

The Family.

ABOVE AND BELOW.

THE wonderful, woful city
Below my window lies,
And a rush of love and pity
Beholds my gazing eyes.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

SUMMER AND ITS CHANGES.

BY REV. JOHN HALL, D.D., LL.D.

The following wise words may be a little out
of season in the early days of September, but they
will do to cut out and put away for the holiday
time next year.—[Ed.]

them. We got out of the way of corresponding."
Go and see them. It may save you a world of
trouble, my dear sir, when you are making your
will to know your own flesh and blood, too proud
and self-respecting, perhaps, to make up to you, lest
they should be thought to be courting your wealth.

There are fathers and mothers who work hard six
days of the week, beginning early and closing late, and
who, in consequence, see little of their children,
too little of even one another. The young ones
are away at school, more or less; they go early to
bed, the office hours of father, the home duties of
mother, keep them on the stretch, and the young
ones see but little of them in the natural relaxed
condition.

And you, weary men and women! to whom the
summer is joyous in prospect, not for its flowers,
or its freshness, but for its rest, let a word be spoken
to you. Do not think of rest as vacancy, idleness,
absolute doing of nothing. No real rest is tasted
where

Stretched on the rack of a too easy chair
You with an everlasting yawn confess
The pains and penalties of idleness.

One set of faculties has been on the stretch. Let
them rest. Get the others into motion. Exercise
them. You were always writing. Now read. You
were imprisoned in an office. Now walk, climb,
swim. You were always in a crowd. Now cultivate
solitude. You were always giving out to others.
Now take in for yourself.

To the boys and girls I will not venture to make
suggestions. They know all these things better
than I do. They can find, or make, pleasures any-
where. They do not want dictation. The free lom
of their life now is the "sun" of it. If they choose to
run races, to fly kites, to play ball in any of its
forms, why, let them! They, of course, know
best. I will not presume to prescribe. Is not
school over? Is not this vacation?

HAMMOCKS.

She might "a" braided two rugs in the time
she left Jan on her back and stared up into a
tree. This was the criticism made against a lady
summer boarder, who had taken her hammock
with her into a rural district not familiar with the
use.

overwork which we have inherited from our fathers
and mothers, and of whom, after all, the old lady
was only a somewhat exaggerated representative.

The hammock is a great help in the matter of
rest. The brain-worker may get one kind of rest
he needs in the fatigues of hunting, or walking in
the mountains, or travelling amid new scenes. Yet
even such as he need to unite with it more or less
of passive rest.

A hammock hung in the house is well; hung in
a veranda is vastly better, but one hung beneath
the wide-spreading branches of a tree is the perfect
thing. There let the occupant close his eyes and
go to sleep, if he feel like it, or watch the swallows
swooping through the air, or the birds hopping
from bough to bough above him, or the kaleidoscope
of clouds, or the sublime blue. This repeated daily,
he will find better than all medicine.—Selected.

ABSTINENCE ONLY EFFECTUAL.

BY REV. CANON FARRAR.

AND if you are not indifferent, what can you
do? Be temperate? My brethren, I should not
think that worth saying to you; I should not have
been asked to come 400 miles to tell you that. In
this particular struggle, temperance is worth no-
thing. Temperate, of course you are temperate,
if you be even gentlemen. No Christian, I hope,
would feel a spark of pride in saying that he did
not know what intoxication was. It was no matter
of pride for a man to be able to say that he was
not, by greedy drinking, reducing himself to bestial
degradation. No! I come to ask you for some-
thing much more. I come to plead with you for a
perfect, a certain, a final remedy. I come to ask
you to take stronger part in that struggle, which,
even the calm, wise voice of Richard Cobden told
us years ago lies at the basis of all moral and social
reform. It may not be (we will suppose) your indi-
vidual duty to take part in this particular effort. I
condemn no man. I judge no man. Never against
even publicans or gin distillers, have I or will I utter
a single word. But this I say, that, except by total
abstinence, you will, in this crisis do no real ab-
iding good. Some of you will be ministers. Many
of you are fathers; many of you are Sabbath-
school teachers. If you take your wine, or your
whiskey, because you like it, or because you need
it, your people, your sons and daughters, the poor
children whom you teach, will do so likewise, and
many of them by a natural inevitable consequence
—a consequence which is purely physical as well
as moral in its awful character, will do so to excess,
and say to you

But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Point us the steep and thorny path to heaven,
While, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own robe.

