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Vol XVIII.]

TORONTO, OCTOBER 22, 1898.

[No. 43

Bedtime.

Three little girls are weary—Weary of books and play; Sad is the world and dreary— Slowly the time slips away. Six little feet are aching. Bowed is each little head; Yet they are up and shaking. When there is mention of bed.

Bravely they laugh and chatter. Just for a minute or two, Then when they on I their clatter, Sich somes quickly to woo. Slowly their eyes are closing, Down again drops each

head-Three little maids are dozing,
Though they're not ready for bed.

That is their method ever Night after night they protest,

Claiming they're sleepy never,
Never in need of rest;
Nodding and almost dreaming,
Drowsliv each little

Drowsily each little

head. Still is forever scheming Merely to keep out of bed.

READING FOR BOYS.

BY A. F. CALDWELL

A healthy literary taste is a growth. Such a taste not only grows by that on which it feeds, but it produces results of a similar kind. Feed a boy detective stories or silly love tales, and you give him a stimulant, agreeable for a time, but agreeable for a time, but it is sure to 'eave a diseased intellect. A mind nourished with strong and vigorous food not only digests the same, and receives it into its life current, but it creates as well. Thus creates as well. he has that which remains and ever affords material for the upbuilding of his intellectual organism.

On your boys demandable food allow them.

ing food, allow them to go into the pantry, and nine out of ten will select tarts and preserves, while one may take, possibly, that which is more substantial.

Send the boys haphazard ·to a welllibrary. assorted and nine-tenths of them will return with the discouraging remark: "There's nothing reading." there worth

Now is the time when a lit of wise counsel will turn the tide of the boy's literary taste into a fortune of future thought. Make a careful selection

make a careful selection
of interesting, as well
as instructive volumes of
poetry and prose. Among them there
may be "Ivanhoe," "Evangeline," "The
Merchant of Venice," "The Tale of Two
Cities,"—in fact, one can select volume after volume, the only trouble being in

knowing where to stop.

To the majority of boys it would be causing them to commit literary suicide to place even these books before them and say: "Read?"

Every boy is fascinated by watching certain chemical changes, but put the raw materials into his hands, without any directions, and an explosion undoubtedly results. Why? Because he knows neither the nature nor the combinations of the chemicals.

The opening of "The Merchant of Venice," "In scoth, I know not why I am so sad," does not immediately catch a boy's attention and arouse his interest as does, "There was heard the sharp report of a pistol," or the "Once upon time," of the detective and love stories. However, when "The Merchant of Venice" is read and digested, the boy has learned, and with pleasure, too, the

acter, besides having read an ideal ro-By suggesting the story of the caskets

lesson of obedience, the justice of the laws of Venice, the typical Jewish char-

OROSSING THE STEPPES.

In the southern portion of the Russian empire, extending from the River Pruth, without a break to the Volga and the Caspian Sea, stretch vast plains of sterile aspect and unbroken monotony, called the Steppes. Covering a very great area, they are so bare as to be called absolutely treeless, the only vegetation they support being a low, strag-gling shrub, of which we see a very good example in the left corner of the pic-ture. For a great part of the year the Steppes present an unbroken expanse of

of extreme hunger, will not healtate to attack a lonely traveller—where the proportion will probably be fifty to one. The picture is a typical scene of the Stoppes; with the dull and threatening stoppes; with the dull and threatening sky, the scanty vegetation, and the village in the background, while in the foreground a sleigh, with the peculiar mode of harnessing the horses, setting out, with a vigorous driver, for some far-distant village and pessibly to meet his worst enemy. May i perous and safe journey. May he have a pros

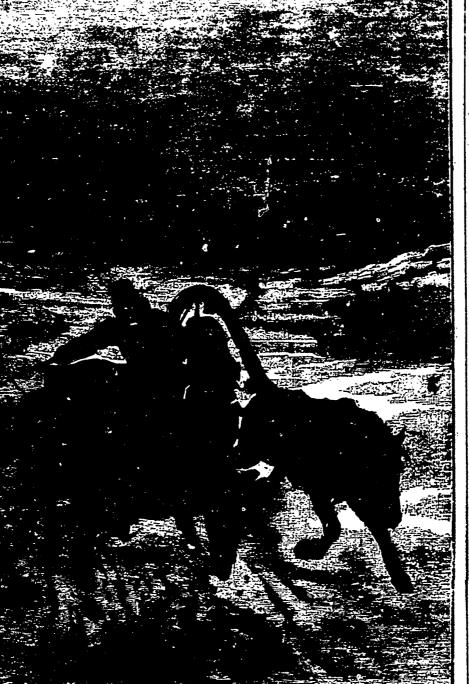
A GENEROUS HORSE.

The horse is generally rated as one of the most intelligent of animals, and a pretty incident that was witnessed by a number of persons vesterday shows that generosity also enters into his character

Two fine-looking borses a ached to single buggles were hitched a the curb opposite the Chestnut Street entrance to the Merchants' Exchange. They were hitched several feet apart, but the hitch ing straps allowed them sufficient liberty of movement to get their heads together if they so desired. The owner of one of them had taken the opportunity of a prolonged stop to give the horse a feed of oats, which was placed on the edge of the sidewalk in a bag.

