

Says He.

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—

"Whatever the weather may be—
It's plaze, if ye will, an' I'll say me say—
Su pesin' to-day was the winterest day,
Wud the weather be changing because
ye cried,

Or the snow be grass were ye crucified?
The best is to make your own summer,"
says he,

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—

"Whatever the weather may be!"

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—

"Whatever the weather may be,
It's the songs ye sing, and the smiles ye
wear

That's a-making the sunshine every-
where;

An' the world of gloom is a world of glee,
Wid the bird in the bush, an' the bud in
the tree,

Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be!"

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—

"Whatever the weather may be,
Ye can bring the spring wid its green
and gold,

An' the grass in the grove where the
snow lies cold,

An' ye'll warm your back wid a smiling
face,

As ye sit at your heart like an owld fire-
place,

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A large number of permanent cottages have been erected, and streets laid out. The sequestered loveliness of the neighbouring Fern Park adds to the charm of this pleasant retreat. The religious services are held with brief intervals during most of the bathing season, and serve to prevent the "sweet-do-nothing" by the sea from degenerating into laziness or mental dissipation. Through the religious influence of these services, many who come only to invigorate the body go home quickened in spirit and strengthened in moral character—a result the reverse of that which takes place amid the dissipations of certain fashionable watering-places.

All along the Maine coast are numerous pleasant places of summer resort, where sheltered nooks alternate with bold and rocky cliffs. At Old Whitehead, near Portland, the cliffs rise abruptly from the sea, while at their base thunder the eternal surges of the Atlantic.

I recently enjoyed the ride over the Maine Central Railway from Portland to Bangor and Mount Desert. The road follows for many a mile the Penobscot and Kennebec rivers, to a remarkably thrifty and well-kept country, its northern part devoted to lumbering operations. Indeed, at Oldtown is said to be the largest lumber-mill in the world, where one hundred saws are at work. We judge some of our Canadian mills on the Ottawa have as great an output of sawn lumber as any other. Bangor, Augusta, the capital, and Waterville, the latter with a handsome college, are pleasant towns along the road. At Brunswick we got a glimpse of Bowdoin College. It is of special interest to many from the fact that here Longfellow was a student and afterwards professor.

We had not much opportunity of testing the strictness or laxness of the Maine liquor law. Certainly the thriving appearance of the towns and villages, the farms and barns, the handsome stations, the well-dressed people, seemed to sustain all that Neal Dow has said of its success. Some one has said that the paint the farmers of Maine used to put on their noses, they now put on their barns, and certainly the staring red colour of the farm buildings shows to much better advantage on them than it would on the human face divine. We have nowhere seen more neat and elegant railway stations and appointments. Even the ordinary passenger train has vestibule cars with silver-plated lavatories—a great boon to the eager tourist who in his effort to see everything accumulates more than his share of dust. We think other roads might adopt this custom to their advantage, and certainly to that of their patrons.

To Portland and its memories we shall refer again, and briefly describe the route to the White Mountains.

We have several times visited this mountain region and always with renewed delight. The Maine Central Railway takes one through its very heart. We recently travelled from St. John to Portland over this route, and thence west through the wonderful, picturesque Saco Valley and Crawford Notch.

We pass for two or three hours through a pleasant pastoral country. As we reach New Hampshire the hills become higher. Conway and other mountain villages, surrounded by elm-sprinkled acres possess such a fascination to artists that one has named them "A Suburb of Paradise." The famous

CRAWFORD NOTCH.

is a narrow pass in the mountains where there is only room for the road, the river and the railway. The latter for twenty miles climbs upward along a ledge in the mountains. From the observation cars magnificent views are obtained, one of the most interesting being that of the Willey House, where an avalanche, many years ago, destroyed a whole family of nine persons.

Here at the Notch, we climbed Mount Willard, and had a magnificent view of the Saco Valley, walled in between giant mountains, one long wall in the shadow which crept with a stealthy but remorseless movement across the valley, and up the opposite mountains. The winding road, river and railway can be seen far beneath. A moving railway train looked like a child's toy.

they did know was from vague and few reports. Two friars, Plano Carpini and William Rubruquis, it is true, had reached the borders of Cathay, or Northern China, and had brought back accounts of the wonders of that mysterious land, of which they had heard from the subjects of the Great Khan, who reigned over a vast empire. But nobody among the learned and most travelled people of Europe knew exactly what manner of people lived, or what countries lay, beyond the western boundary of Cathay. It was supposed that the farthest extreme, or eastern edge, of Cathay ran off into a region of continual darkness, a bog or marsh where all manner of strange beasts, hobgoblins, and monsters roamed and howled. And it was not surprising that when the three Polos, for these were they, came back from that desperately savage country and claimed their own, they were laughed to scorn. It seemed reasonable to believe that the three, having been gone so many years, had wandered off into the Sea of Darkness and had perished miserably, or had that terrible region—"The Story of Marco Polo," by Noah Brooks, in the June St. Nicholas.

KEEP WAX AWAY FROM THE SUN.

