

The Song of the Workers.

BY EDWARD WILLET.

I sing the song of the workers, the men
of the brawny arm,
Who give us our daily bread, and keep
us from hunger's harm,
Who labour afar in the forest, who leave
the fields with toil,
Who take no heed of the sunshine, and
mind not sweat or toil.

I sing the song of the workers, who har-
vest the golden grain,
And bind it, and thresh it, and sift it,
nor care for the sting and stain;
Who load it in creaking waggons, and
stoutly their oxen drive,
And bid them good-bye as they go, like
the bees flying home to the hive.

I sing the song of the workers, the men
who struggle and strain,
Who give us their muscle and nerve, as
they guard the loaded train;
Who give us their sinew and brain, as
they watch the prisoned steam,
And run the risk of their lives, as they
pass the perilous stream.

I sing the song of the workers, the men
who labour and strive,
Who handle for us the honey that comes
to the human hive;
The patient and tireless workers, with
muscle as tough as steel,
Who carry the heaviest burdens, and
lift, and trundle, and wheel.

I sing the song of the workers, demand-
ing for every one

name of "Carmen Sylva." His own
bardic name is "Clwydfard," or, the
Bard of Clwyd, and he is well known
as the patriarch of Welsh Methodism.
On receiving the ribbon at his hands,
the Queen graciously said to him: "I
am pleased to have the honour of hold-
ing the hand of the representative of
the most ancient literary institution of
the world possesses, and I heartily hope you
may live to be a hundred and fifty."

But listen to the words of this vener-
able patriarch himself, who held fast to
Methodism in the most difficult days of
its commencement. He says: "I am
a loyal, staunch Wesleyan Methodist, and
have always been a zealous advocate of
the doctrines of Methodism; above all I
know in whom I have believed; I know
the God whose I am and whom I serve."
These are grand words, and we heartily
echo the Queen's wish for the prolonged
life of so valuable a witness to the power
of God in the form of Methodism.

"I WAS SO AFRAID."

One morning last winter we were sum-
moned to the bedside of a dear young
girl, who had been for some time sick.
"Last night," she said, "I was so
sick that I thought I was going to die,
and I was so afraid."
"Why were you so afraid?" we asked.
You are trusting in the Lord Jesus, are
you not? Why, then, should the
thought of being called into his presence
terrify you so?"
"Oh," she replied, "because I have
not been living as near Jesus as I ought
to have been living. I have been care-

Place.—The Mediterranean; especially
Clauda, a small island south of Crete.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Sailing for Rome.—Acts 27. 1-17.
- Tu. Paul's voyage and shipwreck. Acts
27. 13-20.
- W. Peace amid the storm. Acts 27
27-36.
- Th. Wreck and rescue.—Acts 27. 37-44.
- F. Christ in the vessel.—Mark 4. 35-41.
- S. Confidence in God.—Psalm 23.
- Su. Danger and deliverance.—Psalm 107
23-32.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Hopeless Condition, v. 13-20.
What happened to the ship?
What did the sailors do?
Near what island did they come?
What was their condition?
What was done the next and third
day?
To what condition were they brought?
2. The Comforting Message, v. 21-26.
Who now addressed the ship's com-
pany?
For what did he chide them?
For what did he exhort them?
What had been granted them?
What had been granted Paul?
What promise had the angel made?
What words show Paul's faith?
Golden Text.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- How does this lesson illustrate—
1. The uncertainty of our way?
 2. The deceptiveness of appearances?
 3. The advantage of faith in God?

Stephenson, and instantly they volun-
teered to follow him. Silence succeeded
to the frantic tumult of the previous
minute, and the men set to work. In
every mine bricks, mortar, and tools
enough are at hand, and, by Stephenson's
direction, materials were carried to the
required spot, where in a very short
time the wall was raised at the entrance
of the main, he himself taking the most
active part in the work. The atmos-
pheric air was by this means excluded,
the fire was extinguished, the people
were saved from death, and the mine
was preserved."

SOME DEATHLESS SERMONS.

