

Family Reading.

The Canary.

Canary bright, with golden wing, Storms rage without, yet thou dost sing; A captive thou while I am free, And dost thou seek to comfort me?

A gilded cage is all thine own, Yet wouldst thou not far rather roam, And in the woodland sing thy lay Upon some swinging, leafy spray?

Still no complaint from thee doth come, Dwelling within thy prison home; But ever some sweet cheerful lay, To glorify the darkest day.

O beauteous bird, with joyous heart, To me of thine own joy impart; That when life's days seem dark and long, I may look up with smile and song.

Sweet type of faith thou seem'st to be, Oh, may I learn to trust of thee; And though I walk through shades of gloom, May hope's sweet flowers ne'er cease to bloom.

Canary bright with golden wing, I dearly love to hear thee sing; And may thy sinless life be long, To gladden all who hear thy song.

L. J. H. FROST.

New Select Serial.

KATHLEEN.

THE STORY OF A HOME.

BY AGNES GIBERNE.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE TIME FOLLOWING.

It seemed as if the stupor which had overpowered Mrs. Joliffe's faculties passed from her to Kathleen. Until the last Kathleen bore up, but then she gave in like a worn-out child. There was no violent expression of grief. She allowed herself to be led into another room, and there she slept heavily a twenty-four-hours' sleep, unbroken except when it was necessary to arouse her to take food. Hardwicke watched over her devotedly, and Dr. Ritchie was in and out from time to time. But the sleep, albeit one of exhaustion, resulting from lengthened strain, did not appear to be unhealthy in character, and probably it saved her from severe illness.

But Kathleen awoke that evening to a clearer sense of things and of the responsibility resting upon her. Sense came back slowly, as she lay on the sofa. First a recollection of the mournful reality; then her mother's last words standing out in letters of gold upon her mind; then a rush of overwhelming sorrow; then a strong consciousness that she had work to do, sisters to care for, a father to comfort, her mother's empty place to fill. She sat up on her couch and looked round, oppressed by a sense of loneliness. Strange to say, she was at that moment actually alone, as she had not been through all her hours of sleep. Hardwicke was resting, and Kenison, keeping watch in Hardwicke's absence, had been suddenly called away.

'Mamma!' was the first word her lips uttered; and then—'But I must be brave. I have so much to do now. O God, help me.'

She stood up, moving slowly still, for a weight was on her, and the ground seemed to slant in uneven layers; but she would not be overcome. 'I must find papa, poor papa!' she murmured. Nobody was in the hall. She went up the first flight, pausing now and then for breath. To seek her father had been her first thought, but another aim intervened. She made her way to her mother's room, turned the key, and entered.

No thought of fear was in Kathleen's heart, yet she trembled, partly from the awe which is natural to all in the presence of death.

But the wasted face was very fair and sweet, with a strange wax-like beauty, and a look of holy calm. The expression of restfulness crept into Kathleen's heart, and stilled her very trembling.

No more sorrow, no more pain, no more anxiety—for her. Why could not Kathleen be glad for that precious mother—

'At rest from all the cares of life, from its night-watches drear, From the tumultuous hopes of earth, and from its aching fear.'

Such a change for her,—victory after wrestling, peace after pain, calm after tumult, rest after weariness. Why not? Kathleen thought she would be glad,—would rejoice in the joy of one so dear to her. And then the great tide of her own desolation rolled in upon her, and she sobbed aloud in her passionate anguish. 'Mamma, mamma—I don't know what to do—I cannot live without you.'

Mr. Joliffe, passing outside, heard the sounds and came in. He shut the door and took a seat beside the bed, bowing his face in his hands. It flashed across Kathleen anew, that she had to be his comfort, and she knelt down, and laid her face on his shoulder, and was folded in his arms, with a clasp of exceeding tenderness.

But even in that moment Kathleen knew well that the clasp was not one of support and protection. She knew that she would have to be his support, not he hers; that she would have to care for him, not he for her; that she could not hope to lean upon him, but must expect him to lean upon her. With such men as Kenison Montgomerie, as Dr. Ritchie, as Mr. Corrie, she knew that there would be in an hour of need the sense of rest on her part and of upholding on theirs,—a sense dear to the heart of every true woman. But with her father, much as she loved him, she knew well it would not be so. She would have to be strong, for he would be weak.

