

Family Reading.

Mission Band Exercise.

The following exercise for mission band or Sunday-School concert is prepared and forwarded by Miss Miller of Tavoy. The poem should be recited by one girl, the Scripture responses given by a class.

THE KAREN GIRL.

I have come from a land far over the seas, Where flowers ever bloom and soft breezes blow, Where birds, brightly pinioned, flit through the green trees, And earth's verdant bosom is ne'er touched with snow.

A land of bright sunshine, of mountains and vales, Where my kindred, dark-browed, by crystal streams dwell, Where bountiful nature's supply seldom fails!

But yet we're unhappy. And why? Can ye tell? Of a wonderful Book our traditions have taught, That to us the "white foreigner" some time would bring, Oh, say! Is it this, with such happiness fraught, That inspires your prayers, the glad songs that ye sing?

We, too, would be happy. Oh, tell us the way! What truth has your Book that such blessing imparts? Oh! what is the balm for our sorrows, we pray?

Oh! what will give rest to our weary, sad hearts?

RESPONSES.

Jer. iii. 23; Ps. xxxvii. 39; John iii. 16; Matt. xi. 28-30; Isa. xxxv. 1, 2, 10; Rev. vii. 9, 10.

Little Helpers.

New Select Serial.

KATHLEEN.

THE STORY OF A HOME.

BY AGNES GIBBERNE.

CHAPTER XV.

DIVERS WAYS.

'How d'you do, Mr. Corrie, how d'you do? Dear me, I am glad to see you again! And you really can manage to walk as far as this! I don't think you look quite fit for it, I must say. I wish we were nearer home, and I could ask you in to rest.'

Miss Jackson's vigorous steps had overtaken the slower paces of Marshall Corrie, as he toiled up a short hill. Miss Jackson's greeting was received with a worldless smile and extended hand.

'Now you'd better take my arm. You are tired, poor man! I wonder what Dr. Ritchie would say to your coming all this way.'

'I had his leave to make the attempt,' said Marshall Corrie.

'First time you've been so far, isn't it? You don't get on very fast,' said Miss Jackson. 'What a long business it has been, to be sure, January, February, March, April, and here we are at the end of May. But you are better now, really, I suppose.'

'Nothing wrong, except that I cannot get back my strength. Thank you, as she squared her plump arm, clothed in rustling silk and fringe, for his acceptance.

'Which way are you going? To Rockland's? So am I.'

'I have never been since—'

'Ah, it's a changed household now,' sighed Miss Jackson.

'How is Mrs. Montgomerie?'

'Oh, she's quite down in the dumps and out of sorts, poor old lady. Spring weather, I suppose. Odd that this glorious sunshine can make anybody dumpish. Oh, she has never been the same since Mrs. Joliffe's death. Always expecting to die herself, poor dear thing, and going through imaginary farewells—not always imaginary either, for she gets Mr. and Miss Joliffe to be present, and has a rehearsal scene, and upsets everybody. And nearly every other day she makes a sort of verbal last will and testament for my edification, and preaches me a sermon about the uncertain tenure of life, and ends by a fit of horror at the thought of death and the recollection of her own unworthiness. Don't think me very wicked to talk like this, Mr. Corrie,—and Miss Jackson actually gave a gulp 'It's the only way to take the matter. If one doesn't laugh one must cry. If you know how depressing this sort of

thing is!—and Mrs. Montgomerie has no mercy on other folks' feelings. One can't spend one's life looking into one's coffin; at least it isn't a cheerful occupation. And she can't stand anybody else being doleful except herself. She is such a good old lady too—one feels she is safe if anybody is—but she can't see it so. At least I'm not sure that she really questions her own safety, but she goes through such terrors in expectation. She has a perfect horror of death, and I think it is that that she feels, not what becomes after. I could understand the other better.' Then, as Mr. Corrie's eyes met hers, 'No, I don't mean that I should feel it so. I'm not so good as some, and I never can talk conventionally, you know, but I don't say I haven't a trust and a hope—and—however, I really do wish you would come and cheer up Mrs. Montgomerie, now you are better. It's moral doctoring more than physical that she wants, and happily you know how to give it. But the doses want constant renewing. So do come when you can. Miss Joliffe is seldom free now, and that makes matters worse.'

