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Poetry.

"FAREWELL, SUMMER"

(The Wild Aster is known in some localities as "Farewell Summer."

In the meadows near the mill,
By the wayside, on the hill;
In the fields that wander down
To the edges of the town,
And beside the farm house door,
"Farewell, Summer" blooms once more.

Little asters blue and white,
Many as the stars at night:
Summer's flowers have blown away;
Now you come to make us gay
When the fields are growing brown,
And the leaves come flittering down.

How I love to gather you,
Purple flowers and white and blue,
On the cloudy afternoons
When the the wind makes pleasant tunes
In the orchard grasses dry,
Where the ripened apples lie.

Dear to me are days of spring,
And the summer makes me sing;
Winter has its time of cheer,
But the best days of the year
Come when, close beside our door,
"Farewell Summer" blooms once more.

—Cecil Cavendish, in October Saint Nicholas.

Select Family Reading

The Contrariness of Mary

Elizabeth MacCracken

"HAVE you decided yet, dear, whether you will go to California with us, or out to the farm with Aunt Rachel? We won't urge either course, but you must decide something before Saturday."

Mary's mother stood in the doorway buttoning her gloves. She looked anxiously at Mary, who sat on the lowest step, holding three open letters that she evidently was eager to read.

"Well, mother dear, here is my last 'complete and unconditional' decision."

"Really, Mary? You aren't going to have another before night?"

"No, mother, I've wavered long enough."

"You certainly have."

"Don't be 'sarcastical' to your one and only Mary," said the one and only Mary, with an embrace that almost ruined her mother's chiffon ruchings. "You see, mother, if I go to Aunt Rachel's, I shall get so bored that Aunt Rachel will regret she ever asked me, and forget that she ever labeled me a 'sunny presence.' Of course it would be near enough for Cousin Burney to come up and 'stir us up'; but Burney is so absorbed in his summer hospital that he can talk of nothing else but slum children with the measles. Burney is a perfect bore—at times—since he's got his M. D."

"My dear—"

"Now don't be shocked with your own Mary. I don't mean anything dreadful, but I'm not interested in measles and germs. Now if I go with you I'll have a lovely time, and Aunt Rachel will be none the worse in the end. So I'm going with you. Are you glad?" she asked, with a wheedlesome smile.

"Of course I want you myself, dear; but Aunt Rachel does need the 'sunny presence.' She is so lonely! If you should change your mind again, remember that Aunt Rachel will enjoy having as many of your friends visit you as the house will hold," said her mother.

"Ye-es, I know; but I shall not change my mind now. In fact, I don't want to go to Aunt Rachel's, mother. I don't like farms, and—I would rather go with you."

A little shadow came over her mother's face; but she merely said: "Then it is decided that you go with us."

"Aren't you glad?"

"I am always glad to have you with me. Your father and I would be quite desolate indeed without you; but, dear, I wish you would learn to be more interested—"

"In uninteresting people? Perhaps I shall, sometime, but I am so tired of them now! Burney doesn't know any other kind; and really, mother, I couldn't stand a whole summer filled with a farm—and—Burney's inevitable enthusiasm over dirty little children—aside from Aunt Rachel, who is always urging me to help Burney. No it's dreadful! But I don't believe in Burney's giving up his summer to keeping children alive who have nothing to live for."

"We won't discuss that again," her mother said gravely. "I must go now. Good-by, dear."

Mary returned to her seat on the steps. "Mother doesn't understand,' she thought wistfully. "I never wanted Burney to study medicine; and to give his time to saving lives that are better ended, when he might at least save valuable ones, is too much. I simply won't stay near him all summer and listen to him! It will teach him a lesson," she concluded virtuously.

She had never wholly forgiven her cousin because he had, against her advice, studied medicine with the intention of devoting himself to the free wards of the city hospitals for children.

"Why don't you do something that will benefit humanity, Burney," she had repeatedly said, "instead of keeping children alive who have no past, no present and no future but misery?"

"You don't understand," Burney as repeatedly had said, "that I am relieving their misery for the moment. You don't know what they may have to live for. They are little human children and have a right to their lives; they want them, and I shall help them to keep them."

"You are very foolish and sentimental," Mary said; but possibly she respected his foolishness and sentimentality more than she admitted.

