The Family.

ABOVE AND BELOW.

THE wonderful, woful city liclow my window lies. And a rush of love and pity Belevis my girleg eyes :

Under the budding tree-tops, The grass is green and sweet,
And the broad path through is troiden
By a thousand hurrying feet.

tor every man and woman That treads that granite stair, I think, "I too am human: I too know want and care."

And my heart goes out like a river. To reach its k intred sea; For the sad, and glad, and lonely, Are each akin to me.

I know the heart of the mother, Wh so deep eyes mourn her child, I know the J y of the maiden With spirit-love be unled;

I feel in my soul the silence That speaks a man's despoir, And the child's abounding gladness Still finds an echo there,

I am glad it is almost over, Almost all done f r me.
That the pain of loved and lover
Is passed to history.

That life has come and tried me, That living is not begun : That the doubtful, anxious morning Yields to the setting sun.

But out of pain and passion,
Dead as the street's gray dust,
tlas sprung a bloom eternal
Of steady hope and trust.

And my heart speaks in its longing Damb to the throngs below,— "O weary men and brothers, Look up from want and woe!

Look to the heaven above you, There in his holy place, The Father looketh downward, With tender, pitying grace.

"There stands the Man of Sorrows, Who suffered even as you; With hurger, pain, and thwarted love He fought, and conquered, too.

"He knows the strong, sad crying, Of every human heart; In every mortal anguish The Master had His part.

"Look up with you, my brothers, fle stemmed the flood abreast; Come unto Me, our Brother saith, 'And I will give you rest,'-

"Rest for the sad and lonely, Rest for the weavy brain; Lift up your eyes! Laft up your hearts! "He hath not died in vain."

ROSP TERRY COOKE. Leoking down on the Common,

Boston, April 29, 1886.

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SUMMER AND ITS CHANGES.

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

17THE 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.]

Like, all other seasons summer is variously reto protect which from the too ardent heat the gentle rains control than a control to the sains control to the sain on; the evening are; sowe to others, when the thermoments is, in, "the pinetica," and there is no corn near, except in the ladies hats, there is something more real in the experience in Sydney Smith, as Lady Holland reports him, when his unconventional language was it Heat, malam, it was so dreadful here that I found! there was in othing defts for rit but to take off

my floon, and sit in my borgs,? ...

Summer, like, seyeral, other, things, is more developed, in America, than, in Europe—that is, all but the southern part of R. A warm night there is dinusual, and even a day disagreeably warm throughout is far from common. The will the is cool and pleasant and long. It is different here. The warmth comes early and comes to stay in our great cities: and inver much pf-the gountry ... No wonder there and other anean properties, the pupulation should migrate that a certain properties, of the pupulation should nigrate that the swallows, but in the opnosite dispertion. This migration implies a certain freedom dut enjoyed in the winter. Schools are Closed differ with all knowledges are crowded with business. Social singuishments from interrupted, heart inioned fandiesisone bras popald water after instances, are wholly ar nativally relieved from segular duty. There are traductory of the question who is to do with yourself, in the summer? "We offer a few hints—not we hope quite form in the little of the control of the control

Let as bellig with the class that has the tones himitations: gentlemen thinthave no growing chile drea, not to speak of vives whose health and leanes dreh, not to apeak of wives whose shell hand kantee the process of the process of

lytinemseilfe bild werzamydienum ik eine eWin nWo are members marrow but of homostyre in the control of the cont went abere long ago; bandidinit kabu much shout and so had an income. She cheerfelly ment so sensible and liberal could surely not be

intolerant

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. They are poorer than you, perhaps. Never mind that. It may do you good to see what you would still be, but for gentle forces outside yourself. You may possibly see ways in which you could, without sacrince, add to their happiness. You may even discover virtues and graces to which you, my dear madam, in a more showy and less sincere society, have become a stranger. Go and visit your kindred and see how they do.

have become a stranger. Go and visit your kindred and see how they do.

