

### Indian Summer.

An Autumn sun, a golden haze,  
The last of bright October days,  
In a calm radiance shining,  
A meadow stretching broad and green,  
And on its breast in silver sheen  
A ribbon streamlet twining.

Nature lies quiet, with hushed breath  
That life most glorious in its death  
Its hectic flush is showing;  
A crimson tint on wood and hill,  
A golden light, and all so still,  
So wondrous in its glowing.

In brighter robes than those of Man  
The fair Year burns her life away,  
As if for Summer mourning,  
Like Eastern bride on funeral pyre  
She sinks to rest in shroud of fire,  
Exulting in that burning.

## OUR S. S. PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining; the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly .....	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated .....	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together .....	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly .....	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo., monthly .....	0 60
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 50c. per 100	
Home and School, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies .....	0 30
Less than 20 copies .....	0 25
Over 20 copies .....	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies .....	0 30
Less than 20 copies .....	0 25
Over 20 copies .....	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies .....	0 15
20 copies and upwards .....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies .....	0 15
20 copies and upwards .....	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month .....	5 50

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,

25 to 33 Richmond St. West and 30 to 36 Temperance St., Toronto.

C. W. COATES,  
3 Bleury Street,  
Montreal.

S. F. HURSTIS,  
Wesleyan Book Room,  
Halifax, N.S.

## Home and School.

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 19, 1889.

### The Eye.

THERE are many wonderful things, dear children, in God's beautiful world. Some are hidden very deeply, but others are disclosed to us—we seek them every day, and yet some of us think little about them. We will have a little talk together about a few of these wonders that are close to us, and we will begin with one that helps us to see others.

The eye is not only a wonderful object, but also a very beautiful one. Much about people's characters may be learned from the eye; and of the state of feelings, whether pleased or angry, glad or sorrowful. There is a light in it which meets the light of day. When the soul leaves its clay-house, that light flickers, and in a moment goes forever out. Then we know that the spirit is departed. It has been a disputed point whether there is more expression in the mouth or in the eye. Most children would say in the eye, because they so anxiously watch father and mother's when anything is to be decided in which they are interested, and it is no wonder, for the eye is the little window out of which the soul looks.

God has set the eye in the face for use; and he has made it like a jewel, to brighten and beautify. He has given the eye its rare colouring of blue, or black, or gray, or brown. We are not satisfied looking at a baby's face till it has opened its innocent little eyes.

Yet more wonderful than the eye is its designs

and uses. God made it for the light, and he prepared the light for it. The light is a messenger betwixt it and the objects filling it. It could not perceive them if the light reflected from them did not enter it, and paint pictures of them on the membrane—the retina—which is placed back of the socket; and how wonderful that on such a tiny surface a sweeping landscape may be spread, or a lofty mountain raise its peak!

Has it ever occurred to you to ask how this is? Well, when the rays of light pass through clear substances of a certain form, they bend to a point which is called the focus, and produce images there of the bodies they come from. By means of a nerve these images are conveyed to the brain, and so is produced the sense of sight.

There are three things which protect the delicate eye of man from injury. One is the perpetual moisture, which keeps it as bright and clear as the windows of our houses should be. Another is the very fine sensation to pain. If anything, however tiny, gets into it, there is no rest for us till we get it out. And then the eyelid, with the lash that fringes it so prettily, closes over it in sleep, shuts out the light when it is too much for the pupil, and covers it if sand and dust are blowing about.

The little birds, who have not this provision, are given instead a wonderful power of flattening and rounding the eye, and they can do this with great rapidity. If they go through a thorn hedge they flatten the eye. When they can safely do so they let it protrude.

Before rain, swallows fly near the ground in search of insects that have come below for warmth. Then they round their eyes till they are like little microscopes, and they can see and follow insects which our flatter eyes cannot see.

Again, when the hawk sweeps down upon the little bird or chicken from an immense distance, it has made its mark sure by flattening its eye, and so bringing the far object near, as the telescope does. What a beautiful member is the eye!

Oh, how thankful we should be to God; not only for the useful eye, but for all the members of the body. Truly we can say with the Psalmist, "I will praise thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvellous are thy works."—*Words of Cheer.*

### The Best in Life or Death.

THE battle had raged fiercely all through the long summer-day. Once and again the blue ranks had pressed through clouds of fire and smoke only to go down like ripe grain before the reaper's scythe. As twilight came on they retreated; and far up the river could be heard the roar of their cannon like the sullen growling of a baffled lion. They left the field strewn with the dead and dying—men made in the image of God so mangled that their own mothers would fail to recognize the shattered forms and distorted features. A young man, clad in the uniform of a Federal officer, lay close by a little brook, whose waters rippled on to swell the chorus of the battle-day chanted by the crimson river. There was a childish sweetness in the blue eyes and around the pallid lips, as though the memory of a mother's kiss lingered in his heart. Ah! sore would be the weeping in a Northern home over this day's work. By his side knelt a



IN MEMORIAM.  
FRANCIS JOHN POCOCK,  
DROWNED JUNE 3, 1877.

comrade, a grave, stern man; but his eyes were dim with tears as he exclaimed, "Boy, I would have died for you!"

"It's best as it is, colonel; but tell my mother—." The dying man choked back a sob, while his companion bent over to catch the feeble accents "Tell her," he continued, with quivering lips, "that her religion was best to live by—and I wish it were to die by. Say the prayer she taught me colonel—'Our father—forgive us—as we forgive—.'"

A long shudder passed over the stalwart frame, and the spirit was in the presence of a Judge who "knoweth our frame, who remembereth that we are dust," pitieth them that fear him "even as a father pitieth his children."—*S. S. Visitor.*

### True Till Death.

THE wonderful story of the heroism displayed by two young English officers just before the battle of Rorke's Drift deserves more than a passing mention. In the Zulu war young Melville and Coghill had to cut their way through the enemy's ranks, not because they were afraid to die, but simply because to them was committed the sacred trust—the saving of the colours. They plunged into the river, the assegais and the bullets of the Zulus following them until the river stream was dyed crimson with the blood of horses and men. When they reached the middle young Coghill fell from his horse; and Melville, his comrade, put his hand down, and, stabbed and bleeding as he was, led him to the other side, out of the reach of the bullets and the assegais. When they got to the opposite shore death compelled these brave men to give up the prize they had striven so hard to preserve. When the bodies of these two young officers were discovered three days afterward, six hundred yards down the stream, how do you think they were found? Round the body of young Melville was tied the Union Jack, while in the hand of Coghill was found the standard pole which bore the English colours; and such was the iron grip that it had to be broken asunder before that death-like hold could be unloosed.

In the way of righteousness is life.