

FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
 Every morn is the world made new,
 You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
 Here is a beautiful hope for you;
 A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
 The tasks are done and tears are shed.
 Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
 Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
 Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever;
 Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,
 With glad days, and sad days, and bad days
 which never
 Shall visit us more with their bloom and
 their blight,
 Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them.
 Cannot undo and cannot atone;
 God in his mercy receive, forgive them!
 Only the new days are our own.
 To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
 Here is the spent earth all reborn,
 Here are the tired limbs springing lightly,
 To face the sun and to share with the morn
 In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
 Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
 And, spite of old sorrows and of old sinning,
 And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
 Take heart with the day and begin again!

—Susan Coolidge.

A RAILWAY JOURNEY.

It was a blue and gold morning. The sky was the softest azure, as if it had been painted in fresh colors that very moment. The sun shone with the most delicious clearness. The air was sharp with the spicy scents of autumn. On all sides were to be seen apples and nuts and fragrant flowers and diamond dewed blades of emerald grass.

John and George thought everything perfect, as they threw open the lattice-framed windows of the old farmhouse where they were so fortunate as to live. Two happy boys were they, as they thrust their heads out and breathed the morning air.

"I say! What a stunning day for our journey, George! We must make haste down, for the dogcart will be up directly after breakfast. Aunt Jessie has been past our door already."

"What a jolly lark!" responded the younger lad, and they hastened to commence their dressing.

Downstairs Aunt Jessie put the finishing touches to a dainty hamper full of sandwiches, buns, sweetmeats, &c. "Dear fellows! Their first journey alone. They won't starve, at any rate, father. Do you really think those two are fit to be trusted by themselves? Only eight and nine, and with their wild spirits, too! Will grandma receive them with whole bones, I wonder?"

"Of course she will," answered Uncle Sam, laying aside his newspaper. "They can't be launched out into the world too soon. Why, I was packed off to school at five years old! Do them good, young monkeys."

Here a rush of feet announced the boys' arrival. Impetuous embraces followed on both sides.

"Oh, auntie, have you remembered the peaches?" breathlessly asked John. "I don't

care for any breakfast, thank you," he added.

"Nonsense!" said his aunt. "Come along! You are going to make capital breakfasts. Who can resist such coffee and eggs?"

She took her seat behind the shining silver coffee-pot; Uncle Sam took the place opposite, and John and George, ready to shout aloud for joy, slipped into their usual chairs. Meals seemed a mild thing to have to do with; nevertheless, they managed to make a fair inroad amongst the tempting viands with which that hospitable table always groaned.

Aunt Jessie beamed at them as usual. She was very old indeed in the eyes of her youthful nephews, but she was a long way off forty yet; in fact, had only just left the twenties behind. She was a dear little woman, with bright loving eyes, and quite a rosebud mouth. Sometimes a sad look used to steal over her round smiling face; but the children never noticed it. How should they? She was both sister and mother to the orphan lads; and, although they gave her a great deal of trouble, especially in the holidays, she would not have been without them for the world.

As for Uncle Sam he spoilt them shamefully. He always said he could not help it.

After breakfast the boys went to bid farewell to the garden, the stables, and the yard. "Good-bye, darling Bob," George cried, throwing his arms round the old black retriever's neck. "You are not to come with us, so you won't mind being chained up, will you? Perhaps I shall write to you, Bob!" (A great wagging of tail at this!) "You can look forward to that, you know." John was running round to the horses and cows; even the pigs and poultry shared the good-byes.

"Now, you rogues!" called Uncle Sam presently from the door, "you'll be late for the train, and Ruby is ready."

"Take care of one another. Don't lean against the doors, or put your heads out of the windows. And be sure and give my love to grandma," were their aunt's parting injunctions.

"All right! You've got to send us long letters, Aunt Jessie, remember."

Two enthusiastic hugs, and they were off in triumph; waving their handkerchiefs till a turn of the road hid their aunt's figure from view. She turned away then, and shut the gate at the top of the carriage-drive with a half-sigh. The house and its surroundings seemed strangely empty that day with the young brimming life gone out of it.

