

Family Reading.

To Millie, (aged seven).

BY REV. THOMAS JAMES.

Maiden so fair, so free from care,
What is thy future to be?
What shall the years, dawning with fears,
Bring with their coming to thee?

Shalt thou have joy free from alloy,
Pleasure unceasing be thine?
Shall sunbeams play all on thy way,
Roses with roses entwine?

Such do we ask, when 'tis our task,
To choose what thy future may be;
When we do pray, all that we say
Speaketh of gladness for thee.

Foolishly fond, looking beyond,
There are no thorns on the way
Which we do make for thy sweet sake,
As we are dreaming to-day.

Ah! but we know God doth not so
While He is making us blest;
Oft 'tis through pain that we do gain
Things that are sweetest and best.

So, lest thou miss some of the bliss
That we are seeking so free,
We will not say aught of thy way,
But ask Him to choose it for thee.

New Select Serial.

KATHLEEN.

THE STORY OF A HOME.

THINGS NOT RIGHT.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"That poor thing!" said Lady Catherine. "What poor thing?" asked Dr. Ritchie, who for once was enjoying a quiet evening, undisturbed by bell-ringing and summonses. May, the eldest of the small Ritchie tribe, had taken her departure, and the Doctor was intent on a book, while Lady Catherine sewed busily.

"Mrs. Joliffe!"

The muscles of the Doctor's face executed an involuntary movement, the meaning of which appeared to be clear to his wife.

"Yes, yes, I know," she said, folding a little tuck with her capable fingers; "but what am I to call her? She is Mrs. Joliffe."

"Of course," said Dr. Ritchie.

"And she is Mr. Joliffe's wife, and mistress of Mr. Joliffe's house."

"Nobody questions the fact," said Dr. Ritchie.

"It seems to me that a good many people ignore the fact."

The Doctor did not appear particularly desirous to enter into a discussion on the question. He returned to his reading, and Lily Catherine bided her time. The book was suddenly shut and Dr. Ritchie said, "What do you mean?"

"I had a long chat with her this morning. She has been rather on my mind lately, and I thought I would satisfy myself as to the state of things. Don't count it disloyalty to Leena's mother if I say that I was particularly pleased with her."

"Disloyalty!" repeated Dr. Ritchie.

"That is at the bottom of people's feeling about the marriage. As if one could not like the second Mrs. Joliffe without ceasing to like the first."

Dr. Ritchie's eyebrows stirred.

"Yes, I was particularly pleased," repeated Lady Catherine. "I found her thoroughly unassuming, anxious, evidently, to do her duty to the full, and reluctant to say a word even verging on complaint. It is a fine face—true and honest and self-forgetting. I think she is a woman whom I could lead up on in trouble; and if I were ill, I could bear to be nursed by her. I should be sorry to be at the mercy of most of my acquaintances in illness. Whatever Mrs. Joliffe may be as to minor points, I am sure she is thorough." Lady Catherine pronounced the adjective with emphasis, adding, "I don't mean to say that she is like Kathleen's mother."

"Nobody would dream of comparing the two," said Dr. Ritchie.

"I beg your pardon, my dear, but not an individual in all Rockston looks at Mrs. Joliffe without comparing the two—to the present Mrs. Joliffe's disparagement, of course—but why of course?"

"One could hardly help—the Doctor began, and paused.

"I think one ought to help it. There are different kinds of excellence. Kathleen's mother was all refinement and grace, a delicate piece of finest porcelain

fit to be kept in a velvet case. This Mrs. Joliffe is good china too, but of greater strength and less high finish. One felt frightened to see the other in use, for fear it should break; but there is no such fear here."

Dr. Ritchie's face broke into one of its pleasant smiles over the illustration. He said only, "I should never have expected Joliffe to be caught by anything wanting in refinement."

"I don't think he has been. There is not high exterior finish. She has passably lady-like manners, and expresses herself easily, with really well-chosen language; still, there can be no mistake about the fact that she is not a lady by birth. There is an indescribable lack of something, a lack which may be felt, and cannot be defined. I concede so much. But if there is a lack of outer finish, there is no lack of inner refinement. To my mind that is the most important."

