

Family Reading.

Loyeliness.

"Beautiful thoughts make a beautiful soul, and a beautiful soul makes a beautiful face."
Once I knew a little girl,
Very plain;
You might try her hair to curl,
All in vain;
On her cheek no tint of rose
Faded and blushed, or sought repose:
She was plain.
But the thoughts that through her brain
Came and went,
As a recompense for pain,
Angels sent:
So full many a beautiful thing,
In her young soul blossoming,
Gave content.
Every thought was full of grace,
Pure and true;
And in time the homely face
Lovelier grew;
With a heavenly radiance bright,
From the soul's reflected light
Shining through.
So I tell you, little child,
Plain or poor,
If your thoughts are undefiled,
You are sure
Of the loveliness of worth;—
And this beauty not of earth
Will endure.
—St. NICHOLAS for September.

New Select Serial.

KATHLEEN.

THE STORY OF A HOME.

BY AGNES GIBBERNE.

CHAPTER XVII.

RATHER SUDDEN.

Joan fixed her eyes on the ground, and made no sign. Miss Jackson quitted her chair with a brisk movement, sat down on the sofa, and laid a plump hand on Joan's limp fingers.
'It's a pity,' she said. 'It's a great pity. You might be such a nice pleasant girl, and you just take pains to make yourself disagreeable. And you might have love and kindness from everybody about you, and you just hold them all off at arm's length. And what on earth do you gain by it? I wouldn't give way to the temptation,—I wouldn't really, Miss Brea. You would be fifty times happier if you didn't. It isn't right you know. Now is it?'
Joan would not speak. Miss Jackson looked her smilingly in the face and repeated:
'Now is it? Tell me—is it right? Do you think it is right? Do you make yourself or anybody else happier by it?'
And Joan muttered, 'No, but I can't help—'
'Oh yes you can. Everybody can help it. Why even a heathen can learn self-control, and you won't tell me you are worse than a heathen, I suppose, you—with a Bible!' added Miss Jackson. 'I have no patience with people who read their Bibles every day, and talk all the while about 'can't do this and can't do that. Can't means won't. It means that they will have their own way, at any cost. We do dearly like to have our own way, all of us, and that's a fact. Now you needn't expect a sermon from me, for I'm not going to give you one. It isn't my way. Only you know there is a verse in the Bible which begins,—'I can do all things,—just the opposite to your 'can't'; and you know how it goes on.' Then with a sudden swerve to a new subject. 'Do tell me, Miss Brea, who is your very dearest friend in all the world?'
'I haven't any.'
'No friend?'
'I had one and she died.'
'What was her name?'
'Nannie Pearce. She was the daughter of the station-master,' said Joan, with a combative expression. 'I suppose nobody here would condescend to look at her. That is part of Kathleen's humility, I suppose.'
'Not a lady, eh?'
'I don't know. I dare say not. I don't care. She was my friend, I loved her more than all the rest of the world put together,' said Joan, with impatient tears. 'But I spoke of her once to Kathleen—and if you had seen Kathleen open her eyes.'
'She didn't say anything unkind, did she?'
'Oh no, of course not; it isn't her way. She only looked. Oh, I knew well enough. I made up my mind never to speak of Nannie to Kathleen again. I suppose Nannie was not a lady by birth—of course. She was only good and sweet and loving.'
'That's a good deal,' said Miss Jackson. 'If she had not been so, she would not have had you at her feet, I dare say.'
'Kathleen would not be—'
'Very likely not. Everybody doesn't suit everybody alike. Your cousin has been trained differently from you, and she is used to high-bred manners. Who is your next friend?'
'I haven't any.'
'None? You poor thing!' said Miss Jackson. 'Now I couldn't stand that—I really couldn't. I am thankful to say I have taken pains to make them for I always knew I wasn't a beauty or a wit, and could not expect to have them without a little trouble on my part. Not that anybody can, for the matter of that—not even Miss Joliffe or Lady Catherine. Miss Joliffe's prettiness and Lady Catherine's title may gain them acquaintances, but something more is needed for the making of real friends—something which you have at command as well as they. Now you take my advice, and don't rest till you have a real true loving-hearted friend of your own.'
'There isn't anybody in Rockston.'
'Not a single person in all Rockston good enough for you? You must be above all ordinary mortals. You will have to turn to me,' said Miss Jackson jokingly.
Joan looked up with unwonted softness of expression, and said,
'I wish I might.'
'Do what? Turn to me?'
'I wish you would be my friend.'
'How much older than you do you suppose I am?'
'That doesn't matter. Lady Catherine is Kathleen's friend.'
'Well—yes; but you would never put up with me. I'm the plainest-spoken of individuals. I should give you mortal offence in less than a week.'
'Oh, no; I should like it,' said Joan. 'I could love you.'
'Whether or no Miss Jackson could return the compliment, she bestowed upon Joan a hearty kiss.
'Then it is a compact between us. There—that seals it. But I warn you, I shall take you in hand, lecture you, and say all sorts of hard things—mother you, in fact.'
'I don't remember my mother,' replied Joan. 'I will try to do all you tell me. Please call me Joan.'
'We're getting on apace,' thought Miss Jackson, recalling Joan's many expressions of contempt for rapidly-formed friendships. Aloud she observed, 'Thank you, my dear, but I am not sure if that will do. Better not be in a hurry. The family might not like it.'
'I don't care about 'the family.' I am not one of them.'
'You owe respect to Mr. Joliffe's wishes. Remember, I am only your grandmamma's companion. I can't take any step likely to bring trouble. We must have his leave before I leave off calling you Miss Brea. You see I don't mean to give in to your wishes on all occasions.'
'I don't mind—from you,' Joan said again.
Hearts are singularly won sometimes and inexplicably. A good many things are inexplicable, in these curious human hearts of ours.
From that day forth Joan was transformed into the devoted admirer of Miss Jackson, a very unattractive person to the world in general, not refined, not over lady-like, not intellectual, not good-looking. What of all that? Rounded features, brick-dust complexion, wide-open eyes, loud laugh, blunt liveliness, all these were nothing to Joan. Affection threw a transforming veil over the whole. As for Miss Jackson's sterling nature, true as gold, uncompromising as steel, self-denying, and full of hearty kindness, with its vein of keen humour, its sharp eye to others' good and bad points, its substratum of tenderness, Joan knew nothing of all this, beyond having a general sense of something true and kind, and a particular sense that Miss Jackson 'suited' her. More she could not explain. She only knew her heart was taken captive.

