

The Origin of Petroleum.

A very pretty dispute is being revived between men of science concerning the origin of petroleum. Some time ago the chemists came to the conclusion that this valuable product was formed in the depths of the earth by the action of water working on metallic carbons in a state of fusion. It was supposed that under the influence of intense subterranean heat the carbons combined with the hydrogen in the water, and gave birth to petroleum. The geologists tell us this is all wrong, and that petroleum is not produced either by carbons or hydrogen, but is the result of putrefaction of the bodies of animals that have been swallowed up by the earth in some enormous cataclysm similar, for example, to the eruption of Mont Pelee, but, of course, on a much more gigantic scale. This upheaval, says Professor Engler, buried millions of prehistoric quadrupeds, lizards, serpents, and sea monsters, and during all the cycle of years that have elapsed since then the bodies of these animals have been distilled by Mother Nature in her immense laboratory beneath the earth's surface. The result of this distillation is the valuable product that we know as petroleum. Professor Engler has been making extensive experiments, and his views are accepted as correct, that is, for the moment. But in these days of radium you can never tell what new discovery will be made that will upset all previously accepted articles of scientific faith.—*Christian Globe.*

Man'el Hodge's Courtship.

A Professor and His Pupil.
(Mark Guy Pearse, in the 'Methodist Times'.)
(Continued.)

As the thread about which the solution crystallizes, so to Man'el was the thought of Miss Susan Kynance. He saw her as she moved about the house, with thrifty and skilful hands controlling its affairs; she came to greet him smiling at the door. More and more her presence grew familiar, until he became almost impatient at times to secure that of which at other times the mere thought overwhelmed him. Such were Man'el's perplexities when Zacchy came again, for the pupil lacked the courage to go to the professor.

'Have 'ee thought about her?' Zacchy began.

'Tss, Zacchy. I've kept my mind steady upon her for a week, and 'tis terrible serious.'

'Well, you must haste and begin, then.'

'What, say something!' gasped Man'el.

'No, not exactly sayin', but just let her see that you're thinking about her a bit.'

'How, then?' said Man'el.

'Well, there's a tea meeting next week, and you can sit alongside of her, and see that she have got all she want to eat and drink. And put in something pretty, if you can think of it.'

'I never could, Zacchy, I never could,' groaned Man'el.

'Nonsense, it will come right enough. You must give yourself a chance.'

Poor Man'el! Never had any ordeal seemed so terrible. And through the week he went to and fro, carrying a burden on his shoulders that crushed him.

'Tis wearing my life away, Zacchy, and I can't stand it,' he sighed when next they met.

'Nonsense,' laughed Zacchy, 'we'em all like that to the beginning.'

When the tea-meeting came it was Zacchy's care that brought it about so that Miss Susan found herself seated at the table with Zacchy on one side and Man'el on the other. But poor

Man'el, thinking it would show his respect for the lady, and finding it easier in this way to hide his bashfulness, turned his back on her the whole time.

'Well, Man'el, how are you?' asked Miss Kynance, presently.

'Good mornin',' gasped Man'el, looking over his shoulder, with a mouth full; 'I do mean good evenin'.' Then he choked and coughed violently.

Will 'ee have some cake, miss?' ventured Man'el later, handing the plate over his shoulder.

'Tis very good of 'ee, I'm sure,' said Man'el, in a tone of infinite relief.

There was a long interval of silence.

'Gone to sleep, 'ave 'ee, Man'el?' cried Zacchy at last. But Man'el was too absorbed for the question to reach his ears.

It was repeated gently by Miss Kynance.

'Zacchy wants to know if you are asleep, Man'el.'

'Asleep?' he cried, rubbing his eyes, 'well I think I was nearly, miss—you see, I was up all night with the old sow, and it do take it out of anybody, that—and—and—thinkin' thinkin' about things.'

'And I told him to say something pretty!' whispered Zacchy to himself. Whereupon he made up for Man'el's neglect by handing Miss Susan some more cake.

Afterwards the professor and the pupil met, the master snorting with scorn and the poor pupil overwhelmed by the utter failure.

