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TORONTO, OCTOBER 5, 1895.

[No. 40.

# Tell Me About the Master.

Tell Me About the Master,
I am weary and worn to night;
And only the evening is light—
Ight with a radiant glory
That lingers about the West;
But my heart is aweary, aweary,
And I long like a child for rest.
Tell me about the Master—
liness trod

And I long like a child for the lile me about the Master—
Of the hills he in loneliness trod,
When the tears and the blood of his anguish
Dropped down on Judea's sod;
For to me life's weary milestones
But a sorrowful journey mark;
Rough lies the hill-country behind me,
The mountains behind me are dark.

Tell me about the Master—
Of the wrongs he freely forgave,
Of his mercy and tender

compassion,
Of his love that was
mighty to save;

For my heart is aweary, aweary, Of the woes and temptations of life, Of the error that stalks in

the noonday, Of falsehood and malice and strife.

Yet I know that whatever

of sorrow, Or pain, or temptations befall, The infinite Master has

suffered, And knoweth and pit-

% ieth all; tell me the sweet old

story, That falls on each wound like a balm,
And the heart that was
bruised and broken
Grows patient and strong
and calm.

-The Advance.

#### THE STORY OF A SUPPER.

BY MARJORIE S. HENRY.

I DON'T believe they have a whole suit between them—nor a whole home either, for that matter, if one cares to go into the family history of three incorrigible little Arabs, Greasy and Jim and Flute by name. But they have hearts tucked away somewhere. I doubted it sometimes myself until this incident happened; then I felt as I weed to do when I felt as I used to do when I  $\mathbf{found}$ the hills, and scraped and

poked with my penknife until the gray crust crumbled away and a bit of the glistening garnet peeped out. There are jewels and jewels under the crust.

I did not know this story until long after it happened, or, perhaps it might never have been a story, after all, for the good by did not get rewarded, as good boys always do in the last but ate his poor ways do in story-books, but ate his poor-there! I must begin at the right end of I must begin at the right end of telling.

There were tickets to be given out at the mission rooms for a supper, and big boys and little boys, poor and hungry, came in anxious crowds to obtain the coveled bit the covered bi eled bit of pasteboard that meant to them, for once, the full satisfaction of a good meal. Greasy and Jim came too, little couldn't come, for he worked late that hight, and benefits about the orangehight, and knew nothing about the orange-ted ticket that sent such a glow into Greasy's heart as he walked down the ozen street.

No, sir!" answered Jim, with a grin

of satisfaction at his own good fortune. "They're done givin' 'em out to-night, full up, seats taken. Old Flute's out this time." "I say, Jim!" returned Greasy; "if that's so, you and me played a mean trick. Why didn't you speak for Flute when you got your own?" "Why didn't you?" retorted Jim, turning an extravagant hand-spring on the

"Why didn't you?" retorted Jim, turning an extravagant hand-spring on the flagstone pavement. "We're all right, anyhow. Come on, old boy!"

Greasy tried to forget. All night he hugged the pasteboard tight, and woke once from a troubled dream muttering, "Tain't yours at all, Flute; it's mine."

He tried to forget the next day when he went to duty down at the glass-works, but somehow Flute's hungry little face came between him and the chips of glass he

ticket was a mistake; it was made out in my name, and I"—a bit of a tremble in his tone, but only for a minute—"I allers has a square meal enough. There's another feller oughter to have this; he's pretty poor."

without further questions Greasy's ticket was made out in Flute's name. The lady, satisfied that the "mistake" had been satisfactorily rectified, and with a smile for the boy's honest statement, turned to other work other work.

other work.

Greasy went out to meet Flute down by the old mill.

"By the way," said he, "there's your ticket fur the supper. Jim said I couldn't get yer one, but I did."

Flute's eager grasp of the ticket spoke yolumes.

volumes.

means wolf. He had long, straight hair, sharp ears, and long, sharp teeth like a wolf. When he was angry he would show his teeth, and when he bit his teeth came together with a click, just like a spring trap.

together with a click, Just like a spring trap.

Soon after that I bought him and then we became better friends. I found him to be so faithful that I liked him very much indeed. One time I went to a place where he had lived before, and when he got loose he went to his old home and lay on the front steps. One day I wanted to drive him and so went after him. I did not want to whip him for going, so I shut him up in a stable and talked to him. I said "Now, Ma-in-gon, I don't want to whip you; but if you ever go there again I shall give you a good whipping."

Then after a few hours I let him out and went away and watched him. He went and stood on a high rock and snifted the air and looked wistfully and long at his old home.

air and looked wistfully and long at his old home. Then he heaved a sigh which was plainly audible and came and lay down at my feet. He looked so sad and hearthroken that I was very sorry for him. He never went there again. Was he not good and obedient? How

many boys are as good ?
One day in the spring oor Ma-in-gon was nearly illed. We were on a log killed. We were on a log drive and a man par the old dog in the timber slide to have him go through. As he was going down the poor fellow's foot caught in a cruck in the bottom of the slide, and he could go no further. killed. and he could go no further. The men rushed to his rescue, but we forgot log was just stating that that was just seed and through. This ruled down and we all thought that it would strike and kill the poor dog; but it passed quite close and only took off one claw. We got him out, and I was very glad he was alive.