A new element had come into Joan's life. The love once poured upon Nannie Pearce, and pent up since in her own heart, had found an outlet, and a very singular one, some thought. Of all people to be the chosen friend of the moody and easily-offended Joan, the blunt and impulsive, good-humoured yet semi-satirical Miss Jackson might have been counted the most improbable. But hearts do not act by rules or after expectations.
It was a necessity of Joan's nature, as it is more or less a necessity of every one's nature, that she should have somebody to love. It was a peculiarity of Joan's nature that, having one object of affection, she was therewith satisfied and did not care for a second. This was undesirable and unhealthy, and its source lay in a selfish tone of mind. Joan wanted a friend for herself, because she could not be happy without one; she did not wish to be a friend to others that she might make others happy.
Miss Jackson was at first merely sorry for Joan, and interested in her because sorry for her. Love, however commonly begets love, and in no long time Miss Jackson could give an honest return for the affection poured upon herself, differing perhaps in quality and in quantity. She laughingly declared it was the only time in her life that she had ever had a 'real admirer.'
The first time that Joan actually exerted herself to walk off alone and visit Mrs. Montgomerie, was an occasion of wonderment to the household, which wonder grew on a speedy repetition of the visit. It did not dawn upon Kathleen that Miss Jackson and not Mrs. Montgomerie, was the real object of these visits, till she observed that an hour was chosen when Mrs. Montgomerie would be invisible.
Kathleen was at first regretful. Joan's manners were already lacking in the refined finish which suited her father's fastidious taste; and she feared that Miss Jackson's high-pitched voice and indifference to small rules of etiquette might tend to increase the evil.
She needed not to have feared. If Miss Jackson had not refinement of manner, she had observation and she had tact. She knew Mr. Joliffe, understood the "rubs" of the Rocklands household, and was well acquainted with his requirements in a lady. Those small hints as to bearing and deportment, which Kathleen could not venture to utter, Miss Jackson could bestow without hesitating. Joan received reproaches and suggestions with edifying meekness, and set herself to repair what was wrong,—for Miss Jackson's sake.
That was the key-note to the whole. What she did, was done to win Miss Jackson's approval. Anything to please Miss Jackson, was the order of events that summer.
Joan soared no higher. The state of things was an improvement, outwardly, but it contained some comic and some sad elements. None laughed more heartily at the former than Miss Jackson, and possibly none felt the latter more sincerely. She would have liked to see the sense of right and the sense of duty governing Joan's life, in place of this frantic devotion to herself. For after all Joan was feeding upon husks. She was staking her whole happiness upon an earthly source, and setting up an earthly idol. She was trying to meet her soul-cravings with bread that could not satisfy. There was no peace of heart in this friendship, for it filled the wrong place with her.
If she could see Miss Jackson, she was happy. If she could not see Miss Jackson, she was miserable. She had a pivot upon which to turn, but it was an earthly pivot, insufficient for the purpose, and the machinery of her being jarred and creaked in consequence. She was not a much pleasanter inmate in her present mood than she had been in the gloomy state preceding. 'Joan's ups and downs,' as the children called them, became a fruitful source of worry to Mr. Joliffe and therefore to Kathleen.
One of Miss Jackson's first uses of her new power was to bring about the long-talked of examination into Joan's health. Joan submitted to Miss Jackson's mandate, and Dr. Ritchie came. His opinion proved encouraging. He did not think there was so much amiss as might have been feared from

