

Family Reading.

Cleansed Temples.

BY ELIZABETH F. ALLAN.

The blessed feast of feasts has come, and Jesus, in his plan Of bowing to the laws' behest, as though he were but man, Leaves the bright Galilean lake, whose shores he late has trod; His heart aglow with fervor for the worship of his God.

High o'er the city's crowded ways, his Father's temple stands. A miracle of gorgeous art,—a wonder of the lands. But who can tell the holy wrath that fills the Saviour's heart, To find its court a den of thieves,—a noisome, filthy mart!

With haste, that brooks no instant's pause, he drives them from the place. Who could withstand the awful zeal that flashes from his face? The stinging scourge within his hand is but a lifted sign Of power, which in their guilty hearts they feel to be divine.

Still, to his Father's earthly courts the Saviour comes to-day: With noiseless step he stands beside his people when they pray. O worshipper! what earth-born thoughts, what jostling cares are these, That crowd thy Master's presence out, when thou art on thy knees?

Smite, Hand divine! though with the scourge, and set these temples free From thoughts which have no business there when we would worship thee. Drive out the worldliness and pride, self's idol overthrow, And, like thy Father's house above, so make these courts below!

New Select Serial.

KATHLEEN.

THE STORY OF A HOME.

BY AGNES GIBBERNE.

CHAPTER XXV.

A LETTER FROM ROME.

Two months passed away, and Mr. Joliffe remained still in Rome. Week by week he wrote as if he were coming home immediately, but week by week there were ever fresh delays.

It was a continuation of discipline for Kathleen. She went through some hard battles in those weeks of waiting. The change came suddenly, and she sorely missed the employment of attending perpetually to her father's requirements. If the increase of leisure was better for her in one way, the longing to have him with her, and the pain of heart at his continued absence, and the struggles with discontent and jealousy, were bad for her in another way. She made no complaint, and not even her most intimate friend, Lady Catherine, ventured on a word of blame of Mr. Joliffe; but she went about with a thiriness of expression in her blue eyes which sometimes brought tears into the eyes of her friends. "Poor little Kathleen Joliffe, a good many called her at that time. People were very kind, in their pity, and invitations for evenings and days were numerous; but Kathleen had no heart to enjoy herself, and she found as many excuses as possible for staying at home. The Ritchies alone were sufficiently intimate to be any real comfort to her; and but for them she would have felt dull indeed.

Justina and Olave were disposed to rejoice in their father's absence, in so far as it gave them more of their sister's companionship. But they could not fill the vacancy in her life.

Neither could Joan, even at her best. And as winter came on, Joan's bright mood waned, and she sank into much of her former condition of idleness and irritability. She had not much to interest her just then. The two people in the world whom she really cared for, Miss Jackson and Mrs. Dodson, were out of her reach, and Joan had no heart-absorption in higher interests.

The difference in character between the two girls at this stage was plain. Joan needed some one at hand to keep her up to the mark, to recall her perpetually to a sense of her duties, to supply a daily motive for exertion. Kathleen, in all her sadness of heart, never yielded to laziness, but struggled on day after

day, doing, and doing well, whatever came to her hand.

Two months had passed away, when one day, as often, there came at breakfast time a letter for Kathleen in Mr. Joliffe's handwriting.

"From papa," Justina said, laying it on the table. "Do read it, Leena darling, and see when he is coming home. I do think papa ought to be home before Christmas, but Joan doesn't believe he will be."

"Little girls should never say 'ought' about their parents," Justina pronounced Miss Thorpe.

"And I am sure I do not know about uncle," said Joan. "How you do repeat things, Justina! I merely said he might not come."

"You said you didn't believe he would. Do see, Leena darling."

Kathleen was pouring out tea. "Directly," she said. "I will look in a few minutes. Olave, dear, pass Miss Thorpe's cup."

"Why, Leena darling, how your hand is trembling," said Olave affectionately, leaning across the corner of the table to kiss it—a move which brought upon her a reproving "Olave!" from Miss Thorpe.

