

Family Reading.

Advanced Thought.

Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do; They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let his majesty through. There isn't a print of his cloven foot or a fiery dart from his bow To be found on earth or air to-day, for the world has voted so.

New Select Serial.

KATHLEEN.

THE STORY OF A HOME.

BY AGNES GIBBERNE.

CHAPTER XXI.

ST. GOTTHARD'S PASS.

Mrs. Dodson's journal, a regularly-kept record, contained at this time the following entries:

"Fluellen, Wednesday Evening.

"We left Lucerne to-day, and came here by steamboat. The arm of the lake that one goes through on the way to Fluellen is to my mind the grandest of all, — not that it must be the most beautiful because it is the grandest. There are different sorts of beauty. But it is grand and beautiful too, no question about that. The channel is narrow, and the water to-day was of a curious rich blue-green colour, till the weather clouded over, and everything turned grey.

"On either side, all along that arm of the lake, we had fine heights, to the right, especially, mountain after mountain overshadowing us, many a one from seven to ten thousand feet high. A good-sized English hill would be but a mound here. We had a view of a splendid glacier, with its edges of clear green ice, on the saddle between the two peaks of the Uri-Rothstock.

"And now we're at Fluellen, in the hotel, with mountains shutting us in all round, so close as to give one a half-smothered feeling. I shouldn't like to live in Fluellen, but it is worth seeing. Just opposite there's a mountain called Gitschen, and it does toss up its head with a proud air, into the sky—eight thousand feet high, they say, twice the height of Lochnagar. But of course it doesn't look so among so many others as big and bigger.

"The Joliffes are our fellow travellers still, and Mr. Joliffe seems to keep with us. I don't mind if they do for I like them.

"Viola's plans are altered, and I am sorry for it. It isn't her fault, at least I hope not. The child can't help her friends being uncertain. But I am sometimes a little afraid that my child begins to have a sort of hankering after more independence. Some girls do, I suppose. When I look back to my own lonely hard-working girlhood, I wonder at it. But they do. The very thought about Viola gives me a headache. Still it's no good to turn one's eyes from truth, though I wouldn't utter it but to my journal.

"I did hope to meet Viola at Pallana, and now it has to be Rome. This will make me hurry on instead of staying about the Italian lakes. Mary Macartney does not mind either way. If Viola

could have joined us, a fortnight at the lakes would have been nice, but I am getting impatient to be with her again.

"I told Mr. Joliffe my change-of-plan. He seemed sorry, and said after a minute, 'I am not at all sure that I shall not take the girls straight on to Rome, and leave the lakes for another time.' Miss Joliffe said, 'Oh, please don't,' but he said, 'I think it would be a very pleasant plan, my darling.' And then the subject was dropped.

"I noticed something else a little later. A long letter had arrived in the morning for Miss Joliffe, which she had just glanced at and put into her pocket. I suppose she had not found time for it all day. While we were waiting for dinner, she took it out, and Mr. Joliffe asked who had written. She said, 'Minnie Baring, papa.' Near the end I saw her suddenly turn quite white, and she put the letter down as if she did not know what she was doing. Mr. Joliffe evidently thought she meant him to read, and he took up the sheet. Miss Joliffe made a half movement as if to stop him, but he did not see. I said, 'I think Miss Joliffe wants her dinner more than anyone,' and I poured out a glass of wine and took it to her just in time to keep her from going quite off. She only said, 'Thank you, I am rather tired!' But, poor child, it wasn't mere tiredness.

"After dinner Mr. Joliffe gave her back the letter, and I heard him say softly, 'You see, darling, it is just as I supposed,—he has soon forgotten his little fancy.' And she gave him a pitiful smile, and said, 'O yes, it is all quite right, dear papa!' I began to talk with Joan at once, so if any more passed we did not hear.

"Joan Breay is a bright sort of a girl. They say she is a quite different at home. I should not wonder if she wants occupation and interest. Half the ailments of young ladies now-a-days come from such a want. I shouldn't object to take that girl in hands for two years.

"Mr. Joliffe I like increasingly. He is a fine-looking man, and such a gentleman. Joan has told me all about his wife's death and the troubles that hastened it. Miss Joliffe is a sweet girl, I don't think I ever saw a more lovely and loveable little face, but so delicate. I should be frightened if I were her father. She doesn't take to me as Joan does. She is cold, and her manners, though very gentle, have a certain 'hold-off' air. Perhaps the coldness comes from her state of health. She certainly is weak, and she persists in overdoing herself.

"It is odd how Mr. Joliffe shapes his plans by ours. Of course we could check it, but why should we? They are nice people to know and to be with. I have had a sort of wonder once or twice whether he is a little taken by Mary. But I don't think it. I think it is just a general liking for companions, and we seem to suit him. Mary is quite wrapped up in her own trouble still, and Mr. Joliffe is never thoroughly happy unless he has his daughter with him.

