

The Family Circle.

LONG AGO

When opal tints and gray invade
The crimson of the west—
When daylight's lingering traces fade,
And song birds seek the nest—
When shadows fall o'er hill and plain,
And stars in heaven glow,
We live in memory once again
The days of long ago.

And friends of days forever
Around us closely stand.
We feel the kindly grasp once more
Of many a vanished hand;
And though fond, loyal, brave and true
May be the friends we know,
No friends can match the friends we knew
And loved long, long ago.

Though smiling fortune on us shower
Her gifts with right good will—
Though every passing day and hour
Be filled with sunshine still—
Though joys and pleasures deep abound
Upon the way we go,
We sigh and dream 'er joys we found
In days of long ago.

And though we form new friends, new ties,
New joys, new pleasures try,
And though new hopes like phantoms rise
As in the days gone by,
When comes the holy calm of eve,
Our tears unbidden flow;
We love, we hope, we plan and grieve
Again in Long Ago.

—Chambers' Journal.

PERILS OF THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

In a sermon to his congregation, preached on the first Sabbath of this month, on the dangers and duties incident to holiday season, Rev. Mr. Hastie, of Cornwall, closed with the following words:—

Thus far I have spoken only of perils to body and estate; but there are other perils and greater than these; perils to the soul, peculiarly pressing at this season of the year.

If only devout, God-fearing people travelled in summer, and gathered at Peake's Island, and old Orchard Beech, at Cacouna and Massera and Stanley, and toured through Muskoka, there would be little peril to men's souls from Sabbath desecration, from corrupt literature, and from skeptical books and talk. But, all sorts of people frequent these places, and you know the tendency there is in human nature to conform to one's environment and not appear singular and straight laced. When scores of people are reading the secular newspaper on the piazza or the lawn, and someone politely leaves you a copy, how difficult to refuse to conform. When a discussion is started about politics, or business, or some other worldly affair how difficult to decline to take part when appealed to. When others go out on the Lord's day for a spin on the water, or take in the Sunday excursion how difficult to be a strict non-conformist, when you are among strangers who know nothing of your religious standing at home.

The result is, that in many cases more harm is done to the soul in a fortnight's or a month's holidays than is repaired the next eleven months by Sunday school, and sanctuary, and Christian home combined. This need not be so, should not be so. Joseph in Egypt, Daniel in Babylon, were exposed to greater temptations than any of us in Canada or in the United States, yet they maintained their integrity in spite of all seductive influences. Just as breeze, and storm, and hurricane cause the young tree to send its roots deeper into the soil, and to seize with a firmer grip the enduring rock, so all these enticements to drift into sin when away from home should make us all the more strict in religious duties both on Sabbath and week day.

When you pack your valise or trunk for an outing take with you as a *vade-mecum* for daily use this counsel of our Divine Master: "I say unto you, my friends—Be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. But, I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear. Fear him, which after he hath killed the body, hath power to cast into hell; yea, I say unto you, Fear him."—Luke xiii. 4-5.

THE HOME OF GRACE DARLING AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

Out in the wild North Sea stands the lonely rock and lighthouse of the Longstone, the farthest away of the Farne Islands, where, on 7th September, 1838, noble Grace Darling braved the fury of a September storm, and with her father rescued nine hapless survivors of the *Forfarshire* who had been cast by the waves on the Harker rocks, and who otherwise must have perished ere the morning broke. The story has often been told, and will be told many times again.

We were staying at Bamborough (most charming of Northumbrian villages), and our fancy was awakened to see the scenes where this true heroine passed her life; too short, alas! for she died of consumption (20th October 1842) at the early age of twenty-six, just four years after her famous exploit, never having been tempted to leave her lighthouse home.

Visitors should go to North Sunderland to embark for the Farnes, and engage Mr. Cuthbertson and his two men if they wish to visit these Islands aright; which we certainly longed to do. Every photograph we saw of the gull-covered Pinnacle rocks, all we heard of the seals, the cormorants, the puffins, and guillemots, lured us oceanward; and, above all, the sight of that lonely lighthouse, far away in the misty distance, daily beckoned us to come.