"One prefers both."

"Yes, when one can have both. But one cannot always."

"I don't precisely see in what respect she arouses your pity," the Doctor said. "You did not see her to-day." Lady Catherine made a pause, with her usually busy hands still, and her eyes intent?

"Did not see what?"

"I don't like it," was Lady Catherine's indirect reply. "I do not like the state of things. Kathleen is one of the sweetest girls I ever saw; but she is not right here."

"I don't think Kathleen is to blame."

"No; you—you are a man. Of course you don't. How should you see the ins and outs of the matter? Pardon me, my dear, but Leena's pretty face does not show her to be always in the right. I think she earnestly wishes to be."

"She is looking ill," Dr. Ritchie said gravely.

"That is it. I do not like to say anything to distress her unnecessarily,—if indeed it is unnecessary. But, in fact, it is difficult to know where to lay one's grip. Mrs. Joliffe makes no complaints. Kathleen evidently yields to her will in all matters of household arrangement, and insists on submission from the children. Yes, it all sounds blameless. But something is wrong somewhere. There is that poor thing standing alone in the household,—not even her own child with her."

"That is not Kathleen's doing," said Dr. Ritchie decisively.

"Mrs. Joliffe speaks of it as her own doing. She 'thought it best and happier for Viola.' Why should it be happier for the girl to be away from her mother? And if you had seen Mrs. Joliffe's face for a moment, when I spoke a kind word about missing her daughter and feeling lonely,—no, she did not cry,—it was only a look."

The man-servant brought in a note. "No one was waiting for an answer," he said, and went away. Dr. Ritchie passed it to his wife, after perusal, and she read the words aloud:

"DEAR DR. RITCHIE,

"Would you be so good as to look in to-morrow morning to see Kathleen? She has not seemed very well lately, and to-day a heavy cold is setting in. Her father is not quite satisfied about her."

"Believe me, yours truly,

"MARY JOLIFFE."

"That means that Mrs. Joliffe is not satisfied," said Lady Catherine. "As if Mr. Joliffe ever noticed anybody's state of health, except his own."

Dr. Ritchie seemed to be studying the note, which she had returned to him. "It is a remarkably good hand," he said. "It is like her face, strong and steady."

"You don't think I had better go this evening?"

She would have asked it if she had thought it needful. No, no; do as you are told, and have a quiet hour while you can. I shall see Kathleen myself to-morrow afternoon, when I have heard your report of her," said Lady Catherine.

On the afternoon of the following day she went. Kathleen was in her little sitting-room, hoarse and languid beside a blazing fire. Joan, on the opposite side, had a book open, and seemed to be reading aloud, but on the advent of Lady Catherine she vanished. Lady Catherine pulled off her sealskin jacket and her gloves, took a seat, and produced a half-made baby's sock.

"I can stay half-an-hour, but I can't afford to spend it in idleness," she said, as she often did say on such occasions. "I ought to work, I suppose, but I don't feel much inclined," said Kathleen listlessly. "Dr. Ritchie came this morning."

"Yes. He tells me that he has forbidden you to go out for two or three days."

"Yes, he said so. I don't know that I can stay in to-morrow morning."

"Why not?"

"Papa will want me."

"My dear, your father must manage without you."

Kathleen flushed. "He never cares to go out alone."

"Cannot Mrs. Joliffe go with him?"

The flush deepened. "Oh, I don't want that on any account. Please don't propose it."

Lady Catherine paused in her work, and looked steadily at Kathleen. "My dear?" she said, with an intonation of surprise.

Kathleen's face became crimson, and tears rushed to her eyes.

"I don't quite understand," said Lady Catherine. "You mean that you generally walk with your father in the morning?"

"Yes, always. I haven't missed once since he came home."

"And you think he could not be happy to go without you?"

"Not alone!"

"No,—but with Mrs. Joliffe?"

"No,—oh no, please! I don't want that," said Kathleen almost piteously.

