THE PASSING OF SUMMER.

The summer wanes—the noontide shadows A little farther to the north each day ; And I half fancy that a mystic call
Is wasted hither from the Far Away—

A loving message to these golden hours, To call them back to their celestial home There to await in river bordered bowers, To be our Eden in the life to come.

Yet not so much by outward signs do we Perceive that Summer's drawing to a cle As by this sacred calm, which silently Proclaims it Nature's season of repose.

For Nature loves to pause and meditate Upon her works when the last leaf is made Maintaining it awhile in perfect shape Before allowing it to droop and fade.

So now with many golden plans perchance, And happy visions of the coming time, She looks abroad upon a wide expanse Of life full-rounded into perfect prime.

Beside the streams the flags and rushes stand, Upon the hills the plum'd and bannered maize. And towering high, the forests green and Reach far through silence many ways.

Some spots of yellow and pale scarlet show Amid the green that roofs the squirrel's

As if a cloud, touched by the sunset's glow, Had wrecked above and scattered fragments

-M. Faraway.

INCIDENTS OF AN EARTH-QUAKE.

Rev. Dr. Vernon, of Rome, gives in the Central Christian Advocate some touching incidents of the earthquake at Casamicciola:

A cradle and child, which were high up in a hotel, after the wreck of the building were found on the ground floor, the cradle lodg. ed over the mouth of a well, the child safe in the cradle! Even a child is " of more value than many sparrows." In Villa Belijazzi two little children, Matilda and Edward, were in bed: a part of the floor where their bed stood remained in place and only a part of the roof over them fell. The little boy carefully removed the rubbish which had tallen upon his little sister, and the following morning they were found placidly sleeping. A little girl of twelve summers, Adelina Onorato, after liberating herself with much difficulty from where she was more than half buried, finally tearing herself loose from a part of her clothing held fast by massive stones, then went search- halted, and then his young wife ing in the dark for the family. came to the balcony with her lit-After several hours work she ex- the children in her arms. He sa tricated her mother, and then a brother of ten badly wounded. She called again and again to her father, but, aias, he answered not. She then dragged mother and brother upon the only standing wall of the villa and there remained two hours calling for belp, promising assistance in return. Finally an unhappy villager, seeking in vain his own children not far away, took pity on the child and going with a ladder rescued the little heroine and her precious trophies. Once upon the ground, she left mother and brother at a safe spot and faithfully went with her deliverer, doing her utmost to help him. Though finding not whom they sought, they rescued two women.

On July 31st a corporal of the sharpshooters, hearing a voice under the ruins within a house, some walls of which were tottering to a fall, dashed into the midst of the imminent peril and began excavating. Having dug a sort of narrow well into the ruins as far as he could reach, he then had his feet held by other soldiers, while, with his head downward. he worked on deepening the aperture. He finally touched a head yet warm and distinguished a woman's voice. He was weary, exhausted, but continued, toiling on. Now and then being drawn up, he took breath, rested a moment allowing the blood to flow back from his head to the extremities, and then resumed his heroic task. a beautiful and elegant young woman and, though in extreme exspective marriage.

For once the theater proved comparatively safe place, as most of those assembled there escaped unhurt, the building being wooden; but even here, as often, its frivolous gaiety seems more mad than merry, and its comedy a mere prelude to a real tragedy. By a bitter stroke of providential irony the first scene of that evening's entertainment was precisely a parody on the fears excited by an earthquake! The first symptoms of the real earthquake were even thought by many, as one told me who was present, to be parts of the player's tricks. But the grotesquely costumed clown had but fairly begun his too daring pantomime, when the terrific shock snuffed out the coarse merriment of stage and pit, turning their boisterous laughter into desperate cries and tears. The comic buffoon escaped as he was and the next day entered Naples in his stage gear. Half-frozen with fear, wrung and shriveled by anxiety and hunger until as dry of wit as a husk, the next evening in his ludicrous trappings rumpled and soiled he presented a striking contrast with the poor villagers, wounded and dying, among whom he silently disembarked—an ob-

