some leaped from rocky shelves, and some flung clouds of spray around, and some sprang out in broad spreading sheets. I never was in such a wonderful world of waters.

'Well, so things went on, till at last we passed the village of Giornico, where we made a halt. Italians are given to dawdling, and their dawdling at Giornico, cost us something that day. However, we were off at last, and we passed a little village called Bodio, which was half under water. Biasca lay quite near, and we meant to go straight on to Lugano before night. Mr. Joliffe's plan had been to spend a few days there. As we were passing Bodio, though, he said he had come to the determination not to stop more than one night at Lugano, but to go straight on to Milan, and when there he would settle whether Rome or the round of the lakes should come first.

'Miss Joliffe said nothing to this. He was speaking to me rather than to her. I thought it was kindest to leave her quiet, so I tried to keep Mr. Joliffe in conversation, that she need not have to talk. I had my doubts if she would be fit to go on from Biasca, much less from Lugano, and least of all from Milan—which ever she managed to get to.

'All at once our horses came to a stand-still, and we saw that something was wrong. What that something was soon became clear. Just ahead there was a bridge over a stream—at least the bridge ought to have been over the stream. But the tremendous rain had so swollen the stream that it came pouring in a strong brown current right over the bridge and across our road.

'The torrent grew every moment more and more strong. The first diligence had been just in time to dash through, and had reached the other side in safety. But ours had waited too long at the last halting-place, and we were ten minutes behind. Those ten minutes made all the difference. When we came up, the horses stopped short and turned their heads the other way, and would not even try it. Poor things—they had sense enough to know it was not safe.

'So there were we, within a few minutes of Biasca, and yet no more able to get to Biasca than if we had been a hundred miles away. The Italians walked about, and made plenty of talk, but seemed to have no notion what to do. Our Frenchman was in a fume, but we all settled not to get out, as it was best to keep dry while we could. Miss Joliffe looked anxious, and asked how long we should be kept there, and her father said, in rather a despairing sort of way, 'All night, perhaps, which was not exactly cheering. But I have noticed that Mr. Joliffe is easily depressed, and apt to take the worst view of things.

'There was a thunderstorm going

on, and though we had not heard it so plainly while we were driving, the crashes among the mountains sounded grand, now we were still.

'We looked out from time to time, but what could be done? There stood the horses with drooping heads, forlorn and miserable; and the rain pelted on, and the rushing flood grew deeper and wider. I could see it higher up the mountain-side, dashing down almost like a waterfall, carrying rocks and stones along with it.

'For two hours we sat waiting there, and all this while the three who had gone on were alarmed enough. At first a report reached them that our diligence had tried to cross, and had been carried down the stream. Then that was contradicted; and a diligence with four horses was sent from Biasca to our rescue, but it was no use. They could no more reach us than we could reach them. No horse could cross in such a torrent.

'So at last our driver turned round and drove us back to Giornico. There was only a poor Italian inn there not any hotel. We did not give up hopes of getting to Biasca still before night; for both Miss Joliffe and her father seemed to dread the thoughts of sleeping in the inn, and I was anxious to get to Mary. Also I had my doubts how much longer Miss Joliffe's strength would hold out, and Giornico was no place for her to be taken ill in.

'However, there was no knowing how long the rain would last, so we took rooms, lest they should be engaged by other people, and none remain for us—one for Mr. Joliffe and one for us two. Miss Joliffe seemed to cling to me, poor child, and to dread being alone. Not that she was affectionate like Joan, but only helpless, and craving care.

'The front room was crowded with smoking Italians, but the back room was quieter. Other travellers as well as ourselves were stopped by the weather. We all were in the back *salon* together, if one may call the room by so grand a name. Dinner was ordered, and the best that could be had in the inn was brought for us. Mr. Joliffe and I managed well enough, but Miss Joliffe could eat nothing.

'I took her upstairs after dinner to the little white-wash room, and made her lie down, wrapped in shawls. She let me do what I liked with her, and at first seemed very thankful to be still. But soon she was saying, 'I am afraid papa will want me.'

'Not yet my dear, I said. 'Don't be uneasy. You find this a comfort, I think?'

