

Family Reading.

Hereafter.

We need some shadow o'er our bliss,
Lest we forget the Giver;
So often in our deepest joy
There comes a solemn quiver.

New Select Serial.

KATHLEEN.

THE STORY OF A HOME.

BY AGNES GIBBERNE.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TESTING.

Kathleen was dressed and in an easy-chair near the window. The room was a comfortable one, upon the fourth story but it overlooked the street, and the rattle from below was unceasing.

'I did not know you were here.'
'Joan and I met in the cathedral, and I am glad that we did. It is only two days since Dr. Ritchie and I came to Milan.'

'I should like that. Papa has had to go to Rome,' said Kathleen, speaking quickly, and looking from one to the other, as if she expected something to be said which she would not like.

'No,' she said anxiously; 'but, Dr. Ritchie, Hardwicke could take us on now, and if—papa wants to go home—'

She seemed so distressed at the thought of even a day's delay, that neither Dr. Ritchie nor Lady Catherine would press it. Evidently she was putting aside as much as possible the pain caused by the manner in which her father had left her, and was concentrating all her desire on the thought of welcoming him home, and being to him what she had been in the past.

was met by an eager defence. 'Papa could not bear to be upset in his plans,' she said, 'it always made him nervous. And he would have been so dull, alone in the hotel,—and they could not all start just together. So it was much best and quite right that he should go first.'

'It always aches here,' Kathleen said. I think it is the noise in the street, partly. I do so want to be quiet. I am longing to be at Rocklands. And after this journey I think I shall be quite strong, and able to do anything that papa wants.'

That was the leading thought, or it appeared to be so. Lady Catherine saw and heard with a head-ache. She wondered whether the suspicion which had occurred to her had occurred to the girls.

'Yes, she is very good and kind, only there is something about her which always worries me. Papa says I do not appreciate her.'

'The journey home did Kathleen more good than any part of her travels had yet done. Whereas Mr. Joliffe on a journey was ever in a bustle, Dr. Ritchie was a man who scarcely knew the meaning of the word 'hurry.'

'He will not be home before you. If he would, I could not allow you to make more haste.'

Three days were spent in Paris, and two nights, inclusive of Sunday, at Rouen. Up to that date there had not been much of confidential conversation between Kathleen and her friends.

Just for a minute, she said wistfully, with a kind of craving for sympathy, and Lady Catherine had not the heart to check her. She soon found that they were in for a talk 'below the surface,' and she thought it might do more good than the sleep.

'I think I am very wilful naturally,' Kathleen broke out suddenly, nothing seeming to lead to the remark. 'I suppose this is the way I have to be cured.'

'Which way, Leena?' asked Lady Catherine. 'About papa,' she said in a low voice. 'I wanted to have him all my own. Have you not seen? I wanted to have him only mine,—nothing to anybody except me. I didn't know it at first but the feeling grew and grew.'

'I didn't know it was wrong—then. And I could not bear the thought of anything that stood in its way. I could not bear to be less strong, and, not able to do whatever papa might wish, because I thought he would care less, would depend less, I mean, upon me I see now that it was wilfulness.'

'I know it now,' said Kathleen. 'But knowing is not victory. I am afraid I want the same still about Papa, only perhaps not quite so much, and that, not only because it is right, but because things happen to change one.'

'I have been thinking it a great deal lately, ever since I was at Lucerne,' said Kathleen. 'One thing was a sentence that I came across in a little book. I learnt it by heart. It was—'

'Yes, something else helped. It was about Mrs. Dodson. I did feel it so much, when papa seemed to take to her as he did. I don't know why,—I mean, I did not know why at first. She is not always perfectly ladylike in her ways and her manner of speaking, but she is good and true, and she is kind and clever, and really she is more of a lady—than many who are counted ladies—than Miss Jackson, for instance. I ought to have tried to like her. But I could not bear the feeling that papa could be happy to go out for a walk or excursion, with her and Mrs. Macartney and Joan, and to leave me at home. It made me so unhappy. And then we had our adventure,—and Mrs. Dodson was so good to me, that I feel quite ashamed of not liking her better. And then this little sentence came, and I seemed to see how a test had been sent, just to show me the wilfulness and jealousy that were in me.'

'That is God's purpose in sending them,—but we are not always willing.'

