

# In the Fall



When the sun shines red  
In a soft-gray haze.  
When the flowers are dead  
And the tree-tops blaze  
We ask tho' we see  
Scarcely a leaf lets go.

"How long will it be  
Till the first good snow?"

When the birds fly home  
And the bright leaves fall  
When the cold days come  
And the frost rules all

We ask in glee  
While the chill winds blow  
"How long will it be  
Till the first good snow?"

We sigh for a freeze  
And for snow-paved ways.  
For we think of the skees  
And the skates and sleighs.  
And this is our song  
While the clouds hang low.  
"It will not be long  
Till the first good snow!"

Eudora S. Dumstend

## MARJORIE'S MIRACLE.

BY JULIA M. LIPPMANN.

(Concluded.)

Marjorie was very silent for a little: she was trying to understand what the sunbeam meant, so she found it rather difficult. After a while she gave it up, and said:

"Will you tell me how you are carrying me and where we are going and all about it?"

"Certainly," replied the beam, brightly. "You are in a sort of hammock made out of threads of sunshine. We sunbeams can weave one in less than no time, and it is no trouble at all to swing a little mortal like you way out into the clearness and the light so that a bit of it can make its way into your dark little soul, and make you not quite so blind as you were."

"Why, I'm not blind at all," said Marjorie with a surprised pout. "I can see as well as anything. Did you think I couldn't?"

"I know you can't," replied the beam, calmly. "That is, you can't see any further than the outside part of things, and that is almost worse than seeing none at all. But here we are nearing the court of the king. Now don't expect to see him, for that is impossible. He is altogether too radiant for you; your eyes could not bear so much glory. It would be just as if you took one of your own little moles or bats (creatures used to the dark) and put them in the glare of the noon-day sun. The sun would be there, but they could not see it because their eyes would be too weak and dim. Even yourself: haven't you often tried to look the sun full in the face? Yes! and you have had to give it up and turn your face away because it hurt your eyes. Well, his Majesty only lets the world have

a glimpse of his glory. But here we are at our journey's end."

With these words Marjorie felt herself brought to a gentle halt and found herself in a place most wondrously clear and light and high, from which she could look off—far, far across and over and down to where something that looked like a dim ball was whirling rapidly.

"That is your earth," whispered the sunbeam in her ear; "the earth that you have just left."

Marjorie was so astounded that for a time she was unable to say a word. Then she managed to falter out:

"But it always looked so big and bright and now it is nothing but a horrid dark speck!"

"That is just it, Marjorie! just what I said. When you look at the world simply as a planet it is small and dark enough; not nearly as large as some of the others you see about. But when you look at it as a place on which God has put his people to be good and noble, to work out a beautiful purpose, then—but wait a moment."

Marjorie felt a strange thrill pass through her; across her eyes swept something that felt like a caressing hand, and when she looked again everything was changed and she seemed gazing at a wonderful sort of panorama that shifted and changed every moment showing more lovely impressions each instant.

"What is it?" she gasped, scarcely able to speak for delight and amazement.

"Only pictures of your world as it really is. Pictures taken by his Highness, the sun, who does not stop at the mere outer form of things but reveals the true inwardness of them—what they are actually. He does not stop with the likeness of the surface of things; he makes portraits of their hearts as well, and he always gets exact

likenesses; he never fails."

Marjorie felt a sudden fear steal over her at these words; she did not precisely know why, but she had a dim sort of feeling that if the sun took photographs of more than the outside of things (of the hearts as well) some of the pictures might not be so pretty, perhaps. But she said nothing and watched the scroll as it unrolled before her with a great thrill of wonderment.

With her new vision the world was more beautiful than anything she had ever imagined. She could see everything upon its surface, even to the tiniest flower, but nothing was as it had seemed to her when she had been one of its inhabitants herself. Each blade of grass, each tree and rock and brook was something more than a mere blade or tree or rock or brook—something so much more strange and beautiful that it almost made her tremble with ecstasy to see.

