

October.

BY HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather;

When loud the bumble-bee makes haste,
Belated, thriftless vagrant,
And goldenrod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant.

When gentians roll their fringes tight,
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground red apples lie
In piles like jewels shining,
And redder still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks,
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sift noiseless in the hush
Of woods, for winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country
haunts,
By twos and twos together,
And count like miles, hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your boasts together,
Love loveth best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

THE TWO LIGHTS.

BY MRS. S. H. DUNLAP.

"Tom-my! O Tom-my!" called Mrs. Graham, standing on the front porch. "Where can the child be?" she said wonderingly, for she had looked all over the place for her little son. "Have you seen Tommy, Maggie?" she asked as her daughter came downstairs.

"No, mamma; I haven't seen him since dinner. Perhaps he went to the post-office with Hugh," Maggie suggested.

"No, he did not. He was with me after Hugh left. If he doesn't come soon, I will send George to look for him," the mother said uneasily, as he went back to her work.

The evening passed and Tommy did not come. It was in early spring, and it became dark very early. As the stars began to appear Mrs. Graham became genuinely alarmed. She sent Hugh in one direction, and George, the serving-man, in another.

About eight o'clock, just as Mr. Graham reached home, the door opened and Tommy rushed into his mother's welcoming arms. Soon after Hugh and George returned, and were rejoiced to find little Tommy safe at home.

"Where on earth have you been, darling?" asked his mother, as Tommy sat in her lap with his little arms clasped round her neck.

"I heard sister say she wanted some violets, and I went to get her some, and I got lost in the woods," he explained, displaying a bunch of withered violets, which he held, tightly clasped, in his little hand.

"You darling boy! Sister had forgotten all about the violets," said Maggie, as she kissed his chubby little face.

"When you found out that you were lost, did you feel afraid, Tommy?" asked Hugh.

"No," the little fellow answered stoutly; "but I thought I wasn't going to get home any more."

"And how did you find your way home, son?" asked his father, looking fondly at the little boy.

"By the light in George's house," answered Tommy, pointing through the window, where they could see a bright light streaming from the window of the servant's house.

"But how did you know that the light was in George's window, dear?" asked Maggie.

"I didn't know it. I got all turned round in the woods, and when I started home I didn't know which way to go. I reckon I kept going farther in the woods, for I went a long way and couldn't find any path. Then I turned round and went another way. It was getting dark then, and I could see a light shining somewhere. I thought sure it was at home, and I tried to go toward it. Sometimes it would be bright, then it would 'most go out, and sometimes I couldn't see it at all. But I kept going toward it, because I was so tired, and I was so certain it was at home," said little

Tommy, as his mother drew his head to her shoulder and kissed him fondly.

"Well, son, did you find your way home by following that flickering light?" asked his father.

"No, papa. Once when that light went out I saw another big, bright light, but I didn't think it was the right way, so I wouldn't follow it. But it kept bright all the time, and every time the little light would go out the big one would get brighter. After a while I was so tired, mamma, I turned round and followed the big light anyhow, 'cause I thought it was somebody's house, and I knew that I could rest. That light didn't do like the other one, for the more I walked the bigger it got, and when I got 'most to it I found that it was a light in George's house. And, oh, mamma! I was so glad, 'cause I knew it had brought me home."

"And we are so glad, too, my darling! But my little man must never again go to the woods by himself," said his mamma, as she clasped him close to her heart.

"What are you thinking of so deeply, Hugh?" asked Mr. Graham after supper, when little Tommy had been put to bed, and Hugh was sitting quietly in the room where his father was reading.

"I was thinking of what Tommy said to-night, papa. Somehow it made me think of the sermon Sunday, and I think it made me understand better what Mr. Strong said."

"Tommy said a great many things to-night, son. What particular portion of his story do you allude to?"

"About the big light and the little one, papa. Mr. Strong was preaching about the difference in God's way and ours. He said that we often got lost on the journey through life because we were in the dark and wouldn't look in the right direction for light. He said that God's light was shining always, if we would only see it, and if we would follow it, it would always lead us the right way. But he said that we often mistook the promptings of our own will for God's direction, and that was the reason we so often go wrong and become discouraged. Instead of following God's light, which is always brightly shining, we rely on our own feeble strength, and when we stumble and fall we blame God for it. He said that if we would stop depending on ourselves and look to God for guidance, his bright light would shine steadily before us, and grow brighter and brighter the nearer we get to it. And, papa, he said that the faint light we were following, and which so often leads us into error, is our own selfish desires, which we keep before us all the time, and the bright light is Jesus Christ. I never understood him well until to-night when Tommy was talking, and then it all seemed so plain." Hugh looked very thoughtful as he spoke.

