

"Ecco, Padre, the better hearts people have the less good things God Almighty gives them," groaned the wood-gatherer.

"Davvero, Carola! why do you think that?" asked Innocenza.

"Oh, Signore, it is but now that one of my poor neighbours came by in a sad, hungry case. My heart ached to help her, but I could do nothing; I am so poor that I have not enough for myself. And, Padre, it is always so. It is from the good hearts that God takes things."

"Bene, bene, Carola, listen to me. You felt for this woman because you are poor yourself, and know what a bitter thing poverty is. You have learned sympathy by suffering. If you had been rich you might have committed sin by not feeling pity, because you would have had no experience to plead her case in your soul."

"Davvero, Padre! I never thought of that."

"Ecco, Carola, it is not because God takes away good fortune from those who have good hearts, but that misfortune, coming first, has made their hearts tender."

"Sì, sì, reverendissimo."

"And perhaps, Carola, it is better by affliction to have learned charity, and in poverty to possess a kindly spirit, than to be rich and unfeeling, for in the first case the Lord accepts your intention, and in the second He holds you guilty for that, seeing your brother have need, you had no compassion."

"It may be so."

"And yet, Carola, I perceive that you had rather try the other fortune and be rich and take your chance of being liberal."

"Davvero! davvero! I would indeed, Signore."

"But even on the rich, loss, disease, death come. You remember Ser. Nicole, who died at Sta. Maria Maggiore some years ago?"

"In truth I do. That is just it, Padre. He had youth, friends, plenty to eat and drink, and his life was some good to him, so of course he dies; *cospetto!* and poor beggars live on to starve!"

"Such things are hard to explain, Carola."

"Sì, they are; and I think the saints have got the world in a sad muddle managing it. They take the wrong men out and leave the wrong men in, without any regard to our feelings."

"And there was Ser. Nicole's little child, Carola."

"Eh? So there was;—and there it is again. A poor man gets a child, and he keeps it, owns it, feeds it—it comes up somehow; but that child, and those like it, have been sent to the wrong place. It don't do to have strangers in a great Gold Book family like Forano; so, because its father and mother might do well by it they can't, and off goes the baby, the saints know where. So it goes, Padre. Most any of us poor people could tell how the world might be vastly improved, but our advice is not asked, Signore."

"And you think that child was likely to live, Carola?"

"Tutti, *altrò!* what difference? Of course, it was likely to live, for folks wanted it to die. Babes at the Innocenti get small encouragement to live, but they hang on to life for all."

"I think I remember, it *did* go to the Innocenti."

"Remember! Well, *reverendissimo*, I remember, because my mind is not so full of business as yours. Yes, I know it went, for Giulio Ravi and I took it there; at least, I went with him to Firenze, and he paid my way back to Pisa for me; and you'll remember, *reverendissimo*, I've not been to Sta. Maria since. Nursing the young English woman was my last work there; and your reverence saw that I was well paid for it too."

"I think you are right, Carola. You have a wonderful memory; and yet I believe it would not serve you so far as to tell how that child looked, or if it had any mark on its body?"

"Eh? Think not?" cried Carola, triumphantly. "Why now, it did have a mark—a black mole—on the inside of the right arm at the elbow-joint. *Davvero!* I said to myself, it is well this is a boy, not a girl to be wearing bare arms and being discomfited with a black mark that will one day shew as big as my finger-nail. Such a spot on the arm would not please a girl, Signore; but as for boys, why, they don't mind such trifles. Yet, girl or boy, all is one, for beauty and display don't go far at the Innocenti among foundlings. As to looks, *reverendissimo*, all babes look alike."

"Truly you *have* a great memory, Carola. I shall have to burden it with the recollection that to-day I gave you two francs, half of one being for your poor neighbour."

And so Padre Innocenza, who had obtained the information he came for, handed the old wood-collector the money he named, then rode away, followed by the blessings of Carola.

(To be continued.)

SAVING.

A saving woman at the head of a family is the very best savings bank established. The idea of saving is a pleasant one; and if the women imbibed it at once, they would cultivate it and adhere to it; and thus, when they are not aware of it, they would be laying the foundation of a competent security in a stormy time, and shelter in a rainy. The best way to comprehend it is to keep an account of all current expenses. Whether five hundred dollars or five thousand dollars are expended annually, there is a chance to save something if the effort is made. Let the housewife take the idea, act upon it, and she will save something where before she thought it impossible. This is a duty, yet not a sordid avarice, but a mere obligation that rests upon women as well as men.—*Home Journal*.

A TOUCHING STORY.

