

Family Reading.

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,

The flower shines not for itself at all.
Its joy is the joy it freely diffuses;

The seas lend silvery rays to the land,
The land its sapphire streams to the ocean;

He is dead whose hand is not open wide
To help the need of a human brother;

New Select Serial.

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

Once fairly started on a course of
sight-seeing, Mr. Joliffe could do nothing
by halves. It never occurred to him

Moreover, he counted it a necessity
that Kathleen should accompany him
wherever he went. He was quite content

So they spent their days in the most
approved tourist fashion, hurrying from
churches to public buildings, rushing

One night had been spent at Bale,
and thence they had come by rail
straight to Lucerne, arriving in time

It is a splendid afternoon. We
should not lose it' Mr. Joliffe said,
with what was for him an eager manner.

No, Joan said bluntly. She had
not very keen intuitions, but she must
have been dense indeed, not to have

Mr. Joliffe looked mildly astonished.
Of course he had the feeling, but he
was amazed at any one guessing it.

'Oh, I can walk farther here than at
home,' said Joan. 'But it does not
matter. I can go and look at the lake

'I don't really think it will be too
long a walk for Joan,' said Kathleen,
rousing herself from a dream.

'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
good. Railway travelling seems to
knock you up, rather. We must try

Kathleen obeyed, and they speedily
set off. It was a longer walk than the
girls had anticipated, and Mr. Joliffe

The present scene excited her, and
drew away her thoughts from the tiny
circle of her own life with its central

None of the three knew how time
passed, except Kathleen, and she made
no protest. Twilight was near when

Others had arrived before them.
Two ladies sat at the farther end of
the same seat, side by side. One was

They were in for a splendid sunset
well worth the extra climb, Mr. Joliffe
said, and he applauded Joan's advice.

For the mountain amphitheatre lay
before them still, surrounding a lake of
deep purple, but themselves glowing

'I'll disobey for once,' murmured
Hardwicke, and as soon as Kathleen
was sufficiently recovered to be left,

Mr. Joliffe was very much distressed,
blaming himself for not noticing her
fatigue, and almost declaring that he

'I could not have fancied anything
like it,' breathed Joan.

And one never could grow weary
of it,' the elder stranger said. 'It's
a wonderful, wonderful world.'

'It is indeed,' said Mr. Joliffe,
while Joan had again the puzzled
sense of familiarity. Surely those full

'It's the more wonderful that any
man can stand looking upon such a
sight, and not hear God's voice speak

'Are you spending any time here?'
asked Mr. Joliffe. He liked greatly
her face and manner, albeit she did

'O dear, no——' and she smiled, a
particularly bright attractive smile.
'It's not my first, nor my second. I

'Our plan is much the same as
yours,' said Mr. Joliffe. 'St. Gotthard
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

'It's odd if I am like her, for I'm
only her aunt by marriage,' said the
other, half laughing. 'But I daresay

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

'I won't say as to the being a
favorite, but my husband was Nannie's
own uncle. I never saw much of poor

Kathleen scarcely seemed to hear
what was going on. She stood up
mechanically, and took her father's arm.

'I'll disobey for once,' murmured
Hardwicke, and as soon as Kathleen
was sufficiently recovered to be left,

'Well, we went, and when we was
a rattlin' along the Michigan Central,
there was some dreadful likely-lookin'

herself not quite a lady by birth or
early training, and though with relatives
on her husband's side also who would
not have been admitted into

Aunt Mchitable'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 Novem-
ber, 18—, he would have seen that

'My friends and neighbors: I've bin
to the Annual Meetin' of the Wimmis'
Board to Chicago, and I've had my

'You see, the way I come to go was
this: My Sarah Jane that married a
Bingham and went to Chicago, seven

'Well, we went, and when we was
a rattlin' along the Michigan Central,
there was some dreadful likely-lookin'

her head, and she kep' a-talkin' to the
other one about the work in Chicago
and the 'churches in Chicago, and sez

'Be you the President of the Wimmis'
Board?' 'I am,' sez she.

'Well sez I, 'I thought you'd look
enough sight older'n and solemner than
you do. I'm Mrs. Deacon Stiles, of

'No, we haven't,' sez I. 'Ephraim
and me, we contribit to the American
Board, and once Ephraim went to the

'I thought maybe she'd be put out,
but she wasn't, and she sez, 'The
women of America organized at first

'Burned?' sez I. 'Yes, on the funeral pile of their
husbands. Just think, if it were your
daughter!'

'My! My Sarah Jane? it takes
my breath away even to think of her
bein' burned for the sake of Bingham!

'Sez she, 'They could not read,
they could not sew, they never saw the
green fields, nor sparkling water, nor

'But suppose he should,' sez she,
'you would have books and papers to
read, and your Bible, and you could

'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,

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

'There is One greater than Elijah,'
sez she softly.

'I began to feel sort o' cheap, 'n I
thought she'd think I was dreadful
extravagan about my silk dress, so I

sent'n my alpaca was good then, I
thought 'would do, and so my silk
hadn't been made. And Cousin Mary

'That is all right,' sez she, 'n then
she shook hands with us, 'n said she'd
look for us both to come to the meetin'

'There was such a racket in Chicago,
I couldn't git to sleep that night, 'n I
kep' a-thinkin' about them poor gal-

'I'm very glad to see you, ladies,'
sez she 'We are going to our Annual
Meeting in Chicago, and since you are

'The meetin' began with readin' in
Joho. 'The same came for a witness,
to bear witness to the light, that all

'Well, I can't tell half on't for the
days is gettin' so short. But Miss
Mary Greene, daughter to David

'The wimmis of the Congregational
Churches are a doin' it,' sez she.

'I'm thankful I'm a Congregational,'
sez I.

'The Presbyterian wimmis are doing
more,' sez she.

'Well, Miss Greene told how much
of the work was in Africa and what
they were doin' in India, and so forth,

'Before noon we had a prayer-
meetin', and such prayers as them
wimmis did pray! The meetin' was