Reading. family

Giving and Living.

Forever the sun is pouring its gold On a hundred worlds that beg and borrow; His warmth he squanders on summits cold His wealth on the homes of want and sorrow To withhold his largess of precious light Is to bury himself in eternal night.

To give Is to live.

The flower shines not for itself at all. Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses; Of beauty and balm it is prodigal, And it lives in the light it freely loses : No choice for the rose but glory or doom, To exhale or smother, to wither or bloom, To deny Is to die.

The seas lend silvery rays to the land, The land its sapphire streams to the ocean The heart sends blood to the brain of command.

The brain to the heart its lightning motion And over and over we yield our breath, Till the mirror is dry and images death.

Tolive Is to give.

He is dead whose hand is not open wide To help the need of a human brother; He doubles the length of his lifelong ride Who gives his fortunate place to another And a thousand million lives are his Who carries the world in his sympathies.

To deny Is to die. -Boston Transcript.

Refu Select Sevial.

KATHLEEN.

THE STORY OF - A HOME.

BY AGNES GIBERNE.

CHAPTER XIX.

LAKE AND MOUNTAIN.

The travellers reached Lucerne, after a rapid run through Holland, Belgium, and Germany, taking Antwerp and Brussels, Cologne and Coblentz, with divers other places of more or less note, upon their way.

Once fairly started on a course of sight-seeing, Mr. Joliffe could do nothing by halves. It never occurred to him that to undertake too much within a given space of time, must result in confused recollections. He had notion of discrimination in choice. He was unhappy if a single cathedral or church within reach remained unvisited. if a single castle or ruin remained unexplored.

Moreover, he counted it a necessity that Kathleen should accompany him wherever he went. He was quite content to leave Joan behind, under Hardwicke's charge, when she confessed to fatigue. Kathleen never did confess to it, unless questioned, and he was so imbued with the idea that 'change' was all she needed, and so set upon seeing and doing all that the handbooks recommended, as rarely to think of questioning her.

So they spent their days in the most approved tourist fashion, hurrying from churches to public buildings, rushing from gardens to water-falls, skimming through picture-galleries and museums, glancing at everything, and becoming acquainted with nothing. Mr. Joliffe at home was a quiet individual, somewhat slow in movement, greatly given to studying his own physical condition, and habitually in fear of over-tatigue. Mr. Joliffe on a continental tour was another man, up to anything, ready for unlimited exertions, apparently independent of food and sleeps

One night had been spent at Bäle, and thence they had come by rail straight to Lucerne, arriving in time for luncheon on Saturday.

should not lose it 'Mr. Joliffe said, with what was for him an eager manner What do you say to a walk up Le Petit Rigi, Leena? No great distance I am told. Joan will hardly manage it.'

not very keen intuitions, but she must have been dense indeed, not to have been aware by this time that Mr. Joliffe preferred her absence to her presence. 'You had better take Kathleen, and leave me with Hardwicke.

You will like that best.' Mr. Joliffe looked mildly astonished. Of course he had the feeling, but he was amazed at any one guessing it. 'I merely imagined, Joan, that it might be farther than you cared to walk,' he said politely.

'Oh, I can walk farther here than at home, said Joan. But it does not of it, the elder stranger said. 'It's matter. I can go and look at the lake a wonderful, wonderful world." with Hardwicke,'

long a walk for Joan,' said Kathleen, sense of familiarty. Surely those full rousing herself from a dream, 'I don't and high yet musical tones were not think I can go very far to-day.'

'You are not tired, darling?' asked her father.

'A little,' Kathleen admitted. 'But we need not hurry, and I want to see the views.'

'Yes, and the fresh air will do you concerns to listen. That's where it is.' good. Railway travelling seems to knock you up, rather. We must try what mountain climbing will do. am quite astonished at myself. The change of scene makes me feel a positive elasticity. My dear, will you belp liking her. enquire the road to Le Petit Rigi.'

