

OCTOBER.

THINK the summer is dying—  
Though still she is wondrous fair,  
For a sense of rest and ripeness  
Fills all the sweet still air.

And, yesterday, the poplars  
Were dropping their gold about;  
And, here and there, the asples  
A flaming branch flung out.

And to-day the oaks are flushing;  
The sumachs are all ablaze;  
And the islands too are blushing  
Velled in a dim blue haze.

Crowding the panels of fences,  
The yellow golden-rod stands,  
And dark blue gentians, starry-eyed,  
Fill gleeful children's hands.

O'er hill and field and woodland  
The autumn wonder steals;  
The grove that crowns the upland,  
A hundred tints reveals.

Hush for the summer is dying;  
Faint and fainter her breath,  
On her cheek is the flush of fever  
That heralds the pallor of death.

As some full-handed princess  
Facing death's mysteries,  
Robes herself in her royalty,  
And, proudly smiling, dies:

So dies the bounteous summer,  
And the trees with faint demur  
Sigh, as they yield their coronets  
To the west-wind's lightest stir.  
—Orilla Packet.

LITTLE ALMA.

BY THE REV. J. F. OCKLEY.

Boys and girls, I want to tell you about the life and death of a youthful Christian, because I think it may be of interest, and will help you. Your hearts have often thrilled with wonder, and your eyes been wet with tears, as you have read of the precious Saviour's presence with older people when walking the "valley of death," but you have not so often heard how those who were younger have been sustained and cheered when the end has come. Noble lives and happy deaths are by many supposed to belong only to those who have passed the meridian of life. This is a mistake, for grace (to be fruitful) like flower-seeds must be sown in spring. Some of the most fragrant, and beautiful flowers are quickly ripe and early gathered—such was the history of Alma Hicks Pearce. She was born in Campbellford, Ontario, in the month of February, 15 years ago, and on the 29th of January last, in Port Perry, her spirit took its flight to the land "where the wicked cease their troubling and the weary are at rest."

When only six or seven years of age she gave her life to Jesus, and during the remainder of her life was very happy and trustful. For several years she suffered much from weakness of the back, and also from heart disease, yet she was usually very lively and cheerful, and was scarcely, if ever, heard to murmur. As a proof of her great trust in her Heavenly Father I may mention the following little circumstance:—

When only eight years old, her grandpa was out in a pelting storm, and seeing that her grandma was weeping for his safety, she went into her room and prayed, and then came out saying, "Don't cry, grandma; grandpa will come back all right. I have asked God to take care of him." She was very fond of reading, and took great delight in clipping pieces of prose and poetry from the papers, of which she had a scrap-book full of the most

beautiful and appropriate selections. Here is part of one of her favourites:

My life is a wearisome journey;  
I'm sick with the dust and the heat;  
The rays of the sun beat upon me;  
The briars are wounding my feet;  
But the city to which I am journeying  
Will more than my trials repay;  
All the toils of the road will seem nothing  
When I get to the end of the way.

There are so many hills to climb upward;  
I often am longing for rest;  
But he who appoints me my pathway  
Knows just what is needful and best;  
I know in his word he has promised  
That my strength shall be as my day;  
And the toils of the road will seem nothing  
When I get to the end of the way.

He loves me too well to forsake me,  
Or give me one trial too much;  
All his people have been dearly purchased,  
And Satan can never claim such.  
By and by I shall see him and praise him  
In the city of mending day;  
And the toils of the road will seem nothing  
When I get to the end of the way.

But of all her books she prized her Bible best. Once when very sick she read in the book of Revelation "that the former things shall be done away," and turning to her ma with a countenance more like one leaving heaven than one just about to enter it, she said, "My sickness is one of the former things that will be done away." One day, after waking from a refreshing sleep, she said, "Isn't that a nice verse which says 'He giveth his beloved sleep.' Do you know, I think that would be nice to put on my tombstone." Her ma quoted many other passages, but she said, "I think they are all beautiful, but not so nice as the other." Again, after singing "The Great Physician now is near," she said, "I shall soon be playing on the golden harp." Her father, who was standing by her bedside weeping, said "I shall have no Allie then," but she immediately responded, "Yes you will; I shall be your Allie then, and I shall be waiting for you."

The day of her departure her sick-chamber was the gate of heaven to those who were watching. She had particularly requested that her pa should not go to business as she felt her end was near. Requesting her parents and sister to come near while she bade them "farewell," and seeing her sister cry, she said "Libby, don't cry! don't cry! but shout! I am going home." To her ma she said, "I am not afraid to die—I know Jesus died for me. I am not afraid to die." Thus ended the earthly life of a youthful Christian heroine. Boys and girls, who of you will meet her in heaven!

PORT PERRY, Ont.

SUMMER BY THE SEA.

EVER since the days of Horace, in the fervid months of summer men have fled the sweltering cities for the sea. And certainly Rome and Naples know few hotter days than those of July and August in New York and Philadelphia, not to speak of Toronto and Montreal. And few pleasanter places of summer resort are known than this city by the sea, Ocean Grove and Asbury Park. Their growth, even in this age of rapid growth, is quite phenomenal. Fifteen years ago this place was a barren, sandy beach. Last year in three months and a half 680,000 persons arrived at the railway station, as many as 14,300 arriving or departing on a single day. No place

in the world, I think, exhibits more grandly the possibilities of a Christian civilization. We are justly proud of our Toronto Sabbath. No city in the world, I think, can parallel their Christian observance. But the constitution of the Camp-meeting Association gives it such absolute control as no municipality can attain. Not a wheel moves, not a hoof stirs, not even a milk-bell jangles on the sacred day; and of course no liquor is sold on any day of the week. The result is a Sabbath of ideal quietude and serenity, very rep:eful amid the rush of modern life.

