

## Family Reading.

## The Wedding of the Towns.

THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

BY WILL CARLETON.

Let all the bells ring clear—  
Let all the flags be seen!  
The King of the Western Hemisphere  
Has married the Island Queen!  
For many a day he waited  
By the lordly river's side,  
And deemed that the maid was fated  
To be his own true bride;  
For many a night he wooed her  
Upon her lofty throne,  
For many a year pursued her,  
To win her for his own;  
Nor thankless his endeavor,  
Nor coy the regal maid;  
But, like true love's course ever,  
The banns were long delayed.

And boys to men had grown,  
And men their graves had sought;  
But the gulf was yet between them  
Thrown,  
And the wooing seemed for naught.  
And couriers oft were dashing  
Twixt him and his adored;  
But still was the river flashing  
Between them, like a sword.  
In heart they well were mated;  
And patiently and long  
They for each other waited—  
These lovers true and strong.  
Let never a flag be hidden!  
Let never a bell be dumb!  
The guests have all been bidden—  
The wedding day has come!

Through many a golden year  
Shall shine this silvery tie;  
The wondering world will gather here,  
And gaze, with gleaming eye.  
Philosophers will ponder  
How, blessed by the hand of Heaven,  
The world has another wonder  
To add to her ancient seven.  
Philanthropists will linger  
To view the giant span,  
And point, with grateful finger,  
To man's great work for man;  
And all will bless the year  
When, in the May-month green,  
The King of the Western Hemisphere  
Was wed to the Island Queen.  
—The Independent.

## New Select Serial.

## KATHLEEN.

THE STORY OF A HOME.

BY AGNES GIBBERNE.

## CHAPTER VI.

HOME VEXATIONS.

What to do about Cleve? Kathleen woke next morning in utter perplexity, with the thought weighing upon her. Should she tell, or should she not tell? To speak to her father would be identical with speaking to her mother. Mr. Joliffe never kept anything from his wife, never acted on his own responsibility without consulting her.

Cleve at breakfast seemed the same as usual, gay and full of fun. But Kathleen, watching closely with awakened fears, saw the change of which Miss Thorpe had spoken, a certain nameless something which was not the old fearless freedom. There was a slight shunning of other people's eyes, also a touch of reserve in answering questions as to plans for play-hours and half-holidays. Kathleen saw and heard with sinking of heart.

After breakfast, he was off to school, and she had her hands full. Joan was something of a care. Kathleen did not exactly know what to make of her. She had sat moodily silent and self-absorbed all breakfast-time, declining to eat or be interested; and Kathleen could see that her father, fretted already by his wife's absence, was teased exceedingly by Joan's ways. He called Kathleen apart afterwards, to say with worried look, "How that girl does slouch!"

"I think Joan is tired, papa. You know she is not strong, and she looks very pale."

"A good many people are not strong, but they don't think it necessary to sit at table in such positions as Joan. She lolls in her chair like a spoiled child, and I have seldom seen a more unpleasant expression. Something must have annoyed her. Cannot you find out what it is, my dear, and set matters right?"

"I will try," said Kathleen, not hopefully, for Joan had so far shown herself peculiarly uncommunicative.

"Yes, do—anything to make her

look more cheerful. It is positively depressing to have her in the room. And Lena, my dear—

"Yes, papa."

"About her dress. I can't possibly have her at our table in such guise as yesterday. This morning too—she might have picked up her dress second-hand at a pawnbroker's."

"It does not fit nicely," said Kathleen.

"But she has pretty eyes, papa—if only they would sparkle and not look so dull. She says Mrs. Breay has grudged her every penny."

"Then it is not her fault, poor girl, that she is shabby. Get her some more dresses at once, like your own. Ask your mother about it."

"I don't think I must speak to her to-day, papa; Dr. Ritchie seemed so anxious that she should not have anything to try her. If you do not mind, I can go with Joan and choose a dress or two."

"Yes, do so, my dear, whatever you think she needs. I think Dr. Ritchie is mistaken about your mother, for it does her good to be interested. But of course we must obey orders. Don't put off on any account about Joan. She is a perfect eyesore to me now. And that hair!"