Ma-in-gon had a nate called Major, and they two spent the summer on a timber drive. They on a timber drive. Chey became quite expert at riding logs. At night they slept outside the tent where the friend who kept them lay. They always

where the friend who kept them lay. They always lay just as near as they could to the place where his head was. Two or the times during the night Ma-in-gon word into the tent, followed by Major, and they where their friend lay. If his face was covered Ma-in-gon would gently draw way the blanket with his paw and then stand and look into his face. Then they would go outside, and lying down they would

and look into his face. Then they would go outside, and lying down they would thump on the ground with their tails for very joy because their friend was safe.

When the man went to town the dogs accompanied him, and they always watched over him when he slept in the woods. He said that he always felt safe when they were with him. After that I had him with me in town. The dogs were fed on bread. were with him. After that I had him with me in town. The dogs were fed on bread, but poor Ma-in-gon would not eat bread, but poor Ma-in-gon would not eat treat, but would gather up all sorts of old bones and try to eat them. I would get my hat and take some money and say, "Come, old fellow let us get some meat." He would fellow, let us get some meat." He would just bound for joy and follow me to the butcher's shop. When I got the meat I would give it to him and he would carry it up to the shop and there cat it.



THE THREE LITTLE ARABS.

sorted, and shone out haggard and be-seeching from every reflected surface. Once he paused and wiped away a big tear that glistened white and pure on the

grimy face.

It was late when he was through that

It was late when he fact his feet flew over night, and quick and fast his feet flew over the streets to the mission rooms. At a

the streets to the mission rooms. At a table where the lady sat who had given out the tickets the night before, he stopped.

"Say, missis!" Then he held his breath and gave one tight squeeze to the orange ticket. For a moment before she turned he thought he must am out again, but Flute's face seemed to look up at him once more. "Taint no use," he muttered. "Say, missis!"

"No, little boy," the lady said as she turned, misunderstanding his purpose. "I'm sorry, but all the tickets are given out."

All hope went then from Greasy's heart,

but the rough little voice went on it is in that way, missis. This 'ere "I ain't a-goin' myself ter-day; I'm

-1 ain't a-goin' myself ter-day; I'm to take dinner somewhere else."

And Flute never questioned where Greasy's "somewhere else" was, but ate his supper at the mission rooms with satisfied delight.

Greasy took his "somewhere else"

Greasy took his "somewhere else down on an old wharf by the river with his feet dangling over the edge, and his supper was just one cold potato and a bit of a helf stale how half-stale bun.

## MA-IN-GON.

BY FRED. G. STEVENS.

THE first time I saw Ma-in-gon was at a The first time I saw Ma-in-gon was at a lumber camp on the river Pickerel. He was a large yellow dog, and was one of a train that a man up there used to travel with. When I saw him he looked so fierce that I was afraid to go near him.

When he was little an Indian owned him and he gave him his name, which

While I was away on a journey I left him with a lady who had a little baby only five months old. Although he was so fiercelooking he made a most excellent nurse. The body told me that he was a better nurse the rest tout me that he was a court in and the many girl she knew. One time I was golden to take him with me on a trip, but he begged me to let him stay with her, and 1 it so. After that I moved to a distant province and had to leave Ma-in-gon minind me. I was very sorry and lonesome

too.

He understool three languages, Indian,

Freuch and English.

Ma-in-gon was shot by one of those cruel men who do not realize how faithful a dog can be. The man was punished, and while I was sorry to hear of the cruel end of my taithful friend yet I was glad to know that the law of our land can reach and punish men who will shoot or maltreat innocent dumb animals.

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# Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, OCTOD. R 5, 1895.

#### THE OLD MILL.

THERE stood, three hundred years ago, ruinous corn-mill at the foot of the Hagelburg mountain. The shatea roof was entirely overgrown with an ss, the chimney had fallen into ruins, and the walls near the stream were all full of great holes. Every one who saw the water-wheel going round was surprised at the courage of the people who lived within such walls, and sopt beneath such a roof. These persons were, however, only two in number, an old aliad woman, the owner of the mill, and her son, a strong, brave-hearted young man. They would indeed, gladly have mait up the mill again, if they had only had some money with which to pay the wages of the masons and carpenters; but in days gone by the old miller had been plundered of all his earnings, and his mill thrown into ruins by roving bands of the enemy during the war time, and it was mainly of grief at his heavy losses that he had died. The clergyman of the village where he had been buried preached a fameral sermon on the occasion from the words, "He is the Lord God, rejoice ye before him, for he is the Father of the fath, rless and defendeth the cause of the widow." With this promise cause of the widow." With this promise the good paster conforted the widow and her son, and prayed for them, and his prayer was answered in a very extraordinary manuer.

Before the miller's wife sat down to table she was in the habit of saying aloud, "Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless what then hast granted us." And she said the worls in such a manner that it was plain to see they came straight from

Now the knight Ulrich Von Geirstem, arnamed in the neighbourhood the Golden Knight, because he was richer than all his fellows far and wide, chanced one autumn evening to pass the open window of the mill just as the por r blind widow

was praying, as usual, "Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless what thou hast granted us." And so, while he was standing by the window, he said to himself, "I have heard many prayers, but compared with this they were but as the stammerings of heathens, and I am rejoiced that any one should pray in such a manner. I will make acquaintance with the people who live here, and who will not recognize me in my hunting clothes."

He then pushed back the wooden latch of the door, went up to the table, and said,

in the free, open manner of a forester:

"Good even to you; the Lord Jesus cannot come here to-day himself, but he has sent me instead."