'She said, 'Yes,' in a worn-out tone, and then, 'I didn't know how to keep up any longer.'

'You kept up too long, I said. You should have let me bring you here before dinner. But never mind now. Try to get a little rest.'

'I can't,' she said, opening her eyes. I do so want to get on—somewhere else. If only papa would stay a little while at Lugano.'

'It would be better for you, I said. 'Yes, only papa doesn't wish it,' she said. 'It must be just as he wishes, of course. But I am so afraid I shall have to wait somewhere. I think I must be ill,—only, please don't say so to him. I never felt as I do to-day.'

'It might be kinder to tell him, I said.

'Oh no, because it may pass off,' she said. 'I don't know what he would do. I think if I could just lie quite quiet a whole day, I should be better. But I don't want to stay here.'

'We shall see presently, I said. 'It is too early to know yet. There is plenty of time. If you could get ten minutes' sleep it would do you good.'

'She shut her eyes, but opened them almost directly.

'I can't, she said in her gentle way. 'I don't think I can sleep. If I shut my eyes, I seem to be falling down precipices. Mrs. Dodson, do you think I am going to be ill?'

'Yes, I said. 'If you go on as you have done lately, there is very little doubt about it. You haven't strength for half that you undertake.'

'No,—I know,' she said. 'But—papa—'

'Mr. Joliffe is the last to want you to kill yourself for him, I said. 'And, my dear, it is no kindness to him in the end. And it is wrong too. God didn't give you your life that you might fling it away.'

'She sighed once or twice, and two tears rolled down her face.

'I don't want to do wrong,' she said. 'I thought it was right. I thought I ought to do all I could.'

'Yes, but not more than you could,' I said. 'That is what you have been doing. And it is not good for your father, my dear. It isn't good for anybody to be completely dependent on another for everything.'

'I thought I ought,—she said again. 'I thought it right, and I have tried so hard—to keep him from missing her. It was her wish—'

'The poor child couldn't get any further, and she sobbed in a heart-broken way, yet struggling hard not to let her tears get the mastery. I did not think they were only for her mother. There was not much to be said, but I soothed her, and stroked her hair, and treated her like the poor little heart-sore bird that I believed her to be,—even kissing her once. I wondered how she would like it all later, but she made no resistance then, though she did not return the kiss.

'Then a fit of trembling came on. The sobbing stopped, but she turned cold, and the bed shook under her. She said once or twice in the midst of it, 'If only they would get out of the diligence—'

'Perhaps they will presently,' I said. 'But if they don't—'

'Oh, I should not like to stay here,' she said. 'It seems to frighten me. I did not like the look of those men downstairs,—and then she had another trembling fit.

'I thought I would try a different sort of help from any I had tried yet. And when the shivering went off I said aloud, without any kind of preface: 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.'

'I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God; in Him will I trust. . . . 'He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust; His truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

'Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day. 'And so on, with two or three more. I never saw so quick a change come over any face. The strained look seemed to die away, as a shadow fades before sunshine, and a faint smile broke out all over it, slowly.

'Thank you,' she said. 'I think that was what I wanted; I think I was forgetting.'

'There can't come much harm to one under His wing,' I said.

'Oh no. Thank you,' she said again. And she shut her eyes, and lay quite still, till Mr. Joliffe tapped at the door, and looked in.

'I am going to ask about the diligence,' he said. 'The rain has stopped, and it is star-light. What does Kathleen wish—if they count it safe to go on?'

'I would rather not stay here, papa,' she said.

'Well, I'll make enquiries,' he said; and after he was gone I strapped things together, and made so far ready that it wouldn't take us long to prepare for a start.

'It was well I did, for when Mr. Joliffe came back, it was to exclaim, 'Diligence going in five minutes—not a moment to lose.' Miss Joliffe started up, and I helped her on with her jacket and hat, and rolled up the remaining shawls. It was less than three minutes. I think, before she and I were downstairs, and we waited till Mr. Joliffe came hurrying after us—he is one of those men who always get into a scurry at a push, and don't seem able to help it—and then there was a rush along the street. I had my arm round Miss Joliffe, helping her, or she couldn't have been in time. In another minute we were off. Miss Joliffe nestled into her corner with a sigh of relief. I kept mine till we should be on the other side of the torrent. One could not tell what state the bridge might be in, after the pouring of such a flood over it for hours. But if we waited, rain might come on again in the morning, and make matters worse, I thought.