"Now you can see," said the voice. "Before you were blind. Now you understand what I meant when I said the objects one sees are of themselves nothing; it is what they represent that is grand and glorious and beautiful. A flower is lovely, but it is not half as lovely as the thing it suggests—but I can't expect you to understand that. Even when you were blind you used to love the ocean. Now that you can see, do you know why? It is because it is an emblem of God's love—deep and mighty and strong and beautiful beyond words. And so with the mountains, and so with the smallest weed that grows. But we must look at other things before you go back!"

"Oh dear," faltered Marjorie, "when I go back shall I be blind again? How does one see clear when one goes back?"

"Through truth," answered the beam, briefly.

But just then Marjorie found herself looking at some new sights. "What are these?" she whispered, tremblingly.

"The proofs of some pictures you will remember to have seen," replied the beam.

And sure enough! with a start of amaze and wonder she saw before her eyes the people who had sat in the crowded gallery with her before she had left it to journey here with her sunbeam guide; but oh! with such a difference.

The baby she had thought so ugly was in reality a white-winged angel, mild-eyed and pitying, while the humpbacked boy represented a patience so tender that it beautified everything upon which it shone. She thought she recognized in one of the pictures a frock of filmy lace that she remembered to have seen before, but the form it encased was strange to her, so ill-shaped and unlovely it looked; while the face was so repulsive that she shrank from it with horror.

"Is that what I thought was the pretty girl?" she murmured, tremulously.

"Yes," replied the beam, simply.

The next portrait was that of the silver-haired old lady, whom Marjorie had thought so crooked and bowed. She saw now why her shoulders are bent. It was because of the mass of memories she carried—memories gathered through a long and useful life. Her silver hair made a halo about her head.

"The next is yours," breathed the voice at her side, softly. "Will you look?"

Marjorie gave a quick start, and her voice quivered sadly as she cried:

"Oh, sunbeam, don't force me to see it! Let me go back and try to be better before I see my likeness. I am afraid now. The outside prettiness isn't anything, unless one's spirit is lovely, too; and I—I could not look now, for I know—I know how hateful mine would be. I have learned about it now, and it's like a book; if the story the book tells is not beautiful the pictures won't be good to see. I have learned about it now, and I know better than I did. May I—oh, may I try again?"

She waited in an agony of suspense for the answer, and when it came, and the voice said, gently: "It is your turn next," she cried aloud; "Not yet, oh! not yet. Let me wait. Let me try again."

And there she was, with her cheeks all flushed and tear-stained, her hair in loose, damp curls about her temples, and her frock all rumpled and crushed, in her mother's arms; and her mother was saying:

"Bad dreams, sweetheart? You have had a fine long nap; but it is your turn next, and I have had to wake you. Come, dear. Now we must see if we cannot get a good likeness of you—just as you really are."—*New York Independent.*

## NELLIE'S DANGER.

J. E. Walter, master of train service of the Louisville and Nashville railway, has a Newfoundland dog, and a little girl who is fond of it. A few mornings since, the little girl was left in a room with the dog, and a large fire in the grate. The little girl evidently had gone too near the fire, and the dog had tried unsuccessfully to get her away. He then hurried to her mother's room and began catching her dress and pulling her toward the door. She told him to go and find little Nellie. He made a whining noise and slowly walked back to where the little one was lying unconscious of danger and lay down between her and the fire. When Mrs. Walter entered the room a few minutes later, she found the noble dog in this position, whining and crying, while the hair was being singed from his back.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

## TEMPERANCE IN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.

"Another thing with regard to the Sunday Schools is: Our future temperance work, as well as much of the present, I believe, is to be in the hands of the young people of to-day, and it seems we should do some definite work in the Sunday Schools. I do not exactly know how this is to be accomplished, but feel that it is a necessary thing to be done, and think we ought to devise some way of reaching the children there."—*Mrs. A. Henderson.*