"Please, Lady Catherine. It is the only thing I have left now—and if once I break through it—"

"You do not mean that you were out with him this morning?"

"Only just for an hour. I knew Dr. Ritchie would not come till eleven,—and I was back by then."

"This foggy morning! You were very wrong, Kathleen."

"It was only for an hour. I always go,—and it is the only thing I have left."

"Did Mrs. Joliffe approve of your going?" asked Lady Catherine.

"I don't see that it concerned her. And Dr. Ritchie did not exactly ask. He only said that—that of course I must stay in. But I don't think I can. It is all I have left. Please don't try to take it from me."

A fit of coughing came on, and the blood flushed violently into cheek and brow. Lady Catherine brought her water from the table, and waited quietly till the paroxysm should pass.

"Does the cough give you pain in your chest?" she asked at length.

"Yes,—rather."

Kathleen rose suddenly, and came to a low seat close to her friend, Lady Catherine knew what the movement meant, and when Kathleen nestled up as if for comfort, a cool hand came fondly on her forehead. But presently she said,—

"Leena, you are not to go out again until you have Dr. Ritchie's leave."

Kathleen lifted her head, and looked imploring. Not imploring only. Something of determination was there as well.

"You understand?" said Lady Catherine.

"Yes. Oh, I don't think I can stay in. I can't give it up."

"Give what up?"

"My mornings with papa."

"I do not ask you to give them up permanently. It is merely a question of a few days."

"Oh no,—you don't understand—"

"I do not understand what?"

"About—things," said Kathleen huskily. "I always go with him now. But if I don't—she will. She did once—I remember—and I stayed in. But she never has again."

"Who?"

"Mrs. Joliffe. She will, if I don't. And if he gets into the way of that—"

"One thing is clear," said Lady Catherine. "This is not a case of duty with you, Kathleen, but of self-pleasing. Kathleen caught her breath. 'I can't help it,' she said. 'Oh, I can't help it. I can't let him begin that. If once he does, he will not—will not want me—any more.'"

Kathleen was quivering with smothered sobs. She would not yield to them, but half unconsciously she caught one of Lady Catherine's hands, and strained it against her forehead with all her force, as if scarcely able to bear herself.

"Hush,—gently. What do you mean? Not want any more?"

"He never does at any other time. He used to come to me for everything and now—now it is only just the morning walk. And I have nothing else left."

There doesn't seem anything worth living for. And if that goes too, I don't think I can bear it,—I don't think I can. It seems as if everything went, one thing after another. And if once I break through this, I know what it will be. She will walk with him, and make herself needful, and he will grow used, and—of course it is what she wants, but oh, I do think she might leave me that one only pleasure, and not take it from me. Please, please don't ask me to give it up to her."

"Kathleen, that is enough."

The words broke in, calmly and decisively. Kathleen was suddenly hushed. Lady Catherine would have withdrawn her hand, but it was held as in a vice.

"You are over-excited," said Lady Catherine slowly; "and you are saying words for which you will be sorry by-and-by. Of course your father goes to Mrs. Joliffe in everything now, and not to you. She is his wife. It is good of her to leave him entirely to you in the mornings, but remember, she has the first right. You are wrong to give way to these feelings."

There was a short silence, and then Kathleen murmured,—"Don't be angry with me, please. My head aches so."

"I know it does, and you are making it worse."

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. 252.

1. P. alm.
2. O. ak.
3. M. ulberry.
4. E. bony (Ezek. xxvii. 15).
5. G. rapes.
6. R. aigins.
7. A. lmonds.
8. N. etles.
9. A. pples (Prov. xxv. 11).
10. T. horn.
11. E. shoal.

POMEGRANATE. (Ex. xxvi. 36.)

ANSWERS TO CURIOUS QUESTIONS.

No. 148.

An-te-di-lu-vian.

No. 149.

U P R O A R

P R O U D

R O U T

O U T

A D

R

No. 150.

E-L I A-S

R-I V E-T

A-G A-V-E

T-H E-E-P

S-O R-C-H

U-N C-L-E

S-W A I-N

No. 151.

