

## In Autumn Days.

LIKE voices in a room where one is dying,  
Low with the awe that always comes with death,  
I hear the wind among the branches sighing,  
As earth sits dreaming with abated breath.

The leaves are falling in a gorgeous shower  
Of gold and crimson on the hillside slopes,  
And, robbed all ruthlessly of summer's dower,  
The trees stand grieving as o'er vanquished hopes.

The sky is tender as the smile a mother  
Gives to a child that o'er its losses grieves,  
And with her kind caresses she would smother  
The tears that fall, as fall the ripened leaves.

No wonder earth is sad for sweet things dying,  
And grieve to think of bloom and beauty fled;  
Though she may call there will be no replying,  
And so she mourns to-day, uncomfited.

Be patient, earth, you have your time of losses,  
Of vanished brightness and of things to miss;  
And as the souls of men bear on their crosses,  
Forgetting what may be in that which is.

But unto you another spring returning  
Will bring now gladness; and to souls of men  
Will come the spring for which each one is yearning,  
And that which seemeth dead will live again.

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## Home and School.

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

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## Read Your Bible.

MR. HUGHES, in "Tom Brown," tells an anecdote showing how we may influence others without meaning it.

A fragile boy came to Rugby, and was put under the care of "Tom Brown;" and he, with a number of other boys, all slept in a large hall, and at night they all frolicked and played. Before the lights were out they were all ready for bed. All were very much surprised to see this boy kneel down by his bed to say his prayers. One hard-hearted boy thought he would put a stop to this, so he threw his shoe at him; and, in turn, "Tom Brown" threw his boot at him.

That night "Brown" woke up with a heavy feeling, and thought how much ashamed he was when he came there to say his prayers; and he had promised his mother, before he left his home, that he would read his Bible every day, and had never read it since he came there, so he thought he would do better. And next morning when he got up he knelt down by his bed, and all was silent.

Before long all got into the habit of reading their Bibles, and kneeling every night and morning. All from the actions of this boy.

## A Ventriloquist of the Olden Time.

You have read of the Witch of Endor, and you have often wondered how she could raise Samuel from the dead. The truth is she was not a witch, and she did not raise Samuel. Saul wished to speak with him, and the woman intended to deceive Saul by going through certain incantations and then to tell him that Samuel was risen, although to him quite invisible. If Samuel had not "come up" as he did, she would have still further deceived her king, by herself replying to the questions Saul asked Samuel. This she could do by imitating the prophet's voice, and throwing her own to where the prophet was supposed to stand, putting into his mouth a speech characteristic of the man. She had a familiar spirit, an excellent memory, was familiar with the relations heretofore existing between Saul and Samuel, and could pretty nearly divine the reply Samuel would make to any of Saul's questions, but Samuel quite unexpectedly arose and spoke for himself; so now that he was risen she was afraid. In terror, she charged Saul with deceiving her—a thing quite natural under the circumstances, as she intended to deceive him. But the Lord raised Samuel, and quite upset her plans and exposed her deceit.

The word translated witch in our Authorized Version is ventriloquist, and the whole account of this transaction is quite at variance with the idea that the woman was able to raise or in any way commune with the dead. It could not be done then, as it cannot be done now.

## "For Me."

LITTLE Carrie was a heathen child about ten years old, with bright black eyes, dark skin, curly brown hair, and slight neat form. A little while after she began to go to school the teacher noticed one day that she looked less happy than usual.

"My dear," said she, why do you look so sad?"

"Because I am thinking."

"What are you thinking about, Carrie?"

"O teacher! I do not know whether Jesus loves me or not."

"My dear, did Jesus ever invite little children to come unto him?"

The little girl repeated the verse, "Suffer little children to come unto me," which she had learned at school.

"Well, who is that for?"

In an instant Carrie clapped her hands with joy, and said, "It is not for you, teacher, is it? for you are not a child. No, it is for me, for me!"

From that hour Carrie knew that Jesus loved her, and she loved him back again with all her heart.

Now, if the heathen children learn that Jesus loves them, and believes his kind words as soon as they hear them, ought not we, who hear so much about the dear Saviour, to believe and love him too? Every one of us ought to say, "It is for me! for me!" and throw ourselves into the arms of the loving Saviour.



THE INHABITANTS OF A DROP OF WATER.

## The Inhabitants of a Drop of Water.

OUR cut shows what a drop of stagnant water looks like when greatly magnified and its shadows thrown upon a screen. It looks as if it were filled with horrible dragons and beasts of prey. An old lady who saw such a representation for the first time at a public exhibition, jumped up and exclaimed, "Oh, let me go away, what if these horrible creatures should break loose and devour us!"

## Thoughtless School-Girls.

"How all the girls laughed at Miss Alfred today, mother, in school! You should see her old dress, which she has pieced out under the flounces, thinking it would never show. One of the ruffles caught on the corner of a seat, and ripped off half a yard. It was so old and faded and forlorn, that the girls laughed out loud."

"Oh, Agnes!" said her mother, with a look of pain on her kind face, "I am sure you did not laugh."

"I did, mother," said Agnes, hanging her head; "they all did."

"What if it had been your own dress?" asked her mother. "What if your father was dead, and you were then obliged to get your living by teaching, and take care of a feeble brother, besides? What if almost every dollar you could make went to pay rent, and buy food and fuel and medicines and little comforts for the sick one? What if you had spent hours in making over an old dress, so that it might look respectable in the school-room, hoping that others would never see its defects; then, how would you like exactly such a scene as that in your class-room to-day?"

"Oh, mother, I am so sorry," said Agnes, the quick tears coming to her sympathizing eyes.

"So would all the girls, I am sure," said her mother, "if they would only think of it. They are not unfeeling—only thoughtless. I would do my best to atone for the fault to-morrow, by extra kindness and politeness. Your example will have some effect upon the other girls."—*Youth's Examiner*.

LET us love life and feel the value of it, that we may fill it with Christ.