'She must be very much occupied with her father.'

'Oh, very much. She lives for him in fact—entirely.'

'I have been told that her devotion to him and her entire self-forgetfulness are beautiful.'

'Oh, yes,—beautiful—lovely,' said Miss Jackson. 'Poor little darling! Forgive me, Mr. Corrie, but you seem like one of the family almost, after having so much to do with Cleve—poor dear boy! what has become of him? And one must let out sometimes, and I know you are safe. Lady Catherine is my safety-valve commonly, but she has been so busy of late, I can't get more than a glimpse of her. Poor little Kathleen; she is the very sweetest and loveliest girl, I do think, that I ever saw. I always thought her charming, but now she has grown to look so delicate, with that intensely sweet pensive smile of hers, she is positively—positively—there is something unearthly about her,—I believe the bodily part of her will melt away some day, and leave nothing but spirit. To see those deep blue eyes watching Mr. Joliffe's every movement, I declare its enough to make one cry. And yet it isn't healthy or right. Why is she to be his slave, and to have no time or care for a soul in the world beside?'

Mr. Corrie could not help smiling. 'Isn't that putting it rather strongly, Miss Jackson?'

'Strong, maybe, but true,' retorted Miss Jackson. 'I tell you the tableau is lovely, Mr. Corrie, and Rockston stands in open-eyed admiration, and so do I,—but at the same time I happen to have a few grains of common-sense in my brain. And I don't like to see the sad little faces of those two children—and I don't quite like to think of a life Miss Brey leads, left to herself as she is, day after day. She is an odd childish girl, not easy to grow fond of I should think, but she looks sickly, and she is a human being, and I suppose she has a heart. And Mr. Joliffe isn't the only individual in all the world who has a claim upon Miss Joliffe. There,—it's out now, and I shall be crazy with myself by-and-by for having said anything to you, so the kindest thing you can do is to forget my words as fast as possible. Ah, you won't find them in to-day,' she added, as a turn brought Rocklands into sight. 'There's the carriage at the door, and Miss Joliffe stepping in. Here they come! Mr. Joliffe drives well, I always say that. They will stop to speak to you.'

The little open carriage whirled up and was checked. Mr. Joliffe leant forward to shake hands, asking, 'How are you to-day? Were you coming to call?'

'I'll come another day. I really don't find myself quite equal to it now.'

Don't run the risk of over-exerting yourself. Would you like a lift home, if you don't mind the back seat? We are going your way.'

Mr. Corrie had not the least objection to back seats, and was glad to be spared the return walk. He noted the change in Kathleen referred to by Miss Jackson. She looked very slight and even in her deep mourning, with a varying soft tint on her cheek, and a look of habitual heaviness in her dark-blue eyes. The old childish manner was gone, and was replaced by a dawning of graceful self-possession, not unlike that of her mother.

Miss Jackson exchanged a few remarks, and then watched them drive off, hesitating what to do with herself. 'I don't care for a talk with that girl,' she thought. 'But there, I'm as bad as anybody. If she is lonely and cross, all the more need to cheer the poor thing up. I'll go.' And she trudged on.

Joan certainly did feel lonely that day and other days as well. Not that it was a new thing in her life to have to spend hours by herself; for she had done so often in her former home, before her uncle's second marriage. Things, however, had been different then. She had had her household occupations, her daily duties, her little interests. She had had her uncle to work for, and her one particular friend in the place to love. The friend had died, and her uncle had married again; and then, though the sympathy and the responsibility had been lacking, she had been neither solitary nor idle. Mrs. Brey had looked sharply after her, and had provided ample occupation; and though Joan disliked work and disliked yet more the new aunt, yet she was the better for employment.