This horse was contentedly munching his oats when his attention was attracted by the actions of the other horse. The by the actions of the other horse. The other horse was evidently very hungry. He eyed the plentiful supply of oats wistfully and neighed in an insinuating manner. The horse with the feed pricked up his ears politely and replied with a neigh, which must have been in horse language an invitation to the other to be himself. Evidently he fellow to help himself. Evidently he accepted it as such, for he moved along in the direction of the bag as far as his hitching strap would permit. But the strap was not long enough and his hungry mouth fell about a yard short.

The other horse noticed and seemed to appreciate this difficulty. Fortunately there was some lee-way to his strap. So he moved slowly along the curb, pushing the bag with his nose, until the other horse was able to reach it. Then. after a friendly nose-rub of salutation the two horses contentedly finished the oats together.—St. Louis Republic.



CROSSING THE STEPPES, RUSSIA.

and by relating, in a few words, the powerful "trial scene," any boy of average literary taste would be led by a natural curiosity to know the book himself. By supplying him with a short list of "test questions" on the subject matter, he will read the drama in the light of investigation and criticism.

Other books may be read in the same way, and in a remarkably short space of time the boy has found the "open sesame" to the best of thought, and he fully realizes that "books are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us helrs of the spiritual life of past ages."-Epworth Herald.

snow-covered and hard-frozen wastesas dismal and desolate a piece of country as can be found anywhere in Europe. These conditions naturally render travelling very difficult. It is all done in sleighs, drawn by three, and sometimes more, horses, and the distances covered in a single day are often incredible.

But distance and cold are by no means the traveller's worst enemies. Good warm furs and strong, swift horses ren-der these comparatively harmless. The greatest danger takes the unwelcome form of large, roving packs of hungry wolves, which, though afraid to approach a settlement unlers under the influence | you will be safe.

THE SHIELD OP SALVATION.

"Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation."—2 Sam. 22, 36.

This beautiful little text teaches us a very precious truth. It shows us that he salvation which the Lord Jesus came

the salvation which the Lord Jesus came to bring is not only salvation at last—just escaping hell—but that it is salvation now, and salvation in everything.
Salvation does not only mean victory at last, but it is like a broad, shining shield, given to us in the midst of the battle, coming between us and the poisoned arrows and sharp sword-thrusts of the enemy. It is a shield not only of the enemy. It is a shield not only to keep us from death, but to keep us from being hurt and wounded. It is the shield which the Captain has given us

o use now, as well as the crown which he will give when the warfare is ended.

How are you to use this shield? What does it really mean for you? It means, that if you have come to the Lord Jesus to be saved, he does not say he will save you, but that you are saved—that he saves you now.

And this is how you are to use it : Believe it, and be sure of it, because you have his word for it; and then, when a temptation comes, tell the enemy that he has nothing to do with you, for you are saved; that you belong to Jesus, and not to him. Look up and say:

Will he fall you? Did he ever let any find themselves deceived and mistaken who looked up in faith and confidence to him, trusting in his great salvation? Never! And never will you find this shield of his salvation fail to cover you completely. Satan himself cannot touch you when you are behind this shield. Lift it up when you see him coming-even ever so far off-and

Accounted For.

I am not feeling well to-day, But why I cannot see; I had some ice cream 'cross the way, And pancakes home for tea:

I also had some caramels, And sugared almonds, too; And when I met with Tommy Wells, A stick of fine tolu.

But I was careful with 'each one-Too much of none I ate, It cannot be that penny bun, And yet the pain is great.

I had six cookies, but I've had Six cookies oft before; They've never left me feeling bad, Nor pickles-three or more.

The soda water couldn't make Me ill—'twas Billie's treat, I sort of think this fearful ache Comes wholly from the heat.

OUR PERIODICALS:

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WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine St.,

S. F. Hurstis, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 23, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC. OCTOBER 30, 1898.

SOME PSALMS THE JUNIORS SHOULD

KNOW. The blessings of church membership.-

The devout Jew prized very greatly his ellowship in the household of saints, his belonging to the nation of Israel. This belonging to the nation of Israel. made him sometimes look down with a sort of contempt upon the Gentiles and made him very proud of being a Jew. Even when to be a Jew was to be per-

secuted, afflicted, tormented, despised of all nations, and trampled under foot, still the Jew in every land has been faithful

to his name and to his race. In this Psalm David sings of the joy of brethren dwelling together in unity.
"For there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life forevermore." Well may we thank God for the blessings of church membership—we who were not of the household of Israel, but were Gentiles whom God brought into that spiritual Israel which embraces all people in all lands. That Saviour whom the Jews rejected, and whom with wicked hands they crucified and slew, has become our Saviour and Lord, and through him we may obtain the pardon of our

sins, and all the gladness and joy of his salvation.

THE BEST TEACHER FOR THE YOUNGEST.

It is wholly a mistake to suppose that any one who may be found willing to undertake the work will do for primary-class teacher. Willingness Willingness is an important, but not the highest qualification. If there is any one class in the school that needs a higher order of gifts in its teacher than the rest, it is the primary class. The teacher needs to know what is to be taught, and how to teach; but needs, also, in the best sense, to understand child nature. The classes usually are, or ought to be, large. What is lacking in the size of the pupils is made up in numbers, and the restless-

ness and difficulty of control are in the same proportion.