"I lost my temper again to-day," said Madge, dolefully.

"How did it come about?" asked the mother. "Every time that happens it is easier again."

"Oh, I just went home with Sarah and Belle, and they teased me, as they always do. They mimicked my voice and made fun of the way I held my hands in giving my recitation. They know I can't bear to be mimicked. I get furious in a minute."

"It seems to me," said Aunt Rebecca, looking up from her work, "that the safest thing for you would be to keep away from those girls. They always stir you up, and you know it. There's an old saying, that 'He that hath a head of wax may not walk in the sun.'"

Madge laughed at the quaint words, but her mother said, seriously: "Daughter, your temper grows hot at a teasing word as quickly as wax melts in the sun; and since you know your weakness, one way to help it is to keep away from temptation. 'Tis the only safe and sensible way, and you will do well to follow it."—The Sunday Evangelist.

THE EVOLUTION OF GAMES.

BY HENRY GRANVILLE.

Games are evolved, not made. Hundreds, nay, thousands, of them have been invented from time to time, but none of these have ever attained to a permanent existence; they have run their ways for a few months, or even years, perhaps, and then have dropped into the limbo of forgetfulness. Every game that has achieved an enduring popularity has grown, and the best of them have been growing for hundreds of years. Those live that exhibit their fitness to live, and the rest die.

Our best games form a sort of aristocracy; their pedigrees run back to very ancient times, and no modern upstart can compete with them. Take baseball and cricket, for instance, probably the most popular outdoor games of modern times. They are first cousins, and their hold on American and English boys is in all probability due to the fact that they each unite two strong lines of descent,—that of the bat and ball games, to which tennis, lacrosse, hockey, croquet, also belong, and that of the goal games, such as tag, puss-in-the-corner, I spy, and dozens of others.

All the nations we know anything about had bat and ball games ages ago. Nobody invented the bat and ball; they grew up with our civilization from the time when little savages used to knock about a pebble or a fruit with a stick. So with the goal games, they have always been popular. Their name is still legion. The goal part (that is, running from base to base) is a much more important part of the game in baseball than it is in cricket. To be sure, neither baseball nor cricket is the game it was three hundred years ago; but both have grown, not changed.

Any one that chooses may trace the growth of cricket from the year 1300. It is not so easy to trace the pedigree of baseball. The game is known to have been played by the Indians.

As for indoor games, we may prove their nobility in just the same way. Chess comes down to us from the ancient Hindoos, by way of Persia. Checkers were played in Egypt, and then in Greece and Rome. Tenpins was certainly played in the thirteenth century, and probably much earlier. All these have grown, but they have not changed their nature. Lawn tennis is only an offshoot of the old game of court tennis, said to have been brought into Gaul by Roman soldiers, and still played. This, again, is only a growth, not a new device.

Halma is only a variation of the old pyramid game of checkers. The pompous title "A Royal Game of India," in thought to have been only an advertising dodge; but it was quite true. Pachisi is widely played in Asiatic countries, and the Spanish explorers even found the patolli, in Mexico, under the name of been carried across the Pacific.—Golden Rule.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

SEPTEMBER 13, 1896.

Gaza, where Samson slew the Philistines.—Judges 16. 21-31.

GAZA.

A city with which peculiar associations are connected. Like all ancient cities, there have been remarkable events connected with it. Let all our Junior Leaguers familiarize themselves with the remarkable history of Samson, and the city with which his name is so much identified. Here he displayed his eventful career came to a tragic end, and yet his strength, for the most part, was spent in a most foolish manner.

There can be no doubt but that at one time Samson was a good man. He was a true patriot, and doubtless, as one of the Judges of Israel he judged righteous judgment, and some of the displays of his strength were put forth on behalf of God's people. For all these we credit his name, and are only sorry that the latter part of his career was filled with such outbreaks of sin as compel one to almost weep, and say, How are the mighty fallen! Notwithstanding his greatness and physical power, he was ruined by a faithless Delilah. "Let heed, lest he fall."

LESSONS.

Physical strength cannot save a man. See Samson. He even faces the king of beasts, and is not overcome in the contest. We cannot expect to be as strong as Samson was, nor is it necessary that we should be. Men often boast of their great strength, some boast of their wisdom, and others of their wealth. How vain are all these!

ALLUREMENTS.

This world is no friend to grace to help us on to God. The world is full of Delilahs. There are town traps, and city snares everywhere. Satan will use his subtle arts and devilish skill to entrap the feet of the unwary. To young people, especially, the world is full of dangers. The insidious foe is everywhere. If one batt fails, another will soon be found.

PLEASURES.

There is nothing wrong in recreation, nor in the enjoyment of those pleasures which are not sinful. But you must be on your guard. Never pursue those pleasures which lessen your love for the Bible, or make private prayer distasteful. Let your enjoyment of pleasure be such that it will cause you to return with greater zest to spiritual things.

BEACON.

Regard Samson as a Beacon, and remember many men of great strength, both physically and mentally, have been slain by the same snare as seduced him.