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Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 14, 1899.

No. 41.



AN EGYPTIAN PRIESTESS.

THE LITTLE BUILDERS.

BY HELEN STIRLING.

John Brown and Jemmy Atkins were great friends. At school, at play, every-where, they were together; and when one learned anything new it was not long before the other knew it also. Now

they were watching the masons, who were building a fine store on Main Street.
"Did you know that we were builders, John?" said Jemmy, as he watched the men putting brick after brick upon the wall. the wall.

"No, we ain't; we're only boys," said

John.
"Put we are; we are building a house which is to last forever," said Jemmy.

forever, and we were building houses for them to live in."

"How is that?" said John, soberly.
"Well, she said that we build our

that we build our characters day by day, brick by brick, just as that man is doing. And if we build well, we shall be glad for ever and ever, and if we build bad, if we use shaky bricks, or rotten wood, or stubble,

we shall be sorry for ever and ever."
"That is queer. We ought to be pretty careful, then," said John. "But your mother is such a good woman, she

earnestly.

"Pooh! now you are fooling," said
John. "Nothing in the world lasts for ers, don't you?" said Jemmy.

Good!" cried John. "Mind your

mother, there is another." "Yes, and father, and teachers, too," said Jemmy. There's a hig beam of temperance in my building. Mother says that's a Gospel beam, and keeps

the frame steady."
"Be courteous; there's a brick," ead John.

"And don't swear; there's another."

And don't speak against anybody, and don't say any dirty words, intertupted Jemmy.

ever and ever. That old Morgan house is only a hundred years old, and it won't last a hundred years more."

"I can't help that," said Jemmy.

"Mother told me our souls would live forever, and we were building houses for them to live in."

"Coad." exied Jehn ("Affed years)

"Yes, if we build right. But lets are building."

The gentleman who owned the new building stood close beside the boys. Lidden from sight by a high waii. He listened to their talk intently, and then the story of the property hand a then are the story of the story of the story of the story.

he stepped around beside them and said.
"Pretty good work, my boys, only build on a sure foundation."

The boys looked a little frightened, but they soon feit at ease, and listened white he said .

Give your young hearts to God, my boys. He is the great Master-builder. He will teach you to build so that he will say, 'Well done.'. Seek first the kingdom of God, and all things elso shall be added unto you. Then he added.
"I wish everybody would build as wisely "And we shall go on building as long as you plan, dear boys. May Golder as we live," mother says, "every single you to keep them ever!"

How the King Came Home. B" FLORENCE TYLEE

Oh why are you waiting, children, And why are you watching the way ?" We are watching because the folks have said.

The king comes home to The king on his-prancing charger,
In his shining golden crown,
Oh, the belis will ring the glad birds

sing, When the king comes back to the

"Run home to your mothers, children, In-the land is pain and woo, And the king, beyond the forest, Fights with the Paynim foe" But, said the little children, The fight will, soon be past we fain would wait, though the hour be late; He will-surely come at last"

So the eager children waited
Till the closing of the day.
Ill their eyes were tired of gazing
Along the dusty way;
But there came no sound of music
No flashing golden crown;
And-tears they shed as they crept to
bed,
When the round red sun went down

But at the hour of midnight,
While the weary children slept.
Was heard-within the city
The voice of them that wept;
Along the moonli highway,
Toward the sacred dome,
Dead on his shield, from the well fought
field—

'Twas thus the king came home —Chamber's Journal

OUR PERIODICALS:

The best, the chespest, the most enteru Christian Guardian, weekly. 11 or Methodist Magazine and Bernew, 60 pp., monthly Illustrated Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Bertew. 275 Magazine and Bertew, Guardian and Onward to Review not control to the control to

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. Coares, S. P. Herster, Wesleyan Boos Ro-Montreal. Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 14, 1899.

HOW MOODY CONQUERED.

HOW MOODY CONQUERED.

In Edinburgh, at a series of meetings, a man was pointed out to me one slight as being an infidel, one who had come to be the property of the said he had heard that I was a great believer in prayer, and asked if I would like to try my hano him. I determined then and there we either pray him into the grace of God or pray him out of the meeting. The man left the meeting from the property of the meeting of the property of the meeting of the property of the meeting. The man left the meeting of the came skall of the property of the pro

came to me that the man had been wen over at last, and so complete was his conversion that in meckess and humility, but with loyal, steadfast faith, hed given his life to the service of the Master Only where a lukewarm conception custats does infidelism gain a hold Don't have faith in me, have it to Goal. One on whether you have in God. Come on, whether you have faith or not, and he will attend to the rest."

