

How the Leaves Came Down.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

I'll tell you how the leaves came down,  
The Great Tree to his children said,  
"You're getting sleepy, yellow and brown,  
Yes, very sleepy, little Red;  
It is quite time you went to bed."

"Ah!" begged each silly, pointing leaf,  
"Let us a little longer stay;  
Dear Father Tree, behold our grief;  
'Tis such a very pleasant day,  
We do not want to go away."

So just for one more merry day,  
To the Great Tree the leaflets clung,  
Frolicked and danced and had their way,  
Upon the autumn breezes swung,  
Whispering all their sports among.

"Perhaps the Great Tree will forget  
And let us stay until the spring,  
If we all beg and coax and fret."  
But the Great Tree did no such thing;  
He smiled to hear their whispering.

"Come, children, all to bed," he cried;  
And ere the leaves could urge their  
prayer,  
He shook his head, and far and wide,  
Fluttering and rustling everywhere,  
Down sped the leaflets through the air.

I saw them; on the ground they lay,  
Golden and red, a huddled swarm,  
Waiting till one from far away,  
White bed-clothes heaped upon her arm,  
Should come to wrap them safe and warm.

The great bare tree looked down and smiled,  
"Good-night, dear little leaves," he said;  
And from below each sleepy child  
Replied, "Good-night," and murmured,  
"It is so nice to go to bed."

HUNTED AND HARRIED.

A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

BY R. M. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

ONE night the usual party of friends had assembled to sup in the dwelling of Mrs. Black. It was the Sabbath. Wallace and Black had remained close all day—with the exception of an hour before daylight in the morning when they had gone out for exercise. It was one of those dreary days not unknown to Auld Reekie, which are inaugurated with a persistent drizzle, continued with a "Scotch mist," and dismissed with an even down-pour. Yet it was by no means a dismal day to our friends of Candlemaker Row. They were all more or less earnestly religious as well as intellectual, so that intercourse in reference to the things of the kingdom of God, and reading the Word, with a free and easy commentary by Mrs. Black and much acquiescence on the part of Mrs. Wallace, and occasional disputations between Andrew and Bruce, kept them lively and well employed until supper-time.

The meal had just been concluded when heavy footfalls were heard on the stair outside, and in another moment there was a violent knocking at the door. The men sprang up, and instinctively grasped the weapons that came first to hand. Wallace seized the poker—a new and heavy one—Andrew the shovel, and Jock Bruce the tongs, while Ramblin' Peter possessed himself of a stout rolling-pin. Placing themselves hastily in front of the women, who had drawn together and retreated to a corner, they stood on the defensive, while Mrs. Black demanded to know who knocked so furiously "on a Sabbath night."

Instead of answering, the visitors burst the door open, and half-a-dozen of the town-guard sprang in and levelled their pikes.

"Yield yourselves!" cried their leader. "I arrest you in the King's name!"

But the four men showed no disposition to yield, and the resolute expression of their faces induced their opponents to hesitate.

"I ken o' nae King in this realm," said Andrew Black in a deep, stern voice, "an' we refuse to set oor necks under the heel o' a usurpin' tyrant."

"Do your duty, men," said a man who had kept in the background, but who now stepped to the front.

"Ha! this is your doing, Glendinning," exclaimed Wallace, who recognised his old comrade. The sergeant had obviously been promoted, for he wore the costume of a commissioned officer.

"Ay, I have an auld score to settle wi' you, Wallace, an' I hope to see you an' your comrades swing in the Grassmarket before lang."

"Ye'll never see that, my man," said Black, as he firmly grasped the shovel. "Ye ha'na gotten us yet, an' it's my opinion that you an' your freends 'll be in kingdom-come before we swing, if ye try to tak' us alive. Oot o' this hoose, ye scoondrels!"

So saying, Black made a spring worthy of a royal Bengal tiger, turned aside the pike of the foremost man, and brought the shovel down on his iron head-piece with such force that he was driven back into the passage or landing, and fell prostrate. Black was so ably and promptly seconded by his stalwart comrades that the room was instantly cleared. Glendinning, driven back by an irresistible blow from the rolling-pin, tripped over the fallen man and went headlong down the winding stairs, at the bottom of which he lay dead, with his neck broken by the fall.

