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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. We could not tell from whence it came. The subtle cause we cannot name. Its twilight fall May well recall Calm thought of him who gave us all.

So is it here, so is it now ! Not always will it be ! There is a land that needs no shade, A morn will rise, which cannot fade ; And we, like flame-robed angels made, That glory soon may see. No cloud upon its radiant joy. No shadow o'er its bright employ, No sleep, no night, But perfect sight, The Lamb our everlasting light. -F. R. Havergal.

Refu Seleck Sevial. KATHLEEN.

THE STORY OF A HOME. BY AGNES GIBERNE. 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 overloooked the street, and the rattle from below was unceasing. Hardwicke sat near, mending a torn skirt of Joan's. When Dr. Ritchie and Lady. Catherine entered she laid it aside and rose. Kathleen too stood up, though rembling so much that the movement was clearly a matter of difficulty. She was very white and thin, and her eyelids had a heavy reddened look, apparently from want of sleep rather than from tear-shedding. Her quietness of manner had a certain strain about it.

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 cured. start just together. So it was much

best and quite right that he should go Catherine.

She flushed and whitened alternately as she spoke, and put her hand to her temple.

first.'

girls.

'Is your head aching, Kathleen ?' Dr. Ritchie asked, in answer. 'It always aches here,' Kathleen said. think it is the noise in the street, partly. I do so want to be quiet. am longing to be at Rocklands. And

after this journey I think I shall be quite strong, and able to de anything that papa wants.'

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

had occured to her had occurred to the

Apparently not. Joan soon came back, and they had a long conversation about matters in general. Dr. Ritchie went away to make certain arrangements for the morrow's journey, but Lady Catherine remained, and heard divers particulars of the last few weeks. The stay at Lucerne; the meeting with Mrs. Dodson and Mrs. Macartney; the ascent of the Rigi; the passage over the St. Gothard : were described in detail. Kathleen talked less than Joan, and seemed to avoid the subject of the two new acquaintances. She remarked, languidly, when Joan was expatiating on Mrs. Dodson's merits,-'Yes, she is very good and kind, only there is something about her which al ways worries me. Papa says I do not appreciate her.' 'Everyone else does,' Joan made answer. 'And Uncle Albert told me he thought her quite one of a thousand." But the girls spoke unsuspiciously. Lady Catherine earnestly hoped that her own foresight might prove to be mistaken.

'I think I am very wilful naturally,' and press of business makes us look the world comes from rum. Men waste hilarious companionship they find there. Kathleen broke out suddenly, nothing out for minutes to give to God, and their money, neglect their families, which they discover does so much to seeming to lead to the remark. 'I disappointment is a special messenger suppose this is the way I have to be to summon our thoughts to heaven."

'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 have seen it so,' said Lady Cath- better for me."

erine. '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.'

'The first step towards victory is to knew the existence of an enemy.'

'I know it now,' said Kathleen. 'But knowing is not victory. I am alraid 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.' Lady Catherine was slightly mystified but sought no explanation. 'I am afraid I do care very much still,' Kathleen went on. 'But if it is God's will, I ought to be patient, and not to be al-

'I like that,' said Kathleen, flushing. 'Which way, Leena?' asked Lady 'I like it very much-it seems to fit in so well with my other sentence. "About papa,' she said ia a low voice | should like to write it down some day, and to learn it."

> ' It is truth,' said Lady Catherine. Joan will not go on like this, but will be a little tiresome again. It might be

'Possibly," said Lady Catherine, yourselves from this awful slavery. not be best for Joan, and I think that 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 men. (I mean pigs.') necessary for your well-being, it will Here Jimmy smiled; but he meant

come somehow. Perhaps I shall take what he said; and, pulling out of his to snubbing you., pocket a piece of paper and a pencil, . Oh, don't, please,' Kathleen anhe jumped down to use the block as a desk, saying as he wrote in big letters,

swered. . That would make me really unhappy.'