such a fall. She was put through a course of treatment for her general health, ordered to lie down during certain hours and to walk certain distances, encouraged to exert herself and to be busy within moderate bounds, and desired by no means to look upon herself as an invalid. Joan did not take offence—only—because Miss Jackson assented to and enforced the same.
'Rather a change!' Dr. Ritchie said to Kathleen, with amused eyes.
'How does it affect you?'
'I think it is better,' Kathleen said.
'Only I wish Joan could take things more quietly. Papa doesn't care to see Miss Jackson perpetually in an out.'
'And Joan is not happy without a succession of interviews?'
'No, that is just it. Miss Jackson is very good and nice, of course, but she has a loud voice—and papa—' Dr. Ritchie made a gesture of comprehension—it makes papa depressed, and then he always thinks of the past. But if Miss Jackson does not come, Joan wants to be always going to her, and grandmamma objects to that.'
'Rather difficult for you to know what line to take.'
'Yes, I can't always see my way. I am trying to be patient' Dr. Ritchie.
'I see you are he said gravely.
'I suppose, if nobody was ever a trouble, one would have no chance of learning patience,' Kathleen said.
'Is your cousin your chief trouble in that respect?'
'I think so—yes. Of course there are others,' said Kathleen vaguely.
'But some people rasp one more than another, and Joan and I do not quite suite. Perhaps that is the very reason why we are put together.'
'That each may file down the other's roughness?'
'Yes, she said quickly, 'I think I mean just that. But I don't want to act as Joan's file, and they both smiled.
'I am afraid she is that to me. It is a little hard to bear sometimes, though I am sure she doesn't mean to try anybody.'
'I think you would find it less trying if you had a fortnight's change,' said Dr. Ritchie gently. 'I shall advise Mr. Joliffe—'
But Kathleen looked frightened.
'Oh, no, no, please,' she said hurriedly. 'He could not spare me, and indeed I could not leave him, and he does not want to be away from home just now. I shall do very well. One cannot expect to have things perfectly smooth. Joan is much happier than she was, and that is all that matters.'
Dr. Ritchie did not think so. He let the matter rest for a while, however. One event of moment took place early that summer. The post brought a letter from America addressed to 'Mrs. Joliffe,' and written in a childish hand. It was as follows:
'MY DEAREST MOTHER,
'I don't know what you will have thought of me, you, and Leena and all—and I am afraid you have been awfully unhappy. But I could not write before. I would have, if I could, I am only writing now on the sly, and I mustn't let them know, but I think I can manage. O mother, darling, it was so dreadful. I would give all the rest of my life to know that Mr. Corrie didn't die. But they thought he was killed, and so did I, though sometimes I do hope he wasn't really. Fred says it was I fired that shot but I do not know how he can be sure, because he and I fired together. I wish I hadn't done it. I wish I had never gone with them. I wish I had been different. Do please forgive me, all of you. I am very very unhappy. They say we cannot go back, because if Mr. Corrie died we should be punished, and John tries to frighten me. But if they would let me, I would go home. Sometimes I feel as if I must see you all again. I dare not tell you any more about ourselves yet, but when I can, I shall. Don't let old Mr. Hopkinson know that I have written, please please. And please don't think John and Fred are unkind to me generally, because they are not, only I do long for home, and I am so unhappy about Mr. Corrie. He was so good. Oh I wish I had been different. I have prayed to God to forgive me, and I think He will,—don't you think so? I would be different now, if I were at home. Love to all,
'Your own boy,
'Clive.'
Kathleen had not for months wept so passionately as over this sorrowful little childish epistle. Not even the fear of distressing her father could