And without saying anything more ne sat down on the settle near the fire. Nor did the widow or her son ask why or whence he had come; the young miller only giving him a clean wooden spoon out of the table drawer to eat the porridge with and the ald women morely saying. And without saying anything more he with, and the old woman merely saying:

"Eat as much as you like and make yourself at home."

When they had nearly finished the porridge, the Golden Knight, whom the mother and her son really imagined to be a forester said: forester, said:
"Pardon me, good mother, but do you

"Pardon me. good mother, but do you quite understand what you are saying when you look up to the blue sky and pray, 'Lord Jesus, be our guest, and bless what thou hast granted us'?"

"Yes, I quite understand it," answered the widow, who had long ago given up cating, and had left the remain ler to the men. "If I did not, and if the words I so often utter did not come from my heart, you would not now be scated at my table. often utter did not come from my heart, you would not now be scated at my table, and very few hungry wanderers would have found their way here. I know well that the Lord Jesus will not now sit at the table of publicans and sinners, as once he did when he came among us in the flesh. But it is written, 'Whatsoever ye do unto the least of my brothern, that you do unto the least of my brethren, that you do unto the least of my orethren, that you do unto me,' and I would gladly stand at his right hand when from his throne he shall say, 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, for I was hungry and ye fed me, thirsty and ye gave me to drink.'

While the Golden Knight and the widow ware talking in this way, the son hung up

were talking in this way, the son hung up the cross-bow and the fur cap of his guest the cross-bow and the fur cap of his guest on the bar over the stove, and went to his bed in the garret. Soon after the old woman groped her way to her room asking the knight to make himself as comfortable as he could on the settle. He did not, however, remain there long, but as soon as the moon bad visen high grounds to give the moon had risen high enough to give him light he took out of his hunting-pouch some heavy si'ver coins and put them into the sack which hung over the courties the sack which hung over the corn-bin, and then quitted the house where he had

been so hospitally entertained.

The widow's son slept, however, only two or three hours, and then came downstairs that he might finish grinding some corn for the innkeeper at Dettenheim, which he wanted impredictable. which he wanted immediately. Scarcely had he let down the sack that the flour might fall into the bin below, than coin

after coin came ratfling down.

The young miller was so astonished that for some time he stood as still as a statue;

for some time he stood as still as a statue; then, taking up the great heavy coin in his cap, he carried them to his mother.

It was not long before the money was changed into a new house, which rose with summer on the edge of the trout stream, class to whose the add will had towards. summer on the edge of the trout stream, close to where the old mill had formerly stood; and before her death the poor blind widow laid her hand in blessing on the head of a good, kind daughter-in aw; and no one ever passed through the valley without partaking of the miller's simple fare, or spending a night beneath the hospitable roof.—Good Things.

## WITH GOD EACH MORNING.

A TRAVELLER, visiting at Aix-la-Chapelle, A TRAVELLER, visiting at Aix-la-Chapelle, noticed one morning a number of boys and gir's on their way to school. On their backs were their book-knapsacks, secured atter the German fashion. They were young soldiers in the great school army, moving forward to attack and carry such formidable heights as arithmetic, grammar formidable heights as arithmetic, grammar, geography. The traveller noticed that these warriors of peace entered a roomy church. The followed them into the house of God; and was it hushed and silent?
No! A great throng of children had

gathered there. Hundreds were present. gathered there. Hundreds were present. On one side of the church were boys and on the other were girls. They knelt, and their voices were blended in devout prayer. Then, birdlike, they warbled together a cheerful hymn. No teacher seemed to be there to oversee them; no dergyman to mide them in worship. It seemed to be a guide them in worship. It seemed to be a voluntary act of child worship, not on any

special day, but as a fitting preface of their daily tasks. Was it any wonder that the visitor was deeply impressed by this scene? How many of our young people are particular to begin each day with a look into God's Word, and then a look in prayer up to God himself? The school-world has its temptations: prayer fights them down. It temptations; prayer fights them down. It has its duties; prayer helps us to climb those steps of obligation. You need not visit a church each morning to prepare yourself, but you should withdraw to the stillness of some chamber of devotion, and there—alone with God—begin the day.

#### A LITTLE HEROINE.

"NANNIE, dear, I want you to hem those napkins without fail this afternoon. Can I trust you to do it! I must go out for the whole afternoon, and cannot remind you of them," said Mrs. Barton to her little girl.
"Yes, mother dear, I will; you can trust

e," said Nannie. Now, Nannie did not like to hem napkins any better than you do; but she went at once to her work-basket, took out went at once to her work-basket, took out her needle and thread and thimble, and began work. Pretty soon she heard a sound of music. It came nearer, and at last it sounded right in front of the house. She dropped her sewing to run to the window, and then she stopped. "No; I promised mother, and she trusted me," said Nannie to herself. And she sat down again, and went to sewing. again, and went to sewing.

Soon the door burst open, and in rushed yeral little girls. "Nannie, Nannie, several little girls. "Nannie, Nannie, where are you? There's a monkey out here, and a trained dog; and they're playing lovely tricks. Come on!"
"I can't; I promise! mother, and she trusted me," she answered.

They coaxed and scolded, but all to no

purpose; so they left her.

Just as she finished the last napkin, her mother came in. "My little heroine!"

mother came in. "My little herome 1" she said, as she kissed Namie.
"Why, mother, I didn't save anybody's life, or do anything brave; I only kept my promise," answered Namie, wonderingly.

It is sometimes harder to keep a promise, and do one's duty, than to save a life. You did a brave, noble thing; and I thank God for you, my dear," said Mrs. Barton.

