

Autumn Ploughing.

More than the beauty of summer  
Is shed on the hills to-day,  
And the fragrant breath of the vintage  
Is borne on the winds away.  
As, father and son together,  
The farmers are guiding the plough;  
Deep and straight is the furrow  
They set in the green earth now.

"Plough deep," is the old man's counsel,  
As they turn the fallow field,  
That yet shall laugh with the harvest,  
And wave with a golden yield,  
"Plough deep and straight," and the sturdy  
Answer rings back with a will,  
As the till is ready for sowing  
On the sun-swept reach of hill.

I watch, and over my spirit  
There wafts an echoed psalm;  
Sweet as the thought of our Father,  
And full of Heaven's balm,  
God knows how deep the furrow  
Needed by soul of mine,  
Ere the stony soil shall quicken  
And bloom with fruits divine.

And God who cares for the vintage  
When the sap is in the stem,  
And God who crowns the summer  
With the autumn's diadem,  
And God who all the winter  
Beholds the world's bread grow,  
May be trusted for loving kindness,  
Though his plough-share lay me low.

In storm and sun, our Father  
Hath a care surpassing ours,  
That is fain to find a shelter  
For our little fragile flowers,  
Why do we borrow trouble,  
And why resist his hand,  
That sends us gifts in sorrow  
That we do not understand?

JUST IN TIME.

"It's such a pity!" Prissy said.  
"Yes, it is a great pity," Mrs. Dorance sighed, as she went on cutting bread and piling up the slices. Two hungry boys, to say nothing of a wide-awake, active girl, know how to make the bread and butter disappear very rapidly. "If only your father were at home now I am sure he would drive into town and see what could be done. Poor old people. I say, it's a shame," and she wiped a tear from one corner of her eye. "What could papa do if he went to town, mamma?" asked Lenny.  
"Well, I think he might see some of the church folks and find out if they might it was right to let those dear old people go to the poorhouse. Maybe they don't know about it. The old folks have lived out here on this little place a good many years now, and I suppose it's a long time since they were able to drive into church, and 'cut of sight is out of mind' among church folks, I suppose, as well as among other folks." Lenny laid down his knife and fork. "Mother, let Bert and me go into town and see what we can do."  
"Why, son, you know papa never trusts you alone with the horse."  
"But we can go most of the way on our skates. The river is frozen over tight, and five miles is just nothing with our new skates."  
"But what could you do when you were there, child?" said Mrs. Dorance, smiling. "I don't even know that papa would undertake it. He might say there was no use."  
"We can go to the minister's, and there's the store-keeper, and old Mr. Norris, he's an awful kind man." It was Bert who spoke this time.  
"Oh, mamma," pleaded Prissy, "do let the boys go! I just wish I had a pair of skates, or a bicycle, or something. I'd do anything to help those poor old people!"  
"It's Saturday, and you don't have to lose your school; and who can tell? It may be the Lord's way to help two of his poor children."  
So it was settled that the boys were to go to the town on their skates and carry a note to the minister, telling the story of the poor old people's trouble. Mrs. Dorance was not in the habit of writing to a minister, and it took some time. The Dorance family were no "church folks," but they were much respected in the community, though it was generally believed that they held some strange notions about religion. For all that, they were very kind to any one in distress, and old Farmer Dunn, who lived near them, said he was afraid they were trying to be saved by their good works.  
"Now, do be careful, boys, and don't run any risks on soft ice or anything," called Mrs. Dorance after them.  
"And just tell the minister something's got to be done right away, for they say the man's coming to take them