Jimmy's Lecture.

will keep it, for I shall help them.' ' Jimmy throw that jug into the pigpen. Smash it first and be sure you

break their wives' hearts, and set a bad repress the disturbing restlessness in example to their children. People their breast. See to it, then, that their better die than drink, and make brutes homes compete with public places in of themselves. Lots of money is attractiveness. Open your blinds by wasted. Folks kill other folks when day and light bright fires at night. they are drunk, and steal, and lie, and Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures do every bad thing. Now, my friends upon the wall. Put books and news-(I mean you pigs), turn from your evil papers upon your tables. Have music 'Yes,-oh yes, I see it. Perhaps ways, and drink no more. (I'll smash and entertaining games. Banish demons the jug behind the barn next time, of dullness and apathy that have so long where even the hens can't get it.) ruled in your household, and bring in Rise up in your manhood, and free mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their unable to resist a smile. But it would (They are both fast asleep, but i'll ambitions in worthy directions. While help'em up when they wake.) Lead you make home their delight, fill them part of the matter should be considered. better lives, and don't let those who with higher purposes than mere plea-Socrates might congratulate himself on love you suffer shame and fear and sure. Whether they shall pass boythe ill temper of his wife as a means of grief for your weakness. (I do love hood, and enter upon manhood with rediscipline for himself, but nobody could you, old fellows, and I am so sorry to fined tastes and noble ambitions depends see you make such pigs of yourselves.) on you. Believe it possible that, with Here is the pledge : come and sign it exertion and right means, a mother Keep it all your lives, and be good 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 " They shall have a pledge, and they place where we go to meet and worship can make a mark as people do who God, should induce quiet and decorous can't write. I'll make it short, so they behavior while there. Most people would can understand it; and I know they be intolerant of levity in God's house, if they thought of the place and the pur-So busy was the boy with his work pose, 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 induces 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 dressingroom. 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 teach patience, and care teaches faith, my fault.) Half the sin and sorrow in of liquor; they go for the animated and there performed. - Chris. Intelligencer.

'Sit down, Leena,' Lady Catherine said, putting her back into the chair; and Kathleen submitted, only saying.

'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:'

and then she said,' ' We are going home to-morrow.

'So your cousin tells us,' said Dr. Ritchie. 'What if we all travel home together ?'

"I should like that. Papa has had to leen,'-and then by,-" You don't want go to Rome,' said Kathleen, speaking to cut my holiday short, do you ?' quickly, and looking from one to the other, as if she expected something to be said which she would not like.

'And you have not been well,' said Dr. Ritchie.

"No,' and the wistful blue eyes looked up. 'Not very, Dr. Ritchie. But I am well now.

'Not quite, I think.'

" Oh yes, -only everything tires me, and I want to be at home."

Joan asked unexpectedly, ' Shall we leave you with Kathleen, Lady Catherine?' and an immediate, "Yes, if you please,' settled the matter, while Kath- care, she began to ' look up' again, to leen seemed disposed rather to say, ' No.' shake off some of her languor, and to

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.' Kath-Kathleen's lips moved tremulously, leen might feel secretly impatient, but the outward repose was what she needed, and she found herself quietly condemned to short stages and frequent

halts. One or two remonstrances were met by,-'It is not good for you, Kath-

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

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

> 'Could not allow' was decisive. Kathleen resisted no more. She had some gentle sight-seeing pro-

vided for her by the way-just enough to keep her mind from feeding on itself. Freed from cares and responsibilities, and tended each hour with watchful

ways struggling for my own way. 'What made you think all this to-day my dear?'

'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-'The great cure to be wrought in us is the cure of self-will, that we may learn self-resignation ; and all God's various dealings with us have this one end in view.' It seemed to me to explain so much in life ; why things are often just exactly as one doesn't want them to be and why people are contrary, and don't understand one ; and why anxieties and worries come. That was partly what made me think so much about being self-willed.

" And also ____?"

'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

Was the test at an end, or was it to be applied yet more strongly? Lady there, and the other tumbled down, and Catherine wondered secretly. But she could not get up, he understood the only stroked the little brown head, and said, ' The last two years have been a sharp testing-time for you, in more ways than one.' 'Yes,' Kathleen answered. 'There have been a great many troubles. suppose all one's troubles ought to bring one nearer to God,-don't you think

wilfulness and jealousy that were in

me.'

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

' Father wont like it,' began the boy eying the ugly thing with a look 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. we put it out of sight, maybe father will keep sober for another month. Go quick, before he comes home.' And the poor woman pushed the boy to the door, as if she could not wait a minute till the curse of her life was destroyed.

Glad to comfort her, and have the fun of smashing anything, Jimmy ran off, and, giving the jug a good bang on the post, let the whisky run where it would, as he flung the pieces into the pig-pen, and went back to his work.

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.

