



HARVEST SONG.

Once more the liberal year laughs out,
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest song and shout,
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings,
Like Ruth among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

Oh! let our altars, wreathed with flowers,
And filled with fruits, awake again
Thankgivings for the golden hours,
The early and the later rains.

HELPING MOTHER.

"How I love to help mother!" said little Sophie Foster, as, with a sigh of satisfaction, she rose from rocking the cradle. Baby was fast asleep, the gray cat lay winking and blinking before the fire; the sunshine poured in bright and golden, and played with the leaves of the ivy that had been trained over the window. Sophie took a story-book, and sat down to read.

Presently mother came in. She was a sweet-looking lady, with soft-brown eyes and merry smiles, and she came right up to Sophie and kissed her before she knew it. "So baby is asleep. You have been a great comfort to me, dear. My headache is all gone, and now you may put on your red riding-hood and boots and waterproof cloak and go out to play."

Sophie's face was very bright as she skipped over the sidewalk that afternoon. She had denied herself a visit to a little

cousin, that she might help her mother, and she had her reward. An approving conscience is a better thing to have than great possessions.

Do you love to help your mother, little reader? She has done a great deal for you. She has lain awake nights and worked and planned days, all for you. Try if you cannot help her ever so much this week.—*Myrtle*.

A PRINCE OF A BOY.

"He is just a prince of a boy," said Mrs. Hatton of Willie; and I listened and watched, for a prince, you know, is the son of a king, and I wanted to see if Willie was like a king I read of.

When he dropped his hoop and ran in to amuse baby for mamma, and did it so pleasantly, I began to get my answer; when he came out of school, smiling in-

stead of pouting because he had been kept late, I felt pretty sure; but when he cut his apple in two and gave one half to ragged Ned Brown, I was satisfied.

Yes, Willie is a "prince of a boy," because he tries to do just like that King who is kind to all, and like that Son of a King who came to minister, and not to be ministered unto.

BECAUSE.

"There's a lion on my mantelpiece!
There's a pig behind my door!
An elephant and a kangaroo
Are prowling upon my floor!"

"O, aren't you frightened?" "Not at all;
They never make any noise.
I'm not afraid of them, because
They're only the baby's toys."

—*Examiner*.

HITTING THE NAIL.

At a recent Sunday-school concert in an Eastern city, an anecdote which was worth remembering was related to the children.

One of the corporations of the city, being in want of a boy in their mill, a piece of paper was tacked on one of the posts in a prominent place, so that the boys could see it as they passed. The paper read: "Boy wanted. Call at the office tomorrow morning."

At the time indicated a host of boys were at the gate. All were admitted, but the overseer was a little perplexed as to the best way of choosing one from so many, and he said: "Boys, I want only one, and here are a great many. How shall I choose?"

After thinking a moment, he invited them all into the yard, and, driving a nail into one of the large trees, and taking a short stick, told them that the boy who could hit the nail with the stick, standing a little distance from the tree, should have the place.

The boys all tried hard, and, after three trials each, signally failed to hit the nail.

The boys were told to come again next morning; and this time, when the gate was opened, there was but one boy, who, after being admitted, picked up a stick, and, throwing it at the nail, hit it every time.

"How is this?" asked the overseer. "What have you been doing?"

And the boy, looking up with tears in his eyes, said: "You see, sir, I have a poor old mother, and I am a poor boy. I have no father, sir, and I thought that I should like to get the place, and so help her all that I can; and, after going home yesterday, I drove a nail into the barn and have been trying to hit it ever since, and I have come down this morning to try again."—*Selected*.