His father listened closely, and when he concluded Mr. Graham said earnestly: "My dear son, will you be as wise as Tommy? Will you leave the faint, flickering light, which you have been following, and turn gladly to Jesus Christ, the Light of the world?"

"Yes, father, I will," answered Hugh decisively, the light of an earnest purpose shining in his great brown eyes. "I have been trying all the week," he continued, "but somehow I just couldn't give up my own will. Like Tommy, I was so sure that I was right that I kept blindly on; and all the time Jesus Christ, God's great bright Light, was shining for me, and I would not see it."

There were tears of thankfulness in Mr. Graham's eyes, and he took his son's hand in a close, warm clasp. Just then his wife, followed by Maggie, came into the room.

"Mother," said Mr. Graham, turning to her, "little Tommy's brief loss has proved a great blessing to our dear boy here," and as his wife looked at him in astonishment, he told her what Hugh had just told him. Oh, what a glad light came into the mother's eyes! She kissed her son fondly and raised her heart in gratitude to God.

"How wonderfully God works!" exclaimed Maggie, as she kissed her brother warmly. "From circumstances which seem too insignificant for us to notice he produces the grandest results. Tommy's loss and Hugh's great blessing are all the result of my careless wish for a few wild violets." As Maggie spoke she stooped and took from the floor the bunch of withered violets that little Tommy had dropped.

Cohen—"My friend, when you walks up town in those clothing peobles vill think you own a block on Fifth Avenue." Mr. Jarsey (surveying himself)—"Wa-al, I hev heard that some o' your richest men dressed poorly, but I didn't think it was quite ez bad ez this!"

A DARK EVENING.

He was just discouraged, and that was the whole of it. He sat close to the stove, leaned his ragged elbow on his knee, and his cheek on a rather sooty hand, and gave himself up to troubled thought, the two books which had slipped from him lying unheeded on the floor. Let them lie there, what was the use in trying to study? Here was the third evening this week that he had been held after hours, when he wanted to go to the night-school and find out how to do that example! He might just as well give up first as last.

There was a loud stamping outside, and the door of the little flag-station burst open, letting in a rush of spiteful winter air.

"Halloo!" said a boy of about fourteen, muffled to his eyes in fur.

"Halloo yourself," said the boy by the stove, without changing his position more than was necessary to glance up.

"Has the six o'clock freight gone down yet?"

"Not as I know of. I wish she would be about it. I've been waiting on her an hour after time."

"Lucky for me she is behind, though. I guess I can catch a ride into town on her; can't I? I've been out to Windmere and missed the five o'clock mail. I set out to foot it, but it is rather rough walking against this wind, especially when you have to walk on ice. I'd rather be toted in on the freight train than try it. Do you suppose they will give me a lift?"

"You can sit down and wait and try for it, if you like," and the boy glanced toward a three-legged stool. "I'd give you this chair, only it hasn't any bottom," he added, with a dreary attempt at a smile.

"The stool is all right. Do you have to wait every night for the freight?"

"No; not much oftener than every other night. It isn't my business to wait at all, but as often as three times a week the fellow in charge wants me to do that or something else after I'm off duty."

"So you fill up the time with reading; that's a good idea. What have you here?"

The visitor stooped and picked up the fallen books.

"Arithmetic and history! You are studying, eh? Well, now, I call that industrious. Where do you go to school?"

"Nowhere. I pretend to go to the evening class at the Twenty-third Street station, and sometimes I get there twice in the week, and sometimes only once. It's a discouraging kind of studying. I've been after one example for two weeks and can't get it."

"Whereabouts are you? Ho! that old fellow! I remember him. I can show you about it; there's just a mean little catch to it; but you've done well to get so far along."

Then the two heads bent over the book, and over the row of figures on the margin of a freight bill; and presently the face of the discouraged boy lighted with a smile. He saw through the "catch." Then there was a little talk between the two.

Ralph Westwood learned that the boy was an orphan; was working at the freight depot beyond his strength and on very small pay, because times were hard and boys were plenty; that he had a little sister in the Orphans' Home, and the ambition of his life was to learn and become a scholar and earn money to support the little sister. He went to school regularly while his mother lived, and worked between times to help support himself; and his mother wanted him to be a scholar, and thought it was in him; but she had been dead for two years, and things were growing worse with him, and sometimes he was discouraged.