ject of pity rather than of laugh-

A week after the earthquake,on the mail ship Umbria plying between Naples and Ischia occurred the following touching scene: The vessel halted just a few yards off the little island of Procida to take on the mail. As the splendid panorama spread away before the be. Nights." It will be evident, holder, the pilot pointing out a cony, upon which stood a woman aspects. clothed in mourning, gave this recital: "That woman was the wife of the captain of this vessel, the lament Colonna, who perished ac Casamicciola, while supping in a hotel a few minutes after landing there from his own vessel. Every time the Umbria, in her daily trips, halts at Procida that woman is there on the balcony to greet, to salute the ship once commanded by her husband. She salutes it waving her handkerchief and never leaves the balcony until the vessel disappears from sight." Said the pilot, "the captain, every time he passed there morning and evening, used to blow the whistle as soon as the ship luted them, exchanged with them a few kinds words, some of which were stolen by the wind, sent them little presents and occasionally went to see them while the ship was anchored at Casamicciola. Now that her husband sleeps beneath the ruins, that woman, as the Umbria, in her daily and monotonous postal trips, passes before the island, is there, poor thing, every day morning and evening at her balcony! And yesterday, mail, lifted anchor, she was wavished behind the island. She will end by becoming insane," concluded the pilot in his rough Sicilian dialect, as he went on whirling his wheel.

MADAGASCAR.

The Island of Madagascar, which is exciting just now considerable attention in both England and France, appears to rise, says a writer in The Nineteenth Century, like a huge sea monster out of the waters. It has a remarkably compact and regular outline; for many hundred miles its eastern shore is almost a straight line, but on its northwestern side it is indented by a number of deep landlocked gulfs, which include some of the finest harbors in the world. tion. But no. Gauged even at About a third of its interior to the this low ebb, the sense and soul north and east is occupied by an of womanhood held true. The Finally after weary hours, the elevated mountainous region, Romanist woman voted for the person was so freed that, grasping raised from 3,000 to 5,000 feet her under the arms he lifted her above the sea, and consisting of out of her living tomt, after sixty primary rocks—granite, gneiss, odd hours of sepulture. She was and basalt-probably very ancient land and forming during the secondary geological epoch an island haustion, almost entirely unburt. much smaller than the Madagas-The gallant soldier, taking her in car of to-day. While the colitic ernment must be in harmony, and his arms, carried her a mile away and chalk rocks of England were elected with the expectation of to the landing where she embark- being slowly laid down under the enforcing the law. ed for the hospital in Naples. The | northern seas the extensive coast poor girl was quite overcome by plains of Madagascar, especially her emotions; she gazed with on its western and southern sides, gratefil admiration upon her were again and again under water, brave deliverer and offered him a and are still raised only a few diamond ring from her own fin- hundred feet above the sea level. ger. But the corporal refused it, From southeast to north and and while refusing wept; indeed northwest there extends a band of careless—careless in hearing, carethey all wept together. The in- extinct volcanoes, connected protrepid soldier is cultured and of a bably with the old craters of the repeating what is said to them. noble family without estates. The Comoro group, where, in Great These well meaning but reckless sequel to this real episode, as Comoro, the subterranean forces people do more machief than now-commonly reported, is a pro- are still series. All around the those will intentionally

forest, varying from ten to forty miles in width, and containing fine timber and valuable gums and other vegetable wealth-a paradise for botanists, where rare orchids, the graceful traveller's-tree. the delicate lattice-leaf plant, the gorgeous flamboyant, and muny other elsewhere unknown forms of life abound, and where doubtless much still awaits fuller research. While the flora of Madagascar

is remarkably abundant, its fauna is strangly limited, and contains none of the various and plentiful forms of mammalian life which make Southern and Central Africa the paradise of sportsmen. The ancient land of the island has preserved antique forms of life; many species of lemur make a pre-eminent duty. the forest resound with their cries; and these with the curious and highly specialized aye-aye, and peculiar species of viverridæ and insectivora, are probably "survivors" of an Old-World existence, when Madagascar was one of an archipelago of large is-lands like the Seychelles and Mascarene groups, or coral banks and atolls like the Chagos, Amirante, and others which are slowly disappearing beneath the ocean. Until two or three hundred years ago, the coast plains of Madagascar were trodden by the great struthious bird, the Æpyornis, apparently the most gigantic member of the avi-fauna of the world, and whose enormous eggs probably gave rise to the story of the Rukh of the "Arabian therefore, that Madagascar is full little red house with a single bal- of interest as regards its scientific

TRIFLES.

