

The Woods in Summer.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

PLEASANT it is; when woods are green,
And winds are soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight shewn
Alternate come and go;

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound:—

A slumberous sound,—a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream—
As of innumerable wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

And dreams of that which cannot die,
Bright visions, came to me,
As lapped in thought I used to lie,
And gazed into the summer sky,
Where the sailing clouds went by,
Like ships upon the sea;

Dreams that the soul of youth engage
Ere Fancy has been quell'd;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of Eld.

The green trees whispered low and mild;
It was a sound of joy!
They were my playmates when a child
And rocked me in their arms so wild!
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
"Come, be a child once more!"
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow;
Oh, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hoar;

Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer!
Like one in prayer I stood.

And, falling on my weary brain,
Like a fast-falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back again,
Low lipings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, oh stay!
Ye were so sweet and wild!
And distant voices seemed to say,
"It cannot be! They pass away!
Other themes demand thy lay;
Thou art no more a child!"

The Question of the Times.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM M'DONAGH.

THE age we live in, like all other ages, is, no doubt, most interesting to those who live in it. Their business is with the present. The times past may be accountable for the introduction of many evils which in the present afflict the nations; yet we who live in the nineteenth century should see to it that we send not down to coming ages great wrongs as a heritage of shame and cursing.

We say here in Canada that about \$30,000,000 are worse than wasted or misused in this cursed traffic every year; that eight thousand men and women die annually and directly from drink alone, and we think we have some vague idea of this monster evil. But when we bring it nearer to ourselves, then we have a much nearer, stronger, and real sense of its terrors. I wonder how many families have been scorched by this traffic and their peace destroyed, that have not had their hearts well-nigh broken by reason of this tremendous evil of intemperance. O, it is when we come to look at this in its domestic aspect that we get the real idea of the evil! And then when we come to multiply the individual

cases by the thousand and myriadfold, we come to have something like a right idea of what we have to contend with.

It is beyond a reasonable doubt that this traffic in intoxicating liquors is the crime and curse of our country, as it is the crime and curse of other lands; the darkest stain on our Christian civilization, and the chief hindrance to social and financial prosperity. More of pure saintliness, more of noble manhood, of real service for God and man; more innocent youth; more of all that is great, good and noble, has been lost by this cursed business, to the Church and nation, than by almost all other causes put together; yea, it is becoming one of the commonplaces upon our magisterial benches for the judges of our land, in concert with those of other lands, to declare that nine-tenths of the crimes against law and human rights are perpetrated under the influence of this nefarious traffic. It spares neither age nor sex. Its trophies are more to be dreaded than those at the belt of the red man. Its most desolating strifes are at our firesides. Why, in God's name, tell us, in this land of plenty, where our harvests roll like a golden ocean, and where an ever kind Providence has scattered blessings on every hand, should women and helpless children go hungry for bread? These same children, stripped by this cursed traffic of father and home, of comfort, nursed by it into scowling criminals, or wallowing in vice or dying on the scaffold. Shame on a people that can license such a nuisance!

In the first place, if the country is saved from this vice, we must protect the young. We plead with you on behalf of the young people of our land, and we ask, Must they perish as thousands? yes, as millions have done before them. When the slaves of the tippler's and drunkard's appetite are dead and gone, shall there be after us a new generation of drunkards, twenty or thirty years from this time? Where are they to come from, if not from the children God has given to His people. They are but little children now, in our homes, in our Sabbath-schools, and must we, will we go on merely talking and making effort to save the drink-seller's victim, but license the traffickers in human souls and human misery to still go on with their wicked business. No! forever No!

Let us, as Christians, teach Temperance and Prohibition in our Sabbath-schools as a gospel means of grace, and strike down any law that upholds vice, and also the legislature that may advocate such legalizing of sin.

Next to the importance of taking care of the children, and aiding in carrying out of this work, there must and ought to be the most earnest grappling with the drunken customs of society. These are at the very root of the evil, and effect the ruin of thousands. Till the drink is banished from the tables of our homes, the children of those homes will sink into the miserable and drivelling drunkards of the future. Take care that the serpent is not already in your paradise, and perchance that child you clasp to your bosom may yet bring your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.