BOB AND THE BEAR.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

BY B. KELLY.

Dobs father and mother had just drawn out of the yard-on-their way to the settlement, ten miles distant. The old springless waggon could still be heard pounding over the rough still for an a Bob stood in the doorway and watched it disappear into the surrounding woods, and thence to the concession road.

The old man was perched on the high scat, his hands held listlessly between his knees, while he chirruped to the sorrel in an encouraging manner. Be-side him sat the mother, the strings of her faded bounct futtering in the wind.

her faded bonnet fluttering in the wind,
On her knees reposed the market basket.
As they finally disappeared, Bob
signed and turned into the house. He
had a heavy job uptakirs in the garret.
A formidable pile of Indian corn was
heaped in one corner, and the boy was
required to shell this before the return

his parents.

of his parents.

The mode of operation was crude and simple. A board, into the end of which an old table kuffe was driven, was placed across a rude bench, and a basket to receive the kernels was placed under the kuffe-end of the board. He then exacted himself upon the board, seized a yellow ear, and drew it across the back of the kuffe, turning It in his hand-until

yellow car, and drew it across the oack of the knife, turning it. in his hand until the car was stripped. He worked diligently for about an hour. At the expiration of that time he strolled to the window and looked out. It was a glorious autumn day. The frost had fouched the leaves, and, the woods were afame with colour. The squirrels, black and red, could be heard as they chattered, scampering up and down the trunks of the breches. A fay-screamed from the topmost-branch of an oak, while dozens of other birds fluttered to and fro, all preparing for their long nouthern flight. "It's a shame," said Bob, half aloud, to be cooped up here this fine day. My! but the beech nuts are plentiful this fall. Shouldn't wonder if there are bears around now."

Then he whistled settly. Bob was

this fall. Shouldn't wonder if there are bears around now."

Then he whistled softly. Bob was eleven years of age, and an only child. He had been born and reared on the rough backwoods farm, and though young in years, he was sturdy, and fond of outdoor lidd, so I'll get some nuts, and then work all the harder at this job."

So the corn-shelling was abandoned for a time, and the boy swung himself out of the house, selling his hat and a tin pail as he passed through the kitchen. He soon reached the desired spot, about and a mile distant from the bouse, and was soon bustly engaged in picking up the sharp pointed beech nuts. But it was slow work. The leaves were falling, and they covered the object of his search.

search.

"I know what I'll do," he said to him-self, "I'll go home and get a white sheet and spread it under the trees, then

drachms of powder, shake the powder well into the nipple, a wad, and then the ball, he said to himself, remembering his father's manner of loading. He was so excited that when he proceeded to can the rifle he spilled the copper caps on the kitchen floor However, the loading was finished, and once more the boy started for the woods.

"I hope to goodness it's there yet," he said to himself.

It was there still, nosing among the caves, and munching the beech must like a hog.

like a hog.

"Two hundred yards, one hundred and fity. I wonder if I can get closer."

One hundred yards, and the bear had not seen him. But he had heard something, and the gaunt, frowsy looking beast raised himself on his hind logs, the ugly head and pointed somet turning from side to side. It was a fatal move for him. From behind a sheltering bush as wreath of white smoke curled up, the crack of a rifle echoed through the woods, and the bear, plerced through and through, pitched headlong to the ground.

ground.

And when Bob was relating the whole story to his father that night he suddenly remembered something, and said, "Oh, say, dad. I was so-excited that I forgot all about the rest of the corn.

A BOY HELPED BY GOD'S SPIRIT.

Little Ben ran in from school smiling brightly

brightly.

"Well, my dear, you look very happy,"
satd his mother.

"Well, mother, I've had a regular fight, and now that it is over I do feel happy, indeed."

"Had a fight, my boy? I'm sorry to hear you say that."

"Well, the other boys stopped on the way home to pick some of Farmer Adams' apples. I stopped, too, and as we were climbing over the fence something said to me, 'Don't do it."