'Zacchy,' said Man'el, 'this is the terriblest job that ever was; it isn't no good, not a bit, and I may so well give it up.'

'Man'el, you may. You haven't got the understandin' of a mouse. Why, there isn't not one of God's creatures on the face of the earth but do understand it better than you. See how the birds will get themselves up in a new suit of feathers and come out in their smartest and sing to their mates like as if they was burstin' theirselves with music. And you, the melancholist-looking chap a female could set eyes upon, and so ugly and awkward in all your ways as a toad. I can't teach 'ee nothing. And Miss Susan so fine and thrifty a woman as you could find, and a tidy sum of money put by and all. I never could have believed it if I hadn't seen it. 'Tis a terrible thing when a man don't understand.'

'I'm afraid I shall never get over it, Zacchy,' said Man'el.

'No, I'm afraid you never will.'

'Well, Zacchy,' pleaded Man'el, timidly, 'do 'ee think you could do it for me, with your experience and all? If you was to tell her for me.'

'I'll send 'ee some hog's puddens for her,' said Man'el.

'Well, mind the Boy's-love and Sweet Williamses.'

'Thank 'ee, Zacchy, I won't forget.'

It was some days later that Tamson Gundry came along to Man'el's house. She had seen it all. Women have in these matters some faculty denied to men and know instantly each step of the progress.

'Well, Man'el, have 'ee heard the news?' she began.

'No, Mrs. Gundry, what is it, then?'

'Why, Zacchy is going to be married.'

'Aw, who to, then?'

'Who do 'ee think?'

'A thrifty woman with a tidy sum put by and all. But can't you guess?'

'Live in the parish, do she?'

'Why, Miss Susan Kynance, to be sure.'

'What a mercy!' cried Man'el, giving a great gasp of relief. 'I am glad.'

'Sent her some hog's puddens, didn't 'ee?'

'Tss, I b'lieve I did,' said Man'el, as if he had forgotten all about it.

'Put your name 'pon 'em, did 'ee?'

'Why, no; I tried, but I hadn't got so much boldness to begin with.'

'And she thought they come from Zacchy.'

'Well, 'tis very kind of Zacchy.'

'You don't mind, then, Man'el?'

'Mind! Why, 'tis the blesseddest relief that ever was. I do feel like as if I could breathe again. I do count that Zacchy never did a kinder turn to anybody than he have done to me.'

When Mrs. Gundry was gone Man'el went muttering to himself: 'However could she come for to think that I should mind! Zacchy do know what to do for a man, he do—so terrible experienced and all, 'tis very kind of 'en.'

(To be continued.)

A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content,
And strength for the cares of the morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned
Whate'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow!

The New Palmistry.

A street fakir who claimed to be the Messiah was haranguing a crowd in London. Just as he finished his preposterous assertions, a detachment of the Salvation Army came marching down the street, singing,

'We shall know Him, we shall know Him,
By the print of the nails in His hands.'

In an instant the crowd caught up the suggestion in the song, and, turning fiercely upon the impostor, demanded, 'Show us your hands! Show us your hands!'

Doubtless any one of those singing, 'We shall know Him,' could have shown hands bearing the marks of sacrifice and service for others. There were women wearing the poke bonnet who scrubbed and toiled for their sisters in the slums. There were men wearing the scarlet uniform whose hands were calloused in ministry to their brothers.

The other day the newspapers told of a woman who had \$5,000 worth of rings stolen while she was out giving her poodle an airing, and who declared that she was positively ashamed to be seen at the dinner table with only a small ring or two on her fingers. Few people felt much sympathy for her sad plight.

The world is not as much interested as it once was in the hand that is only beautiful to look at. We laugh at the humbuggery of pretending to read character in the lines nature has left in the hand. But the world is growing every day more and more interested in the hand that is made beautiful by beautiful ministries to others, and we do read character in the marks that serving others leaves in the hand.

The new palmistry exalts the hand that brings things to pass; the hand that cools fevered brows, carries baskets and bouquets of cheer, devises comforts and labor-saving inventions for the millions, points the discouraged and oppressed to Him who is the world's Deliverer and Peace.—C. E. World.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Nov. it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.