

## Family Reading.

## Growing Old.

Softly, O softly, the years have swept by thee,  
Touching thee lightly, with tenderest care;  
Sorrow and death they have often brought nigh thee,  
Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear.

Growing old gracefully,  
Gracefully fair.

Far from the storms that are lashing the ocean,  
Nearer each day to the pleasant home-light;

Far from the waves that are big with commotion,  
Under full sail, and the harbor in sight:

Growing old cheerfully,  
Cheerful and bright.

Past all the winds that were adverse and chilling,  
Past all the islands that lured thee to rest,

Past all the currents that lured thee unwilling,  
Far from thy course to the Land of the Blest:

Growing old peacefully,  
Peaceful and blest.

Never a feeling of envy nor sorrow  
When the bright faces of children are seen;

Never a year from the young would'st thou borrow—  
Thou dost remember what lieth between:

Growing old willingly,  
Thankful, serene.

Rich in experience that angels might covet,  
Rich in a faith that has grown with thy years,

Rich in a love that grew from and above it,  
Soothing thy sorrows and hushing thy fears:

Growing old wealthily,  
Loving and dear.

Hearts at the sound of thy coming are lightened  
Ready and willing thy hand to relieve!

Many a face at thy kind word has brightened—  
"It is more blessed to give than receive!"

Growing old happily,  
Ceasing to grieve.

Eyes that grow dim to the earth and its glory  
Have a sweet recompense youth can not know:

Ears that grow dull to the world and its story  
Drink in the songs that from Paradise flow:

Growing old graciously,  
Purer than snow.

## New Select Serial.

## KATHLEEN.

THE STORY OF A HOME.

BY AGNES GIBERNE.

## CHAPTER III.

'Lovely day for November, Mrs. Montgomery—quite contrary to one's usual notions of what the month ought to be. Really it is more like September.'

The words were uttered in a systematically-lively manner by a person of middle age, stout and high-voiced, with prominent eyes, and an air of good humored self-satisfaction over her mottled reddish face. The speaker was seated at an old-fashioned centre-table, bestowing attention upon a piece of canvas stretched upon a large frame. Two yards distant an old lady occupied an arm-chair, rather a frail little old lady, in black dress and fawn-coloured shawl. She had aquiline features, and the remains of a peach-bloom complexion, though past seventy-five years of age. A certain nervous twitch was apparent from time to time about her lips, with their drooping corners, and her general expression was unhappy, the curve of the grey eyebrows showing an unrestful spirit. A volume of sermons lay open on her knee, and she was reading the somewhat close print without spectacles,—so far as reading was permitted by her talkative companion.

The small drawing-room in which they sat, was crammed to overflowing with furniture, which for the most part dated three-quarters of a century back. All was more or less valuable in the eyes of the old lady, and some articles were of no small intrinsic worth. In-

laid cabinets and carved chairs vied with each other in quaint beauty, and oil-paintings in massive frames crowded the walls, while the window was draped with lace curtains of antique design.

'Wonderfully warm. I could hardly believe my own senses this morning,' continued Miss Jackson. 'But one never is prepared for these startling changes—not even after forty years' experience. What colour do you advise next to the green, Mrs. Montgomery?'

The old lady glanced at the canvas with an air of indifference. 'I really do not know,' she said.

'I should say purple would be the best shade,—a good contrast to the green, and yet not too startling. I wish I had not put yellow in this other part. But the purple will look sweetly; just see the effect. What is your opinion?'

'It matters very little,' said Mrs. Montgomery, going back to her sermon.

'Well, perhaps so,' admitted Miss Jackson. 'An ottoman cover is not an affair of very great importance. Still, when one does a thing one likes to do it well; and Mrs. Joliffe's taste is particular. I should like to hit it, if possible.'

'Is that for Katie? A faint shade of interest crept into the old lady's face. 'I had forgotten.'

Miss Jackson showed no surprise. 'Yes, for Mrs. Joliffe. I began it by your wish, Mrs. Montgomery, don't you recollect—it is for the little ottoman which holds Miss Joliffe's fancy-work? How will Mrs. Joliffe like my arrangement of colours?'