"I looked round, but could see no one; the voice was so small it seemed like a

"I looked round, out count see no one; the voice was so small it seemed like a little girl's voice.

"Then I heard quite a loud voice say, 'Oh, go on !he has plenty of apples,'
"'It is wrong,' came the little voice

again.

"'Oh, it will not hurt any one, and the other boys are going,' the loud voice

Said.

"But the little voice said softly, 'It will-hurt you, Ben. Don't do it.'

"Then I jumped down and ran home, and I have not been able to do anything but, smile ever since."

When little Ben jumped down from that fence Jesus smilled upon him. No wonder Ben smiled, too. Look out, children, for the little pleading voice—God's Holy Spirit. Obey that, and you will always have the smile of Jesus,—Westminster Lessons.

JERRY'S STOLEN SUGAR.

Jerry McAuley was one of the wicked-est men in New York City; but he had ears that could hear God's voice, and eyes that could see God's hand and take eyes that could see God's hand and take hold of it. Did you ever think that some of the most gentle and polite peo-ple in, the world are without eyes or ears for God? After Jerry became a Christian be started a mission for other wicked men and women, that he might help them to know God. From one of his "Talks" we hear about the stolen

search.

"I know what I'll do," he said to himself, "I'll go home and get a white solet and spread it under the trees, the I can pound the tree with a club, so that the nuts will fall on the sheet."

So, rising to his feet, he ran quickly to the house, procured the necessary sheet (though risking his mother's dispeasure), and hastened towards the woods again. When Loout half way there he suddenly paused. Something was rooting among the leaves, for one brief moment Bob's hair bristled on his head, then the true backwoods spirit asserted itself.

"Cracky Loo!" he ejaculated, "it's a bear. I'll get dad's rifle. I believe I can shoot him."

Turning quickly, and stooping assumch as possible, the lad made his way back to the house. The rifle hung over the fire-place, a long-barrelled plece, of antique pattern, but deadly accurate in the hands of one accustomed to it. Bohad fired it once or twice, but his fatter had never allowed him to take it under do'ndars, and had put it way benched the line of one accustomed to it. Bohad fired it once or twice, but his fatter had never allowed him to take it under do'ndars, and had put it way trembling with excilement. Three

Lord belped me, and I said: 'Come on walk right home with me, and I will pay you for that sugar.' 'Yes,' said he, 'you you for that sugar. 'Yes, said he, 'you look like paying a hundred dollars. I ain't fooled quite so easy as that.' took him by the arm and made him walk ain't fooled quite so casy as that' i took him by the arm and made him walk right along, and the Lord he.ped mevery step I took. He was silent for a while, when he sald, in a kinder tone. 'Now, Jerry, you don't mean to pay me that money. 'Now can't spare it is and the sald, in a kinder tone of the sald in a kinder tone of the sald in a sald in a kinder tone of the sald in a kinder to sal

A FAMOUS PLOATING BRIDGE.

A PAMOUS PLOATING BRIDGE.

The greatest and most famous of all adouts bridges was that built by the Roman Service of the Roman Service

HEROISM AT SEA.

HEROISM AT SEA.

Two hundred and four delegates set out from Boston on the Catalonis, bound for the World's Sunday-school Convention in World's Sunday-school Convention of the World's When about five hundred the Color, at the Color, at light, some of the delegates noticed a smell as of burning. Investigation showed a little smoke issuing from one of the ventilator-pipes-extending from the hold. At once the fire-alarm was sounded. The trained crew leaped to their stations. The passengers were warned. The iron compartment doors were closed. Hatches were flung open, and out poured a black volume of smoke and the bode. In the season of the deep and the bales of cotton to the deep and the hold. In the state of the season of the season of the fire and the passengers wat the stating of the passengers wat the stating of the passengers wat the season of the fire. At last it was reached, the smouldering bales throw overboard, the burning woodwork soaked with water, and the passengers, at three o'clock in the morning, were told that all was safe. To have part in such a fight is as noble as to have served in Cuba.—Christian Endeavour World.

Many teachers and school children whom Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller has interested with her "Talks About Birds," and others not so fortunate, will be glatto, learn that she has capand "The First to a little base capand by the capa and watch them instead. Numerous full-page illustrations, eight of which are coloured, are a very important fea-ture of this book, which should be placed in every school-room,

Say a Kind Word.