You young folks who have such quick
and such retentive memories, should
learn to realize that a power there is in
Bible verses and in Christian hymns to
catch the attention and arouse the in-
terest of careless people. If you did
realize this, you would busily store your
minds with such words, to be used as
occasion might offer—as occasion will be
sure to offer—during your lives.
A college student, speaking to fellow-
students not long ago of his own con-
version, said that during a season of
awakened interest in the institution
where he was studying, a perfectly god-
less, and, to all appearances, unbelieving
friend, came to his room one night and
said: "Come, there are some lines in
my mind that you ought to know." He
then repeated several verses of a simple
poem on the subject of one's aim in life.
They set our young man to thinking, and
a few weeks later he sought his godless
friend to tell him that he was rejoicing
in hope of pardon and eternal life.
The following is the poem:

WHAT TO LIVE FOR.

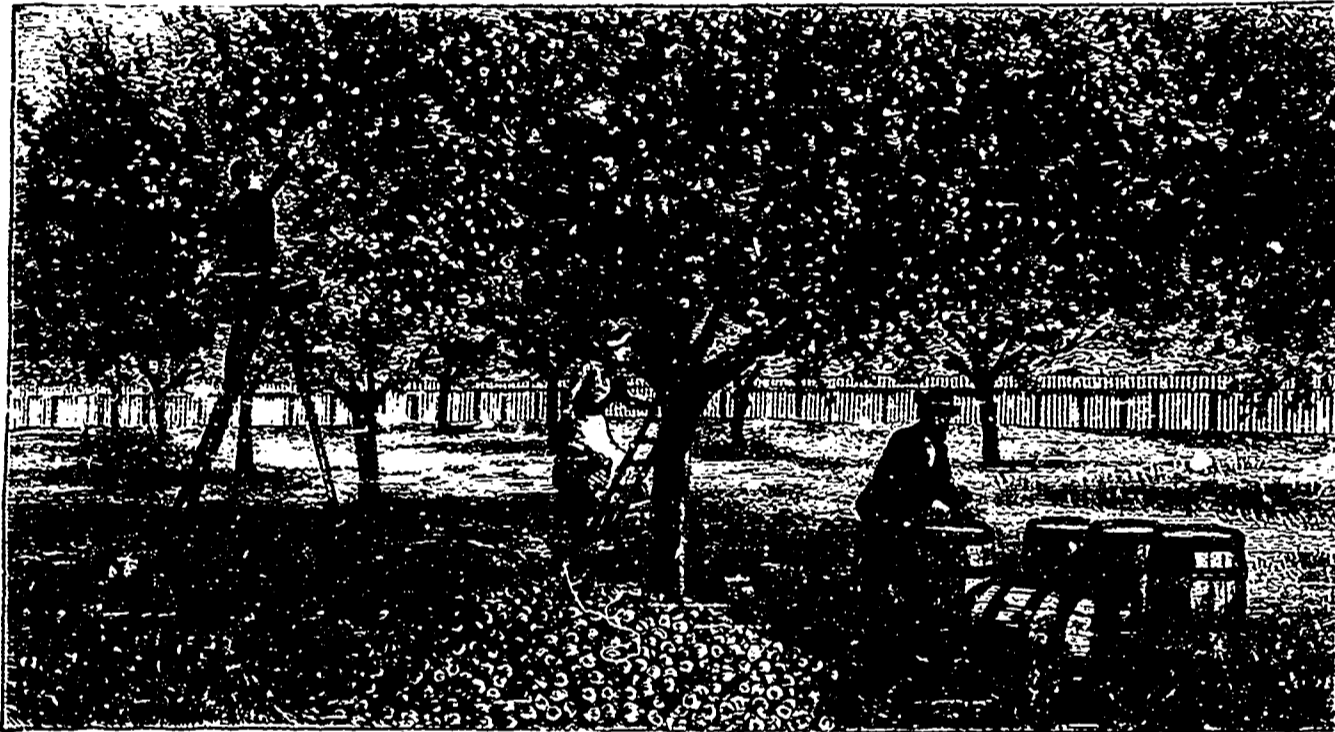
I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hope left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noblest of all ages,
Whose deeds crown History's pages
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hail the season
By gifted minds foretold,
When man shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel that there is union
'Tis Nature's art and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
Fulfilling God's design.