"I think Burney might at least consider his family and come to California instead of setting up a summer Fresh Air Hospital," she said plaintively to herself, as she unfolded her first letter.

It was from Aunt Rachel; and it said in part, "I hope that you will spend the summer with me, dear. I am getting to be an old woman and won't have many more summers. You may fill the house with 'pretty maids all in a row,' if you like. . . . Do be kind to Burney. He is doing a noble work. Let him tell you about it."

"As if he didn't, day and night!" ejaculated Mary. "'Do—be—kind to Burney.' I'm not unkind to him, and he is chasing a shadow."

She began to read her second letter. It was from a distant friend who said in it: "Father says your cousin, Dr. Burney Harriston, is doing such a fine piece of work this summer, with his Fresh Air Hospital for poor children. Do tell me about it, and let me help if I can. I suppose you are absorbed in it. What kind of children are they—Irish or Italian? How much it will mean to them! And how unselfish of your cousin! I remember seeing him once at College. He is as nice as he used to be?"

Mary sat, with her chin in her hands gazing into space. "'Absorbed in it!' I've never even seen it. I suppose I shall have to, or Grace will think I am a heartless wretch. Perhaps I am; but—Burney is so exasperating!"

Her third letter had fallen to the floor. She savagely pulled it from its envelope. It was, as she knew, from her cousin, Dr. Burney Harriston,—who was so exasperating!

"My dear Miss Mary (quite contrary)" "Burney is getting more horrid every day," commented Mistress Mary. "Won't you come down and see my 'garden grow,' before you go away? I know you will see how valuable all lives are if you will just see and know some that are different from yours. You judge too much in the light of your own theories." "The audacity of the boy!" exclaimed the theorist. "You don't realize that the poorest, smallest human life is part of the plan of the world, or can't be disregarded or forgotten.

"You'll come down on Thursday, won't you? Please do. When are you going to California?"

Mary slowly put the letter into the envelope.

"Perhaps I haven't been very nice to Burney. He is trying to do good, but he is carried away by enthusiasm. I don't know much about slum people, but I do know how they live. They are just like animals; they have no higher natures. They don't have any ideals."

Mary pulled out Burney's letter and read it for the second time.

"I'll go on Thursday. I might as well and Grace wants to hear about it."

She went upstairs to her room and wrote a note to Burney. In the postscript she said, "I am not yet absolutely certain that I shall go to California. If I do it will be next week."

Dr. Burney Harriston's Fresh Air Hospital for children was merely a large house, very near the sea and not far from the city, and it had room for twenty children. Interested and generous friends had provided Burney with funds for the work, and five or six nurses, who expected no summer employment, had volunteered their services.

"Why, Burney!" exclaimed Mary on Thursday morning, as they approached the hospital. "It looks like an ordinary house."

"It is an ordinary house—only with more children in it than most houses have."

"What kind of children are they—Irish?" asked Mary mindful of her friend's question.

"Some of them. There are all kinds. They aren't very ill, most of them. They merely need a little special assistance and good food and fresh air. Some of them would have died without it."

"Oh, Burney, wouldn't it have been better for them if they had?" asked Mary.

"Mary, how can you ask that?" said the young doctor reproachfully.

"It seems better to me," Burney. But don't look so shocked. Show me your hospital." It is very much like an hospital inside, except that the rooms haven't so many beds; and there are so many windows that it's like being outdoors."

"That's the important part of it," said Burney, eager to explain. "You see the children need principally air, and they get a lot this way; and it does them so much good!" Burney fell into Mary's habit of italicising and Mary smiled at him more approvingly.

"Now, Mary, I have to go around and see the patients. Will you come, or will you wander about as you like?"

"I'll wander, thank you," said Mary, "it will be more interesting."

She felt out of her element with the nurses; they evidently looked upon her as superfluous, and Mary was not accustomed to being viewed in any such light.

She peeped into the dining-room, smiled at the queer kitchen, examined with interest the cots on the broad piazza, and finally went into one of the cool rooms, through the door of which she saw four little white beds.

The little children in the beds were asleep, and Mary would have left the room had her attention not been attracted by a man who sat beside the bed in the corner, with his heavy eyes fixed upon the small yellow head resting on the pillow. He was, to all appearances, a commonplace Irish laborer, but something in his utter absorption in the child aroused Mary's curiosity.

She stepped lightly across the room and looked at the small, white face with its pathetic mouth and droll, little turned-up nose.

