

from midnight—only two hours since Tom was talking to Nat at the door of the mill.

When Banner bore his sad burden into the entrance-hall, he was told that neither the house-surgeon nor the superintendent was gone to bed; and without any delay Tom was carried into the accident-ward, and laid upon one of the beds, which are always in readiness.

As Nat and Banner stood looking sadly upon him, they heard a soft footfall entering the room, and a lady, with a grave and pitiful face, approached the bed, and smoothed back the heavy hair—all singed and scorched by the flames—from Tom's forehead, and sponged the grime and smoke from his face, until he looked almost himself again, except that his eyes were closed, and his lips did not seem to breathe. She spoke to them in a quiet but clear tone, as though she had long learned to lower her voice to the key of a sick room.

"You must leave him to us, now," she said. "The house-surgeon is coming, but you may stay in the porter's room till you hear his report. The boy will have every care taken of him. Are you his father?"

"No, ma'am," answered Nat, to whom she spoke; "but Mr. Banner here and me love him as if he was our son. We'll be glad to stay, if you please."

With slow steps, labouring to make no noise, Nat and Banner trode cautiously through long corridors, on each side of which there were rooms occupied by sleepless sufferers. They had to wait a long time, in growing anxiety, for the report of the surgeon. Both of them almost forgot the fire at the mill, in their intense concern for Tom, except when Banner told the story of his courage that night to the porter, with a choking voice, and with tears in his eyes; while Nat, leaning his head on the table, sobbed and wept like a child.

The report came at last, that no hurt or broken bone could be discovered, but that Tom still remained in a state of unconsciousness, and that they could not see him again before the next day, lest they should disturb the other patients in the same ward. So, with heavy and misgiving hearts, Banner and Nat Pendlebury left the infirmary and retraced their steps to the mill.

The fire was still burning, but not with the same fury as when the flooring of the topmost story had given way. The flames were spending themselves, and the engines set to play on them were gaining steadily, and every quarter of an hour it was evident that the fire was less powerful than before. The crowd of spectators was beginning to thin, as they dropped away, one after another, to return to their homes, and seek the rest which would be necessary for the labours of the coming day. They were talking one to another of Haslam's fate, and comparing this fire with other fires—pronouncing it to be not as bad as they had expected it to be when the first flame shot up into the midnight sky.

Mr. Worthington and Mr. Hope called Nat into the counting-house, and he gave them his account of the whole night, and they agreed that Haslam's sole motive must have been one of revenge.

It was morning before the fire was quite got under, and before the last of the crowd dispersed; and then, with weary steps and a sad face, Nat returned home to his cellar in Pilgrim Street, to make known there the sorrowful events which had happened while Alice and the children had been sleeping peacefully.

(To be continued.)

It is singular how impatient men are with over-praise of others, how patient with over-praise of themselves; and yet the one does them no injury, while the other may be their ruin.

October in the Woods.

How rich the embroidered carpet spread
On either side the common way,
Azure and purple, gold and red,
Russet and white, and green and gray,
With shades between,
Woven with light in looms unseen.

The dandelion's disc of gold,
With lustre decks the meadows green,
And, multiplied a million-fold,
The daisy lights the verdant scene;
The blue mist's plumes
Invite the bees to their perfumes.

A wrinkled ribbon seems the road,
Unspooled from silent hills afar;
Rests, like an angel, lifts the load
And in my path lets down the bar.
And here it brings
A lease of life on healing wings.

Up-floating on the ambient air,
Sweet songs of sacred music rise,
And now a voice distinct in prayer,
Like the lark's hymn, attains the skies,
And the "Amen"
Is echoed from the hills and glen.

The woods a vast cathedral seem,
Its dome the over-arching sky;
The light through trembling branches streams
From open windows lifted high.
Under the firs
Soft shadows shield the worshippers.

"IT IS WELL WITH THE CHILD!"

"It is well with the child," was a minister's text, as he stood by the side of a little white casket, trying to speak words of comfort to crushed human hearts.

It was a beautiful text, very appropriate for the occasion, and the man of God spoke loving and tenderly, and if words could have carried comfort and consolation to bleeding souls, then the friends of the little child would have felt the heavy burden lifted that was crushing them to the earth.

The sweet child had filled the old home with sunlight for many a day and the parents had worshipped at the only shrine of human purity that is ever found in this world. But the holy dream came to a terrible awakening, for one day the little baby form was brought to them a crushed and mangled thing. A drunken driver had done the deed, and it was very carelessly and cruelly done, too. The young parents were so utterly crushed with grief that they could only weep and moan over the mangled form of the child.

"It is well with the child," the good minister said in a reverent voice, "for little Annie is forever safe in the beautiful city of our God. It is well with the child, but not well with those who are responsible for this awful crime. It is not well with those who in any way sustain the traffic that not only kills the body, but drives the soul an exile from God forever. Little Annie's freed spirit went into the presence of its Maker as pure as the winter snow and as white as the pale lilies and roses that are clasped in her cold, dead fingers."

Little Annie was laid away in her tiny grave in the old church-yard, and for many a day the parents watched over it. Sweet flowers were planted above it, and gently they lent their sweetness and fragrance to beautify the place that was so sacred to those who loved her.

A marble slab was placed above the silent sleeper, with the words of the text engraved upon it. The passing stranger might have thought the inscription, "It is well with the child," a little strange, but not those who knew the story connected with her death.

But the cruel traffic in rum goes on. Little Annie's tragic death did not stay its power for a

single moment. It went on, even in the same community, just the same as it did before, and the very ones who were responsible for her death would keep on in their old ways. The little grave and white marble cross, with its simple words, "Little Annie. It is well with the child," are nothing to them. And the murdered souls that they have helped to send into eternity are nothing to them, and the traffic goes on.

Autumn Fashions.

The maple owned that she was tired of always wearing green, She knew that she had grown, of late, too shabby to be seen!

The oak and beech and chestnut then deplored their shabbiness, And all, except the hemlock sad, were wild to change their dress.

"For fashion-plates we'll take the flowers," the rustling maple said,

"And, like the tulip, I'll be clothed in splendid gold and red."

"The cheerful sunflower suits me best," the lightsome beech replied;

"The marigold my choice shall be," the chestnut spoke with pride.

The sturdy oak took time to think—"I hate such glaring hues;

"The gillyflowers, so dark and rich, I for my model choose."

So every tree in all the grove, except the hemlock sad, According to its wish ere long in brilliant dress was clad.

And here they stand through all the soft and bright October days;

They wished to be like flowers—indeed, they look like huge bouquets!—*Wide Awake.*

DON'T SNUB.

SNUBBING is a poor business, anyway. You and I never mean to do it, I suppose. But do we not sometimes show just a bit of that "Not-as-other-men-are" feeling, in look or tone? Somebody has compiled this list of "Don'ts," which it will do no harm to read.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because of dulness in his lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub any one. Not alone because some day they may far outstrip you in the race for life, but because it is neither kind, nor right nor Christian.

THE life of a child is largely controlled by impressions from the outside world. He yet lives in the senses. The eyes and the ear are the gateways through which his best lessons arrive. The age of reason and judgment, when one can address him through the intellect, is not yet. In this initial stage of his education, you must impress his imagination, stir his sympathies, move his heart; you must come close to him, touch him, and cause him to feel the warm pulsations of your own heart.