Now matters were changed, and her life had settled down into a grey level of discontent and idleness. She had no occupation, no interest. Every thing that she needed in the way of dress was provided for her, and even mending was taken off her hands. She did not care to work unnecessarily. Neither was Joan a person of literary tastes, though she spent a good deal of time in reading stories after a listless fashion. She had not energy of character or strength of principle to conquer fractiousness and to rise above indolence.

Half-a-year had not sufficed to find her even an incipient friend in Rockston. She was unattractive and her manner repelled the most kindly intentioned strangers; also Joan rather oddly prided herself upon her paucity of friends, and her slowness in forming attachments.

Consistently companionship with Kathleen had become a thing almost impossible, for Kathleen was always occupied. The children would naturally have come to Joan in their sister's frequent absence; but though in certain moods she could be kind and amusing, it was always a matter of mood and inclination with her, not of principle. They rarely ventured to seek her unsummoned, never knowing whether their approaches would be courted or shunned; and Joan, counting herself disliked by them, proudly held aloof.

With Miss Thorpe she was not on happy terms. The two, however unlike in general character, were alike in self-absorption, in self-pity, in self-indulgence. Moreover, each was a little disposed to be jealous of the other's position in the household, and to weigh the amount of attention received by the other from Kathleen. Also, each criticised the other on all occasions—Joan to herself, Miss Thorpe to the children. Joan was cold-mannered, and Miss Thorpe counted her proud. Miss Thorpe was nervous, and Joan counted her fussy. Neither was far wrong in her estimate of the other; but as Miss Thorpe also was proud, and as Joan also was fussy, this afforded no uncommon instance of the merciless fashion in which man is apt to view his own particular weaknesses in another.

Joan's was, moreover, a jealous nature. She would not take pains to be first, but she did not like to see herself second. She would not take pains to win love, but she did not like to see another more loved than herself.

She had a curious mixture of feelings about Kathleen. It was hardly possible that she should spend all these months in the house, and not come under the influence of Kathleen's loveliness. Joan did come under it, and was after a sort taken captive by it.

She admired Kathleen, and in her heart she loved her. But the admiration and the love smouldered under the surface, affording no gratification to any one, and filled Joan with a restless sense of unsatisfied longing. She saw that Kathleen's kind manner to herself was the outcome of duty, not of affection. Too proud to endeavour to win Kathleen's love by showing her own, she

hid it away, yielding to passionate discontent. Why was Kathleen so fair and sweet, and she herself so plain and unattractive? Why had Kathleen so many friends, while she had none? Why was Kathleen admired by all, while she was looked upon as merely an object of compassionate kindness? Why was Kathleen a child of ease and wealth, while she had to eat the bitter bread of charity?

These things working in Joan's mind could not but result in moodiness and gloom. She was very unhappy, and no marvel. Days spent in idleness and listless self-indulgence, days in which she worked neither for God nor for fellowman, could not but be unhappy. She had indeed a certain kind and amount of religion. She said her prayers regularly morning and evening, and read a portion in her Bible every day—not troubling herself very much perhaps if the sense of what she read failed to reach her understanding. She had, moreover, oftentimes her moods of restless anxiety about her own spiritual state, fits of dread as to the future, uneasy prickings and murmurings of conscience respecting her daily life. But these facts she never told, and none ever knew Joan to confess herself in the wrong. Her religion, such as it was, did not make her happy, did not shine in her life. For self and not Christ was the centre of her being; self's happiness, and not the happiness of others was the object of her existence.

Her very affection for Kathleen grew to be so poisoned a nature as not to be worthy of the name of love. She spoke to no one more curtly than to Kathleen. She made it harder for no one to be patient and kind to her than for Kathleen. Joan believed at length that Kathleen positively disliked her, but this was not true. Active love could scarcely spring into being, under the constant friction—the yielding to irascibility on the one side, the struggle for self-command on the other. Yet Kathleen would have loved, had Joan permitted. It was Joan's will, not Kathleen's which held the cousins apart.

Just the Time to be pleasant.

'Mother's cross!' said Maggie, coming into the kitchen with a pout on her lips.

