

Summer's Done.

THINNER the leaves of the larches show,
Motionless hold in the languid air;
Fainter by waysides the sweet-briers grow,
Wide bloom laying the gold hearts bare,
Languishing one by one;
Summer is almost done.

Deeper-hued roses have long since died;
Silent the birds through the white mist fly;
Down of the thistles by hot sun dried,
Covers with pale fleece vines growing nigh;
Little brooks calmer run;
Summer is almost done.

Later the flush of the sunrise sweeps,
Shortening the reign of the slow-coming
day;
Earlier shade of the twilight creeps
Over the swallows skimming away;
Crickets their notes have begun;
Summer is almost done.

Darkened to mourning the sad-coloured
beech
Empty the nests in its purple boughs lie;
Something elusive we never can reach
Deepens the glory of days going by;
Aftermath lies in the sun:
Summer is almost done.

Child! why regret that the summer must go?
Sweet lies the aftermath left in the sun;
Lives that are earnest more beautiful grow
Out of a childhood in beauty begun:
Harvest of gold can be won
Only—when summer is done.

Conrad, the Little Captain.

THE great cathedral clock of Stras-
bourg has just boomed out the hour
of twelve, the hour when school is
over, and the boys burst forth with
the peculiar noise common to liberated
school-boys all the world over. But
why do all these eager little faces
crowd around that bright, fair-haired,
blue-eyed boy?

"What am I to do?" "Where am
I to stand?" are the eager questions
which assail him on all sides. When
he at last makes himself heard he
marshals them and gives them their
orders with the conciseness of an ex-
perienced general, and also delivers an
enthusiastic address on the propriety
of beating the Germans over the
bridge; and then he marches at their
head down the old narrow streets.

For this is a patriotic little band
of French boys who had agreed last
night to fight the Germans on the
bridge, arranging that whoever drove
the opposite party over the bridge
first should be accounted the victors.
The French boys had chosen Conrad,
the fair-haired little boy who had mar-
shalled his men in such good order, as
their captain; and the Germans had
chosen Hans, a tall, dark, fierce-look-
ing boy, who detested the French as
much as Conrad did the Germans; and
Conrad had had good reason not to
like the Germans, as his father and
brother had been killed and his little
sister died during the terrible siege
which their city had just suffered.

But the captain's animosity does not
extend to each other personally; they
themselves are friends. Many a head
is turned as they pass down the quaint
old streets, and many smile kindly on
the little army and on its gallant little
captain with his erect, sturdy figure,

brave, bright eyes and curly golden
hair.

Before they begin Conrad goes to
Hans with outstretched hand. "I
say, Hans," he says, "just let's shake
hands first of all, to show that it's
all right between us, and that it's
not against each other—only for our
country—we are fighting."

Hans' face softens for one moment;
then pushing away the proffered hand,
he says scornfully, "Get along! you're
afraid of being hurt, you coward!"

Conrad's face crimsoned, and he
bursts out, "We'll show whether
we're afraid or not!" and, crossing
back to the Strasbourg side of the
bridge, the order to charge is instan-
taneously given to both armies.

And now the fight begins. The two
armies fly at one another; Conrad is
cheering, directing and fighting with
all his might. In spite of French force
and French will, the Germans are, step
by step, gaining the bridge. On the
Germans come, steady, persevering,
sure, and the French, impetuous, fiery
and valiant, are well nigh beaten. A
moment's pause—"Courage, friends!"
shouts the little captain—"Courage!
One more struggle! *C'est pour la
Patrie!*"

Like one man the little Alsations
rally, and with a shout of "*Vive la
Patrie!*" bear down on the Germans,
who, surprised, stagger backward;
they have lost their footing, and, in
spite of their best efforts, recede be-
fore the impetuous charge of Conrad's
small men. Backward they go; the
bridge is nearly gained, when the
shout of victory is nipped in the bud
by a Prussian policeman, who, coming
up, lays a hand on the captain's collar
and commands them to desist.

"Unfair! unfair!" shouts Conrad.
"You did not stop us when we were
nearly beaten; it's just because we
are beating them. Boys, down with
the Germans! *Vive la Patrie!*"

The policeman, shaking him by the
collar, threatens him with imprison-
ment, and two other policemen coming
up at the same moment, the little
soldiers are separated and dispersed.

"We'll beat you again to-morrow if
you like, Hans," shouted Conrad gaily.

What evil thought takes possession
of Hans? Stooping he picks up a
small sharp stone and flings it with a
swift, sure aim straight at Conrad.
An inarticulate cry, a stagger, and
the curly head of the little captain is
lying low in the dust.