#### RUST.

PERHAPS it is hard to give a scientific definition of what rust is, but we have all definition of what rust is, but we have all seen it and marked its effects. It eats and destroys, and if not checked it will injure and make useless the finest piece of machinery. It works slowly and surely,

machinery. It works slowly and surely, and the workman must guard against it.

There is another kind of rust which may settle on the mind. Once the mind was active and bright. It worked smoothly and quickly, take a well-made, well-polished, and well-oiled piece of machinery. Years passed away, the school-house was left far in the rear in the journey of life, and the polish of the mind was neglected. Rust began to settle, and the mental machinery was slow to move and easily stopped. No thought was turned out, and the person was slow to move and easily stopped. No thought was turned out, and the person began to descend in the plane of being. A good book mastered once a week, or even once a month, would have kept the

There is a rust of the soul which is far worse. Once conscience was quick move, and the moral nature responded to

move, and the moral nature responded to the call of duty. Now, how changed!

You who are young, make this firm resolve—and may you keep it through the coming years—that while life is given to the resolve will appear by your sign to let up. you it will ever be your aim to let no power of mind or soul suffer from neglect. Be active in every part of your nature—polish every faculty of the soul. So live that should old age come it may be such as will win respect and not pity.

THERE are three R's in the Bible-Ruin by sin. Redempt by Christ, and Regeneration by the 1. Schost.

#### The Silver Plate.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

They passed it along from pew to pew, And gathered the coins, now fast, now few, That rattied upon it; and every time Some eager fingers would drop a dime On the silver plate with a silver sound. A boy who sat in the aisle looked round With a wistful face: "Oh, if only he Had a dime to offer, how glad he'd be!" He fumbled his received to the likely dare He fumbled his pockets, but didn't dare. To hope he would find a penny there.

He had listened with wide-set, earnest eyes As the minister, in a plaintive wise, Had spoken of children all abroad be world who had never heard of God-Poor, pitiful pagans who didn't know,
When they came to die, where their souls
would go
And who shrieked with fear when their
mothers made
Them kneel to an idol god, afraid
He might eat them no, so fierce and wild

He might eat them up, so fierce and wild And horrid he seemed to the frightened child.

And the more the minister talked, the more The boy's heart ached to its inner core; And the nearer to him the silver plate Kept coming, the harder seemed his fate
That he hadn't a penny (had that sufficed,
To give, that the heathen might hear of
Christ.

As they offered the piled-up plate to him, He blushed and his eyes began to swim.

Then, bravely turning, as if he knew Then, bravely turning, as if he knew
There was nothing better than he could do,
He spoke in a voice that held a tear:
"Put the plate on the bench beside me here:"
And the plate was placed, for they thought
he meant he meant

To empty his pockets of every cent.

But he stood straight up, and he softly put
Right square in the midst of the plate his

foot,
And said, with a sob controlled before,
"I will give myself! I have nothing more!"



### JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

October 13, 1895.

ONE OUT OF SEVEN. - Exodus 20. 8-11.

The "one" refers to the Sabbath which is to be kept holy. The week consists of seven days, in six of which we are to be occupied with secular concerns, which are all to be laid aside when the Sabbath dawns. No reasonable person will regard this command of the most High as unjust. It is to man's advantage to rest from manual labour one day in the week. He will do more and better work, by resting on Sabbath. His life also will be prolonged by thus acting according to the Divine statutes. The Sabbath, hence it should be observed as far as possible in The "one" refers to the Sabbath which is an emblem of the heavenly Sabbath, hence it should be observed as far as possible in spiritual exercises. The implements of labour being put out of our hands and secular concerns being laid aside, nothing earthry should be the theme of conversation, nor the subject of thought. Nor should the Sabbath be used as a day of pleasure. There should be no journeys undertaken, neither should social visits be performed. Pleasures often unfit persons for their secular duties, and conversation with friends is apt to become worldly and dissipating, which unfits them for the performance of sacred things. We live in an age when the cupidity of mankind would destroy the Sabbath, hence we should use every means to maintain its sanctity.

Devizes, Ont.—A meeting was held in Ebenezer church on Tuesday, July 30th, for the purpose of forning a Junior Epworth League. The pastor, the Rev. J. H. Kirkland, and several of the teachers and scholars of the Sunday-school were present. A committee of management was named, after which the following officers were appointed: Superintendent, S. A. Hardie; Assistant Superintendents, Bella Coleman, Louisa Grose, Walter Dixon: President, Miss Jennie Smibert; Vice-President, Master Alonzo-Dixon; Treasurer, Master T. L. Hardie; Secretary, Miss Annie Risdon.

# Autumn Fashions.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

the Maple owned that she was tired a ways wearing green;
The that she had grown, of late,
shabby to be seen!

Dak and Beech and Chestnut then beplored their shabbiness, ad all, except the Hemlock sad, were wild to change their dress.

for fashion-plates, we'll take the flowers," The rustling Maple said, and like the tulip I'll be clothed be splendid gold and red!"

cheerful sunflower suits me best,"
The lightsome Beech replied;
The narigold my choice shall be,
The Chestnut spoke with pride.

The sturdy Oak took time to thinkhate such glaring hues; le gillyflower, so dark and rich, I for my model choose."

o every tree in all the grove, Except the Hemlock sad, coording to its wish ere long to brilliant dress was clad.

ad here they stand through all the soft And bright October days ;

hey wished to be like flowers - indeed, They look like huge bouquets!