Kathleen had seen the untidy end dangling from beneath Joan's carelessly-arranged coil. "I am afraid I must not say anything about the hair till I know Joan better," she said. "Mamma would be the best person to speak—by-and-by. I am only six months older than Joan, and she might take offence."

"Your mother seems better to-day. How soon is she coming down?" asked Mr. Joliffe, who hated the least break in the family routine.

"Dr. Ritchie has not been yet. We must wait till he comes, papa."

Kathleen delayed only to attend to household affairs, and then finding Joan, said straightforwardly, "Is anything the matter this morning, Joan? Papa thinks you are not happy? Anything particular, I mean?"

Joan looked surprised, and said, "No."

"He thought, at breakfast-time—"

"I have not recovered the fatigue of my journey," said Joan. "This weariness is nothing new."

"I think Dr. Ritchie had better see you. I will ask mamma," Kathleen began, from force of habit, and then—

"No, I am sure she would wish it. I will speak to Dr. Ritchie. Joan, dear, papa would like you to have dresses more like mine, only of course deeper mourning."

"I can't buy them. I have only five shillings. Mrs. Breay took care I shouldn't have much more than enough for my journey."

"Papa will get them, Joan, if you do not mind. He is rather particular how ladies dress. I think we had better go to the shop presently."

"I can't possibly walk to-day," said Joan.

"Then I must go without you. Oh, here is Dr. Ritchie."

Joan glanced up with more of pleasure than she had hitherto shown, for his kindness the day before had made an impression on her. They had travelled down from London in the same compartment, Dr. Ritchie having been into the City for a few hours, and he had accidentally discovered her relationship to Kathleen. This morning, however, he seemed harassed and preoccupied, and though he shook hands with Joan, he scarcely appeared to recognise her. She shrank into her shell immediately with a sullen air. "I must not stay five minutes," he said. "I have an urgent call to a distance, but I would not go without looking in. How is your mother?"

Kathleen led him up stairs without loss of time, and they returned quickly, Kathleen saying, "Papa is very anxious to have her down stairs."

"Not to-day," Dr. Ritchie said. "I shall be passing in the afternoon, and I will call again, but you must keep her quiet till then."

"And you think her better?"

"Better than yesterday."

"May Joan see her?"

"Not just now. Wait till I come again."

"Dr. Ritchie, I wanted to ask you about Joan," said Kathleen. "I am afraid you have not time now."

"Ah Miss Breay told me yesterday that she was rather apt to suffer from neuralgia," said Dr. Ritchie, turning to

Joan. "We must have a little talk on the subject another time. Put up your feet on the sofa, Miss Breay, and give yourself a good rest."

Joan disapproved this summary method of dealing with her case, and Kathleen came back into the room to find a very cloudy face. "I shall not," she said, "lie down unless I choose. And I never said a word about neuralgia. It is all his fancy. I told him I had a fall and hurt my back. I don't like Dr. Ritchie nearly so much to-day as yesterday."

"He is very busy," said Kathleen apologetically. "He has been up nearly all night, and he has more work to-day than he knows how to get through. I think you had better do as he tells you."

"I shall not lie down."

Joan was evidently put out. Kathleen could not imagine why, being unacquainted with Joan's habit of taking offence at trifles, and magnifying mole-hills into mountains. She had never before been thrown with a thoroughly self-absorbed and self-indulgent nature, such as Joan's.

"I shall go out," pursued Joan, with an air of determination.

"I don't think Dr. Ritchie meant you to walk," said Kathleen, with a touch of coldness, for this seemed to her childish.

"But if you really feel up to it, we will go to the shop together. I can start at half-past eleven."

And at half-past eleven they went.

"If you please Miss Joliffe, Miss Breay says she cannot come to luncheon."

was the announcement which greeted Kathleen at table. Mr. Joliffe was already there and Kathleen could not venture to go away. Disturbances at meals were apt to destroy Mr. Joliffe's appetite, and thereby to distress him. She only said, "then please ask what Miss Breay will take." The answer was, "Miss Breay wants nothing, Miss."