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. Unless your doctor has very earnestly prescribed a particular place fo, little Charlie, whose chest is delicate, or your route is otherwise limited, chest is delicate, or your route is otherwise limited, go to some place, a countryvillage, a pleasant farm, where the young ones and you can live together and make one another's acquaintance, where you can see fom, and Harry, and Jennie without their school tasks weighing on their minds, where they can see you with the wrinkles out of your brows, can see you with the wrinkles out of your brows, the light of real nature in your eyes, and with the capacity to make and enjoy a simple joke or an honest laugh. Leave new gloves, the latest fashions, company manners, and visiting cards behird, and lie on the grass, live in the fields, walk round the lake, climb a hill, run a race with the children. You will get a little summer in your memory that you can carry on through the autumn, perhaps into the winter of life; and as for the boys and girls, who will come to really know you, they will lay up stores, and, when their time of burdens comes, will look back and talk of look back and talk of

"Sweet childish days, that were as long As twenty days are now;"

and see your faces and hear your laughs among the common noises and sordid struggles of their prosaic present.

Young men and maidens who can choose your summer haunts, who have lived the winter through in show and "acciety," if you mean to keep on this line—only in other places—during the months of others' rest and recreation, we have nothing to say to you. There are some places—ten or twelve—where sections of our great cities' artificial life are produced.

Please you releas. "There's a small choice where sections of our great cities artificial life are produced. Please yourselves. "There's a small choice in rotten apples," says Mr. William Shakespeare. But if you wish to be happy, free, healthy, 'get away at least a hundred miles from these seaside suburbs. Go to quiet country places. "God made the country and man made the town." Learn to live without the currency of compliments, the ministry of 'modistes, the flutter of fashion. Be friends a while with pure e I honest na'ure! Learn to make out 'resource, within yourselves. friends a while with pure a I honest nature Learn to make out resource, within; yourselves. Touch the real life of your fellow-creatures as it is lived in the quiet places of the earth. If you see straitened circumstances, necessarysacrifices, painful limitations, it will do you good. You will see beside—and often with—these heroic control simple faith, unselfish devotion. You will leave that life is real, and be the gainer not early of strength of body, but of that rare possession; health of mind and soundness of heart.

of mind and soundness of heart.

And you, weary men and women I 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 inotion. Exercise them. You were always writing. Now read. You were imprisoned in an office. Now walk, climb,

suggestions. They know all these things better than I do. They can find, or make, pleasures anywhere. They do not want dictation. The free lom of their life now is the "fun" 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?

But if anyone did ask a suggestion, it would be easy to say :- There are new forms of life about you now. Listen to their language. There are living things-not pet dogs, but free, unfettered creatures, high and low, tame and wild. Your Father made them all. Get mental photographs of them. day may come when in a narrow room and a narrow life these "treasures of memory" will be worth a thousand fold their original cost. But it is time to atop. The writer was born among rolling hills. Later the acquaintance of mountains was made—and enjoyed. Then came years when they towered daily under his eye over the roofs and factory chimneys of dusty cities. Brown-stone is excellent, fixed up with eight or ten regular rectangles of glass, and sixty uniform houses to a street-level, but a little dirty; but, then, one can carry through it the memory of hill and stream, a panorama which breaks for the while the dull monotony, any with pictures painted by the hand of the Creator.

. J. ₹13£. наммоску.

halis, and braided two rugs in the time angle jest han on her back and stared up into a tree. This was the criticism made against a lady summer bharder, who nad taken her hammock with her live a fural district not familiar withits use. 11th The indigitant speaker was an over-thrifty holise, wife, whose sides of time was that every manapt must, be transmuted into solid work, and that apare minutes between cooking, scouring, washing, froning, milking, churning, bringing up, and sending children out West, must go into rugs, and alle was then at work on her one hundred and signythird real! The hammock, however, de-fended itself(1sp) the igood it quietly did, and the less spaces a dozes of them a rung there. In this land and day we hardly need to put in a

ples for periods of downight, rest. The competi-tions of business, the demands of home-life, the exactions of society, the excitements of pleasure, the appeals of benevolence, the calls of duty, and the friction spectrum; spirits, twoligh the daily press of the world-wide movements of the age, combine save some delicacy from the table to carry to this and the truth shall make you free."— Youth's Com-

ar name for five cents a day

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 units with it more or less of passive rest.

los fariles rest.