'We reached the spot, and were whirled across, in the dark, at helter-skelter speed. There was a great dashing and splashing, and the water was

up to our axle-trees. No damage was done, however, and we reached the other side in safety. After that we passed through more deep water, and lastly we crossed the bridge over the Ticino,—such a foaming billowy rush of water beneath us, glistening like silver in the moonbeams.

'Then our adventure was over. We reached the hotel at Biasca, and had a warm welcome. Mary met me as if I had just returned from the North Pole. I was told that Joan had quite cried with anxiety about her cousin, and I wasn't sorry to hear it. Those two girls ought to draw closer together than they do.

'The poor little Kathleen was past much of relief or gratitude. And she had to be almost carried to her room. I said to her father, 'That child is ill, Mr. Joliffe,' and he said, 'She does not seem quite the thing certainly. I am glad we have decided on Milan tomorrow. If needful we can have advice for her there.'

'I doubted if she would be fit for the journey this morning, and in fact I don't think she was, but she came down to breakfast, and made the best of herself,—and here we are. My plan is to go straight on, Monday or Tuesday, with Mary. The Joliffes seem all in uncertainty.

'Monday, Milan.

'The question now is—what shall be done? Miss Joliffe is too ill to think of going any farther.

Yesterday was a trying day to all. Mary alone lives in a quiet atmosphere apart from Joliffe anxieties. I cannot be indifferent as she is. The Joliffes are pleasant friends. Mr. Joliffe has been very kind; and this Kathleen wins my heart, with her sweet manners, and her lovely eyes, and her sorrowful looks, and her pride. Yes, she is proud and I don't think she knows it, for she is humble too—wonderfully humble. But she wins my heart—far more than poor dear Joan, who follows me about like a sort of pet lap-dog.

'I had to act as the Italian doctor's interpreter, and he didn't seem able to say much as to the nature of Miss Joliffe's illness. She was restless and low all day, and she is never happy unless her father is with her. He, poor man, does not, of course, care to spend his whole time in a sickroom. Men are not made for that sort of work. He is very good and tender with her, but the poor child is exacting, as sick folks often are.

'Hardwick shows marked dislike to me, and would never let me come near Miss Joliffe if she could help it. But for this, I would gladly stay a few days and help. I love nursing, and it seems a sort of call to do a kindness. As things are, I am not sure that I should not be wise to go on to Rome at once.

'I can't quite see my way, or make up my mind as to what is right. And Mary is no help. She only smiles, and says, 'Whatever you think best, aunt.' I sometimes wish she had an opinion of her own.

'I'll just wait and see. I have a great notion of waiting to know one's way. The guidance always comes sooner or later, if one just waits for it quietly. The danger is of being impatient and making a move too soon.

'The Lord shall guide thee continually.' That's a favourite promise with me. For 'continually' doesn't mean only 'sometimes.' It means always, every day, every moment, round every corner, through every tangle, over every difficulty. The only thing is just to wait, and to be willing.

'I shall be sorry if I have to say good-bye to the Joliffes. Joan will be sorry too—and perhaps Mr. Joliffe. I do not know about Miss Joliffe. Her manner since the evening at Giornico has not been quite so cold to me, but still she is reserved, and not affectionate.

'Tuesday Morning.

'The matter is decided. A letter from Viola says she is not well, and wants me. That is my first call of duty. Mary and I leave this soon after mid-day.

'Mr. Joliffe talks of Rome still, but his daughter will not be able to come. I am sure of that.—So this is really good-bye.

Instruction does not prevent waste of time, or mistakes; and mistakes themselves are often the best teachers.

The Christian Messenger.

Bible Lessons for 1883.

FOURTH QUARTER.