to that horrid old poorhouse next week," added Prissy.  
The ice was perfect, the skates were now, and the errand was one to inspire boys with big hearts, as the Dorance boys certainly had. But as they drew near the town and saw the church steeple, and the big houses and stores, their hearts began to fall.  
"Say, Bert, you must do the talking," said Lenny. "I don't know what to say to a minister."  
"You are the fellow who wanted to go to see the minister, you know."  
"Well, you can just give him the letter, and maybe he won't give us a chance to say anything. I hope so, anyway," Bert concluded.  
But, after all, the minister wasn't at home! "Been gone two weeks, and won't be home for another week," said the smart maid, who wore a cap which filled the country boys with wonder.  
A bright idea struck Bert. "Could we see the minister's wife?" he asked. The maid smiled. "I'm afraid not; she went away with him."  
"Take the letter to the storekeeper," suggested Lenny: "he's a member of that church."  
So the boys went to the store. The storekeeper wasn't in; he had gone to the city to buy goods.  
"What shall we do?" said Bert, in real distress. Going to the poorhouse looked very dreadful to these children, especially when it was dear old Father and Mother Lawrence who had to go.  
A pleasant-faced girl who was matching some ribbon looked up with interest. "Were you waiting to see my father especially?" she asked in such a friendly way that Bert at once felt like confiding in her, and so he poured out the whole story. She listened with the greatest interest and attention.  
"May I see the letter?" she asked, when Bert had ended.  
It seemed to take a long time to read the letter, but the little lady was really taking a part of the time to think and plan. At last she spoke, "I should like to take this letter to one of the ladies of our church. You must go with me, for she may want to ask some questions."  
It was a beautiful house to which they were taken, and the lady who met them was so gentle and kind that they felt at home at once. She remembered the old people very well, and when Lenny told of his visit to them the day before, and how, sadly and patiently they spoke about leaving the little home so dear to them, the lady's eyes filled with tears.  
"Surely this must not be," she said; "I know who Mrs. Dorance is, and we may be sure that all she says of the case is true. It is a shame that we have not looked after this dear old brother and sister before. But now what can we do? Elma, you must help me plan."  
"I was thinking," said Elma, "that it is about time for the Juniors to give a Mercy and Help entertainment. That would help some. And then I am almost sure the League can do something. In fact, we have been planning to, but we had no special object in view. Oh, I wonder if we could have a donation party for the old folks? We could go out in sleighs, you know."  
Mrs. Olcott smiled brightly. "I thought your busy brain would think up a way to help. But now, we cannot wait for the minister and stewards to move in this matter. I think I must drive out on Monday and find out the particulars. Will you go with me, Elma?"  
"I'd just love to," was the quick reply, and so the matter was settled.  
"Thank you, boys, for coming all this way to let us know about our old friends. What made you think of coming?"  
Then the story of the table talk came out, and again the boys were thanked, and a hearty lunch was pressed upon them before starting on the homeward journey.  
"You may tell the dear old people," said Mrs. Olcott, "that they are not going to the poorhouse as long as the First Church stands, and say that on Monday they will receive a call from one who is sorry and ashamed that she has not looked after them before."  
Two happy boys whirled home on their skates, and told the wonderful story of their venture. Prissy was wild with delight, and he father, who had reached home earlier than was expected, laughed heartily as he said, "You had more courage than I should have had, I'm afraid."  
"Seems to me," said Prissy, thoughtfully, "that it's harder to find men to do good, but things than women."  
"Ho! who skated to town and went calling on folks they'd never seen, and was half scared to death too. I'd like to know?" cried Bert.  
"But you're not men—yet," said Prissy.

"Little men, I should say," said Mrs. Dorance, and her husband nodded his head.  
The children could scarcely wait until their mother had prepared the generous basket of food to carry to the old people for over Sunday use, so eager were they to tell them that they were never, no, never, so long as the First Church stood, to go to the poorhouse. A sweet little visit they had with the old folks, who blessed them and wept tears of joy when they heard how the children had undertaken their cause when they were poor and without helpers.  
"The dear Lord always has his own way to do things, and I'm main sure he had some reason for using those blessed children this time," said the soft-voiced old lady, and the husband said, "Amen, just as if it had been a meeting," Prissy told her mother.  
It all came out beautifully. Mrs. Olcott had not only a large heart, but a long purse, and she was also a wise Christian leader. The young people did their share toward making the old people comfortable, and had a very good time doing it too, and the church made generous and loving arrangements by which these true servants of their Lord, who in their days of plenty had gladly helped to build up Zion, should not be left to feel forsaken in old age and adversity.  
But this is not quite the end of the story. Mr. and Mrs. Dorance came to see the heart of the church as never before, through the loving care it gave to its stricken ones, and one sweet June day, a year or so after the boys started out on their mercy and help work, the father and mother, together with the three children, stood before the altar in the First Church and took the vows of loving service upon them.  
The old people were in the church that morning, and at the close the sweet old lady said between smiles and tears: "God sent his messengers just in time to save us from the poorhouse, and to save this dear family to his church."

A MEMBER OF THE SPIDER FAMILY.

BY LOUISE GARDINER STOCKTON.

