

THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

Autumn is now here with its solemn memorials. The fall of the leaf and the other indications of the closing year admonish us, that as a leaf we all do fade; that as the grass withereth, and the fashion of it perisheth, so do we in our mortal bodies tend to that repose which shall be awakened only on the morning of the resurrection.

The passage of time, so distinctly marked, warns us to new diligence. During the summer there is a necessary relaxation of effort in the Church, arising from various causes. The repose which has been enjoyed will not be without great profit, if, refreshed thereby, we now resume our work with new zeal and interest. More frequent services in the Churches, and in the Sunday School more eager faces, offer us increased privileges; for to the Christian, religious duties are privileges. Let us examine and see if there is no mode in which we may increase our faithfulness and activity, and labor more diligently as servants of our Master to provoke one another to good works, and enlarge the number of children who may be trained, in the schools of the Church, in the way they should go.

As each successive year notes the fall of the leaf, we must remember that our time to do good diminishes, and that while we have time it is our duty to do good unto all men, and especially unto such as are of the household of faith. We can leave our children no better inheritance than a well founded and established Church, furnished with all needful men and means, to stem the active current of worldliness which increases with the growth of this great people. The power and wealth of the nation under whose banner we live, may be said, as yet, to be scarcely developed. Our own eyes have seen great wonders; and the march of the nation is still onward with mighty strides. To those who have taken upon them the name of Christ it belongs to see that the religious element in our progress be not forgotten, and that as in worldly things the nation is built up, in spiritual it may not lack.

Those who feel the importance of these considerations, fail in their duty if they do not press the subject upon the apparently indifferent. We say the *seeming* indifference, because we think an injustice is done to the great mass of the people, when they are left unappealed to. They consider it a neglect and a wound; and many times would gladly come forward, for the invitation. The first serious impression is often received in the act of bestowing aid upon a religious enterprise. The giver looks after his gift, as a thing in which he retains a pleasing interest; and having bestowed his substance, gives his thoughts also, and at length his heart. We must plant and water, looking to God for the increase; and according to our faith will be our success and our reward.

The grass withereth—the flower fadeth—but there is a world in which, if we are permitted to enter, we shall find no fading, and no decay. Our duty here is not only to make our own calling and election sure, but to strive that others may be partakers with us of the like glorious inheritance. He who sendeth his rain upon all, and the bounties of autumn over all the earth, would teach thereby our brotherhood and mutual dependence, our common interests and our common hopes. There is one thing which must happen unto all. To the common end we hasten. As the glorious oak, monarch of the forest, and the feeble shrub at its feet alike put off their beauty in the autumn, so all men, of whatever degree, must fade as the leaf. May we so live that our swakening shall be in the likeness of the Saviour.—*Episcopal Register.*

AMUSEMENTS.

In regard to the lawfulness of certain pursuits, pleasures and amusements, it is impossible to lay down any fixed and general rule, but we may confidently say that whatever is found to unfit you for religious duties, or to interfere with the performance of them, whatever dissipates your mind or cools the fervor of your devotions, whatever indisposes you to read your Bible or engage in prayer; wherever the thought of a bleeding Saviour or a holy God, of the hour of death, or the day of judgment, falls like a cold shadow on your enjoyment, the

pleasures which you cannot thank God for, on which you cannot ask His blessing, whose recollections most haunt a dying bed, and plant sharp thorns in its uneasy pillow—these are not for your These eschew; in these be not conformed to the world, but transform by the renewing of your minds: "Touch not, taste not, handle not." Never go where you cannot ask God to go with you; never be found where you would not like death to find you; never indulge in any pleasure which will not bear the morning's reflections. Keep yourself unspotted from the world; not from its spots only, but even from its suspicions.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

A "LITTLE PILLOW."

"O Lord, thou knowest."—Jeremiah xv. 15.

This little text has been a comfort to many a sorrowful child as well as to older persons. Things are not always bright with the little ones, and they do not always get as much sympathy as they want, because their troubles are not exactly the same sort as those of grown up people. Has there been something of this kind to-day, dear little one? Have you felt troubled and downhearted, and you could not explain it to any one, and so no one could comfort you, because no one understood? Take this little pillow to rest your tired and troubled little heart upon to-night: "Thou knowest." Thou, Lord Jesus, kind shepherd of the weary or wandering little lambs, Thou knowest all about it. Thou hast heard the words that made me feel so bad; Thou hast seen just what happened that troubled me; Thou knowest what I could not explain: "Thou understandest my thought;" Thou hast been looking down into my heart all the time, and there is nothing hid from Thee. Thou knowest all the truth about it, and Thou knowest all that I cannot put into words at all.