One rarely meets a bit of more touching romance than is found in the following story, that comes from Wales: "Years ago some Welsh miners, in exploring an old pit that had long been closed, found the body of a young man

dressed in a fashion long out of date. The peculiar action of the mine had been such as to preserve the body so perfectly that it appeared asleep rather than dead. The miners were puzzled at this circumstance; no one in the district had been missed within their remembrance, and at last it was resolved to bring the oldest inhabitant—an old lady long past her eightieth year, who had lived single in the village the whole of her life. On being brought into the presence of the body a strange scene occurred; the old lady fell on the corpse, kissed and addressed it by every term of loving endearment, couched in the language of a bygone generation. He was her only love; she waited for him during her long life; she knew that he had not forsaken her. The old woman and the young man had been betrothed sixty years before. The lover had disappeared mysteriously, and she had kept faithful during that long interval. Time had stood still with the dead man, but had left its mark on the living woman. The miners who were present, were a rough set, but very gently and with tearful eyes they removed the old lady to her house, and the same night her faithful spirit rejoined that of her long-lost lover."—*Church Union*.

WORKING WITH A WILL.

O, lad, just stir yourself a bit before it is too late, You won't get wise by instinct, however long you wait. D'ye mean to be head boy some day, or always but a dunce? You have a chance for either, but you can't be both at once.

You wish that you could hit a drive like Jackson; very good.

But Jackson practised hard for years, as every youngster should;

You find that, as a general rule, you come out with a "duck";

I say that it is all your fault, you call it your bad luck!

Take your hands from out your pockets; though it may seem strange, no doubt.

Your pockets will be empty till you take your fingers out. Life's river lies before you, and you've got to take an oar; 'Twill be your own fault if you find that rowing is a bore.

Yes; settle you'll do something; if you only drive a plough, Then drive it so that all the world can see that you know how.

Put "go" in everything you try, both work and play with zest,

Then if you fail you needn't mind if you have done your best.

—Paul Blake, in the *Boy's Own Paper*.

A TERRIBLE PICTURE.

The terrible picture of a woman slave to drink is vividly portrayed in the following. A few days ago, in New York, a man complained of his wife as a common drunkard. On coming into the court, the man testified, with weeping eyes, that when they were married, and for years afterward, his wife was as provident, tender, and loving as any man need to have, but that she had lately given herself up to drinking, and had destroyed his business, his home, and his peace. She had sold everything of her own and his that she could lay hold of for whiskey; and while in drink she was a perfect fury, abusing him and their child as only a drunken maniac could. After hearing this testimony, the magistrate asked the woman if she would promise to drink no more, and go home and be a peaceable wife and mother. Her answer was made with streaming eyes, "No, I shall drink till I die; I cannot help it!" It was a sorrowful sight—the husband holding the wife in his arms, both of them weeping and sobbing as if their hearts would break, and yet with no hopeful outlook for the future. Who can measure the terribleness of a raging appetite for drink?—*Anon*.

SAY NO!

"Alice, what will you say when they offer you wine at dinner?" asked Dick.

"I shall say, 'No, I thank you.'"

"Suppose, for politeness' sake, we take a sip."

"O! Dick, you don't mean it! Think how we promised mamma we wouldn't! Think of the trouble intemperance brings!"

"I'm not talking about intemperance," said Dick, impatiently, "just about a sip."

"But one sip might lead to more; don't take even a sip, dear brother."

"Cousin Mary will look, and Louis will think, 'How curious!' and George will put up his eye-glasses. I hate to be looked at as a curiosity."

"So do I," said Alice. "Perhaps it won't be as bad as we think. But I mean to say 'No' all the same. It will not be rude," she added eagerly; "General Washington said it was not."

"One day, near the end of the Revolutionary War," continued Alice, "an officer came to Philadelphia to see Washington on business. He was invited to a dinner party. A little before they were to leave the table, Washington, calling him by name, asked him to take a glass of wine. 'No, thank you, sir, I have made it a rule not to touch wine.'"

"Every one looked surprised that the young man should refuse such an invitation from the General. 'He is rude!' they thought. 'What! say 'No' to Washington!' Washington saw in a moment how they felt. He said, 'I do not want any one at my table to partake of anything against his inclination. I honour you, sir, for refusing to do what you consider wrong.'"

"Good for the General," exclaimed Dick.

"Good for the young man," said Alice. "He was not sure what General Washington would think of him, and yet he was not afraid to do what he thought right."

New difficulties have risen, tending to continue the unsettled relations of the Vatican to Berlin.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE Pope has decided in favour of Laval University in the dispute concerning the proposed branch in Montreal.