BY M. LOUIS START.

once in a while say a kind word, might lift the shadows from eyes now tear-blurred,

You know not the pleasure that might be conferred.

if once in a while you'd say a kind word.

ince in a while say a kind word, it might aid and comfort some one in

distress. Who at last knows and feels his own helplessness:

it might lift him out of the depths of despair.

Up to the mountain of penitent prayer.

once in a while say a kind word; some sin-laden soul to its depths might be Stirred.

and surmounting the past with carth's scorn and chill,

Press on to new joys till grief's voices are still.

Once in a while say a kind word, it might be a light in a whole world of

gloom; It might be an outlet from some darkened tomb;

it might thrill some soul with endeavour sublime,

And be a seed sown to bear fruit for all time.

nuce in a while say a kind word; It might lift the shadows from eyes now tear-blurred.

You know not the pleasure that might be conferred,

If once in a while you'd say a kind word.

A BOY OF TO-DAY

Julia MacNair Wright.

Author of "The House on the Bluff," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

MUSCLE AND MORALS.

The days pass very quickly which transform the little playful child to the sturdy lad and the sturdy lad to the manly youth. Several years had elapsed since the sad winter when Uncle Rias, after being crippled, had lost his farm, and had come to the flat acre and a quarter, near the railroad, in Windle village. No matter how swiftly the years fly by they mark their way by changes. "Those thrifty Sinnets," as people named them, had made marked improvement in the small place they had come to call home. There were vines, bushes, and shade trees; they had never felt rich enough to paint the house, but Heman whitewashed the whole front and the fence yearly "Lime wash is healthy," Aunt D'rexy said, excusing this extravagance. The garden had currents and gooseberries, vegetables in plenty. Frequent repairs on the tumbledown harn had nearly rebuilt it. shop also was enlarged; for now that two sturdy workmen, who numbered twenty years each, were busy there, more room was needed.

Work now crowded on the firm under the sign of "U. Sinnet & Co." Windle village itself had improved greatly; the normal school, the library and association buildings had been the means of attracting people from many parts of the State to make a home there, several factories had been built, and increase of work had brought in a numerous working population. Simon Fletcher had rever lacked contracts, and had faithfully kept Heman and Uncle 'Rias busy. Simon Fletcher often said Heman was one of the most accurate and enterprising young builders in the country, and he expected him to make his mark. The expectation of doing great things some did not hinde: to the very best of his ability the smallest piece of work which came in his way Aunt D'rexy had often quoted a saying of Moody's: "If you can't be a lighthouse, he a candle, but he something," and this sound bit of philosophy had taken hold of Heman's life.

"D'rexy Sinnet and Aunt Espey were so terrible set on that boy, that I used to think maybe nothing would do them but to try to make a minister or a lawyer out of him," said Mrs. Sloane one day to the minister's wife. "It is kind of satisfying to one's pride sometimes, to get a boy into a profession; it appears as if he might be more thought of. But the Sinnets were always level-headed folks, and they saw that a boy was likely to do the work best to which he took

by nature; there's lots of good men spoiled by trying to have them cut across the grain.

"There is Henry Fitch, in the next township, he intended to be a machinist, but his mother turned up her nose at it. sho said it was dirty work, made his hands coarse, and spoiled his clothes. Well, she took on so about it, that Henry, to please her, studied medicine, that he hadn't the least aptitude for, and can't make his salt by; and he's tried life insurance along with it, and been drummer for a drug store, and failed in all, only being fit for a machinist.

Sloane says no honest work is to be scorned, and he has the right of it.
There was Henry Fitch's cousin, Hiram,
had the same taste, all for machinery,
and his folks were level-headed enough to let him choose for himself, and now Hiram is engineer of a trans-Atlantic steamship !"