Kathleen obeyed, and they speedily set off. It was a longer walk than the girls had anticipated, and Mr. Joliffe seemed in no haste to shorten it. Kathleen toiled patiently upwards, too weary or Bellagio -I'm not sure which." to enjoy herself. Joan found the ramble delightful, Travelling was new to her, and she, like Mr. Joliffe, was a different creature abroad from what she was at home. Moreover, this was her first sight of mountains, with the exception only of distant peeps from the train, on the previous day, of the Bernese Oberland, like a far-off fairyscene of delicate snow peaks, glistening high up in the blue sky.

drew away her thoughts from the tiny may become better acquainted. circle of her own life with its central figure of self. She brightened up and was so agreeable that Mr. Joliffe positively found himself talking to her, showing her points in the scenery worth noting and enjoying her delight. They had grand views of the blue lake, with its surrounding amphitheatre of mountains, the broad Rigi range to the left, stern Mount Pilatus to the right and all the wide sweep of jagged peaks and heights between, beyond the water, while below lay the town of Lucerne with its Lotels and gardens.

None of the three knew how time passed, except Kathleen, and she made no protest. Twilight was near when they came, after their ramble, within easy distance of the hotel. Joan drew attention to a side path, with a notice on a board, 'To the 'Three Lindens,' she said. , That must be a good viewplace. Look, it would not take us many minutes to get up. Can't we she were friends too, and you were go?' 'Shall we, my dear?' Mr. Joliffe asked of Kathleen, and as a matter course she smiled and said, 'O yes,' and toiled up again. She was glad to reach the seat under the lime-trees.

Two ladies sat at the farther end of the same seat, side by side. One was young, with mourning dress widow's cap, and soft pale outline. The other was older, a fine-looking woman between forty and fifty, well dressed in black and grey. Her clear blue eyes took note of the new arrivals. She had not quite the appearance of a lady by birth, yet she was particularly pleasing, with handsome features and smooth calm brow.

Joan had for a moment a bewildered feeling that surely the face was familiar. Then she turned her attention to hotel was reached, when she quitted had no business to be a runin' round,

They were in for a splendid sunset well worth the extra climb, Mr. Joliffe said, and he applauded Joan's advice. But they soon left of talking; voices seemed discordant in the scene. For the mountain amphitheatre lay

before them still, surrounding a lake of deep purple, but themselves glowing in every imaginable hue of sunset explain what had happened. 'Miss 'It is a splendid afternoon, We beauty. Rugged Mount Pilatus, in his solitary grandner, wore an indescribable tint of rich rose-lilac, with varied shades of purple and gold filling the air around. As the sun sank, the water grew darker, and shadows crept ' No,' Joan said bluntly. She had up the mountain sides, though the peaks still shone in rosy light, and white snow patches upon the summits were steeped in crimson. One distant snow-field in particular claimed attention, and as the lights died out from peak after peak successively, this square than any other. But at length even it faded, and a weird world of solemn grey mountains lay around, and Jupiter alone shone in soft brilliance over one far-off edge.

like it,' breathed Joan.

And one never could grow weary

'It is indeed,' said Mr. Joliffe, 'I don't really think it will be too while Joan had again the puzzled unknown to her.

'It's the more wonderful that any man can stand looking upon such a sight, and not hear God's voice speak. to him out of it, said the other. But tolks are too busy with their own

· Are you spending any time here?' asked Mr. Joliffe. He liked greatly her face and manner, albeit she did shock. Mr. Joliffe pitied her and was not exactly chime in with his notions drawn to them both in a friendly way; of lady-like refinement. He could not while Joan discovered in Mrs. Dodson a

my niece. No, I don't mean to stay much longer. I shall cross the St. Gothard on Wednesday or Thursday and meet my daughter at Lugano

'This is not your first visit to the continent.'

'O dear, no- and she smiled, a particularly bright attractive smile. 'It's not my first, nor my second.] like to spend a good two months every summer going about. But the St. Gothard is new to me. I've been over the Simplon.'

"Our plan is much the same yours,' said Mr. Joliffe, 'St. Gothard The present scene excited her, and and the Italian lakes. So I hope we

'This young lady isn't quite unknown to me,' said the stranger turning to Joan. 'Ah, you are not so good at faces as I am. You are Miss Joan Breay, and I think you once had friend called Nannie Pearce.'

'Oh-it is Nannie you reminded me of, exclaimed Joan. 'I couldn't think

'It's odd if I am like her, for I'm only her aunt by marriage,' said the other, half laughing. 'But I daresay I brought her to your mind, for the only time you ever saw me was in her sick-room. Don't you remember?"