Then let us make every effort to save the drunkards we meet. Let us do it by the power of love. Love only possesses power to stoop and lift the lost. If we mean to save him; therefore, we must stand on the same platform with him, just as the Son of God stooped

to our low condition, became a man among men; so we, as Christians, must put ourselves in and alongside of the victim of alcohol, though not guilty of his sin, in order to lift him. Somewhere about fifteen years ago the Sailors' Home in Liverpool, in England, was discovered to be on fire. It was past midnight; all the inmates had retired to rest, and were startled out of their slumber by the terrible alarm. The flames spread rapidly, until from every window and door the smoke and flame belched forth, so that when the fire brigade got on the ground they found their principal work for the present was to save the inmates. A dense crowd of onlookers had gathered round, and many a stout-hearted man came forth and volunteered his service in the perilous enterprise of saving those who were as yet within the walls of the burning pile. A company of marines landed from a man-of-war at anchor in the Sloyan, and gave themselves to the same great work, until about ninety-seven had been snatched from the burning, and it seemed that all were saved. Now men breathed freely, and looked upon the gorgeous spectacle of that massive building wreathed in fire, but hark! a piercing shriek is heard high over the shouts of the multitude, and yonder, on one of the upper ledges of the building, five men are seen calling for help. As soon as possible the longest ladder is lifted to the spot against the wall, but it reaches only twenty feet below the parapet on which the men are standing. An agony of disappointment wrings the heart of every onlooker as hope of their deliverance fast sinks into despair. Stand back! cries a courageous man, and, resolute in his purpose of saving, with another ladder on his shoulder, he sets foot on the lowest round and prepares to ascend to their relief. On him all eyes are fixed. They watch him until he has reached the top of the long ladder, and there he plants the ladder he has carried up with him, but ah! how bitter the disappointment again; it is found too short to reach them. What is now to be done? Quick as thought, no time to lose, he raised the short ladder upon his own shoulders. There, at nearly fifty feet high from the ground, he adds his own length to the one he carried up; as he stands on the other ladder he calls to the men to come down over his body and be saved. The multitude below hold their breath lest the slightest sound should mar the self-possession of the men, but when one after another had safely passed over him to salvation, and he himself was safe, then there broke from that multitude cheer after cheer in deafening sound. Thus must we save the drunkard from the devouring fire. The ladder even of abstinence will be too short unless we add ourselves to it, and make over ourselves a pathway of safety for the lost. John Wesley's sons must be where they ought to be, in the van. One reason is, Methodism is the advanced guard of Jehovah's great army, and if they are worthy still to be known and acknowledged to be the exhibitors of "Christianity in earnest," then, in the name of the Master, let us go forward in this march to the promised land of victory and freedom. I can tolerate indolence better anywhere than among Christians, and I can say that the sons and daughters of John Wesley, in Canada, ought to respond to our appeal and stand up and rid themselves of all participation with this cursed

evil, and then the blessing of God will come upon us and our country.

Let us by votes, and the carrying of the provisions of the "Scott Act" in every municipality, testify that we as a people, and especially as Christians, are not among those upon whom the law of God pronounces a just condemnation, who "do evil that good may come, whose damnation is just."—From "Shot and Shell, for the Temperance Conflict."

Keeping the Boys on the Farm.

IN treating of the home-life of the farm nothing is more common than the complaint that the best and brightest of the youth manifest an unwillingness to follow the occupation of their fathers and go off to swell the population of the towns and cities. Probably this tendency has been exaggerated, for we are sure the young farmers of to-day are as intelligent and progressive in their views as any generation past. But this could not be if it were true, as represented, that the best element had gone to the towns. The statement has sufficient warrant, nevertheless, to merit serious consideration.

The question is, whether in the surroundings and appointments of farm-life sufficient pains is taken to render the surroundings attractive, and to furnish a reasonable amount of that diversion from regular pursuits which the youthful nature demands?

No doubt very many are led away from the quiet walks of country life by an unhealthy craving for change and excitement, stimulated in many cases by pernicious reading and rose-coloured descriptions of town-life. Others, with better reasons, have been impelled to abandon the occupation of their fathers by that system of drudgery and dull routine too often in practice on the farm, and under which young, sprightly and elastic spirits feel that they are unnecessarily repressed and circumscribed. Without going over ground on this subject that has been repeatedly traversed by others, we may say that in order to keep the boys on the farm everything should be done within reasonable limits, that means and circumstances will permit, to cause them to feel and believe that the pursuit of agriculture is as honourable and ennobling as any they may choose; that it offers as many opportunities as any other for the cultivation of mind and heart, and for the development of the best and noblest tendencies of their natures. They should be made to feel that, if they so desire, they may keep abreast of the times and be "up with the world" in the best sense of the phrase, even though they live outside the busy haunts of men. They should be led to look upon agriculture, not as a pursuit governed by chance laws, where there is no opportunity for introducing new methods and systems, for research, experiment and progress, but that no department of human effort to-day offers a wider and more promising field for careful study and research than that of agriculture. Let them learn also that with less means than would be required in the cities they may have tasteful and convenient homes, and live to as high and useful purposes as they may in any place on earth.

SALVATION is to be free from sin and to be like Christ, and fit to live with Him forever.