'I think I am—' said Kathleen. 'Always, my dear child?'

'No, not always. Oh no,—but still—I want to be so.'

'You remind me now of a favourite little sentence of mine,' said Lady Catherine. 'Unloving words are meant to make us gentle, and delays teach patience, and care teaches faith,

and press of business makes us look out for minutes to give to God, and disappointment is a special messenger to summon our thoughts to heaven.'

'I like that,' said Kathleen, flushing. 'I like it very much—it seems to fit in so well with my other sentence. I should like to write it down some day, and to learn it.'

'Possibly,' said Lady Catherine, unable to resist a smile. 'But it would not be best for Joan, and I think that part of the matter should be considered. Socrates might congratulate himself on the ill temper of his wife as a means of discipline for himself, but nobody could have congratulated Xantippe on having the ill temper. So I think we must do our best to keep Joan well and happy. No doubt if a little extra rasping is necessary for your well-being, it will come somehow. Perhaps I shall take to snubbing you.'

'Oh, don't, please,' Kathleen answered. 'That would make me really unhappy.'

Jimmy's Lecture.

'Jimmy throw that jug into the pig-pen. Smash it first and be sure you don't taste a drop of that vile stuff, said an anxious-looking woman as she handed her little son the brown jug which she had just found hidden in the shed.'

'Father won't like it,' began the boy, eyeing the ugly thing with a look of fear and hate; for it made mother miserable, and father a brute. 'I said I'd make way with it the next time I found it, and I will! It's full, and I don't feel as if I could live through another dreadful time like the last. If we put it out of sight, maybe father will keep sober for another month. Go quick, before he comes home.'

'He was only eleven; but he struggled manfully with the old saw and the tough apple-tree boughs he had collected for fuel. It was father's work; but he neglected it, and Jimmy wouldn't see mother suffer from cold; so he trimmed the trees, and did his best to keep the fire going. He had to stop often to rest; and in these pauses he talked to himself, having no other company.'

'I will!' said the man, starting Jimmy so much that he nearly tumbled into the pen as he was climbing up. The paper fluttered down inside, and both forgot it as the boy looked up at the man, saying, half ashamed, half glad,—'

'I am in earnest, for your lecture was a very good one; and I'm not going to be a beast any longer. Here's money for new shoes and jacket. Give me the saw. I'll do my own work now, and you go tell mother what I say.'

Women who have sons to rear, and dread the demoralizing influence of bad associates, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is excessively restless. It is disturbed by vague ambitions, by thirst for action, by longings for excitement, by irrepressible desires to touch life in manifold ways. If you, mothers, rear your sons so that their homes are associated with the repression of natural instincts, you will be sure to throw them in the society that in some measure can supply the need of their hearts. They will not go to the public houses at first for love of liquor—very few people like the taste of liquor; they go for the animated and

the world comes from rum. Men waste their money, neglect their families, break their wives' hearts, and set a bad example to their children. People better die than drink, and make brutes of themselves. Lots of money is wasted. Folks kill other folks when they are drunk, and steal, and lie, and do every bad thing. Now, my friends (I mean you pigs), turn from your evil ways, and drink no more. (I'll smash the jug behind the barn next time, where even the hens can't get it.) Rise up in your manhood, and free yourselves from this awful slavery. (They are both fast asleep, but I'll help'em up when they wake.) Lead better lives, and don't let those who love you suffer shame and fear and grief for your weakness. (I do love you, old fellows, and I am so sorry to see you make such pigs of yourselves.) Here is the pledge: come and sign it—Keep it all your lives, and be good men. (I mean pigs.)'

Here Jimmy smiled; but he meant what he said; and, pulling out of his pocket a piece of paper and a pencil, he jumped down to use the block as a desk, saying as he wrote in big letters, 'They shall have a pledge, and they can make a mark as people do who can't write. I'll make it short, so they can understand it; and I know they will keep it, for I shall help them.'

So busy was the boy with his work that he never saw a man steal from behind the pen where he had been listening and laughing at Jimmy's lecture, till something seemed to change the smiles to tears; for as he peeped over the lad's shoulder, he saw how worn the little jacket was, how bruised and blistered the poor hands were with too hard work, and how he stood on one foot, because his toes were out of the old shoes. A month's wages were in the man's pocket, and he meant to spend them in more whiskey when the jug was empty. Now the money seemed all too little to make his son tidy, and he couldn't bear to think how much he had wasted on low pleasures that made a worse brute of him than the pigs.