'She will like it,' said Mrs. Montgomery. 'Yes, the colours are pretty. How soon shall you have finished?'

'Not for another fortnight, I am afraid. There is a good piece yet to be done. Don't you think you could put in a little bit of work yourself, Mrs. Montgomery, if I outlined the pattern? Just a mere corner! Mrs. Joliffe would be so pleased.'

Mrs. Montgomery shook her head. She had an aversion to work, rare in old ladies, and did it only by proxy.

'I think you might get out to-day,' said Miss Jackson, as the eyes returned once more to the sermon page, clear dark-blue eyes like Kathleen's well-kept through seventy-five years. Mrs. Montgomery had altogether a carefully-preserved aspect, as if she had spent a good part of her life under a glass. She had ever been tenderly shielded.

'It is an east wind. I am afraid of bronchitis.'

'Not east, I assure you. The vane points directly south.'

'I always know the feeling of east in the wind. Weathercocks are sometime mistaken,' said Mrs. Montgomery, with a piece of gentle obstinacy.

'It is extremely mild. The air would do you good.'

'Not if there is any east in it. And the supper you made me take last night has quite disagreed with me. I shall be better indoors to-day. When is Dr. Ritchie coming again? He ought to have been yesterday.'

'You told him he need not come again for ten days.'

'You are mistaken, Miss Jackson. I always expect Dr. Ritchie on Wednesday, and to day is Thursday.'

'Would you like me to send—'

'No certainly not. I never like to be a trouble to anybody. Dr. Ritchie probably does not think it worth his while to come.'

Miss Jackson earnestly hoped that the Doctor might make allowance for the old lady's defective memory, and appear before the expiration of the ten days.

'People grow tired of coming. It is only natural,' said Mrs. Montgomery. 'It is what I must expect. An old woman like me can offer no attractions.'

'My dear Mrs. Montgomery!'

'Katie hardly ever comes, and as for Kathleen—'

'Mrs. Joliffe has been away for three weeks,' said Miss Jackson. 'You will see her again now, I don't doubt. Poor Mrs. Joliffe really does not look as if she had any strength to spare from home duties.'

'And Dr. Baring has quite dropped his visits.'

'Well, really, Mrs. Montgomery, one can hardly wonder; he is perfectly overwhelmed with work. I met him the

other day, and he said he had been planning to call for weeks past, but he was so distracted with calls upon his time that he did not know where to turn first.'

'He should keep a curate,' said Mrs. Montgomery.

'Only unfortunately curates have to be paid,' said Miss Jackson. 'With a stipend of three hundred and fifty pounds, and five children to provide for and very little private property, Dr. Baring can't have much money to spare. However, I am told that a cousin or friend has just come to stay with him—a clergyman—and that may give him more leisure. Perhaps we shall hear him preach next Sunday. I do not know the clergyman's name.'

'I hope we shall get. I dislike changes,' said Mrs. Montgomery. 'Unless it is change for the better. They say the young man may perhaps remain for some time in Rockston: Some one is in the garden—hark! Ah, it is Mr. and Miss Joliffe.'

'They will come in; bring them to me Miss Jackson. You can put this book away, if you please, and hand me my scent bottle. The corner of that cloth does not lie quite straight. If my son-in-law feels any draught from the door, don't leave it open while he is here. You are always so fond of draughts, but other people do not like them.'

Mrs. Montgomery's depressed look really did brighten for the moment, as her son-in-law and her favourite grandchild entered.

'Pretty well to-day, mother?' asked Mr. Joliffe, stooping to kiss her affectionately. 'Katie was anxious that we should see you this morning. Leena only came back last night. She looks well does she not? How is Katie?—Oh, much the same as usual. She generally contrives to do just a little too much for her strength. I am pretty well, thank you,—not quite the thing. How do you do, Miss Jackson? Pleasant weather to-day than yesterday.'

Miss Jackson could see that the call was made with a purpose, and that the said purpose was kept in the background while she remained present. She stayed two or three minutes, talking and laughing in her hearty style, and then with a slight excuse withdrew shutting the door behind her.

