



TREASURE HOUSE, ARMS, AND TREASURES OF RUMANIKA.

October.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

A MISTY, purple crown  
On fading nature rests;  
The leaves are rustling brown  
About the vacant nests;

The partridge drums and dreams  
Within the chilly wold;  
The silent woodland seems  
A monotone of gold.

A sad sweet beauty lurks  
Upon the lonely hill;  
And silver sleep the birks  
Within the silver rill.

Though flowers droop and die,  
And softly pass away,  
Deep in my bosom I  
Am joyful as the May;

For though the weary dove  
Departs on saddened wing,  
I know the smile of love,  
That makes it always spring.

## How I Would Paint a Bar-room.

[Composition read before the Steuben County Good Templar Convention by M. W. Drew, of Hornellville, N. Y.]

If I had the adorning of a bar-room, it should be done somewhat on this wise: On one side I would paint, "Death on the Pale Horse," his arm-wielding the thunderbolt to the fiery hoofs of his flying steed, treading down everything fair and lovely; the Garden of Eden before him; a blackened waste behind him. On the other side I would draw the picture of a wretched hovel—once a happy home; the roof broken in; the windows stuffed with rags; in the doorway a weeping wife with ragged children clinging to her skirts, piteously beseeching her for bread. In the distance should be seen the once happy husband and father, now a reeling drunkard, on his way from the village tavern to the hut he calls home.

Back of the bar, in full view of the bloated creatures that stand with the cup to their lips, I would paint a company of demons in the death-dance of flames of alcohol, and over it I would write in lurid letters, "Moderate drinking lights the flame that burns to the lowest hell."

Opposite the bar should be a lonely and dishonoured grave; a lightning-blasted tree should stretch its leafless branches over it; and on some withered bough should perch the melancholy owl, hooting to the wintry moon. At the foot of the grave should kneel the angel of mercy, with hands and eyes upraised to the pitying heavens, and at the head of the grave should be the angel of justice, carving, with stern, relentless hands, upon the tombstone these fearful words of doom: "No Drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God."

In the intervening spaces I would have here a grinning skeleton, and there a broken heart, a shattered hour-glass, a stranded boat, a torch extinguished in blackness of darkness; while from over the doorway and from the ceiling should look down all kinds of woeful human faces; pale, imploring, wrathful, deadly, despairing. The walls of the room should be shrouded in sackcloth, and the floor covered with ashes, and wreathed in weeping willow and gloomy cypress, while all the vessels that held the damning fluid should be black—black as the gates of doom.

Then I would call the rum-seller, if he would, to take his place behind the bar, and though a few besotted wretches, hardened in sin, might stagger up to the bar and drink defiance to their fate, yet should I hope that the young—the pride of mothers, and the light of homes—might turn away as though they had caught a glimpse of the infernal world.

## On the Tow-Path.

THERE are tracks on the tow-path as inspiring as the "foot-prints on the sands of time." In this over-ambitious age, where the pace is so fatal, the tow-path is a better place to look for stimulation than "the sands of time."

Ever since Garfield trotted along it to the White House, the narrow tow-path is regarded by the wise with more favour than any broad track, where success is won by brilliant spurts. What the boys need to be taught is how to trudge rather than how to run, and how to drudge instead of how to speculate.

Such teaching as that of the following illustration of what industry and persistence will do in the way of hoisting a boy up, is just the lesson needed by youth:—

In the summer of 1836, a barefooted boy was on his way to Honesdale, walking on the tow path of the Delaware and Hudson Canal. When four miles from Port Jervis, and still forty miles from his destination, he was overtaken by a canal-boat. He was asked to jump on board and ride, which he did. On the boat was a Scotch family, just landed in America, who were on their way to the Pennsylvania coal-fields.

One of its members was a lad, eleven years old—the same age as the young pedestrian. A strong friendship grew up between the two boys by the time they reached Honesdale.

The Scotch family went on to Carbondale, the centre of the Lackawanna coal-field. The boy who had been given the ride on the boat obtained employment on the canal.

The Scotch boy, his friend, worked in the mines a short time as mule-driver. Both he and the former barefooted boy rose in the company's service.

The Scotch lad of forty-seven years ago is Thos. Dickson, president of the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company. His friend, the other youth, is Colonel T. Young, general manager of the company, and president of the Albany and Susquehanna Railroad,

which is controlled by the company.—*Buffalo Courier.*

## Wonders of Peru.

WITH a territory eight times as large as England, Peru has a smaller population than that of Switzerland—only two millions and a half of people to an area of four hundred thousand square miles. The climate is described as delightful. At Lima the sun is scarcely ever hidden by clouds for a day throughout the whole year. The so-called winter season is like an English spring. At Moyobamba the only unprosperous members of the population are the doctors; the one resident doctor on the sierra depends for a living on a salary from the tax on spirits and the tolls on a bridge. Among the Indians, cases of almost incredible longevity are recorded.

Horses, mules, sheep—llamas, vicuñas, alpacas, etc.—deer, and rabbits, abound. Birds range from the condor to the smallest peewit. Codfish ten feet long are found in the Marañon; the sea-cow yields a pork-like flesh, very good when made into sausages; there is a sort of crab of which the Peruvians make excellent dishes; and the beaches of the great rivers may often be seen covered with turtle.

Orange trees bloom all the year round; the grape-vine bears three crops a year; pine-apples grow to the weight of twenty pounds. Nearly all the European vegetables thrive well. The wonderful "cow-tree," standing from one hundred and eighty to two hundred feet high, and measuring twenty feet in circumference, yields not only a palatable fruit, but a milk of the consistency of cream, used for tea, coffee, and custards. As for the flowers, it is sufficient to say, on the authority of Humboldt, that the entire life of a painter would be too short to delineate all the magnificent orchids alone, and that certain of them—like the well-known *Odontoglossum*—are in perennial bloom.

A PUPIL gives us the following insight into the precise appearance of the beings of the future world: "An angel is two lines which intend to meet," in response to the question: "What is an angel?"