"Leena's hand often does tremble—ever since she came back from abroad," said Justina. "Oh, Leena, I'll tell you what I have been thinking. If papa can't come home to Christmas—I daresay he will, but if he can't—don't you think Ken would come, and take care of us all? I'm not sure, but I almost think I would rather have Ken than papa."

"Justina, my dear!" said Miss Thorpe in a shocked voice.

"I think I would," said Justina resolutely. "He hasn't been once since last spring, and I want to see him dreadfully, and I know Leena does too. And when papa comes, he will only keep Leena so busy that we shall never see her."

Kathleen was opening the letter and glancing through it. That it contained something unexpected was evident. She did not lift her eyes or exclaim, but the colour in her cheeks faded away, first into streaks of pink and white, then into dead yellow whiteness.

"Kathleen! My dear!" said Miss Thorpe.

Kathleen made no answer. "My dear Kathleen!" interjected Miss Thorpe a second time.

"Leena, is papa ill?" asked Justina eagerly.

Kathleen folded up the letter slowly, and put it into her pocket. "No," she said.

"Not the least bit ill?" asked Olave. "No."

"Then isn't he coming home, darling?" "I don't know."

"Does he not speak about coming?" asked Justina. "No."

Kathleen was rising as if to leave the room, and she spoke as if scarcely conscious of what she said:

"Something has certainly happened; something is wrong," said Miss Thorpe. "My dear, you cannot possibly hide it from us. Do pray tell me immediately. Your father is not ill, you say. Then what is it?"

Miss Thorpe's voice grew shrill, as it was wont to do at times. Kathleen gazed at her vacantly.

"Something is wrong," said Miss Thorpe, turning from one to the other with increasing excitement. "Something serious has most assuredly happened. Has your father met with an accident? Pray, my dear Kathleen, put us out of this suspense."

"Kathleen is faint," said Joan.

"Is that all? Justina, open the window—just for a moment. Where is my shawl? I don't want to take cold. Has any one seen the bottle of salts? Kathleen had better lie down, and I will send for Dr. Ritchie."

"No—certainly not," said Kathleen, mastering herself with a strong effort. "Don't open the window, Justina. You can all go on with your breakfast. I am only going—"

"Where, Kathleen?" exclaimed Miss Thorpe, as she faltered.

"To—my room," said Kathleen, with hesitation, as if her thoughts were elsewhere.

"Are you going to lie down? I will come with you."

"No, thank you. I am not quite well, and I want to be quiet."

Miss Thorpe's self-esteem was wounded. "My dear, you were perfectly well when you came down five minutes ago," she said in an injured tone. "It is very evident that something in your letter has caused this. I am quite convinced that you are concealing from us some news of importance. I should have thought—after all these years in your midst—I might have expected a little more confidence on your part—not to speak of what is due to your sisters—"

Kathleen was turning away, but she paused, with a look of gentle dignity. "I am not at liberty to repeat, either to you or the children, everything that my father may tell me," she said calmly. "If there is anything to say, you shall hear it at the right time. I am not free to say more. Something in the letter has startled me a little. I must be quiet for an hour, if you please."

"And after that, Kathleen?"

"After that—I don't know—"

The bewildered look came back. She took her way, not upstairs, but to the study, entered, and double-locked the door. Miss Thorpe, following her into the passage, saw and heard so much. Silence followed.

"Kathleen is an extraordinary girl," she said, returning to the breakfast-room. "Situated as she is, one would expect her to look for advice and help from one older than herself. But she is strangely fond of standing alone. It is hardly natural in one so young. Well—I hope nothing is wrong, but there seems little doubt about the matter. I feel really quite upset. If she did not mean to tell us more, she ought not to show her feelings quite so plainly in her face. It is inconsiderate."