- 1. October 7.—Eli's Death. 1 Sam. iv. 10-18.
2. " 14.—Samuel the Judge. 1 Sam. vii. 3-17.
3. " 21.—Asking for a King. 1 Sam. viii. 1-10.
4. " 28.—Saul Chosen King. 1 Sam. x. 17-27.
5. November 4.—Samuel's Farewell Address. 1 Sam. xii. 13-25.
6. " 11.—Saul Rejected. 1 Sam. xv. 12-26.
7. " 18.—David Anointed. 1 Sam. xvi. 1-13.
8. " 25.—David and Goliath. 1 Sam. xvii. 38-51.
9. December 2.—David's Enemy—Saul. 1 Sam. xviii. 1-16.
10. " 9.—David's Friend—Jonathan. 1 Sam. xx. 32-42.
11. " 16.—David Sparing his Enemy. 1 Sam. xxiv. 1-17.
12. " 23.—Death of Saul and Jonathan. 1 Sam. xxxi. 1-13.
13. " 30.—Quarterly Review.

Lesson III.—OCTOBER 21, 1883.

ASKING FOR A KING.

1 Sam. viii. 1-10.

COMMIT TO MEMORY: Vs. 4-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"It is better to trust in the Lord, than to put confidence in princes."—Psalm cxviii. 9.

DAILY HOME READINGS.

- III. The Lesson, 1 Sam. viii. 1-10.
T. The People Warned, 1 Sam. viii. 11-22.
W. Jehovah Israel's King, Isa. xliii. 14-28.
F. Making a King by Force, John vi. 1-15.
S. Rejecting God's King, Luke xix. 11-28.
S. Kingdom of Christ Foreshadowed, Psalm lxxii.

ISRAEL ASKS FOR A KING.

LESSON OUTLINE.—I. The Request, Vs. 1-5. II. The Answer, Vs. 6-10.

QUESTIONS.—Meaning of "theocracy"? What had Israel been up to this time? Why did Israel desire a change in their form of government?

Vs. 1-5.—What was the character of Samuel's sons? How does God regard bribery and corruption in public officers? Do such things exist now? How should these crimes be regarded and punished? What were the motives of this request? Was it right or sinful? Why? What similar conduct of the Jews in Christ's time? What actions of Christians or of sinners now resemble this wish for a king?

Vs. 6-10.—Why were Samuel's feelings hurt? What had he done for Israel? Why was he displeased? What did he do? What direction did Jehovah give? What did he say of the past conduct of Israel? Of their present conduct? Why was their request "rejecting God"? Did they persist in their request? v. 19. What did God answer? v. 22.

Scripture Searchings.—How many recorded apostasies of Israel between Joshua's death and the request for a king? What does Paul say about conformity to the world?

NOTES.—Vs. 1-3.—When Samuel was old. A period of, perhaps, twenty years had passed between the events of the last Lesson and the opening of this, a period of peace and prosperity in Israel under the wise rule of Samuel; and now he had come to be about seventy years of age. Moses and Joshua were comparatively young at this age; but Samuel, as Matthew Henry says, "was full of thoughts and cares when he was a child, which, perhaps, hastened the infirmities of age upon him." He made his sons judges over Israel. That is, associate or deputy judges; for the office of judge was not hereditary, and Samuel was the last of the distinctive order of Judges of Israel. To lessen his burdens, they officiated for him in Beersheba, a town on the extreme southern frontier of Judah, as seen in the proverbial, "From Dan to Beersheba." The piety of Samuel is seen in the names of his sons—Joel, Jehovah is God; Abiah, Jehovah is my Father—names which showed how utterly he repudiated idolatry, and how staunch he was in his devotion to the God of Israel. But these sons did no honor to their names. Faith is not transmitted from father to child. They walked not in his ways. The blame of their misconduct is not laid at their father's door, as in the case of Eli's sons. There may have been other home training, (for instance, the mother's) which offset the teachings of Samuel. They turned aside after *lucre*. They were avaricious, bent upon getting money by fair or foul means. Took bribes. Expressly forbidden in the Mosaic law. (See Deut. xvi. 19). Perverted judgment. Sold it to the highest bidder. Thus the streams of justice were poisoned in their source.