

not, apparently, been so prevalent or productive of so much mischief as in some other seasons.

It is impossible to review even the summer of 1874, however, without a feeling of sadness. The finest gold of earth is not without its alloy. Beautiful and full of blessing as the summer has been, it has brought affliction to many a home, and anguish and bitterness to many a heart. The fatherless and the widow are among us, who were not such when summer began; and many a Rachel weeps for her children, refusing to be comforted because they are not, who three months ago was the joyous mother of a happy family. And there are not a few who have the presentiment that the last summer will be their last forever; and that they are now gazing upon the fading glories of a season which, though it will return to gladden other hearts, will come back to them no more. The flowers will spring again, but other eyes will see them and other hands will gather them. The time of the singing of birds will come and the song of the robins will be heard, but their music will be for other ears than theirs. The beautiful earth will again bring forth, and golden harvests will cover the hills, but before this, the grass will be growing over their graves. And to many who have no such presentiment the same event will come, just as certainly as to them. But even the sadness of the graver thoughts suggested by the close of summer is tempered and in a great measure neutralized by the cheering influence of our christian faith. Our sadness is not the sadness of those who have no hereafter. We mourn not as those without hope. The passing present is but the shadow of the abiding future. The mingled good of earth, with its alloy of gold, is not designed to satisfy us, but to raise our thoughts to that state where all is good and the blight of evil never comes.

W. S. B.

A LESSON.

“WE cannot always be giving;
 The woman has come again;
 She has such a whining story
 Of hunger, or cold, or pain;
 She wearies with petitions;
 Her Johnny is out of place,
 Her children are sick with hunger;
 I tire of her listless face.”