'Mrs. Dodson - Nannie's favorite Aunt Mary?'

asked Joan eagerly. 'I won't say as to the being a favorite, but my husband was Nannie's own uncle. I never saw much of poor little Nannie, but she was a good girl-a dear little girl. And you and very kind to her. Yes, I am Mrs. Dodson, and this is my niece, Mrs. Ephraim he was agreeable, and so I Macartney. 'She addressed the words | did. half to Joan, half to Mr. Joliffe, who seemed much interested. 'We are in Others had arrived before them. the same hotel, for I saw you all arrive to-day. Don't you think we ought to be finding our way back? It is getting dark, and there is a steepish bit to go down, and that young lady looks

> 'Kathleen! O she is only tired,' said Joan.

Kathleen scarcely seemed to hear mechanically, and took her father's arm. Mr. Joliffe turning his head to address frequent remarks to the trio in his rear. her father and went straight to her own room. Hardwicke met her at the door, with a troubled, ' Now, Miss Leena!' Kathleen said only, 'Don't tell papa, and fainted away.

Hardwicke, and as soon as Kathleen was sufficiently recovered to be left, she went in search of Mr. Joliffe, to Joliffe could not go downstairs, of

course,' she added. blaming himself for not noticing her fatigue, and almost declaring that he Chicago, and have my visit with Sarah would not be at table d'hote at all that evening. It was the first time he had had to do so without his darling. He thought better of this, however, and Chicago to see her Melissy. But I not only went, but remained downstairs shan't trouble myself a-goin' to their for two hours afterwards, in conversation, while Kathleen lay expecting each Ephraim agreed to't, though he said he'd moment to see him. He found the feel dreadful lonesome to have me gone white mass kept its red glow longer two ladies pleasant companions. Mrs. Dodson especially was a most intelligent agreeable person, with a rare kind | a rattlin' along the Michigan Central, of breezy freshness about her. She had there was some dreadful likely-lookin' been left a widow some fifteen years | wimin' in the car. One of them that 'I could not have fancied anything earlier, with an only child, evidently set right in front of us had rosy cheeks

herself not quite a lady by birth or her head, and she kep' a-talkin' to the seen't my alpaca was good then, I early training, and though with rela- other one about the work in Chicago thought 'twould do, and so my silk tives on her husband's side also who and the 'churches in Chicago, and sez hadn't been made. And Cousin Mary would not have been admitted into I to Cousin Ruth, 'That woman's dress Allen, she't lives down in New York, Rockston 'society,' she had in later sets as neat's a pin, and it sounds as if years read much, travelled much, seen she lives in Chicago, and I believe I'll much of the world, and appeared to be just ask her if she knows a good place lifty cents a yard. And I mean to git a woman, not only of fine natural to git my black silk dress made, cause character, but of cultivated mind and I want it's quick's I get there so's I considerable savoir faire, albeit with a certain nameless lack of high-bred tone with Sarah Jane.' So I asked her, and for the passmentry.' and finish. Mrs. Macartney, her niece by marriage, was young and gentle. having soft sad eyes and pale golden hair. She had lost her husband very suddenly, and was suffering from the certain resemblance to her dear Miss 'I've been here three weeks with Jackson and was delighted. Other people failed to see the resemblance.

> Aunt Mehitable's Account of the Annual Meeting.

> > BY SARAH POLLOCK.

Had a stranger been passing through the streets of Cedarville in the golden sunshine of an afternoon late in November, 18-, he would have seen that something unusual was going on at the house of good Deacon Ephraim Stiles, The ladies of the Congregational church, by twos and threes, filled up the straight, clean-swept path and into the front door, till the old fashioned best room at the right hand of the hall was well filled with bright faces and cheery chatter. It seemed to be no ordinary visiting party, for as soon as Aunt Mehitable Stiles had seen that the 'things' of the last comers were safely laid in the 'spare' bed-room, she took up the blue-and-white sock she was knitting for Uncle Ephraim, cleared her throat, and thus addressed her

to the Annual Meetin' of the Wimmin's Board to Chicago, and I've had my heart so warmed, and filled, and lifted up onto a height, that when I come home I sez to Ephraim, sez I, 'Jest as soon as I git straightened around, I'm a-goin' to invite my neighbors and tell them of it, if I do have to cook for't-And it won't make such a dreadful sight of work, either, for I shan't have but one kind o' cake, and sauce, and cheese, and pickles and dried beef; and Grace Pitkin'll come and help get supper while I'm a-talkin'. Well, I.

