

deserved attention. Yearly, \$2.50. Clergymen, \$2. Single copies, 25 cents. E. B. Treat, publisher, 771 Broadway, New York.

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW for October presents in its Review Section several noteworthy articles. Dr. Herrick Johnson's paper on "Apologetics in the Pulpit," is masterly, strikes the nail squarely on the head, and ought to be studied by every preacher. Prof. Murray descants on "Woodsworth's Poetry" in a most charming and helpful way to ministers. An able and timely paper on "The Public School System and the Ministry," by Dr. John Bascom. Secretary Round discusses, in a strong, sensible light "On the Care of the Body," a subject too little understood by literary men. Prof. W. C. Wilkinson gives a ringing and stinging criticism on Goethe's "Faust," which reminds us of his famous critique on Arnold's "Light of Asia." Dr. C. S. Robinson closes his series of remarkable papers on the Creation, his final topic being, "Was Adam Created by Process of Evolution?" All the other features of *The Review* present the usual variety and fulness. Funk & Wagnalls, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York. \$3.00 per year.

THE ST. NICHOLAS.—This boys' and girls' magazine, for October, is as good as ever. What with innocent tales of *giants* and *brownies*, and little black babies, natural science chapters, a wondrous series of childrens' letters, riddle-box, etc., with a number of superb wood-cut engravings, it leaves nothing in its own line to be wished for. The Century Co., Union Square, New York. \$3 a year.

## For the Young.

### THE SQUIRREL'S LESSON.

Two little squirrels, out in the sun :  
One gathered nuts, the other had none.  
"Time enough yet," his constant refrain ;  
"Summer is still only just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate ;  
He roused him at last, but he roused him too late.  
Down fell the snow from a pitiless cloud,  
And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Two little boys in a school-room were placed,  
One always perfect, the other disgraced ;  
"Time enough yet for my learning," he said,  
"I will climb by and by, from the foot to the head."

Listen, my darling, their locks are turned gray  
One as a Governor sitteth to-day ;  
The other, a pauper, looks out at the door  
Of the Alms-House, and idles his days as of yore.

Two kind of people we meet every day :  
One is at work, the other at play,  
Living uncared for, dying unknown—  
The busiest hive hath ever a drone.

Tell me, my child, if the squirrels have taught,  
The lesson I longed to implant in your thought !  
Answer me this and my story is done,—  
Which of the two would you be, little one ?

Church Union.

### THE PRAYING SLAVE.

The story is told of an old negro, who, in slave days, was seen one day on the deck of a steamboat waiting to be sold. He was very wretched sitting there with his feet buried in his hands, when a stranger came up and asked him what was the matter.

"Me gwine to be sold, massa," said the poor negro.

"What for?" asked the stranger.

"Well, you see, me disobey orders. Me pray too long and too loud, and my massa gwine to sell me. He let me pray easy, but when me gets happy me begin to holler, and then me know nothing about orders or anything else."

The stranger was struck with the negro's appearance, and as the master came up just then he said, "What will you take for your negro?"

The price was a hundred and fifty pounds, "He was healthy," the master said, "and the best hand on the estate. But he got religious, and used to pray so loud that the master had resolved to get rid of him."

Now the stranger thought it would be a very good thing if he could get a good negro to pray for him and for his family, so he bought him.

"Has he a wife and family?" the stranger asked.

"Yes," said the old master, "a wife and three children, and I will sell them for a hundred and fifty more."

The stranger paid three hundred pounds, and then going up to the negro, said "Well, Moses, I've bought you."

"O, hab you, massa?" and the poor negro looked very, very sad. He was thinking of his wife and children.

"Yes, and your wife and children, too," said the stranger.

"God bless you for that!" cried Moses.

"And look here," said the gentleman, "you may pray as much and as long and as loud as you like, only whenever you pray, you must pray for me and for my wife and children."

"Why, bless the Lord," cried Moses, "me hab all kinds o' commodation, like Joseph in Egypt."

Twelve months had gone by, when one day his old master had come in to see him. He found Moses measuring corn and looking very happy. "I want to buy Moses back again," he said, "I can't get on without him, everything is going wrong, and I've been a miserable man."

"No," said his master, "I'm not going to sell