'Papa, we must not grieve too much. See how happy she is,' Kathleen murmured. 'Isn't it wonderful, that look of peace? She will never have anything again to try her. Don't you think we ought to remember that, and not to think only of our own loss?'

Then she softly told him of her mother's last words, each one of which was so clear in her memory. 'There never was any one like her,' he said brokenly as he listened. 'My Katie—my sweet self-sacrificing Katie.' Yet it never struck him that any portion of the self-sacrifice in her life might have been prevented by the exercise of a little self-denial in his. The thought did occur to Kathleen, and she put it away from her as treason, and clung the closer to him.

'Papa, I can never take her place,' she said, dropping large tears quietly so that he might not see them fall, and thereby beginning already to tread in her mother's footsteps. 'Nobody could ever do that. But I want to be your comfort, as she told me. You will let me, won't you? You will tell me everything that troubles you, and let me try to manage for you—just as—'

'My dear child! and he kissed her brow. 'My dear good little Kathleen. Yes, I know you will do all that is possible—all that you can. Nothing can ever fill the blank. I must carry it with me to my grave. Nothing can touch that. You shall do what you wish, anything you like. I have no heart to care now how things are managed. But if you knew what my precious Kate was to me—'

Kathleen thought she did know, and her heart throbbed impatiently against the words, yet she only answered softly, 'I know what she has been to me, papa. I think that helps me to know what she has been to you. But you will let me be your comfort—as much as can be—and a sob burst from her, despite all efforts.

He took her in his arms afresh, and called her tearfully, 'his little comfort,' which was what she wanted; yet as he did so, she almost thought her heart must break with its craving for that other sweet supporting clasp, which had been so much more to her than this could ever be. At least so it seemed at the moment. We are always apt to value what we have lost at a higher rate than what we retain; and dearly as she loved her father, she could not but be conscious of the weaknesses of his character.

Then she slipped her arm in his, and persuaded him to go downstairs with her, hiding from him the fact that she could scarcely have walked without his help. On the way she met Kenison, and in answer to his exclamation she only said, 'I have been with papa,' and did not add where. 'I think I should like to have tea in the study with papa to-night,' she whispered, as she lay down again on the sofa.

'Will you have it alone with him, Leena, or shall the children come?' asked Kenison. 'I think alone to-night,' she answered softly. 'Papa could not stand the children. Please look after them for me, Ken, dear. I am so sorry, but it might distress papa, and you know I have to think of him first.'

These words were a picture—an epitome—of Kathleen Joliffe's opening phase of life. She had to think of her father first on all occasions. She would be careful for others also, but the recollection of him must invariably come first. He was her especial charge, given over into her hands by her dying mother. Kathleen felt it to be an eminently sacred and solemn charge, one which had to take precedence of all others. Henceforth her aim should be to live for him. So far as lay within the bounds of possibility, she was resolved to be to him all that her mother had been.

She had time enough for thinking the matter over during the next few days before the funeral, while she was still too weak to take her place in the household circle. Even then she was perpetually at watch for her father's comings, perpetually uneasy if she could not be with him. The funeral over, Kenison went back to his London work, and Kathleen entered upon a new era of existence.

Setting before her mind's eye the model of her mother's home-life, she sought to follow it perpetually. Thenceforth she would permit herself little indulgence in sorrow. The past months had afforded a training in self-command and the training now took fruit and continued. Those about her, knowing her intense love for the mother that was gone, marvelled at her habitual composure. It she gave way to weeping, it was at times when her father could not see or hear, and when no after-traces should be discernible.

He was not observant, as Mrs. Joliffe had been, and tear traces, unless very distinct, were not quickly detected by him. Neither were symptoms of physical weariness and languor. A certain studied cheerfulness of manner was quite sufficient to convince him that all was right. And Kathleen never complained, never acknowledged herself too tired to do his will. Morning, noon and night, she was at his beck and call.