But the repulse thus valiantly effected did not avail them much, for the leader of the guard had reinforcements below, which he now called up. Before the door could be shut these swarmed into the room and drove the defenders back into their corner. The leader hesitated, however, to give the order to advance on them, partly, it may be, because he wished to induce submission and thus avoid bloodshed, and partly, no doubt, because of the terrible aspect of the four desperate men, who, knowing that the result of their capture would be almost certain death, preceded by imprisonment, and probably torture, had evidently made up their minds to fight to the death.

At that critical moment a quick step was heard upon the stair, and the next moment the Rev. Frank Selby entered the room.

performance of shaking hands heartily with the "rebels."

He was still engaged in this treasonable act, and the men of the town-guard had not yet recovered from their surprise, when hurrying footsteps were again heard on the stair, and a man of the town-guard sprang into the room, went to his chief, and whispered in his ear. The result was, that, with a countenance expressing mingled surprise and anxiety, the officer led his men from the scene, and left the long-persecuted Covenanters in peace.

"Losh, man! div'e rarily think the news can be true?" asked Andrew Black, after they had settled down and heard it all repeated.

"Indeed I do," said the Rev. Frank earnestly, "and I thank God that a glorious revolution seems to have taken place, and hope that the long, long years of persecution are at last drawing to a close."

And Frank Selby was right. The great revolution of 1688, which set William and Mary on the throne, also banished the tyrannical and despotic house of Stuart for ever; opened the prison gates to the Covenanters; restored to some extent the reign of justice and mercy; crushed, if it did not kill, the heads of Popery and absolute power, and sent a great wave of praise and thanksgiving over the whole land. Prelacy was no longer forced upon Scotland. The rights and liberties of the people were secured, and the day had at last come which crowned the struggles and sufferings of half a century. As Mrs. Black remarked—

"Surely the blood o' the martyrs has not been shed in vain!"

But what of the fortunes of those whose

Between 1661, when the Marquis of Argyll was beheaded, and 1688, when James Renwick suffered, there were murdered for the cause of Christ and Christian liberty about 18,000 noble men and women, some of whom were titled, but the most of whom were unknown to earthly fame. It is a marvellous record of the power of God; and well may we give all honour to the martyr band while we exclaim with the "Ayrshire Kilder"—

"O for the brave true hearts of old,  
That bled when the banner perished!  
O for the faith that was strong in death—  
The faith that our fathers cherished."

"The banner might fall, but the spirit lived,  
And liveth for evermore;  
And Scotland claims as her noblest names  
The Covenant men of yore."

THE END.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 27.] LESSON IV. [Oct. 23.

A PARALYTIC HEALED.

Mark 2. 1-12. Memory verses, 9-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins.—Mark 2. 10.

OUTLINE.

1. An Act of Faith, v. 1-4.
2. An Act of Mercy, v. 5-9.
3. An Act of Power, v. 10-12.

TIME.—A.D. 27.

PLACE.—Capernaum.

RULERS.—Herod, in Galilee; Pilate, in Judea.

EXPLANATIONS.

1. "It was noised"—It was reported throughout the city. "In the house"—Either his own house, where he made a home for his mother, or into Peter's house.
3. "Sick of the palsy"—Or, smitten with paralysis.
4. "Uncovered the roof"—Either opened a connecting trap-door, or removed the court awnings, or made an opening through the flat house top by breaking up the tiles. If Jesus was in the court, the second is the probable way; if in an upper room, either of the others.
7. "Speak blasphemies"—That is, utter words which are direct profanations of God's holiness.
9. "Take up thy bed"—The Eastern pallet, or rug, or mat, here called a bed, because it was that on which he lay, could be easily rolled up and carried.

HOME READINGS.