If you, for your own pleasure, or your own fancied
thrill, will row about above the rapids, you may be
thruddled too late by their shriek of anguish, but
think not that they will heed your voice before-
hand, when it warns them lest they be swept over
the leaping cataract. "Then" (in the Pilgrim's
Progress) "Christian called to Demas, saying 'is
not the place dangerous?' 'Not very dangerous,'
said Demas; 'except to those that are careless.'
But wistful he blushed as he spoke."

Consider then, my brethren, whether God calls
you or not to help in removing from your country
its deadliest curse; but this I say to you, that if
He does you can only do it effectually by being a
total abstinence. Now, those who argue that a man
in favour of that which he likes, in favour of a
pleasant custom, in favour of a popular practice,
argues with him in short-hand, but he who would
run counter to vulgar customs, he who is not afraid
"to smite the hoary head of inveterate abuse,"
must be prepared to face at the first stage violence,
at the second ridicule, and at the third, for we
have already stormed those two redoubts, the heap-
ed fascines of plausible objections. We are told
forthwith that total abstinence is morose, and it is
Manichæan, that it trenches on the province of the
baptismal vow, that it invades the true functions of
the Church, that it is a violation of the Scripture.
These cobwebs of miserable sophistry, had time
permitted, I would have, gladly swept away.

WHAT IT WAS THAT AILED BERT.

I WAS sitting, not long ago, on the colonnade of
the beautiful Hotel Schweizerhof, at Lucerne,
looking across the esplanade that faces the Lake
of the Four Cantons, and watching the sun sloping
westward behind Mont "Pilatus with his windy
pines." My attention was arrested by the ques-
tion of a ten-year-old boy, the son of a friend, who
had only that day arrived from Zurich: "Mother,
what is the matter with Bert? This is the first
time I have seen him cry since we left New York;
he has been wiping his eyes for the last ten minutes,
but I can't get him to tell me what he is crying for."

While we were speaking, Bert came walking
along the colonnade, with the trace of recent tears
still in his reddened eyes. He was a beautiful boy
of eight or nine, with one of the gladdest, and at
the same time most sympathetic, faces I ever saw;
so that it was a little curious to see that sunny
brow clouded. His mother's party and ours were
traveling together, and he had crossed the ocean
with us; and I used to be constantly struck with
the joyous nature of the child, which could yet be
so disturbed at witnessing pain or distress in
another. I remember how he was moved at seeing,
among the steerage passengers, a sick child, who
lay on a pillow all day, on the lower deck. I do
not think a single day passed in which Bert did not
save some delicacy from the table to carry to this
little fellow-passenger; and as oranges on ship-

board are always to be had for the asking, he was
constantly after the head-steward to get an orange
for his little patient.

"Why, my boy," said Mrs. Grant, drawing Bert
tenderly towards her, "Vincent tells me that some-
thing has worried you. Have you met a lame boy
for whom you had no oranges, or couldn't you find
any bouquet for the sick baby the *bonne* is hauling
along the esplanade? Never mind; we'll have
them yet."

Bert's face reddened a little as he lifted it from
his mother's lap, and his great blue eyes looked as
liquid as the lake before us.

"It's nothing of that sort at all, I can get
oranges and bouquets, and I can make the frau
understand just how many apricots I want, and
how many kreutzers I must give for them. But,
mother, you and auntie just come with me, and I'll
show you what's the matter."

Mrs. Grant, Vincent, and I accordingly followed
our little guide. We soon came out upon a little
grassy park, and, crossing it, found ourselves within
a small grove, which was terminated on one side
by a rampart of rocks a hundred feet high at the
tallest point. The face of the rock was tawny-
coloured, and for fifty yards, or thereabouts, was
bare and smooth, but marked with natural fissures
and fractures. At its base there was a pretty
miniature lakelet, surrounded by an iron railing;
and in front of this railing were several rows of
seats, under the thick, cool green of the grove.

On one of these iron benches Bert had us com-
fortably seated almost before we had time to look
around. When we did, there confronting us, in a
niche of the rock, lay, in all the heroic dignity of
his silent, agonizing, yet resigned pain, Thorwald-
sen's splendid piece of sculpture—The Lion of
Lucerne!