Of course one of the great attractions is the magnificent surf bathing. It is most inspiring to hear the thunder of the "leaguc-long rollers" breaking on the shore and to feel their exhilarating impact upon one's spine. A peculiar usage is the Sunday evening's surf-meeting. The people by thousands sit upon the sands, at times as many, it is estimated, as 20,000. A printed responsive service is read and sung—the singing led by a key bugle, and the voices of the great multitude mingle with the voice of the many waters in a sublime anthem.

A RESCUE.

I witnessed what is seldom seen over here—the rescue of a ship-wrecked crew by a lifeboat. All efforts to fire the life line over the vessel failed. A heavy north-easter was blowing, and for an hour the lifeboat crew battled with the breakers, but were driven back defeated to the shore. A second time, amid the cheers of thousands of spectators, and, it must be added, amid the prayers and tears of not a few, the boat was launched. Strong arms forced her through the breakers, but it made the heart leap into the throat with a sense of sickening fear as she at times disappeared from sight. But what a cheer that was that ran along the crowded beach as the ship-wrecked crew were taken off, and again and again as, scudding before the wind and sea, the lifeboat swept to the shore!

I found a very pleasant way to reach this place—and one little travelled, I think, by Canadians—by the Delaware and Lackawanna Railway. It may be taken either at Buffalo or Utica. At Scranton I went down one of the hundreds of coal mines by which the Lackawanna Valley is honey-combed, and rode over the Pennsylvania Coal Company's gravity railroad to Hawley—a distance of thirty-six miles without a locomotive.

A GRAVITY RAILROAD.

The experience is unique. One is drawn up a series of steep inclines by stationary engines and then glides down, as on a toboggan slide, with ever-increasing velocity to the next incline, a distance in some cases of fourteen miles. As one sits at the front of the foremost car, overlooking miles of hills and valleys, and, free from dust and cinders, inhales the sweet mountain air fragrant with the breath of new-mown hay, wild berries and sweet briar, and swinging round great curves and sweeping along a mountain's side, feels the swift winds rush by, it is the veriest luxury of travel.

One should not fail either to stop over night at Delaware Water Gap, where the Delaware river forces its way through a narrow pass in the Kittatiny or Blue Mountains. Almost

perpendicular walls of rock, with strangely contorted strata, rise on either side to a height of 1,000 feet. The view of the "Gap" in the afternoon light, as the purple shadows fill the gorge, is most impressive, especially as seen from the summit of either hill. I have seen few things combining more exquisitely the beautiful and the sublime.—*Dr. Withrow in Methodist Magazine.*

DISASTERS.

HOLE in the pocket's a very bad thing,  
And brings a boy trouble faster  
Than anything under the sun, I think,  
My mother calls it disaster  
For all in one day,  
I lost, I may say,  
Through a hole not as big as a dollar,  
A number of things,  
Including some rings  
From the chain Fido wore as a collar,  
My knife, a steel pen, a nice little note,  
That my dear Cousin Annie had sent me,  
The boy who found that, pinned it on to his hat,  
And tries all the time to torment me.  
I'd lost a new dime  
That very same time,  
But it lodged in the heel of my stocking;  
And one thing beside,  
Which to you I confide,  
Though I fear you may think it quite shock-  
ing.

The doctor had made some nice little pills,  
For me to take home to our baby;  
But, when I reached there, I was quite in  
despair.  
They had slipped through my pocket, it  
may be,  
And Aunt Sallie, she,  
As cool as could be,  
Said, a hole in a boy's reputation,  
Is harder to cure,  
And worse to endure,  
Than all pockets unsound in the nation.

Still a hole in a pocket's a very bad thing,  
And I am sure a real cause of disaster.  
But baby is well; so you never must tell.  
Perhaps he got well all the faster.  
—Independent.

DRAWN BY THE HAIR.

THERE was a young girl who worked in a factory. The day was done, and as she was getting ready to go home, she stooped to brush some lint from her dress. As she bent forward, the quick-revolving machinery caught her hair and drew her by it. She could not get away, and in a moment her head and body were crushed to a shapeless mass.

Only her hair was touched at first. We look at the fine threads and think they are so fine they would snap and break in a moment in the great machine. But no; while each hair is so very, very small and brittle, together they are stronger than a rope, and the poor victim is drawn by them to a dreadful death.

Just so it is with our evil habits, dear children—our little sins. It is but a little fault, you say; we can stop it at any moment. But to-day's fault is added to yesterday's, and to-morrow's will be added to to-day's, and by doing this wrong again and again the habit is formed that binds the soul in a strong chain of wickedness.

"Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope," the Bible says; and this is its meaning: Sin at first is just a thread, fine and weak as a hair; a great many twisted together make it a strong rope that will draw the soul down to death.—*Selects*

ALCOHOL is the worst thing to help preserve a live man, but the best to help keep a dead man.