It is often surprising to find plants or animals that are outwardly dissimilar belonging to the same classes and families, but it only serves as an illustration of the fact that we cannot appreciate our surroundings if we do not take the trouble to look below the surface. It would take several guesses, I imagine, to place the scorpions in the arachnida, or spider family, but that is where they belong, and although scientists, as yet, have not given them the comparatively minute study accorded other species, we know quite well their habits and structure. There are over one hundred and twenty species scattered over the warmer countries of Europe and South America, where they grow to be eight or ten inches in length. Smaller ones are found in other parts of Europe, and a few in the United States as far north as Nebraska, and fortunately for us, for they are annoying and dangerous visitors; though their sting is not necessarily fatal, it frequently results in serious complications. The sting, their only weapon of defence, in spite of their formidable claws, consists of a small swelling at the tip of the tail, ending in a sharp, curved sting, pierced by two minute holes, through which is sent the irritating poison. Their food consists of the eggs of other insects, and very frequently the other insects themselves as well, though they are humane enough to kill their victims by stinging them, before proceeding to their meal. Their food canals are so narrow that they can only suck the juices from the dead bodies, which are grasped tightly in their claws. Nocturnal in their habits, they hide in the daytime under stones, in ruined walls and behind the loose bark of trees, but as soon as night falls they emerge in active search for food. They are ungainly and slow in their method of covering the ground, finding it necessary, in order to make any progress, to raise the tail perpendicularly above their body, to maintain their equilibrium. When alarmed they also raise the tail and wave it violently to and fro, as if warning all newcomers of impending danger. They are often handled with apparent carelessness and ease by the natives of Egypt—an ease which is certainly born of training and skill.  
The body of a scorpion is distinctive from that of other insects, the head and the thorax being united and covered by a scale. In most other cases they are semi-detached.  
Besides their enormous crab-like claws they possess four pairs of walking legs,

seven-jointed and covered with fine hairs. Besides numerous legs they also possess a number of eyes, varying in the different species from six to ten, placed well on the top of the head.  
The old name of our beautiful little forget-me-not was scorpion-grass, since it was supposed to be a sovereign remedy for the bite of the insect. There is a curious story told of the hatred of the scorpions for fire, that they will commit suicide if surrounded by it, by curling their tails over their heads and stinging themselves to death. But this has been proven false, for no reptile can poison itself, nor, indeed, one of its own species. The explanation seems to lie in the fact that they are extremely susceptible to heat, and in their writhings and contortions seem to be striking their own bodies with their tails.  
It is said that a tame scorpion is perfectly willing to live on bananas, but it is probable that the experiment is not very often made.  
It is rather hard to imagine a scorpion as a very valued pet.

Paul the Hero.

BY E. E. HEWITT.

Of all the splendid stories that we have ever heard,  
The truest and the grandest are in God's holy word;  
And one that stirs the feelings and makes the pulses bound,  
Is that of Paul, the hero, whose name is glory-crowned.  
So tireless in his service, so earnest in his zeal,  
No pain could check his courage, no threat his lips could seal.  
He lifted up Christ's banner wherever he might be,  
In palace or in dungeon, by land or on the sea.  
In labours more abundant, in stripes and treachery;  
In perils of the robbers; in perils of the sea;  
In hungering and thirsting; in weariness and pain;  
In deserts and in prisons; in heat, and cold, and rain.  
Just read about that shipwreck upon his way to Rome!  
The sky was sunless, starless, the billows white with foam;  
The soldiers were disheartened, the sailors shook with fear,  
And Paul alone was peaceful—he knew the Lord was near.  
So brave and yet so gentle, so courteous in his ways,  
His prison walls re-echoed with joyful songs of praise.  
Ah! yes, a noble hero, this soldier of the cross,  
Who for the sake of Jesus was glad to suffer loss.  
But give him not the honour, as we his life recall;  
To Christ be all the glory—"Tis by his grace," said Paul;  
And now the faithful servant is with the King above,  
And wears a crown all radiant with fadeless gems of love.

THE TURK'S MISTAKE.

A letter from a missionary in Turkey tells this story: "The situation in Turkey is about as bad as it can be. The follower of Mohammed offers the Christian Islam submission or the sword. As long as any race is submissive under the Moslem yoke the Moslem is tolerant, but if he lifts his head or demands a part in the government, the Moslem religion offers no mercy.  
"I heard a Turkish censor make the remark to a Bulgarian friend in our employ: 'We made the mistake with you Bulgarians that we did not kill you all. If we had done so, we should have saved ourselves all the trouble we have had with you since.'  
"I knew the Turk, and he was a pleasant-appearing man, yet he could make such a remark in cold blood. Such is Islam.  
"All the massacres in Asia Minor seem to have been deliberately planned and executed with a fiendishness that is not easily understood by one that does not know that the spirit of Mohammedanism has not changed during the intervening centuries between the time of the False Prophet and the present day.  
"But he shows the characteristic attitude of the missionaries when he adds later: 'However, we do not allow ourselves to look far ahead. God reigns, and his will be done. We love his will and desire to make it ours.'"