There are many people as foolish as those described by Mrs. Sloane, but many more who are sensible. The town of Windle was proud of its strong young fellows working at the trades-carpenters, smiths, tinners and plumbers, fac-tory men and farmers. The club which Mr. Renfrew had started had become a power in the whole county; there had grown up in it young men who knew how to think and how to speak, who interested themselves in great questions, and stood shoulder to shoulder fighting in any good cause. By slow, almost imperceptible degrees, these lads had been trained in strong temperance principles. ectures and readings had been provided, discussions had been begun, and one by one, almost before they knew it, they were temperance workers. Their inwere temperance workers. Their influence was felt in their homes, and among the business circles of Windle, and before they were voters themselves they had influenced the votes of others, so that local option had come to prevail in Windle, and the saloons had been driven out.

One night Joey Clump, Heman and Peter Forbes had been making a call in the country, and were returning home when they saw a man loltering near the "Last Chance," one instant almost going into the door, then retreating.

one of these retreats backwards he nearly stumbled upon the three lads.
"Queer name that," he said, to excuse his carelessness. "I never heard a name like that before. 'Last Chance,' sounds kind of funny, don't it?

does it mean?"
"It means," said Heman the practi-'that it's the last chance to get any whiskey, for the town has gone on Local Option, and there isn't a bar in it. Local Option is no farce in Windle there's a club of fifty fellows, all with our eyes open, and if any shady games are tried, they can count on us to find them out."

"Last chance," said Peter Forbes. "means that here is your last chance to make a fool of yourself, to waste your money, to get into a row and find yourself in the lock-up instead of a decent boarding-house when you wake up in

Windle.
"Last chance! perhaps it is many a man's last charce to hold up his head and be decent. Last chance, it is this, Harvey's last chance to fleece hardworking fellows of their earnings, and fill his pockets out of other men's ruin."

"Now, see here, boys," said the stranger, seizing Heman's arm as if its burly strength could reinforce his own "let me tell you how it is. weakness. I'm going to Windle to try and get a job in the factory; my sister talked me into going there because it's a prohibition town. I've been drinking some, but I want to turn over a new leaf, I do, upon my word.

"What do you want to put on the new leaf," said Joey, "same as was on the other one? If you do, here's your last chance.

"Oh, come now," said the stranger, "I want to do the fair thing by myself, But I've been walking since I do truly. three o'clock this morning. I hadn't money to pay fare. You see I'm dead tired, after being on my feet eighteen hours with only one hour's rest. I'm beat! If you haven't been in a similar place, you can't tell how it feels. I've passed safely all the other saloons, but here I am so done out, it seemed as if one good glass of whiskey would put me on my feet and find me in strength to get into the town and hunt up a bed. I hated to break down here, at the last; and then I've just forty cents, and that won't more'n get me a bed and b cakfast, and a cup of coffee to-night. It i spend that little here, why I'd have to sleep

in the streets of Windle."
"Yes," said Heman, "and you'd be drunk, too, so the constable would run you in, and that would be a pretty starter for finding work at the factories.

Likely the boss wouldn't take you on, do you see?"
"I ace," said the young man.

" I'm in an awful hard case."

Come along to town with us," said Joey earnestly.

"You can't tell how I feel, boys. I'm fighting with dragons inside! Seems like I'll sell myself to get just one big drink of that whiskey shining in that bottle in the window! It makes my mouth water to look at it. Seems like I'd rather drop dend in my tracks than touch it, after the way my poor sister cried, and the way I promised her. I ought to be keeping the poor, delicate creature, not taking her little earnings to pay my fines and get me clothes."

"Come along with us, and don't walk on this road again," urged Joey symnathetically

pathetically.

"Oh. I can't! Seems as if my feet were just nailed to the ground here. can't get past that bottle in the window You go on, boys. I'll sit here on this stone and rest a bit, and mebbe I'll come after you, and mebbe I can't."

The three lads stood looking with curl trange specosity and sorrow at t' tacle of moral conflict. white, drawn face was contorted with agony. The boys, untried and un-tempted, did not know that he was really doing more heroic warfare than they had ever done in their lives, they merely thought him singularly weak, but they had grace enough to pity and not to scorn his weakness.

'If he wants to come and can't come. let's make him come," said Heman. "He can't stand one to three; we're strong, and he looks a puny kind of chap. say, boys, I'll catch him by the shoulders. you each take a leg. and we'll carry him into town."