To keep from fifteen to seventy-five and upward of the little ones sufficiently quiet to allow time and opportunity for successful instruction, is a problem that many a teacher, with a heart of love and patience without limit, has not been able to so've satisfactorily. But the work must be done, and in proportion to the magnitude of the difficulties is the importance of securing the very best teachers.

Generally, the teacher should be a lady, though we have known a gentleman to succeed finely. And the lady should be either a mother, or possess the instincts of a motherly heart. Young girls are often found very successful, making up in tact, quickness of action, and tenderness of feeling, what is lacking in experience. To choose the teacher requires discrimination. The superintendent should survey his field, and when he has found the right person insist upon the work being accepted. If the person chosen be over firm in refusing, it may be doubted if the right one has been found.

But the work is one from which any

one may shrink; and if diffidence or lack of confidence is the only obstacle, proper encouragement may be expected to over-

This department in the greater number of schools is insufficiently provided for. In every school a separate room should be placed at its disposal. teacher, however skilled or laborious, can do satisfactory work in the same room with the other classes. ercises must necessarily so far differ as to produce confusion. It is impossible to avoid the distraction of attention, both of the little children and the older ones.

And next to a separate room should be added, also, the best appliances that can be secured for helping forward the work. The picture-leaf cluster possesses great value, and every primary class should be provided with it. Increased attention should be given to this department as one of the most interesting and important parts of the school.—Bible

INFLUENTIAL TRIFLES.

Every educator is a character-builder. This is emphatically so with a Sundayschool teacher, because his scholars un-derstand that his desire to see them disciples of Christ is the reason of his being in the teacher's chair. Hence they naturally and reasonably expect to see in him an illustration of the character he wishes them to attain. This expectation moves them to note his words, acts, and tempers. His gentleness, patience, kindness, sympathy, fidelity to his duties, etc., command their admira-tion, win their confidence, and predispose them to accept the truth and verity of the religion he teaches. But if he be given to lightsome speeches, to much laughter, to gossip with neighbouring teachers, to pettishness, to sharp words, to impatience, or to angry words, their inward thoughts are unfavourable to him and prejudicial to their faith in the reality of religion, because they are quick to perceive their inconsistency with it. In the former case, the teacher puts elements of evil, in the latter, elements of good, into the characters of his pupils. He may question whether such trifles as his words, acts, and spirit can have such a weighty influence. Yet all history shows that they may and do, because in it we see that "trifles lighter than straws are levers in the building than straws are levers in the building up of character."—Sunday-school Journal.

NEVERS FOR BOYS,

Never make fun of old age; no matter how decrepit, or unfortunate, or evil it God's hand rests lovingly on may be. the aged head.

Never use intoxicating liquors as a everage. You might never become a beverage. drunkard; but beer, wine, and whiskey Better be on the safe side. Make your influence count for sobriety.

Never make sport of one of those miserable creatures—a drunken man or woman. They are wrecks: but God alone knows the stress of the storms which drove them upon the breakers. Weep, rather than laugh.

Never tell nor listen to the telling of filthy stories. Cleanliness in word and act is the sign manual of a true gentleman.

Never cheat nor be unfair in your play. Cheating is contemptible anywhere at any age. Your play should strengthen, not weaken your character.

Never call anybody bad names, no matter what anybody calls you. You can-not throw mud and keep your hands

Never be cruel. You have no right to

hurt even a fly needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a bully; kindliness the mark of a gentleman.

Never lie. Even white lies leave black spots on the character. What is your opinion of a liar? Do you wish other people to have a like opinion of your-

Never make fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help. Never hesitate to say no, when asked

to do a wrong thing. It will often require courage—the best kind of courage, moral courage; but say no so distinctly that no one can possibly understand you to mean yes. Never quarrel.

Never quarrel. When your tongue gets unruly, lock it in—if need be bite it. Never suffer it to advertise your bad temper.

Never make comrades of boys who are continually doing and saying evil things. A boy, as well as a man, is known by the company he keeps.

Never be unkind to your mother and father. When they are dead and you have children of your own, you will discover that even though you did your best, you were able to make only a part payment of the debt you owed them. The balance you must pay over to your own children.

Never treat other boys' sisters better than you do your own.

Never fancy you know more when fifteen years old than your father and mother have learned in all the years of their lives. Wisdom is not given to babes.

Never lay aside your manners when ou take off your fine clothes.

Never be rudely boisterous at home or elsewhere.

Never forget that God made you to be a joyous, loving, lovable, helpful thing. Be one.—The Independent.

GRAND SYMPATHY.

A little girl went to her Sabbathschool, and when she came home her mother asked her what she had done at school, and in her simplicity she said:
"Oh, dear mother, I am afraid I have

done nothing; for you know there was Mary Curtis, whose brother was buried this week, and she cried so that I took her hands in mine, and kissed her, but it took all the lesson out of my head; and poor Sarah Miles, who is always behind with her lessons, had them this morning quite perfect, and she was so happy that, although she got more marks

than I did, I was quite glad, too."
"My dear," said her mother, "you have fulfilled the apostle's injunction; you have wept with those who wept, and rejoiced with those that rejoiced."

HONEST DOGS.

