

Family Reading.

The Sabbath for Man.

"But the Sabbath was made for man;" And the gay, pleasure-seeking throng, With the words of the sinless Christ, Seek to cover the Sabbath's wrong; Yet they join not with ocean's choirs, In their chorus of praise so grand; Nor their hearts do they bow, while low Bend the waves on the brown sea-sand. And the wild flowers for them, in vain, Preach sweet sermons in field and wood, With their faces turned meekly up Towards the Giver of every good; And as vainly the birds' songs ring, Full of joy on the Sabbath air, For they wake in their hearts no thoughts Of the All-Father's loving care. Oh, how few of the crowds who seek Nature's temple so grand and fair, Bear with hearts full of faith and love, Pure, sweet incense of praise and prayer; But the hum of the week-day world, Through its bright sunlit arches rings, And men bring with their greed of gain To its courts their unhallowed things. But the Lord looking down beholds, With his pure and all-searching eyes, While within our sad, troubled hearts, Oft the wondering thought will rise,— With the scourge of his righteous wrath— Will he not from their sins cleanse them, As these fair temple-courts He cleansed Long ago at Jerusalem? Aye, "the Sabbath was made for man," And it waits like an angel fair, At the end of each weary week, With its blessing of praise and prayer; Not for pleasure or selfish ease Have the calm, holy hours been given; But for rest from the world's dull care, And a foretaste below of heaven. Chelsea, Mass. ADELAIDE L. JONES.

New Select Serial.

KATHLEEN.

THE STORY OF A HOME.

BY AGNES GIBBERNE.

CHAPTER XVI.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

"Oh dear me!" sighed Joan, as she lounged ungracefully in a sofa-corner, with an open book in her lap, which she was not reading. Then she looked up to find Miss Jackson standing in her front. Joan disliked Miss Jackson. She disliked a great many people unfortunately, having a knack of always seeing the worst instead of the best points in the characters of her acquaintances. Her hand-shake was of a chilling description. Miss Jackson sat down, not appearing to notice this. She was heated with her walk, and she loosened her bonnet-strings and fanned herself with her pocket-handkerchief. Nevertheless she managed as usual to wear an expression of lively good humor, in strong contrast with Joan's leaden and spiritless aspect. "You seem fatigued to-day," Miss Jackson said briskly. "Like the rest of the world, I suppose, grumbling at this lovely spring weather." "I don't grumble," said Joan. "That wasn't grumbling just now, was it?" "What?" asked Joan. Miss Jackson mimicked the deplorable intonation of Joan's yawning—"Oh, dear me!" "I don't feel well," said Joan, offended. "Get a good brisk walk. That would do you good." "I can't walk. It makes my back bad." "Dear me, that's unfortunate. You should see Dr. Ritchie about it." Joan was silent. She had held out against doing so, as long as Kathleen had pressed the point. Since Kathleen had ceased to press, Joan had wished nothing more, and she was daily annoyed because nobody proposed it. "Now why don't you?" asked Miss Jackson, perfectly well aware of the state of things. "I would." "Doctors don't know everything, I suppose," said Joan snappishly. "Ah, you're your grandmother's own grandchild!" said Miss Jackson. "Ideas run in the blood, evidently! Doctors don't know everything,—of course! And they make mistakes,—of course!

