

Have Faith in the Boy.

HAVE faith in the boy, not believing
That he is the worst of his kind,
In league with the army of Satan,
And only to evil inclined;
But daily to guide and control him,
Your wisdom and patience employ,
And daily, despite disappointment
And sorrow, have faith in the boy!

Have faith to believe that some moment
In life's strange and checked career,
Convicted, subdued, and repentant,
The prodigal son will appear,
The gold in his nature rejecting,
The dark and debasing alloy,
Illuming your spirit with gladness,
Because you had faith in the boy.

Though now he is wayward and stern,
And keeps himself sadly aloof
From those who are anxious and tearful,
And ready with words of reproof;
Have faith that the prayers of a mother
His wandering feet will arrest,
And turn him away from his follies
To weep out his tears on her breast.

The brook that goes dashing and dancing
We may not divert from its course,
Until the wild turbulent spirit
Has somewhat expended its force;
The brook is the life of the river,
And if we the future might scan,
We'd find that a boisterous boyhood
Gave vigour and life to the man.

Ah! many a boy has been driven
Away from his home by the thought,
That no one believed in his goodness,
Nor dreamed of the battles he fought.
So if you would help him to conquer
The foes that are prone to annoy,
Encourage him often with kindness,
And show you have faith in the boy.

Have faith in his good resolutions,
Believe that at last he'll prevail,
Though now he's forgetful and heedless,
Though day after day he may fail,
Your doubts and suspicious misgivings
His hope and his courage destroy,
So if you'd secure a brave manhood,
'Tis well to have faith in the boy!

The Harvest-Moon.

It is the harvest moon! On gilded naves
And roofs of villages, on woodland crests,
And their aerial neighbourhoods of nests
Deserted, on the curtained window-panes
Of rooms where children sleep, on country lanes
And harvest fields, its mystic splendour rests.
—*Longfellow.*

THE full moon of September which falls nearest the twenty-third day of the month, is popularly known as the "harvest-moon." Sometimes it may happen that the moon "fulls" twice in the month, and sometimes it "fulls" on the second or third day of September, and again on October first, in which case the latter would be the harvest-moon.

The middle of the month is the period when the farmers are busy gathering their harvests, and the moon's rising at nearly the same time on several successive evenings at that period, enables them to continue their labours into the night without interruption. In the early ages, the simple-minded agriculturists of England believed that this was a special dispensation of Providence for their benefit. Hence the name "harvest-moon."

We know now that the harvest-moon is a natural phenomenon. It still continues, however, to be the most charming feature of the early autumn evenings, as it completely bridges for several successive nights the interval between the setting of the sun and the subsequent rising of the same. The moon

rises when the sun sets, as the other full moons of the year do.

The peculiarity about the harvest-moon, is that it appears to rise at nearly the same hours for several consecutive evenings, instead of rising later and later by from forty-five to sixty minutes, as at other times during the year. There is, indeed, an interval of over twenty-four hours between the successive appearances of the moon above the eastern horizon, but that interval is smaller than in any other week of the fifty-two

At the equator, the time which elapses between the risings of the moon is about the same in September as in March. There is practically no change in this respect throughout the year. In the countries ten or twelve degrees north of that line, however, the change is noticeable, while it increases according to the distance north of the equatorial line.

In the latitude of Washington, Louisville, St. Louis, and San Francisco, the difference is thirty minutes, and the change is of course greater as we go north. In the latitude of St. Petersburg, for instance, the greatest interval between successive risings, in excess of the twenty-four hour limit, is about one hour and twenty minutes, and the least is about nine minutes.

The greatest change in all these places occurs in March each year. All this is for that region of the globe north of the equator. South of that line the opposite conditions prevail.

The cause of the apparent change in the moon's movement is this: The angle between the plane of our horizon and that of the ecliptic—the path which the earth travels in going round the sun—is smaller about the time of the autumnal equinox than at any other period during the year. The path traversed by the moon in its journey around the earth, which it completes every twenty-nine days, forms an angle with the path traversed by the earth around the sun, completed every year, and also with our horizon.

If a luminous line were drawn across the firmament representing the earth's orbit, and another representing the earth's horizon, it would be found that the two form a smaller angle at one time in the year than they do at the other, six months later or six months earlier, as the case may be. The earth and moon are nearer the former or smaller angle in September each year, and nearer the latter angle in March.

The full moon in September, in our latitude, rises later each successive night by an interval ranging from about twelve minutes to a little over half-an-hour, being dependent upon the moon's distance from the earth at that time. The full moon of March rises later on consecutive nights by an interval ranging from an hour and ten minutes to an hour and a half.

The harvest-moon is invested with pleasing associations, and has given a theme to innumerable poets, both in England and the United States. On its arrival—

There's merry laughter in the field,
And harri less jest and frolic rout,
And the last harvest-wain goes by,
With its rustling load so pleasantly,
To the glad and clamorous harvest shout.

The waning of the harvest-moon usually marks the close of the more urgent tasks of the husbandman. The pressing labours of the year are over, for—

The harvest treasures are all
Now gathered in beyond the rage of storms,
Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up,
And instant winter's rage defied.
—*Golden Days.*

If We Would.

If we would but check the speaker
When he spoils his neighbour's name;
If we would but help the crying,
Ere we utter words of blame;
If we would, how many might we
Turn from paths of sin and shame.

Ah, the wrongs that might be righted
If we would but see the way!
Ah, the pains that might be lightened
Every hour and every day
If we would but hear the pleadings
Of the hearts that go a-tray!

In each life, however lowly,
There are seeds of mighty good;
Still we shrink from souls appealing
With a timid "if we could;"
But our God who judgeth all things
Knows the truth is, "If we would."

Was He Wise?

A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD boy received a present of fifteen hundred dollars from his grandmother. She told him she hoped he would use it wisely, but he was free to do what he pleased with it.

He thought a good deal about it for one week. Then he told his father that he would like to put it out at five per cent. interest. "At that rate," said he, "it will earn me seventy-five dollars a year, which I can add to the principal, and when I am twenty-one years old I shall have a nice little capital."

His father approved, and this was done. Perhaps some of our boys will tell us how much capital this young man would find waiting for him at the end of seven years. This is an example in compound interest, remember.

He might have bought a fine boat and a lot of fishing-tackle and gone off on a boating excursion, and had a great deal of pleasure. Or he might have bought a quantity of ammunition and some fine guns, and gone off on a wonderful shooting expedition.

But he did a great deal better. He preferred the *unseen* to the *seen*. Was he wise?

Boys and girls are choosing every day between the seen and the unseen.

Be careful that you do not waste upon seen pleasures what might one day prove valuable capital, if you would save it for a good now unseen.

The Little Bootblack.

A HUNDRED years ago there lived a little boy in Oxford whose business it was to clean the boots of the students of the famous university there. He was poor, but bright and smart.

Well, this lad, whose name was George, grew rapidly in favour with the students. His prompt and hearty way of doing things, and his industrious habits and faithful deeds, won their admiration. They saw in him the promise of a noble man, and they proposed to teach him a little every day.

Eager to learn, George accepted their proposal, and he soon surprised his teachers by his rapid progress.

"A boy who can blacken boots well can study well," said a student.

"Keen as a briar," said another, "and pluck enough to make a hero."

But we cannot stop to tell of his patience and perseverance. He went on step, by step, just as the song goes—

"One step and then another,"

until he became a man—a learned and eloquent man—who preached the Gospel to admiring thousands. The little bootblack became the renowned pulpit orator, George Whitefield.—*Sabbath Reading.*