

His First Money.

Billy Barlow went home with a 'bee in his bonnet'—a kindly bee which kept saying to him 'Billy boy, you ought to start out gathering honey after such a sermon as you heard this morning.'

Dr. Gordon's words had fallen into at least one pair of hearing ears, and his thought into one honest little heart; for the very next day after school, Billy rang the bell of their nearest neighbor's house. The lady of the house, who had seen Billy coming up the steps opened the door herself.

"Why, how do you do, Billy?" she said.
"I am pretty well, thank you," answered Billy, "and please, Mrs. Jeffers," he continued, eagerly, "have you any work for me to do?"

"Work! for you?" questioned the astonished Mrs. Jeffers. "Has your father failed?"

"Why, no, Mrs. Jeffers!"
"Then why do you want to earn money? Do not your people give you all you ought to have?"

"Yes, Mrs. Jeffers. But—but—"
"But what, Billy? Come in and tell me. Pardon me for not inviting you in before."

"Yesterday," faltered Billy, with red cheeks and downcast eyes, "Dr. Gordon talked missionary to us. And—I want to earn some money for that cause. I've got money, but it's none that I earned."

"Oh, I see!" replied Mrs. Jeffers. "I see, and you are doing just right. Come out in the kitchen, and we will see what Bridget has to offer. Bridget," she asked, when she had entered the good natured cook's domain, "have you any work this little friend could do?"

"Nothin'," laughed Bridget, who was one of Billy's best friends, "unless he be after scroobin' me floor, an' Oi was just a-goin' to do that meself."

"Could you do that, Billy?" asked Mrs. Jeffers.

"Yes, ma'am, I think so. I play sometimes at scrubbing floors for our Nora."

"Well, Billy, I will give you fifty-cents to scrub the kitchen floor; and mind you make a good job of it," laughed Mrs. Jeffers.

"Yes'm," answered Billy, "and I thank you, Mrs. Jeffers."

A moment later the telephone in Billy's home rang, and Mrs. Jeffers called over the wire:

"O Mrs. Barlow, come over tight away. I've got something in my kitchen doing something I want to show you."

And in a little while the astonished Mrs. Barlow was peeping through the door of Mrs. Jeffers' kitchen.

"Now, come into the parlor while I tell you about it," whispered Mrs. Jeffers. "Do you know," she continued, when they were comfortably seated side by side, "that never have I heard such a missionary sermon preached to me as the one I just received from little Billy. I had thought that we were doing nobly by that cause; but now I feel ashamed of myself."

A half-hour later, while the ladies were still talking, the little floor-washer again entered the parlor.

"Why—why, mamma, how did you get here?"

Mrs. Barlow, advancing to meet him, received the blushing, faltering lad with open arms. Pressing him close to her heart, and kissing him, she whispered:

"My precious little missionary boy! Your first work and the first money you have ever earned for the Master. God bless you, Billy."—C. H. Dorris, in Zion's Herald.

Thanksgiving Ode.

BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG.

A vast Dominion, great and free,
Offers its thanks from sea to sea;
In cheerful strains we all rejoice,
Praising the Lord with gladsome voice.

For every good and perfect gift,
To God the Lord our hearts we lift
For He the Father is of all
Who live on this terrestrial ball.

To Him, for every common good,
Our homes, our health, our clothes, our food;
His open hand for all provides,
And creature wants are satisfied.

For trees and fruits, for crops and flowers,
For sun and frost, sunshine and showers;
For harvests of the lake and field,
The homage of our hearts we yield.

For peace and plenty everywhere,
Enough for all and some to spare;
For forests, mines—rich nature's store,
We render thanks and God adore.

For books, and what the press doth give,
For all on which the mind can live;
For all that elevates our race
We magnify the God of Grace.

For loving hearts and generous hands
At home—or those in distant lands,
Whose lives, a sacrifice indeed,
To spread his fame; a world's great need.

For churches and for public schools,
For Parliament, and She who rules
Over our world-wide Empire vast,
In which our favored lot is cast.

We render thanks and homage pay,
On this our great Thanksgiving Day;
To God the Lord, our hearts we lift
For every good and perfect gift.
London, Ont.