DR. SHERIDON JACKSON, the Presbyterian Home Missionary bishop, has gone to Alaska to build two mission chapels.

THE Greek Testament in the ancient tongue, is now, by order of the Greek Government, read in its 1,200 schools that have 80,000 pupils.

ONE hundred conversions in four weeks were recently reported by a missionary of the American Sunday School Union from a district in which four of his union schools are located.

A WEALTHY Italian, who died recently in France, has bequeathed to the town of Lisleben the sum of \$40,000, as a testimony of his personal veneration for its greatest citizen, Martin Luther.

THE agitation for land reform is spreading in Scotland. Aberdeenshire farmers are refusing to pay rent unless it is reduced. Threatening notices have been sent in Ross-shire to farmers who pay full rent.

EUROPEAN nations are evidently not expecting the dawn of the millennium, as Herr Krupp, the great gunmaker, is so pressed with orders that he has had to add 8,000 workmen to his force, which now numbers 13,000.

SINCE the disturbances attending the removal of the remains of Pius IX. on July 12, the receipts of Peter's pence have amounted to nearly 1,500,000 lire. From January to April inclusive it scarcely exceeded that sum.

THE Free Church of Scotland has lost its oldest minister in the person of Rev. Andrew Stark, who lacked only four years of being a centenarian. His ordination to the Gospel ministry occurred seven years before the battle of Waterloo.

THE Presbyterian liturgies of Calvin and Knox, with the Litany and other prayers, were, in 1587, published in one volume, with richly illuminated pages, for the private use of Queen Elizabeth, and is known as the "Queen's Prayer Book."

CARDINAL MANNING's plans for providing homes in Canada for Catholic children seem to be progressing. In an address to a meeting at Liverpool, he stated that arrangements had been made in this country for receiving over 700 children from England.

GOVERNOR ST. JOHN, of Kansas, meets the assertion that the prohibitory liquor law is causing the decrease of the population of that State, by saying that the only place where there is a decrease is the penitentiary, where there are sixty-six less now than six months ago.

IN consequence of the continued serious sickness of Dr. Manning, Secretary of the London Tract Society, Mr. C. J. Tarring, of Trinity College, Cambridge, and recently Professor of Law in the University of Tokio, Japan, has been secured for a temporary supply.

SHANGHAI, China, has been visited by a typhoon, which levelled rows of houses, uprooted trees, drove over 200 vessels ashore, and sunk hundreds of native sampans, or boats, with their occupants. About \$3,000,000 worth of tea stored for shipment was washed away.

A CHINESE hospital has been opened at Hankow, which, though wholly under native management and support, is conducted on Christian principles, and religious services are daily held in it. It was organized by the chief native assistant of the hospital under the care of the London Missionary Society.

Two Oxford professors have gone to Russia on a mission which has for its object the reunion of Christendom. Upon the Minister of Worship, at St. Petersburg, they intend to press the advisability of opening in western Europe an orthodox Russian church, where Englishmen who accept the dogmas of Eastern Christianity could worship with the outward forms of their own ritual.

TWO hundred soldiers lately took the temperance pledge at Aldershot, after an eloquent address from Cardinal Manning. The British army now has a very fair percentage of total abstainers, thanks to the precept and example of such great commanders as Sir Garnet Wolseley and Sir Frederick Roberts, while the Government has done much to encourage temperance in the navy by certain concessions which make it advantageous for the men to forego the rum rations.

A TELEGRAM from Venice says Count Henrico Campello, archpriest of the Basilica of St. Peter in Rome, who has publicly abjured Catholicism and entered the little Methodist Church in the Plaza Poli, read a discourse embodying his various reasons, conspicuous among which were his objections to a Church which prevented a man from expressing sentiments towards his country and Government which a patriot should cherish. The high position, social and ecclesiastical, of Count Campello causes his abjuration to produce an immense sensation in Catholic circles.

THE area burned over in Michigan, as nearly as can now be ascertained, cannot be less than 1,200 square miles. Within the limits of these districts was a population of about 40,000. One third of these people are homeless, and destitute of the means of life. As the details come in from the fire-devastated region, the calamity seems more and more appalling. Some thirty-one townships were swept by the fire in a list of counties between Saginaw Bay and Lake St. Clair. This section is known as the "thumb" of Michigan. Lists of the numbers of burials of the dead are published, and lists of the missing. Often whole families perished. An eye-witness writes of meeting one ox-team and waggon containing three rough boxes with eight corpses. The man walking behind the waggon was the only mourner, following his wife and five children to the grave. A little farther along the writer found another woman and five children dead on the road—all burnt to death.