

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

## SUMMER DAYS.

"Now let the young be glad,  
Fair girl and gallant lad,  
And sun themselves to-day  
By lawn and garden gay;  
'Tis play befits the noon  
Of rosy girdled June—

The world before them and above  
The light of Universal Love."

EXT.

## JEAN.

The mountains prolonged the sweet strains till every crag and peak seemed peopled with myriad spirits voicing a universal good-night.

And from the valley came the faint sound: "Good-night! Good-night!"

Jean felt alone no longer. He seemed to have a hundred watchful guardians bidding him good cheer.

It was clear twilight as yet, and as Jean turned in search of a resting place for his tired limbs, his eyes fell upon a nest of the large birds which infest the Swiss mountains. As he crept nearer with boyish curiosity something that gleamed in the meshes of the nest caught his eye. Fastened by a skein of silk inwound in the coarse texture of the nest was a ruby ring.

"Ah, my fine birds, you can't have that ring," thought he. He tugged at it slyly, then bringing his sharp little teeth into play, it soon was his. He gazed at it admiringly, then fastened it to his wrist. But he could not resist the temptation to take a peep into the nest, and no sooner done than his heart was fired with a longing to possess one of the little birds within. It set up a cry of distress, there was a quick rush, a sudden darkening, and the old birds were upon him.

Blinded, deafened by the incessant whirr, Jean started backward—there was a sharp, anguishing cry, an awful sensation of shooting through space, and a senseless mass lay in the chasm below.

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The last snowy garment was piled in the great wicker basket, Greve flaunted her new finery in the street, the golden butter floated in the cool spring water, and singing softly, Clemence prepared the evening meal. Often she hushed, listening expectantly for Jean's step, his merry voice.

"How cross I was," she thought, contritely, and poured more cream into the bowl, heaped higher the dainty cakes, then giving the chicken a turn went to the door. "Where can my baby be?" she murmured anxiously. She passed out, but her inquiries failed to discover him, and in sore alarm she hastened on.

"Jean?" said an old man. "I saw him climbing the mountain!"

"The mountain!" cried Clemence, with quick foreboding. "My little lamb alone on the mountain!"

As she spoke something cold was thrust against her hand and Wolf manifested his presence by a series of joyous barks, quickly succeeded by pathetic whinnings.

"He is dead!" shrieked the frantic mother.

The dog ran forward a few steps, then again whined and disappeared.

"Follow him," said Grignon, for a crowd had gathered; "do you remain behind Clemence."

Like a flash she was off, and ran on through the gathering gloom unheeding everything. The guide kept on till the men panted with eager chase.

At length he paused, sniffing uneasily. Clemence called loudly. No answer.

"He has lost the trail," said one.

"Even so," responded another; "we could go no further without light. It will soon be upon us." Wolf darted hither and thither, and Clemence called untiringly.

The early light was breaking, when the peculiar yelp of the dog told them he had found something.

Clemence started breathlessly in the direction of the sound, along the verge of precipices, up the side of the steep ledges, swinging across openings by a frail root, over jagged rocks, till she came to Wolf on the very verge of a deep chasm.

"He has fallen below, he is dashed to pieces! Oh, my tender little lamb!"

She threw herself upon her knees and tried to pierce the ground below.

"Jean! Jean! speak to me! say 'Mother! Oh merciful heavens, no one will ever call me mother again!'"

Hark! what was that? Yes, surely an answer! "Dear Father, I thank Thee," said the fainting mother.

"Courage Jean!" shouted the smith. "Can any one get to him?"

There was a hurried consultation, a keen scrutiny of the perpendicular side.

"No one could get down, not even a chamois," said one.

Clemence sprang up.

"I will go to him. Perhaps he is dying down there, and I not with him?"

"Stop," said a lithe young fellow, stepping forward. "Nothing is impossible with the good God's aid. It is a glass wall Berthold Pissot could not scale."

In breathless attention they watched his few preparations, then Clemence closed her eyes.

It seemed an age before the cheery voice shouted "All right."

"Jean?"

"He is hurt—a little."

"Do not deceive me—he is dead!" called Clemence, in sharp, strained tones.

How her heart thrilled as she caught the faint "Mamma!"

No one could describe the joyful excitement with which the men hastened to make a rope basket, nor the wild outbreak when at last Jean first, then the brave Berthold were drawn up.

Clemence's head swam strangely. She hardly saw the pale face of her darling.

"Mamma," Jean tried to say, as she hung raptuously over him, but faint with pain fell back in her arms.