But to another class—jaded teachers, exhausted housewives, and all who have worked right along with some bodily weakness or chronic ailment, which medicine did'nt help, or which hardly seemed worthy a physician's attention—"jest laying on her back and staring up in a tree" may prove the very luxury of rest, a luxury that can be freely indulged in only with benefit. The mental repose in the case tells directly and indirectly on every nervecentro in the system. The posture adds greatly to its value, resting every muscle and fibre of the its value, resting every muscle and filtro of the body, and even the internal organs by relieving their points of tension.

their points of tension.

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 occupint close his eyes and go to sleep, if he feel like ii, or watch the swallows swonping 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 nothing. 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 something 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 individual 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 assingle word. But this I say, that, except by total abstinence, you will, in this crisis do no real abiding good. Some of you will be ministers. Many of you are fathers; many of you are Sabbathschool 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, which is purely physical as well -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 pull d and reckless lib rtine,
Himself the primrise path of dilliance treads,
And recks not his own robe."

If you, for your own pleasure, or your own fancied at you, for your own pleasure, or your own fanced need, will row about above the rapids, you may be thrilled too late by their shrick of angulsh, but think not that they will heed your voice beforehand, when it warns them lest they be awept 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 withal he blushed as he snake." But withal he blushed as he spake."

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 abstainer. Now, those who argue that a man in favour of that which he likes, in favour of a pluasant custom, in favour of a popular practice, argues with him in shorthand, but he who would run counter to vulgar customs, he who is not affaid 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 heaped fascines of plausible objectors. We are told forsooth that total abstinence is morose, and it is Manichen, 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 Your Cantons, and warching the sun aloping westward behind Mont "Pilatus with his windy My attention was arrested by the question 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."
"I'll tell you," I said, in reply to his interrogation, " and save your mother the trouble of an answer. I saw him go down the street just now, and stop at the fruit stall of the old frau who sells apricots. Of course, he could not make her understand a word, as he isn't well up in German, and d think it is likely he got cheated, and paid three prices for his fruit; probably he is mourning over

his lost pocket-money."
"I know that's not it," said Vincent. "He has been with the Taylor boys sight-seeing, and some-

thing has upset him, I don't know what,"
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 couded. 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 pilluw all day, on the lower deck. I do not think a single day passed in which Bert did not

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

constantly alter 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 something has worried you. Have you met a lame hoy for whom you had no oranges, or couldn't you find any bouquet for the sick baby the bonne is hauling along the explanade? Never mind; we'll have then

them yet."

Bert's faco reddened a little as he lifted it from

his mother's tap, 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 kreuters 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 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 there-abouts, 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 comfortably seated almost before we had time to look

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, Thorwaladen's splendid piece of sculpture—The Lion of

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 cald blood salves. 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 FIDEL 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 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 name, conveys such an 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 fleur de les, its national emblem. Such extremity of dumb suffering! Such despairing agony! One feels like diving accross the smooth pool, and making an attempt to extract the broken spear.

We sat silently gazing, without so much as looking at one another; and without exactly knowing what I was doing, I found my lianderchief 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 deliberately squared his back to the pathetic group, and was winking very hard, with hoth his hands in his 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 hankerchief. 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 tall; and he said with a core that would falter in this of him. 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.

LEPT BEHIND.

A Scorcit 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

On receiving it, he burst into a chuckle. "An' that gran' house is Willie Chaumers', heh? Ye'll no believe that I came from Peebles wi' him, twa boys thegether, an' lodged wi' him at the widow'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 faid by money. I could has no patience wi' such doings, san he took ane gate, and me 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 Bast 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 palmtree, 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 significant 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 rows tired following the spiritual light which God has given us, across a dreaty 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

.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,