# PUDDIN

An Edinburgh Story

W. GRANT STEVENSON, A.R.S.A.

### CHAPTER I.

Mrs. Fraser to her husband, as the two were crossing the canal bridge on the way to their house in Merchiston.

Mr. Fraser was an artist, and painted Princip.

Mr. Fraser was an artist, and painted Mr. Fraser was an artist, and painted Principally genre subjects, which, from their Sympathy and genuine touches of nature, sometimes mixed with quiet humour, had become popular at the principal exhibitions. "By Jove, that's good," he said, hurriedly making a pencil sketch of the group.

A few boys were having a game at marbles on the banks of the canal, while another, with a little girl in his arms, was looking on.

"That fat-faced boy with the baby must be the principal figure; he is wishing he could

"That fat-faced boy with the baby mustbe the principal figure; he is wishing he could
loin them in the game."
"Perhaps he is," replied Mrs. Fraser, who
"Perhaps he is," replied Mrs. Fraser, who
"But he is a good and careful nurse. See how
but he is a good and careful nurse. See how
foud the little thing is of him; look at it
Patting his fat cheeks."
No doubt the boy's attention was divided,
No doubt the boy's attention was divided,
he kept up a swinging motion with his body,
supposed to be soothing to babies, at the same
time humming a song still further to keep posed to be soothing to badies, as the scale humming a song still further to keep little sister in amosement both in a little sister in amosement both in a constant way, for his mind was evidently the many statement.

hechanical way, for the players," said Mr.
"Any boy will do for the players," said Mr.
Fraser, "but I must have the fat one and the by to give point to the story. ttention, we'll call it."

Attention, we'll call it."

Mrs. Fraser smiled, partly at the subject, and partly that the "we" gave her a share of the credit in the proposed picture.

"I'll ask him where he lives, and arrange for a sitting." said Mr. Fraser, putting his sketch-book in his pocket and approaching a face marked with honesty, good-nature, and his nose seemed to melt into his cheeks, and old nondescript homet was pulled over his permit; his clothes were evidently made by evidently made their first appearance on a "Is this your little sister?" said Mrs. Fraser, offering the baby a piece of chocolatte, she have it the subject of the latter in the sister?" said Mrs.

Fraser, offering the baby a piece of chocolate, which she hurriedly took, immediately hiding the said the baby a piece of chocolate, herself shyly in her brother's neck.

"Yes, mum," said the boy bashfully.

"What is your name?"

What is your name?"
Jo-eh-Joseph Keddie."
And where do you live?"
be cairts is "

be cairts is."

Well, I would like to paint a picture of on well, I would like to paint a picture of on well and other was and your little sister," broke in Mr. "Could you come to my house and

stand to me, and I'll give you a shilling, or more if you stand well?"

"Yes," said the boy esgerly. "When'll I

come?"
"Well, I'll be ready for you in a day or

"Well, I'll be ready for you in a day or two. But aren't you at school?"
"Yes, but I can get a line frae my mother, an' get awa' ony time."
"Very well, then; I shall call on your mother when I am ready, and arrange with her." Then adding, as he remembered previous experiences of models being useless by vious experiences of models being useless by coming in their best clothes, "You must come as you are, you know; don't change your clothes, remember, or you will be of no use to me."

olothes, remember, or you will be of no use to me."

"Nae fear o' that," said Jo, smiling through his blushes; "I have nae ithers to put on."

Mr. Fraser gave the boy a sixpence, and with his wife resumed their walk home, but had not gone far when the boy shouted, "Hi, Mister!" and ran after them at a hobbling throt, as fast as could be expected with the trot, as fast as could be expected with the trot, as fast as could be expected with the trot, as fast as could be expected with the trot, as fast as could be expected with the trot, as fast as could be expected with the trot, as fast as could be expected with the only body for Joseph, they micht no' ken what only body for Joseph, they micht no' ken what only body for Joseph, they micht no' ken what he blushed again as the two smiled at the appropriate name. "Yonder's the hoose, up the stair beside the cairts," he added, as they he blushed again "Yonder's the hoose, up appropriate name. "Yonder's the hoose, up the stair beside the cairts," he added, as they were now in sight of the place.

"What was the leddy and gentleman wantin'?" his companions asked when he

wantin'?" his companions asked when he wantin'?" his companions asked when he returned.

"I've to get my photograph ta'en, an'"—
The rest of the sentence was drowned in a chorus of laughter.

"A fine pictur' you'll mak'!"

"I dinna' ken, but I've to get a shillin' an' maybe mair for gaun."

"Clot away wi' ye!"

"As sure as onything."

"What'll ye dae wi' the siller, Puddin'?"

on\* asked.

"I'll gie't to my mother, of course."

"Wull ye? I ken what I wad dae if I had ashiim. I wad buy a knife wi' twa blades."

Paddin' hurried home to convey the good news to his mother. good to him in a double way, for it would allow him to get away from school, and at the same time give him an school, and at the same time give him an opportunity of assisting the housekeeping opportunity of assisting the housekeeping with his earnings. The moment he got the door opened, he commenced in breathless excitement to narrate his adventure, at the same time harding with pride the sixpence be had manipul

Wulln't it be fine if I can airn some siller

for ye, mother?"
"Ay, ladde; but I'm sorry to tak' siller
frae ye, an' if yer faither"
"I ken," Puddin broke in, knowing the
"I ken," Puddin broke in, save his

rest of the sentence, and anxious to save his

rest of the sentence, and anxious to save his mother's feelings.