"Thursday Evening.

"Here we are up at Hospenthal, lodging at the Mayerhof, with God's everlasting hills all round us.

"There's nothing like them in nature. The sea is beautiful, and at times terrible. But there is something in mountains which seems to overawe and overpower one. I can't describe what I mean, but I have a kind of lifted-up feeling when I am among mountains, just the opposite to the depressed feeling which comes over one on a flat plain. 'It has been a splendid coach-drive to-day through the Pass. The road wound up and up, through a tremendous rocky gorge, passing eight times backwards and forwards over the river Reuss which foamed below. Every minute the scene grew more desolate, with a wonderful kind of fierce beauty about it. There were steep granite precipices rising straight on either side like walls, and huge rock boulders were scattered about in the torrent-bed, just where they have gone crashing down from time to time.

"Crossing the Devil's bridge, the sight was at its grandest. It made one hold one's breath. Such a rush of water, with sheets of spray coming over the diligence, and the deep gorge winding away downwards behind, clear cut as if with a knife between those

wonderful rock walls, standing up, I suppose, thousands of feet high. It was like the opening into some mighty giant castle, and yet that thought is too small, for no such castle was ever seen or heard of.

"We had a dull day, and no sunshine, but there must have been a gleam somewhere. For near that wildest part of all, where the river was so mad and the precipices were so grand, just there I saw a broad soft belt of rainbow, lying above across the opening between the great rock-walls, and against the gray sky.

"God has His stern rocks as well as His sweet meadows in the world and in our lives. But the rainbow of heavenly promises spans both alike—and I'm not sure that it doesn't shine brighter over the rocks than over the meadows.

"The one drawback in the day was heavy rain most of the time. Maybe, frowning weather suited the frowning rocks better than sunshine would have done. But I would have liked to see that gorge in sunshine.

"I was with Mr. Joliffe and his daughter and niece in the foremost diligence, and the maid was in the second, and Mary had a seat in the coupé. I try to get her the best of everything, to distract her thoughts, and though she says little, no doubt she really does enjoy herself after her own fashion.

"Miss Joliffe's sad little face went to my heart. She tried so hard to look and admire, as much as was expected of her, and always replied in a moment to her father; but the pretty blue eyes kept wandering to some far-off distance, and the sweet mouth kept taking such a sorrowful set. I couldn't do anything for her, however, beyond a touch of attention now and then to her bodily comforts.

"We reached here about two, and she was so worn out that she had to spend the afternoon on her bed. Hardwicke has stayed with her. I offered to do so, but the refusal was quite decided; I could not press it.

"I don't think I am very proud—at least I hope not. Perhaps I am—more than I think.

"I wasn't born quite a lady—I know that—and I wasn't bred one either for the first fifteen years of my life. The only 'advantages' I had then, were my aunt's hard and tight hand over me, and my own love of doing everything thoroughly, whether it was scrubbing a room or learning a lesson. I don't think I'm the worse now for those years of hard work. I have no shame in looking back to them. If I'm not quite a lady by birth or training, I don't see why I shouldn't be one in kindness and thought for others.

"There's a certain something in the manner though—in Miss Joliffe's manner, for instance—which isn't in mine and never will be. And I know that, and I don't see that I need be unhappy or ashamed about it. It was God who put me in my position as a child, and who changed it after, and who gave me my good husband later, and plenty of money and friends. And my friends have to take me as I am. If I make mistakes, I can bear being told of them.

"No, I don't think pride comes in there.

"But I have one very strong feeling of another kind, and that is that I can't bear ever to put myself where I'm not wanted. If Miss Joliffe would let me, I would tend her like a mother, poor little motherless sorrowful thing. My heart aches for her. But I can't go if she doesn't want me. I can't offer it a second time. There's a sort of manner about her, gentle as she is, which makes me bristle up and draw back into myself, though perhaps I don't show it. Is that pride, or is it only what is called 'delicacy'? I don't quite know. Yet how could I do otherwise? And yet again the poor little thing does so want looking after.

"It could not be helped, or so I thought, and we four started on a ramble up the mountain side. We were somewhere about seven thousand feet high, but it was only damp and showery, not cold. Mary soon grew faint-hearted at the boggy ground of the ground, and Mr. Joliffe took her back; while Joan and I went a little farther. And as we were walking, she told me something. She reminded me of the

story, which she had told me, about poor little Cleve Joliffe, and the gun accident, and the young clergyman, Mr. Marshall Corrie, who was hurt. 'Uncle says he has just heard that Mr. Corrie is engaged to a young lady out in Australia,' she said. 'Someone has told Kathleen so in a letter. I wonder what Kathleen thinks. Miss Jackson used to fancy that he cared for Kathleen, but this just shows how people are mistaken.'

