

Thirteen thousand houses and eighty-nine churches were reduced to ashes, and two hundred thousand people were compelled to take refuge in huts, or lie in the open air, in the fields. This fire served to the city, so lately diseased, as a great purifier, and no doubt saved it from a return of the plague.

AUTUMN.

THE click of the mower has ceased,
And the harvest is gathered in;
The corn from its husk is released,
And carefully stowed in its bin.

The fruit is all safe from the frost,
And packed for the winter to come;
Be careful that nothing be lost
That will add to the comfort of home.

A voice from the woodlands to-day
Says, plainly, we're all growing old,
As seasons are passing away,
Attired in their carmine and gold.

The winter will come ere we know,
The leaves and the herbage will fall,
And deep hyperborean snow
Will mantle the earth with its pall.

But spring will return with her bloom,
And summer its harvest will bring,
Though we may be laid in the tomb,
And warblers our requiem sing!

The autumn will come with his breath,
Painting leaves with his art of old—
Gray, golden, and purple, and bluish,
Mixed in with the green, drab, and gold.

How much like the seasons in life!
The bud, then the blossom, and leaf—
All nurtured in hope, love, or strife,
Then fades, like the forest, in grief!

But winter will come, when the cold
Will freeze all the blood in our veins—
When purple, or dark brown, and gold,
Will remind that little remains!

I pray, thee, my Father, to give
Thy grace, to sustain while I stay;
Thy Spirit, to guide while I live—
To point out the Truth and the Way.
—Christian Secretary.

THE SOCIETY AT SPRING-TOWN.

"FACT is, it's all folderol!"
That was Uncle Meggs's comment,
with a good-naturedly contemptuous
laugh, as leaning back in the creaking
old rocking-chair where he was enjoy-
ing his Sunday combination of reading
and sleep, he took up his newspaper
again.

"Does well enough for folk that got
their money easy and have so much
they don't know what to do with it,
though I doubt if there's any good in
sending it 'way off to heathen lands
then. But, anyway, I don't see any
sense in his coming out here to talk
about it to a lot of country-folks. It's
all we can do to take care of ourselves,"
said Aunt Polly, laying down the old
hymn book over which she had been
dozing for the last hour because of her
fooling that "a body ought to do a
little good readin' on Sunday," and
placidly trying on her apron preparatory
to getting supper.—"Joe, if you'll run
and start the kitchen fire quick now,
I'll make some cream flapjacks for sup-
per."

Joe had divided his day between the
swing in the old wood shed, looking
after his squirrel-traps in the woods,
and his present position of luxurious
ease on the carpet. Only Genie had
thought it worth while to trudge a mile
through the afternoon sun to the little
church at the cross-roads, where Sun-
day-school was held. But when a
stranger told of the boys and girls in a
far-away land across the sea—of their

wretched homes and miserable lives,
and how the missionaries were trying
to help and teach them—she forgot
her long walk and everything else, and
listened with earnest face and kindling
eyes. She did so wish that Uncle and
Aunt Meggs and Joe had been there
to hear, for the stranger wanted all the
people in this free, happy country to
help them; he said that even the
children could help. She tried to re-
member it all to tell those at home, and
hurried away as soon as the service was
over, for fear she might partly forget.
But before her eager story was half
told, Uncle Meggs had pronounced it
"all folderol," and Aunt Polly had
pushed it aside for the weightier ques-
tion of flapjacks for supper.

Genie's lip quivered and her eyes
filled with tears of disappointment as
she went slowly up to her own little
room under the sloping roof: "I was
so sure they'd care; I believe they
would if they'd only heard him. But
I can't do anything all alone."

There was no time to think about it,
however, for Aunt Polly's brisk voice
called from the stairway, "Hurry up,
child! Pat your hat away and come
down and set the table!"

After supper, when she and Joe sat
in the low doorway trying to count the
stars as they came out, Genie made
another attempt to awaken a little sym-
pathy with what had so interested her,
but it was useless. Joe declared that he
"didn't b'lieve that little heathens felt
like other folks, and so it wasn't likely
they cared how they lived;" anyway,
his father had said it was all nonsense,
and Joe guessed his father knew. So
Genie was left to plan and think alone.

"I wish I could do something; I
wish I had something of my very own,"
she said; and she said it so many times
within the next two days that Joe be-
gan to make fun of her. It was this
that put a bit of mischief in his head
one day. Passing homeward through
the meadow, his quick eye noticed a
slight commotion as of something un-
usual among the sheep: one had run
down to the edge of the brook, and
was running up and down the brook
as if in distress. A moment's watching
flushed the explanation upon Joe's
mind—one of the lambs had fallen into
the brook. Hurrying to the spot, he
saw a small woolly head drop under the
water, and by the time it appeared
again he was ready to reach for it.
Once it was just within his grasp, but
the frantic struggles of the frightened
little creature foiled him, and when he
finally succeeded in rescuing it there
was little evidence of life left.

"You're too late, Joey, my boy," said
the hired man, coming up just then.
"It's gone."

Joe's father said the same thing when
he found him in the shadow of the trees
where Genie had brought the lamb.
"It's dead, or so near it that there's
nothing to be done."

"Here, then, you can have it, Genie;
it'll be something for your 'very own'
that you have been wishing for so long,"
said Joe teasingly, as he met the little
girl's pitying eyes. "Maybe your mis-
sionary folks that are so anxious for
any little gift will take a drowned
sheep."

"May I have it, Uncle Meggs for
my really, truly own?" asked Genie
quietly.