'I guess that will do. We, Tom and Jerry, do solemnly promise never to touch, taste, or handle anything that can make us drunk.'

'I will!' said the man, starting Jimmy so much that he nearly tumbled into the pen as he was climbing up. The paper fluttered down inside, and both forgot it as the boy looked up at the man, saying, half ashamed, half glad,—'

'I am in earnest, for your lecture was a very good one; and I'm not going to be a beast any longer. Here's money for new shoes and jacket. Give me the saw. I'll do my own work now, and you go tell mother what I say.'

'I will, father. I will!' cried Jimmy with all his happy heart, and then ran in to carry the good news to his mother. That was his first lecture, but not his last; for he delivered many more when he was a man, because the work begun that day prospered well, and those pledges were truly kept.—Press Leaflet.

How to Save Boys.

Women who have sons to rear, and dread the demoralizing influence of bad associates, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is excessively restless. It is disturbed by vague ambitions, by thirst for action, by longings for excitement, by irrepressible desires to touch life in manifold ways. If you, mothers, rear your sons so that their homes are associated with the repression of natural instincts, you will be sure to throw them in the society that in some measure can supply the need of their hearts. They will not go to the public houses at first for love of liquor—very few people like the taste of liquor; they go for the animated and

hilarious companionship they find there, which they discover does so much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breast. See to it, then, that their homes compete with public places in attractiveness. Open your blinds by day and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon the wall. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demons of dullness and apathy that have so long ruled in your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass boyhood, and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions depends on you. Believe it possible that, with exertion and right means, a mother may have more control over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.—Appleton's Journal.

Manners in the Pew.

Reverence for the sanctuary, as the place where we go to meet and worship God, should induce quiet and decorous behavior while there. Most people would be intolerant of levity in God's house, if they thought of the place and the purpose, and regarded them in the proper light. Even choirs, which—as everybody knows—often invite criticism by their frivolity, would be ashamed to look over their music in prayer-time, write notes to each other, or exchange glances and whisper audibly, if they remembered, each young gentleman and lady individually, that they were in the court of the King. It is forgetfulness of the day, of the place and of the object, which induce presumptuous and irreverent demeanor in church on the Sabbath.

There is a matter of minor morals, which incites the present word of reminder,—a sort of venial transgression, which good people commit without a notion of its being improper. The whole affair of manners in the pew is really on the same basis as that of manners in the household, in the drawing-room, or anywhere in society. Leaving the higher considerations wholly out of sight, we may observe good manners or the reverse in the pew, and praise or condemn them precisely as we would in the parlor.

The noisy way in which many people put their hymn-books in the rack, at the conclusion of the hymn, is an offence against good taste. The sweet echoes of the song or psalm have hardly died away, when presto! there is, as it were, a rattle of musketry all over the building. The innocent books go, slambang, into their places, as though they were projectiles which their owners were bound to throw as far as possible.

Taking out watches, and scanning them during the sermon, is another gross piece of rudeness. No one would dream of consulting a watch during the pastor's personal call at his home. It is equally unpardonable to manifest impatience of the pulpit, and indifference to the message spoken therefrom,—regarding the impatience and indifference simply as breach of courtesy.

Donning cloaks, furs, and overcoats, during the doxology and benediction, as some people do, is another infringement of propriety. The whole service demands the attention of the congregation; and, during its continuance, the edifice should not be turned into a dressing-room.

Making a frantic rush for the door, the instant the minister has pronounced the final Amen, is a bit of indiscretion seldom seen in Episcopal churches, but too frequently witnessed in those of other Protestant denominations. One would suppose the building to be on fire, noticing the haste with which the occupants leave it. How much better a decent pause, a moment of silence, and then a restrained and unhurried movement through the hallowed aisles and out of the pleasant portals into the world outside. Love for our special place of worship is as natural and as proper as love for our own homes. 'If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning.' The more dearly we cherish the house of prayer, the more chary let us be of doing aught that shall diminish our sense of its worthiness, and our feeling of the dignity of the service there performed.—Chris. Intelligencer.