MESSENCER. CHRISTIAN STREET.

family Reading.

Loying Words.

6

Loving words will cost but little. Journeying up the hill of life; But they make the weak and weary Stronger, braver for the strife. Do you count them only trifles? What to earth are sun and rain? Never was a kind word wasted. Never one was said in vain.

When the cares of life are many. And its burdens heavy grow For the ones who walk beside you, If you love them tell them so. What you count of little value Has an almost magic power, And beneath their cheering sunshine Hearts will blossom like a flower.

So, as up life's hill we journey, Let us scatter, all the way, Kindly worlds, to be as sunshine In the dark and cloudy day, Grudge no loving word, my brother, As along through life you go : To the ones who journey with you, If you love them tell them so, Golden Days.

Rein Selert Sevial. KATHLEEN. THE STORY OF A HOME.

were firm ; expre intensely earnest; these formed the outline of the picture presented by Kathleen Joliffe, as she stood that day upon the lawn.

The four together made a pretty tableau, and so thought Mrs. Joliffe, she watched them, unseen, from the library window, with a sorrowful heartache for her darlings' future. How hard it is for a mother, standing where she then stood, to realize that in very truth her children may be as safely guided, as tenderly cared for, when she is gone from them as when she is present! Quite other thoughts were in Miss Thorpe's mind, as she stood at the top of the back-door steps under a trellisporch, which in summer showed little of its wood for the mass of covering leaves. She looked distressfully out upon the group, with puckered forehead and lowered mouth-corners, calling now and then, "Justina! Olave ! Justinia my dear !" in tones which failed to make themselves heard. An anxious little body was Miss Thorre, ever burdene with expectations of coming trouble and fears of ill results to each step in life. Her fidgets were a pain and worry to others as well as to herself, and a good deal of forbearance was needed on the part of those who lived with her. She really was a most estimable per-

infantine look of rosy sweetness and were a possibility. A fine-looking n sion pure, natural, six feet three in height, and of a proportionate breadth and stoutn certainly gave strangers the impression that he was made to stand alone; but wife and daughter knew well that this was the last thing he ever thought of doing. Whether weakness of decision or craving for sympathy lay under the characteristic, neither troubled herself to enquire- enough that he always did need companionship, and that what he required had to be given.

It was easy to see, at a glance, from which parent Kathleen inherited her dark-blue eyes and engaging manner. Mr. Joliffe was a particularly engaging man, with a soft graciousness of demeanour which sat curiously, yet not unpleasantly, upon his large frame. He had a full brow and the deep blue eyes looked tenderly out from beneath, yet not with the self forgetting kindness and watchfulness of Dr. Ritchie's blue eyes. The two men were a contrast. Joliffe did not always perceive what lay within a yard of his face. Moreover. with all his kindliness of disposition he was very far from self-forgetting. Nervous people rarely are-and Mr. Joliffe though so big a man, was none the less, a sufferer in certain nervous lines.

"Your mother will explain to you. She thinks we should have a consultation about Joan."

"With grandmamma ?" asked Kathson, high-principled, conscientious, and well-informed. Mrs. Joliffe reposed leen.

near to him, and it seems to me that it pleasure. "Joan has not seen her lather for years, I suppose," she said. "No; and that must lessen the actual pain of the loss but not pain of her lonely position. She has lived with her father's brother nearly all her life, and both from his letter and hers, I gather that he has been kind to her. But he has lately married again, and his wife seems to object to having Joan any longer in the house Mr. John Breay evidently regrets this Some little allowance made towards ber expenses by her father ceases now and that may be partly the cause."

" Then Joan has not much money of her own ?"

" She has none.' "And no home ?"

" No home-and poor health." Mrs. Joliffe leant back, and silently scanned her child's face during the perusal of the letter. Kathleen read slowly, now and then turning back to go over a sentence a second time Once she lifted her eyes, full of dewy moisture, but nothing was said Even after reaching the end, she sa awhile, lost in thought.

