

## MERRY COASTERS.

### A Joyous Session of Health Giving Pleasure Sadly Terminated.

EDITOR COURIER:—We were all itching for some real fun. We were a jolly crowd last Saturday morning as we pushed our way up the long hill near Mr. Langford's residence, and shot like an arrow down the hill again on our Dakota coasters. Many a merry ringing laugh and shout burst out on the bright morning air as we tugged up the hill and over the "thank you mums" and bumpers in our way. We thought we might possibly disturb your thinking machine in your sanctum; cause your pen to make spider tracks; tip your Arnold's fluid into your political and poetical effusions; pi your whole type; make you whack your "devil;" give you the back ache and set your legs itching to get out with us. We'd jumble you generally, we were so happy and noisy and gleeful and gay. The tumbles we took as we tipped on the turn made us think of Toodles and Tompkins on their way from the town; often they'd tiddled and toddyed 'till the wee hours had come.

Down and down, again and again we had plunged through soft snow and over hard snow—literally bathed in the bright morning sun and the beautiful snow, as jolly and gleeful as when twenty years ago, we drove our coasters down the hill with the girls, and drew them (the girls) up again. Wasn't it jolly to be a girl then, boys? Mr. Editor if your liver is lazy, and your brain is bilious from the long hours in that sanctum of yours, just drop the pen, drive a Dakota coaster down Langford's hill, and swallow a snow bank, and you'll grapple your goose with a vim you have never known before.

We had ascended the hill for the last drive. Down they shoot like the wind. The snow flies; the laugh rings out; the trip is high and all hearts are in trim. The coaster is dashing down the steepest height. On they speed as an arrow from the bow. The coasters have struck the soft snow; through it they shoot; and on—but stop—there is a cry—a sad, wailing, woeful cry; like the wierd minor tuned above the major strain. It's not the cry of the joyous coaster. It's not the gleeful note of the rapid rider. It's not the bounding joy of those beautiful boys. It's the cry of sharp, cutting pain. It's the cry that hushes every joyous strain. It's the cry that cuts the soul and makes the heart beat quick, and the face grow white. We quickly turn, and our dear Herbert Langford lies in the snow with his face turned up to ours, pleading for us to come. One bound and all are there. We take him to our arms and fold him close. We know now why the cry—the little limb hangs limp. We mount the hill in a minute; lay him upon the bed; the friends are about him, and the mother's arms enfold him. A moment more and we are bounding with swift horses for our good Dr. Kerr, with a prayer that we may find him soon. Back again like the wind with the good doctor with balm and bandages. Dear, precious, brave little Herbert. We lay our strength out upon that little limb to draw it to its place. The skillful fingers of the physician place the shattered bones to their places. The bandages are placed with the precision and skill of a mechanic. The extension splint is softly padded and adjoined to the limb in true line. Herbert has borne all the cruel pain like a man. Precious, darling boy; how our hearts ached for him all the moments through. He lies upon his bed to-day and sings as sweetly as though he had wings and could fly rather than coast. We never loved Herbert as to-day, and God writes us a lesson. It is morning and the day is bright and beautiful and promising. Our members thrill with the exhilaration of strength. Our life flows on like new wine. It's day—there shall be no night. It's joyful—there shall be no sorrow. It's life, bounding life; there shall be no death. We have found the eternal day.

Hush! There's a wail and a cry and lamentation. The evening of the bright day has come. Mist stretches from horizon to zenith. Evil portents sky and earth. No strength to walk amid the darkness. No drop of joy to cool the parched soul. It's night. Oh! where's the day? It's sorrow; there's no plane of joy. It's death—dark, dreadful death. The night of the soul has come. God gives the day, but the night must come, and who is robed to walk in the dark hours of the night that shall come to every soul?

THE WATCHER