"What a cunning little girl!" she said to the man, resolving to scold Burney for failing to tell her that the children in his hospital were so dear.

"Sure, miss, an' it's thot she is. She is me only wan, and she's the amidge of her mother. She'd homely but she's real cute."

"Why she's pretty!" said Mary argumentatively.

"An' do you think so, Miss? Well, an'-I've seen wuss-lookin' wans." He carefully smoothed the coverlet with his coarse red hand.

"She isn't very ill, is she?" Mary asked. "Where is her mother?" she added, suddenly remembering that the man had mentioned her.

"Ah, miss, she's dead; an' me little gur-rl would ha' been dead, too, but for Docthor Harriston. An' do ye know Docthor Harriston, miss?"

"Oh, yes, he is my cousin. I know him very well," said Mary.

"Sure it's a fine man ye be knowin'; and it's proud ye must be to be havin' him for a cousin." Mary had never happened to take this view of Burney and she made no reply.

After a while she said, "Is your little girl very ill?" Her theories with regard to the value of such a child's life began to tremble somewhat.

"No, an' she's gettin' well now; but, miss, it was sick she was. Ah, but Docthor Harriston worked for me gur-rl! It was near to dyin' she was, miss, when he took her in here, an' now she's gettin' well!"

Mary's eyes were large with wonder and interest.

"The idea of Burney's never telling me anything like this!" she thought fiercely. The man cared for his little girl exactly the way other men cared for their little girls; and Burney—perhaps she hadn't encouraged Burney to tell her.

"And if she hadn't got well," she said to the man, "would it—it would have been dreadfully hard, wouldn't it?"

"Hard? Ah, miss, I can see as ye don't know how a man feels wid his gur-rl. She's all the lolfe of me is for, miss. If she'd died, it's nothin' I'd had left to me. It's the most them that's pore has, their childern."

He gently touched the child's yellow hair, not noticing that Mary was silent.

"It's next wake she's to lave here, miss, and it's hard it'll be for her before she's strong, wid me gone all day," he said musingly.

Mary no longer hesitated. "Let her come and spend a week with me after she leaves here. Please do! I'm going to stay all summer on my aunt's farm, and I'm going next week. It is only ten miles out to it, and you can easily come out when Aunt Rachel sends in for groceries; and I am Dr. Harriston's cousin," said Mary with a suspicious break in her voice.

"Oh, it's glad I'd be, miss, and it's yourself I'd be askin' the saints to bless, together wid Docthor Harriston."

He took Mistress Mary's patrician little hand in his hard red one, and pressed it with a fervor that made her wince.

"Sure, ye have Docthor Harriston's own way wid ye."

Mary's chin went up; then she laughed softly at herself, and asked the little girl's name and her address.

"I must say good-bye now and find Dr. Harriston," she said. "He will arrange everything with you."

She went swiftly to the hall, where her cousin stood talking to one of the nurses.

"Burney, come here this moment!" she commanded. "What do you mean by not telling me the truth about the people in this hospital?"

"Why, Mary—"

"You never told me the children were sweet, and that their fathers and mothers were fond of them."

"Why, I should think you would have known that," he began, but Mary interrupted.

"You needn't begin to make a lot of excuses, Burney Harriston! I'm going home now. It doesn't matter whether you can go now or not; I can go alone—but you'll hear from me about this, Burney Harriston!"

Poor Burney was kept in suspense for three days. Mary had suddenly gone to spend a few days with Aunt Rachel, and Burney could get no hint of the revenge that she was contemplating.

"Mary always has been contrary," her mother said, and Burney did not see the laughter in her eyes.

Finally he did 'hear' from Mary,—on twelve pages of her best monogram paper,—and these were the words that he read in the concluding paragraphs:

"Aunt Rachel says the house will hold ten children at a time. You can send them for ten days each season as they get well." Grace is coming to stay all summer, and so are two of the other girls, so that we can easily take care of them. The money that my father gave me in place of my tickets to and from California will be enough to pay for the things they need. First of all, though, Burney Harriston, you will just explain, if you can, why, in the hours that you have talked about yourself to me, you never happened to mention that they were sweet and that they made as much difference to their fathers and mothers as any children."

The critic is the last to discover his own crookedness.