The stranger made a dart for liberty and whiskey, but Heman had him by the shoulders, and Juey, who always obeyed Heman, caught one of the feet turned towards the "Last Chance" for ruin. Peter, not to be behind the others, seized the man's free leg, and the boys

ran a few paces along the road,
"Halt!" said Heman. "Let's get an
easier grip."

"Suppose he hollers?" said Joey.
"Suppose he suce us for assault?"
said the prudent Peter.

"Let me go, boys! joke," said the stranger.
"No," said Heman, This ain't any

it's good carnest; we re helping you to help yourself. You're tired, we'll carry you to town. You don't want to go into that 'Last Chance' and lose yourself.'

"I'll sue every one of you!" roared the man, crazed with thirst, and seizing

his cue from Peter's words.

Let me down! I'm on fire inside! i m burnt up! I don't care for you or for myself. Let me down to go back to that 'Last Chance,' or I'll be raving crazy.

The boys halted; there was agony in Heman said: these tones.

Peter, you let loose, Joey and I can bold him while you run into Mrs. Park's yard and fetch water from her pump. There's a pail and a cup on the plat form. I made that platform myself to-day. Hurry up, Peter."

When Peter returned Heman filled a quart cup with water and offered it to He shook his head. the captive.

I can't take it. I'll have whiskey."
"Hold him, boys!" said the masterful Heman, and with one hand bending back the captive's head, he poured over it in quick succession three quart cupfuls of

water.
"Now," he said, filling the cup the fourth time and presenting it, "will you drink it, or shall I pour it down your throat ?

The man began to drink. "Drink slowly," comma commanded Heman. for you have to drink the whole quart."

"I can't," protested the victim.
"You shall. I'm bossing this job,"
id Heman. "It's our good muscle said Heman. against your bad morals, and we'll win."

The man drank, then refused, was stormed at, then drank again, and at last had finished the quart. Heman coolly poured the rest of the paifful over the man's head, which was already soaked, and bidding Joey replace cup and pall, they took up their now thoroughly-quieted burden and resumed their In a few moments they came to where houses multiplied and people could be seen on the streets.
"Now," said Heman, "we can't carry

you like a dead plg any further. will ruin your character in the town before you have any chance to make a better one. Straighten up there, and wipe your head. It you go back to the Last Chance,' you'll have about half a mile to I don't believe you want to do walk. I don't believe you want to do it. Come on home with me and Joey, and we'll make you a shake-down in our shop. We'll give you supper too, meat

and pie and coffee. You shall have a good, hat breakfast in the marning and I'll take you to Mr all for nothing. Renfrow and 2 k him to go with you to one of the ratifice. We want to help one of the factories. We want to help ton, honest, we no This wasn't all fun on our part. We are not joking we want to give you a better 'Last Chance' than you were likely to find for yourolf out there.

"Oh, I don't hear any groupe," said the man "You are acting friendly, boys. I'll go with you very willing. I was about down in that fight. I just couldn't stand up against the gleaming and wink-

ing of that bottle"
"I say, Heman," said Peter, "that Last Chance has to go I'm bent on ending its days. We'll bring it up in Club to-morrow, and when Common Council meets I'm going before it to make the best speech I've over made sa

far. You boys go with me?"
"We will! cried Joey, "the whole Club, and we'll clap you up till the Council won't know where their heads arc.

The boys parted Heman conducted his protege home, made a bed of shavings and quilts in the shop, and fed him heartly

Now, in the morning," he said, "I'll give you soap and towel and brushes, so you can wash and clean your cluthes well. We have our breakfast at six, and A int D'rexy can't bear folks at her table that aren't tidy. A good night's sleep to you."

Morning found the guest in his right mind. Heman's heroic treatment, the food and the sleep had driven out the demons that possessed him, and once more he was ready to do battle with his besetting sin.

Heman had been up for some time. milking the cows, cutting and carrying wood, drawing water, and between whiles had told his family in the kitchen

the story of his guest.
"Poor fellow! poor fellow! you were in such straits, Heman ' must try and stand by him till he gets better command of himself," said Aunt

D'rexy, silcing bacon.
"I do feel for that poor sister," said Aunt Espey, who insisted upon setting the table.

