

of willows of lighter green, for many miles. It was a picture that pleased me more than any of the Van Dycks, or Rubens within the castle's gorgeously decorated rooms. We were much interested in visiting the "Leicester Hospital," so-called, a comfortable home established for the most worthy of the old soldiers of the neighboring towns. Below the Church of St. Mary's we saw in the crypt and chapel the tombs of the Earls of Warwick and Leicester for many generations.

The following day we took a carriage and drove to Stratford-on-Avon, a distance of about nine miles. Of this memorable day, devoted to a visit to the native town of Shakespeare, so full of interest to all who speak the grand old English tongue, and of our subsequent visit to the ruins of Kenilworth Castle, I may speak in my next letter.

EDWARD H. MAGILL.

London, Ninth month, 18th.

OCTOBER DAYS AND OCTOBER THOUGHTS.

It has been my lot during three weeks of the most delightful October weather of which one could imagine to be confined to a sick bed—a new experience for me, but I had become tired. On the 2nd inst. we called the doctor in. After questioning and examining me, he said: "Well you are certainly in for a seige of typhoid." Typhoid! I had hardly thought of that. When I suggested going out and trying to work it off he said: "You had best go at once to bed and stay there." To bed with the typhoid! This was cause for reflection. It sometimes proved fatal. Was I prepared for the worst if it came to that? I made up my mind that my case was not coming to that. I had some faith in the doctor, some in myself, and a great deal in my wife. I had seen her but a few years before sit beside the cradle of our little girl night and day ministering to every want, bringing her back step by step, though the little feet

had almost reached the "Gates of Pearl." Ah, said the good doctor, with tears in his eyes, for he had a tender heart, "his life in such cases depends almost wholly upon good nursing." No wonder I had faith in my wife now, for knew she had lost none of her love I since then. The windows of my room looked out upon grove and forest of stately maple and beech, oak and ash, hickory and elm. All were verdant in their green foliage. The mellow, dreamy October days in which lie that mystic power that casts such a spell over forest and field were just coming upon us. And such days! Three weeks of mellowed sunlight by day and nights moon-lit and star-lit. Under this spell the great artist—nature—began to tint the leaves, and with wonderful rapidity the work went on, until grove and forest were brilliant and ablaze with tints of a thousand hues. Above all, beyond comparison in brilliancy, was our sugar maple, so common with us here. No wonder Canada chose as one of her emblems this maple leaf. But death was near,

"Frost, the destroyer, has begun its work
Upon the foliage; leaves that were bright
With the clear dew upon them, as the light
Of lucent emeralds, show that in them lurk
Decay and death, for the rich, hectic glow
Is burning in their cheeks, and they will fall."

Slowly at first they fell, but the repeated frosts cut them loose in unnumbered quantities, and there was an incessant, silent sitting of leaves through the air to mother earth. What a wonderfully varied and fascinating scene was this downpouring of gold and red which was heightened by every breeze that blew. Day after day the work of deducing went on until the great bared limbs stood out clear cut against the blue sky. Three short weeks of wonderful change, beautiful to see.

My thoughts were not altogether, though, upon what I could see, but wandered often over the First-day Schools of our Society, and if my wishes for their welfare could have