

"I've had more than sleep," he answered with the same joyous note in his voice. "I've been there, and—the time's not yet."

The terror deepened in his wife's eyes; he stretched out his hand and she laid hers upon it, to find it cool and quiet.

"It's all right, dearest," he said, reassuringly. "The time's not yet. I've been down in the Valley of the Shadow and seen the other side. It is good. I shall never be afraid again."

Cornelius Breck rose from his sick bed, and once more took his place in the world of men. But a change was seen in him, a depth seemed to have been added to his fine nature, an earnestness of purpose, a quiet glorying in the avowedly religious life. And with it all a joyousness that his young manhood had strangely lacked.

He lived to be an old man and his last days were better than his first.

OUR OCTOBER WOODS.

Exquisite as are these October days of sunshine and rich coloring, perhaps we should tire of them if they were long continued. The very gorgeousness of the effects would, no doubt, ere long pall upon the eye, which never wearies of the more restful green of the summer woods. As it is, we feel that it is the short-lived beauty of a transient stage, and value it accordingly. Then there is the touch of a pathos which invests the dying glories of the summer with a sorrowful air, even to not over-sensitive minds. The withering of the flower, the fading of the leaf, are too suggestive of the transitory nature of all earthly delights. Happy they whose happiness stands on the firmer basis which "abideth forever!"

Yet, if it is a foreshadowing of that one event which awaits all that is fairest and sweetest here below, this autumn season suggests also the complimentary truth that through death ever comes life, fast following behind. It is the germinant bud of next year which is pushing off this summer's faded leaf; and nothing can be more interesting than to note how mother nature, even in the season of general death, is busily preparing and nourishing the full tide of life that will burst in with the coming spring. The falling acorn bears the germ that, with favoring conditions, will in a few months be a tiny sprouting oak. Under the soft mould wait the myriads of seeds and rootlets that are ere long to clothe the earth with a fresh mantle of verdure; and the brown leaves that seem to flutter sadly and reluctantly down, when even their autumn glory is over and drear November is at hand, are converted by nature's tender care into a soft and close mantle to protect from the wintry frosts the delicate flower which will be the glory of the spring! And so, even the always saddening season of nature's decay becomes a parable of resurrection to comfort hearts that suffer from a sense of far heavier loss; and that includes nearly all—does it not? — A. M. Machar, Kingston.

The earthly trials that come to us are God's means of securing our heavenly joy. They lie upon the road we have to travel, and they help us forward. As means of sanctification they make us "meet for the inheritance." If Christ prepares mansions for his people, it is by preparing them for the mansions. The affliction with the weight of glory, but it actually worketh that very glory, and secures it. It holds a chief place among the "all things" that work together for good. Sunday at Home.

So if thou be a walker with God, it will appear in the relations wherein thou standest; for grace makes a good husband, a good wife, a good master, a good servant.—Thomas Boston.

Everybody expects the preacher to pray for the people; but few expect the people to pray for the preacher.

A SONG OF HARVEST TIME.

Come to the meadows with me, dearie—
Come to the meadows and see, dearie—
The little green leaves have all turned red;

The autumn is here and the summer is dead;
The goldenrod's in the rose's stead—
And the harvest's for thee and for me, dearie.

Run to the orchard and stay, dearie—
The blossoms that bloomed in May, dearie—

The magic of fall
Has turned them all
Into fruit, to be gathered away, dearie.

The birds have flown to the eaves dearie—

The trees have been robbed of their leaves, dearie—

The seed that was sown
Has grown and grown,
And the grain has been piled into sheaves, dearie.

Come gather it, all you can hold, dearie—

The harvest's grain is God's gold, dearie—

The squirrel has stored his nuts in the tree—

And someone is coming—oh, who can it be?

The little wind told me—I'll tell it to thee—

'Tis winter—he's bringing the cold, dearie.

—Frank H. Sweet, in *The Interior*.

HAVE A HOME OF YOUR OWN.

They are a wise young man and woman who start out in their married life in a home of their own in some place where they will have green grass about their house, even if it is only a few feet. It makes no difference how humble or how modest the house may be. The smallest box of a house with a plot of green, is a temple of common-sense compared to the finest "flat" or "boarding-house" in the city. If there is anything appropriate in this life. It is that young people should live somewhere where each day they can see their own unfolding lives reflected in the unfolding workings of nature. There is no beginning, in the home sense, to a young married life so true, so wise, so lasting and so satisfactory as that. No life in a city is comparable with that which is lived in a small house with green things growing over and around it where God's pure sunshine bathes and sweetens every side of the house during the day, and where the surest life-giving odors that God gives to His children, the odors of soil and growing things are blown into the house while we sleep.—Ladies' Home Journal.