Our kind landlord of the Victoria Hotel at Bamborough went himself to arrange the expedition, and on our return from an excursion to find old Duustanburgh Castle we heard that Cuthbertson could take us, and would send a telegram next morning if it proved a suitable day—a very necessary precaution even in June.

The telegram arrived, "Can go, slight swell." The sun shone brightly: no wind, and only a little distant haze which enhanced the beauty all around.

Arrived at North Sunderland, we soon jumped into the large fishing boat bound for the Farnes! It was a pleasant sail, although there was hardly enough wind to dispense altogether with the oars, and the six or seven miles did not take so long as we had expected. Before starting we had to get a "Pass" to land. Should this be forgotten, the keeper on the Islands dares not let any one put foot on the shore, so particular is the proprietor about this little form. But we had our "Pass" and were landed in safety amid much screaming and uproar from all the dear white birds, who did not seem quite sure whether to welcome us or resent our approach.

"'Tis harsh to hear from ledge or peak
The sunny cormorant's tuneless shriek;
Fierce songs they chant, in pool or cave,
Dark wanderers of the western wave.

Wild things are here of sea and land,
Stern surges, and a haughty strand,
Sea monsters haunt yon cavern'd lair,
The mermaid wrings her briny hair;
That cry, those sullen accents sound,
Like native echoes of the ground,
Lo! He did all things well who gave
The sea-bird's voice to such a wave."

Nests and eggs at nearly every step! I picked up one of the Arctic tern's, but was politely told by the keeper that it was as much as his place was worth to let me take even one! The lovely eider, or St. Cuthbert's ducks (so called from the love the good saint bore to them), were flying about, and we passed three sitting on their nests, quite close to us, and were told that the Farne Islands are the only place in England where they breed (in Scotland, I believe, there are some islands they also frequent). How calm they looked sitting there, heedless alike of sun and storm, as if listening to the long wash of the wave on the rocks below!

We walked round the island (the Brownsman) and viewed the old Tower, and the small house inhabited by the keeper, who looks after the birds and gathers the eggs during the summer months.

We saw the little piece of ground which

William Darling cultivated as his garden, and the very same clump of rhubarb plants still growing in one corner, just as in the days when he came across from his solitary rock opposite, to take some away for their homely dinner.

We then pulled across to the Staple, the island of the Pinnacle rocks. "On the top ridges and crevices of these huge columns every available spot is covered in early summer by birds, chiefly guillemots, where they lay their eggs and hatch their young." Gulls of all sorts,—eider ducks, cormorants, were also sitting on nests all round, while the puffin secures a warmer corner for himself in many a disused rabbit-hole. Hundreds were lazily floating on the waves, or wheeling round and round in happy freedom. It was a Paradise of sea-birds, and we longed to stay many hours among them.

But we had still to go on to the Longstone lighthouse; and curious and most interesting it was, after inspecting the lamps at the top, and walking round the little balcony for the view, to peep into the tiny room where Grace Darling lived her life on earth, and look from the window where she saw those cruel waves breaking up the old vessel on those merciless rocks.

We soon passed the very spot where it all happened, and could understand the noble impulse, which she thus expressed, when questioned about it afterwards:—"Alluding to the unfortunate event of which it pleased God to make me an instrument, and to crown with success, to Him be all the praise for ever and ever, Amen! for at the time I believe I had very little thought of anything but to exert myself to the utmost; my spirit was worked up by the sight of such a dreadful affair, that I can imagine I still see the sea flying over the vessel."

As we sailed away an old grey seal pushed up his head several times close to the boat, and finally swallowed a fish with great dexterity. We saw others lying on a distant islet.

We then approached the island nearest to the mainland, called Farne, and we had to produce another "Pass" ere we could land. Here stands the small chapel dedicated to St. Cuthbert, which appears to have been built in the early part of the fourteenth century. The old Saxon church has quite disappeared. The length of the building is 40 feet and the breadth 18. Archdeacon Thorpe restored the entire building, and brought oak benches and carving from Durham. There is a monument in the wall erected by the Archdeacon in 1848 to the memory of Grace Darling. Since the restoration, services are held from time to time during the summer, for the benefit of the lighthouse-keepers and their families. There is another lighthouse on Farne, and the hospitable young wife of the head lighthouse-keeper gave us some excellent tea and home-made bread, while her mother (unfortunately very deaf) kindly made us carry off various pebbles that she had amused herself picking up on the shore.