Not long after the destruction of the jug, he heard a great commotion in the pen, and, looking in, saw the two pigs capering about in a curious way. They ran up and down, squealled, skipped, and bumped against one another as if they didn't see straight and had no control of their legs.

Jimmy was much amused for a few minutes; but when one staggered to the trough, and began to lap something

that he never saw a man steal from behind the pen where he had been listening and laughing at Jimmy' 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 o

one foot, because his toes were out the old shoes. A month's wages wer 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 pleasure that made a worse brute of him than the pigs.

• There !' said Jimmy, 'I guess that will do. 'We, Tom and Jerry, do solemnly promise never to touch, taste, or handle any thing that can make us drunk.

' Now for the names. Which shall mark first?'

'I will !' said the man, startling Jimmy so much that he nearly tumbled into the pen as he was climbing up. The paper flattered down inside, and both forgot it as the boy looked up at the man, saying, half ashamed, half glad,-'Why, father, did you hear me? was only sort of playing.'

'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.' Jimmy was about to race away, when the sight of Tom and Jerry, eating up the paper made him clap his hands, exclaiming joyfully, --

"They've taken the pledge really and truly. I'm so glad !'

It was impossible to help laughing but the man was very sober again as be said slowly, with his hand on Jimmy's

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She plainly dreaded questions as to her acknowledge the wisdom of the plan she father.

"Do you think you are fit for, the journey to-morrow?' Dr. Ritchie enquired, when Joan and Hardwicke were gone

'Oh yes, quite. I must go, please, Dr. Ritchie. I should not like to wait. I want to be at home, and to send papa word that I am there, so that he can to shrink from speaking needlessly of so? come any day. He said he should not her troubles. be long, and I don't want him to have to put off because I am away from Rocklands.'

She seemed so distressed at the Kathleen remained at the hotel with welcoming him home, and being to him Joliffe.

what she had been in the past. It until after Kathleen and Joan had left | than the sleep.

was made to pursue.

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. She was very gentle, and very grateful for all their kindness, but she seemed

On the afternoon of this Sunday there was a change. Dr. Ritchie took Joan for a walk between the services, and

thought of even a day's delay, that Lady Catherine. An hour's sleep was neither Dr. Ritchie nor Lady Catherine | decreed for Kathleen., but somehow the would press it. Evidently she was put- plan fell through. Lady Catherine took ting aside as much as possible the pain her position in an easy-chair in Kathcaused by the manner in which her leen's room, and Kathleen sat down on father had left her, and was concentra- a low stool, leaning against her,-as she ting all her desire on the thought of had been wont to do of old with Mrs.

'Just for a minute,' she said wistfully, gradually dawned upon Lady Catherine with a kind of craving for sympathy, that the root of her shrinking manner and Lady Catherine had not the heart was a dread of hearing her father blam- to check her. She soon found that they ed. Some slight expression of regret were in for a talk 'below the surface,' that he had not remained at Milan and she thought it might do more good

'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.'

Then after a break,- ' There is one trouble which I fancy will be less now -I mean Joan. She is so much brighter and pleasanter. I wonder if she will go back to her own ways when we are at home again. I hope not. But I think it has been good for me. I never knew before she came how much of temper and touchiness I had. I suppose she came to teach me that.' 'You remind me now of a favourite little sentence of mine,' said Lady Catherine. "Unloving words are

cause of these antics.

• Ob dear ! I let the whisky run into the trough, and those bad pigs are tipsy ! What shall I do?'

He watched them an instant, and then added in a sober tone, as he shook his head sadly, "That's just the way father does-lively first, then cross, then stupid. They don't look funny to me now, and I'm sorry for 'em. They will be dreadfully ashamed when they get sober. I'm glad there isn't any wife and little son to be scared and mortified and sorry over 'em. I'll talk to 'em, and tell 'em what the man said in the temperance lecture we went to last night. Maybe it will do 'em

So Jimmy mounted the choppingblock close by, and repeated all he could remember, making a funny jumble, but being very much in earnest, and quite unconscious that he had another hearer beside the pigs :--

good.'

" My friends, rum is an awful thing. People who drink are slaves. They need of their hearts. They will not go are worse than dumb beasts, who don't to the public houses at first for love of meant to make us gentle, and delays drink. (Yes, they do; but that was liquor-very few people like the taste

shoulder,-'You shall write another for me.

I'll sign it, and keep it, too, if you will help me my good little son.' '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