That's only to say that they are human beings. But I suppose it is pretty clear that they know a good deal more than you and I do." "It isn't worth while," said Joan, going on a fresh tack. Miss Jackson adhered to her own. "Don't they?" she asked. "And I suppose, if it's a question which is most likely to be mistaken about your health, you or Dr. Ritchie—" "It doesn't matter to anybody what I feel," said Joan. "Kathleen doesn't care." "Has Miss Joliffe never proposed your seeing Dr. Ritchie? Now I am surprised," said Miss Jackson, with an air of astonishment, and eyes opened wider than even their wont. I shouldn't really have expected such thoughtlessness on her part. But perhaps you never allow her to know when you are ill. That would be kind and thoughtful of you, now she has so much weighing on her,—still, self-forgetfulness may go too far. I will suggest to Miss Joliffe—" Joan writhed under the satire which yet she could not absolutely say was satire, and not simplicity, so beaming was Miss Jackson's expression of good nature. "I don't want—" she broke in. "Don't want to consult Dr. Ritchie? Oh, then you really think there is not much wrong with you. Just a little nervous weakness, perhaps." "Nervous!" repeated Joan indignantly. "Why, everybody suffers from nerves now-a-days," said Miss Jackson. "So long as you don't let your nerves get the upper hand of you, there's no need to be ashamed." "It isn't nerves. I had a fall two years ago," said Joan. "All the more need to have it seen to," responded Miss Jackson. "Falls are bad matters sometimes. You ought to be on a regular plan,—so much walking and so much lying down." "I don't like to be tied to rules." "No, of course not,—much pleasanter to do as one fancies. I've no doubt you like best to lounge about and do nothing all day. But it is a shocking habit. You ought to take a rest and then be busy, and then rest again and then be busy again. If you feel ever so uncomfortable, you'll be twice as happy if you do something for somebody else, and forget it." "One can't forget," Joan said. "Not altogether, perhaps,—but the thought of yourself can be put into the background instead of the foreground. Anything rather than spend your day in mumping and growling," said Miss Jackson, with a pat of Joan's hand. "I can't go about like other people," said Joan, rather injured. "It isn't as if I were strong like Kathleen." "Do you think Miss Joliffe so very strong?" "She never seems tired." "She does a good deal, no doubt," said Miss Jackson reflectively. "But—never tired! My dear, if you had a quarter of the cares on you, which are weighing on those young shoulders, you would know what tiredness means." Joan's lip curled contemptuously. "Now I wouldn't, Miss Brey. You are not really bad-looking, you know—but if you could see how that spoils you—" The curl was replaced by an expression of anger. Miss Jackson went on, unheeding it: "Of course you will think I have no business to speak, and I suppose I have not; but when I look at you two girls, I really am sorry. Why can't you be more of a help to one another?" "Kathleen doesn't care for me," said Joan shortly. "Perhaps you are mistaken. She is so sweet and gentle." "Not to me." "Not gentle!" "Oh well, she is kind, I suppose, because she thinks she ought. That is all." "I wonder if you give her a chance of feeling anything else. It isn't easy to be affectionate in the face of splashes of cold water." "Kathleen is perfect, of course; everybody knows that," said Joan. "I'm tired of the talk about her. 'It's easy to be sweet and humble when all the world lies at her feet.'" "Would all the world lie at her feet if she wasn't sweet and humble?" asked Miss Jackson. Joan was silent.

'And if Miss Brey were sweet and humble too would not somebody lie at her feet, perhaps?' "Oh, I don't want that," said Joan scornfully. "I can stand alone. I can't seem different from what I am. If people like me they must like me as they find me." Precisely so—or dislike you in the same manner." Miss Jackson moved her chair a pace nearer. "Now it's as plain as daylight," she said. "There's no denying it, Miss Brey. You are not contented, and you are not happy, and you are jealous of your cousin, and you would like to have friends, and you are too proud to make them. I am a bold woman to speak so plainly, but it is my way."

Sarah's Missionary Cat.

