

POEM FOR RECITATION.

WHAT THE GRANDPA TOLD.

The maples stand robed in scarlet,  
Yonder tree has a crown of fire  
Like the burning bush that Moses saw,  
Only lifting its branches higher.  
We walk on a gorgeous carpet,  
Green, russet, amber and gold,  
And, Roger, my boy, this day of days,  
To-day, you are twelve years old.

"Come, let us walk together,  
My hand on your shoulder, so—  
Down the lane, through the churchyard gate—  
You know the way we shall go.  
How the dead leaves rustle underfoot!  
Does that sound give you cheer?  
'Tis a sound that has saddened my weary heart  
This many and many a year.

"The world seems steeped in sunlight,  
Over all is a dreamy haze,  
And the deep and brooding stillness  
Known only to Sabbath days.  
Slacken your strong young steps a bit,  
You are younger than I, you know;  
But the years do not stand still with you,  
And, Roger, how tall you grow!

"You know the end of the journey,  
The spot 'neath the cyprus-tree,  
We have often been here together,  
Who knows it so well as we?  
Ah! how the leaves lie heaped here  
Just at the foot of this stone;  
Stoop down, my boy, and clear them away  
From the spot that is all our own.

"Here let us stand together—  
My heart has a heavy weight—  
And read once more on the stone this side,  
'John Archer, twenty-eight.'  
And then, how the one at the other side  
Records a younger life,  
You have traced the letters often—  
'In memory of Clara, his wife.'

"Your father and mother, Roger,  
You knew they were resting here,  
But not the story my heart has held  
For many a weary year.  
You are like your father, grandson,  
John was my only boy,  
But early he learned to love the cup  
That cheers but to destroy.

"And bravely he struggled, but he was weak,  
And many a time he fell,  
But he loved your mother so fondly  
We thought that all was well;  
We thought it was well till he came one night  
On the back of a fiery horse  
That threw him down on his own doorstep,  
And left him there—a corpse!

"That night you were only one day old,  
Your mother died next day,  
And all through the long and weary night  
The same sad words she would say,  
Over and over, and sadder still—  
She died next day at seven—  
Over and over—'No drunkard  
Inherits the kingdom of heaven.'

"We buried them both when the autumn leaves  
Fell on the coffin lid,  
And never surely two lovelier forms  
The dust of the earth has hid.  
And I tell you this to-day, Roger,  
Because you are twelve years old,  
Old enough for the story  
To be plainly and fully told.

"Rise up, my boy, and hush your sobs,  
The ground grows damp and chill,  
There's something I shall ask of you  
To do with a hearty will;  
To place your hand on the Bible,  
And solemnly declare  
You never, never'll taste the curse  
While God your life shall spare."

They passed through the rustling autumn leaves,  
The young head bending low,  
The step of the old man feeble,  
And tottering, and slow,  
Out through the gate of the churchyard,  
And sadder seemed the place;  
Sad, but I hoped for that young life,  
And so, took heart of grace.

I would that a note of warning  
Through all the land might go,  
That all young life might shun the curse  
That laid "John Archer" low.  
That the words' deep, awful meaning  
In even one heart find home—  
'No drunkard shall ever inherit  
The kingdom of God to come.'  
—Emily Baker Small, in Pansy.

THE BRANDY TAP.

A young brazier was engaged in repairing a brass tap which was very much honey-combed, as though it had been used for very powerful acids. A friend who had just looked in remarked, "That tap has been used for brandy. It is a well-known fact that a brandy tap will not wear half as long as any other. No wonder that the stomachs of brandy-drinkers are so soon eaten away." The visitor was right. The honey-combed tap came from the neighboring distillery! —Friendly Visitor.

THE NEW ZEALAND EARTHQUAKE.

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S FAMILY.

In the *Leisure Hour* there is a lengthy and graphic narrative, by Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, of the terrible upheaval of Mount Tarawera, in New Zealand, last June, the following extracts from which will be read with interest:—

Happily, on this night of terror there were in that village many who were ready to welcome the summons of their Lord in whatever manner He might see fit to send it. Amongst these was the excellent schoolmaster, Mr. Hazard, who, with his wife and grown-up daughters, took the keenest interest in the welfare of the people, tending them in sickness, and endeavoring to influence them for good. By their exertions sixty children were induced to attend the school, where every effort was used so to train the rising generation as to arm them against the flood of evil which it seemed altogether hopeless to stem in the case of their seniors, continually encouraged in

the fire, the night being intensely cold, and then watched the awful light from Tarawera and the rapidly ensuing darkness. Then, amid the raging tumult of crashing thunder, subterranean rumblings, and the terrible hailstorm of fiery cinders, Miss Hazard opened the harmonium and played familiar hymn-tunes, and for the last time the united family sang Luther's well-known words of faith and trust.