Her aunt was busy ironing, but she looked up and answered Maggie:

'Then it is the very time for you to be pleasant and helpful. Mother was awake a great deal in the night with the poor baby.'

Maggie made no reply. She put on her hat, and walked off into the garden. But a new idea went with her.

'The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when other people are cross. Sure enough, thought she, that would be the time when it would do the most good.'

'I remember when I was sick last year I was so nervous that, if any one spoke to me, I could hardly help being cross; and mother never got angry nor out of patience, but was just as gentle with me! I ought to pay it back now, and I will.'

And she sprang up from the grass where she had thrown herself, and turned a face full of cheerful resolution towards the room where her mother sat soothing and tending a fretful, teething baby.

Maggie brought out the pretty ivory balls, and began to jingle them for the little one.

He stopped fretting and a smile dimpled the corners of his lips.

'Couldn't I take him out to ride in his little carriage, mother? It's such a nice morning,' she asked.

'I should be glad if you would,' said her mother.

The little hat and sack were brought, and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

'I'll keep him as long as he is good,' said Maggie; 'and you must lie on the sofa and get a nap while I am gone. You are looking dreadfully tired.'

The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them were almost too much for the mother.

The tears rose to her eyes, and her voice trembled as she answered:

'Thank you, dearie; it will do me a world of good if you can keep him out an hour; the air will do him good too. My head aches badly, this morning.'

What a happy heart beat in Maggie's bosom as she trundled the little carriage up and down on the walk!

She had done real good. She had given back a little of the help and forbearance that had so often been bestowed upon her. She had made her mother happier, and given her time to rest.

She resolved to remember, and act on her aunt's good advice, 'The very time to be helpful and pleasant is when everybody is tired and cross.'

Changes in the English Language.

When we were in the British Museum, last summer, viewing the many objects of interest, we took particular note of the title pages of some of the earliest printed books. It will be remembered that the art of printing books with moveable type commenced about 1458. The following we copied from one title page:

'The dictes or sayengis of the philosophres enpnynted, by my William Caxton at Westmestre the yers of our lord M. CCCCLXXVII.

Scholars are aware of the great changes through which the English language has passed in successive centuries. Following are specimens of the Lord's Prayer, as used at various periods in English history:

A. D. 1158.—Fadur ur heune, halewede beith thi neune, cemin thi kuneriche, thi wille beoth idon in heune and in erthe. The curyeu dawe briendgit ous thilk dawe. And vortisif ner detters as vi yorsifon ure detteroures. And lene us nougt into temptation, bot delyvor us of evel. Amen.

A. D. 1300.—Fadur ure in heuvene. Halewey be thi name, thi kingdom comethi wille be done as in heuven and in earthe—Our urche days bred give us to daye. And forgive ous dettes as we forgive ous dettours. And lead us nor in temptation, bote delyvor us of yvil. Amen.

A. D. 1370.—Oure fadir that art heuens hallowid be thi name, thi kingdom come to, be thi wille done in earthe as in heuene, geve to us this daye ousre bred ousre other substance forgoene to us ous dettes as we forgoene to ousre dettouris, lede us not into temptation; but delyver us vyele. Amen.

A. D. 1524.—O ousre father which arte in heuven, hallowid be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy wyll be fulfilled as well in earth as it is in heuven. Give us this daye ousre dayly brede. And forgive us ousre trespaces even as we forgive ous trespacers. And lead us not into temptation, but delyver us from vell. For thyne is the kingdom and the power and the glorye for ever. Amen.

A. D. 1561.—Our father which art in heuven, sanctified be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, as in heuven, in earth also. Give us to-daye our superstantial bread. And forgive us ousre dettes as we forgive ous detters. And lead us not into temptation. But deliver us from evil. Amen.