'That's a wonderful woman; always in high spirits,' said Mr. Joliffe.

'She is overpowering—quite overpowering,' said Mrs. Montgomery. 'I am never allowed to do anything in peace. Miss Jackson has no idea of employing herself without talking.'

'She is very fond of you, grandmamma,' said Kathleen.

'Yes, my dear—yes, I dare say. And she is a good creature, a very good creature, in her own way. But I have been used all my life to more of repose and refinement. It is a great trial to have a person like this about me. I cannot grow used to her ways—'

'Not even after four years,' said Mr. Joliffe musingly.

'No, not after four years,—and I should not after forty years. It is impossible. She is an excellent creature, but she wears me out, Albert, I am never allowed to read in peace, or to please myself, I do not wish to hurt her feelings, and I bear with her as patiently as I can, but it is a very great trial.'

'You would not like to make a change, mother? Here is Joan Bray wanting a home, and talking of being somebody's companion. What do you say to sending away Miss Jackson, and letting Joan take her place?'

The proposal was made in jest, for he knew that Joan was unfit for the post, but Mrs. Montgomery looked extremely alarmed.

'Oh no, I could not think of it. Pray do not let such an idea reach Miss Jackson. I could not possibly do without her, Albert. I have such a horror of strangers,—and she understands all my ways; I could not think of parting with her.'

'But grandmamma, Joan is not really a stranger. She is your own grandchild,' said Kathleen.

Mrs. Montgomery seemed rather in a mist about Joan. News had been sent her the day before of Jules Bray's death, but it had not touched her closely, and Joan's forlorn position had scarcely reached her understanding. Mr. Joliffe

explained, and she grasped slowly the leading facts.

'I see,—yes, of course. It was very wrong of Jules to leave her nothing. He ought to have laid by—but he always was a strange man. Poor dear Joanna—the marriage was a sad mistake. But it is just like you and Katie to think of having Joan to live with you. It is only what I should have expected. This Mr.—her uncle—whatever his name is—ought to keep her still, but if he will not I don't really see what else is to be done. I should not like a grandchild of mine to become a companion. And in a large family like yours one more or less makes little difference. It would be a serious matter for me to take her in—with my nerves in their present state. Besides, you say Joan is an invalid and invalids always try me with their fidgetty ways. Miss Jackson is wonderfully strong, and that suits me. Pray do not put any idea of change into her head my dear Leena. I am getting old, and I cannot bear change. I would not part with Miss Jackson under any consideration. She manages everything for me, and she is a good creature, most attentive and careful—if only she were not quite so frivolous.'

The old lady seemed so agitated by her son-in-law's suggestion, that he had to give some minutes to soothing her, with assurances that he had meant nothing, and that no steps should be taken contrary to her wishes. Miss Jackson presently reappeared with a silver biscuit-box. Mr. Joliffe had a particular liking for cracknels, and in her pleasure at watching him eat them Mrs. Montgomery grew more composed. Miss Jackson carried off Kathleen into the verandah, under pretext of looking at a plant and there asked, 'What do you think of your grandmamma to-day?'

'She seems nervous,' Kathleen said. 'Not more than usual, perhaps.'

'It is not one of her best days. I wish I could cure her of sermon-reading. Don't be shocked, Mrs. Joliffe.'

'No, I understand. Mamma has said almost the same.'

'I don't mean that I wish to cure it altogether. But she does literally nothing from morning till night except read sermons,—or she would do nothing, if I let her. I believe it is a matter of conscience,—partly. She thinks me fearfully depraved, because I go in for fiction, in preference. But I must have some recreation.'

'Yes; I don't think sermons all day long are good,' said Kathleen. 'One gets tired of one line of thought, with no change.'