And a wise bachelor always hikes for the tall timbers when he hears a girl say that she intends to be an old maid.

APPROPRIATELY NAMED

"Of course they have chills and fever in Cuby," said the reader of the county paper. "They wouldn't have named that place Santy Fe if they hadn't."

TWENTY YEARS AGO

Notes from the Free Press of Thursday, September 21st, 1893

Peter Gibbons' new bank barn at Speyside has been completed. It is convenient and commodious farm structure.

Revs. D. A. Moir, Georgetown, and A. J. Irwin, Norval, gave excellent addresses at the public meeting of the Women's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church last week.

Rev. Wm. Reyers preached at Limehouse on Sunday morning. Rev. J. C. Davis, singing evangelist, conducted services in the Baptist Church on Tuesday and Wednesday evening.

Quarterly Reviews were held in the Sunday Schools last Sunday. In Knox Sunday School Rev. J. W. Rae used the dial of a clock as a basis fitting a lesson at each hour mark. It was very impressive. In the Methodist School Rev. J. Edge, Mr. I. Francis and Miss Lottie Speight each reviewed four lessons, after which Mr. H. P. Moore, Superintendent, gave an account of the recent World's Sunday School Convention at St. Louis.

A farewell gathering was held at the home of Mr. Christopher Swackhamer, Churchill, last week in honor of his daughter, Mrs. R. H. Wansbrough, her husband and family, who are returning to their home in Washington State, after three months' visit to friends in Erin and Esquesing. Every member of Mr. Swackhamer's family were present except the eldest son.

The Guelph Mercury says: Lieut.-Col. Allan, of Acton, was in the city Wednesday. He paid a visit to his old friend, Mr. James Cormack, and they walked together to the Central Exhibition. In going through the poultry department Mr. Cormack noticed Mr. Donald McKay, of Pilkington. He knew both the gentlemen well and heard them speak of each other when they were young men in the 93rd Highland regiment, but since they came to this country they never had an opportunity of meeting. The meeting was a surprise to both of the veterans.

Mr. Chester Matthews, accompanied by his mother, left on Tuesday for Chicago to attend the World's Fair, and visit relatives.

Mr. D. Henderson, M. P., went to Berlin on Monday to attend Sir John Thompson's meeting there.

Mr. C. Van Wyck and family removed this week to Southampton.

Mrs. A. O'Beardmore, who has been ill for some weeks, has been removed to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. John Matthews are visiting at West Lorne.

Mr. James Wilds, of Gloversville, N. Y., was in town on Monday after an absence of seven years.

Miss Wintermute, for six years a missionary in Japan for the Methodist Women's Missionary Society, was married in Vancouver, on Sept. 7th to Rev. H. H. Coates, on his way out to assist Dr. Eby in the Central Tabernacle, Tokio.

Rev. Bryon Laing visited Washington, D. C., last week to secure a new programme of phonographic selections for the concerts managed by himself and brothers.

DIED

CARSWELL—In Cornwall, on September 19th, Charlotte McMaster, wife of J. W. Carswell, aged 39 years and 10 days.

WORRYING ABOUT APPRECIATION

One of the surest ways to be unhappy is to insist on having full credit for everything you do. A great many people are not satisfied to do right things and helpful things. They want to be praised and lauded. And invariably such people accuse their friends and acquaintances of lack of appreciation. They show kindness to the poor and are astonished to find that poverty seems as poor in gratitude as in other things. They take hold of church work and are aggrieved and indignant because instead of being hailed as public benefactors, they are frequently subject to criticism. And always in the end, they tire out and give up the effort to benefit an ungrateful humanity.

If you are going to do anything for the world, you must work for the love of it. If you are working for gratitude or appreciation, you will find the pay too small to be worth the effort. The world's benefactors have always been men who did not worry about the appreciation they were likely to receive. They cared only to do their duty as they saw it.

VAIN PRECAUTION

"With the idea of naming my boys," said a white-haired man, "so that there could be no nicknames—which I have always detested—in the family, we called the first Edmund, the second Edward, the third Edgar, the fourth Edwin, the fifth Edson, and the sixth Egbert."

"That surely served your purpose didn't it?" asked one of the listeners.

"Not at all," rejoined the patriarch, rather shamefacedly. Beginning with the eldest, they were known as Eddie, Chuck, Bim, Snorkey, Muggins and Pete, and every mother's son of them answered proudly to his nickname."