1. Give, live, line, lint, lent, lend.
2. Dawn, down, down, moon, noon.
3. Snow, slow, slew, sled, slid, said, raid, rain.

No. 152.

1. Abigail and David (1 Sam. xxv. 42).
2. Ahasuerus (Esther viii. 10).
3. Ekeiel, at the death of his wife, (Ex. xxiv. 16).
4. Maher-shalal-hash-baz (Is. viii. 1, 4).
5. Psalm cxviii. 8.
6. Esther viii. 9.
7. John xi. 35.

The Christian Messenger.

Bible Lessons for 1883.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Lesson X.—DECEMBER 9, 1883.

DAVID'S FRIEND—JONATHAN.

1 Sam. xx. 32-42.

COMMIT TO MEMORY: Vs. 41, 42.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"A man that hath friends must show himself friendly; and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Proverbs xviii. 24.

DAILY HOME READINGS.

M. David a Fugitive, 1 Sam. ch. xix.

T. Concerted Signals, 1 Sam. xx. 1-24.

W. The Lesson and Context, 1 Sam. xx. 25-42.

T. David among the Philistines, 1 Sam. ch. xxi.

F. David in Cave and Forest, 1 Sam. ch. xxii.

S. The Fugitive's Psalm, Psalm xxxiv.

S. David's Enemies, Ps. lii. and lvi.

DAVID HELPED BY JONATHAN'S FRIENDSHIP.

LESSON OUTLINE.—I. Defended, Vs. 32-34. II. Warned, Vs. 35-40. III. Loved, Vs. 41, 42.

QUESTIONS.—Briefly relate the dangers that had beset David. What were his relations with Jonathan?

Vs. 32-34.—What had passed between Saul and Jonathan? What was the cause of Saul's hatred to David? What gross affront from Saul to his son? On what did Jonathan insist?

Vs. 35-40.—What did Jonathan do? Where was David? What sign was given? Its meaning? What was done with the lad?

Vs. 41, 42.—What showed that David regarded Jonathan as superior in rank? Had he ever assumed anything because he had been anointed? Did Jonathan know what David was to be? ch. xxiii. 17. What traits of character, then, did his pure friendship show? What covenant had they made? How did they show their love and grief? How did they part?

Scripture Searchings.—What does Solomon say about one who is "a companion of fools" [i. e., of the wicked]? How did the three closest friends of Jesus fail him in the time of need?

Saul's jealousy and enmity towards David continually increased. We note his attempts to take his life. Three times he casts his spear at him,—twice as in last lesson (vs. 11), and once afterwards (see xix. 10). He sends him to battle against the Philistines, hoping they will kill him (xviii. 17). He gives his daughter, Michal, to him in marriage, as a snare to him, and to deliver him to the Philistines, as Delilah did Samson (xviii. 21). He demands a marriage dowry of him which can only be secured by encountering great peril (xviii. 25). He tries to force Jonathan and his servants to the work of killing David (xix. 1). He sends messengers to his house to seize and slay him (xix. 11); and when David escapes, he sends messengers to his place of refuge to take him (xix. 20); and at last goes in person for the same purpose (xix. 23).

From all these perils the Lord delivers David. Jonathan's love is unchanged, and he and David renew their covenant with each other (xx. 12-17). A plan is devised between them to discover, in David's absence, whether Saul's intentions are yet murderous towards him (vs. 5-8); and also a plan by which Jonathan shall acquaint him of Saul's intentions. David hides in the field, and Jonathan, on the third day of David's absence from court, comes to the field to give him the preconcerted signal of the king's continued hostility (vs. 18-31).