Kathleen began to feel the burden of people and things rather heavy. Luncheon over she hastened to Joan's room, and found her on the bed with a tear-stained face. Inquiries met with scant response. "What was the matter," Kathleen asked. "Could she get anything?"

"No."

"Would she go to sleep?"

"I can't—said Joan. "Do leave me."

"I am afraid you ought to have stayed in to-day," said Kathleen.

"It isn't that," said Joan curtly. "It is all those hours in the train—and having to sit up the whole evening after. It's enough to kill one."

"O Joan why did you not ask to go to bed earlier?" said Kathleen, grieved.

Joan turned her head away. Something like anger throbbed in Kathleen's heart, for she thought this unkind. She had a struggle to continue speaking kindly.

"Joan dear, don't be so cold," she said. "I would do anything for you that I could. Will you not believe me?"

Joan looked up, rather astonished. "Of course I believe you," she said. "I don't know what you mean, people are always cross when they are poorly."

"Mamma is not," said Kathleen simply.

"Well—I am," said Joan, "and I expect most people are."

Kathleen thought she had better drop the subject. "I will bring Dr. Ritchie to see you by-and-by," she said. "And I hope you will do exactly what he tells you, because it is right."

With which gentle rebuke Kathleen went out of the room to have her attention claimed in two or three different directions. Hardwicke kept guard over Mrs. Joliffe, allowing no one to approach her, and Kathleen consequently found herself in the position of general referee. She attended to each call in turn. Justina the last, remarked: "Somebody is in the dining-room with papa, having such a long talk."

"Who is it?"

"I saw him coming up the garden, and I am almost sure it is Mr. Harding."

"Mr. Harding at this time of day? He would be wanted in the school."

"I am almost quite sure," persisted Justina. "And he looked grave too."

Kathleen went to her mother's room, with a serious face. Mr. Harding was Cleve's schoolmaster.

Efforts are being put forth to build a church for the deaf mutes in Philadelphia.

## What Amy found in the Garret.

A queer old garret, a spinning-wheel, a chest of drawers,—what a nice place! Amy Gray thought so.

And the rain on the roof, what a soft, go-to-sleep sound it made! But that which interested Amy most of all, that day, was a cow's horn hanging from a nail on the garret wall. It was known to Amy as 'Mooly's horn,' and had been given to her by an old friend of her father.

"It is a pretty horn," thought Amy. Then, she stood watching it awhile longer, unmindful of the rain that tapped on the roof and said: "Go to sleep! Go to sleep, little girl!"

The only answer Amy made was suddenly to clap her hands, exclaiming, "Yes, I'll give Mooly's horn." She took it down from the nail, wiped off the dust with a cloth she found near the window, and took the horn to her little bed-room. The next day was Sunday, and all the children in the Sunday-school had been invited to make an offering for a mission to the Indians.

"If you can't give what you would like, give what you can," said the superintendent. He meant, if they could not give a dollar, then let them give what they could, though it might be a penny.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Amy: "papa is poor, and I don't like to ask him for money." She had sighed all the week until that rainy Saturday, but then she began to smile.

"I'll give my horn, 'cause—'cause he told us to give what we could," said Amy; "that is, if we couldn't give what we would like."

The next day, Sunday, Amy appeared in the Sunday-school room, her arms filled with the long, gracefully curved horn. The scholars had gathered and Amy was a bit late. She was a little girl with a peculiar but sweet face. Her hair was very long and very light, and there was so much of it that it would persist in falling down over her forehead; and through this tangle, like big blue blossoms seen through a vine, Amy's sweet, wondering eyes tried to look. Down the aisle she walked very dignifiedly, bearing Molly's horn. The scholars began to titter.

"There goes a small goddess with her horn of plenty," whispered one of the students from the academy.

"Blow your horn and sell your fish," said Joe Vinton, in an undertone.

"My, what a crook-neck squash that old lady has!" whispered Billy Gadsden to a neighbour.

Amy heard the tittering, and began to blush. When she heard the crook-neck speech, the tears began to swell in her big eyes. She walked on, though, and reached the superintendent's desk. As Mr. Arnold saw her, he smiled as if wondering, "What queer thing has this child brought?"