restrain her. It seemed to bring back the old days, to intensify tenfold the longing for Clive and the overwhelming desire for her mother. Yet how that mother would have grieved at the thought of her boy's position, at the impossibility of reaching him!
Joan stood outside all this, and she was so much absorbed in her own interests as to take little note of it. Not so the two younger sisters. The coming of the letter seemed to draw them and Kathleen closer together, and some passing childish expressions woke up Kathleen to the fact that she had neglected them. 'It used to be so different when sweet mamma was here,' Olive said wistfully. 'And you weren't so busy then, Leena darling, and you could talk to us sometimes.' Joan is so often cross, and Miss Thorpe is always nervous. If only papa didn't want you quite all day long?' and Justina chimed in with a repetition of the same.
It set off Kathleen upon heart-searching and life-examining. She saw her mistake, and determined to repair it in the future. Thenceforth she took care that the lives of the children should be brighter, though with no diminution of devotion on her part to her father's comfort, and consequently with increase of strain to herself.
A true Story of Florence Nightingale.

When the celebrated philanthropist Florence Nightingale, was a little girl and living in Derbyshire, England, every body was struck with her thoughtfulness for people and animals. She even made friends with the shy squirrels. When persons were ill she would help nurse them, saving nice things from her own meals for them.
There lived near the village an old shepherd named Roger, who had a favorite sheep-dog called Cap. This dog was the old man's only companion, and helped in looking after the flock by day and kept him company at night. Cap was a very sensible dog, and kept the sheep in such good order that he saved his master a deal of trouble.
One day Florence was riding out with a friend, and saw the shepherd giving the sheep their night feed; but Cap was not there, and the sheep knew it, for they were scampering about in all directions. Florence and her friends stopped to ask Roger why he was so sad, and what had become of his dog.
'Oh, he replied, 'Cap will never be of any more use to me; I'll have to hang him, poor fellow, as soon as I go home to night.'
'Hang him!' said Florence. 'O Roger! how wicked of you. What has poor old Cap done?'
'He has done nothing,' replied Roger, 'but he will never be of any more use to me, and I cannot afford to keep him. One of the mischievous schoolboys threw a stone at him yesterday and broke one of his legs.' And the old shepherd wiped away the tears which filled his eyes. 'Poor Cap!' he said, 'he was as knowing as a human being.'
'But are you sure his leg is broken?' asked Florence.
'O! yes, miss, it is broken, sure enough; he has not put his foot to the ground since.'
Then Florence and her friend rode on.
'We will go and see poor Cap,' said the gentleman. 'I don't believe the leg is really broken. It would take a big stone and a hard blow to break the leg of a great dog like Cap.'
'O, if you could but care him, how glad Roger would be!' exclaimed Florence.
When they got in the cottage the poor dog lay there on the bare brick floor, his hair disheveled and his eyes sparkling with anger at the intruders. But when the little girl called him 'poor Cap,' he grew pacified, and began to wag his short tail; then he crept from under the table and lay down at her feet. She took hold of one of his paws, patted his rough head, and talked to him while the gentleman examined the injured leg. It was badly swollen, and hurt him very much to have it examined; but the dog knew it was meant kindly, though he moaned and winced with pain, he licked the hands that were hurting him.
'It's only a bad bruise no bones are broken,' said the gentleman; 'rest is all Cap needs; he will soon be well again.'

