

**The Fool's Prayer.**

The Royal feast was done; the King  
Sought some new sport to banish care.  
And to his jester cried "Sir Fool,  
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer."

The jester doffed his cap and bells,  
And stood the mocking court before;  
They could not see the bitter smile  
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head and bent his knee  
Upon the monarch's silken stool,  
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart  
From red with wrong to white as wool;  
The rod must heal the sin; but, Lord,  
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

"Tis not by gilt the onward sweep  
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;  
'Tis by our follies that so long  
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,  
Go crushing blossoms without end;  
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust  
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept  
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung?  
The word we had not sense to say—  
Who knows how grandly it had rung?"

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,  
The chastening stripes must cleanse  
them all;  
But for our blunders—oh! in shame  
Before the eyes of heaven we fall

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;  
Men crown the knave, and scourge the fool  
That did his will, but thou, O Lord  
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed, in silence rose  
The King, and sought his gardens cool,  
And walked apart, and murmured low,  
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

enjoy it all the more. A firm purpose must precede difficult work. The best results are secured by co-operation. What we give for God's cause is well invested. When God gives us a task to perform he will also help us to find the necessary means. If our plans are right they will be carried out some day. Mutual interest binds people together.

**AN UNIQUE RING.**

During Queen Elizabeth's reign, she was presented with a very unique ring. It was a plain gold circle, with a silver penny used for an ornament in the place of a precious stone. The wonderful part about this penny was inscribed upon its surface in writing, probably unparalleled in its minuteness, for there, in an exquisite miniature hand, were executed the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, the Decalogue, with two short prayers in Latin, a name, motto, day of the month, year of the Lord, and reign of the Queen (Elizabeth). It was covered with a fine crystal set in borders of gold. The writing was so plain as to be easily legible to the naked eye. Peter Bales, one of the first to invent and introduce methods of shorthand writing in the year 1575, executed the work on this penny, and presented it to the Queen at Hampton Court.—Harper's Young People.

Essay a bargain at one of these quaint shops. It is little bigger than a large-sized packing-case; an attempt to swing the proverbial cat would certainly be disastrous to the outraged feline; and yet it is filled from roof to floor with articles of cost or commodity; of art, unique and expensive beyond the affording of any but the wealthiest virtuoso: of vulgar use and quaint adornment, within the few paras of the poverty-stricken fellow. Here shelf upon shelf of splendid silks, fresh from the looms of Madras or Damascus, there an array of kaleidoscopic carpets, woven in intricate and exquisite patterns, and soft enough for the unsandaled feet of an angel from Paradise. Here one is filled with tarbooshes, the graceful tasseled caps worn almost universally in the East; there a shop where quaint pointed shoes and slippers of red morocco are piled promiscuously upon the board. Here is one for the sale of antiques. Come and feast your eyes, you who are trying to "live up to" blue china, on rare arabesque tiles, on bronzes wreathen like lace and carven in the queer, grinning, goblin, genii forms, only possible to an opium-eater's fantasies; armour that might have belonged to the Mameluke Beys; scimitars, such as Saladin may have swung when he cleft a silk handkerchief in the air for sport,

a quiet house in Boston, and boarded themselves on an average of \$3.70 per week. Their rooms cost \$5, or \$1.25 each. They took breakfast at a small restaurant, where oatmeal and steak cost 20 cents. They ate an apple and a slice of bread for lunch; and at night they pooled resources, spreading napkins on the top of a trunk, and feasting on bread and milk, or bread and a taste of canned meats. Once a neighbour surreptitiously inserted six glasses of jelly in the bureau drawer, which served as commissary department, and then they dined royally for days. The food cost them each 35 cents per day, and not one of them suffered in health by the experiment. Their expenses for clothing were no greater in proportion. One member of the quartette possessed a single gown—a well-worn black cashmere. Being invited to a professor's reception one evening, she remained away from a day's recitations, while she sat in a cloak and petticoat cleaning and pressing and freshening with ribbons her only apparel. At night she enjoyed herself quite as thoroughly as the rest of the company.

**When the Corn is in the Shock.**

Summer's gone and autumn's here,  
Harvest season of the year;  
Hogs are haunting apple trees,  
Where the grass is 'bove your knees;  
Grown is now the partridge flock,  
And the corn is in the shock.

Melon-time is all but done—  
Now and then a lingering one;  
Grapes are ripe o'er woodland trails;  
Squirrels frisk their plummy tails  
Where the chestnut burs unlock,  
And the corn is in the shock.

"Whicker, whicker!" peckerwood  
Chatters, and is understood  
By his flame-crest mate to say:  
"Whicker, whicker! come this way,  
For I hear the ravens mock,  
And the corn is in the shock."

Chincapins their coats have cast,  
And the chipmunk stores them fast,  
And the farmer from the field  
Waggons home the harvest yield;  
To the brim his barn he'll block  
With the corn that's in the shock.