Partly by a natural smartness, and also through his mother making a companion of him in her conversation, Puddin' possessed a shrewdness and sympathy far beyond his shrewdness and sympathy far beyond his years; his perception and conversation with his mother were those of a grown-up person. His father was a carter, but from his habits Puddin' saw very little of him, as he usually left the house shortly after five in the mooning, in order to have the horse and cart ready to start work at six o'clock; and when he returned about seven at night, after attending to his horse, it was only to take dinner, and saunter away to the corner of Fountainbridge to have a talk with his companions, usually finishing up in the public-house, so that except on Saturdays Puddin' seldom saw his father, and had very little thought of him. Thus his love was all centred in his mother and little Maggic his sister, and he already looked forward to the time when he should be able to work for them; and his mother looked forward to the time when he should be able to work for them; and his mother be able to work for them; and his mother returned his love to the full, knowing that but for his help and cheery talk her life would be most miserable. There was not much time for lessons with him, and less for play, his time leave talking market. for lessons with nim, and less for play, not time being taken up nursing, while his mother tried to add to the little money her husband gave her by taking in washing. Puddin' knew tried to add to the little money her husband gave her by taking in washing. Puddin' knew that unless he kept his little sister there would be little work done. Indeed, the child gave him no choice, preferring to get out with him, and screaming if he offered to go without him, and screaming if he offered to go without her, the putting on his bonnet being the signal for her shricks, so that when he had occasion to go out without her he had to slip his bonnet unobserved under his jacket and saunter in an aimless way to the door, and then bolt off.

It was only on very rare occasions that he

It was only on very rare occasions that he had a game at marbles, for he seldom had any, and what few he might be possessed of he soon lost, being usually handicapped with

Maggie.

With the directions he had got, Mr. Fraser had little difficulty in finding Puddin's house, had little difficulty in finding to get him and, as he expected, was in time to get him to be a few to be a f

and, as he expected, was in time to go and before leaving for school.

"Will you allow your boy to go with me?"
he asked, taking no notice of apologies for the state of the house. "He would probably tell you I wished to paint him and his little tell you I did not let you know I we coming, sister. I did not let you know I we coming,

as I wished to get them without any preparation." A needless precaution is this case, for, as Puddin' had indicated, the poor fellow carried his wardrobe on his back.

"Yes, sir," said the mother; "I'm sure they'll both be pleased, for if Jo gangs, Maggie'll just roar to get wi''um."

"Pve got a cab waiting in the street, and if they could go now, I would take them with me," said Mr. Fraser.

"As ye like, sir; but I wad like to gie Maggie a bit tidy-up."

Mr. Fraser laughed and said, "No, no; I was afraid you would spoil her if you knew I was coming."

The little girl was amusing herself on the

was afraid you would sport was coming."

The little girl was amusing herself on the hearth, and Jo had only to put on his cap hearth, and you had only to make her set up a and say "Maggie" to make her set up a scream, which was quickly suppressed when he took her in his arms; and as Jo followed Mr. Fraser out, he whispered to his mother, "Ye'll get a big washin' dune the day, mother." mother

Maggie seemed at first to be a little afraid cab, but Jo's presence was a guarantee

of the cab, but Jo's presence was a guarantee of security.

"This is rare," said Jo, grinning. "Isn't it, Maggie? I never was in a cab afore, but I've been in a cairt of'en; but this is far better nor a cairt, it's safter an' no' sae shoogly, an' it gangs far quicker. I wad like to drive a cab when I'm big, it's far better nor bein' a cairter." He had hitherto looked forward to the time when he would be able to drive a horse as his father did, but his ideas now expanded to a higher aim, and he sat pondering over the new scheme, and imagining what expanded to a higher aim, and he sat pondering over the new scheme, and imagining what he could do for his mother with the enormous wage ne would get as a cabman, and was still busy building imaginary eastles when the cab drew up at Mr. Fraser's house.

Mr. Fraser never had such a model. Jo stood in a way which could not have been expected, and when he was told to take a rest he glanced at the picture which was sketched on the canvas and said—

he glanced at the picture which was sketched on the canvas and said—

"That laddie's no' knicklin' richt; ye should knickle deid, ye ken."

"I don't understand you," said Mr. Fraser.

"I'll let ye see. Stand there a meenit, Maggie, till I let the gentleman see hoo tae knickle deid. It's like that, see! Oo wadna let a laddie play the way you have 'um on the ricture."

"Thank you," said Mr. Fraser. "You see, 1 don't know the game; but just keep that position for a minute till 1 sketch the action." "Ay, that's a' richt noo," said Jo, when he was told to rise.

Mr. Fraser smiled at the critic's earnestness, and said— Thank you," said Mr. Fraser. "You

ness, and said—
"I understar knuckles on the ground."

"Ay," said Jo. "That's the way we ca't

"Ay," said knickle deid."

knickle deid."

When the sitting was over, Mr. Fraser was so pleased with his models he gave Jo an extra sixpence for himself, and told the girl who answered his ring to take the two to the kitchen and give them some dinner.

Jo's menu had hitherto been of a simple polar and the viands put before him made

Jo's menu had hitherto been of a simple Jo's menu had hitherto been of a simple order, and the viands put be ore him made him wish his mother could share it with him, while the way he sat with Maggie on his knee, feeding her as regularly as himself, showed him to be an experienced nurse.