Aunt Espey took her knitting to the front porch, and there the stranger soon appeared coming round from the shop. He had improved his appearance as best he could, and looked clean, and seemed civil. At Aunt Espey's invitation he sat down on the steps.
"Our breakfast will soon be ready

Ain't it a pretty morning " said the old

ady, beaming at him
"Oh, well, yes, missis; "when a
man's discouraged, and his heart's heavy, there don't anything look very pretty."
"I reckon you feel a great deal done

Heman says you walked seventeen D. hours yesterday. That was a hard day's work.'

"I wouldn't mind it if I was sure of

anything now I'm here. "You're sure of your breakinst." smiled Aunt Espey, "and of help in find Don't be down hearted, my ing work. man, something is always rising up to vex us. This is a very troublesome world. The only way is to have pa-The Scripter says to have pa tience.

tience and hope to the end. Mebbe you don't know any Scripter?"

"No, I don't," said the young man

curtly. That's a terrible plty. strengthening and helping.

Now, if you d had Scripter, why yesterday when you was out on such a walk, you could have thought that the dear Lord walked up and down he length and breadth of Phlestine, and got terrible weary too. When you was tempted so hard, you could have remembered that the Lord was tempted to, but never yielded. With so much to try and vex you, you could ask to have in your heart the patience of Christ. It would have helped 1 tell you, and I know, I've lived a long time, and I've had my troubles. Now, there's D'rexy calling breakfast, comeright along, young man."

After breakfast Heman started with

I'ncle the stranger to Mr. Ronfrew Rias had him return and sleep in the shop one night more, and they would help him look up a boarding house as soon as he had work

"You'll feel more heartsome beginning if you have some friends," said Uncle 'Rias. "I know how it is I've been there myself."

They're the kindest folks I ever met," the man, Happer, confided to Mr Henfrow, "and the old man's lost his leg, and the women look as if they'd seen trouble. Don't see why such folks have trouble."

(To be continued.)

Storming of a Castle.

This cut represents one of the cruel scenes in the old stormy days of blood such as have been enacted a thousand Listen to Longfellow's description of the horrors of war, and his prayer for peace.

I hear oven now the infinite fleres chorus, The cries of agony, the endless groan, Which through the ages that have gone before us,

In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer.

Through the Cimbric forest rears the Norseman's song,

And loud amid the universal clamour O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace

Wheels out his battle bell with dreadful din.

And Aztec priests upon their teocallis Best the wild war drums made of ser-Pent's skin.

The turnit of each sacked and burning Village

The shout that every prayer for mercy

The soldier's revels in the midst of pillage;

The wail of familie in belong it ed towns;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched nsunder,

The rattling musketry, the clashing blade:

And ever and anon, in tones of thunder, The diapason of the cannonade

is it, O man, with such discordant noises, With such accursed lustruments as these,

Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,

And Jarrest the celestial harmonies

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror, Were half the wealth, bestowed on

camps and courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error. There were no need for arsenals or

forts;

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!

And every nation, that should lift again Its hand against a brother, on its forehead

Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain

Down the dark future, through long generations.

The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease; And, like a bell, with solemn, sweet

vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace "

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals

The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!

But beautiful as songs of the immortals, The holy melodies of love arise

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE NEW IESTAMENT.

LESSON IV -OCTOBER 22. EZRA'S JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM. Ezra 8. 21-32. Memory verses, 21-23. GOLDEN TEXT.

The hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek him.—Ezra 8. 22.

OUTLINE.

The Fast, v. 21-23.

The Commission, v. 24-30.
 The Journey, v. 31, 32.

Time.-About 458 B.C.

Place.—Crossing the wilderness from the Euphrates to Jerusalem.

LESSON HELPS

21. Then I proclaimed a fast there Erra is the person who speaks. The Jows regard him as a second Moses. The first gave the law and the second restored it. It was prophesicd they should return to their innu after the seventy years captivity in Babylon, and Erra was, under God, the chief agent in the restoration. Fasting was joined with prayer in the Jewish ritual. The purpose now was to express penitence for sin so that God would lend them safely to their former land.

For I was achamed to require 22. i . a band -- Ashamed because he had cold the king that Jehovah was allpowerful, and would present those who were on the way to rebuild the temple. Ezra regarded the glory of God as above his own safety. 'The hand" is the his own safety. 'The hand' is the emblem of power and blessing if for, but of wrath if against.