It is related by Prof. Bell that when a friend of his was travelling abroad, he one morning took out his purse to see if it contained sufficient change for a day's jaunt he proposed making. He departed from his lodgings leaving a trusted dog behind. When he dined, he took out his purse to pay, and found that he had lost a gold coin from it. On returning home in the evening, his servant informed him that the dog seemed to be very ill, as they could not induce it to eat anything. He went at once to look at his favourite; and as soon as he entered the room, the faithful creature ran to him, deposited the missing gold coin at his feet, and then devoured the food placed for him with great eagerness. The truth was that the gentleman had dropped the coin in the morning. The dog had picked it up, and kept it in its mouth, fearing even to eat, lest it should lose its master's property before an opportunity offered to restore it.

Anecdotes of this kind are innumerable, as are also those of dogs reclaiming property belonging, or which has belonged, to their owners. Sir Patrick Walker furnishes a most valuable inpropensity this OI ın ou cousins. A farmer, having sold a flock of sheep to a dealer, lent him his dog to drive them home, a distance of thirty miles, desiring him to give the dog a meal at the journey's end, and tell it to go home. The drover found the dog so useful that he resolved to steal it, and, The drover found the dog so instead of sending it back, locked it up. The collie grew sulky, and at last effected its escape. Evidently deeming the drover had no more right to detain the sheep than he had to detain itself, the honest creature went into the field, collected all the sheep that had belonged to his master, and, to that person's intense astonishment, drove the whole flock home again!

Dogs are not only honest in themselves, but will not permit others to be dishonest. The late Grantley Berkeley was wont to tell of his two deerhounds,

"Smoker" and Smoker's son, "Shark," a curiously suggestive instance of par-ental discipline. The two dogs were left alone in a room where luncheon was Smoker's integrity was invinlaid out. cible, but his son had not yet learned to resist temptation. Through the winresist temptation. Through the window, Mr. Berkeley noticed Shark, anxioulsy watched by his father, steal a cold tongue, and drag it to the door. "No sooner had he done so," says his master, "than the offended sire rushed upon him, rolled over him, beat him, and took away the tongue," after which Smoker retired gravely to the fireside and went retired gravely to the fireside and went to sleep.

FLOATING NEW TESTAMENT.

It was in the year 1859 that the first missionaries to Japan went out from Am-Before that time, as far as could be ascerta ned, there was not one Japanese Christian; and though most of the people could read and write, until the year 1872 there was no open preaching, or teaching of God's Word. All over the empire, in the streets, and along the highways, were notices posted up, declaring that any person who accepted the religion of Jesus would be put to death.

One day, a Japanese gentleman of high rank, and also of much learning and education, was walking on the shores of the Bay of Jeddo. It was shortly after some English or American vessels (it is not known which) had left the port.

As he passed along, he noticed a small chief factions on the water and

object floating on the water, and sent an attendant to bring it. When it was placed in his hands, he saw it was a book, and a book that he could not read. From some Dutch traders, he discovered that it was a New Testament in English. and that it was believed, by many persons, to be the word of the only true God. He learned also from them that it had been translated into Shanghai, and at once procured a copy. at the court of his prince, he sat down with five or six companions to study its character. The work of the Lord Jesus touched him as nothing else had done.
In his own words: "I had never seen, or heard, or read of, or dreamed of, or imagined such a person."

During many months, this study of the Bible continued. At length, hearing

that a teacher had come to Nagasaki, a long way off, an interpreter was sent to him with questions, and explanations were returned; but uninfluenced by the living voice of any foreigner or Chris-tian, that Japanese councillor and two of his friends were brought to believe in him of whom the Scriptures testify. They were baptized by a missionary, and, as far as is known, were the very first Japanese converts. "The entrance first Japanese converts. "The entrance of thy word giveth light; it giveth understanding to the simple."—Young Reaper.

My Sparrows.

I am very fond of sparrows, And they're fond of me; They're ever bright and cheery, And pert, and full of glee. They never seem to trouble, Though all is dark around, They chirp in storm and sunshine, And when snow is on the ground. When trees are bare in winter, And bitter cold benumbs, They gather round my window, And ask me for some crumbs.

For countless generations, The sparrow has been known; They built around God's temple, And near to David's throne; And the blessed One has spoken Of sparrows kindly words, How our heavenly Father careth For these joyous little birds. They have taken full possession Of my roof and eaves all round, And build and hatch their young ones In the freehold they have found.

They chirp at early daylight, And cheer the morning's dawn. And chatter in the ivy, And hop upon the lawn; And in damp and foggy weather, When I'm apt to mope and sigh, As merry as young crickets,
"Cheer up, cheer up!" they cry.

So I am very fond of sparrows. About my homestead door, Waiting till the cloth is shaken, And begging still for more. They cannot sing like thrushes. But in buoyant spirits rife, They are always brisk and cheerful And they stay with you for life.

There are plenty of saints living who have not been canonized yet.

Battle Hymn of the Republic.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where
the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fatal lightning of

his terrible swift sword; His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps; They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;

I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps; His day is marching on.

I have read a flery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel; "As ye deal with my contemners so with you my grace shall deal;

Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel! Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat; He is sifting out the hearts of men be-

fore his judgment seat; Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him: be jubilant, my feet! Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea, With a glory in his bosom that trans-

figures you and me; As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free, While God is marching on.

"HIS CHOICE."