There was danger that Kathleen, in her inexperience and with her ardent nature, would go too far. Constantly endeavouring to copy her model, she outdid the original. Mrs. Joliffe had lived a life of self-sacrificing devotion to her husband. But she had not counted it necessary to sacrifice the comfort and peace of everybody else at the same shrine, dragging a crowd of unwilling victims in her wake. She had weighed and balanced her divers duties, giving to each its due position.

Kathleen fell short here. She drew no line between reasonable and unreasonable devotion to a single object. Constantly haunted by her mother's dying injunction, she constituted herself her father's slave, and she did not see how, by so doing, she was ministering to the weakness of his nature. It gradually became an acknowledged fact that Mr. Joliffe could do nothing without Kathleen. If he walked, he required her to walk with him; if he drove, he required her to drive with him; if he read in his study, he required her to sit with him; if he had a letter to write or a call to pay, he required her to act with him. He was grateful at first for her companionship, but speedily accepted it as a matter of course.

Other calls had to be attended to between whiles, when and how she found possible. Housekeeping was not neglected, for neglect in that direction would have affected his comfort, and also Kathleen was conscientious in her daily duties. The dinner was as well served, the household appeared to be as orderly in its routine, as it had ever been. But that matter of 'his comfort' was the centre round which her thoughts and actions moved.

In one sense this absorption was of service, since it drew her thoughts away from her great loss, and prevented the depression into which she might have sunk. On the other hand she had no repose in her life. The strain was unceasing.

With her mother she had ever had the placid sense of a little bird under its parent's wing. With her father she had the perpetual sense of something to be done. He had to be comforted, or to be amused, or to be kept cheerful, or to be advised, or to be prevented from worrying himself. Between whiles, when for short intervals not required by him, she was drawn to and fro between a ceaseless rush of unmet claims. Letters had to be written, calls had to be paid, people had to be seen, household matters had to receive attention. Kathleen panted wearily on, never overtaking a tithe of these claims, yet ever ready with a sweet smile and disengaged air to respond to her father's lightest wish.

Her own health was in danger of suffering, and the household comfort did materially suffer. Miss Thorpe's nerves and Joan's humors grew worse, from being under no sort of supervision. Both were suppressed in Mr. Joliffe's presence, and Kathleen was rarely out of that presence, except during brief rushes of business. She did not know how grey-toned an existence her little sisters were living, nor how they grieved in their hearts for the mother that was gone, and the Kathleen of former days.

Yet nothing of this showed beyond the family circle—if that circle included Mrs. Montgomerie's companion. Rockston in general admired Kathleen's single-hearted devotion to her father, and counted that nothing could be prettier than his air of tender and melancholy affection towards her.

Not that Mr. Joliffe was in reality so broken-hearted a widower as he was believed to be by himself and Kathleen. A pensive manner and a tendency to sigh frequently were natural to him, but after the first few weeks he was quite as cheerful as could possibly have been expected, and by no means devoid of interest in life.

Mr. Joliffe had loved his wife exceedingly; but there are different kinds of love. There is love poured out upon an object, for what that object is intrinsically; love of appreciation, esteem, admiration; love that springs into life, because the object is lovable, altogether independently of what that object is to the one who loves.

There is also the lower and commoner form of love, which consists in bestowing affection upon another because of what that other is to one-self. Mr. Joliffe's feeling for his wife had been largely of this nature. She had been necessary to his happiness, and because she was so necessary, he had clung to her, had leaned upon her, and felt that he could not live without her, had loved her dearly for what she was to him. When he lost her, his principal pain was the pain of having lost something necessary out of his life. He was uncomfortable, unhappy; and at every turn he was reminded of her. But his was not the deeper agony which the deeper kind of love would have suffered; and when Kathleen stepped into her mother's place, supplying his every want, attending to his every fancy, his sorrow soon became less acute.

He looked sad, frequently, and tears rose to his eyes at any mention of 'his Katie.' Nevertheless the manner in which he once leaned upon 'his Katie' had speedily become the manner in which he now leaned upon 'his Leena.' Like ivy which has lost one supporting trunk, he had found another.

A few Nevers for Young People.