A. D. 1811.—Our father which art in heuven, hallowid be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heuven. Give us this daye our daily bread. And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lede us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thyne is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

At a late gospel temperance meeting in the lecture room of the Y. M. C. A. of Chicago lately, twenty-five men rose for prayer, and testified to the convicting power of the Holy Spirit there present. Thirteen of that number professed Christ. One fine-looking man from Texas said: 'Intemperance is my besetting sin, but the Lord has saved me to-night. I will go to the hotel and write to my wife that I have found Christ and am saved.' An ex-saloon keeper in this city who never had been in a prayer meeting, who came only out of curiosity, was converted.

Rev. Joseph Cook's personal testimony is: 'Many persons when they travel, being told that the waters are not pure or safe to drink, and being recommended to drink the wines of the country, foolishly believe this delusion. From my extensive acquaintance with many lands, I unhesitatingly affirm that everywhere God has provided pure water for man, and that the wines drunk are often miserable and dirty. I have found water everywhere that I have travelled—in China and India, Palestine and Egypt—and everywhere water has been my beverage.'

Booths' Department.

Original and Selected.

Bible Enigma.

No. 236.

Two Double Acrostics.

Find answers to the following questions. The initials give a cheerful view of the future, whilst the finals are a gloomy foreboding:

1. What was the portion of his goods which Zacchaeus gave to the poor? 2. What was the tree whose leaf brought hope to the world? 3. Of what country was the king charged to rebuild the Lord's house? 4. Name the portion of a man's body cut off by Peter's sword?

No. 237.

Give the following and the initials show the name of the servant, whilst the finals indicate the Master and prophet:

1. A district from which Solomon gave twenty cities to Hiram. 2. The mountain opposite Gerizim. 3. A friend of David, called the Archite. 4. A man who is said to have watered where Paul had planted. 5. The scene of Elijah's greatest miracle. 6. One of the places from which people came to hear Jesus when He preached from the ship.

QUIRIOUS QUESTIONS.

No. 100.

Who am I?

I am a character well known in England; and there are few, either high or low, rich or poor, but know my name and qualifications. As I confess myself a stranger to beauty and innocence, in the fair sex I can never appear. I avoid towns and cities, and commonly take my abode towards the extremity of a village. In respectable society I am never admitted, but in a gang of gypsies or beggars make a principal figure; and without me smuggling would be nothing. I cannot well show my face in daytime, but late in the evening, or middle of night I appear, and always in disguise. I am fond of gaming, though must own, whatever company I am in, never fail to end in cheating and plundering. It is the opinion of Burn and Blackstone, that I should always be put in jail; but, be that as it may, my fate is certainly not to be there at present. From the character I have given of myself, and the company I keep, you may suppose me some thief or pickpocket; but, as a proof that I am neither, I delight not in a crowd; and, as a further hint, I no sooner appear before one, than it is instantly gone.

No. 101.

One thousand begins it, One thousand ends it, Five hundred in the middle we find The first of all letters Before we may see, And the first of all letters behind.

No. 102.

Fill up the blanks with words pronounced alike but differently spelled: 1. He arrived in — of the — of his friend's house. 2. John — his boat, lest the — should carry it off. 3. James shot the — through the —.

No. 103.

An Anagram.

Take the letters of the following sentence, "Shall we make toys?" and spell a common proverb of three words.

Answer to Bible Enigma.

No. 235.

The removal of the ark of the Lord. 1 Chron. xv. 25-29.

ANSWERS TO QUIRIOUS QUESTIONS.

No. 97. The letter E. No. 98. Three easy diamonds:

B R A T E N

B A D E N

T E N

N

P

B E D

P E A R L

D R Y

L

A

A P E

A P L E

E L K

E

No. 99. A white goose-quill.

An inquirer at a temperance meeting interrupted the speaker by exclaiming, "I say, mister, do you think a gin sling does a fellow any harm?" To which the lecturer replied, "Not if a man slings it far enough; but when the gin slings him ever so little, then it does harm."

The Duc de Morney's definition of a polite man is hard to realize. "A polite man," said he, "is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about when they are told by a person who knows nothing about them."

Nothing can atone for the want of modesty, without which beauty is ungraceful and wit detestable.