Mollie Andrews really wanted to work for Jesus. When she sang the hymn, "One more day's work for Jesus," she felt as if she would like to lift up the whole world. But, like many other girls, who wanted to do some high and mighty work, it did not occur to her that the King might have some little things for the "King's Daughter" to do.

The Andrews family had been wealthy, but suddenly, as is often the case, the wealth vanished. Just now they were wealth vanished. Just now they were living in a small house with only one servant. Mr. Andrews was blue, Mrs. Andrews bluer, Mollie bluest. The lat-Andrews bluer, Mollie bluest. The latter's eyes were bloodshot from many tears. Meanwhile, little Esther Andrews, aged four, wandered about the house, looking forlorn and neglected. She had always been well cared for, but now all was charged. No one seemed now all was changed. No one seemed to realize that she was neglected, for you know when people look through blue glasses they fail to see things as they are.

Miss Melissa Steele dropped in one MISS Melissa steele gropped in one afternoon. Miss Melissa was a sister of Mrs. Andrews. The latter was taking a nap, so Miss Melissa and Mollie had the conversation all to themselves

for a while.
"You look as if you'd been trying to cry your eyes out; what's the matter?" said Miss Melissa, rather sharply.

"Well, I should think there was enough to cry for," wailed Mollie. "What, for instance?" grimly.
"Why, hasn't father lost his money?"

"Not all of it; and if he had, what's the sense of crying over spilled milk? Hasn't the Lord spared all your lives?

Aren't you all well?"

"But it's like a funeral here in the

"So it is," emphatically, "I agree with house." you fully; I felt it the minute I crossed the threshold. 'Tisn't right, either, for the threshold. "Tisn't right, either, for there's no one dead nor dying, unless"— with a second thought—"it's the cat out with a Second thought—"it's the cat out there. Tillie Gubbs! She was swinging when I came along and she called out, 'Say, Miss Steels, I'm lettin' the old cat die.'"

"You see," continued Miss Melissa,
"I heard a girl say she was going to do
some great things for Jesus. If you cannot do what you wanted to do, you can do what he wants you to do."

Little Esther wandered into the room just then. Her face was not very clean, her pretty yellow hair was tangled, and white apron was soiled. She melissa gathered her in her arms and kissed her. as forlorn as she felt.

"Poor little dear !" she said tenderly; and then turning to Mollie: "Don't you think it would be his choice to have you

look after this baby? Little things done for him count for more than big ones in the long run."

Presently Miss Melissa went away.
When Mollie came back from the door, Esther's blue avec regarded her wist-Esther's blue eyes regarded her wist-

fully.
"I wish nursie'd come back," wailed

the child, "I'se lonesome without her."

Mollie's conscience smote her.

"Come, dear," she said, "sister will
get you ready and we'll take a walk."

A smile broke over the little face. Already a ray of sunshine had broken through the dark clouds. She laughed aloud a little later when she caught sight of herself in the glass. The sweet face was clean now, the sunny hair waving in curls about it. And how well the neat white apron with its embroidered ruffles became her! Then came the pleasant walk and the return home. little Esther carrying a tiny basket of grapes and Mollie some beautiful flowers, both gifts from loving friends they had met on the way. Mollie found plenty to do at home. She spent some time in the dining-room and kitchen. Her face was quite flushed when Becky called to the other members of the family, "Supper is served," but she was The table with its happy and smiling. flowers and fruit had a festive air, and then besides there were the dishes the father and mother loved best. They knew whom to thank for it, and Mollie's heart gave a great bound when they ex-At half-past pressed their pleasure. seven Miss Melissa popped in. Esther was riding on her father's foot; Mrs. Andrews and Mollie were doing some fancy work. They were all laughing and chatting together. The room was bright with light and sweet with the

fragrance of flowers.
"Well, I do declare," said the visitor,
"this morning I thought there was a funeral, and now it's a wedding. Mollie, what's come over you?"

Mollie's face flushed, and then grew radiant.

"I guess the 'wedding' is His choice, Aunt Melissa," she said. Aunt Melissa choked down something,

but pretty soon she remarked: "I'm sure it is his choice;" and leaning over to kiss Mollie, she whispered: "And I'm sure, 'too, that you are a dear."—New York Observer.

BILLY'S CRUTCH.

"Will you please buy my geranium, sir ?"

If a musical voice, a bright face and a beautiful plant, all belonging to a young girl with dimpled cheeks and laughing blue eyes, will not bring a man to a standstill, then it must be that he is hurrying through the world too fast. and wants nothing to come into his life that will gladden his heart and renew his youth.

I came to a full stop, and would not have missed that sight for a great deal. As the girl stood there on that bright morning, it was difficult to tell where the sunshine left off and where the girl began. They seemed made for each other; it was a perfect match, with the dividing line hard to discern.

"Have you any objection to tell me

"Oh, no, sir! My name's Gertrude Wilson." "What a beautiful geranium you have

there." "Isn't it lovely?"

"Indeed it is, and the finest I ever aw. Where did you get it?"

saw. Where did you get it:
"About three years ago, a lady left
a slip lying on the seat in a horse car.
"home got the richest dirt I took it home, got the richest dirt I could find, put it in this old paint can, and then set the slip in it, and it began growing right away. I've given it plenty of water to drink, and kept it in

the sunshine as much as possible."
"Why, I should think you would love it very dearly."
"Love it! I guess I do love it. It seems just like a part of myself."
"Well, my dear, if you love it so

much, pray tell me why you want to sell it?"