'I am so glad!' exclaimed Florence. 'But can we do nothing for him? He seems in such pain.'
'Plenty of hot water to foment the part would both ease and help to cure him.'
'Well then,' said the little girl 'I will foment poor Cap's leg.'
Florence lighted the fire, tore up an old flannel petticoat into strips, which she wrung out in hot water and laid on the poor dog's bruise. It was not long before he began to feel the benefit of the application, and to show his gratitude in looks and wagging his tail. On their way home they met the old shepherd coming slowly along with a piece of rope in his hands. 'O Roger!' cried Florence, 'you are not to hang poor old Cap. We have found that his leg is not broken after all.'
'No, he will serve you yet,' said the gentleman.
'Well, I am most glad to hear it, said the old man, 'and many thanks to you for going to see him.'
The next morning Florence was up early to bathe Cap. On visiting the dog she found the swelling much gone down. She bathed it again, and Cap was as grateful as before.
Two or three days later, when Florence and her friend were riding together, they came up to Roger and his sheep. Cap was there, too, watching the sheep. When he heard the voice of the little girl his tail wagged and his eyes sparkled.
'Do look at the dog, miss,' said the shepherd, 'he's so pleased to hear your voice. But for you I would have hanged the best dog I ever had in my life.'
This is quite a true story. It happened many years ago, and is now told with pleasure of that lady who, in later years, grew up to be the kind, brave woman who nursed so many soldiers through the Crimean war, and has done so many other things for the poor and suffering wherever she could.
Providence and the Wood-pile.

One snowy Saturday night, years ago, when the wood-pile of the Alcott household was very low, a neighbour's child came to beg a little wood, as "the baby was very sick, and father off on a spree with his wages."
There was a baby, too, in the Alcott household; and the storm was wild, and Sunday was coming between that night and the chance of more wood. For once Mrs. Alcott hesitated; but the serene Sage of Concord looked out undismayed, into the wild and wintry storm.
'Give half our stock,' said he resolutely, 'and trust to providence. Wood will come or the weather will moderate.'
His wife laughed, and answered cheerfully, 'Well, at any rate, their need is greater than ours; and if our half gives out, we can go to bed and tell stories.'
So a good half of the wood went to the poor neighbor. Later on in the evening the storm increased, and the family council decided to cover up the fire to keep it, and go to bed. Just then came a knock at the door; and lo! it was the farmer who usually supplied Mr. Alcott with wood.
He had started to go into Boston with his load, but the storm so drove in his face, and the snow so drifted in his path that it had driven him back; and now if he might unload his wood there, it would save him taking it home again, and he 's'posed they'd be wanting some soon.'
Of course his proposition was gladly accepted; and as the farmer went off to the wood shed, the triumphant Sage of Concord turned to his wife with a wise look, which much impressed his children, and said:
'Didn't I tell you wood would come, if the weather did not moderate?'—
Youth's Companion.

Miss Bird, who has written so many pleasant books of travel, tells a funny story of three crows that she saw when in Japan. They were watching a dog eating a piece of meat, and they tried to snatch it from him, but in vain. Then they flew off a short distance and held a consultation on the subject. Presently they returned, two going as near as they dared to the meat, while the third gave the dog's tail a sharp bite. Of course he turned round with a yelp, and the two crows seized the meat, which the third fed upon triumphantly on the wall.
Well, well, says the American National Baptist, wonders will never cease; the age of miracles has not passed. We recently wrote to a valued friend and occasional contributor, explaining why his article had not appeared. He replies,—"That you did not publish my strictures on—, so far from being an annoyance to me, is a gratification. After the article went from me, I began to hope you would cast it into that basket that has done so much and such valuable service to the cause of God." Encouraged and emboldened by this approval, we stand ready to render the same service to many others.