"So perhaps it does, but I could not help thinking of the white face over the letter yesterday.

A Georgia Father's Strategy.

I used to raise a good deal of buckwheat, and it puzzled me to know how to get rid of the straw. Nothing would eat it, and it was a great bother to me. At last I thought of a plan. I stacked my buckwheat straw nicely, and built a high rail fence around it. My cattle, of course, concluded that it must be something good, and at once tore down the fence and began to eat the straw. I drove them away, and put up the fence a few times; but the more I hunted them off the more anxious they became to eat the straw; and eat it they did, every bit of it. I marry my girls on the same principle. When a young man that I don't like begins to call on my girls I encourage him in every way I can. I tell him to come often and stay at late as he pleases; and I take pains to hint to the girls that I think they'd better set their caps for him. It works first rate. He don't make many calls, for the girls treat him as coolly as they can. But when a young fellow that I like comes around—a man that I think would suit me for a son-in-law—I don't let him make many calls before I give him to understand that he isn't wanted about my house. I tell the girls, too, that they shall not have anything to do with him, and give them orders never to speak to him again. The plan always works exactly as I wish. The young folks begin to pity and sympathize with each other, and the next thing I know is that they are engaged to be married. When I see that they are determined to marry I of course give in, and pretend to make the best of it. That's the way I manage it.—Augusta Chronicle.

Palestine as a Route for a New Ship Canal.

The recent agitation for the building of an additional ship canal between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea has brought up for renewed consideration the project of building a canal through Palestine, commencing on the seashore at Acre, thence inland across the plain of Esdraelon, to the northerly end of the river Jordan a distance of about 25 miles, thence down the valley of the Jordan into and through the Dead Sea, about 150 miles, thence southerly along through the sands of the Waddy Arabah, about 100 miles to the head of the Gulf of Akabah, an arm of the Red Sea—in all about 275 miles. Mr. H. J. Marten, C. E., in writing to a member of Parliament on the subject, says:

"The crucial point, with reference to the project is that which relates to filling the immense depression in the valley of the Jordan with water up to the sea level, by means of a channel to be formed from the nother end of the Gulf of Akabah, along the Waddy Arabah to the southern end of the Jordan valley depression.

"To fill this depression with water and to convert it into an inland sea of the same level as the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, in a period, say, of three years from the completion of the requisite channel, and to make at the same time due provision for evaporation this southern channel would have to be large enough to convey over 1,000,000 cubic yards of water along it per minute during that period.

"To pass this quantity of water it is estimated that, with a fall at the rate of six feet per mile, this channel would have to be 480 yards wide and 20 feet deep, and it is assumed that of a channel this description may be cut through the loose sand which is said to compose the southern end of the Waddy Arabah by means of the properly directed scour of an elementary channel having a bottom width of 50 feet, and carrying a solid body of water 10 feet in depth to begin with.—Scientific American.

Frances' Lesson.

Frances was sixteen, an only daughter, and lived in a pleasant farm-house where plenty reigned, and as much of peace as was possible in a household possessed of one thoroughly selfish and ill-tempered member. If you could have seen Frances in one of her smiling moods, you would have fancied her a very amiable girl; for her blue eyes could sparkle pleasantly and her whole face gleam with a genial light. But these moods were rare, and reserved generally for callers and for persons outside the limits of her own household.

It was vacation now, and Frances was bent on the pleasant task of enjoying herself, quite regardless of the wishes or enjoyment of other people. When not roaming about the country with some young friend, she was usually to be found deeply engrossed in some entertaining book, or drumming listlessly upon the piano.

Mrs. Horton had many cares, and frequently appealed to Frances for aid. But Frances was quite an expert at shirking work. She would often pretend not to hear her mother; and, when tired of waiting, Mrs. Horton would perform the duties herself, saying, perhaps: 'The dear child is so engrossed with her book. Ah, well; the cares of life will come soon enough. Let her enjoy herself while she may.'

But sometimes Mrs. Horton became thoroughly impatient; and then she would say: Frances, I insist that you come and help me. Understand, I insist upon it.' And then Frances would frown, and close her book with a slam, and say rude things in an undertone as she hurried to perform the appointed tasks. You will perceive that Frances' reading neither made her wise nor good, although she read some excellent books; but she read, as she did every thing else, selfishly, with no desire to be better herself, or to make others better or happier.

One day Mr. Horton came in with an open letter in his hand. 'Cousin Amy is coming,' he said, 'to make that long promised visit. She is not well, and she thinks a few weeks of quiet rest would quite restore her health. I hope, Frances, that you will do all in your power to make her visit an agreeable one.'