Amy saw the smile. It was like the last pull on the pump-handle that brings water; for the tears rushed out of her eyes, and sobbing she said, "I—I want to give this—to—the Indians."

Mr. Arnold saw his mistake; and, though he would sometimes get in a bad hole, he was exceedingly quick at expedients for getting out.

"My dear child, that gives me much pleasure. Scholars, I like this better than anything else that has been given to-day. Somebody gave half a dollar, but this will bring in five dollars."

The scholars stopped their laughter, and looked up in wonder.

"How do you suppose it can be done?" asked Mr. Arnold.

Billy Gadsden was on his feet in a minute.

"It seems to be a well-seeded squash; and, if you would plant the seed, I think it will bring in a good deal."

The school was laughing again.

"Silence!" roared Mr. Arnold. "I will not have such joking. It is cruel. Sit down, Gadsden."

Billy dropped as if a bomb-shell had fallen on his head, while the school was still as if hushed by a tempest. Mr. Arnold was generally very mild, and such an outburst surprised every one.

It may have been three weeks after this affair in the Sunday-school, when Mr. Arnold appeared at Amy's door one Saturday. He held up a tasty, beautiful object.

"That is yours, Amy."

"O Mr. Arnold, I thank you. Where did you get it?"

"It is a comb made from Mooly's horn."

"What, that pretty, pretty comb with such a beautiful polish?"

"Yes, and I have a number more. The others are to be sold, save one; and a man has promised to buy them, and pay a dollar apiece. A friend made them for nothing; and whatever is paid me will go towards missions, as your contribution."

"You are so good; but what are you going to do with the one you don't sell?" asked Amy, with her pretty, curious eyes.

"That is a secret, but it is no secret how the combs were made. Do you wish to hear?"

"I should like to, ever so much."

"Well, at my friend's factory, you will see a lot of horns; and that is where your horn went. First, they cut the horn into broad rings. The tips, though, they save for knife-handles and other things. Each ring is then slit on one side, so that it may be pressed down into a flat piece, the rings having been first washed and then boiled in water and in oil. Forcing the rings open, the workmen put them between pressing-irons hot,—oh how hot they are! you could cook breakfast on them. Then a great pressure is brought to bear on these irons, and the rings of horn are all flattened down into stiff sheets. A workman takes the sheets, and then a die shaped like a comb is placed on them. When the die is pounded, it cuts into small pieces of horn shaped like a comb. They shave the comb-like pieces nicely with steel shavers. The teeth are cut out by machinery, and sharpened. The open work in a comb is sawed out. If desired the comb can be carved; and they have a process by means of which they can color it. The last thing they do to a comb is to shape it so as to fit the head; and they effect this by applying heat, when it will bend easily."

"Amy felt that she had taken a peep at a new field of knowledge."

The next day at school, Mr. Arnold held up several combs.

"There children, I planted the seeds of what Billy Gadsden called a squash, and see what they brought me. They are worth a dollar apiece, and Amy's gift will bring to our mission fund five dollars."

"Oh! oh! oh!" the children were saying.

"Will Billy Gadsden step this way?" asked Mr. Arnold.

As Billy came forward Mr. Arnold held out the comb that was a 'secret,' and said, "Here's a boy's comb, a handsome one, made for you out of Amy's horn. Another time, I know Billy, you will try not to say unkind things about people."

Billy now felt as if half a dozen bombs had been dropped on his head, or rather as if half a dozen combs were pulling on his tangled hair. It hurt then, but did him good forever after.—  
*Religious Herald.*

## How a Fiddle became a Means of Grace.

I am not about to enter into any elaborate definition of what I mean by 'means of grace.' I assume that there is a sufficiently clear, though it may be general, understanding among the sects in reference to the phrase to which I intend my story to apply.