What will it matter in a little while We met and gave a word, a touch, a smile, Upon the way ?

What will it matter whether hearts we brave And lives were true;

That you gave me the sympathy I crave, As I gave you? These trifles! Can it be they make or mar

A hum in life? Are souls as lightly swayed as rushes are By love or strife? Yea, yea! a look the fainting heart may break

And just one word, if said for love's sweet May save a soul!

-May Riley Smith.

WOMEN ON THE LIQUOR

In Des Moines, Iowa, as a test of popular feeling, the women voted on the license question, twelve declaring in favor of saloons and eight hundred against them. In Newton, Iowa, at an election ordered by the council, 172 men voted for license to 319 againstnot two to one against it; while the women's vote stood one in favor to 394 against licensing saloons. In Kirkville, Mo., ten fawhen the ship, after receiving the vored the liquor traffic, twenty declined to declare themselves. ing her handkerchief more ear- and five hundred wanted " no nestly than ever, and I saw her license." In the Illinois camstill waving it until the ship van- paign, which resulted in 95,000 names of women who expressed their wish to vote against saloons. not one woman in ten declined to affix her name to the petition.

Tried under the most unfavorable circumstances, in the face of what has been thought an insurmountable obstacle, the result has been the same. In the town of Chevenne, called "Wicked Cheyenne," from its low moral status. there was an election for sheriff, the choice being between a Roman Catholic drinker and a Protestant temperance man. It was confidently expected that the vote of the Roman Catholic women would carry the day for the candidate of their denomination, and popular opinion would certainly have borne out such an expectatemperance man, Protestant though he was.

We have always believed that the temperance cause will never triumph till women have the bal-We think the above proves lot. it. Still, all departments of gov-

HABIT OF UNTRUTH.

Some men seem to have a constitutional inability to tell the truth. They may not mean to lie or tell an untruth, but they are less in understanding, careless in island runs a girdle of dense strife bydeliberate filmshood. Latters of Elizabeth Prenties.

is no firebrand like the well-meaning busybody, who is continually in search of scandal, and by sheer habit misquotes every body's state-

This carelessness is a sin of no small magnitude. A man's duty to God and his fellows requires him to be careful; for what else were brains and common sense given him? Of course, that other class, the malignant scandalmongers, who take a fiendish pleasure in promoting strife, who deliberately garble mens' words and twist their sentiments, is in the minority, and people have a very decided opinion regarding them. Most men misrepresent because they don't seem to think that care in speaking the truth is Than that our God his face should hide.

The effects of this careless misrepresenting of others are seen everywhere. Its effect on the individual is to confirm him into a habit of loose, distorted and exaggerated statement, until telling the truth becomes a moral impossibility. No other thing causes so many long-standing friendships to be broken, so many dissensions in churches, so much bitterness in communities and so much evil everywhere. It is an abuse that calls for the rebuke of every henorable man-a rebuke that should be given not only in words whenever occasion demands, but by example. The Persians were said to teach their youths three things -to ride, to draw the bow, and to speak the truth. A little more instruction on this latter head would do no harm to our "advanced civilization."-Ex. and Chronicle.

ON THE MOUNT.

Though I am not, just now, in the furnace as you are, there is no knowing how soon I shall be, and I remember well enough how the furnace feels to have deep sympathy with you in your trials. Sympathy, but not regret; I can't make myself be very sorry for Christ's disciples when he takes them in hand. He does it so tenderly, so wisely, so lovingly; and it can hardly be true-can it? -that he is just as near and dear to me when my cup is full of earthly blessings as it can hold, as he is to you whose cup he is emptying. I have always thought they knew and loved him best loses the memory of his revelations of himself in that form, and perhaps that tender memory saddens and hallows the day of prosperity. At any rate, you and seem to be in full sympathy: your empty cup is not empty, and my full one would be bitter if love to Christ did not sweeten it. It matters very little on what paths we are walking, since we find him in every one. How ashamed we shall be when we get to heaven of for cost of police, courts and our talk about our trials here! Why don't we sing songs instead? We know how, for he has put the songs into our mouths. I think I know something about the land of it vet; and yet what is this joy, if it is not a foretaste of that which is to come? It is not joy in what he has done for me, a sinner, but adoring joy for what he is, though I do not begin to