The plate being emptied, Jo made a motion to leave the table, when the girl said, "Wait will I give you some dessert."

till I give you some dessert."

Jo did not understand what was meant, Jo did not understand what the his dinners having always been confined to one course, and when the tempting plate was not before him he had not the heart to touch put before him he had not the hear it, as he felt selfish in having what his mother

could not get.
"I dinna think I wad care for that,"
"I dinna think I wad care for that,"
an' said, with forgiveable prevarication, "an' l'said, with forgiveable prevarication, "an' l'had plenty a'ready; but if ye like. I'll tak' hame to my mother, I think she likes the hind a' things"—a remark which Jo had name to my mother, I think she likes that kind o' things,"—a remark which Jo had no ground for making. "I could easy tak' it hame if ye gi'ed me a bit paper;" and as he left with the little parcel in his hand and the money in his packet, thinking of the pleasure money in his pocket, thinking of the pleasure he would give his mother, there was no harming here. happier boy.

(To be continued.)

# A YOUNG LEAGUER.

BY JOHN MACLEAN, PH. D.

TOMMY Fox was one of the Master's laddies. He was always in his place in the Sunday-school and he loved deeply his teacher and the officers of the school. At church he was an attentive listener and an earnest youthful worshipper. He was one of our most active workers in the Junior League, and when we decided to enlist our boys in the industrial work of the League Tom was made foreman of the Boy's Department. We purchased a scroll-saw and all the necessary outfit and I went to see him with the pattern-book in my hand.

He was sick in bed, but his sickness was not thought to be serious. "Now, Tom," said I, "hurry up and get better, for we are all ready for work." He smiled faintly, but said nothing. We did not know said 1, "hurry up and get better, for we are all ready for work." He smiled faintly, but said nothing. We did not know that he was so sick, for he always repressed himself when visitors came. Seldom did he groan when visitors were present. He was always thinking of others and navan always thinking of others and never imself. There was no happier particior numself. There was no happier partici-pant in the preparation exercises for Christmas that it and when the practice was over he wome cound up the hill homeward singing Instity as he went. The disease took suddenly a dangerous turn, and as Wednesday evening wore on, he began in great pain to lay his plans for his departure. He was asked:

"Tom, are you afraid to die?"

"No, ma!" said he, "I am not afraid to die. Jesus died for me, and God loves r.e." Christmas than it and when the placetee was over he would outlind up the hill home-

Later on, as his father held him in his arms he said, "Pa, the arms of God are around me

At midnight I was called to see him, and found him on the brink of the river of death. Learning that I had been sent for, he lifted the window-blind, hoping by the light of the moon to see me coming. spent some time in the sick-room, praying with nim and talking to him.

"Two hours more, ma!" said he, as he

'Two hours more, ma!

gasped for breath.

At two o'clock on Thursday morning. my little foreman passed away, and about the last words he was heard to utter were "Blessed be His name!" Another of the Master's laddies called home to learn the secrets of the skies. May we as faithfully serve our Master as my little foreman did. and death shall then have no terrors for us. He has gone from us, and as we turn toward the beautiful God's acre on the hill we almost unconsciously cry:

O for the touch of a vanished hand, And the sound of a voice that is still.

Port Arthur, Ont.

## THE CLOTSHICKS.

"They cut their food with their daggers, and they eat with pitchforks!" cried the horrified Japanese who first saw Europeans eating in such barbaric and revolting manner with a knife and fork.

Light-fingered, deft, and imitative as the Japanese and Chinese are, it takes them as long to learn the proper and graceful use of the knife and fork as it requires for us to mester the evolutions and eti-

quette of the chopsticks.

It is a pretty sight at the beginning of a
Japanese or Chinese feast to see the host Japanese or Onnese least to see the nosthelp his guests to sweets, as then is displayed the best and most graceful play of chopsticks. One can take a lesson as the master of the feast deftly lifts cakes or confections and places them on the plate or paper before each guest. The Chinese or paper before each guest. The Chinese chopsticks are longer than the Japanese, often metal-tipped and decorated, and are used again and again. Mandarins carry their own silver-tipped ivory chopsticks to their own silver-tipped ivory enopsities to a feast, wipe them clean, and carry them home again when it is over. In the com-mon restaurants in Chinese cities, the chopsticks constitute a lottery for the patrons. All the sticks are kept together in a deep, round box and certain ones are marked on the lower end with a Chinese character or number. The ones who select these chopsticks from the box are entitled these chopsticks from the box at to an extra dish or portion without charge. In the old city of Tien-Tsin, particularly, one is half-deafened when he passes a one is half-deafened when he passes a restaurant by the rattling of the boxes of chopsticks and the shrill voices of the propri-tors screeching the merits of their establishments at the top of their lungs.

In Japan, where exquisite neatness daintiness mark every part of household living, the same chopsticks are used only the same chopsticks are dial.

At a feast, or at an ordinary teaonce. At a feast, or at an ordinate house, a long paper envelope laid beside one's bowl contains a pair of twelve-inch sticks no thicker than lead pencils, whitstat from clean white pine. To show that sticks no thicker than local To show that the from clean white pine. To show that they have never been used the two sticks are whittled in one piece and split apart only half their length.

"RAGS and bottles!" shouts the itiner-The astute peddler knows ant rag dealer. the two go together.