"It is sad," " Mrs. Joliffe remarked. "Oh, very, very sad, said Kathleen. Poor Joan ! and she is so young t:onot twenty yet, But she does not write as if she were young. It is more like an old tired out person, who has come to the end of everything in life. Don't you think there is a sort hard-in the way she writes-as if she had given up looking for kindness, or expecting to be happy? I wonder if should feel like that in her place." "I think not." "I might," said Kathleen dreamily. "I have always had so much love and kindness from eveybody. Not only in the old home, where I lived all my life but here too-though we have only been a year in Rockston-how good people are to me! I wonder at it sometimes. But if all that were to stop, I wonder if I should write as Joan writes. Mrs. Joliffe secretly thought there was little fear of Kathleen ever finding herself without friends. " Difference in temperament makes a difference in people's feelings," she said. " And my darling, I think-I do think-that when great trouble comes to you, the great comfort will be yours, of a loving Master close at hand to bear you up. Mrs. Joliffe spoke with too much of tremulous earnestness, and a touch of fear crossed Kathleen's face. " Mamma you talk as if-you do not think any great trouble is coming? Mrs. Joliffe felt that she had gone too far, and forced a smile. "Why should I, darling ?" Trouble may come at any time to any one. I cannot expect you always to escape it. My comfort is " Oh no-because I have you, said Kathleen involuntarily. Mrs. Joliffe controlled shiver. Would that be all, Leena ?" "No," Kathleen answered soberly "I know what you meant." In lowered and reverent voice she added "I should have Jesus. Poor Joan dosn't say anything of that wonder if she feels it. Perhaps she is feetly happy, that I did not like to

must be just as easy to Him to draw us and to keep us at any time, whether bright or dull or unhappy. If we just feel sure, and just trust in the Lord Jeans-"That is the 'if.' I think the whole difficulty hinges there," said Mrs. Joliffe. " If we could believ and trust him, and feel quite sure-The wistful look came back inte Kathleen's eyes.* "I don't think quite see the difficulty," she said slowly " I suppose-perhaps-it is because have had so little trouble. It seems a if I could not help trusting Him. Why, mamma, I could not doubt you for single moment-and He loves me even more than you do.,'

"Yes-if one could realise," Mrs. Joliffe again, and then she added "But I think you realise it all more simply than I do, darling, and if you can, it is something to be thankful for." I have wondered sometimes if doubts would come to me by-and-by," said Kathleen softly. "People talk so much about doubts, and I don't think ! ever had any: Of course I do wrong often enough, and forget, and wander, and grow careless, and like my own way, but I can't doubt Christ, or His power and love. Do you think I shall begin by-and-by.'.

" Remember your own words, Leena cannot God keep you from doubting?" "O yes," and she smiled contentedly

are religion, jurisprudence, logic and poetry. Mathematics, once so flourish ing in Egypt, are practically a dead science now. It is a strange sight to view the pupils repeating their tasks to a mechanical swing of the body which seems to be essential to their studies. Of modern thought and natural science, the teachers are profound. ly ignorant, indeed, they despise them The methods of criticism and study uni versally adopted in Europe, and which develope in so high a degree the reasoning powers of man. are equally un-known to them. The result of such an education is the cultivation of one faculty of the mind only-that of memory-at the expense of the rest; and the knowledge thus acquired, to the exclusion of all independent thought. is regarded as infallible. It is no unusual thing to meet with men who know the whole Koran by heart, and who can quote freely from the commen. tators. To such an extent is the memory cultivated that in the study of the law or in the acquirements of a foreign language very little effort is necessary to an Arab. To read is almost to know. Bouths' Department.

Original and Selected:

Scripture Enigma.

No. 224.

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BY AGNES GIBERNE.

CHAPTER II.

THE HOMELESS COUSIN.

Merry voices sounded upon the back lawn of Rocklands, next morning. Kathleen's return had made this a galaday, and petitions for a holiday on behalf of the two younger girls met with success-contrary to the scruples of the gentle little governess, Miss Thorpe; but who could resist Kathleen, especially after three weeks absence?

So they were all out early on the lawn. A sudden change of weather had come about, English fashion, miss cold having vanished. The day gray-toned, but mild as April albeit no spring-likeness showed in the stiffened yellow leaves which strewed the paths and clung yet to the trees. In had been a late autumn.

The two children were down on the grass together, delighting in the antics of two Skye terriers-somewhat plainfeatured little maidens, "in blue serge frocks of simple make, the one twelve and the other nine years old. Justinia was thin and angular, while Olave was square and pale, but both had pretty chestnut hair, flowing loose in abundant masses, and both were unmistakeable little ladies.

