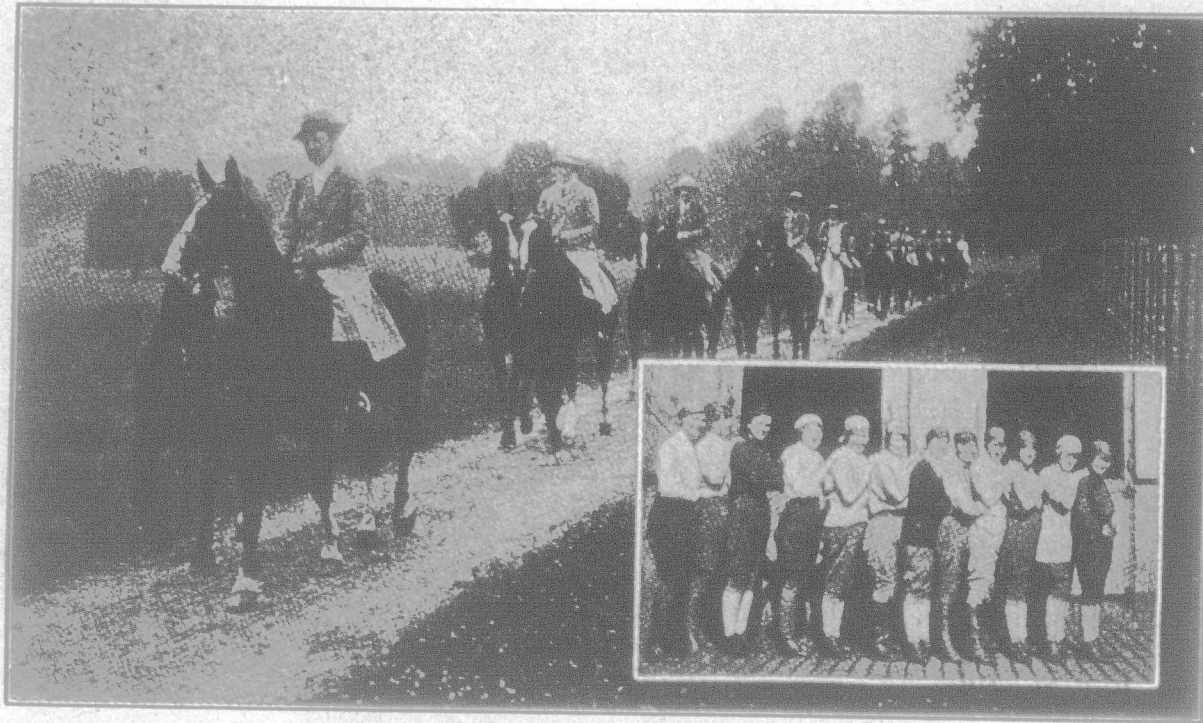




Miss Bather and Her "Lads" Exercising Horses.
Some of the stable "boys" (all girls) in the corner.

dark shadows moving among some trees a little distance from the barn. Just as it was growing dark I lighted my lanterns and with Bess to help, carried them out. I got up on a ladder and as she reached them up to me, put them at regular intervals on the top of the stockade with the faces to the road. Then Bess and I went out to look at them and we made mother come too. They were truly awful with their firey faces and long hair streaming over their heads. 'Now,' said I, 'I don't think any Indians will come here to-night.' Bess said, 'I thought you must have a reason for making so many lanterns.' Mother looked very white as she laid her hand on my arm, I felt her trembling. We led her back to the house and I again secured the door. Bess was a 'brick' and said she would keep watch with me. She took a Colt's pistol down from the wall. A pistol in those days my boys was a very different affair from the revolvers of the present day, but Bess knew how to use it. The wooden shutters were closed and barred and I went up to the loft, raised my window and listened intently. Just as the old clock downstairs had finished striking nine, I heard Jack give a low, deep growl, then all was quiet. Suddenly I heard quite plainly the guttural voices of Indians; I could only guess at the number, which I judged from the voices to be about twenty. But when the sharp turn in the road brought them in view I saw there were between twenty and thirty. As the light from the lanterns flashed on them they looked up, and seeing the hideous, grinning, firey faces that seemed to be lurking at them like demons, they gave vent simultaneously to the most blood-curdling yells and turning, ran tumbling over one another in their mad haste to get away from 'the spirit devils,' as they called them. Bess had come upstairs and we both fired at the retreating figures. It is needless to add that we were not troubled with them again that night. We heard afterwards that they could not be induced to come over that road again.

"Father got home next day, and when he heard the story was so pleased that he gave me ten acres of land to grow all the Jack o' lanterns I wanted," he said, and also promised me the next colt that Meg would have.

"Now boys, here's your mother saying that it is bedtime and my tale is finished."

"Oh grandpa, I wish we had Indians to scare with our Jack o' lanterns to-morrow," said Harry.

"Don't say that my child, you have a far safer and happier childhood than grandpa had."