"Kathleen knows best what she ought to do," said Justina. Miss Thorpe's habit of criticising the elder sister was inducing a habit of sharp argumentativeness in the younger sister. Miss Thorpe usually permitted argument to go on till the point of irritation was reached, and then was given to checking it with a resolute hand. The check should rather have come sooner.

"Kathleen is hardly more than a child, and she certainly makes mistakes sometimes, as one would expect, my dear Justina."

"Well I only know what Lady Catherine thinks of Leena," said Justina. "She thinks there's nobody like her. And darling mamma too—I know what she thought. And she never used to let you say unkind things of Leena then Miss Thorpe."

"You forget yourself, Justina. There is no possible unkindness in the question. Get out your lesson-book at once. I shall go by-and-by, and see how Kathleen is. If she really is poorly, she ought to be attended to."

Justina swelled indignantly under the implied doubt of the 'if,' but was not allowed to speak, and her lessons proved a failure that morning. Miss Thorpe presently fulfilled her intentions, but her tapping met with silence. She spoke once or twice, with the same result, and returned to the school-room, somewhat uneasy. Another hour passed, and Kathleen still remained hidden. Olave, sent to make observations and inquiries, reported that Kathleen had gone into the kitchen for two minutes, soon after breakfast, and had ordered the dinner, but she seemed hurried, and 'did look bad,' cook said. Nobody had seen anything of her since, and the study-door was still locked.

Miss Thorpe never kept worries to herself, and each stage of her sensations was communicated to the children. She oscillated between 'very thoughtless of Kathleen,' and 'very trying for other people,' and was in doubt whether to be most anxious or most annoyed. She came at length to the pass of declaring that she 'really could stand it no longer.'

"What do you mean to do?" Justina asked, with a keen sense of the situation generally.

"I don't know, my dear," was quivering on Miss Thorpe's lips, in answer, when the door opened, and Dr. Ritchie's kind face peeped in.

"Excuse me, Miss Thorpe, but I cannot find Kathleen. I have a message for her from my wife."

Miss Thorpe sprang up with impetuosity. "Oh, I am glad you have come," she said, while Justina darted out of the room, and Olave came close to Dr. Ritchie. "You are the very person I I

am glad you have come. Kathleen will tell you, if she will tell anybody. Something very serious has happened. I am perfectly sure, though Kathleen will not inform us what it is, and this whole morning she has kept us in suspense. It is most trying—but she does not always think of other people's feelings so much as she might, poor girl—natural, no doubt, in her position, put forward as she has been, so very young and inexperienced. She does her best, I am sure—but still—at times—I do trust, however, that it is not much, but when her father's letter came, she looked so strange over it, and turned quite pale. But she would not say what was wrong, or allow one to do anything for her, and she has been alone ever since. It is really distressing for the poor children. I have tapped at the door, but I suppose she does not choose to answer."

"Where is Kathleen?" asked Dr. Ritchie.

"Why, I told you, Dr. Ritchie—locked up there the whole morning, ever since breakfast. Justina—why, where has Justina gone? She was here just now. Yes, Kathleen has been there ever since breakfast, and didn't eat a morsel. I don't know, I am sure, what has happened. She might be taken ill, or anything, in there all alone. She says her father is not ill; but one doesn't know really what to think. It was a long letter, and in his own hand-writing, I could see that. Do pray, Dr. Ritchie, make her come out and tell us what is wrong. It is enough to upset one completely."

Olave was beginning to cry, under the influence of Miss Thorpe's excitement. Dr. Ritchie patted her hand kindly.

"Don't be afraid, Olave," he said. "I dare say your father has put off his return a little longer, and that has distressed Leena. She misses him very much, of course; but you need not be unhappy about it. He will come in good time."

Justina rushed back, with cheeks in a flame.

"Leena is there," she said. "Leena is there, Dr. Ritchie. Miss Thorpe has been saying that perhaps she wasn't there at all, but she is. I thought all at once of the study-window, and I ran round and peeped in."

"Out in the garden with your thin shoes, and nothing on!" exclaimed Miss Thorpe in horror.