Then the freight came, and Ralph Westwood caught his ride into town, and had only time to say: "Don't give it up, Charlie. Who knows what may happen? The new year's coming."

"New Year!" said Charlie to himself, with a bitter smile. What could that bring to him but more work because of an extra train, and late hours and scanty fare, and not even time to run up to the Home and see little Nell?

As for Ralph Westwood, he waited only to brush the snow from his clothes and wash away the stains of soot from his hands, which must have been left when he shook hands with Charlie; then he sought a handsome library where a gentleman sat reading. Here he did not even wait to reply to the cordial "Good-evening" which greeted him, save as his polite bow was a reply; then he dashed into business: "Uncle Ralph, I have found your boy for you."

"Indeed! That is quick work. Where did you find him?"

"I blundered on him; the very one. I didn't know why I should have missed

the five o'clock train, and didn't know why he should have to do overwork to-night. I hope we shall both have a glorious reason why worked out before our eyes."

Then he drew a low chair in front of the lovely grate fire and told his story.

That was three days before New Year's. A great deal can be done in three days. Ralph Westwood and his Uncle Ralph did a great deal, and at the end of the time knew almost more about Charlie Watson than he knew of himself.

The end of it all, or, more properly speaking, the beginning of it all, came to Charlie on New Year's Eve—an invitation to Dr. Westwood's elegant home, to meet seven boys, all of whom were in the Sabbath-school class which Charlie had just joined.

I wish I had time to tell you about the dinner-table to which they all sat down—roast turkey, of course, and cranberry sauce, and chicken-pie, and jellies, and tarts, and all the elegancies of an elegant dinner, the like of which none of them had ever seen before. At each plate was a bouquet of roses. Think of roses for eight hard-working, homeless boys!

Some people might think they didn't like those roses with all their hearts; but some people don't understand some boys. Slipped into each bouquet was a slip of paper which said on it, "Happy New Year!" in beautiful writing, and then followed wonderful things. One paper was a receipt for a year's house-rent, for one of the boys who lived with his mother and had hard work to meet the landlord's agent each month. Another had an order on a certain tailor for a full suit of clothes, such as it could be plainly seen he very much needed. Everyone had something. When Charlie Watson read his, he turned red and pale by turns, and stammered and trembled, and knew not what to say. It was longer than the others, and it took him some time to understand it all; but at last he made out that he was to enter the Fort Street Grammar School as a pupil, on the Tuesday after New Year's, and that his home was to be at Dr. Westwood's office, which he was expected to keep in order, in return for his board and clothes.

What an amazing chance had come to him! Do you wonder that he trembled and stammered? But, after all, I don't know that he was any happier than Ralph Westwood, who hovered about him in great satisfaction, and in one of the pauses of his duties as assistant host found a chance to murmur, "I say, Charlie, aren't you rather glad the six o'clock freight was late that night?"—The Pansy.

HISTORY OF ELECTRICITY.

The electrical properties of amber were known to the Greeks before the Christian era. Electricity takes its name from the Greek word for amber, says a writer in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Gilbert, in 1600, was the first to employ the terms "electric force" and "electric attraction." In 1748 Franklin's electrical researches had progressed so far that he killed a turkey by the electric spark and roasted it by an electric jack before a fire kindled by the electric bottle, and in 1752, by means of the kite experiment, he demonstrated the identity of electricity and lightning. The first magneto-electric machine was made at Paris by Pixii in 1832, the first telegraph line in the United States was set up between Washington and Baltimore in 1844; the first submarine cable was laid between England and France in 1850. As early as 1802 Sir Humphrey Davy produced an electric light with carbon points on almost the same principle as that now employed. The first electric railway, on the Continent of Europe, was built by Siemens at Berlin in 1881; the first in England was constructed in 1825, and in America the first electric line was built in 1885.

WILL HEAVEN BE LONELY TO YOU?

"I don't want to go to heaven any more, Auntie," said a little girl in the talk just before bedtime.

"Why not, darling?"

"I'm afraid to go to sleep" (her idea of death) "and wake up in heaven by myself. It is lonely there—I want mamma and papa and you. I do not like to go to heaven any more now, because I be all by myself."

You who read this, did you ever feel so? Shall I tell you the reason why you do? It is because you do not know Jesus. If you loved him and knew him better, you would never think heaven strange or lonely. Jesus would be such a loving, real friend, that any place would feel homelike if he were there.