

blooming Laura was carried to the church-yard; and, amidst the tears of those who had long sympathized in her sorrows, her body was laid in the same grave which contained the remains of her darling boy.

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

### A RICH LITTLE GIRL.

Little Nelly L. had lost her father, and her mother was poor. Her sweet temper and her winning ways gained her many friends. Among them was an excellent lady, Miss N. A glimpse of Nelly's bright face peeping in at the door always brought a smile of peculiar tenderness over Miss N's placid features. She loved to sit by the child, softly stroking her hair, and while looking thoughtfully into her smiling eyes, would often say "Poor, poor Nelly!" When Nelly shook her head, with a heart too happy to forebode evil, her friend would cress her still more fondly, and then say, "Poor little Nelly!"

"The child's heart seemed troubled by these pitying words, for she asked one day, "Why do you call me poor? Please don't Miss N—, I'm not poor—why, I've got twenty-five cents and a good mother!" "Rich little Nelly," said her friend. "A good mother! Ah! how long I was learning what this little one already knows!"

"A good mother"—could any earthly treasure have made her so truly rich?—*Selected*

### IN THE HARVEST FIELD.

Glory to Him who bids the field  
Its blessing to our toil to yield,  
Who giveth much, who giveth more,  
Till store and basket runneth o'er;  
Thus, ere the golden skies grow dim,  
Come, let us sing our Harvest hymn.

His finger on the land doth lay  
Its beauty, stretching far away;  
His breath doth fill the opal skies  
With grandeur dread to mortal eyes;  
He gives man harvest from the wild,  
And drops the daisies for the child.

But, oh, how shall we dare draw near?  
Such power is veiled in mists of fear.  
What can we be to One who fills  
The awful silence of the hills,  
Who knows the secrets of the sea,  
The wild beasts in the forests free?

But, Lord, we know Thee otherwise—  
A slighted man with loving eyes,  
Toiling along with weary feet  
Such paths as these among the wheat:  
Come from the light of Heaven's throne  
To call no home on earth Thine own.

O, Lord, Thou givest bounteous spoil  
To the poor measure of our toil,  
For our few grey dank sowing days  
The glow of August's evening blaze.  
And what can we give for the pain  
With which thou sowed immortal grain?

Nothing—for all we have is Thine.  
Who need'st not corn, nor oil, nor wine;  
Nothing—unless thou make us meet  
To follow Thee through tares and wheat,  
And from the storm of wrath and sin  
To help Thee bring Thy harvest in.

—*Good Words.*

EDITORIAL POSTSCRIPT. — We regret exceedingly the necessity of dividing Mr. Chapman's College Address, but our limits leave us no option.—Articles from "D. M.," "J. W. S.," and "S. R." in type, but laid over.—We thank the friends who have contributed to make our "News" department so full and interesting, but we are not satisfied yet.—Our readers will note the following paragraph.

FOR HALF A DOLLAR.—New subscribers remitting 50 cents during November will receive the Magazine for seven months, December to June.—Those sending \$1 at once will have the November and December numbers free, and their year will commence in January, 1872. Let our friends make these offers known, that we may have large accessions to our list by the New Year