"Not quite prudent," said Dr. Ritchie. "Yes, Justina—"

"She is there," repeated Justina. "And she isn't crying or lying down, Dr. Ritchie. She is only standing before the picture—of dear mamma, you know—and looking up at it, with her hands clasped—like this. I couldn't see her face, but I could see her standing so. I called 'Leena' once or twice, but the window was shut, and she didn't hear me, and she never stirred."

"Shall we go to the study, Dr. Ritchie?" asked Miss Thorpe in a palpitating voice.

"No—thank you," said Dr. Ritchie. "Kathleen is not ill, you see. I think you had better let me go alone."

Miss Thorpe disapproved, but submitted. She stood half out of the school-room door, watched him proceed to the study, and heard him say, with a soft decisive tap—

"Kathleen, I want to speak to you. I am alone."

The door opened, and he entered, shutting it behind him.

"Now, did you ever see anything like that?" asked Miss Thorpe, of herself and the children. "I really thought Kathleen must be in a fainting fit or something. But it was simply that she did not choose. I never saw anything like it. She sadly wants a hand over her, poor girl."

"She doesn't," muttered Justina indignantly.

A TUMBLER.—"Doesn't it seem queer to call a tumbler 'a tumbler,' mamma?"

"I never thought about it, Edith. It does not seem strange to me."

"But it don't tumble, does it, mamma?" persisted the child.

"Not now, but it used to, dear," interposed sister Edith, who possessed a decided taste for etymology. "Drinking glasses were formerly made with convex bases which, since the vessel could not stand alone, compelled the person drinking to empty the 'tumbler.'"

Mrs. Brown.

"Mrs. Brown?" I said to Jane; "I don't know anyone of that name."

"I think she is the person who keeps the boarding-house," replied Jane; "and she said she would only detain you a few minutes."

"Very well, you may ask her to come in here," I said; but my tone was not sufficiently cordial to have been reassuring to Mrs. Brown if she had heard me; for Jane had announced my visitor at the same time that she brought in my lunch, and the novel I was reading was interesting enough to have made me regret any visitor, particularly one in whom I felt no interest.

Mrs. Brown followed Jane into the room, and shook hands with me in such a deprecating way that I at once forgot my lunch and my book in an attempt to make her feel at ease. She was a little, shabbily-dressed woman, with a faded, dragged-out look, but her face brightened pleasantly as she spoke.

"I must apologize for troubling you, Mrs. Harlow," she said, "but I have been appointed collector of the Ladies' Missionary Society, and I came to see if you would be a subscriber."

"I am sure you need make no apology," I said; "any one who undertakes the office of collecting ought to be thanked, and I am glad you came to remind me of a neglected duty. I have been here so short a time that I did not even know there was such a society."

"We do not meet in the summer, but we like to make our collections now, so that we may have the money when we commence work again. How much shall I put you down for?"

"How much ought I to give?"

"That is not for me to say," she answered; "the usual yearly subscription is a dollar."

"You are very moderate; you may put me down for ten."

Her face shone as if a ray of sunshine had touched it.

"Oh Mrs. Harlow, you don't know how much good that will do!"

"It is a very lazy way of doing good," I answered. "I would rather give twice than go around as you are doing."

"We can only give what we have," she said, simply; "I have very little money to spare, but plenty of time."

"And yet you have the large boarding-house. I should not think you would have much leisure."

"I have to plan for it, of course," she said; "but I have the afternoon now till five o'clock, and later in the week I can get a little more time."

"You make me ashamed of myself," I said; "here am I, with nothing in the world to do, spending my days in embroidery and reading. My lazy life has really troubled me since we came here, but it did not seem as if there were any work for me. The people all appear to be hard-working and industrious, and I couldn't think of anything to do for them."

"It is a prosperous place," Mrs. Brown said. "I don't know of a really destitute family anywhere around here; but, Mrs. Harlow, do you think the very poor people are the only ones we can help?"