'You see, the way I come to go was this: My Sarah Jane that married a Bingham and went to Chicago, seven years ago the 13th day of last Septem. ber, kept a-teasing me to go out and see her. But somehow Ephraim and me, we couldn't fetch it around right when Father Stiles was livin,' for he'd got to be took care of. But now't he's gone. Sarah Jane she writ me that the Annual Meetin' o' the Wimmin's Board what was going on. She stood up was a-goin' to meet there, and she wanted me to come and make her a They made the descent in company, visit and go to't. (Sarah Jane she alwus was great on missions.) Well, I never did believe in them wimmin's Kathleen spoke scarcely a word till the | boards, I alwus said I thought wimmin and organizin' and tryin' to make men o' theirselves, with presidents, and officers, and so forth. Ephraim and me, we alwus contribit to the American Board and attend the monthly concert, 'I'll disobey for once,' murmured mostly, and I didn't see why other wimmin couldn't do the same. But when Father Stiles died he willed me \$25 to git somethin' for myself And I set my heart on having a set o' chiny like Deacon Ward's wife's, with a gold stripe. But they hadn't none Mr. Joliffe was very much distressed, in Cedarville, and so I sez to Ephraim, sez I, 'I could get my chiny if I go to Jane into the bargain. I can ride in the cars with Cousin Ruth Phillips from Quidwick, for she's a-goin' to new-fangled Board meetin's. Well, so long.

'Well, we went, and when we was well off as to worldly goods. Though and two or three curls on each side of

can wear it when I'm visitin' round she looked up sort of pleasant like, and said she knew a real nice dress maker she shook hands with us, 'n said she'd on the West side, and she'd give me look for us both to come to the meetin' her address. So she wrote on one side | early. of a little white card, and give it to me, and when I turned it over there was her own name too, 'Mrs. Moses Smith.' Then I sort o'ketched my birds over in India, 'n sez I, 'The Gosbreath, and sez I. Be you the President of the Wim-

min's Board?'

"I am,' sez she.

enough sight older'n and solemner than you do. I'm Mrs. Deacon Stiles, of Cedarville, and this is Mrs. Ruth Phillips, of Quidwick,' sez I.

"I'm very glad to see you, ladies," sez she 'We are going to our Annual Meeting in Chicago, and since you are to be in the city, I hope you can attend the meeting and help us. You probably have an auxiliary in your place?"

"No, we haven't, sez I. 'Ephraim and me, we contribit to the American Board, and once Ephraim went to the meetin' of the Board at Hartford'n he said he never expects to be neared heaven till he gets there. What's good enough for Ephraim's good enough for me, and I don't see no use in wimmin's havin' boards of their own 'cept it's s wash board.'

'I thought maybe she'd be put out, but she wasn't, and she sez, 'The women of America organized at first to do a special work for the wimmin of India and Turkey who are secluded in 'My friends and neighbors : I've bin their own homes where only wimmin can reach them. Many of them never go out of the house from child-hood until they are carried out to be burned or buried.'

" Burned?" sez I.

'Yes, on the funeral pile of their husbands. Just think, if it were your

"My! My Sarah Jane? it takes my breath away even to think of her bein' burned for the sake of Bingham; I've heard of such things before, but I never had a realzin' sense of 'em,' sez

'Sez she. 'They could not read, they could not sew, they never saw the green fields, nor sparkling water, nor blossoming flowers. If your husband should treat you like that, even for a single year, would you not think some one ought to help you?'

'I should think as much! I'd like to see Ephraim lock me up in the house for a year-unless I was crazy! Why. the hull o' Cedarville would be down

on him like a thousand o' bricks.' "But suppose he should,' sez she, ' you would have books and papers to read, and your Bible, and you could sing the sweet hymns of faith and hope. Above all, you would have your Saviour's presence, and every hour you could hold sweet communion with him and cast upon him the burden of loneliness. The Comforter would abide with you and bring to mind sweet promises of joys in store for you which are unspeakable. It was to bring these joys within the reach of their imprisoned into the kingdom the past year.' sisters that our women organized, and as their opportunities grew, the Lord enlarged their hearts to take in China and Africa, and Japan also.' Then she turned to Cousin Ruth and sez, she give out the hymn 'Joy to the 'Have you an auxiliary in your place? Are your ladies interested?

": There was one, but there isn't now sez Ruth.

interest,' sez she.

"That auxiliary has been dead's as a stone for two years, and Elijah himself couldn't revive it.'

sez she softly.

