

ark every morning at six o'clock, and by which might have given an alarm, and brought a thousand people to his aid, hung just outside the door, and he could have reached it from the threshold, but with the door locked it might as well have been at the other side of the mill. He shook the lock again and again, but it was too secure and too strong to give way, and he quickly gave up his fruitless efforts. The window was a good height in the wall, but by standing on a chair he could see through it very well. For a minute he thought of trying to force his way through it; but at one time the room had been used as a counting-house, and the casement was so strongly barred that Nat at once saw that the attempt would be impracticable, even if he met with no resistance from his unknown jailer outside.

He put out his own light, and looked cautiously into the small court. Everything was perfectly dark; and so dark, that it was only after a few minutes he could make out the stiff, straight outlines of the building, with the black line of the roof crossing the blackness of the sky, with only the faintest, most ghastly glimmer of pale light twinkling upon the glass panes of the many windows in the walls, which rose story after story up to the high roof. One pane in the barred casement of the office was made to open, and Nat unfastened it with a cautious hand. There was not a sound to be heard, except the hum of city life, which rose and fell, sometimes louder and sometimes lower, telling of thousands of fellow-beings most within hearing of his call; but within the mill there was no sign of the presence of a living person. Yet that there was somebody prowling about with an evil and malicious design, Nat knew only too well; and suddenly there came into his mind the conversation he had held with Tom, not much more than an hour ago, through the little window.

Could it be possible that Haslam had concealed himself in the mill after the rest of the work-people had gone away, for some wicked or revengeful purpose? He remembered Colin's sharp bark, speedily silenced, when he was running in and out amongst the machinery; and his disquietude at before supper, so quickly pacified as soon as he had let him out into the court.

Haslam had made friends with the dog, and accustomed him to be fondled by him, so that the mill would not continue to bark at him, when he discovered only a friend. But what could Haslam intend to do? Had he a gang outside who would break into the mill, and carry off the fabrics which were finished, and only needed to be sent to the packers? Or was there some worse design still in his mind, that he thus secreted himself in the buildings. Was it, moreover, really Haslam? He had seen only a hand, and there had been nothing in Haslam's manner to excite suspicion; yet Nat could not turn away his thoughts from Tom's father. He stood upon the chair, peering out into the dark and silent court, unable to do anything, and waiting in helpless and anxious suspense for the next sign of the presence of his unknown jailer.

(To be continued.)

ONE day the son of a well-known minister asked something to eat. Not pronouncing the word, that there should be a disappointment, the mother inquired cautiously, "Is there any of that cake left?" The boy was given a piece of cake, and went out to his play; but presently he wanted more, and, trotting in, stood before his mother with a perplexed look, evidently thinking hard. Suddenly his face shone, and he asked: "Mamma, are there any more of that A B C left?"

The Garnering Days.

FULL eared the corn,
With yellow leaves and silken hair,
In mellow Autumn stands,
Row upon row;
But glittering steel
Keen edged, will make sad havoc there,
Whose netted floss, and silken bands,
Their wealth reveal.

The poplar's crown
Is drifting down around my feet,
And shifting shadows lie
Upon my head;
While purple hued
Ungathered grapes grow ripe and sweet;
On tethered orchard grass, hard by,
Are mellow apples strewed.

The skies are fair,
But wailing sounds are on the breeze,
A sailing in the upper seas
Is thistle-down
A wandering waif,
Advancing now with ease
And dancing past, it bows to me,
The anchor's safe.

Oh Autumn days,
With armour all in bright hues dipped,
The farmer joys thy smiles to greet;
And around and glad
Grow children's eyes
To see thy horn of plenty tipped—
To see thy hand fling 'round thy feet
What most they prize.

A TRUMPETER'S STORY.