GROWTH THROUGH RESPONSIBILITY

The way to grow is to assume responsibilities. The people who continually avoid whatever is hard or exacting, because to discharge such duties will tax their capacities, fail to realize that this is the way capacity increases, and the only way. If you are afraid of responsibilities, you will probably end your life no better equal to them than you were in the beginning. If you shoulder them and struggle to discharge them capably, you will be growing equal not only to these, but to larger ones. Responsibility is the great educator, the great developer. It is the gymnasium of character, the factory in which the raw material of ability becomes capacity for achievement.

SHE'LL KNOW THE REST

"Just tell them that you saw me,
And they'll know all the rest.
Just tell them that I'm coming home again."

Should your old mother ask me,
"How is that boy of mine?"
I'd have to lie to tell her
I saw you looking fine.

Were I to say, "He's trying
To do his level best;
But he is drinking some now,"
Then she'd know all the rest!

Just tell them that your coming,
A-coming home again?
I can't, boy; she will hear you
When you come stumbling in.

—Emory College, Oxford, Ga.

WHY HE SANG

"Isn't it a grind, Phil?" asked one member of a college glee-club of another. "I don't see how you can give up your Sunday afternoons to that mission."

"It is exacting," replied Phil, "and at first I thought it a burden, but to tell the truth I've come to like it."

"Oh, I don't doubt it does good, but the thing that would trouble me most would be the character of their music—that cheap, commonplace sort of stuff, you know."

"Well," said Phil, "it isn't classic, I know, but it seems to be the kind that reaches those men and does them good so I go ahead."

"I wonder at it, Phil, for your taste isn't of that sort."

Phil was silent a moment, and then, with heightened color and a lower tone, he said:

"I'll tell you what helped me to get over that. You know Professor Mason? Well, he plays for them. That man who has won honors at the conservatories abroad, and whose appreciation of good music is as much finer than mine as mine is than some of the men in the mission—he goes down there Sunday afternoon, after playing that magnificent organ at Grace Church in the morning, and sits down at that old pan of a piano, and plays those tinkling, cheap revival hymns, and puts his whole heart into it.

"I had some fine ideas about the sacredness of art and all that, and was tempted not to go there and sing; but when I saw that man and heard him there, I gave it up. If he can stand it for the sake of the good that he is doing, I guess I can."

And so Phil sang on. No one who knew him ever suspected that he had lost his love of good music. On the other hand, there crept into his work in the glee-club a certain richness that had not been there before. "I've learned something about putting my heart into the song," he explained modestly when a friend asked him about it.

There is a cheap and thin culture which educates one above the needs of other people; a deeper, truer culture brings a heart sympathy which puts one in touch with them without condescension. The girl who has been away to study music, and comes home with just enough education to despise the home choir in which she formerly sang, or the rickety little church organ which formerly she played, and the hymns which her parents love and which she formerly sang, has not had too much culture, but too little, and that of too shallow a sort. The noted organist and popular teacher taught his pupils many lessons but the best of all his teaching was that which he imparted to Phil.

ONLY A LITTLE DIFFERENCE

Between the man who succeeds and the man who does not, there is often very little difference. The failure may be as tall, as heavy and as handsome. If you talked first with one, and then with the other, you may might find the unsuccessful man as intelligent and as pleasing as the one who has made his name a synonym for achievement. The average failure is not an anomaly. He has all his members, all his faculties. His lack is nothing which is not evident at the first glance.

Sometimes, when a big machine is set up it refuses to run. The expert who comes to look it over does not expect to find some important part missing. He knows that in all probability the difficulty is only a misplaced cog, a loose screw, some trivial difficulty that may be set right in a twinkling. And the same is true of the man who fails. Some trifling weakness or misapplied energy turns possible success into failure. If you are not succeeding it is not because something essential has been left out of you, but perhaps because the screw of application needs tightening.

There never was and never will be a universal panacea in one remedy for all ills to which flesh is heir. What would relieve one ill in turn would aggravate the others. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtained in a sound, unadulterated state a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves those to whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and by tranquilizing the nerves disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which being stimulated, courses through the veins strengthening the healthy, animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result strengthening the frame and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substance—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman, of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine. By the opinion of scientists, the wine approaches nearest perfection of any on the market. All druggists sell it.