

IN THE FALL

WHEN the sun shines red
In a soft gray haze,
When the flowers are dead,
And the tree-tops blaze,
We ask, though we see
Scarce a leaf lets go,
"How long will it be
Till the first good snow?"

When the birds fly home,
And the bright leaves fall,
When the cold days come,
And the frost rules all,
We ask in our glee,
While the chill winds blow,
"How long will it be
Till the first good snow?"

We sigh for a freeze
And for snow-paved ways,
For we think of the skees,
And the skates and sleighs.
And this is our song
While the clouds hang low,
"It will not be long
Till the first good snow!"
—Companion.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 5, 1892.

CHILDREN IN THE CHURCH.

ALWAYS encourage the children to attend church. Give them a Bible and have them bring it to church. Let them bring a slip of paper and write on it where the text is, and something that they understood about the sermon. Persuade your minister to preach five minutes to the children before he begins his regular discourse. Ask him to speak simply all through. To have one or two illustrations that even the children can understand. He need not be afraid any of the older ones will go to sleep.

"Papa, are you going to say anything to-day that I can understand?" asked a little girl of her father a pastor, as they went to church. This appeal touched the

father's heart. He could not say to his child that she must sit in penance through all the service, with never a word of cheer. So, as he preached, he said. "And now, children, I will say something to you about this." The face of every child brightened. Sleepy ones started up, tired ones took fresh heart. They were all eagerness for his message. And, although the sentences to them were few and simple, doubtless many felt as did the child who pleaded for his attention, when, on her return at noon, she said contentedly: "Papa, I understood all that you said this morning."—S.S. Lesson Illustrator.

MY LITTLE NIECE.

THE little incident about which I am going to write, reminded me so forcibly at the time it happened, of a lost sinner coming to Christ, that I could not get over the impression to write about it.

I went out one afternoon to pick some thimble-berries for tea. It was a rough place, overgrown with berry bushes. My brother was cutting wheat in the adjoining field. His little four-year-old daughter had followed him to the field, and after playing about for some time she became tired and started to go home. On the way something frightened her, and she came back crying. I suppose her papa told her where I was, for I overheard her saying, "I didn't know she was there." She had faith enough to believe that I was there somewhere, though she could not see me, and her main object as she struggled through the bushes was to find me.

I stood waiting to answer the first call, and to guide the little feet to where I was. All at once she stood still. I believe she thought she was lost, or a sense of loneliness or fear swept over her, for just then came the most heart-rending cry I ever heard.

"Aunt Maggie!"

Her whole soul was in her voice, and it seemed to say, if you don't answer me I'm lost forever.

The answer went straight back, "I am here."

I shall never forget the expression on the dear tear-stained face when she first caught sight of me. It was radiant with joy and happiness. She scrambled up to where I was, and clung to my skirt with both hands. She laughed, sang, and talked alternately, and did not seem to care how rough the way was, so long as I was by her side.

After awhile she let go her hold of me and started to pick and eat berries. Then one object after another diverted her attention and she kept getting farther and farther away, until finally she lost sight of me.

Then came the call. "Aunt Maggie, you won't go away and leave me, will you?" "No, dear." "Nor forsake thee," came floating into my mind.

Now all the while she was wandering away from me, I was watching over her, ready to answer the faintest little call, and

to come to her aid should anything happen to her.

But oh, how much more precious was to me when she kept close to my side and was entirely dependent on me. There are not all those who profess to love, more precious to him when they are close to him and are entirely dependent on him.

Glen Huron, Ont.

INSTINCT OF AN OLD RAT

ON a very warm day in early summer I happened to be standing near a chicken coop in a back yard, when I noticed the head of a very gray and grizzled rat protruding from a neighbouring rat hole, and concluded to watch the movements of the veteran. After a careful survey of the surroundings, our old rodent seemed satisfied that all was right, and made a cautious exit from the home retreat. A fresh pan of water had been recently placed before the chicken coop, and the water looked a friendly invitation to the thirsty old rat, who immediately started towards it.

The rat had not reached the pan before five half-grown young ones rushed at it and tried to be the first at the water. The old rat thereupon immediately made a leap like a kangaroo, and was at the edge of the dish in advance of the foremost of her litter. Then ensued a most remarkable occurrence. The mother raised herself on her haunches, and hit and scratched her offspring so severely whenever they attempted to reach the water that they finally scudded away, evidently very much astonished and frightened at the strange and unaccountable behaviour of their mother. When the little ones were at a distance, the reason for her extraordinary behaviour began to be revealed at once. The intelligent action of the old mother. She first wetted her whiskers in the water, and looked suspiciously about her, then cautiously and carefully took a dainty sip of the liquid. She tasted it as tentatively and critically as a professional taster, and when she was satisfied that it contained no poisonous or other deleterious matter, she gave a couple of squawks which quickly brought her young thirsty brood to her side, and all fearlessly drank to their fill. Does not that very like reason?

DEAR girls, do not be in a great hurry to become young women. Remain just as long as you can. Make the most of to-day—the free, untrammelled, to-day. Scatter benedictions that girls can scatter. Cause your home resound with your heartfelt songs of laughter. Force the wrinkles from father's brow, and cause mother's white face to crimson with the pleasures which you bring for her. Think of to-morrow, but not earnestly. Thank God for the good to-day, and drink from its fountain of pleasure. Our happy girls! God bless them!—*Epworth Herald.*