

In September.

BY ELIZABETH COLE.

MORNINGS frosty grow, and cold,
Brown the grass on hill and wold;
Crows are cawing sharp and clear
Where the rustling corn grows near;
Mustering flocks of blackbirds call;
Here and there a few leaves fall.
In the meadows larks sing sweet,
Chirps the cricket at our feet—
In September

Noons are sunny, warm, and still;
A golden haze o'erhangs the hill,
Amber sun-shine's on the floor
Just within the open door;
Still the crickets call and creak—
Never found, though long we seek—
Ott comes faint report of gun;
Busy flies buzz in the sun,—
In September.

Evenings chilly are, and damp,
Early lighted is the lamp;
Fire burns, and kettle sings,
Smoke ascends in thin blue rings;
On the rug the children lie;
In the west the soft lights die;
From the elms a robin's song
Rings out sweetly, lingers long—
In September.

Evening Study.

ASA and his sister were ambitious to keep up with their classes. Many times when they had hard lessons in arithmetic they would sit up after supper and study. Asa was about three years the older, but he loved his sister's company in study as well as in play or work. He helped her so much that she soon caught up with him. His mind was active, and he easily learned his lessons. It was not easy for his sister, so Asa would act as teacher, as our picture illustrates. Ida would sit and listen to the explanation as Asa took her through each example, step by step. She would ask questions, and he would answer until she understood it well, then Ida would solve an example and explain it in all its parts and answer the questions about it that Asa would ask. In this way Ida gained rapidly. They worked together in this way and kept at the head of their class. Acting as teacher helped Asa very much. He needed to reason and explain more to be able to make it plain. As he reached the higher branches his mind was broadened, so that it was less difficult to master them. By this study together they learned to tell what they had learned. Many boys and girls now only go over their lessons hurriedly, and somehow pass through; but were they called upon to explain their work they could not do so. It is not how much we do that counts for good, but how well. Boys and girls who are slack at study are sure to be slack at work of any kind they undertake. It becomes a habit with them to slight all they do, and some have been known to become even slack in talking. Such boys and girls are slighted by thorough, active people, and when they are grown they find, but too late to recover the mistake, themselves almost a burden to society. This kind of people generally are proud and want to be classed among the best. They scorn poor, honest, labouring people, thinking to exalt themselves in this way. They try to pass off as cultured people; but sham will be found out. Do you know any such boys or girls? Set them a better example. Teach them the best way.

THE great mystery of the gospel doth not lie in Christ without us, though we must know also what he hath done for us; but the very pith and kernel of it consists in Christ inwardly formed in our hearts.

Methodists at Epsom Races.

Mr. Nix's band is forty strong. Their tent is the largest on the Downs—ninety feet long by thirty feet broad:—

And so contrived a double debt to pay,
Bedroom by night—a gospel hall by day.

It is quite close to the race course—opposite the Grand Stand, and in the centre of all the confusion and noise of the biggest and roughest crowd in England. Behind us is rising ground, where thousands stand to see the races, and there are beside them, all the noisy tents and booths which form the fun of an English fair. During the day the din is terrible.

The people who come to the race-course on "Derby Day" are the cream and the scum of England. The great middle-class do not seem to be represented to any great extent. There are young men by the thousand; all the thieves and vagabonds in the country are present; and how many men—young and old—who exist by their wits, who do not know where the next meal or bed is to come from, it is impossible to number.

On Tuesday forenoon Mr. Nix numbered his band within the tent, and prepared to open the campaign. There is a portable harmonium, in charge of a medical student, a cornet, and two violins. Much—almost everything, so to speak—depends on the music: this must be sharp, bright, loud, and lively. The hymn-book is a sheet containing twenty hymns that everybody knows by heart. Every man in the band is prepared to spring on the four-legged stool, in the centre of the ring, to deliver a sermon on salvation, from one to three minutes long.

"Now, boys, let us start!" and we find our way round the carriages and betting men to the course in front of the Grand Stand, the ring is formed, and—

All hail the power of Jesus' name,

resounds in the ears of the astonished multitude.

"Why, here are the sky-pilots!" is the cry; and soon we get a crowd of listeners.