To prevent rowdyism on Hallowe'en, Shelby, Ohio, last year had a Hallowe'en parade, which ended at the schoolhouse, where a "Brownie" show was given by the "littlest" children and was followed by a "circus" given by the Juniors. The amount of \$60.00 was realized and applied to buying equipment for the school.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Comrades.

Therefore let us also, seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside all cumbrance, and the sin which doth closely cling to us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the Captain and Perfecter of our faith.—Heb. 12 : 1, 2 (R. V.—margin.)

In the eleventh chapter of this Epistle a long list is given of those who have patiently and gloriously run the race set before them, of those who "out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight." Those who are still running their earthly race are encouraged to be patient and brave also, inspired by the remembrance that they are surrounded by this great cloud of witnesses. As the runner in the amphitheatre was spurred to greater efforts by the sympathy of his friends, who watched with eager interest every yard of the course, so we should rouse to greater earnestness in running the Christian race because we know our friends are intensely interested in our success.

We hear much about the marvellous cheerfulness of the wounded. I am sure the courage of those who have set a splendid example of fortitude does much to inspire their suffering comrades. The women are encouraged to bear their burden of anxiety or sorrow by the remembrance that many other women have been brave and self-forgetful. "Keep smiling!" is the world's watchword to-day; and in these years of awful suffering men and women have been

roused to greater cheerfulness than in times of peace. It is expected that every man and woman will do his or her duty, and it is realized that it is every-one's duty to help to lighten the darkness by spiritual sunshine.

But, when the hardest trial comes, a suffering soul turns for inspiration to the Great Comrade. He looks unto Jesus, the Captain. We constantly hear of the wonderful preservation of a wayside crucifix, or a crucifix in a church, while everything around it is destroyed. And we also hear how instinctively the eyes of suffering and dying men are drawn towards that Figure on the Cross. It is because He was lifted up on the Cross of shame that our Captain is drawing hearts after Him. It was because He fixed His eyes on the joy set before Him that He was able to endure the Cross and despise the shame.

To-day I passed several shops with windows gaily decorated for "Hallowe'en". It is a strange thing that so much notice is taken of the eve of All Hallows (All Saints' Day) while the day itself is forgotten by the majority of people.

So many have passed through the veil since last year. So many people, who seemed just ordinary men and women until lately, "out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight." Let us remember our comrades, especially in the season of "All Saints," and try to prove ourselves worthy of their comradeship.

Especially let us look to the Captain, Who offers to be the everyday Comrade of each of us. He stretches out His hand to help us in our feeble efforts after courage and unselfishness. Other witnesses inspire us to fight bravely, as they did, but Christ is our very life—He fights in us. They are patterns for us to copy. So is He, but He is also our Right-

eousness. Without Him we can do nothing. He is the Reward as well as the Rewarder of our faith. Looking to Him we shall gain power for the fight, win the victory and the prize of His eternal Comradeship.

Do you remember how gladiators, going into the arena to fight, lowered their swords as they passed the emperor, with the grim greeting: "Hail, Caesar! the dying salute thee!" No man can number the great company of faithful subjects of the King of Kings, who have bowed before the Captain of their salvation and saluted Him in dying.

We are their comrades and His! The thought will surely rouse us to be more worthy of the high honor. "All Saints' Day! Even we have our share in that day of comradeship. We are 'called to be saints', we are struggling on here, fighting, falling and rising again, needing help and sympathy from each other. And we must not allow the shadow of death to part us from those who have fought a good fight and finished their course.

We need the inspiration of comradeship and can't afford to let it slip. I have read that the Thebans had the wisdom to place friends side by side in battle. They knew that each man would fight better with a friend at his side. Think of those brave prisoners who have endured such hardships in Germany. Can you not imagine how much it meant to them to have friends beside them? They were not alone in the midst of foes. They had the strength of earthly fellowship and the power of the Captain's Presence. Solitary confinement would be almost unbearable, if it were not for the fact that "spirit with spirit can meet." No walls are thick enough to separate a man from his friends. Fellowship is a mysterious but mighty force. We only begin to learn something of its power when distance or death steps between us and our friends.

The Christmas parcels, which are already beginning to start on their journey across the sea, are outward visible signs of fellowship; but the spirit can lean across the ocean and find a kindred spirit somewhere in France, without any help from the post-office.

And there are others to whom no parcels are sent. Of these one has written

"We mourn—though pride is mingled with our tears—
Our best and bravest, some had made a name
In other fields, and some were new to fame,
But none had passed the springtime of their years.
A tragic waste? To these the vision came
That they should lay their lives down for their friends;
And shall not we, surviving do the same—
For selfishness and malice make amends
And live for others, when peace comes again,
As these men died? Or have they died in vain?"

Those young lives, laid down willingly for the peace of the world, were certainly not wasted. What about our lives! Are we frittering away the priceless years in selfish work or pleasure?



Part of the Timber Corps at Work.