23. The Jeeply spiritual nature of the Jews appears in this verse Ignorant and sinful, they believed in God and rayed most carrestly God is with those who dwell with him.
24. "Separated"—Set apart for a par-

ticular purpose. The two priests men-tioned by name were, for some reason anknown, more prominent than the other

25. "Which the king . . had offered" -Their good will for Ezra and his undertaking is partly expressed by their gifts

to the sanctuary.
26, 27. There was much gold in use In ancient times, and many articles were The art of working in the made of it precious metals had attained a high degree of excellence. Exactly what was the nature of the "fine copper" is not mitted the returning Israelites ? What did he proclaim at his first stopping place?

Why was he ashamed to ask the king for protection by soldiers? What had he said to the king?

Did God hear the prayer of these goed people?

The Commission, v 24-30

Whom did Ezra set apart? What did he intrust to their care? Was he patticular in weighing and ounting these valuable things

Why was it appropriate that these men should take care of them What exhortation did Ezra give them?

Verso 29. 3. The Journey, v. 31, 32. Where did the people start for? What was upon them? Who delivered them? Where did they safely arrive?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson do we learn-That if we trust in God at all we might as well trust him thoroughly? 2. That one can never be so religious that one can afford to be unbusinesslike? 3. That God always keeps his prome to try to be a Christian. I might as well give up."

As she stood up, a few minutes later with her hat and cloak on, ready for school, she remembered that it was her turn to learn and repeat four lines of a poem from some author. She caught up her book of extracts and opened it. What was it that caused the tears to flow from her eyes, and her lips to move

in a prayer? She stood a moment, committing the lines to memory, and then went down and speke pleasantly to the cook, kissed her mother and Allie good-bye, and went away to school. And when it was her turn to give an extract, she rose, and, with a bright, unclouded face, repeated Blowly:

The little worries which we meet each

day, May lie as stumbling-blocks across our way.

Or, we may make them stepping-stones to be

Of grace, O Christ, to thee."

Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, D.D., pastor of remont Temple Baptist church, Boston, as declined the nomination for Governor of Massachusetts, deeming it unwise for him as a clergyman to stand in that position. He has, however, sent a circular to 3,000 clergymen of the State. asking them to meet in convention at Worcester on the eve of the meeting of the State prohibition convention, for consultation.



STORMING OF A CASTLE.

28. "Ye are holy unto the Lord"-Three great truths the Israelites taught about the divine Being: (1) God is one, (2) He is a spirit, (3) He is holy; and from this last truth they heard the command, Be ye holy. Ezra chose priests, for he justly thought they, of all the nation, should be holy men. Only those would he choose for holy work. "The Lord God of your fathers"—The Jews turned their thoughts more to their ancestors and their work for the nation than we do in this land. We should be

mindful of the past.

29. "Watch ye, and keep them"—An important trust, and hence a solemn important trust, and hence a solemn command. Those who hold wealth in trust should guard it with even greater care than if it were their own. The "Levites" were the humbler priests who mainly prepared the sacrifices.

31. "The hand of our God was upon us, and he delivered us"—The hand of mercy led to the land of safety. Ezra

was grateful and ascribed deliverance to God, not to any human power.

HOME READINGS.

M. The king's decree.-Ezra 7. 6-20. Tu. The king's gifts.-Ezra 7. 21-28. W. Ezras journey to Jerusalem.—Ezra

8. 21-32. Th. Ezra's prayer.-Ezra 9, 1-9

The prayer continued,-Ezra 9. 10-15. S. God our refuge.—Psalm 46. Su. Be separate.—2 Cor. 6. 11-18.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY. The Fast, v 21-23 To what good man had the king com-

We will put on the board an open Bible, in which we find what God has



and over or across it we write. Show me thy way," for it is in this book we find God's way and will for us."

MARION'S VERSE.

Everything had gone wrong with Marion Douglas that Monday morning. In the first place, breakfast was late, and she had spoken unkindly to the cook, and had been reproved by her mother. Then her little sister Allie had accidentally upset her cup of coffee, and pilled it all over her new plaid merino. She rose from the table very angry, and rushed upstairs to change her dress. Some word which her Sunday-school teacher had said to her only the morning before crossed her memory.

It is of no use," she said aloud, "for

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