

The Family.

UNDECEIT.

There is no unbelief—
Whoever plants a leaf beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
Trusts he is God.

FROM ZURICH TO INNSBRUCK
—BY THE ARLBERG RAILWAY.

On leaving the great manufacturing town of Zurich, the train runs along the left shore of the lake through fine scenery.

which is regarded as a holy deed. Although the distance—21 miles—is traversed by a railway, it is told that most of the people belonged to the poorer classes, and would walk, though rain was beginning to fall.

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After peace was concluded the Emperor of Austria exhorted the Tyrolese to submit to the foreign yoke; but Hofer, misled by false reports, was induced once more to lead his countrymen against the French and Bavarians.

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reaching from the station at either end of the tunnel, and there are eleven signal bells. We pass through in less than 20 minutes and suffer no inconvenience from the air.

From Bludenz to Landeck the engineers had to contend with the greatest difficulties in the shape of mountains, rocks and torrents which had up to that time been overcome by human skill and patience.

After a succession of galleries, ravines and precipices high over mountain streams, which are many times crossed on iron bridges, we reach the valley of Landeck, out of which rises an amphitheatre of mountains, surmounted by castles and ruins which make this valley one of the most picturesque spots on the line.

now the capital of the Tyrol, and one of the most picturesque towns in the whole German Alps. Its streets are broad, and have some handsome houses dating from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

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four hundred millions of millions we have no organ of sense capable of receiving the impression. Yet between these limits any number of sensations may exist.

Moreover, looking at the question from the other side, we find in animals complex organs of sense, richly supplied with nerves, but the function of which we are as yet powerless to explain.

OVERWORK.

THE temptation to overwork is nothing new. Those who were young fifty years ago, a hundred years ago, knew all about it.

But there come reactions to individuals and to races. Both were overworked out. Many an abandoned New England farm is tilled by peasants from the Old World, who thrive where the former owners reaped but a scanty harvest.

An old lady was recently giving some results of overwork that had fallen under her own observation. "When I was a girl," said she, "the farmers in our town were such drivers.

Hofer's most courageous assistants were the Capuchin monk, Haspinger (1776-1858), who distinguished himself as a soldier, and Speckbacher (1758-1820), another Tyrolese, originally a farmer and chamois hunter.

SOUND is the sensation produced on us when the vibrations of the air strike on the drum of our ear.

A SWISS STORY.

A GROUP of young men were standing, one morning in April, on the banks of the River Aar, which flows by the quaint old Swiss town of Berne.

Bund, as usual, was loud-mouthed and voluble. He talked with one eye on the girls to see the effect.

Leid nodded, threw off his coat, and was beaten in both race and wrestle. He was a big, sheepish-looking fellow, and grew red with anger.

Throw Voss! I could do it with one hand. No credit in that. The fellow has no more strength than a girl, poring over his books.

Nicholas came over, smiling, but colouring a little as he passed the girls. He was a diffident, awkward lad, and felt his arms and legs heavy and in the way whenever a woman looked at him.

What was this? He will tie it about his waist. No, it is the child he ties. He will save it first.

He fastened the child, and watched it swung across in safety. When they threw him the rope again, he did not catch it.

There was a great shouting when the lad stood on the grass in safety. Everybody talked at once to his neighbour.

Nothing else was talked of the next day in Berne. In the shops and kitchens, at the balls, in the brilliantly lighted great houses, even in the Government Council, the story was told, and the lad was spoken of with praise and kindness.

He put it into his father's wrinkled hands. "Now father you are sure of a home for you and mother," he said.

He fell asleep soon after that. When he awoke the sun was setting, and shone on the bed, and the happy old people were watching him.

A few days later his father put a little case into his hands.

It was the gold medal of the Humane Society of Switzerland, awarded only to the bravest.

And here, said his mother, "is a bunch of violets which little Jeannette left you."

"Ach! See his red eyes, the surfer!" cried a woman.

All the people stretched their necks to look where he lay blinking up at them; and a stupid nurse maid, with a child in her arms, stood on tiptoe, to lean farther over.

The crowd surged and pressed against the barrier. Voss was almost washed upon its edge. For a moment there was a silence like death, as the people looked with straining eyes into the darkness below.

There was scarcely any sound in the crowd. Men grew pale, and turned away. A woman who had never seen the child before fell in a dead faint on the ground.

There was a wild cry from the crowd. A boy had jumped into the pit. The bear turned, glared at the intruder with a sudden fury, and then rushed upon him.

"The others are coming on him!" "Ach, what blows!" "Well struck! Again, again!" "But he can do nothing. He will be torn to pieces!"

The boy, bleeding and pale, was pushed to the wall, the child lifted high in his arms. The savage brutes surrounded him. There was a trunk of a tree in the centre of the pit, placed there for the bears to climb upon.

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The Children's Corner.

MARJORIE.

"O, dear," said Farmer Brown, one day, "I never saw such weather! The rain will spoil my meadow hay, and all my crops together."

"But if the sun," said Farmer Brown, "should bring a dry September, with vines and stalks all withered down, and fields scorched to an ember—"

"Well, what should I be thankful for?" "Asked Farmer Brown. "My trouble this summer has grown more and more. My losses have been double."

"Mrs. PUTNAM stood looking out of the back window. The kitchen stove, which was heated to bake the Saturday's bread, made the air uncomfortably hot, while the pile of unwashed dishes gave a rather forlorn look to the usually tidy room, quite in contrast to the scene without.

"Can you and Helen do the dishes for poor, tired mamma?" "Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Millie, for she knew that this was mamma's polite way of saying "You and Helen must do the dishes," and a very decided frown puckered her forehead.

Sometimes it was almost more of a trouble for mamma to get any work out of Millie than to do it herself, and she was afraid it was going to be so this afternoon. But to her surprise the cloud suddenly disappeared from the little girl's brow, and in a brisk, cheerful tone she called out: "Come on, Helen; we're going to do the dishes for mamma."

The checked gingham aprons were soon buttoned on, and a few minutes later two sweet voices were heard singing over the work. The song was improvised for the occasion, and ran thus:—

"Only a dishwater, proudly I stand, Wiping the dishes at mamma's command; Watching if 'Rise them' shall the order be, Standing by the table serving faithfully."

That night, after the children were in bed and little Helen was asleep, mamma sat on the side of Millie's bed to have the usual good-night talk. That night-talk gave the mother a stronger hold on her child's confidence than anything else could.

"You were a real help and comfort to mamma to-day, dear; but you know sometimes you do what I ask you to in such an ungracious way that I would rather do almost any amount of work than ask you to help."

"Well, mamma, I'll just tell you. You looked so tired, and I remembered what you told me about doing things to help other people, and all at once I just felt as if I'd rather do it than not."

And then she added, with a burst of thought: "And mamma, isn't it funny how much difference drabbering makes?" "Yes, dear, it makes all the difference in the world. None of us can choose what we will do from day to day, but we can choose to do what it gives us to do cheerfully and well, and, as you say, 'drabbering' makes all the difference. Give me my kiss. Good-night."

HOW THE PARROT SETTLED IT. Mrs. BROWN had a "bird dog," a very handsome pointer, and I must tell you how he was spoiled for hunting; it was so funny a circumstance that his master always laughed when he told the story, although he was much vexed to lose so good a game dog.

His housekeeper had a parrot given to her, and the first time the dog came into the room where the bird was, he stopped and "pointed." The parrot slowly crossed the room, and came up in front of the dog, and looked him square in the eye, and then, after a moment, said she, "You're a rascal!"

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