"Oh, I wouldn't let it go, if I did not want to help God answer Billy's prayer. Don't you think it splendid to help an-

"How do you know I believe in prayer?"

Oh, I am sure you do, for you have such a prayerful look."

She broke out into a merry laugh, and her in it. As "Yes, I do believe in prayer. tell me who Billy is?"

As I made this request, a joyous look came into her face, and her large blue eyes shone with delight; and as the dimples deepened in her cheeks, I beheld a picture that was worth going a long

way to see.
"What! Billy? Oh, he's the nicest and best little fellow in all the city! Why, he is goodness, sunshine, and music all in one lump. Somebody let him drop when he was quite young and broke his hip, and ever since he has been a cripple. But his leg is the only crooked thing about him. My mother says that Billy's mother was the best Christian she ever knew. Well, when she died last year, everybody in our tenement house 'anted to adopt Billy;

so you see he belongs to all of us. He pays his way by selling newspapers, and no one with good legs can get around livelier than Billy can with a crutch. But yesterday his crutch caught in a hole in the sidewalk, broke in two, and let him fall. He managed to get in the house, and was not hurt. Well, last night, just as I was going to bed, I heard Billy praying. His room is next to mine, and only a board partition between—so I could hear it all. Oh, I shall never forget his words, as he said : Dear Lord, I've never complained about my broken hip, and I am willing to go through life with it, but I can't get on without a crutch. I've no money to get another, and I don't know who to ask, so please, dear Lord, send me another one! Mother always told me to go to you when I was in trouble, and so I come now. Please, dear Lord, answer my prayer for Jesus' sake! Amen.'

"I lay awake a good while thinking of that prayer, and it was the first thing I thought of this morning, and I began wondering if I couldn't do something to help God answer Billy's prayer. Well, while I was wondering, I saw my gerani-um and then I said: 'Oh, maybe I can sell it and get enough to buy another crutch!

"Now you know who Billy is, and why I want to sell my geranium. Won't you, please, buy it?"

was greatly moved and interested, and I'll own up to a great deal of moisture about my eyes, as I inquired: "How tall is Billy?"

"Oh," she quickly responded, "I've got the measure of his old crutch, if that

is what you mean."
"Yes, that is just what I mean; so, if you please, Gertrude, we'll go and see

about a crutch." It did not take us long to find a store where such things were to be procured, nor a great while to get the keeper of the store as much interested as I was in the girl's story. Just the right kind of a crutch was found, and a minimum

price put upon it.
"Well," I said, "I'll give you that much for the geranium, Gertrude, and it is very cheap at that."

"Oh, thank you!" she said, "and her eyes fairly danced with gladness. "I'll take the crutch, please, but Billy mustn't know a word about where it came from. Isn't it just splendid to help God answer Billy's prayer ?"

The moisture in my eyes didn't subside

one bit, as I said:
"I want you to do me a favour, Ger-I am hundreds of miles away from the place where I live, and I can't carry this plant around with me. Would it be too much trouble for you to keep it for me?"

"What, do you want me to take care of it for you?"

"Yes, my dear, if it will not be too

much trouble."

"Oh, you splendid man, you! I'll be glad to do it, and I'll take just as good care of it as I did when it was mine."

I carried the plant, while she carried the crutch, and after reaching the house, Billy was called in to see me, while Gertrude smuggled the crutch into his room. and came back with a face as happy as a face could be, but never betraying to Billy, by word or look, that she had been answering Billy's prayer.

To sum it all up, Billy has a new crutch, and he is the happiest cripple in the big city. Gertrude helped answer his prayer, and a happier girl don't live. own the handsomest geranium bush I ever saw, and the one who takes care of it for me is as proud as I am of that plant.

"WHO HAS SEEN CHRIST IN YOU TO-DAY?"

"The parson asked a strange question this evening," said John Swell to his wife, Ann, on his return from church one Sunday.
"What was it, John?"

"'Who has seen Christ in you to-ay?" I wish you had been there to ear him. Ann: ne made it pretty pla that all who love Christ ought to show by their conduct that they are in earnest.'

"That's true, John. I know that I often fall short of what a Christian

should be."
"I'm sure that you and the children have not seen Christ in me to-day. If I'd remembered to be like my Master, I should not have been so cross with you because you wanted to take your turn this morning."

"And I shouldn't have snapped you up and been so vexed," interrupted Ann.
"Then I used Tom roughly, because
he worried me, and when he cried I
boxed his ears, when a kind word would have made him all right. There are plenty of things I should have done, even

"We'll try to begin afresh, John. You're quick, and I get vexed. We've both a deal to learn. We must just pray that the children and our friends may see Christ in us."

Monday morning came. John was up early, and before he went to work he asked that Christ might be seen in him that day. Ann did not forget that she too wished that Christ might be seen in that day. her; and at breakfast time the children were told how Christ might be seen in them, and they were cautioned to be kind and loving toward one another and toward their companions.

Thus, throughout the family, tempers were quelled for Christ's sake, and pleasant acts were performed for Christ's sake; and John was able in that same strength, to ask a fellow-workman to forgive the sharp words he had spoken to him the previous Saturday.

