

pyramid of Cheops, which consumed the labor of 100,000 men for twenty years in building. In one month, as many as 815,270 cubic yards of earth have been handled. It is stated that the canal will be open for navigation in six years, after \$256,000,000 have been expended upon it.

Beethoven himself told the following story as to how he became deaf. "I had to deal with a very tiresome and capricious tenor. I had already written two great arias to the same words, neither of which pleased him, and also a third which he did not care for the first time he tried it, although he took it away with him. I was thanking heaven I had done with him, and had begun to settle myself to something else which I had laid aside, but had hardly worked at it half an hour before I heard a knock at the door, which I recognized as that of my tenor. I sprang up from my table in such a rage that as the man came into the room I flung myself on the floor, as they do on the stage, but I fell upon my hands. When I got up I found I was deaf, and from that moment I have remained so. The doctor said I injured the nerves."

In the heart of the Labrador, 300 miles from the head of Hamilton Inlet, is a great waterfall, 250 feet in width, and 1,300 feet in depth, the roar of whose cataract penetrates the surrounding wilderness to a distance of 20 miles. The eyes of few, however, besides those of the timid wild animals of those northern latitudes, have ever rested upon its wonders. The Indians, from time immemorial holding a superstition that whoever looked upon the waters would die within the year, have kept aloof, and but few white men have ventured through the solitudes in which Hubbard starved to death. The falls were, however, reached in 1892 by Mr. H. G. Bryant, of Philadelphia, and may yet be the objective point of sight-seeing tourists to the northward.

An interesting book-announcement for this autumn is that of "My African Journey," by the Right Hon. Winston Churchill, M. P. The book is said to be highly characteristic of its author, abounding in brilliant description and good stories.

If it is true that a man's character appears in the books which he writes, the problem as to the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde character of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, who has been represented on the one hand as the great octopus of the Standard Oil Trust, and on the other as an enthusiastic Baptist and the greatest philanthropist of his time, having already given over \$200,000,000 for charity, will soon be solved. He has at last written the story of his life, which is now appearing in monthly instalments in World's Work.

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE. YOUNG PEOPLE AND THE FARM.

The mooted inclination of young people to leave the farm, and discard country life for the city, can never prove a wise choice for most of them. At the foundation of this is a factor not to be got around.

Country life is superior to city life—always has been, and always will be.

Young people have not life experience enough to know this, and the

parents, too often fallen into a sort of rut, make life on the farm a bondage to youth, which longs to spread its wings and fly.

The mother with young girls living at home should remember that they are young, and allow them the chance for self-initiative that normal youth craves. This instinct of the young is God-implanted, and works out progress for the human race.

Let your daughter figure out some things for herself. Do not confiscate all her time for your own work. Give her a portion of each day for herself. If there is a study she loves, allow her to pursue it. If she is fond of music, encourage her in the accomplishment. If she loves pretty things, do not deny them to her. Never fear; she will not become too fine and soar above the practical hard work that alone insures independence and freedom from debt. Her cultivated intelligence will make her manifold more useful in your home, and when

THANKSGIVING.

The summer time has gone,
And now a Nation's voice we raise
In gratitude and humble praise
To God the Giver of all good,
Who by mankind again has stood,
Without Whose kindly, gently aid,
We could not grow one single blade
Of grass or sheaf of golden wheat,
With all our toil, through summer's heat.

Life's summer time will soon be past,
Soon will the wintry chilling blast,
The cold and icy winds of death,
Dissolve this fleeting mortal breath
Back to its mother dust and clay.
Then may we reap on that great day
A heavenly harvest far away,
In climes beyond the Southern skies,
Where harvesters will gladly meet
Those gone before at Jesus' feet,
And raise to the celestial dome,
Triumphant shouts of harvest home!

Fonthill, Ont.

R. MILLER.

RE HINDU MARRIAGES.

Editor "The Farmer's Advocate":

In your paper of 8th Oct. issue was an article about marriage customs in different nations. I have read it, and found that the statements of marriage customs of Hindoostan were not correct. The Hindu religion distinctly forbids child-marriage, and in many parts of India so-called child-marriage is nothing but a betrothal. The betrothal ceremony takes place some years before the real marriage ceremony.

The members of the Brahm Samaj (i. e., Theistic Church of India) have given a death-blow to early marriage. The boys and girls of that Samaj will not marry until they attain the age of twenty-one and fifteen, respectively. Their marriage will be registered under Act III., 1872, of India Government. The Hindus are not yet accustomed to European ideas. The marriage by courtship of Christian countries has not yet prevailed in Hindoostan. It is not considered to be the highest and best system; they say this method generally proceeds from selfish desires, or the mere gratification of passions. Marriage according to the Hindu ideas, must be based on the ideal of the spiritual union of the souls, and not on lower desires for sense of pleasures. It must be a sacred bond between two souls. Even death does not dissolve it.

S. SINHA,
Hindu Student, O. A.
C., Guelph.

[We heartily thank the writer of the above for this information. At the same time, we must confess that our Occidental mind cannot quite grasp the entire drift of the Oriental reasoning. How can a bond exist between two souls, how can there be spiritual union of two souls, without that friendship which leads to the mutual acquaintance and understanding which we call love? Does the betrothal of children, brought about, we judge, by the parents, invariably lead to soul union? Are there no "misfits," no uncongenial married folk in India? We should be very glad to hear more from Mr. Sinha upon this point. Our curiosity has been aroused, and we seek information.]

LEAVE CHILDREN ALONE MORE.

Rev. Dr. Merle S. C. Wright, in an address on parental discipline, before the City Mothers' Club, of New York, urged this course:

"Give the children more active accomplishments. I consider that to bring up one child might be called an art, but to bring up many must be a handicraft. Children get licked and whipped and rounded into shape among other children. They get independence in this way, and that is really the experience of the world. It seems to me you can't let a child too much alone. I wouldn't break a child's will for anything, nor take the bloom from its nature. There is nothing in the world like the real nature of a child. And parents sometimes attempt to break the will of the child when they themselves are out of temper, and punish without cause. Instead, they should keep head cool and reason calm if the child needs punishment."



When the Last of the Leaves Has Fallen.

AMONG THE POETS.

Indian Summer.

O Indian Summer, there's in thee
A stillness, a serenity—
A spirit pure and holy,
Which makes October's gorgeous train
Seem but a pageant light and vain,
Untouched by melancholy!
But who can paint the deep serene—
The holy stillness of thy mien—
The calm that's in thy face,
Which makes us feel, despite of strife,
And all the turmoil of our life—
Earth is a holy place?
Here, in the woods, we'll talk with thee,
Here, in thy forest sanctuary,
We'll learn thy simple lore;
And neither poverty nor pain,
The strife of tongues, the thirst for gain,
Should ever vex us more.

—By Alexander M'Lachlan.

Anxiety never yet successfully bridged
over any chasm.—Ruffini.

she leaves you to become wife and mother, her chances for success and happiness will be enhanced by the perfection of faculties which your wisdom encouraged her to develop.

The endeavor among land-owners to keep their young people on the farm should be earnest. These young people are the backbone of the nation, and their sturdiness of character has saved America more than once. And just because they are strong and intelligent, they grow discontented when shut off from all the chance of self-effort that may seem new to the generation from which they sprang. Let them go ahead. Give them leeway to carry out some of their own ideas. You get new crops every year, do you not? They are also a new crop, and the old should recognize their value. Let your girl be a girl. Remember this that, if she is a successful girl, she is apt to be a still more successful woman.

Cleveland, O. L. MALONEY.