"I don't know," I answered vaguely; but, as I said this, a thought struck me. Couldn't I do something to bring a look of pleasure into this woman's tired face? I spoke with the sudden impulse.

"Mrs. Brown, won't you take lunch with me? It is all ready, you see, and you will not lose any time, for I will send you in my carriage to the other places where you are going this afternoon."

Her face expressed so much pleasure that I was ashamed of having thought regretfully even for a moment of my book. Jane brought in the necessary additions, and the tray was placed on the table between us.

"I don't know why you should be so kind," said Mrs. Brown, as she took her seat; "and you can't tell what a treat it is to me. It is the first time I have taken a meal away from my own table for five years."

She did not say this at all in a complaining way, but I could scarcely keep the tears back; her simple statement of the fact told so much; and yet I suppose I could scarcely comprehend what this woman's life had been—a

struggle for the barest necessities of life through long years, uncheered by love or sympathy. What right had I to my life of luxurious ease? I was no more worthy than she, and yet I had never known what it was not to be surrounded by loving friends.

As I saw her almost childish enjoyment of everything, I began to feel how terribly selfish I had been. I had never realized that the very sight of my home, of this room, for instance, with its dainty furnishings, might be a treat to some woman, with beautiful eyes, famished for the sight of that which was lacking in her own house.

"It is so delightful," said Mrs. Brown, "to sit down to a meal to which I don't feel any responsibility. At home I am always expecting some one to find fault with something, and I am very seldom disappointed."

"What disagreeable people they must be!"

"Why, no; it is the same with almost all boarders. The minute people go into a boarding-house, they begin to expect all sorts of things that they never would think of having at home. They want to pay the lowest possible price, and then they want the best of everything—cream on their oatmeal, for instance, and vegetables and fruit as soon as they come into market; but I suppose it is human nature."

"I suppose it is," I said, "but it must be very hard for you."

"It is a monotonous life, but what else could I do? My husband died when we had been married only a year. I had been a teacher before I was married, but I could not teach or do anything else that would take me away. My husband was a widower when I married him, with one child, a poor little crippled girl, and, of course, on her account I had to find something I could do at home; so I opened a boarding-house, the last resort for poor forlorn women."

She said all this as cheerfully as I would have talked of going to the seaside; but it sounded so unutterably pathetic that I could find no words to answer her. She went on:

"The greatest trial I have is that I can do so little good; and yet I don't envy you your opportunities, for your responsibilities are so much greater than mine."

"You make me feel humiliated," I said, sadly; "I never realized that I had any special opportunities, and I do not think in all my life I have ever done anything for anybody that cost me any self-sacrifice."

"Then I am very sorry for you," she said, "and I wouldn't change places for all your wealth."

No one had ever spoken so to me before. I had been petted and flattered; I had been called liberal because I gave freely of money which had cost me no trouble to gain; but I had never had any to show me the pleasure and joy of a self-sacrificing life.

"Wont you have some more chocolate?" I said, feeling as if in ministering to one of God's chosen ones; and then I asked, humbly, "What can I do? I call myself a Christian, and I have always fancied I lived as a Christian should, but you have made me feel as if all my life had been wasted."

"I should think in a life as full and rich as yours there would be so much that you could make most of your days thank-offerings to the Lord. Why, before you get to the sacrifices there are so many things that would be nothing for you to do, and yet would give so much pleasure to other people. There are your horses and carriages, and your fruit, and your flowers, and your dainty dishes, that most people have neither time nor skill to prepare. My dear Mrs. Harlow, I cannot tell what your duties are; I can only see what is on the surface. The real work that the love of Christ ought to impel you to do, that you must find for yourself."

"Can you give me the name of some one in the village to whom I could begin to minister?" I said. "You know I am such a stranger here, and one cannot send even flowers promiscuously."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Brown; "I can give you the names of a dozen."

So I took pencil and paper and wrote them down as she told them to me, and as soon as she had started on her errand of charity again, I commenced my new labors. They did not prove