Frances looked up with a gloomy face. 'I'd like very well,' she replied, 'if Edith were coming; she's somewhere near my own age. But Cousin Amy! why, she's twenty-five years old, if she's a day!'

'To be sure,' Mr. Horton replied, with a smile; 'we know she has reached a very venerable age. The more reason why you should treat her with great dignity and respect, and do all you possibly can to make her bappy-Mind, I expect you to exert yourself; and you will certainly regret it if you fail to do so.'

Frances pondered these last words. 'What can father mean?' she thought. 'I don't see why I should put myself out for Cousin Amy. She can't expect me to do so, and she will be mightily disappointed if she does.'

Cousin Amy came, and as Frances was the only member of the family who enjoyed much leisure, Mr. Horton directed that Frances should take her cousin to ride each day. At first Frances stood a little in awe of her handsome cousin; and, remembering her father's words, she treated her with a gentle courtesy which she well knew how to assume. But as the weeks passed the novelty wore off, and the drives became irksome. Then Amy was treated quite like one of the family—with frowns and monosyllabic replies.

One afternoon Mrs. Horton visited a sick neighbor. Frances wished to make a visit that day, and was particularly out of humor, because required to stay at home in order to entertain her cousin. 'Entertain my cousin, indeed!' she exclaimed, as she threw herself upon the lounge with a book in her hand. Amy came into the room and made some pleasant remarks, to which Frances paid not the least attention. Concluding that her cousin did not wish to be disturbed, Amy bethought herself of some letters which she desired to mail. The farm-house was situated at about an equal distance between two small villages, although one of the post-offices was nearer than the other.

Amy concluded to walk to the nearest office. 'I am going to Oakville, to mail some letters,' she remarked to Frances, before leaving the house.

Frances also had letters to mail. She allowed her cousin to leave the house, and hastened to harness the horse and drive in the opposite direction. Amy walked rapidly, and was sitting on the piazza when Frances returned. 'If I had known you were going to the village,' Amy remarked, 'I should have asked you to take my letters, and I should have been spared a fatiguing walk.'

'And this is the young lady,' Amy thought, 'whom we proposed to invite to accompany us on a trip to Europe, and whose expenses we proposed to pay! How rejoiced I am that I merely hinted our intentions in my letter to Cousin Horton! I'll say no more about it. Frances has some important lessons to learn, before she can make an agreeable traveling companion. She has already robbed my visit of half its pleasure by her selfish rudeness.'

Mr. Horton was a silent observer of his daughter's conduct, and when Amy returned home to prepare for her European trip, he told Frances of the great pleasure which might be hers also, were she but worthy of it.

'Oh, if I had only known! If you had only told me, father!' wailed Frances.

'I did not tell you, Mr. Horton replied, 'because I thought that if my daughter's conduct toward others was not governed by kind and unselfish motives, it was high time it should be. Your mother and I have sadly lamented your deficiencies. We thought it might be a lesson to you, if you could see how others viewed them.'

Frances grieved over her lost pleasure, but she frankly admitted the justice of her punishment. She is beginning to realize that habits form character, and to desire to cultivate those which would make her worthy of her own respect and that of others.—Our Young People.

Being a Boy.

One of the best things in the world to be is a boy; it requires no experience, though it needs some practice to be a good one. The disadvantage of the position is that he does not last long enough. It is soon over. Just as you get used to being a boy, you have to be something else, with a good deal more work to do and not half so much fun. And yet every boy is anxious to be a man, and is very uneasy with the restrictions that are put upon him as a boy. There are so many bright spots in the life of a farm boy that I sometimes think I should like to live the life over again. I should almost be willing to be a girl if it were not for the chores. There is a great comfort to a boy in the amount of work he can get rid of doing. It is sometimes astonishing how slow he can go on an errand. Perhaps he couldn't explain himself why, when he is sent to the neighbor's after yeast, he stops to stone the frogs. He is not exactly cruel, but he wants to see if he can hit 'em. It is a curious fact about boys, that two will be a great deal slower in doing anything than one. Boys have a great power of helping each other do nothing. But say what you will about the general usefulness of boys, a farm without a boy would very soon come to grief. He is always in demand. In the first place, he is to do all the errands, go to the store, the post-office, and to carry all sorts of messages. He would like to have as many legs as a wheel has spokes, and rotate about in the same way. This he sometimes tries to do, and people who have seen him 'turning cart wheels' along the side of the road have supposed he was amusing himself and idling his time. He was only trying to invent a new mode of locomotion, so that he could economize his legs, and do his errands with greater dispatch. Leap-frog is one of his methods of getting over the ground quickly. He has a natural genius for combining pleasure with business.—Olas. Dudley Warner.

A son of the South Sea Islander who slew the English martyr missionary, John Williams, of Erromanga, laid the first stone of the monument erected to his memory.