WHAT HAPPENED TO BETTY'S SHOE.

By Louis M. Oglevee.

Right in the toe of Betty's shoe there was a hole, a big round hole. Betty was very sorry, for the shoes were almost new, and mother had said they must last all summer. Now one must go to the shoemaker and get a patch, and Betty did not like patched shoes for best.

Father was telling a story, so Betty put her shoe up in the vine that climbed over the porch, and by the time the story was finished she was so sleepy that she went off to bed, forgetting all about her shoe.

As soon as she thought about it the next morning she ran out to get it, but when she put up her hand to take it, "whirl" went something close to her face, and a tiny bird perched just above her head, chattering and scolding with all its might.

"That little wren must be building a nest in your shoe," said mother; and, sure enough, that is just what had happened. The birds had not minded the hole at all. They had just filled up the toe of the shoe, and they had worked so hard that the nest was nearly done.

THE WISE MOTHER

DOCTORS BABY WISELY.

Nowadays wise mothers do not dose their children with nauseous, griping castor-oil or purgatives, nor do they give them poisonous opiates in the form of soothing medicines. Baby's Own Tablets take the place of these harsh and dangerous drugs, and the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that the Tablets are absolutely safe, and will cure all stomach and bowel troubles, destroy worms, break up colds and make teething easy. Mrs. Thos. Craft, Binscarth, Man., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation and teething troubles, and do not know of any other medicine that can equal them. They are always satisfactory in their results." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

"It seems too bad to spoil the new home," said mother, and at the very thought of it Betty's eyes filled with tears. She sat down on the step at the other end of the porch to decide what to do; and after scolding a few minutes more, the wrens went on with their nest-building, watching the little girl, however, out of their sharp black eyes.

By the time that mother called her to go to the store for her on an errand, Betty had made up her mind about the wrens. "They can keep my shoe," she said.

In a few minutes she hurried off to the store, with a shoe on one foot and an old rubber overshoe on the other. "What's the matter, Betty? a sore foot?" asked the storekeeper, kindly.

The little girl shook her head. "The wrens have my other shoe," she said.

"The wrens!" cried the puzzled storekeeper; and then she told him all about it.

"Well, well, well," he said. "Of course the birds must keep the shoe, and I'll come around and have a look at them one of these days."

Betty greatly enjoyed watching the birds all that day, but she could not help wondering what all the other children would say when she came walking into Sunday school the next morning with only one shoe.

That evening, when she went out for a last peep at the wrens, she found a package hung on the vines, not far from her shoe. "For Betty, from the birds," read mother when she looked at the card tied to the package, and when Betty untied the string out tumbled a pair of bright, shiny new shoes.

So Betty had two shoes to wear to Sunday school (and not patched ones, either), and the little wren family lived happily in her old shoe, till the wrens flew away to get homes of their own.

She always suspected that the storekeeper knew something about the new shoes, but when she asked him he only laughed and said, "Ask the wrens," and of course the wrens never told.

THE COURTESY OF FRENCH CHILDREN.

I found an appeal to the chivalry, to the grace of manner, to courtesy, never made in vain in France from the top to the bottom of society. One day, while making some sketches in the street, I was surrounded by a number of interested children; they kept dancing in front of me in their enthusiasm, getting finally very much in my way. I addressed a little fellow, who seemed to be a ringleader, saying: "Hélas! ou est votre politesse Française?" He looked at me, then, with a mocking little grin, he planted himself in front of me, flapping his arms in a clever way like wings, shrilly shouting: "O, Yankee doodle do!" I was thoroughly surprised and amused when he dramatically pulled his cap over his eyes, pulled up his cape collar, and folded his arms, becoming an absurd but unmistakable image of the Little Corporal, as with bent brows he addressed his comrades:—"Boys, she is right. Fall in line! Face! March! Fall back! The French do know how to be polite." The boys all marched behind me, and not once did one boy again forget and obstruct the view.—Annie Fields Alden, in *Harper's Bazar*.