



GUARDS BEFORE THE TEMPLE OF AGENAR.

A Harvest Sermon.

BY W. SNOAD.

THE woods are russet golden. On the hill
The busy hum of insect life is still;
The dreamy softness in the air grows chill.

The swallows' nests are empty in the eaves;
Her filmy web, dew gemmed, the spider weaves,
Framed by Virginia creeper's blood-red leaves.

The harvest fields of all their wealth are shorn,
The last rich load in triumph home is borne,
And gleaners gather up the fallen corn.

Not one of all those sheaves of gathered grain
But feeds mankind, or, sown, lives on again;
Not one amongst the gleaners toils in vain.

No falling leaf from those great elms hard by,
Drenched through by autumn mist, can aimless die,
But feeds the nook where spring's first violets lie.

Nor, sisters, is one fight for justice lost,
Though thrashed and winnowed—to destruction tossed;
God works alike by sunshine and by frost.

Strive for the right! Do battle brave and true!
Fear not, and faint not! For the end in view,
Leave it with Him. Dead efforts live anew!

Grace, Grit and Gumption.

"I THINK he has grace," said a father concerning a son who was sitting for the ministry; "whether he has grit and gumption remains to be proved." That was a wise and witty father, at all events, whatever the son may prove to be, for he hit at once upon the three most important requisites of a successful minister, or, for that matter, the most important elements of success in any other walk in life.

That is about the order in which the triumvirate should stand. At least, grace should come first.

That gives us the Christian gentleman, the honest man of business, the faithful friend. Then, if grit is added, we have persistence, "stick-to-itiveness," that will secure good scholarship, and, in time, success in business and triumph over difficulties in the end, while, if "gumption," or, in other words, tact combined with good judgment, is added, little is left to be desired. Many a man fails for lack of grit, and still more woefully for lack of gumption. The young man who has a fair share of all three is well-equipped, even though genius and talent were both left out of his make-up. If it did not savor of current slang we should say of such a young man, "*He's all right.*" With these three qualities of mind and heart he cannot fail of success.

A Boy's Temptations.

You have heard of the old castle that was taken by a single gun. The attacking force had only one gun, and it seemed hopeless to try and take the castle; but one soldier said, "I will show you how we can take the castle." And he pointed the cannon to one spot and fired, and went on all day, never moving the cannon. About nightfall there were a few grains of sand knocked off the wall. He did the same the next day, and the next. By and by the stones began to come away, and by steadily working his gun for one week he made a hole in that castle big enough for the army to walk through.

Now with a single gun firing away at every boy's life the devil is trying to get in at one opening. Temptation is the practice of the soul; and if you never have any temptation, you will never have any practice. A boy who attends fifty drills in a year is a much better soldier than the one that drills only twice. Do not quarrel with your temptations; set yourselves resolutely to face them.

Two Visions.

WHERE close the curving mountains drew,
To clasp the stream in their embrace,
With every outline, curve, and hue
Reflected in its placid face—

The ploughman stopped his team to watch
The train, as swift it thundered by;
Some distant glimpse of life to catch,
He strains his eager, wistful eye.

The morning freshness lies on him,
Just awakened from his balmy dreams;
The travellers, begrimed and dim,
Think longingly of mountain streams.

Oh, for the joyous mountain air,
The fresh, delightful autumn day
Among the hills! The ploughman there
Must have perpetual holiday!

And he, as all day long he guides
His steady plough, with patient hand,
Thinks of the flying train that glides
Into some new, enchanted land.

Where, day by day, no plodding round
Wearies the frame and dulls the mind;
Where life thrills keen to sight and sound,
With ploughs and furrows left behind.

Even so, to each the untrod ways
Of life are touched by fancy's glow,
That ever sheds its brightest rays
Upon the path we do not know.

—Fiddis, in *Century*.

How Animals Play.

EVERYBODY ought to play sometimes, no matter how old or busy or solemn he may be. Play, if it be innocent, is healthful; but there should not be too much of it, for then it becomes wasteful. Perhaps some of our readers should like to know how animals play.

Small birds chase each other about in play. Perhaps the conduct of the crane and the trumpeter is most extraordinary. The latter stands on one leg, hops around in the most eccentric manner, and throws somersaults. The Americans call it the mad-bird, on account of these singularities.

Water-birds, such as ducks and geese, dive after each other, and clear the surface of the water with outstretched neck and flapping wings, throwing abundant spray around.

Deer often engage in sham battle, or trial of strength, by twisting their horns together and pushing for the mastery. All animals pretending violence in their play stop short of exercising it.

The dog takes the greatest precaution not to injure by his bite; and the orang-outang, in wrestling with his keeper, pretends to throw him, and makes feints of biting him.

Some animals carry out in their play the semblance of catching their prey. Young cats, for instance, leap after every small and moving object—even the leaves strewn by the autumn wind. They crouch and steal forward ready for the spring, the body quivering and the tail vibrating with emotion; they bound on the moving leaf, and again spring forward to another. Benger saw two young cougars and jaguars playing with round substances, like kittens.

Birds of the magpie kind are the analogues of monkeys—full of mischief, play, mimicry. There is a story of a tame magpie that was seen busily employed in a garden gathering pebbles with much solemnity and a studied air, burying them in a hole made to receive a post. After dropping each stone it cried "Cur-rack" triumphantly, and set off for another. On examining the spot, a poor toad was found in the hole, which the magpie was stoning for his amusement.—*S. S. Advocate*.