Cleveland, the fourteen-years-old boy lingering yet, when he should have been on his way to school, held high s scrap of biscuit for the dogs to leap after,-one answering to the offer with persistent jumps, while the other sa with ears tossed scornfully back, as too proud to try where success wa hopeless. A handsome lad, this Cleve, with chestnut hair thickly curling, and saucy dark blue eyes. He was the darling of his sisters, and the almost idol of his mother-the worse for him. poor boy, since they could scarcely see

trust in her governess, and the children were fond of their teacher ; nevertheless she was something of a family trial, even after six years' residence in their midst.

Her present torment was the sigh of the children on grass of supposed dampness, together with the discovery that she could not call them off, without herself venturing into the regions of chills. Clogs and wraps lay no near at hand. Miss Thorpe was a semimartyr to neuralgia, and a whole martyr to fear of the same; yet sh was not without her tiny spice of heroism. She would not delay for search of wraps, but ventured as she was into the garden, treading gingerly where no signs of damp appeared, and sheltering her two ears with her two hands, till she reached the border of the grass-

plat. "Justinia! Olave! My dears, you will take cold. Do pray come off the wet grass. She called in tones sharp ened by anxiety on her own account, The two children turned towards her. "But Mamma said we might come, Miss Thorpe, and it isn't the least bit damp," exclaimed Justinia.

"Your mamma could not have known. Not damp Justina !" and Miss Thorpe stopped to lay a hand on the ground. "Not damp! And Olave sitting down upon it !"

"Oh no, she only knelt for a moment, and Leena told her to get up We have our thick shoes on, Miss Thorpe.". Justinia's tone was slightly argumentative.

" Look-oh, look, Miss Thorpe, at Skye-isn't he pretty ?" cried Olave, as the quieter dog drooped his two long ears, and looked up at the biscuit with a pensive air of enquiry. "He is the dearest little pet that ever lived !"

"Yes, about Joan's future. You and of something just a little bitter-almost your mother had better talk the matter over."

He moved on, and was in the garden before it occurred to Kathleen to run after him, with the question, " When shall I be ready?"

"Half-past eleven, I think." She made short work of the plants after that, put away the watering-pot, washed her hands, and sped away quickly to the morning room-a cosy corner. where she usually spent her time with Mrs. Joliffe, before luncheon, working, practising and reading. Mrs. Joliffe had ever sought to guard against desultory habits in Kathleen, the more because of a slight tendency to the same, inherited from her father.

" Mamma, dear, you want me, Miss Thorpe says. I am quite ready now. Mrs. Joliffe was writing letters, weary look upon her face as she did so. Kathleen lovingly drew the from her fingers. "It tires you out, and there is no need," she said. "Do sit in the easy-chair, and tell me you had to say. Something about Joan, is i: not; I have been wondering the last few minutes whether I ought to write to poor Joan. Should I, mamma? It is so difficult to write that sort of letter to a perfect stranger."

Mrs Joliffe remembered Dr. Ritchie's advice. "Think for yourself, darling," she said. "How do you feel about that you would not stand alone."

Kathleen's involuntary response was _"I will do just as you tell me. Mrs. Joliffe made no answer to this, and she considered for half-a-minute, her bright face shading over.

"Yes," she said. "If I were in Joan's place I would like a letter,-if only to show that somebody was thinking of me in my trouble. I am afraid I did not feel enough last night about shy in writing to you, but she

Then after a break, Mrs. Joliffe as with some abruptness, "Should count it a trouble if Joan came to with us?" easy of a merinants of

"To live with us-altogether? only to stay for a visit ?" "To make this her home.

you like it, or would it be a trouble ?' toitempolar yaa "I don't know. I have not tho

of such a thing. Mamma, I don't t -perhaps-that it would be a trouble?" ref) prod to seizura e "Only a little one. Not, at all eve pleasure." Another pause, and Mrs J

waited. Kathleen looked out of window, with eyes slowly filling. "It is not decided yet," said Joliffe. "Your father is willing, I have thought it best that my me should be consulted ; and I wish yo bave a voice in the matter."

"Would you like it mamma?"

"For Joan's sake, yes-poor I do not know Joan personally, but mother was very very dear to me. " And Joan has no home," said K

" No." "And she does not seem fit to go as governess or companion."

"I am afraid not." "And even if she were, you "

not like that for a child of aunt J na's."