"Now, Mr. Scott, pray!" and a hearty young Wesleyan minister, without a vestige of the cloth about him, asks God's blessing.

Mr. Nix followed. "The first word to be spoken by us to-day," said he, "is to be an acknowledgment of the kindness we received here last year. We do not come here to condemn any man—to denounce racing, betting, drinking, or any special sin. We serve our Master, the Lord Jesus, and we are come to sing his praises, and to tell of the salvation he offers to everybody on the Epsom Downs to-day. We have the secret of true happiness. It is not to be found in money; it is not for those who select a particular horse—it is for everybody here who will take it. The 16th hymn."

And there is no time for any London wit to get in chaff edgeways before those Wesleyans were off with—

We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy,
The home of the happy—the kingdom of love;
Ye wanderers from God, in the broad road of folly,
O say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go? Will you go?
O say, will you go to the Eden above?

Pray do not think this was sung to a long-metre tune. There was not time for that. In thirty minutes or so the bell rang to clear the course, and during that time over a dozen sermons were preached and songs without number sung.

Wednesday was the great day of the carnival—and it broke in with heavy rain. As we lay under our canvas we thought of the poor wretches whom we had seen the night before spreading a sport-

ing paper on the ground under a hedge to sleep on. Many a head tried to get below our canvas during the night, but, as we had set a trusty patrol, nothing went wrong. We got on to the course in the forenoon twice or thrice, but as the rain came on heavily, we prepared for an indoor service in the afternoon. No need to ring a bell. As many as we could find places for kept coming and going, and while the great race was being run close by, nobody seemed to take any notice.

Some of the band were sent out in a dry interval to distribute gospels, and they found a ready acceptance from all—rich and poor alike. It was Brother Piper, a bright young Cornishman, who is right hand to Mr. Nix, who was deputed to look after the four-in-hands. "Oh, yes, thank you," said one of a grand company. "We go to church, you know—All Souls; in fact, a church-meeting was put off because we had come to the Derby. Our parson is a very nice fellow, you know, although he doesn't like horse-racing. Will you take a little champagne?"

"Thank you; but, praise, the Lord," said Brother Piper, "I don't know anything of champagne, or real pain."

But, as they would not take "No!" for an answer, he was regaled with lemonade and sandwiches, as he told them what Christ had done for him.

Then he lighted on the Sloper family. He handed in his card, and the great head of the house, that everybody knows, received a copy of the Scriptures for every member of his well-known household. Altogether, nearly a quarter of a million of tracts, leaflets, booklets, and New Testaments were given away during the week.

A young man said: "Everybody has heard of Bendigo, the prize-fighter, who never was beat. He was my grandfather. His son Matt was my father, and he used to say, 'Matt, you've got a nice little son; I think he'll fight well—we'll teach him all we know.' But Bendigo gave his heart to Jesus, and so have I; and I hope I may be esteemed a good fighter for my Master."

Bendigo's grandson is at present attending Mr. Spurgeon's college, and he gives promise that he will be a credit to it. "Thank God," said he to me, "I have a praying mother. She is still living. I have her photo inside of my Bible—I will show it to you."

The good man who was cook for the establishment, came from the kitchen to tell what had been done for him through Mr. Moody's preaching, when he was forty years of age.

"New Jim," once "Old Jim," a pugilist, was able to tell of old Derby days, and of his new life of love. There was many a strange-looking face in the audience—many a weary foot—a tear was seen in many an eye.

An old sailor, who had come from the Sailors' Home, at Shadwell, and who gave his name as Duncan Campbell, was constrained to stay behind, overcome with the good news he had heard. There were many others who gave a like testimony.

Gentlemen came in for a few minutes, and, passing out, left a sum to help in paying the expenses; and there were mysterious visits of a carriage for orders; and the baker and the butcher and the milkman, and other tradesmen, called with what was wanted, and up to the present no bill for anything came in.

The campaign has turned out most successfully, and, all being well, another will be projected next year, with many changes and improvements, which have been suggested by experience. The hearts of the good people of the West Central Mission rejoice over what the Lord has done for and by them at the Epsom races.—*Christian Leader.*