I love for those that love me,
For those that know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the good that lacks assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.



APPLE ORCHARD, EAST HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

His just and rightful due for all the
work he has done;
For all the work of the workers, no mat-
ter whom or where,
To each from the grand result his honest,
proportionate share.

A METHODIST ARCH-DRUID

About the year 1810 a boy was grow-
ing up in Wales who was destined to
become one of the strongest pillars of
Methodism in that land. This boy was
avid Griffith, and his great powers as a
preacher, an organizer of work, and, best
of all, a true Methodist, did much to
render Methodism popular and of great
benefit to the best interests of that little
land of mountain and torrent. He
thought nothing of walking six miles an
hour for thirty miles or more, if by so
doing he could preach to some out-of-
the-way village the Gospel which had
been so blessed to his own heart. There
are few great men whose mothers have
not been remarkable women, and Mrs.
Griffith was no exception, for she was
noted throughout the whole of Wales as
a woman of great piety and saintliness of
character. David Griffiths soon rose to
eminence as a bard, and was eventually
made the arch-druid of the "Bards of
the British Isles," thus becoming the
figure-head of the oldest institution of
the kind in the world. One of his
duties as such is to invest with the
ribbon of the order all those who have
been successful enough to be made mem-
bers. Last summer he tied this ribbon
round the arm of the most successful
queen-authoress of the day, the Queen of
Roumania, better known by her pen-

less and forgetful. Oh, if he only spares
me this time I will try to do better."

Then we told her how ready and will-
ing Jesus was to forgive and help her.
Nor did we leave her until her fears
were gone, and she felt that her heart
was at peace once more.

"I am so afraid!" Alas, how many
there are who must use these words
when death comes near, or when
thoughts of dying come near to them!
And yet it is not at all necessary that
we should be afraid. If we put our
trust in him who said, "Let not your
hearts be troubled," it is our privilege
to look even death calmly in the face.
Oh, young people, accept this blessed
One before it is too late!"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON V.—OCTOBER 31.

PAUL'S VOYAGE AND SHIPWRECK.

Acts 27. 13-26. Memory verses, 21-25.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be of good cheer; for I believe God,
that it shall be even as it was told me.—
Acts 27. 25.

OUTLINE.

1. The Hopeless Condition, v. 13-20.
 2. The Comforting Message, v. 21-26.
- Time.—According to Mr. Lewin's reckon-
ing, August 21, A.D. 60.

**AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF
GEORGE STEPHENSON.**

The following extract from Dr.
Smiles' biography of the founder of the
railway locomotive system—a book which
is deeply interesting and instructive, and
full of hopeful encouragement for young
people in humble circumstances just
commencing business life—shows that
the great engineer was a most courageous
man:

"One day, in the year 1814, a workman
hurried into Mr. Stephenson's cottage with
the startling information that the deep-
est mine of the colliery was on fire! He
immediately hastened to the pit-
mouth, about a hundred yards off,
whither the women and children of the
colliery were fast running with wildness
and terror depicted in every face. In
an energetic voice Stephenson ordered
the engine-man to lower him down the
shaft in the corf. There was danger, it
might be death, before him—but he must
go. As those about the pit-mouth saw
him descend rapidly out of sight, and
heard from the gloomy depths of the
shaft the mingled cries of despair and
agony rising from the work-people be-
low, they gazed on the heroic man with
breathless amazement. He was soon at
the bottom, and in the midst of his work-
men, who were paralyzed at the danger
which threatened the lives of all in the
pit. Leaping from the corf on its touch-
ing the ground, he called out, "Stand back!
Are there six men among you who have
courage enough to follow me? If so,
come, and we will put the fire out."
The Killingworth men always had the
most perfect confidence in George

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