

surprise and sympathy, he hurried away to the house, there to be met by Benson, the old butler, who in his turn was greatly alarmed at his appearance.

Benson would not be sent away, but was most assiduous in his attentions; and Cyril being by this time before the looking-glass, was somewhat alarmed at his appearance, and the ashy hue of his face, and he began to think worse of his tumble than he had previously done.

(To be continued.)

—THY REFUGE AND REWARD.

God is not far from thee;
Nay, he is near.
His handiwork ye see—
In every shrub and tree
It doth appear.
And he is good to all
In each degree—
Or high, or low, or great or small;
In costly marble hall,
Where dwell the free,

Or in the lowly cot.
Or desert wild,
By all the world forgot;
Where'er you cast your lot,
God finds his child.
He bids thee upward look,
And see thy home;
Although by all forsook,
Thy name is in His book—
He bids thee come.

And when thy work is done
Here on the earth—
Thy mortal race is run,
A nobler course begun,
This is thy worth;
A crown of glory bright,
And garment's pure,
The spirit spotless white,
A home in worlds of light,
That shall endure.

A HIGH STANDARD.

There can be no doubt that Christianity has set up a very high standard of living. Indeed, men have ever found fault with our religion, have said that such a standard could not be reached, or, at least, could not be maintained. They have said that the business of life could not be carried on, if the whole world should embrace and act upon the Master's injunctions. We believe, however, that such a standard as this can alone save the world. No man can be a faithful Christian who is willing to rest contented with the advance he has made. Do not begin, then, to question the standard. Do not say that you cannot attain unto this or that particular of the Saviour's teaching. We can spend our lives in trying. In trying earnestly to reach what is now above us, we shall be less exposed to the temptations that move upon the lower plains of life. Many at this time are just beginning their Christian life. They have been but lately confirmed. Let your standard be Christ's standard. If you read anything in the gospel which seems to be hard to attain to, let it not discourage you. And what ever the world or men may say, it is nevertheless true, that they only are Christ's "who have crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts."—*Oregon Churchman.*

PRAYER.

Prayer can obtain everything; it can open the windows of heaven, and shut the gates of hell; it can put a holy constraint upon God, and detain an angel till he leave a blessing; it can open the treasures of rain, and soften the iron ribs of rocks till they melt into tears and a flowing river; prayer can unclasp the girdles of the north, saying to a mountain of ice, Be thou removed hence and cast into the bottom of the sea; it can arrest the sun in the midst of his course, and send the swift winged winds upon our errand; and all those strange things and secret decrees and unrevealed transactions, which are above the clouds, and far beyond the regions of the stars, shall combine the ministry and advantages for the praying man.—*Jeremy Taylor.*



Children's Department.

AUTUMN.

When we looked at this picture of autumn our thoughts went back to a book we read many years ago written by one who was called the wizard of the North. Do our young readers know to whom we refer? We mean Sir Walter Scott, to whom that name was given on account of his wonderful power as a writer. Well, in one of his books called "Ivanhoe" he describes a scene in just such a forest of beech and oak in "Merrie England" as that before us. But many changes and improvements have taken place in the six hundred and odd years which have gone since Garth the Swineherd looked after the stock of Cedric the Saxon.

Whatever improvements have taken place in other respects we do not think there has been much change in the pigs, for if they continue to relish the rich autumn feast of *mast*, that is beech-nuts and acorns, we feel they are still as unmannerly and dirty in their habits as ever.

There are now no longer any "thralls" either in England or North America, and the boy who is represented in the picture as leading the "porkers" is at any rate free-born, and no one can compel his services or make him labour without payment. We hope our young readers are lovers of rural life scenery, if so they will enjoy autumn especially, not only for its fruits, but also for its beauties of sky and air, the lovely tints and colors of the woods and hills.

With every color of the rainbow they are embellished—with every colour save that of uniform black—merging into fine and mingling shades; but to relieve the intensity of glare, they rise on a softened ground of green, and they throw their shadows marked or obscure, according to the variations of the light and the altitudes of the sun.

All nature has its harmonies. The child sports on the mossy bank, the aged man sits under the shade of the spreading tree, the bee glides into

the cup of the flower, the butterfly rivals in beauty the blossom on which it lights, the robin is busy amid the boughs of the cherry tree, or perches for a moment on the whitened thorn.

Why is such a profusion of beauty lavished on nature, but that man should be inspired with admiration, and ascend in contemplation to the Eternal Source of beneficence and goodness!

In the distribution of the vegetable world, the munificent hand of the Creator has lavished on every climate, and on every situation, its allotted portion. Every zone and latitude, every mountain and valley, teem with their varieties of vegetable life. In every region of which man takes possession nature there spreads out for him a banquet. The corn plant, so numerous in species, and so multiplied by climate, is the richest benefaction of Heaven to man. Nature for his sustenance produces rice on the banks of the Ganges, maize on the plains of the Mississippi, and to us also in Canada furnishes a plenteous harvest of grain, such as with loyal gratitude our holy Church has praised God for in so many recent Harvest Thanksgiving Services in the different parishes.

Nature in one climate yields her productions almost spontaneously to man, in another she requires a little of his co-operation; but in our own Canada she grants her bounty only on the condition of unremitting industry. But God has blessed that industry, and joyfully, gratefully can we sing,

We thank Thee then, O Father,
For all things bright and good,
The seed-time and the harvest,
Our life, our health, our food;
Accept the gifts we offer
For all Thy love imparts,
And, what Thou most desirest
Our humble, thankful hearts.
All good gifts around us
Are sent from heaven above,
Then thank the Lord, O thank the Lord
For all His love.