- M. A paralytic healed.—Mark 2. 1-12.  
 Tu. Plenteous redemption.—Psalm 130.  
 W. Sins blotted out.—Isa. 43. 14-25.  
 Th. Trespasses forgiven.—Col. 2. 6-15.  
 F. Forgiven through Christ.—Acts 13. 32-39.  
 S. For his sake.—1 John 2. 1-12.  
 Sa. Prayer for pardon.—Psalm 25. 1-11.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

What are we taught in this lesson about—

1. Overcoming hindrances?
2. The forgiveness of sins?
3. Praising God for mercies?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who was brought to Christ in Capernaum? "One sick with the palsy." 2. How did they bring him? "By opening the roof." 3. What did Christ say to him? "Thy sins be forgiven thee." 4. What followed his forgiveness? "He was made well." 5. In what character did Christ thus become known? "As a forgiver of sins." 6. What is the Golden Text? "The Son of man," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The divine legislation of Jesus.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

How may you obtain the help of the Holy Spirit?  
 By prayer in the name of Jesus.  
 John 6. 23.—If ye shall ask anything of the Father in my name, he will give it you.



THE PARALYTIC HEALED.

"Just in time, I see," he said, in a cool, nonchalant manner that was habitual to him. "I think, sir," he added, turning to the leader of the guard, "that it may be as well to draw off your men and return to the guard-room."

"I'll do that," retorted the man sharply, "when I receive orders from my superiors. Just now I'll do my duty."

"Of course you will do what is right, my good sir," replied the Rev. Frank; "yet I venture to think you will regret neglecting my advice, which, allow me to assure you, is given in quite a friendly and disinterested spirit. I have just left the precincts of the Council Chamber, where I was told by a friend in office that the Councillors have been thrown into a wild and excusable state of alarm by the news that William, Prince of Orange, who, perhaps you may know, is James's son-in-law and nephew, has landed in Torbay with 15,000 Dutchmen. He comes by invitation of the nobles and clergy of the kingdom to take possession of the Crown which our friend James has forfeited, and James himself has fled to France—one of the few wise things of which he has ever been guilty. It is further reported that the panic-stricken Privy Council here talks of throwing open all the prison doors in Edinburgh, after which it will voluntarily dissolve itself. If it could do so in prussic acid or some chemical solvent suited to the purpose, its exit would be hailed as all the more appropriate. Meanwhile, I am of opinion that all servants of the Council would do well to retire into as much privacy as possible, and then maintain a careful look-out for squalls."

Having delivered this oration to the gaping guard, the Rev. Frank crossed the roof, and went through the forbidden and dangerous

adventures we have followed so long! Whatever they were, the record has not been written, yet we have been told by a man whose name we may not divulge, but who is an unquestionable authority on the subject, that soon after the persecution about which we have been writing had ceased, a farmer of the name of Black settled down among the "bonnie hills of Galloway," not far from the site of the famous Communion stones on Skeoch Hill, where he took to himself a wife; that another farmer, a married man named Wallace, went and built a cottage and settled there on a farm close beside Black; that a certain R. Peter became shepherd to the farmer Black, and, with his wife, served him faithfully all the days of his life; that the families of these men were very large, the men among them being handsome and stalwart, the women modest and beautiful, and that all of them were loyal subjects and earnest, enthusiastic Covenanters. It has been also said, though we do not vouch for the accuracy of the statement, that in the kirk-session books of the neighbouring kirk of Irongray there may be found among the baptisms such names as Andrew Wallace and Will Black, Quentin Dick Black, and Jock Bruce Wallace; also an Aggie, a Marion, and an Isabel Peter, besides several Jeans scattered among the three families.

It has likewise been reported, on reliable authority, that the original Mr. Black, whose Christian name was Andrew, was a famous teller of stories and narrator of facts regarding the persecution of the Covenanters, especially of the awful killing-time, when the powers of darkness were let loose on the land to do their worst, and when the blood of Scotland's martyrs flowed like water.

—Miss Denton—'Bridget, what is wrong with the sponge cake? It is very tough. Bridget (just over). "Shure, Miss, perhaps the sponge I used was pretty owd."