'I couldn't!' said Mrs. Jackson, with a gesture. 'People are differently constituted, to be sure,—but I know I couldn't stand that, and I don't believe Mrs. Montgomery can either. I do all I can to vary her occupation,—interrupt her, and more talk, and give her news. She thinks me cruel, I know, but I must try to keep up her spirits. I wish she would take to work—I don't care what kind. Even something livelier in the way of sermons would be a change. Unless they have been written over fifty years ago, she doesn't think them worth a look. I don't believe she takes in half the sense of what she reads; I shouldn't in her place. They're as ponderous as lead,—paragraphs a page long, without a single full stop. But I mustn't keep you, Miss Joliffe. Your father is calling.'

And in a few minutes, the two were walking homewards.

'Papa,' said Kathleen, 'there is no hope of Joan living with grandmamma.'

'I never imagined such a thing seriously for a moment, my dear. She is wedded to Miss Jackson.'

'Only she complains of her.'

'It is your grandmother's way—she would do the same of anybody. A change would be misery to her.'

'And about Joan, papa.'

'You and your mother must decide, I cannot settle you. It seems sad that the poor girl should be cast adrift.'

'Mamma would like her to come,' said Kathleen. 'I see that. She had such a love for aunt Joanna. I think it would be great pain to her to see Joan obliged to earn her livelihood. It isn't as if we were poor and could not take her in. And grandmamma feels the same. And there is the small spare-room, which seems just made for her. We shall still have our best spare-room.'

The cheerful tone deceived Mr. Joliffe. 'Your mother must have misunderstood you,' he said. 'She thought you did not wish Joan to come. I told her I was surprised, for I thought the companionship would be nice for you. But, as she says, we do not know what sort of girl Joan may be. She thinks it might be best to ask her first for a long visit, and to make final arrangements later. Would you like it? 'Mamma knows best,' said Kathleen.

'Yes, yes; but I mean, would you like Joan to live here permanently?'

'I think it would be right,' said Kathleen. 'Don't you think so papa? It isn't so much a question of wishing, as of what is right. If I were in Joan's place, I should not like to be left out in the cold.'

'True—true. Quite your mother's way of looking at things,' said Mr. Joliffe, and a glow of pleasure came to Kathleen's cheeks.

So the letter was written, and the invitation was quickly accepted.

## Out o' Nights.

It would be difficult to disprove what Rev. Dr. Deems says of the temptations that beset young people who are not under home restraint as to the manner of spending their evenings. The new settler in a region where each twilight brings beasts of prey from their lairs would scarcely be surer of losing his children, or more guilty of their destruction, if he let them wander outside home, than are they who allow them to mingle with the vice of the streets after dark.

Almost invariably boys who have been allowed to roam free at night have come to moral shipwreck and social destruction. The exceptions have been where there was a wholesome temperament, a strong intellect, and peculiar social influences. Men and boys, women and girls, whatever may have been their culture, feel that there is something in the streets at night different from that which is in the day—something that excites apprehension, or creates alarm or gives licence. Boys that are demure by day would say things at night that they would blush to utter in the daylight.

The result of our observation is the clear conviction that it is absolutely necessary that parents know exactly where their children are from sundown to sunrise. No boy ought to be allowed to go alone off the pavement of his father's house after sundown. It ought not to be a hard restriction; to a boy thus trained from infancy it will not be.

## Single Women.

A clever old maid once said it was far better to be laughed at because you were not married than not be able to laugh because you were. There is sound logic in that. It is well for a woman to marry if she meets a good, true man, who loves her and whom she loves; but if she be not suited, better that she remained single. The majority of old maids are helpful, lovable, and sweet-tempered, and fill their allotted niche as acceptably as do their married sisters. Are they not more to be honored than they would have been had they married merely for a home or position? Our young ladies have erroneous ideas upon this subject. They feel almost disgraced if they have arrived at a mature age, and are not yet able to write Mrs. before their names.

Their whole ambition is to get a husband, by hook or by crook, but get him somehow they must. Consequently they take the first man who offers himself, whether he really suits them or not. Now, girls, do not marry in haste. Get the best education possible, help about domestic affairs, and enter upon some trade or profession for which you have a taste, and master it. Skilled labor is always well paid. Don't spend your time re- pinning because you cannot see the coming man. If you never see him you can live useful, happy lives. You think if you had a husband you would have no sorrow and trouble. Alas! many a slender woman who has had not only to stand alone, but also serve as a prop for children and husband, and very few wives find in their husbands all the sympathy and companionship they desire. If you are good for anything you will not be hurt by remaining single, neither will you be elevated by becoming 'John's wife.' Do your duty in life, and you will count for one in the world, whether married or single.