"I've had the happiest day I ever spent," John remarked to his wife that evening. "I know I've long been a professor, but I have not shown by my behaviour that I do really want Jesus to be seen in me."
"I'm sure it's just the same with me,"

replied Ann.

I know why some of our fellows in the shop find fault with religious people. and call them no better than those who have no religion at all. We Christians are shining lights; we get into the same tempers, and use the same sharp words as men of the world, so we bring re-proach on Jesus."

Dear reader, will you take this question home: "Who has seen Christ in me to-day?"

BOYS AND GIRLS, SIT ERECT.

One of the worst habits young people form is that of leaning forward too much while at work or study. It is much less tiresome and more healthy to sit or stand erect. The round-shouldered, hollow-chested, and almost deformed persons one meets every day could have avoided all the bad results from which they now suffer, had they always kept the body erect, the chest full, and the shoulders thrown back. A simple rule is that if the head is not thrown forward, but is held erect, the shoulders will drop back to their natural position, giving the lungs full play. The injury done by careless-ness in this respect is by compressing the lungs, preventing their full and natural action, resulting in lung diseases, usually consumption. Sit erect, boys and girls, and look the world in the

The Countersign.

BY EMMA HERRICK WEED.

Black is the night; the wind among the pines Maketh lament like one in homeless

plight. Toward the hills where you bright camp-

fire shines.

I make my way alone, along the night; Shelter is there, and rest, companionship and light.

But woe is me! I hear the sentries tread !

The armed sentries round that heavenly camp. may not pierce their charmed lines abead.

From out the shadows and the creeping damp I near with eager eyes, as moths the

evening lamp.

The challenge comes, sharp, stern:
"Halt! Who goes there?"
"A friend." In vain! The guard stands unenticed.

Advance, and give the countersign !" I

All on one word, and whisper softly, "Christ." O weal! One word-but, O joy!

lo! it hath sufficed! -Independent.

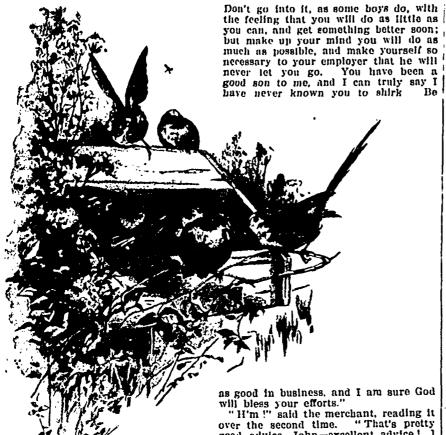
Arthur, who is forbidden to speak at the table, had his revenge the other day. As dinner began, he was uneasy, and finally said, "Ma, can't I speak just one word?" "You know the rule, Arthur."
"Not one word?" "No, Arthur, not until your father finishes the paper."

Arthur subsided until the paper was Arthur subsided until the paper was finished, when he was asked what he wished to say. "Oh, nothing! Only Nora put the custards outside the window to cool, and the cat has been eating them up!"

Teacher-" Tommy Taddells, where do

emeralds come from?"

Tommy—"I think that they must come lo-day if I'd acted up to the parson's question." from Ireland. I've heard that place called the Emerald Isle."



The Birds' Farewell.

Under the maple boughs Out in the wood, See merry song-blrds, Seeking for food; Some wearing black coats, Some wearing brown, Made out of feathers, All padded with down.

Hopping and chirping Together in glec. They talk of the nests
They will build in the tree
When winter is over And comes the warm spring. Dear little song-birds, Flutter and sing!

A GOOD REFERENCE

John was fifteen, and very anxious to get a desirable place in the office of a well-known merchant who had advertised for a boy. But he was doubtful of his success, because, being a stranger in the city, he had no references to present.

"I'm afraid I shall stand a poor chance," he thought despondently. "However, I'll try and appear as well as I can, for that may help me a little."

So he was careful to have his dress and person neat, and when he took his turn to be interviewed, went in with his hat in his hand and a smile on his face. The keen-eyed man of business glanced

him over from head to foot.
"Good face," he thought, "and pleasant ways."

Then he noted the neat sur -but other boys had appeared in new clothes—saw the well-brushed hair and clean-looking Very well; but there had been others here quite as cleanly. Another glance, however, showed even the finger-Another nalls irreproachable.

"Ah, that looks like thoroughness," thought the merchant.
Then he asked a few direct, rapid

questions, which John answered as directly. Prompt," was his mental comment.

"Can speak up when necessary. Let's see your writing," he added aloud. John took the pen and wrote his name.

Very good, easy to read, and no flourishes. Now, what references have

The dreaded question at last!

John's face fell. He had begun to feel some hope of success, but this dashed it

'I haven't any," he said, slowly; "I'm almost a stranger in the city.

"Can't take a boy without references," was the brusque rejoinder; and, as he spoke, a sudden thought sent a flush to John's face.

"I haven't any references," he repeated, with hesitation; "but here's a letter from mother I have just received.

Would you mind reading it, sir?"
The merchant took it. It was a short letter:

"My Dear John: I want to remind you that, wherever you find work, you must consider that work your own.

"H'm!" said the merchant, reading it over the second time. "That's pretty good advice, John—excellent advice! I rather think I'll try you, even without the references." the references."

