

INDIAN SUMMER.

Along the lines of smoky hills,
The crimson forest stands.
And all the day the blue-jay calls
Throughout the Autumn lands.

Now by the brook the maple leans
With all his glory spread,
And all the sumacs on the hills
Have turned their green to red.

Now by great marshes wrapped in mist
Or past some river's mouth,
Throughout the long, still Autumn day
Wild birds are flying south.
— *W. Wilfred Campbell.*

All good gifts around us
Are sent by Heaven above;
Then thank the Lord, oh thank the Lord,
For all His love.

A STORY OF SHEAVES.

The Bishop of London told a beautiful story in one of his mission sermons: "All the children were coming up with their sheaves to be let into the great harvest home. An angel was standing at the door and one of the children had no sheaves at all. The angel said no one could come without sheaves. Then the other children, one by one, began to plead for this child, "Let him in," said one; "do let him in, dear angel. He had several sheaves earlier in the day, but I was tired and he gave me one of his sheaves, one of these belongs to him." Another said; "Do let him in, dear angel. I was thirsty as I passed along and he went and filled me a cup of cold water to refresh me." One said this, and another said that. Finally the angel stretched his arm around the door and took out a bundle of sheaves. "There are his sheaves," he said. "Yes, I know all about it; he thought of others more than himself." And turning to the child, he said: "Lead the way in."
— *Evangelical Messenger.*

THE "PIGGIEST" PIG.

By C. P.

When the children went down to the farm there was nothing they liked better than to visit the pigs. There were many pigs of all sizes in different pens, and whether they rooted or slept, or stood with their snouts up over the edge of the pen, the children never tired of watching them.

The "piggie" pig of them all, as Tommy soon called him, was a big fellow in a pen by himself. He earned his name one day in a funny manner. Grandpa brought him a big pail of milk, which completely filled the wooden

trough in the pen, and yet after he had eaten every drop of it, he crawled into the trough, stretched out, and went to sleep.

Tommy puzzled hard, but could not understand it. It was not so much that the greedy pig had eaten a troughful of milk, and it was not surprising that the pig should sleep in the trough, but how could it be possible to get both pig and milk into a space which the milk alone had filled but a moment before? — *Youth's Companion.*

Then came the Autumn all in yellow clad,
As though he joyed in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banished hunger.

Upon his head a wreath that was enrolled,
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore;
And in his hand a sickle he did hold
To reap the ripening fruits, the earth had yold.*
*Yold—Yielded. — *Edmund Spenser.*

AUTUMN FIRES.

In the other gardens,
And all up the vale,
From the autumn bonfires
See the smoke trail!

Pleasant summer over
And all the summer flowers,
The red fire blazes,
The gray smoke towers.

Sing a song of seasons!
Something bright in all;
Flowers in the summer,
Fires in the fall!

— *R. L. Stevenson.*

THE SWALLOW.

Fly away, fly away, over the sea,
Sun-loving swallow, for summer is done,
Come again, come again, come back to me,
Bringing the summer and bringing the sun.

When you come hurrying o'er the sea,
Then we are certain that winter is past;
Cloudy and cold though your pathway may be,
Sunshine and summer will follow you fast.

— *Christina Rossetti.*

"O Trinity of Love and Power,
Our brothers shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go,
And ever let there rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea."

"O God of Love, O King of Peace,
Make wars throughout the world to cease;
The wrath of sinful man restrain,
Give peace, O God, give peace again."