'There's one thing in which I am just truly glad,' she said to the cat, as she lifted her up by the fore paws and rocked back and forth in the library. 'Nobody wants you, my dear old cat. They are giving away their things, and selling them, and making money with them for the missionaries; but nobody will buy my cat. Flora has sold every one of her chickens. I don't see how she could do it. And Trudie Burne won't eat a single egg, because she wants to sell them for missionary money; and her brother Tom sells his strawberries, and Fannie raises little bits of cucumbers and sells them. And it seems as though there wasn't anything to keep and have a good time with only my dear cat. I don't know how I am going to make my missionary money; I must find some way; but I'm just as glad as I can be that there is nothing that can possibly be done with you, only just to play with you. Alas for poor little Sarah! The very next day she went with mamma to call on Mrs. Colonel Bates; and while she sat in the front parlor, in an elegant chair that was high and slippery, and waiting for Mrs. Colonel to come, who should come puffing into a back parlor, where a man was waiting to see him, but the old Colonel himself. 'I declare I would give five dollars for a good mouser! Such times as we have with mice around these premises. That's the way with an old place. Old family residences are humbugs!' 'Five dollars for a good mouser!' Mrs. Colonel came soon, and she and mamma talked and talked about a number of subjects which at another time would have pleased little Sarah. Just then her heart was too full of that one sentence to attend to anything else. 'Five dollars for a good mouser!' And there was no hope of Colonel Bates giving that five dollars or any other to the missionary cause, on his own account. There was not in all the town a better mouser than Tabby, and little Sarah knew it. And five whole dollars! It made her heart beat fast, and the tears come in her eyes. It took her two days to decide the matter, during which time she had so little appetite and moped around so sadly that her mother feared she was coming down with the measles. One morning little Sarah knew, by the way her heart beat while she was dressing, that she had decided. Tabby was to be put in the willow basket and taken to Colonel Bates, by her own sad little self. She hurried now; she wanted no chance to change her mind. Swiftly her little feet flew over the ground, and she was at the Colonel's just as that gentleman was going through the hall on his way to breakfast. He opened the door to her himself. 'If you please sir,' said little Sarah, taking up the basket and speaking to him said. 'I have brought Tabby; she is a good mouser, and I know the missionaries ought to have the five dollars; but I love her so very much, and would you please hurry and give it to me so I won't hear her mew again?' 'What! what! what!' sputtered Colonel Bates. 'What have we here? Who are you, and what am I to give you?' 'The five dollars, if you please. You said you would, you know, for a good mouser; and Tabby is the best one that ever was; my mamma says so. And the missionaries, you know, need the money; the heathen people do; and I musn't be selfish and keep

Tabby. Will you please be very good to her?' And a great tear, hot from little Sarah's blue eyes, splashed on the Colonel's hand. 'Bless my body!' he said, and stood dazed for a moment. Then he threw back his great head and laughed so loud that little Sarah was amazed; then he took out his pocket-book. 'So I promised five dollars for a mouser, did I? Who told you?' 'Nobody did, sir. I heard you say it the other day when you talked with a man.' 'Just so; my tongue is always getting me into scrapea. Well, here goes! Colonel Bates is a man who always keeps his word. Here's your five dollars; and if it doesn't do the heathen good, it ought to, for your sake.' Now, as all this happened only last week, of course I can't tell you how Tabby behaved, nor what the effect of her society was on Colonel Bates, nor what the children of the Mission Band said when little Sarah brought her five dollars.—The Pansy.

Organ Interludes.

We don't like them in Sabbath or social worship. They are not a help, but a hindrance, an interruption and a waste with no compensation. We like organs. They are a grand accompaniment in the sacred service of song. They aid in giving volume to the voices of the congregation as it 'makes a joyful noise unto the Lord.' We have no objection to suitable preludes; they are desirable. It is the organ or other instrumental playing between the verses of hymns that we regard as rather abominable. We speak from experience. We have seen and felt the effect of both methods in various churches. In the churches under our care, we arranged with the leaders of the music to dispense with interludes. The improvement, interest, and spiritual impression of the singing was immediate and marked. Some souls were even converted while hymns were being sung. Strangers noticed with pleasure the heartiness and the power of the singing. Hymns broken up by interludes measurably fail of such effects. Being in an adjoining State on a recent Lord's day, we attended divine services at three different churches, one of them already alluded to. In the morning there was a sermon with rather more singing than is usual in our sanctuaries. The afternoon meeting was the session of a Sunday school, with the use of a number of hymns. The evening gathering was at the re-dedication of a remodeled and beautified church edifice. There were half a dozen addresses, with nearly as many hymns sung; one of them written for the occasion and containing five stanzas. One piece was sung by a quartette, others by a full chorus choir, and in all the churches there were organs, and the uniting of the congregations in most of the singing. It was delightful, inspiring, uplifting. But what was remarkable, and yet should not be,—there was not at any of these places or in any hymn or piece sung a single organ interlude. The people had the privilege of standing up and singing the hymns through, without a break or only a breath-pause between the verses. They could enjoy the continuous act of song service, the deepening movement of spiritual feeling and joyous praise, without the senseless and deadening interruptions to which we are often subjected by the organ-player's thrusting between the verses the dithering nonsense of useless and distracting interludes. It is ridiculous to keep a congregation standing while he thus alone does out his blowing and squeaking solos. There is not an iota of either sense or worship in them. They are a waste of precious time, not allowing often a hymn of four or five stanzas to be sung through; but worse than all, they break the continuity of thought and emotion in this part of worship. They ought to be banished from the house of God. If such things were interjected between the paragraphs of prayers and sermons, they would utterly mar them and destroy their intended effects. Interludes are never heard in Great Britain, and no wonder their delegates to the Evangelical Alliance, held some