I WAS born at Malta. My father belonged to the Forty-second Highlanders, stationed at that time in the island. I was the youngest of eight children and the only surviving child. Not one of the others reached the age of five years. My father was discharged after twenty-five years' service. He came to England and settled down at Liverpool. In three or four years he fell sick and died, and I was left alone with a widowed mother. I was sent to the Duke of York's school at Chelsea. While there I had religious impressions. I felt in my own heart all was not right. How often have I wished since that I had begun to serve my God then. How many sins and sorrows I might have never known!

At the end of my time at Chelsea I joined a regiment of Light Dragoons as kettle-drummer and trumpeter. I joined at Dundalk and afterwards marched to Dublin, where my poor mother came to see her soldier-boy. She left with tears. I went next to Edinburgh, where the regiment stayed two years. There, young as I was, I began to glory in that which is now my shame, and was led captive by the devil at his will. We moved to Manchester and then to Aldershot. I was still living in sin, running here and there for peace but finding it not, forgetting, though I knew, that "the wages of sin is death." I was not happy, but far from it, and when asked by a godly comrade to go with him to a meeting I willingly went.

I found myself in a little room with a number of others hearing words whereby we might be saved. I remember nothing of what was said. After the address was ended the speaker came and sat by my side and put his hand on my shoulder. He spoke of Jesus to me, and pointed me to a text on the wall, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." This was all I needed. My mind was now made up. Christ should henceforth be my Master. I went back to my quarters calm and quiet, and gave my heart to God that night. I thought of all I should have to suffer from my comrades. Scoffs and jeers would be my daily lot. God only knows what fears and thoughts were mine that night. I threw myself on my bed

and waited till all the lights were out. I was no hero. To drop on my knees and cry to God before the men I could not. I lay till all was quiet, and then made my way out of the room.

It was very late. All was still save the clink of the sentry's spurs up and down before the stables. I crept along the veranda and made my way to the lavatory. The place was very dark. I felt my way by the wall to the centre. In the dead stillness I threw myself on my knees and sent up my cry to God. How long I was there I know not, and the breathings of my heart I cannot remember; it is sufficient to know I gave myself to God. For the first time in my life I truly prayed that I might be forgiven and saved, and it was here I found relief to my troubled soul.

I made my way back to my room, and for the first time rested on the bosom of my newly found Saviour. I was now a reconciled child of God, a soldier of Jesus Christ, enlisted under his banner to serve against the world, the flesh and the devil. I found it no easy task to confess Christ before my comrades, but I knew to whom I could go and get strength.

The Lord was now "my strength and my power forever." Still it was with fear and trembling I knelt by my cot day after day as the taunts and scoffs of enemies would reach my ears. I had now wholly given up the world. I could find no enjoyment in its idle pleasures, for now I had found what I long wanted—peace. I was happy, very happy in Christ. My joy was great, so much so that I have taken my Bible to bed with me and slept all night with it in my hands. I wrote to my mother and told her all about it, and commenced my letter:

"In evil long I took delight
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object met my sight
And stopped my wild career."

I told her that even if she gave me up I could not help it. I felt I could give up all for Christ. To give him up I could not. My mother was my only friend on earth, and I was glad indeed when a letter came to tell me how comforting mine had been to her.

"Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away."

Three weeks after my conversion two more were added to the fold of Jesus in my regiment. They proved to be noble champions of the cross. They had, like myself, to fight against scoffers. One was told that he turned religious to get a new jacket, after which he would be back quick enough to his old ways. He has not gone back yet, and, God helping him, never will. We had many crosses, but we had strength from above to bear all, and be happy in it too.

Such is the story of a real Christian. I knew him well. In life and in death he was a true soldier of the cross. There was no sham about him. Religion was everything to him. He was every inch of him in the service. Friend, you have read his story. It is as true a chime of mercy as ever rang. Will you be led to serve the same God? Will you cast your soul and its sins on the same Saviour? Be sure and do so. Time is short. It speeds away. It tires not in its ceaseless gallop. It bears you to eternity—if a pardoned sinner, to glory; if unpardoned, to the bitterness of endless despair. "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

THE dear Lord requites some faithful hearts—blesses some lives that seem set apart for silent pain and solitary labour.