John has been with him ten years, and now occupies a very responsible position.
"Is it a fact that you intend taking that young man into partnership?" asked

a friend lately.
"Yes, it is, I couldn't get along without John; he is my right-hand man!" exclaimed the employer, heartily,

And John always says the best references he ever had was a mother's good advice and honest praise.—The Family

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF JUDAH.

LESSON V.-OCTOBER 30. MESSIAH'S KINGDOM FORETOLD. Isa. 11. 1-10. Memory verses, 2-4. GOLDEN TEXT.

The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters coted the sea.—Isa. 11. 9.

OUTLINE.

The Coming King, v. 1-5 2. His Holy Kingdom, v. 6-10.

Time.-It is impossible to tell how many years Isaiah had been known as a prophet when he uttered the words of our lesson. We date the coronation of Hezekiah king of Judah about 726 B.C. (some say 72i). Hoshea, the last king of the Ten Tribes, was taken captive about 723 B.C. The great invasion of Palestine by King Sargon is usually dated 711 B.C.

HOME READINGS.

M. Messiah's kingdom foretold.—Isa. 11. 1-10.

Tu. Without end.-Isa. 9. 1-7.

W. The deliverer.—Isa. 42, 1-12, Th. Spirit of the Lord.—Isa. 61, 1-6, F. King of glory.—Psalm 24,

S. A peaceful kingdom.—Isa. 35. Su. A spiritual kingdom.—John 18. 33-40.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY. 1. The Coming King, v. 1-5. What King is here meant?

Of whom was the King to be a descendant? To what is he compared?

Whose Spirit was to rest on him? How is this Spirit described? When was this prophecy fulfilled? See Isa. 61, 1; Luke 4, 16-21. What effect would the Spirit have on

What would he not do? How would he judge? How would he punish wickedness?

the King?

With what would he be girded? 2. His Holy Kingdom, v. 6-10. What promise of peace is here given What further promise in verse 7? What is said of a child and a venomous

beast? Why would no harm come to any? What would the root (or son) of Jeste

be to the Jews?
What other people would seek him?
What is said of the rest he would

What beautiful promise is given in

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we shown-The lowly origin of Christ?
 That Christ brings peace on earth?

3. That Christ is a Saviour for all?

OF WRITING TO ABSENT AND HOMESICK SCHOLARS.

That teacher who wins a warm place for himself in the affections of his class, secures "right of way" for his instructions to the consciences of its members. To win that place one must convince them that he cares about them, is in sympathy with their best interests. Among other innocent and judicious methods of doing this is the writing of letters to such of them as may happen to go from home for a time on long vigits to relative, on eligible to relative. visits to relatives, on distant journeys, or, perchance, to a boarding-school for a term or two. To every youth, such going from home gives occasion to more or less of home-sickness. At such times, says Cowper:

With what intense desire he wants his home."

And with what intense delight he then reads a letter from his friends at home, not excepting his Sunday-school teacher Could he speak his feelings he would say, as the late Dr. J. B. Mozley did when from home in his boyish days: "I don't want to hear any news. It is not that I want; but there is something in a letter from home that would cheer me

This confession of childish need may show a Sunday-school teacher a simple means of linking a pupil's heart to himself, and thereby giving him an influence by which he may persuade him to enlist in the army of Christ. A grand result this, from a simple and by no means costly effort.

HOW CYCLONES FORM.

Lieut, John M. Ellicott, U.S.N., contributes to the August St. Nicholas an article on "The Cradle of Cyclones."

Lieut. Ellicott says:
"To get an idea of a cyclone's formation, imagine a large circular pan or tub with quite a large circular pan or tub with quite a large hole in the middle of its bottom. With this hole plugged, fill the vessel with water; then draw out the plug, and watch. There is first a rush of water from all directions toward the hole, and a turbulent effort to get through. Then the water surface above Then the water surface above begins to sink and swirl, the particles gradually circling around and around, and rushing, ever faster, toward the centre. At last there is actually a hol-low space through the centre, around contents: Chapter I. The Principles of which all the water in the tub is whirling, sluggishly near the rim, but with more and mo violent rapidity towards the middle, atil it rushes downward through the Luttom. Now, if that water were air, you would be watching a little cyclone turned upside down, for the air rushes upward instead of downward.

In the cradle of cyclones during the summer months, when the land and the

rushes upward instead of downward.

In the cradle of cyclones during the summer months, when the land and the water grow hotter because of the longer days than nights, a layer of air, hot, light, and full of vapour, is for a time held down by denser air above it. Restless, expanding, tumultuous, it moves about like a beast at bay until a thinner

place in the air above is found. up it madly rushes and into the vacuum left behind the lower atmosphere hasleft behind the lower atmosphere nas-tens from all directions, pushing and twisting and pouring upward until it has fallen into a regular spinning around a common centre. The cyclone, once formed, rushes away from the tropics toward the pole, and begins its career of destruction, bruising, wrecking and sinking the luckless ships which happen to be in its path. More and more of the surrounding atmosphere is drawn in-to the swirl, until the storm often covers an area nearly a thousand miles in an area nearly a thousand miles in diameter. Sometimes it flings itself upon our Atlantic coast, and tears flercely through forests, fields and cities. Then again it sweeps away across the broad ocean, and dashes itself upon the coasts of Europe. Once in a while it so adroitly avoids the land that we never know it has passed until ships come in torn and broken."

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MESSIAM'S KINGDON .- " A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."