I wish I could put into words all the blessed thoughts I had last side of the bottomless pit? A. week about God's dear will; it was a week of such sweet content with the work he gave me to do. Naturally, I hate nursing, and losing the air makes me feel unwell; but what cannot God do with us? I love dearly to have a Master. I fancy that those who have strong wills are the ones to enjoy God's sovereignty most. I wonder if you realize what a very happy creature I am, and how much too good God is to me? I do not see how he can heap such mercies on a poor sinner, but that Soft blues, pinks, greens, and yelling his cane in his fingers, and only shows how little I know him, lows were blent in the long strip laughing at the "old man's no-But I am learning to know him, she was knitting until it looked tions." A few years later, and and shall go on learning for ever like a rich ribbon. Little Lucy that lad, grown to manhood, stood and ever, and so will you. I am not sure that it is best for us, once safe and secure on the Rock of Ages, to ask ourselves too closely what this and that experience may signify. Is it not better to be thinking of the Rock, not of the yours?" feet that stand upon it? It seems to me that we ought to be Mary, pausing a moment and to my parents. I thought I knew unconscious of ourselves, and that closing her eyes to rest them. ""I the nearer we get to Christ, the more we shall be taken up with the day little Ted was born. How as soon as I turned my back on him. We shall be like a sick man who, after he gets well, forget: all the old symptoms he used to talk "Why, Ted is eight months old, hurried me to ruin." Mark that so much of, and stops teeling his and has three teeth, and you have confession, ye boys who are beginpulse, and just enjoys his health, en't got it done yet. I should ning to be wiser than your paronly pointing out his physician to think you would be tired of the eats! Mark it, and learn that all who are dispased .- L .. and sight fit."

know what he is! It will take

eternity to learn that lesson!

NO TIME TO PRAY.

No time to pray!

O, who so fraught with earthly care
As not to give to humble prayer Some part of day ?

No time to gray ! What heart so clean, so pure within, That needeth not some check from sin, Needs not to pray ?

No time to pray! 'Mid each day's danger what retreat More needful than the mercy seat? Who need not pray?

No time to pray! Must care or business' urgent So press us as to take it all? Each passing day?

No time to pray! Then sure your record falleth short; Excuse will fail you as resort, On that last day.

And say, through all life's swelling tide No time to hear ! Cease not to pray; On Jesus as your all rely.

Would you live happy—happy die? Take time to pray.

A SAD CATECHISM.

Question. What is the population of the city of New York. Answer. 1,206,299.

Q. How many places of religious worship in the city? A. 489 Q. How much annually requir-

ed for their support? A. \$3,000. Q. On an equal division, how

many men, women, and children to each? A. 2,466. Q. How much annually spent in theatres and other publicamuse-

ments? A. \$7,000,000; or more

than twice the amount for the sup-

port of the churches. Q. How many liquor drinking places in the city? A. 6,075 licensed and more than 1,000 un-

licensed; over 10,000. Q. How much annually spent in them? A. \$60,000,000 or twenty times more than the support of the churches.

Q, How many grog shops to every 120 men, women and children? A. One.

Q. How many men, women and children to every church? A 2.468. One church for every 2,-466, and one grog shop for every 1201

Q. How many stores for the sale of food ? A. 7.326. Q. How many more-grog shops

than food stores. A. 2,674. who knew him in his character of | Q. How many arrests and comchastiser; but perhaps one never mitments to the city prison by the police in 1882? A. 44,578.

> Q. How many of these were of intemperate habits? A. 33,432, or three-tourths of the whole num-

> Q. How much did the city treasury receive as fees for the licensure of these 9,075 drinking places in 1882? A. \$500,000.

