

all expressed a hope to meet again in the near future.

Our hero was accosted at the station, by an old gentleman, and warmly greeted. Benjamin Vaughan, or rather Uncle Ben, as he was called, was a man of about fifty years of age, with grey hair and a benevolent countenance. His voice instead of being cracked and harsh, was as firm as in early years.

"Hello, Vane, here at last, these trains are thundering slow, especially when a person's in a hurry. Been waiting here nearly fifteen minutes; seemed fifteen hours. However, I've got you now,' shaking his hands, or we should say, working his arm like a pump handle. "I remember the time when 'twould have taken three or four days to perform the trip from Winnipeg, now you do it in three or four hours; still I am not satisfied. But it must be accounted for by my eagerness to see you. "How's your dear old mother? Long time since I saw her last, must be five years. You should have brought her with you. But *you're* here now, and here you must remain for a few weeks. This is my turnout, best horses in the country, real southern breed," pointing to a fine team of horses and a wagon of antiquated structure. "Jump in, that's it."

Very little chance was given Vane to answer the questions, but perhaps no answers were required. He, however, managed to ask how his Aunt Jane and Cousin Violet were prospering in health and otherwise.

Uncle Ben had now a subject for discussion, and he made the most of his opportunities. "Jane is fine. She looks after the chickens—I've got a couple hundred, jolly plump 'uns some of them. You should see the eggs I get, big pile, pay well. The other day two roosters got a wrangling as to which should chew the other—they had filled themselves with grain and wanted dessert—and there was the liveliest old hog fight you ever saw. The chicks and hens came running up,

clucking to beat ten of a kind, then the pigs formed a circle on the outside, honest spectators of the struggle, all of them. Yes, you ought to see them pigs, 'twould do your eyes good took the prize at the Exhibition last year. I'll give you one for dinner before you leave, and "—

Vane here interrupted his uncle for he was almost choking with laughter, the quaint manner in which he had gone from Jane to chickens and from chickens to porkers highly amused him.

*(To be Continued.)*

Joseph H. Hess.

THE GREAT TEMPERANCE REVIVALIST.

AS the temperance question just now seems to occupy considerable attention throughout Manitoba we give to our readers this issue a sketch of Joe Hess, the great temperance revivalist.

Mr. Hess, or "Joe," as he familiarly calls himself, who is now engaged so successfully in the temperance cause, has had an eventful career. We say eventful for by the story of his life, published by himself, entitled, "Out of Darkness into Light," we learn that he not only has a remarkable career, but almost a miraculous one, and the fact that he has outlived the past and now stands before us a redeemed regenerated and reformed man tells us that. He who is powerful to save can, and has saved those who put their trust and themselves into His keeping. The subject of our sketch was born in Buffalo, N.Y. in 1851, and when eleven years of age commenced work in a brick yard. It was while he was here engaged, he tells us, he first learned the vulgar habit of chewing tobacco, and like all other boys at that age thought it was a manly thing to do. Remaining only a short time at this work he left to learn the blacksmithing, but his father needing him on the farm, he returned home to assist his parents, here he was safe from