

loading his gun, but now he felt quite calm and immensely happy.—His impatience and unrest had quite died away. He lay full length on the damp grass, and looked up at the sky, which at this moment showed little rifts through its drifting clouds. A faint weary peep of blue even greeted Ronald as he looked up.

"I wonder," he said to himself, and now he had absolutely forgotten Uncle Ben, "if father saw me load my gun that time, and if he is pleased. I did neglect my shooting dreadfully since father went to God; but I have loaded my gun my very own self at last, and I am sure father must be pleased."

Just then a bright eyed robin red-breast came out of the hedge close by and twittered and made a little attempt at a song, and cocked one of its bright eyes knowingly at Ronald.

"Poor little robin," he said to himself, "although you are so close to me I wouldn't shoot you for the world. I don't care about shooting birds at all, or any live things—unless, perhaps, when one is in a real battle, and fighting for honor and one's country; but I should dearly love to fire off my fowling piece, for it would be a very poor thing just to load a gun and not be able to fire it off. I don't think it is really wrong to take one shot out of my dear, dear little gun. Perhaps Uncle Ben's wounds are so bad after putting on his uniform that he really can't come, and then, of course, I shall have to go home presently. Oh, I must have one shot before I go home. I know what I'll do—what a splendid idea—I'll put my little drum about thirty feet away and I'll fire at it, and then if the shot goes through it what a grand little drum it will be for the wounded drummer boy at the fancy ball to-night. Oh, I declare I am almost too happy since I have thought about firing at my little drum. I wonder can father see me through the blue sky? Oh, the clouds have gone over that bit of blue again; but no matter. I expect father can see even through the clouds when he wants to have a look at me."

Ronald sprang to his feet, measured what he considered about the right distance, and hung his little drum very carefully on the bough of a tree. He was some time arranging his drum and putting it in what he considered the best position to receive a full volley of shot. He then returned to the place where he had been lying down, and took up the dangerous and overloaded gun.

"I must place it very steady," he said to himself; "I know exactly the right spot to fix it in. I must press it firmly just between my shoulder and my chest, and I must keep a sharp lookout, for it will give a back kick when it is gone off, and I don't want to be knocked down. Now, then, I think this is quite right. I pace my hand on the trigger. I feel very steady and just like a soldier.—I wonder how the little drum feels! Poor little drum, you'll soon be

shattered to bits. But never mind; you have been in the glorious fight of Waterloo. I wanted to be wounded myself as well as the little drum; but Uncle Ben didn't like sham wounds. Here, I press. Oh, what's that? Is it—no—not the little drum—perhaps—it's me."

There was a crash, a report; a child fell to the ground, and all was stillness in the lonely wood.

(To be continued)

AUTUMN.

What are ye saying, beauteous leaves  
In your variegation gay;

As one by one,  
Midst autumn sure,  
Ye rustling fall away?

What are ye saying, flying clouds,  
Speeding with changeful glee,

As ye hurry away  
With dying day,  
To kiss the western sea?

What are ye saying, chilly winds,  
As ye sweep o'er hill and lea,

Nipping, shivering,  
Hastily withering,  
Tameless, wild and free?

What art thou saying, golden 'Fall,  
Tell me some lesson clear,

As amidst gold  
Thy days are told,  
And the end of the year draws near?

AUTUMN'S ANSWER.

'Child of earth! the Autumn cries,  
'With a home beyond the skies,  
'Leaves and cloud and wind pro-  
claim,

'All in eeno deep exclaim.  
'Seasons come and seasons go,  
'Life ebbs on for weal or woe,  
'Art thou unprepared or no:  
'For Death's change—the last  
great blow

'Of the changeful here below?  
'Tis the lesson we would tell,  
'Read it, mark it, learn it well!

—Rev. C. Sney Goodman,  
Ball's Corner's Rectory, Ottawa.

—o—  
The papal tiara is simply an episcopal mitre with coronets round it, denoting secular rank. This tiara had at first only one such coronet, but Boniface VIII. (1334-1342) a third. If you look at a drawing of the Bishop of Durham's mitre, you will find it has got a coronet round the lower rim, which the other Bishops' mitres have not, because the Bishop of Durham, till about 50 years ago, was Count Palatine, with temporal jurisdiction over Durham.

It will not be thought uncharitable to say that whether a bad life cause us to miss of truth or not, a pure life is the best way to find it. A man of immoral habits once observed to Pascal, "If I could believe in your creed, I should soon be a better man." To whom Pascal made answer, "Begin by being a better man, and you will soon come to believe in my creed."—Daniel Moore.

All men desire earnestly to have truth on their side; few to be on the side of truth.—Archbishop Whately.

Bishop Huntington says, "A more subtle and as the same time a more certain way of depraving the orthodox faith could hardly be conceived than permitting in our worship an unguarded liberty as to what is sung."

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MARRIED.

RUSSELL JONES—At Christ Church, New Ross, N.S., October 21st, by Rev. E. T. Woodard, Rector, George Russell to Endavilla Jones.

TWILING SEAMAN—On Oct. 15th, in St. James' Church, Kentville, by the Rev. Canon Brock, D.D., Rector of Horton, John Tremaine Twiling, of Halifax, and Bessie Chipman Seaman, of New Minas, Kentville.

DIED.

HILTZ—On Oct. 8th, at Kentville, William Ainsley Hiltz, late sexton of St. James' Church, Kentville, aged 44 years and 6 months.

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