On the Longstone there are only three men, but here there is more room, and two little houses are built close to the lighthouse. The men seldom leave the Island; one man said he had not been ashore for two years! We bought some fine large sea-urchins from one of the children, and then set sail once more on the calm blue waves for North Sunderland, which we reached at half-past six o'clock. One of our fishermen (a nephew of Grace Darling), seeing my disappointment on the Staple at not being able to bring away any of the eggs for the collection of my Harrow boy, kindly presented me with some, they being allowed to take a few as a perquisite for bringing ashore the boxes of eggs collected by the keeper. I may mention that these are given away for the benefit of the poor. Thus enriched with two eggs of the eider duck, two cormorants, and various gulls, we got up gaily into the little dogcart, seldom or never having had a pleasanter or more interesting expedition.

Next morning we went to see the monu-

ment and tomb put up to the memory of the heroine in the old Bamborough churchyard, and bought her photograph in the ooming beaver bonnet presented so her by the tradespeople of Barwick. We were only sorry not to be able to see the house where there were other relics of her, as her niece, who lived there, died the very morning after our arrival at Bamborough. The old boat in which Grace and her father "put off" for the Harker rocks lay for years unnoticed on the shore at North Sunderland, but was eventually purchased by one who has exhibited it in many places for the benefit of fisher folk. —Mrs. Arthur Hastings Berger.

PERILS OF MOUNTAIN TRAVEL.

Under the title of "A Journey to the Sacred Mountain Siao-Outai-Shan," Henry Savage Landor, in *The Fortnightly*, gives a pleasant, chatty description of travel in the interior of China, which he, presumably undesignedly, rendered doubly interesting by subjecting himself to a perilous incident of mountain travel, which he thus describes:

"Not far from the temple, a curious natural bridge of ice over a stream was quaint and pretty, and the huge Siao towering over my head, with large patches of snow and ice on its slopes, made me long for the next morning, to ascend its highest peak. The next morning came, and at 5 a.m., I set out on the steep track, accompanied by a Mongol guide. As I was walking too quickly for him, he was soon left far behind, and I proceeded by myself, sure that I could find my way without him. Things went well until I had reached an altitude of over 9,000 feet, when the track I had followed seemed branch off, and one branch went to the southwest, the other to the northwest, round one of the smaller peaks. I took the southwest one; it led me to a point where no human being could go any farther. Where I was, the slope of the mountain was such that it required a steady foot not to be sliding down into a precipice; a little farther, a long glacier extended from top to bottom of the mountain, so I left the track and attempted to climb the lower peak just above me, to see if from that point of vantage I could discover the right trail. It was easier said than done, especially as I was carrying a water-color paint-box and a block slung to a strap on my shoulders; still, after a good deal of hard work, and going upon my hands and knees, I managed to crawl up to the top. I was so hot, and the view was so lovely from up there, that I sat on a stone on the edge of the slope and opened my paint-box to take a sketch. As I was sorting out the brushes, unluckily the stone on which I was sitting gave way, and I started sliding down the almost perpendicular slope, and no effort on my part to stop my involuntary tobogganing was of any avail. I tried to clutch the ground with my nails. I seized every projecting stone in hopes of stopping my precipitous descent; but, *helas!* at the speed I was going it was no easy matter to hold on to anything that I even managed to clutch.

"There I had death staring me in the face, for another hundred yards would have brought me on the edge of the precipice, and over I would have gone, taking a fatal leap of several hundred feet. My hand stood on end as every second I was approaching the dreaded spot; and how well I remember the ghastly sound of my heavy paint-box which had preceded me in my disastrous descent. How well I remember the hollow sound of it banging from boulder to boulder, echoed and magnified a thousand times from one mountain to another. Then there was a final bang from down far, far below; the echo weakly repeated it, and all was silence once more. Another half minute, and the echo would have repeated a hollower sound still! I shut my eyes. . . .

"A violent shock, which nearly tore my body in two, made me think that I had gone over; but no . . . as luck would have