"Of course, child, if you want it,"
laughed Uncle Meggs. "You'll only
have the trouble of burying it."

But Genie was already hurrying

away with it wrapped in her apron,
and how she did work over it! By
night it had eaten a little and was
quietly sleeping in an old basket be-
hind the kitchen stove; and, though
Uncle Meggs, Aunt Polly and the
hired man all said it would die, it
lived and grew stronger until in a few
days it was able to go back to the field.
Then Genie felt herself a woman of
property.

"Uncle Meggs," she asked soberly,
"how much will you charge to let my
sheep pasture with yours?"

"Well, eegin' its appetite ain't very
strong yet, I guess I won't charge any-
thing," answered Uncle Meggs, with a
twinkle in his eye.

"It really seemed as if that lamb
knew it was a missionary lamb, it did
so well," Genie said afterward. It
grew and flourished all through the fall
and winter, and in the spring, when
shearing-time came, there were two
dollars for Genie—the price of the
wool. There was no missionary society
in the place, and so Genie's money had
to be sent by itself. She wrote a
simple little note with it—not apologiz-
ing for sending so small a sum, for it
seemed a great deal to her—but explain-
ing how she came by so much that was
all her own. But when one day long
afterward there came an unexpected
letter in reply, none of the family
could help feeling a little interest in
the message that had travelled so far
across land and sea, and even Uncle
Meggs was heard to mention incident-
ally to a neighbour "that letter that
came to our Genie from foreign parts"

Then the letter itself—a pleasant
letter to a little fellow-worker, yet
holding in its few pages a graphic pic-
ture of some of the work in that far-
away mission-station—was interesting.
If it had been merely an appeal to
help, Uncle Meggs might have con-
sidered it nonsense, but this was a
letter of thanks, and it is pleasant to be
thanked.

"And to think of her readin' to
them little heathen away off there all
about Genie's nursing the lamb for 'em
here at Springtown! Well, now!"
said Aunt Polly. And Uncle Meggs
really felt a glow of satisfaction in the
thought that he had given Genie that
lamb.

Nobody objected when there was
more money to go, and when it was
time for a possible sinner Joe began
to watch the post-office as closely as
Genie did. By and by there were
other lambs as part of Genie's increase
and revenue, and a division of her
funds among different points brought
other letters and still wider interests.
No one could have told exactly why or
when the family first began to talk of
them as "our missionaries" instead of
only "Genie's," or when it was that
Aunt Polly began to call for the read-
ing of these letters when a neighbour
came in, "because they're so interestin'."
Indeed, it is doubtful if anyone really
knew what was the beginning of the mis-
sionary society at Springtown; but there
is a vigorous one there now, and into
these narrow lines, bounded so long by
the selfish walls of their own pursuits
and interests, has opened a door of
communication with God's whole wide
world—K. W. H.

He that cannot forgive others
breaks the bridge over which he must
pass himself; for every man has need
to be forgiven.

"IT WON'T HURT YOU IF YOU LEAVE IT ALONE"

"No, liquor won't hurt you if you
let it alone," said one man with a sneer
to another who was fighting hard to
have it kept out of town by law.
"You needn't meddle with it, if others
take it, that is their look out."

"But liquor does hurt thousands
who let it alone, who utterly hate it,
and never set foot in a saloon."

"I should like your evidence," said
the other, a little puzzled.

"Just step around the corner into
Mrs. Watson's house—a pretty little
house, but it will not be here much
longer. The rum-seller has it in his
grasp; I hear she must move out this
week. Watson is working on his new
veranda, which is to run around three
sides of the tavern to pay up another
liquor bill, while his wife and children
are starving. They never touch liquor
but it hurts them."

"I can pick out twenty families in
this place where it has done its mis-
chief, more or less, and so it is the
world over. Every man that drinks
involves others with him."

"Those who let it alone have to
suffer. Probably five sufferers to each
drunkard would be stating it very low.
Now, I mean to work hard and fight
hard, if need be, for those who have
no helper; and if the law can be made
to help them, well and good."

Our boys are to be our future law-
makers. Let them be well established
in temperance principles. Let them
look on a liquor license as they would
on a license to commit any sort of
crime. All these and far more are
included in every permit to sell rum.
—Youth's Temperance Banner.

AN HONEST BOOTBLACK.

ONE evening a gentleman, who gave
his name as Harrison, of Freeport, Ill.,
was hurrying down Broadway, at about
five o'clock, carrying a valise, and when
on the Canal Street crossing, a large,
well-filled envelope fell from his coat.
A lame bootblack, named Daniel
McCarthy, better known in the neigh-
bourhood as "Limping Dan," picked it
up and running as best he could after
the loser, cried: "Say, Mister!" The
man glanced in the direction of the call,
and seeing the boys blacking-knit, gruffly
said: "I don't want a shine." The boy,
however, exerted himself, and stopping
in front of the man, held up the envel-
ope, saying: "Mister, you dropped
this."

Recognizing his property, a change
immediately spread over his counte-
nance as he gazed upon the shivering
cripple before him and asked his name.
He then took him to a clothing store
near by, and paid for a coat and vest
for the boy, after which he handed the
grateful boy a \$20 bill, saying: "My
boy, that envelope contained a large
amount of money. When I come to
the city again I shall be glad to see
you."

To the officer he said he had sold
some property on Long Island, and
that the envelope contained the pro-
ceeds—\$1,600 in checks, and \$600 in
bills—which he had just drawn from
the bank, and in his haste to get to
Jersey City, where he was to take the
train, he must have placed the envelope
between his inside coat and overcoat
instead of in his pocket.