"I began to feel sort o' cheap, 'n thought she'd think I was dreadful extravagan about my silk dress, so I able Stiles, you come here to pick flaws thought I'd explain. Sez I, 'I shouldn't | with them wimmin that's prayin' an' 'a bought it myself, but Ephraim he bought it for me to mourn in after Father Stiles died. And seein't he wasn't own father to me (though I did may help to make souls whiter'n snow. set great store by Father Stiles) and

said I must hev it trimmed with pass. mentry, 'n I could get a good piece for a chiny set like Deacon Ward's wife out of the \$25 that Father Stiles left me, 'n I think there'll be enough left

"That is all right, 'sez she, 'n then

. There was such a racket in Chicago.

as pinks.

I couldn't git to sleep that night, 'n I kep' a-thinkin' about them poor gaolpel's the only key that'll ever let'em out, I believe I'll go to the meetin' in the forenoon and git the passmentry after dinner. As we were a-goin' down to "Well sez I, 'I thought you'd look | the meetin' in the mornin', we passed a crockery store'n there in the window was a chiny set jest as good as Deacon Ward's wife's that cost \$15 'nd 'twas only \$10.50 for 56 pieces. 'Sez I that \$2.50 is found money, and I'll send it to get twenty-five 10-cent Testaments to unlock the doors of twenty-five heathenish homes.' When we got to the door of the grand church. a young lady met us and said she wanted our names 'n' where we lived put on a paper. Sez I, 'I'm Mrs. Deacon Stiles, of Cedarville, 'n this is Mrs. Ruth Phillips, 'n' now't she's a widder, she lives with her sister.' Then we went in; 'n' there were two or three hundred women a settin' in the pews, 'n' Mrs. Moses 'n' a lot more were up in the pulpit lookin' as fresh

> 'The meetin' began with readin' in Joho. 'The same came for a witness, to bear witness to the light, that all men through him might believe.' Mrs, Moses said the world was to be saved through witness bearing, and it was our duty to bear witness to all men; then there was singin' and prayer. It sort o' half scairt me, for it seemed to take me right up before the throne to ask God to save men.

Well, I can't tell half on't for the days is gettin' so short. But Miss Mary Greene, daughter to David Greene that used to be the Secretary to the American Board, and niece to Jeremiah Evarts (so she's missionary clear through), she read some writin' about what they'd been doin' the past year, and she looked forward to what they ought to do in the future, it seemed as if her heart was burnin'. 'To day,' sez she 'thirty-one missionaries, eight boarding-schools ninety-two native Bible-readers and teachers, and seventeen other workers employed as assistants in our boardingschools and teachers of language, for our missionaries, represent our work in foreign lands.' 'Sez I to myself 'Its worth mentionin' anyway!' and I turned round to the woman behind me, sez I 'Does she mean the wimmin' are a-doin' of all this, or is it the American

"The wimmin of the Congregational Churches are a doin' it,' sez she. " I'm thankful I'm a Congregational,"

'The Presbyterian wimmin are doing

Well, Miss Greene told how much of the work was in Africa and what they were doin' in India, and so forth, and so on. There was a Mrs. Coffing in Turkey, and her school had a revival, 'nd tho' at the beginnin' of the year only two out of their twenty-five pupils was Christians, there was only four at the close who hadn't experienced religion. Thinks I, 'That's nineteen souls saved, 'n it, pretty good for a couple of wimmin, considerin' that parson Jones and his wife, 'nd four deacons and their wives, and fifty-seven Church members besides up in Cedarville, ha'n't brought nigh hand so many

· Before noon we had a prayermeetin', and such prayers as them wimmin did pray! The meetin' was conducted by the wife of the principal of a big high school out in Iowa, 'n' world the Lord is come.' While we were all a-singin' it, it sort o' come to me that it didn't mean joy for a few of us in Cedarville, nor out West among the home missionaries. It means usall, " Perhaps you can revive the black and white, rich and poor, bond and free. I ached all through, and telt distressed like, to think that those millions of livin' breathin, sufferin', human beins' had got to be shut out from the light of God's love (I suppose "There is One greater than Elijah,' that's the way Christ feels), and while the principal's wife was a prayin' for the presence of the Holy Spirit, my heart seemed to spread out 'n' take them all in. Sez I to myself, 'Mehitplannin' for the comin' of the kingdom, 'u you ought to be sittin' in coffee sackin' 'nd ashes. You ain't a-goin' to get black passmentry with money that (Conclusion next week).

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