- Never betray a confidence. Never wantonly frighten others. Never leave home with unkind words. Never laugh at the misfortunes of others. Never send a present hoping for one in return. Never fail to be punctual at the time appointed. Never present a gift saying it is of no use to yourself. Never associate with bad company; have good company or none. Never look over the shoulder of a person when reading or writing. Never answer questions in general company that have been put to others. Never lend an article that you have borrowed unless you have permission to do so. Never pass between two persons who are talking to each other without an apology. Never enter a room noisily. Never fail to close the door after you, and never slam it.

The Silent Power.

We are apt to be most deeply impressed by those forces in nature which manifest themselves to our outward senses in prodigious and awful forms. But the cataract, the cyclone, and the earthquake are only manifestations of the power of hidden forces whose silent processes and operations we cannot see, but upon which depend conditions necessary to our existence and to the stability of the earth itself. The rose and the lily, the glowing hues of sunset, the dreamy cloud flecked summer sky, the fragrant morning "when jocund day sits lightly on the mountain-tops," the refreshing dews and showers—all these are the beneficent results of combining forces whose operations are not apparent to the merely sentient eye; and truly these phenomena are not less wonderful to the understanding mind than Niagara and Etna. This hidden working power is the love of God which "warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze, Glows in the stars and blossoms on the trees."

In human society we have parallel forces and results. Revolutions and wars strike us as the greatest exhibition of the power of moral forces. We hear their thunders, we see their lightnings. But there is a silent, active, persistent, ever augmenting, irresistible force in the world which is love. Fragrant as the rose, modest as the violet, beautiful as the lily, this trinity of love found its sweetest and highest form of expression in the person, life and teachings of Jesus. No region of darkness, nor cold, nor danger, is inaccessible to it. No power or obstacle can successfully resist its progress. It has penetrated the "dark continent," traversed the frozen wastes of the north. It overthrew the barbarous despotism of the Cæsars, and has survived storms and floods, and the wreck of nations, to blossom out in this later day all over the earth where the Gospel of Christ is taught—in hospitals and missions, and schools and homes, for the poor, the oppressed, the ignorant, the afflicted and sinful. How beautiful! how wonderful! how mighty! is love—the love of God!

The Non-Candidating Plan.

They came to a little village church and heard him. He preached a good sermon. He was reverent in manner; his church services were all orderly; everything moved smoothly. They quietly inquired about him of his own people, and there was but one answer—he was all that a good minister and pastor should be. Then they mailed him a little note. Their vacant pulpit had been placed at his disposal the first Sunday of the following month; their people wanted to hear him. They would give him \$50 for preaching and pay all expenses. To their surprise, and with a long list of applicants in their hands, from D. D.'s to S. T. D.'s, they got this reply:

No, brethren, I cannot come and preach to you. I am not a candidate for your pulpit. I would not leave my church for another, unless Providence pointed the way. Somehow, I do not believe the way lies in the direction of appearing before a congregation of strangers and preaching on trial. I did this once. After that, I heard I was not quite tall enough; my coat did not fit as it should; my neck-tie was awry and I learned that this was "not accidental, for it was just so in the evening." In the first part of my sermon, I spoke "too loud;" in the latter part, "too low;" I gestured too much with my left arm; I was "too nervous" in my manner. My sermon in the morning "was rather too analytical;" I "did not pray for the success of evangelistic work in the evening—although I had in the morning!" and there was more of the same order. Brethren, I then said; "As for myself, no more candidacy." Now, if you want to hear me, I shall be happy to welcome you to my church, but I have no idea you will come. My neck-tie is still awry at times, and sometimes I omit to pray for evangelistic work in the evening. But my people put up with all these and other serious deficiencies, and having learned in whatever state I am therewith to be content, I am satisfied to continue to preach for my people. If you ever want to hear me, come and welcome to my church; the sexton will give you a good seat.

The Committee found they could not move the mountain toward Mohammed, so four Mohammeds kindly went to the mountain. They heard that minister. They gave him a call; he went to preach for them to see how he would like them, as the church, and not he, was the candidate. He preached; possibly his neck-tie was a little awry; possibly he omitted to pray for evangelistic work in the evening. Be this as it may, he accepted the call, was installed, and is now a successful minister. Moral?—draw your own, please.—Christian at Work.