Soon the violence of the hurricane made it necessary to extinguish the fire. Then, as the noise became more deafening, and the earthquake shocks and the incessant thud of falling mud more and more alarming, they crowded together in the centre of the room, thinking the ridge of the roof would longest resist the crushing weight; but after a while, with a frightful crash, the ceiling fell in, and they were all separated. The two elder sisters, Clara and Ina, escaped separately, one with the old Maori woman, and the other with two gentlemen. The former was kept alive by the devotion with which the woman knelt by her, scooping up the

ing all those loved voices silenced, one by one; and still for long hours the mother clasping the dead body of her youngest darling, conscious that the other two had also been taken from her, and wholly ignorant of the fate of her husband and elder daughter. It was almost noon ere a rescue party succeeded in excavating her from her mud tomb, alive, but terribly injured, when she was carried to Ohinematu, where her daughter and all the other fugitives were being cared for.

There were deeply pathetic scenes on that awful night in many a Maori home—none more touching than the death of Mary, the young wife of Mohi. At the time of the eruption they, with their two little sons, were in the chief's large weather-board house but when it began to fall they sought safety by flight to their own thatched cottage, such being found far more secure in case of earthquakes. Each carried one child. There they knelt together, committing themselves and their little ones to the care of the Christian God. Then, wrapping a shawl round the elder boy and laying him on the floor, Mohi knelt over him, himself resting on his hands and knees, so that his body might protect the child from the mud which was now falling in masses through the broken roof. Close by his side, but invisible in the dense darkness, his wife likewise strove to protect the younger boy. After a while the weight of mud and pebbles became too great for the endurance of even the strong man, so, making a desperate effort, he rose, calling to his wife to do likewise, that they might seek safety elsewhere. But no voice answered him, for the mother and her child were both dead. Afterwards their bodies were recovered, Mary sitting with her arms extended in the vain effort to shield her little one.



THE HONEY-COMBED TAP.

hard drinking and vice as these have been by the stream of foreigners, for whose gold they so greedily craved. Mr. Hazard was a staunch "Blue Ribbon" man, and did his utmost to awaken the Maoris to a sense of shame at their ever-increasing habits of drunkenness.

For eight years the Hazards had lived at Wairoa, and touchingly pathetic is the story of their last evening—that still, starlit evening—in their peaceful little home, with its pretty garden, with the waving white plumes of Pampas grass and tall New Zealand flax. It was the mother's birthday, and the family, consisting of about eight persons, including the children, and also one or two friends, had spent a cheerful evening together, and had but recently retired to rest, when the terrible earthquake shocks commenced.

The elder daughters hurried to their parents' room, where their father soothed and tried to reassure them. The whole household being soon astir, all met in the family sitting-room, where they relighted

falling ashes and mud which would have suffocated her, as she lay helpless. The latter took shelter beneath a doorway until a shower of red-hot cinders, falling on their ruined home, set fire to one end of it. Apparently, however, the wet mud, which lay to a depth of eight feet on the roof, prevented the fire from spreading.

Beneath that roof their parents were separately imprisoned in horrible darkness. The father seems to have been killed instantaneously, and so, probably, was a little five-year-old nephew. But the mother, with her three youngest children, was held captive by a falling beam, just as they had been sitting; little Mona in her mother's arms crying bitterly because of the beam which was crushing her, and which prevented their moving; Adolphus, aged ten, on her right hand, and Winifrid, aged six, on the left, while the scalding mud dripped down through the rafters. The brave boy tried to comfort his mother in that black night. "I will die with you," he said. But for her was reserved the sore trial of life, after hear-

AN ANECDOTE OF GARIBALDI.

One evening in 1861, as General Garibaldi was going home, he met a Sardinian shepherd, lamenting the loss of a lamb out of his flock. Garibaldi at once turned to his staff and announced his intention of scouring the mountains in search of the lamb. A grand expedition was organized. Lanterns were brought, and old officers of many a campaign started off full of zeal to hunt the fugitive. But no lamb was found, and the soldiers were ordered to their beds. The next morning Garibaldi's attendant found him in bed fast asleep. He was surprised at this, for the general was always up before anybody else. The attendant went off softly, and returned in half-an-hour. Garibaldi still slept. After another delay the attendant waked him. The general rubbed his eyes, and so did his attendant, when he saw the old warrior take from under the covering the lost lamb, and bid him convey it to the shepherd. The general had kept up the search through the night until he had found it.

UP IN THE CONGO COUNTRY.

A young colored woman is teaching a mission school, and her story is well worth telling. She was sent out by the Woman's Presbyterian Board of Missions of the United States two or three years ago. This colored girl was a graduate of the high school in Detroit, a fine scholar, and one of the best in her class. She was very anxious to go to college, and, after thinking about the possibilities of doing so she and her mother determined to move to Ann Arbor. Her mother supported herself by taking in washing, and her daughter helped her in her labors when she was out of recitations. Before leaving college she had been impressed with the thought that it was her duty to go to the benighted people of her own race, and she offered her services to the Woman's Board. She was accepted, and her mother, not wishing to be left alone, took the money she had saved and went with her daughter. The young woman is doing good work, and writes many cheery letters to the members of the Board who sent her out.

DR. HIGDEN, in the *Western Recorder*, tells of a certain church-member whose business absorbed his entire time and energies. His little three-year-old girl, who was speculating on the question which of her relatives were likely to go to heaven, said, "Well, I reckon mamma will go, and Sister Mary, and Aunt Susan, and papa?—No, I don't reckon he will go, because he can't leave the store."