By the unanimous wish of the
Strasbourg citizens Conrad is to have
a soldier's burial. The little coffin is
covered with a flag, although that is
almost hidden by the wreaths that
cover it; the grand old cathedral is
crowded, rich and poor, old and young,
are there assembled when Conrad's
little army marches slowly in, bearing
their flower-laden burden, while the
splendid old organ peals forth, echoing
down the lofty aisles, filling the cathed-
ral with its beautiful yet awful music
for the dead. Gentle old Père Sylvestro

breaks down in the address he has pro-
mised to give, and the singing is broken
by the sobs of the choir boys. The
crowd follows the procession to the
grave, which also is filled with flowers.
The coffin is laid in, and a gun fired
over the little captain's grave; then
all is over.

But what of Hans? He went home
and entered the kitchen with such
a white, seared face that his sister
Lottechen shrieked, and followed him
to his bedroom to ask him if he was
ill. He said "No," and told her to
leave him alone. She left him till
supper-time, and then sent one of the
children to ask if he wanted supper.
The child came back saying Hans was
not there. Lottechen, with a startled
exclamation, followed the child into
the bedroom. It was deserted. Hans
had run away, nor was he ever seen in
Strasbourg again.

* Alas for the fruits of passion!—
From Little Folks.

The Father's Favourite.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

Go to! ye poets! who in strains as sober
As the low chantings of a funeral hymn,
Keep ever singing that the glad October
Is full of heart-break—melancholy, dim,
With hushed forebodings, whispered under-
breath,
Of hectic flushes that betoken death.

Not one of all the months so linked together
In joyous sequence, hath a brow so bright:
None brings us gifts of such delicious
weather—
Crisp morn'g so cool—noons of such lucent
light—
Transfigured atmospheres, and sapphire
skies
As fathomlessly blue as angels' eyes!

What flowers of June, in June's supremest
lustre,
Can rival in its gorgeous glory now,
The orient splendour of the tincts that
cluster
Their autumn blazonry on yonder bough,
With not one burning leaf among them all,
That owns monition of decay or fall.

O, gladdest month! O golden-hued October,
Serene in tasks completed, duty done,
What mockery to call thee sore and sober,
As thou sitt'st laughing in the happy sun,
Clapping thy hands in jocund, merry way,
With right to be light-hearted as the May.

Yea, verily—of all the banded brothers,
Thou art the Father's favourite, though
thou be

Amid the youngest; for he gave the others
No "coat of many colours," such as he,
For love, hath clothed thee with, as held
most dear

Of all the twelve—the Joseph of the year!

Putting Resolutions into
Practice.

At a missionary meeting held among
the negroes in the West Indies, these
three resolutions were agreed upon:

1. We will all give something.
2. We will all give as God has enabled us.
3. We will all give willingly.

So soon as the meeting was over, a
leading negro took his seat at the
table, with pen and ink, to put down
what each came to give. Many came
forward and gave, some more, and

some less. Amongst those that came
was a rich old negro, almost as rich as
all the others put together, and threw
down upon the table a small silver
coin. "Take dat back again," said the
negro that received the money, "dat
be not according to de second." The
rich old man accordingly took it up,
and hobbled back again to his seat in
a great rage. One after another came
forward, and as almost all gave more
than the rich man, he was fairly
ashamed of himself, and again threw
down a piece of money on the table,
saying, "Dat, take dat!" It was a
valuable piece of gold, but it was
given so ill-temperedly, that the negro
answered again, "No, dat won't do
yet. It may be according to de first
and second resolutions, but it not
according to the last;" and he was
obliged to take up his coin again.
Still angry at himself and all the rest,
he sat a long time, till nearly all were
gone, and then came up to the table,
with a smile on his face, and very
willingly gave a large sum to the treas-
urer. "Very well," said the negro,
"dat will do. Dat according to all de
resolutions."

A Railway Story.

A FEW years ago an enormously
wealthy banker, of the Hebrew per-
suasion, was travelling from Munich
to Vienna by rail. In the same
carriage with himself was a gentle-
man accompanied by a friend. The
stranger was of pleasing manners, and
the purse-proud banker at length con-
descended to enter into conversation
with him, and gradually even (as he
himself expressed it) took a liking to
"the man." He even went so far as
to say at last, "You seem to be a
good sort of a fellow and a gentleman.
Look here I am going to Vienna to see
my daughter, who is married there, is
awfully rich and keeps a tiptop house.
I will introduce you to her." The
stranger thanked him, and mentioned
that, by a curious coincidence, he, too,
was travelling to Vienna to see his
daughter. "Your daughter, indeed!"
said the Jew banker with considerable
arrogance; "and who may she be?"
"The Empress of Austria," was the
calm reply. The stranger was the
Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, father
of the present Empress of Austria and
the ex-Queen of Naples; the compan-
ion was aide-de-camp. It is needless
to say that the Hebrew millionaire
utterly collapsed.—*London Society.*

Dr. JOHNSON, in giving advice to an
intimate friend, said: "Accustom your
children always to tell the truth, with-
out varying in any circumstance." A
lady who was present protested that
this was too much to expect. "For
instance, in repeating another's words,
relating what happened, etc., little
variations will occur a thousand times
a day, unless one is perpetually watch-
ing," she said. "Then, madam, you
ought to be perpetually watching," re-
plied the doctor.