By the window grandma sits,  
Smiling sweetly while she knits,  
Through the "specs" upon her nose,  
Seeing how the barn o'erflows;  
She is glad for man and stock—  
Corn to spare was in the shock.

When the field in stubble stands,  
Mocking Winter's begging hands,  
Hickory on the hearth will glow;  
Bright the farmer's face will show,  
Listening to the mantel clock;  
"Corn—to spare—was in—the shock!"

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STREET SCENE IN CAIRO.

**SCENES IN CAIRO.**

BY REV. GEORGE J. BOND, M.A.  
(Editor of *The Wesleyan*.)

I have called Alexandria a mongrel town. The same might with equal, if not greater truthfulness, be said of Cairo. It is but a step or two from the European quarter, with its stiff, stone buildings, and handsome shop fronts, to the devious, dark and dirty purlieus of its labyrinthine bazaars. In fact, it is but a hop, skip, and a jump from the nineteenth century comforts of hotel, and shop, and villa, to scenes animate with the life, redolent with the odour, and dusky with the darkness of the Thousand and One Nights. Yonder stately turbaned Moslem, with salmon-coloured robe of sheeny satin, with loose, long outer cloak of deepest blue, might well be the good Caliph Haroun al Raschid; yonder veiled houri, whose coal-black eyes sparkle with sly sauciness, as the audacious unbeliever glances admiringly at her, might well be the beautiful Scheherazade, yonder stalwart, swarthy boatman, exultant it may be at having fleeced a Frankish tourist of a few piastres beyond his fare, might stand for Sinbad the Sailor, returned successful from the quest for a roc's egg, or better still, having found in some New-found-land an addled egg of the Great Auk, and sold it, in London (mashallah!) to an addle-headed Glaour for three hundred guineas of infidel gold!

or cleft a Crusader's skull in the field for patriotism and the Prophet. Look at the proprietors as they squat solemnly beside their counters. What dignity of demeanour, what patriarchal grace, what ineffable patience, as they await the customers that providence may send them, and employ themselves meanwhile in whiffing the soothing narghileh, indulging in a nap, or reading the Koran. What an utter absence of the vulgar eagerness to sell, what a plentiful lack of the dapper and loquacious courtesy which characterizes the good salesmen of our Western emporiums—surely this is the very poetry of business, the very plety of trade.

**PLUCKY COLLEGE GIRLS.**

A recent writer on college girls tells an interesting story of the trials and difficulties of five plucky young women, who had little money, but plenty of pluck and determination to get an education. "A large eyed brunette," says the writer, "not sturdy, but fragile-looking, graduated from Boston University, a few years ago, by finding a situation as waitress in a restaurant, wearing the white apron during the rush-hours at morning and night, and in vacation season the day through.

One group of four girls—two from Boston University and two at the Harvard annex—engaged two adjoining rooms in

**LESSON NOTES.****FOURTH QUARTER.****STUDIES IN OLD TESTAMENT HISTORY.****LESSON V.—NOVEMBER 1.****BUILDING THE TEMPLE.**

1 Kings 5. 1-12. Memory verses, 4, 5.  
(Read chapters 5 and 6.)

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it.—Psalm 127. 1. Time.—B.C. 1014.

Places.—Jerusalem; Tyre, Hiram's capital; Lebanon, where the cedars grew; Joppa, where the timber was delivered

**DAY BY DAY WORK.**

Monday.—Read the Lesson (1 Kings 5. 1-12). Learn the Golden Text.

Tuesday.—Read how the temple was finished (1 Kings 6. 1-14). Learn the Memory verses, Time, and Places.

Wednesday.—Read the description of a beautiful house (1 Kings 6. 21-30).

Thursday.—Read the story of seven years' effort (1 Kings 6. 31-38). Study teachings of the Lesson.

Friday.—Read a sketch of the temple site (2 Chron. 3. 1-10).

Saturday.—Read about the pattern of the temple (1 Chron. 28. 11-21).

Sunday.—Read what Paul said about a spiritual temple (Eph. 2. 13-22). Answer the Questions.

**QUESTIONS.****I. Solomon's Work, verses 1-6.**

1. What is known of Hiram? Why did he send to Solomon? 3. Why could not David build the temple? 4. Had God promised rest in Solomon's time? How did the times favour his building? 5. What did his attempting the work so soon indicate? 6. Where only could Solomon procure wood for the temple? For what were the men of Sidon noted?

**II. Hiram's Work, verses 7-12.**

7. For what reason did Hiram rejoice? How was this contract made? 9. From where were the rafts probably shipped? Where were they received? How far was this distant from Jerusalem? What payment did Hiram desire? 11. How was pure oil obtained? What two things helped to create unrest in Israel? Why did Israel and Phoenicia continue to be friendly to each other?

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

Storms prepare for calm and make us