## Bouths' Department.

## Original and Selected.

## Scripture Enigma.

No. 226.

Find the words here described and the initials will be the name of an ancient, beautiful, but haughty queen, and the initials are the name of the queen who superceded her. Give the texts also:

1. What can be properly executed by none but God.
2. The father of the Apostle James.
3. Who was Elisha's father?
4. What king had 15 years added to his life?
5. A rich city of Phoenicia.
6. The man whose sons knew what Israel ought to do.

## CURIOUS QUESTIONS.

No. 63. Form a diamond of the following described words:

1. The head of lamb.
2. Gone to decay.
3. Fierce and dangerous.
4. A small blue flower.
5. An ancient proper name.
6. A confusing noise.
7. The beginning of all.

No. 64. A Riddle.

Sometimes people say I am cracked, and no wonder,

If demented you think me, you make a great blunder;

Full of pains day and night, Not an invalid quite,

Although it would seem so, 'Tis far from the right;

You keep me secured, When alone or away;

But when spring weather comes I am out, say in May.

I am dressed with a sash, And carry a shade;

Mistaken again if you Think me a maid.

If you cannot see through me, You surely are blinded;

'Tis the case with myself, I've thrown light; have you minded?

No. 65. Words for amputation.

Behold and curtail:

1. That which destroys life, and leave that by which life is sustained;

2. An organ of the body, and leave another;

3. An avenue in a city, and leave a tree;

4. A social entertainment, and leave the vocation of an artist;

5. A number, and leave a woman's name;

6. A small light, and leave an animal;

7. Obsequious, and leave a chime of bells;

8. A gloomy frown, and leave an animal;

9. A writer, and leave a child's bed;

10. A wicker covered hamper, and leave an animal;

11. A loose cover for the neck, and leave a vehicle;

12. Confined, and leave an era.

Find answers to the above—write them down—and see how they agree with the answers to be given next week.

## Answer to Bible Enigma.

No. 224.

1. S o w.....Matt. vi. 26.

2. T m e.....Eph. v. 16.

3. R h o d a.....Acts xii. 13, 14

4. E s e k.....Gen. xxvi. 20.

5. N a m a.....2 King v. 1.

6. G i v e.....Matt. x. 8.

7. T r a n s p a s s e.....Matt. vi. 14.

8. H e a v e n.....Isa. xxxiv. 4.

STRENGTH. Psa. lxxviii. 34.

WEAKNESS. 2 Cor. xii. 9.

No. 225.

1. G i l e s d.....Numb. xxxii. 1.

2. A m a s.....1 Chron. ii. 17.

3. D a g o n.....Judges xvi. 23.

GAD—DAN.

## ANSWERS TO CURIOUS QUESTIONS.

No. 61.

Mis-sis-sip-pi.

No. 62.

I O N I A

O P E N S

N E E D S

I N D I A

A S S A Y

No. 63.

Word Changes.

1. Fall, foil, foul.

2. Mute, mule, mille, milk, silk.

3. Floor, flood, blood, brood, broad, bread.

4. Wen, wan, way, wry, dry.

5. Hair, hear, pear, peas, pens, pins, wins, wigs.

A PROUD ROOSTER.—At Newcastle, N. J., a monster rat suddenly darted in among a lot of hens that were feeding, and seized a young chicken, but before the plunderer could make his escape, a ten-pound rooster seized and held him firmly with his beak, while two old hens came up and pecked the rodent to death. After the rat was killed the old rooster dropped him, and then walking several times around the vanquished foe, sagaciously examining him out of one eye all the while, finally mounted the body, clapped his wings, and gave three loud crows and walked off.

That was a good prescription given by a physician to a patient:—"Do something for somebody."