"Don't be scared, daughter," said Grignon; "'tis only a broken arm and leg instead of a broken neck."

He took one of the nerveless hands in his and his eye fell on the ring still fastened to the lad's wrist.

Clemence's glance followed his, then in a queer, vibrating voice she cried out: "It is the ring which sent my husband to prison," and fell at their feet.

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The village of Saint Pre seemed to have suddenly gone mad. Every cottage bore some gala signal, and the good people thronged the long street, discoursing in animated groups, with occasional glances at the upper end by which the diligence must enter, and then at the cottage at the end of the street.

There lying on his couch, where he could catch the first glimpse of the stage, was Jean, white and fragile, but for the happiness which absolutely glorified the wan face. Clemence stood beside him, her brown, piquant beauty softened and refined by the white robe, her wedding gown, one hand pressed over the throbbing heart, the other clasping Jean's.

In the centre of a little group, the good Grignon detailed for the hundredth time his journey to Berne, and his efforts to prove Jean Arbret's innocence, his triumph, and—

But his audience precipitately deserted him as the tinkling of bells was heard, and with a flourish of horns, a grand display of skill, the diligence clattered down the street.

Such a storm of huzzas as the villagers caught sight of the passenger, such a wavering of handkerchiefs!

Then a deep hush as he alighted and walked toward the little group. Once he paused, looked about him bewildered, then advanced with the bold step of innocent freedom. With native delicacy

the watchers turned from the meeting, and, when again they looked, Jean Arbret, the father, held Jean Arbret, the son, and the arms of the mother clasped them both.

## Papers on the Progress and Work of the Church of England.

BY THE REV. ARTHUR C. WAGHORNE, NEW HARBOR, TRINITY BAY, NEWFOUNDLAND.

(Continued.)

"THE INDEPENDENT" ON THE NUMERICAL GAIN OF THE CHURCH.

The same paper, three years ago, remarked:—"The figures which we present should give some bodies of Christians great searching of heart. To keep up with the growth of population, the Presbyterian Church, North, should gain 12,000 members. It has gained 3,000. The Reformed (Dutch) Church should have gained nearly 2,000; it has lost twenty members. On the other hand the Cumberland Presbyterians should have gained 2,500, but they have really gained 6,809. The Episcopalians should have gained 2000, but have gained 20,846. Such facts show where active work has been expended."

"THE CHRISTIAN WORLD" ON THE PROGRESS OF THE AMERICAN CHURCH.

In 1881, the following appeared in the above paper:—"The Episcopal Church is, in many respects, one of the leading Churches of the land. It has great wealth and influence. Of late years it claims to have made remarkable progress, especially in the large cities, and is spreading itself over the land. It has manifested a very considerable missionary spirit within a year or two. It has drawn many of its ministers from the ranks of other Churches. During the last thirty years the Clergy of the Episcopal Church have more than doubled in this country, and now number 3,375. In the same time, the number of communicants has more than quadrupled, reaching now a total of 345,840."

A PRESBYTERIAN PROFESSOR ON THE RAPID GROWTH OF THE CHURCH IN AMERICA.

Professor Hopkins, of the Presbyterian Seminary at Auburn, in an article advising the adoption of a Liturgical worship, remarks:—"A very large number of the children of Presbyterian families, and many of the cultivated and tasteful of our members, have sought a more cheerful, more varied, more sympathetic service in another communion. There is not a Presbyterian pastor in the land but can testify to such losses. The Anglican Church has been largely recruited from our ranks. There are many thousands in that Church at present who have been drawn away merely by the superior attractions of its *cultus*. Certainly they have not been enticed by the greater eloquence of the pulpit."

\* \* \* The tracks are all one way. Look through any circle of your own acquaintanceship, and count up the Presbyterian families in which one, two, or more lambs have strayed into the Bishop's fold. \* \* It is very largely due to this fact, that of all the sects in the United States, the Anglican is growing the most rapidly at the present time. It is forming new congregations and organizing new dioceses with extraordinary rapidity. On the other hand, the Presbyterian Church is almost stationary. It requires a close calculation to show that she is even now holding her own."

SUFFICIENT FOR THE DAY.—Let us not meddle with the future and matters which are too high for us, but refrain our souls and keep them low, like little children, content with the *day's* food, and the *day's* schooling, and the *day's* play hours, sure that the Divine Master knows that all is right, and how to train us and whither to lead us; though we do not know, and need not know save this, *that the path by which He is leading each of us, if we will but obey and follow step by step, leads up to everlasting life.—Kingsley.*