

Hearth and Home.

A TALK WITH THE YOUNG FOLKS ABOUT THE MONTH.

August is here with its grains and fruit, which spring rains and summer suns have ripened for our use. What a wonderful thing the growth of plants is! Not all the skill of all the human beings that ever lived could make a grain of wheat, or a seed of any kind that, when put into the ground, would grow. When you come to think of it, a seed is a little world of wonders in itself. It wraps up in its tiny shell, the leaf, the stalk, the flower, and the fruit. It has a principle of life, lying dormant, but capable of being awakened by sun, air and moisture. What a change it is from a little dry-looking seed into a beautiful flowering plant! The farmer goes out in Spring with his bag of wheat, oats, or barley, scatters the seed, and in a few short weeks there is a field of golden grain ready for the reaper. Man can do very little toward the result. He can plough, sow, harrow, and cultivate, but God must give the increase. We may well feel astonished at God's power, and thankful for his goodness. "O Lord, how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all, the earth is full of thy riches."

Harvest is a time of rejoicing, as well it maybe. There is a custom in England, which is so good and right that it were well if it prevailed all over the world. It is the celebrating the end of harvest, by what is called a "harvest home." The people gather in church, and there is a thanksgiving service. Then they have pleasant parties, games, and a very happy time. It is a "feast of ingathering." Some of these old customs which the world is outgrowing, are far better worth keeping up, than some others that are taking their place. Our American neighbours, or cousins as they are often called, keep "Thanksgiving Day" every year, generally in the month of November, when they celebrate the goodness and bounty of God.

Harvest is made to teach us a very solemn lesson in the Word of God. Life is a brief summer-time, a transient harvest. We sow and reap for eternity. There is danger of our wasting the summer, and losing the harvest. Careless ones,—neglectors of the great salvation,—are represented as exclaiming in bitterness of soul, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." God gives us all a harvest and summer time of our life on earth. Let us make haste to improve it. Be it the language of our hearts—

"In vain these moments shall not pass,
These golden hours be gone,
Lord, I accept thine offered grace,
I bow before thy throne,"



AUGUST.

Poetry.

RESOLUTION.

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| If you've any task to do,
Let me whisper, friend, to you, | <i>Do it.</i> |
| If you've any thing to say,
True and needed, yea or nay, | <i>Say it.</i> |
| If you've any thing to love,
As a blessing from above, | <i>Love it.</i> |
| If you've any thing to give,
That another's joy may live, | <i>Give it.</i> |
| If some hollow creed you doubt,
Though the whole world hoot and shout, | <i>Doubt it.</i> |
| If you know what torch to light,
Guiding others through the night, | <i>Light it.</i> |
| If you've any debt to pay,
Rest you neither night or day, | <i>Pay it.</i> |
| If you've any joy to hold,
Next your heart, lest it get cold, | <i>Hold it.</i> |
| If you've any grief to meet,
At the loving Father's feet, | <i>Meet it.</i> |
| If you're given light to see
What a child of God should be, | <i>See it.</i> |
| Whether life be bright or drear,
There's a message sweet and clear
Whispered down to every ear— | <i>Hear it!</i> |