"It would be painful to me: I must think first of my children's piness."

"Ob, but, mamma, it could not me unhappy to have Joan here," Kathleen eagerly. "It would no deed. I don't want to be selfish hardly know what made me so st sort-I just now,-only you and I seem so of a third person almove sitting

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ti a ti J v r. tu P e a b w sj tu ti c b e o l a w in	The elder girl, standing slightly part, but smiling in full accord with he peals of merriment, was, as Mrs. Joliffe had said of her, singularly unde- veloped for her twenty years, having ather the appearance of a girl of six- een. The difference in dress alone marked her as beyond the schoolroom whase of life, and that was only anoth- r shade of blue serge, finer in quality, and slightly more elaborate in make; but it fitted daintly, like a glove. and was finished at throat and wrists with potless ruffles. She bore small sisterly resemblance to the younger girls. Strangers some- imes differed as to that wherein the harm of Katheen's face chiefly lay, but few failed to be conscious of the harm. A round slender figure, with a touch f childish plumpness about it, and bout the little hands; a small head, well shaped, with chestnut-brown hair a glossy coil at the back : a variable	to appreciate canine attitudes. "My dears, do pray come off immediately, or we shall have you all laid up," she said, in a complaining manner. "It is quite chilly, and you have no hats or jackets. And, Kathleen, Mrs. Joliffe desired me to say that, as soon as you have watered the plants, she wishes to speak to you." Miss Thorpe disappeared indoors, carrying with her two reluctant child- ren, and Kathleen went in search of her watering-can, the conservatory and house-plants being her especial charge. She seemed in happy spirits, and sang softly to herself, as she sent refreshing showers over the branching maiden- hair ferns. "Kathleen !" a voice said, and she turned. "Yes, papa." "I want you to call with me present- ly on your grandmother. You can do so?" "Oh yes," said Kathleen cheerily,	was so pleasant, —and his having died three months ago seems to put it so far back. But of course it is just as sad for poor Joan, doubly sad to think of his dying in the bush, with no friends near him—none that belonged to him. Are we to wear mourning for him? I have been wondering if I should." "If Joan comes here. Otherwise I should hardly think it worth while for you all." "Is Joan going to pay us a visit? It seems strange that she has never done so yet." "Her fatter always discouraged intercourse between her and us. The truth is, very much annoyance wus felt in my family at the marriage, and was, I suppose too openly shown. Jules never forgave it. I would not have held aloof but he threw difficulties in the way of our meeting, and since your dear aunt's death he and we have dropped entirely apart. He seems to have regretted this when dying, and	Mamma, I always think that if God seems so near in happy times, He would seem much nearer in sorrowful times' "It ought to be so. I am sure it is His will to be near, and if He is not, it must be our own fault, our own turning away from Him," said Mrs. Joliffe, smitten with a conscience-stroke. For was it thus indeed with her?—and if not, why? I am afraid that sometimes when God would have us come closer to Him, we do not see or believe it." "Do you think not?" Kathleen asked wistfully. "But of course I do not know—I have had no great troubles yet. It is so easy to cling to Him, when everything looks bright." "Some would not agree with you. I have heard many say that they could only cling in times of trouble, and so that God had, as it seemed, to keep them in trouble always, lest they should wand- er."	"Well, we shall see," responded Mrs. Joliffe, pressing Kathleen's hand. The call to grandmamma must come first." "I suppose grandmamma would not like Joan to live with her." "I hardly expect that. But now my Leena, you must dress. Look at the clock." <u>Education in Egypt.</u> CULTIVATION OF THE MENORY. The University of Cairo, established, during the 10th century, in the Mosque of El Azhar, is. says the St. James Gazette, the most important seat of learning in the Mohamedan world. Its 10,000 'undergraduates' flock there from every quarter of the globe in which the Moslem faith is professed	6. E li. PRAISE. ANSWERS TO OURIOUS QUESTIONS. No. 56. Diamond of words: G G G G H E N D I E N D N D I E N D N D I E N D N D I E N D N D I E N D N D I E N D N D I E N D N D I E N D N D I E N D N D N D N D N D N D N D N D N D N D N D N D N D N D N D N D N D N D N D N N D N D N D N D N D N D N D N D N D N D N D N D N D N D D N D N D D D D D D D D D D D D D	
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