At Pedstone Junction the boys were placed under the care of the guard, to Master John's undisguised annoyance. "Just as if we were babies!" he grumbled, indignantly. "Auntie said we were going to travel alone. I can take care of George and myself, I should hope. It is too bad to treat us like children."

But a derisive laugh from Uncle Sam, and the declaration that they must go under the guard's supervision or not at all, stopped all remonstrances effectually.

As for George, though he affected contempt as well, he was really glad, being of a more timid disposition than his more adventurous brother. "Never mind, Jack," he whispered, soothingly, "we won't peep out at the stations, and then he will forget us."

The train was in the station when they arrived; but as it waited a quarter of an hour at Pedstone, Uncle Sam had plenty of time to find a suitable carriage for his nephews. He settled on a middle compartment, believing that middle courses were ever the best, and particularly in regard to railway trains. How little did he guess the peril of his choice in the present instance!

There was only one occupant of the compartment—a gentleman. Uncle Sam asked if he were going to Radminster, and being pleasantly answered in the affirmative, further inquired whether he would kindly look after his two small charges. "Certainly," the stranger said, politely, at the same time fixing

a peculiar gaze on his questioner, who was seized with a hazy idea that he had seen the face before him more than once or twice. But he was shortsighted, and nervously conscious of past mistakes, when he had been guilty of addressing the wrong people as his most intimate friends. So he said nothing, feeling at any rate comfortably certain that that rich Auburn beard was new to him.

The memory of his last glimpse of John's injured, reproachful countenance at the double insult of two protectors amused Uncle Sam highly, as he was whirled home by Ruby's swift feet, while the youthful travellers sped on their way in another direction.

A dip into the contents of the hamper mitigated outraged dignity somewhat, and the offer of *Punch* from their companion, just as though Jack had been a grown-up man, completed the restoration of good humor. Talkative George was soon chatting with the bearded gentleman, who showed a wonderful interest in all the little affairs and home doings at St. Erbury's Farm. The boy told him eagerly about the farm pets, and then he added, quaintly, "There's Aunt Jessie."

The stranger opened his kind blue eyes wider. "Is she an animal too, may I ask?"

George's laugh ran through the carriage.

"She's our own auntie!" he gasped, when he could speak. "We love her ever so, don't we Jack? And she's got such a nice face, and she can sing beautifully," George said, reverently. "And she paints, too."

"Yes, she paints, and—and, she's got a picture of a man like you, she has!" John cried suddenly. "I saw it once in a drawer in her room, and she boxed my ears for looking at it. But the picture hadn't red—I mean it had—it was——" He stopped confused.

"Had not a red beard?" the gentleman asked almost anxiously. He forgot to smile at John's polite perplexity.

"Well, I thought it was browner, but perhaps it wasn't," the boy admitted. "She would paint you, too, I daresay, if you liked," he added generously.

"Tell me more about her!" said the gentleman. And the boys told all they could think of, whilst their companion listened gravely and intently.

The lads grew drowsy presently, and their chatter ceased gradually. Walter Dane (for that was the gentleman's name) became lost in visions of the past, from which he was abruptly roused by an exclamation from John. "There's a hot-water bottle in here, after all! And precious hot it is too!" He moved higher up the seat as he spoke.

"Hot-water bottle at this time of year, my boy! Nonsense!" said Mr. Dane.

"Well, feel it then sir!"

Mr. Dane changed places with the child instantly—a curious idea entering his mind as he did so. He put his hand down on the floor, and started involuntarily at the touch.

"There's a fog coming inside this carriage!" proclaimed George next, innocently enough.

It was true—only too true! Tiny jets of smoke were oozing through the boards at their feet. The children caught the changed expression of their new friend's face, and the truth flashed into their frightened hearts. "Oh, it's a fire!" they cried, both in the same breath.

Mr. Dane nodded cheerfully. "Yes, it is a fire. But now don't be alarmed for nothing, boys. There is scarcely anything of it at present, and I will pull the communication cord, so that the train can be stopped at once."

Alas! he had not calculated on the cord being out of order. He pulled and pulled, but in vain. The train was flying on at express speed, through a lonely tract of country. No living soul knew of their danger, and he was aware that the carriages on either side of them were unoccupied. Added to this, the wind had risen considerably since they had left Pedstone, so that it would be quite useless to try what shouting could do.