years since in New York, were amazed at the amount of independent organ-blowing. The chief plea for interludes is that they give rest to the singers. It is a delusive plea. Churches that never allow them, find no difficulty in singing through hymns sometimes of six or seven verses. We have heard singing go on for nearly half an hour without a break in some grand oratorio. A pause of one note's time between the verses of a hymn is enough. Would it rest the minister any, or edify the congregation if he were to stop three or four times during his Scripture reading, prayer, or sermon, while some one filled up the gap in playing on a 'jaws-harp'? We need all the interest and spiritual power we can secure in our public worship, and we sincerely hope that our organists, singers, and churches will try the effect of suppressing interludes.—Christian Secretary.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for September is an exceedingly attractive Number, varied in its contents, and richly illustrated. One of the most timely of its articles is that on 'Recent Building in New York'—an intelligent critical estimate of the 'New Departure' in architecture—illustrated by eighteen characteristic pictures. Frank D. Millet contributes the first of two articles on Dalecarlia, Sweden, full of quaint description, and beautifully illustrated from drawings by the author, T. de Thulstrup. We give below a pleasing extract from this article. The frontispiece is an engraving by R. Hoskin from one of the drawings by Doré for Poe's 'Raven.' The Rev. John B. Thompson traces, in a very interesting paper, the origin of the Rip Van Winkle legend. MIDSUMMER-DAY IN SWEDEN. While we were resting at the inn in the shade of the temporary birch grove, my companion let fall, quite carelessly and as if by chance, this sentence: 'The younger members of the community while away the long twilight with dances around the richly decked May-poles.' It had a suspicious sound, a Baedeker rhythm, to it. I couldn't help thinking I had heard it somewhere before; but his placid countenance betrayed no sign, and I charged my suspicions to oversensitiveness on the guide-book question, and credited the rolling sentence to a sudden flash of literary fire. But that sentence proved to be our torment, for it began to ride us the moment it was uttered. We inquired of the landlord if there was any twilight festival that night. He had heard there was to be. The boys and girls usually trimmed the May-pole; and he believed they danced around it at midnight. For his part, he never sat up all night; he always turned in at eleven o'clock, summer and winter. The possibility of a pastoral festival at the romantic hour when the golden hues of dawn meet and mingle with the sunset red was too tempting for us to resist, and instead of experimenting with sleep we strolled village-ward from the inn at about eleven o'clock. The sun had disappeared behind the trees an hour or more before, but there seemed to be no diminution of his light. The glare was gone but not the illuminating power. In the west a line of red and orange clouds, recalling the splendors of a Venetian sunset, changed slowly in form, but never lost its brilliancy of coloring. A strong diffused light, casting no shadow, came from the whole dome of the heavens, giving an unnatural color to the grass and to the masses of foliage. The strangeness of the effect seemed almost portentous, as if some great convulsion of nature were about to take place. It was like that glow of late sunset which in other climates is always rare and always evanescent. No dew had fallen, but across the meadows rose a thin mist, floating lightly on the breath of the evening, drifting into fantastic, ghost-like shapes. Across the valley the distant hillsides were harmonized by the softness of the light into broad masses against the sky, but still all details were visible as in the delicate haze of an afternoon in Indian summer. There were no signs of night in the village. Doors and windows were open, and children were playing around the prostrate May-pole. Perched on the fences sat rows of men and boys quietly chatting. We sat on the fence also, and in order to feel more at home, began to whistle little sticks like some of the men, and tried to look as careless and contented as they did. We sat there a half-hour or more, then changed to a fence of another shape and sat another half-hour, and still nothing particular took place. Then we began to think it was only a kind of open-air watch party to welcome the midsummer sun on St. John's day. But while we were meditating a return

