

**The Union Jack.**

It's only a small piece of bunting,  
It's only an old coloured rag,  
Yet thousands have died for its honour,  
And shed their best blood for the flag.

It's charged with the cross of St. Andrew,  
Which, of old, Scotland's heroes has led,  
It carries the cross of St. Patrick,  
For which Ireland's bravest have bled.

Joined with these is our old English ensign,  
St. George's red cross on white field,  
Round which from King Richard to Wolsey,  
Britons conquer or die, but ne'er yield.

It flutters triumphant o'er ocean,  
As free as the winds and the waves,  
And bondsmen from shackles unloosened,  
Neath its shadow no longer are slaves.

It floats over Cyprus and Malta,  
O'er Canada, the Indies, Hong Kong,  
And Britons, where'er their flag's flying,  
Claim the rights which to Britons belong.

We hoist it to show our devotion,  
To our Queen, to our country, and laws;  
It's the outward and visible emblem  
Of advancement and liberty's cause.

You may say it's an old bit of bunting,  
You may call it an old coloured rag,  
But freedom has made it majestic,  
And time has ennobled the flag.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**FOURTH QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF JUDAH**

**LESSON IV.—OCTOBER 23.**

**ISAIAH CALLED TO SERVICE**

Isa. 6. 1-13. Memory verses, ¶ 8.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

I heard the voice of the Lord, saying  
Whom shall I send, and who will go  
for us? Then said I, Here am I; send  
me.—Isa. 6. 8.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Vision of God, v. 1-4.
2. The Call of Isaiah, v. 5-8.
3. The Message, v. 9-13.

Time.—Written about 735 or 725 B.C.  
The event narrated dates back as far as  
758 or 759 B.C.

Place.—Probably Jerusalem; perhaps  
the temple.

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. Isaiah called to service.—Isa. 6. 1-13
- Tu. Call of Moses.—Exod. 3. 7-15.
- W. Ezekiel commissioned.—Ezek. 2. 1-8.
- Th. Jonah's mission.—Jonah 3.
- F. Messengers of Christ.—Luke 10. 1-16.
- S. The harvest waiting.—John 4. 31-38.
- Su. Labourers with God.—1 Cor. 3. 1-11.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. The Vision of God, v. 1-4.  
What does Isaiah say about the throne  
on which he saw the Lord seated?  
What was the Lord's throne?  
Describe the seraphim from verse 2.  
What did they chant to each other?  
In what sense is the whole world full  
of the glory of the Lord?  
What was the effect of the voice of  
the singer?  
What was the effect of the flaming  
angels themselves?
2. The Call of Isaiah, v. 5-8.  
Into what lament did Isaiah break  
forth?  
What did he complain of about him-  
self?  
What did he complain of about his  
fellows?  
Why was he so afraid?  
What did one of the seraphs take from  
the altar?  
What did he do with it?  
What did he say?  
Explain the meaning of this symbolic  
act?  
What was then said? Golden Text.
3. The Message, v. 9-13.  
What strange message did Isaiah re-  
ceive?  
Was this intended to be a message or  
a prophecy?  
Does God make it hard for any one to  
be good?  
What did God say should befall the  
cities?  
What about the land?  
What about the tenth that might pos-  
sibly remain?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. The holiness of God?
2. The justice of God?
3. The sinfulness of man?

**THE RESCUE.**

BY JULIA F. HALLARD.

"I shall name it the Rescue," said Tom, as he had finally used the last of the adjectives at his command in praising the beautiful ship Uncle Robert had made for him. "And that's because you've been such a rescuer, Uncle Robert! I shall enjoy sailing this on the lake, but I'm not going to cross the ocean blue, for all that!"

Tom had a keen eye for his own safety, and Uncle Robert's twinkling eye showed that he appreciated this fully. No one listened to stories of the sea with more interest than Tom, but the bravery and heroism was more to his mind than the storm and shipwreck which brought them out, and made heroes like Uncle Robert.

"I'm glad to hear you say that, Tom. No one but 'born sailors' have any business among breakers, and there is plenty of room on land for those who want to 'come to the rescue' of their fellowmen. While there are dangers peculiar to a life on the ocean wave, there are more cruel storms often to be met where storms have nothing to do with them. It is sadder to see men rolling, and pitching, and going down, overcome by an enemy they had chosen as a friend, than to see the noblest vessel go down in a storm-tossed sea. So, while you amuse yourself with your mimic ship, let the name you have given it keep you in mind of many chances that you will find all along your way in life, to help those in need of aid by your own example, first, and a heart always ready, when you see others struggling with temptation, with kind words and deeds to 'Come to the rescue.'"

**IN A HAY-FIELD. ALL ON A SUMMER DAY.**

BY MRS. J. M'NAIR WRIGHT.

"Which will you take—ale or toddy? All cool and comfortable; here goes—"

Neddy stopped short, and, as say the highest Latin authorities, "his voice stuck in his jaws," owing to the not merely stern, but absolutely furious, expression of his Uncle Brown's usually jolly countenance.