I cannot play the fiddle. I am fond of music, I love singing, and, in my homely fashion, join in it from time to time. But I cannot play the fiddle. I have tried to learn, but whether I am too old, or too impatient I cannot say, the fact remains—my attempts have all ended in failure. And yet, well played, there is no instrument to which I would more readily listen. 'Ay! there's the rub'—well played, I say. In the hands of a novice, however, or a player who has no skill, a violin is my 'pet aversion.' The torture I endure, in listening to a learner, however careful he may be to minimise the mischief by beginning his exercises when his neighbours are locked in the embrace of slumber, and by selecting the loftiest and most out of the way cock-loft for his purpose, must be experienced to be understood. My acquaintance with bad players is pretty extensive, especially as twice a week the street in

which I live is visited by a wandering minstrel, who has made moon-hidions in the neighbourhood of my house for the last thirty years. He can't play, he can't sing, and yet he will persist in attempting both—together. I could forgive him if he appeared to improve, but that is past praying for, for as he gets older he gets decidedly worse. His repertoire has never been large, but it has been increased more than once by the addition of one or two of Sankey's hymns to his old stock, which consisted chiefly of the 'Last Rose of Summer,' the 'Old Hundredth,' 'Nae Luck about the House,' and 'Portuguese Hymn.' To these, with singular irony, he has added (*inter alia*) 'Go, bury thy sorrow,' and 'The gate ajar for me.' I am afraid that it pays him not to learn. In my own case, at any rate, his dreadful discords have driven me to bribery in order to secure—benevolent object—his departure to the next street. Well, seeing I can neither alter his playing, nor annihilate his personality, selfish although I may be, what else can I do? I remonstrate with him, I point out to him the error of his ways, but he cannot, or will not, see it. And so, as long as he can find strength to scrape, and I remain a resident in my present domicile, 'Bark's fiddler,' so the neighbours call him, will I suppose, be my *betis noiri*. I expect that, were I to put myself in the way of listening to criticisms on my conduct from my friends, I should be told how much milder I am towards this same fiddler than I used to be. If I am so, and I do not deny it, it is probably due to an incident which transpired under my own roof a year or two ago.

At that time my nephew, John Christopherson, was living with me. I had taken him into my house to relieve his recently widowed mother of the cost of his maintenance and the care of his morals. I soon found that I had assumed a responsibility almost heavier than I could bear. John's father, a loving, anxious, prayerful, but too-indulgent parent, had allowed his son to contract habits which bade fair to be his ruin. The society into which he had been thrown in the house of business where he was employed was 'fast' and facile; generous John soon came to be 'fast' too. All my remonstrances appeared to be useless. Late hours, neglect of all religious duties, carelessness about business, and a variety of correlated mischiefs, were the occasions of daily protest and constant prayers. I never had had, as it seemed, so many, or so urgent, necessities for visits to the throne of grace as at that time. I little knew how soon, or how oddly as it seems, my prayers would be answered. One night John came home later than usual, bringing with him, as our girl put it, 'a odd-looking green baize bag,' and without waiting for a word of conversation, or a bit of supper, stole off to bed. I went to bed too, and slept until an early hour in the morning, when after dreaming restlessly of tooth extractions, barbarous surgical experiments with my nerves, and various other unpleasant experiences, I awoke rather suddenly to find that in the chamber allotted to John the relative torture associated with personal education in connection with 'learning the violin' was going on. I slipped on my dressing gown, and, boiling over with vexation and anger, made my way to the door of the room in which John was thus training himself to musical proficiency. Something, however, restrained me from interrupting him. Instinctively I felt that here was a new departure. If John would only stick to something and give up the slipshod, worse than useless, life which he had been living, some progress towards the consolidation of his dreadfully nebulous character would be secured. And so I bore the torture in hope of better things. Strange to say my instinct was a true one. Months of nerve laceration to me brought hours of reflection to John. He increased in his desire for proficiency in the use of the instrument, the charms of which, strange to say, had taken hold of him at a low dance to which he had gone. As a consequence he had no time, and, finally, less inclination, for the pernicious company in which he had been spending more than his leisure time. And thus, one by one, his ties to vice were broken. His place at chapel was filled by himself, and, once relieved from the moral and spiritual impediments which had hampered him so long, his soul began to run in the ways of its early training. The truth laid hold upon his heart, he became like his deceased father, a true believer in Christ, and now there is no better worker in our church than John Christopherson.

And all through a fiddle!