## A Face of Gentleness and Beauty.

BEAUTIFUL faces are those that wear-It matters little if dark or fair— Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show, Like crystal panes where earth-fires glow, Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words Leap from the heart like songs of birds, Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do Work that is earnest and brave and true, Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go On kindly ministry to and fro, Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear Ceaseless burdens of homely care With patience, grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—S lent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Reautiful twilight at set of sun, Beautiful goal with race well run, Beautiful rest with work well done.

Beautiful graves where grasses creep, Where brown leaves fall, where dri ts lie deep Over worn-out hands—oh, beautiful sleep!

# "PAPER, SIR, PAPER!"

The cheap press is a growth of our own century; indeed, we may say of the last lifty years. Of the many great strides taken by civilization in that time, none has been more remarkable than this. The taken by civilization in that time, none has been more remarkable than this. The first English newspaper on record was published in London in 1622 by Nathaniel Butter, called *The Weekly News*. But, until 1861 when the excise duty on paper was removed the newspaper was "a giant until 1861 when the excise duty on paper was removed the newspaper was "a giant in fetters. Now it is free and strong." We almost wonder how the people in these old days managed to be happy without the newspapers and magazines which seem to us almost essentials of life. In out the newspapers and magazines which seem to us almost essentials of life. In the first half of the last century in England not even "a squire or knight of the shire," living in Derbyshire, Yorkshire, or Northumberland, was likely to know for a week or two what was going on in London, and news from these shires in London was about as scarce as news from Merv is now-a-days.

don, and news from these shires in London was about as scarce as news from Merv is now-a-days.

Sir Walter Scott thus describes the way news travelled in those days: "A weekly post brought to Waverley Honour a Weekly Intelligencer, which, after it had gratified Sir Everard's curiosity, his sister's, and that of the aged butler, was regularly transferred from the Hall to the Rectory, from the Rectory to Squire Stubbs' at the Grange, from the Squire's to the Baronet's steward, at his neat white house on the heath, from the steward to the bailiff, and from him through a huge circle of honest dames and gaffers, by whose hard and horny hands it was generally worn to pieces in about a month after the arrival."

pieces in about a month after the arrival."
What a contrast is this to our own times when every morning brings the large-sized morning paper, and again every evening the streets are filled with the cries of the same boys selling their papers for one cent news-boys selling their papers for one cent each.

# LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER. STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1249.1 LESSON IL

[Oct. 13.

THE TRIUMPH OF GIDEON.

Judg. 7. 13-23. Memory verse, 19, 20.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear.—Psalm 27. 3.

OUTLINE.

The Dream, v. 13-15.
 The Attack, v. 16-20.
 The Victory, v. 21-23.

TIME. - About B.C. 1249.

PLACE.—The valley of Jezreel.

INTRODUCTORY.

Read the whole story of Gideon from the ible. The Israelites had again forgotten



A FACE OF GENTLENESS AND BEAUTY.

their God and turned to the worship of foul Syrian idols. As a punishment God permitted an invasion of their land by the cruel Midianites. The desolation of Israel was complete and led to penitence. Then an "angel of the Lord" called forth Gideon to be the national deliverer. By repeated signs he fortified his heart.

### HOME READINGS.

M. Triumph of Gideon.—Judg. 7, 13-23.Tu. Prayer in danger.—Judg. 6, 1440

What did he say to Israel? How did Gideon know this to be true?

The Attack, v. 16-20. How did Gideon divide his force? How did Gideon divide his force?
How did he arn, them?
Whose example were all bidden to follow?
At the signal what were all to do and say?
When did they come to the attack?
How did they begin the attack?

3. The Victory, v.21-23. What did the Israelites do?



" PAPER, SIR, PAPER!"

W. Gideon's commission.—Judg. 6. 11-21.
Th. Gideon assured.—Judg. 6. 33-40.
F. Testing for service.—Judg. 7. 1-12.
S. Strength in weakness.—1 Cor. 1. 20-31.
Su. God the helper.—Psalm 27.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Dream, v. 13-15. Whose dream is here told?

What was the dream?
What explanation of the dream was given?
What did Gideon do when he heard the

What did the enemy do? What did the Lord do? Where did the Midianites go? Who followed in pursuit?

Who guarded the fords of the Jordan? Verse 24.

What princes were taken and slain? Verse 25.

By what other name is Gideon known?

Verse 1.
What confidence have all who confide in God? (Golden Text.)

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught-

A lesson of faith?
 A lesson of obedience?
 A lesson of self-reliance?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who had overcome the Hebrew nation? The Midianites. 2. Whom did God raise up to liberate them? Gideon. 3. What greatly encouraged his heart? The dream of the Midianite. 4. What was the battle-cry of the Hebrews? "The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon." 5. What destroyed the Midianite army? A deadly panic. 6. What is the Golden Text? "Though a host should encamp," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The government of God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is the thing signified by this outward

What is the thing signified by this outward sign?

The body and blood of Christ, which are spiritually taken and received by the faithful in the Lord's Supper to the strengthening and refreshing of their souls.

1 Corinthians 10. 16. The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not a communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not a communion of the body of Christ?

John 6. 54, 55. Whose eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood hath eternal life. . . . For my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.

### ADVICE FOR THE BOYS.

"You are made to be kind," says Horace Mann, "generous and magnanimous. If there is a boy in the school who has a club-foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes don't talk about rags when he is within hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game which does not require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lesson. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great sins, and no more talents than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him, and request the teacher not to punish him. And all the school will show by their countenance how much better it is than to have a great fist." "You are made to be kind," says Hor-

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