"Ale! Toddy! Turn it out! turn it out! Who has dared send that to my hay-field? Once let me catch—"

"Why, Uncle Brown! I was only joking! Here's water—Adam's ale, you know; and here's buttermilk."

"You gave me a powerful turn," said Uncle Brown, wiping his forehead.

"Wait a bit. Pour me out a tin of buttermilk, and sit by me while I rest. Mind you, I don't take to practical jokes, and if you'd slung a hissing-hot coal, or a lively rattle-snake, in my face, you couldn't have startled me more than by mention of ale and toddy. Now, here's a story, and then you can pass the milk and water to the rest."

"I'll run with it first, so that they can get it cool."

"Right, my boy."

"Now, here goes for a story," said Neddy, returning from his rounds.

"Ten years ago, instead of all this wheat and barley, I grew my crops—mostly barley—for the brewer in C—, and rye for the distiller in B—. I thought it no harm. I did not think at all, except to get a good price for the crops. I did not drink a drop; but my harvesters liked liquor, and I let them

capt for two loads, ate all that crop up, and my fences too. When I came to myself I was in bed, and the doctor was setting my broken leg. I cried out for Phil, and they showed him to me in a bed, alive, but his right leg was badly burnt—and my Phil will limp some all his life.

"A friend, who had always reproved me for dealing liquor to my men, and for the way I sold my crops, passing on the road on a fine horse, had seen Phil, and saved him at the last minute. Owing to Phil's trouble and mine, and the loss of barley, tools, fences, and so on, I had that fall to go to B— bank to borrow some money—my first and last borrowing. My friend went with me to aid me, and while at B— he took me to see other fires burning from ale and whiskey. He took me to grog-shops, bars, dens—where bodies and souls were being burned up with strong drink. Since then, Neddy, if any one has asked after a 'rabid teetotaler' as a natural curiosity, folks most generally send the inquirer to take a view of your Uncle Brown, who was 'saved so as by fire.'"

**WHAT A BILLION MEANS.**

The following remarkable calculation on the length of time which it would take a person to count 1,000,000,000,000 recently appeared in an issue of an English periodical: What is a billion? The reply is very simple. In England a billion is a million times a million. This is quickly written and quicker still pronounced. No man is able to count it. You will count 160 or 170 a minute. But let us suppose you go as high as 200 a minute, hour after hour. At that rate you would count 12,000 an hour, 288,000 a day, or 105,120,000 in a year. Let us suppose now that Adam, at the beginning of his existence, had begun to count, had continued to do so, and is counting still. Had such a thing been possible, he would not yet have finished the task of counting a billion! To count a billion would require a person to count 200 a minute for a period of 9,512 years, 542 days, 5 hours, and 20 minutes, providing he should count continuously. But suppose we allow the counter 12 hours a day for rest, eating, and sleeping. Then he would need 18,025 years, 319 days, 10 hours, and 45 minutes in which to complete the task.—St. Louis Republic.



WOOD-BORING BEETLE.

**WOOD-BORING BEETLE.**

Who has not noticed with interest, on stripping a portion of the bark from a forest tree, how certain insects have eaten into the slowly decaying wood, and have bored for themselves channels and tunnels which cross and re-cross each other in every direction and often assume patterns as quaint and curious as they are unsymmetrical and ill-defined? These depredations on the exterior of our forest giants are effected by certain species of the wood-boring beetle, such, for instance, as the one we see depicted here. The mother beetle, having sought out a spot where the wood is particularly soft and decaying, deposits her eggs, and then, her last duty to her race performed, lies down and dies. The eggs soon develop into the grubs or larvae, which are responsible for the various channels in the wood referred to above. They eat their way slowly in the direction in which they chanced to emerge from the egg, leaving behind them a pathway filled with woody matter of the consistency of dust, until they at length form for themselves a hollow space where they undergo the chrysalis state. When, eventually, the perfect beetle emerges from this it has no difficulty in crawling out of its loose cage and, for the first time, drying and spreading its crumpled wings preparatory to its final development as a flying insect.

have it. I served them out two or three rations a day of pretty strong whiskey-toddy, or flip, and they and I thought I was generous in so doing. Ten years ago this summer, your cousin Phil was three years old. One extra hot day the harvesters drank more than common at noon, and I think some of them were stupid from drink. The grain was in shocks, and some lying down along in rows all over the dry stubble of the field. I was yonder at the barn, directing the unloading of a great wain, and two of the best men were with me. It seems one of the hands was really drunk, so much so that, having smoked, he knocked his burning ashes out on a wisp of dry grain and stubble, and did not even tramp it out when it blazed up. I heard a yell. I looked. A smoke rose up. A great sheet of flame was sweeping down my twenty-five acre field. The men were standing helpless—the flames licking up my fortunes! But that was not all. The wind lifted the smoke, and I saw—right in the track of the flames, running to it, in his little straw hat and cotton dress—Phil, my only child, and no one near enough nor sober enough to help him! At that same minute I saw a horse leap the nearest fence and dash down toward little Phil; and I knew nothing more, for I fell senseless from the top of the wain.

"That fire, Neddy, burnt on straight across my noble barley-field, and, ex-

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