MRS. CARLYLE ON SPONSORSHIP.—'I should be greatly pleased that your baby bears a name of mine. But the godmotherhood? There seems to me one objection to that which is a fatal one—I don't belong to the English Church, and the Scotch Church, which I do belong to, recognizes no godfather or godmother. The father takes all the obligations on himself (serve him right!). I was present at a Church of England christening the first time, when the Blunts took me to see their baby christened, and it looked to me a very solemn piece of work, that Mr. Maurice and Julia Blunt (the godfather and godmother) had to take upon themselves, before God and man, very solemn engagements which it was to be hoped they meant to fulfill! I should not have liked to bow, and murmur, and undertake all they did without meaning to fulfill it according to my best ability. Now, how could I dream of binding myself to look after the spiritual welfare of an earthly baby? I, who have no confidence in my own spiritual welfare! I am not wanted to, it may, perhaps, be answered—you mean to look after that yourself without interference. What are these spoken engagements then? A mere form—that is, a piece of humbug. How could I, in cold blood, go through with a ceremony in a church, to which neither the others nor myself attach a grain of veracity?—Letters, vol. 3, p. 190.

Bouths' Department.

Original and Selected. Bible Enigma.

No. 235.

What is the occasion described in these lines, and where is the account thereof to be found? Lo a multitude rejoices, And the sound of honourous voices Rings through all the startled air. While in solemn, slow progression, Winds along a grand procession, Cymbals clash and trumpets blare. Who is this with flowing drapery Like the far clouds, white and vapoury? Who is this that leads the band? In his earnest gaze upturning, Light of sacred joy is burning, As he dances, harp in hand, Thus, with sounds of sacred pleasure, Bringing home a priceless treasure, Comes the goodly company, One in heart, Jehovah praising, Loud thanksgivings to Him raising, For His mercies large and free.

CURIOUS QUESTIONS.

No. 97. An Enigma. The beginning of eternity, The end of time and space; The beginning of every end, And the end of every place.

No. 98. Form three easy diamonds of words:

- 1. Two thirds of an abbreviation of Robert.
- 2. A Rodent.
- 3. A German city.
- 4. Half a score.
- 5. One third of half a score.
- 1. The head of a pin.
- 2. A comfortable place.
- 3. A precious stone.
- 4. Thirsty.
- 5. A lady's head.
- 1. The middle of a bat.
- 2. A large species of monkey.
- 3. That which taught Newton gravitation.
- 4. A large deer.
- 5. Two thirds of the organ of sight.

No. 99. Willie's Riddle.

Youth, exalted high in air, Bathing in the water fair, He a person took delight, And clothed my body all in white. Tall and slim and slender waist, They plucked me from my mother's side, Slit my tongue to make me speak, And made me tell ten thousand lies.

Find answers to the above—write them down—and see how they agree with the answers to be given next week.

Answer to Bible Enigma.

No. 234.

- 1. D isciples.....Mark vii. 2.
- 2. O live.....Acts i. 12.
- 3. O intment.....Luke vii. 38.
- 4. R obbers.....John x. 8.

DOOR.—Rev. iv. 1. 1. Men e.....Dan. v. 25. 2. O thnie l.....Josh. xv. 17. 3. S hime i.....2 Sam. xvi. 13. 4. E lshab a.....Exod. vi. 23. 5. S abean s.....Job i. 15.

ANSWERS TO CURIOUS QUESTIONS.

No. 92. N I N E N I N E

No. 93. Transpositions. 1. Slave, Vests. 2. Mars, Rams, Arms. 3. Heart, Earth. 4. Deer, Reed. 5. Goat, Toga. 6. Bears, Sabre. 7. Pass, Ape. 8. Ostrich, Rich sot. 9. Wolf, Flow. 10. Globe, Bogle. 11. Olive, Violet. 12. Groan, Organ.

No. 94. A little dark e (darkey) in the middle of a bed. No. 95. We are a, e, i, o, u, and y. No. 96. Spear, pear, reap, rape, pare, are, ear, pea, ape.