The Rainy Day.

Two little girls one rainy day,
Were tired of books and tired of play;
Each rainy day it was the same:
They grew quite tired of every game.

"I wish the organ-man would come,"
Said the spinning top, with a noisy hum;
The woolly lamb began to bleat
Because he had no grass to eat.

"Dear me! I think I'll have to go,"
Said the penny trumpet, "to have a blow."
"If you leave us now," squeaked the two white mice,
"We don't think your manners are quite nice."

"To cheer us all you might invent
A game to play, when you don't pay rent."
Then Mother said, with the sweetest smile,
"You might keep still for a little while."

"There would not be much fun in that,"
Agreed the dog and the Persian cat.
Then came in father, and nurse brought tea,
With lots of cake we were pleased to see.

When tea was over, Mother took
Her girls into the garden, to have a look
At the flowers as they reared their heads so gay
To give God thanks for the rainy day.

To Shun Lightning.

The loss of life and the destruction of property by lightning this season have been phenomenally great. As an agency of destruction it is difficult, in fact quite impossible, to guard against lightning effectively in a majority of instances, but there are a few simple precautions that should never be disregarded. During a thunderstorm always avoid a draught of air, such as may pour through a hallway or the space between open windows and doors; never stand under a tall tree or near a high pole, and never take shelter in a barn where forage or vegetation of any kind has been stored.

A prize has been offered by a German society for the best design for an electric railway upon which trains can travel at the rate of one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour.

A Census of all Human Beings on the Globe.

The greatest undertaking of its kind in the history of the world was recently set on foot at the meeting of the International Statistical Institute in Berne. Concerning this work the New York Ledger says:—

"It is proposed to take a census of all the inhabitants of the earth, and to publish the results at the opening of the twentieth century on January 1st, 1901. The enormous difficulty of the work becomes apparent when one considers that at least two thirds, and perhaps three quarters, of the inhabitants of our planet dwell in lands none of which have yet been fully civilized, and many of which still remain in a condition of savagery. Yet the purpose is, as far as possible, to include in the enumeration every human being on whom the sun rises on a particular day in the year 1900. Explorers and census-takers are to be sent to every attainable point on the globe for the purpose. Such is the scheme. It looks impracticable. An attempt has recently been made to take a complete census of Russia, and this will aid the new undertaking immensely. During his tour in Europe Li Hung Chang became interested in the proposed census of the world, and, it is asserted, promised his co-operation and assistance in the work. China forms the greatest factor of uncertainty in estimating the population of the globe. Estimates of the inhabitants in China vary sometimes by one or two hundred millions, and even the population of the great cities can only be guessed at. So, too, Africa presents an enormous field of mysteries and difficulties. Estimates of its total population are constantly varying, because explorers frequently come upon knots and centers of population the real extent of which is unknown. The most careful statisticians admit that their estimates of the population of Africa may be as much as fifty millions out of it. West of India are the vast lands that Alexander overran in his conquest—Afghanistan, Persia, and Turkey in Asia. How many scores of millions or even hundreds of millions may they not contain? Many of the uplands of Persia are practically unknown to the civilized world, but they can support a great population. No one knows how many people Arabia contains. Even the islands of the sea and the Polar regions have many human inhabitants. Nobody knows how many Esquimaux there are dwelling in the islands of eternal ice that encircle the North Pole; many of the islands of the vast Pacific swarm with inhabitants living on the open bounty of nature, whose free and careless life has captivated the imagination of highly cultivated men like Robert Louis Stevenson; and when the census is completed, if it proves practicable, what will it probably show the total population of the globe to be? For many years past the common estimate of the number of the world's inhabitants has been one billion five hundred millions—i. e., about thirty inhabitants to every square mile of land on the globe. If all of these inhabitants could be arranged in a row, standing shoulder touching shoulder, there are enough of them to completely encircle the earth at the equator, where it is about twenty-five thousand miles around, no less than twenty-two and three-quarter times! Twenty-two complete circles of human beings shoulder to shoulder, and three-quarters of another such circle, standing around the globe where its girth is greatest—that is the spectacle that would be presented.

A vindictive temper is not only uneasy to others, but to them that have it.