Q. How much did the city treasury expend during the same time charities, directly and indirectly, chargeable the liquor-traffic? A \$9,000,000.

Q. Is it a wise municipal economy to license, patronize or toler-Beulah, but I do not quite live in ate a business which requires an expenditure of eighteen dollars for every one received? A. Such is the opinion and practice of some.

O. What about the crimes of violence, the destitution, the neglect, the tears, the sorrows, the wretchedness, the lost hopes, the lost souls and woes occasioned by this losing, blackest business this What do the liquor dealers, the patrons of the grog shops and their apologists care for all that is involved in such questions?

OUR YOUNG POLKS.

ONE STITCH AT A TIME.

Aunt Mary sat with her kniting in her hands. Her needles were large and white, and her to go and when to stop." The worsteds were gray and brilliant. | lad left his father's house, twirlwatched it with delighted eyes.

Mary, I wish I were old enough to crime in which he had been conmake an aighan like that. How cerned. Before he was sentenced long have you been knitting he addressed the court, and said,

"Let me think," said Aunt began this sofa-quilt for your papa did, and I spurned his advice; but long ago is that?"

"A long time," said Lucy. me like a drove of hyenas, and

take me about a year," Aunt Mary placidly answered, "and I have not been in a bit of a hurry. I knew that if I took one stitchata time and kept on, after awhile I would finish my work if my life. was spared. But you are sitting there with idle hands. Would you not like to begin a little afg. han for your doll?

"I would love to," answered Lucy. "I will begin this afternoon, if mother will let me."

She ran to ask her mother's permission. Presently back she came, bringing a little work-box and a very rueful face.

" Mamma says she is afraid I will do with the afghan just as I have done with these things, which she wants me to show you. She wants me to finish these before I begin anything new. Aunt Mary, won't you ask her to let me burn these rag-tags and bobtails up? Please do. Mamma does whatever you advise."

The kind old face wore a look of mingled love and pity as the lady surveyed the little girl's unfinished attempts at plain and fancy needle-work. There was a doll's dress. nearly done; a tidy for sister Kate's chair, with "K A. T." finished and half the fringe ravelled out; there was a pair of mits for Ted with one thumb remaining to be knit; there was a bead purse set up; there was a bookmark with "Holy Bi-" worked upon it in embroidery silk; and there was a pockethandkerchief, with a wreath stamped in one corner ready for marking. Besides these, there were three pairs of kid gloves needing to be repaired.

"A month's work, Aunt Mary," said Lucy, with a deep sigh. "Yes, my pet; but only one stitch at a time, and they will be all off your hands and out of your way in a little while. Why, darling, since I have seen this box and found out what a seamstress you are, I have given up my thoughts of a doll's afghan for you; and now we will make a bargain. If you set to work at once, without any delay, and every day do a little on some one of these articles, you will soon have an empty box, instead of a full one to reproach you. Then I will present you with plenty of worsted to make a sofa quilt like n.ine, and you may begin a real one-

full size." "It will take for ever and ever to finish it."

"Not forever and ever. I dislike your school-girl habit of exaggeration, dear. It violates the truth. It will probably take you, with your studies and your varions duties, about two years, but it will be a splendid discipline for you. One stitch at a time, and the work will look out for itself."

Last month I saw Lucy's beautiful completed quilt at a fair, and every one who examined it gladly gave a dollar toward making it a present to the dear wife of the pastor. The money amounted to fifty dollars, and was sent to India to educate a young girl in one of the caste schools. And Lucy will be the stronger and better herlife through for having learned the lesson practically that one stitch at a time, faithfully taken, amounts in the end to a thing worth the having done.

"I KNOWA THING OR TWO."

" My dear boy," said a father

to his only son, "you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad! habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play cards, and visit theaters. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society." "You needn't be afraid of me; father," replied the boy, laughing. "I guess I know a thing or two. I know how far at the bar of a court, before a jury "It is just like my Roman which had just brought in a versash," she said. "Oh, Aunt dict of guilty against him for someamong other things: "My downward course began in disobedience as much of the world as my father my home, temptation came upon disobe ce is the first stop on "I supposed, little girl, it would the road to ruin. Don't take it!

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But few