NOTES.—Vs. 32.—Jonathan answered, to the tirade of Saul against himself because of his faithfulness to David. The scene was at the royal palace at Gibeah, where the king and his son, and Abner, were taking their meal at the king's table. David's place was empty, as it had been the day before. For he believed that Saul had designs upon his life, and therefore kept away, and had hid himself in accordance with a plan made by him and Jonathan. The first day the king made no remark upon his absence; but the second day he demanded of Jonathan the reason for the vacant place at the table for two successive days. Jonathan gave the excuse agreed upon between him and David (compare vs. 28, 29, with vs. 6, 7). The answer greatly incensed Saul, who broke out in words of insult both to Jonathan's mother and to Jonathan himself, and charged him with choosing the son of Jesse to his own "confusion." He declared, "as long as the son of Jesse liveth, thou shalt not be established nor thy kingdom"; and demanded that Jonathan send and seize David, that he might be slain. To this Jonathan answered in words of remonstrance.

Help for Parents, or for the Teacher of the Primary Class.

A promise existed that the slayer of Goliath should have as wife a daughter of the king (ch. xvii. 25). Saul seems to have been slow to keep the promise, and was unfaithful in its bestowment. But David finally received Michal, the king's daughter, in marriage. He was not, as the king thought he might be, led to neglect of duty, and hence to disgrace; but "behaved himself more wisely than all the servants of Saul, so that his name was much set by," (ch. xviii. 30).

Saul's wickedness then became more bold, so that he directed Jonathan and his servants to kill David. Saul or Jonathan soon became convinced that David was he of whom Samuel had spoken, as better than Saul, and the one whom God had chosen in his place. The remarkable scene at Naioth in Ramah, in which the aged Samuel, David, and Saul appear.

Our plan of teaching may include a comparison again, bringing in the three leading characters in the history. Some thing may be made of the little lad who went out with Jonathan and had a part in serving God's purpose to preserve David, though his acts were without knowledge of all that was involved. From each may be drawn lessons of great practical value. In Saul we find, as in our last—envy, hatred, murder. In Jonathan—unselfishness, love, service. In David—courteousness, loyalty, love.

—Abridged from the Baptist Teacher

Banish the tears of children. Continual rain upon the blossoms render them fruitless.

Wherefore shall he be slain? What hath he done? Jonathan's fidelity to David was wonderful. The more the latter was persecuted by Saul, the warmer became Jonathan's love for him.

Vs. 33, 34.—Saul's answer to the remonstrance of Jonathan was the old response of error to truth—violence. The javelin was his spear, which was used as a sceptre or insignia of office. Saul determined to slay David. Jonathan had dutifully restrained himself when his father had insulted him; and now, instead of giving a bitter reply, he withdrew from the table. But the love he had for David caused him to grieve for him (vs. 31).

Vs. 35-40.—In the morning. Of the third day of David's absence. At the time appointed. See vs. 18-24. The place of meeting fixed upon was "by the stone of Ezel" (vs. 19). A little lad with him. To give color to the apparent purpose of going out to exercise in archery. Run, find out the arrows. This was the preconcerted signal (vs. 21). Is not the arrow beyond thee? This, uttered in a loud voice, as occasioned by the boy being at a distance from Jonathan, was the token of danger to David. Make speed, haste, stay not, betoken Jonathan's agitation of mind, in view of David's danger, and the intensity of his desire to give him warning. Gathered up the arrows. The three arrows which he purposed shooting (vs. 20). The lad knew not anything. And yet he did his little part in saving the future king. Artillery. Includes all the implements that belonged to his archery—bow, arrows, quiver, etc. The lad having served his purpose, and unconsciously contributed to bringing about God's plan for Israel, is dismissed.

Vs. 41, 42.—With no one present to watch and report their interview to the king, it was safe for the two friends to meet again; and David arose out of his hiding place to the south of the stone Ezel. His friendship had not caused him to forget that Jonathan was a prince, and he paid respect to his rank by prostrating himself before him; and he did this the more heartily because of the great love between them. Kissed one another. In a full flow of purest brotherly affection. And wept. As though they would never meet again; as, indeed, they never did but once afterwards. David exceeded. He was, as we say, transported with grief, though usually not so demonstrative as his friend. Go in peace. A farewell in a literal, as well as a conventional sense. Jonathan could stay in peace, because the covenant was forever; and when David came to the throne, the seed of Jonathan would, in turn, be his care.