to the hotel there was a stir in the street, and a party of stout girls appeared upon the scene, bearing great bundles of birch boughs, grass, and field flowers. Throwing these in a fragrant heap upon the steps of a house, they all set to work in a busy crowd; and in a short time had woven wreaths and garlands and were decorating the striped pole. No loud words were spoken, scarcely a laugh broke the stillness of the night. It was a solemn, almost religious ceremony. From the red of the sunset sky a delicate rosy reflection touched the white sleeves and kerchiefs, and harmonized the harsh colors of the caps and aprons. Even the crudely painted architecture was modified into unobtrusive quality of tone by the soft light. One by one the busy workers ceased their labors as the ugly pole grew into graceful shape, and spread long arms with trailing wreaths and tufts of flowers. The men watched on in silence, the tired children stopped their whistles and sat in ranks on the curb-stone. Now the cool draught of night only stirred the leaves at intervals, the mist settled low upon the meadows, and the weird forms melted away. A new light from some mysterious quarter gradually spread itself over the landscape, and even while scarcely visible changed the general tone. The rosy reflection from the west lost its delicate quality, faded into a cooler light, then changed to the faintest tinge of gold. It was the charm of sunset changing to the beauty of sunrise. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, came the transformation. The glory of the east rivalled while the splendor of the west, until the first rays of the sun shot across the sky, and it was day again. At that moment the pole was put in its place by the strong arms of a score of men, and fastened to the post where it stands the season long, shedding its dried leaves and grasses with every wind that blows. As if by magic the crowd disappeared, and we were left alone.

No Dakota for Him.

A land agent wanted a Kentucky farmer to immigrate to Dakota, as he was not making his living in the old Commonwealth. 'What inducements do you offer?' asked the farmer. 'We have the richest lands, the finest wheat, the best water, the fattest stock, and the biggest farms in the world.' 'Yes,' doubtingly interrupted the farmer. 'Why, man, on one of those big farms they plough a furrow five miles long.' 'What?' 'They plough a furrow five miles long.' 'That ends it, stranger. Don't talk Dakota to me! It's all I can do to plough one of these little fifty-yard furrows here in Kentucky, and if it was five miles long I never would get to end of it. Gee, whoa, buck, git up there!' and he started across his patch, leaving the agent sitting on the fence.

THE LAW OF NEWSPAPERS.—It is an unwritten law well understood in journalism that no editor is under the slightest obligation to give a reason for his acceptance of a manuscript. He is not called upon to write a private critique on the article to the author of it. His acceptance or rejection is an absolute and unquestionable fact. Among amateur writers this does not appear to be understood. All sub-editors and reporters understand that it is an unjustifiable impertinence to ask the managing editor his reason for publishing or not publishing any matter submitted to his judgement. Outside writers and aspiring amateurs rarely seem to comprehend this truth, and their transgressions are largely from ignorance rather than intention. The nature of editorial work requires absolute power of decision, in order to preserve the unities of the journal the editor conducts.

DEATH.—"Paid the debt of nature" No; it is not paying a debt; it is rather like bringing a note to the bank to obtain solid gold in exchange for it. In this case you bring this cumbersome body which is nothing worth, and which you could not wish to retain long; you lay it down, and receive for it from the eternal treasures—liberty, victory, knowledge, rapture.—Foster.

KEEP THY TONGUE.—There is evil enough in man, God knows! But it is not the mission of every young man and woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible, and fragrant with gentleness and charity.—Dr. John Hall.