I think I need scarcely tell my readers what this
most masterly group is intended to commemorate.
But lest there should be a boy here or there who
does not remember it, I will remind him that it is
in memory of the noble Swiss Guard, who perished,
almost to a man, in protecting Louis XVI. at the
beginning of the French Revolution. They suffered
themselves to be shot down in cold blood, rather
than prove false to a soldier's oath of honour. Above
the niche is cut, in large letters:

"HELVETIORUM FIDELI AC VIRTUTI."

("To the Fidelity and Bravery of the Swiss.")

Below is the list of those who perished. Mortal
anguish, agony unto death, which yet wrung forth
no groan; pain, of which no language would give
any idea—were never more finely wrought in stone.
The figure is above life-size, but did not appear so,
seen from where we were sitting. The niche seems
the natural lair of the lion, and the colour of the
rock is its exact tawny hue. The spear-head has
entered the victim's heart, and the broken spike
protrudes from his side. The expression of the
drawn brows, of the tense nostrils, of the gasping
mouth, of the contracted paws, conveys such an
idea of the utmost intensity of suffering, that for
relief one is obliged to turn away. Yet, in the
midst of all this anguish, the lion's paw protects
the shield of France, on which we see the *leur de
lis*, its national emblem. Such extremity of dumb
suffering! Such despairing agony! One feels like
diving across the smooth pool, and making an
attempt to extract the broken spear.

We sat silently gazing, without so much as look-
ing at one another; and without exactly knowing
what I was doing, I found my handkerchief at my
eyes. A white-haired gentleman sat near me, with
his gaze steadily fixed on the lion, and the tears
quietly trickling down his cheeks. I looked about
to see what Vincent was doing. He had deliber-
ately squared his back to the pathetic group, and
was winking very hard, with both his hands in his
pockets, evidently resolved that he would show no
handkerchief. Mrs. Grant's eyes were certainly a
little filmy as Bert came up to her, his face all
flushed with an emotion he was trying hard to
master, and his blue eyes glistening with tears
which he was determined should not fall; and he
said, with a voice that would falter in spite of him-
self, "Mother, now you know what's the matter
with me."—S. S. Times.

LEFT BEHIND.

A SCOTCH writer who recently described a visit
which he had made to the large publishing estab-
lishment of the Chambers Brothers in Edinburgh,
states that on leaving the house, he was accosted
by a wretched, bloated tatterdemalion, who asked
for alms.

On receiving it, he burst into a chuckle.

"An' that gran' house is Willie Chamer's, heh?
Ye'll no believe that I came from Peebles w' him;
two boys together, an' lodged w' him at
twidow's in the West Port?"

"Why did you part company?"

"The man was thoughtful.

"Weel, Willie took a contract to work fifteen
hours' for four shillin' the week, an' he laid by
money. I could hae no patience w' such doings,
sa' he took ane gate, and ane anither."

A flash of humour lightened his bleared eye as
he added—

"An' ther he is, an' here am I!"

A German poet likens the life of a young man to
a great tract of country in which lie two paths,
which, at a certain point, separate, at first by a
hair line, then by inches, diverging faster and
wider, until one ends in heaven and one in hell.

Not every ruined man can look back to the
exact point, like the poor Scotchman, where he
lost the right road, for, in a long course of ill-doing,
right seems wrong, and wrong right. But at the
time he knew it.

There is a famous picture of the wise men of the
East on their way to Bethlehem. The sun has
sunk below the horizon, and darkness rests upon
the desert save for the shining of the miraculous
star. By its light are dimly seen three figures on
camels, journeying towards it across the waste of
sand. In an oasis beneath the shade of a palm-
tree, stands a camel, while its rider, stretched
lazily on the grass, waves a farewell to his comrades.

That rider has been left behind.
There is no warranty in history for this signifi-
cant figure, but it has its likeness in almost every
community and family. There is nothing more
pathetic in life than the story of the man who
grows tired following the spiritual light which
God has given us, across a dreary waste of days, full
of discomfort, care, labour, and perhaps suffering.
He comes to some pleasant little oasis, and stops.
He chooses the real tree and fountain and strip
of shade; let others follow a visionary star if they
will!

The tree withers, and the spring dries away. But
after the long journey and the desert, the star leads
the faithful travellers to the Giver of all truth and life.

"If ye continue, . . . ye shall know the truth,
and the truth shall make you free."—*Youth's Com-
panion.*