Is it not comfort already just to know that He knows? And is it not enough to know that He knows? Why, you know that He can do anything; so, surely, He can make things come right for you—really right, not perhaps what you fancy would be nicest and most right. And you know that He careth—that is, goes on caring—for you; so, if He knows about your trouble He cares about it too. And He not only cares, but loves, so that He would not have let this trouble touch His dear child, when He knew about it all the time, but that He wanted it to be a little messenger to call you to Him to be comforted, and to show you that He is your best friend, and to teach you the sweetness of saying, "Thou knowest."

"Jesus is our Shepherd,
Wiping every tear;
Folded in His bosom,
What have we to fear?
"Only let us follow
Whither He doth lead—
To the thirsty desert
Or the dewy mead."

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

THE BRAHMIN AND THE GOAT.

There is an old Sanskrit story which shows the folly of being influenced into giving up what we know to be true just because so many clever people contradict it.

Three thieves once saw a Brahmin toiling along, carrying a fine goat on his back. Now these rogues made their living by outwitting people; and for this purpose, with diligence worthy a better cause, studied all the weaknesses and faults of the human race.

In this case a plan was speedily concocted, which they proceeded to carry out.

One ran swiftly through a by path till he was some distance beyond the Brahmin; then, striking the main road, he sauntered carelessly back till he saw the Brahmin coming.

"Ha," said he, accosting the latter, "it is a warm day to be carrying such a load. Is your dog lame?"

"Dog," said the Brahmin; "what dog?"

"Why the one you have on your back?"

"Man, this is a goat!" quoth the Brahmin, and pressed on, feeling a mild contempt for the idiot.

Soon he met a second pedestrian (the second thief.)

"What is the matter with that dog, friend?" asked this second man, in a sympathizing tone; "you must have a kind heart indeed to lug that great brute this hot day."

"Man can you not see that it is a goat?" asked Brahmin.

"Do you joke with me, old man? Don't you suppose I know a goat from that dog?"

"It is a goat, I tell you!" asserted the Brahmin, and pressed on, but not before the look of innocent astonishment on the other's face awoke perplexing doubts. Could his eyes have deceived him, or had he taken leave of his senses? Here was another stranger coming, he would refer the question to him.

He was saved that trouble, for the third thief, at the Brahmin's approach struck an attitude of dumb amazement.

"What ails you, fellow?" said the Brahmin, impatiently.

"Is it not enough to surprise a wiser man than I, to see one of your years carrying that great dog? But then, poor soul, if it pleases you, what matter?"

This was too much for the Brahmin, and throwing his burden off, he strode away, leaving the thief with his booty.

SUSIE'S LITTLE SISTER.

"Mamma, if the baby cries so much and won't let us have any good times, I should think you would give her away."

"Give away your little sister, Elsie!"

"Yes, I'm tired of her noise."

"But if you and I don't love the poor sick baby, well enough to take care of her, I don't think anybody would."

"I'd love her if she didn't cry so much."

"Didn't you cry when you hurt your finger yesterday?"

"Yes."

"And when you fell down, and when your tooth ached?"

"Yes, I couldn't help it, mamma."

"Poor little Elsie has the toothache, and she can't help crying either."

"Well, I want a baby to play with, but I don't want Elsie," and Susie Gage walked out of the room with the doll Elsie had broken, and the picture book she had torn.

In half an hour she came back to the sitting room.

"Is Elsie in the crib?" she asked.

"Come and see," her mother said smilingly.

Susie broke into a great cry when she saw a strange baby lying there in her sister's place.

"Oh! mamma, where's Elsie?" she exclaimed.

"This is a nice little boy," her mother said. "He is well, and he doesn't cry very often, and—"

"I want little Elsie, mamma! Where is Elsie? You haven't given her away, have you?" and Susie cried harder than she had done for a month.

"Mrs. O'Hara brought the clean clothes a little while ago," Mrs. Gage said, "and I asked her to give me her little boy. Don't you like him?"

"No, no, I don't," Susie sobbed, with her head in her mother's lap. "If you'll only get Elsie back again, I won't strike her when she cries or pull my play things away from her or—any thing."

Just then Mrs. O'Hara came back from her errand in the next block.

"You can take Teddie home with you," Mrs. Gage said. "Susie finds that she likes her little sister best, after all, if she is troublesome sometimes."

Mrs. Gage went up stairs and brought the baby down. When Susie saw her she danced with joy, though Elsie was crying again, and Teddie was as still as a mouse.

"I like her forty times the best," she said over and over again, "because she's my own little sister. Teddie isn't. Don't you ever give her away, mamma, if she cries forty times harder." And perhaps it is needless to say that mamma never did.—*Selected.*

The New Testament teaches man what the latest scientists only now teach him, namely, the unity of life; for St. Paul said, "You are all one in Christ Jesus."