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When the Corn's a Talkin'.

Gentle awtum, gentle awtum. You're a charmer, ain't ye now! With yer paint on like the nation, Lookin' finer 'n all creation, With yer duds of red and yeller. Like big apples ripe and meller, Stickin' fast to bush and bough.

You're a sweetheart, ain't ye, awtum, With yer posles 'long the

brook, Like live coals of fire glowin' Down in the late green

mowin',
yer gentians torn and tattered,

yer golden-rod thick scattered. And Like fine picters in a book.

You're a stunner there's no doubtin', With yer woods and swamps

adrip, blackbirds whooping

bizzy, So'st my head gets light and

dizzy, A-listenin' to ther chatter, And the wicry, fightin' clatter

Of the jaybirds raspin' lip.

But I tell yer, awinm, squarely. What I like the best of all, Is ter hear the corn a-talkin' When the wind is through it walkin', And ter ketch the pumplins listenit. And a-layin' low and glistenin' As ef waitin' for a call.

And another thing I'm set on, I'm a-achin' fer ter tell. Is ter see the apples droppin' And the chestnut burrs a-poppin', And a-shellin' out ther plunder. While the pigs are chankin' under .
Oh, I like this passin' well.

And now, come ter think, I reckon (As I'm sayin' now my say), I must mention—but I'm thinkin' It's the heart that's allers drinkin' In the good that God has given, Thet makes a life, a liver, And fills even eviry day.

AGRICULTURE IN PALESTINE.

Under the influence of several large land-owners, or by the exertions of cer-tain colonies of Jews and foreigners, the cultivation of the grable lands is extending from many centres. Nearly the whole plain of Esdr. 21on, for Instance, is nowedivided between the Saltan, who



has recently secured a good slice of its eastern portion, and a wealthy firm of Syrian hankers, who have, little by little. purchased almost all the villages and lands extending from the Nazareth hills to the sea; drawing an income there-from of two hundred thousand dollars a year, but, alas! exercising a despotic power over the five thousand fellahin, or peasants, out of whose toll they wring their immense profits. In Halfa and its neighbourhood the value of the land has increased threefold within the last five years, and the population has doubled, with a corresponding growth of import and export trade. The restless and pre-datory Bedowns are being steadily pushed east of the Jordan; the few still remaining on the southern margin of the plain are all reduced to subjection by inexorable landicrds, who charge exorbitant rents for the ground upon which their black tents are pitched, and force them to pay in hard cash or go thence. Greater indeed, almost absolute, security has consequently come to the villagers; and to-day the plain of Esdraelon is "like a green lake of waving wheat, with its village-crowned mounds rising from it like islands; and it presents one of the most striking pictures of luxuriant fertility which it is possible to conceive.

Among the foreign elements which affect the welfare of the country is a religious body called "The Temple Society," which has a thousand of its members established as colonists at Haifa, Jaffa, Sarona, and in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem. For twelve years the colonists afruggled with the unwilling Government for the legalization of the titles to their lands, but though almost entirely men of moderate means, they have succeeded in establishing their rights, the time of weary contest with a rotten government and thiering tax-gatherers - 19 and theying tax-gatherers is now happily past, and its largest settlement holds its seven hundred acres of fine arable and vine lands beneath the shadow of Carmel; and with

its white stone houses set in the midst of trim gardens and cultivated fields, presents a singular bit of Western civilization and enterprise amidst semi-barbar-The effect of the ous surroundings. presence of these sturdy German farmers and craftsmen upon the neighbourhood and population is very marked; sione houses have spring up in all direc-tions; omnibuses, owned and driven by natives, run several times a day along

the ten miles of firm sea-beach between Haifa and Acre, the expital of the province; and the colonists have themselves constructed a carriage road to Nazareth, twenty-two miles away, at an expenditure of about one thousand dollars.

Of deeper interest, perhaps, is the ex-istence of some seven or eight Jewish colonies which have succeeded in establishing themselves in the land of their forefathers in spite of huge difficulties persistently thrown in their way by the Government. They are composed of Russian and Roumanin refugees, who. seeking to escape from the injustice and persecution they suffered in these countries, have turned in hope to their ancient inheritance.

It is satisfactory to find that Jewish colonists can succeed as agriculturists, and that they blend amicably with the native population; for on the thousand acres of the Jewish settlement on the southern slopes of Carmel, they and the Moslem fellahin are associated in work-

legend. the were seven Christian youths of Ephesus, who, during the per-secution of the Christians under the Emperor Declus, fied from their enemies, and coheraled themselves in a large cavern near the ம்கள் கூர John, Maichus Marnoig Denis Constantine. tinian. and Maximian. The: persecutors. -after much searching, discovered them, and walled up the entrance to the cavern, hoping to starve them to death. A miracle, however, was interposed on their behalf, and instead of starving, they fell into a sleep, and slept for nearly two hundred rears.

The concealment is supposed to have taken place in 250 or 251, and they did not awaken until the reign of Theodosius II., 447. Upon awakening, they were greatly surprised to find the stones removed from the cavern's entrance, for they thought that their sleep had been

but a single night.
Supposing the persocution still in progress, they sent one of their number into the city to purchase provisions secretly. He was amazed when he reached the city to find erected in triumph on the churches and other buildings beautiful crosses. It seemed to him but yesterday that he had seen the cross the object of bitter hatred and ridiculo; but a few hours before any one who dared to utter the name of Jesus was sorely persecuted, and now he heard it spoken on every side with love and reverence.

His strange dress, manner, and lan-His strange dress, manner, and lan-grage at once attracted the attention of the people of the city, and they gathered about him to hear his story. When their wonderful history became known the Emperor Theodosius, the Bishop of Ephesus, the clergy, and magistrates im-mediately visited the cavern of the Seven Sleepers and conducted them in triumph Sleepers and conducted them in triumph into the city. After invoking a blessing on the city, the Seven Sleepers all peacefully expired at the same moment.

HOW TO GET THE MOST GOOD OUT OF BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

You should treat a book as you would person with whom you are talking for information; that is, question it, road it over and turn back and try to get at the meaning; if the book itself does not answer the questions you raise, go to some other book, ask a dictionary or encyclopaedia for an explanation. if the book treated in this way does not teach you anything or does not inspire you, it is of no more service to you than the conversation of s dull, ignorant person. I just used the word "inspire." You do not read all broks for facts or for information merely, but to be inspired, to have your thoughts lifted up to noble ideas, to have your sympathies touched, your ambition awakened to do some worthy or great thing, to be ome a man or a woman of character an. consideration in the world. You read the story of a fine action or a heroic character—the death of Socrates, or the voyage of Columbus, or the sacrifice of Nathan Hale, or such a poem as "The Lady of the Lake"—not for information only, but to create in you a higher ideal only, but to create in you a higher ideal of life, and to give you sympathy with your fellows and with noble purposes. You cannot begin too young to have these ideals and these purposes, and therefore the best literature in all the ecclesiastical history is that of the world is best for you to begin with. And famous Seven Sleepers. According to you will find it the most interesting the legend them.



PLOUGHING TH PALESTINE



THE PATIENT CANEL

The Great

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

Who are the great? They who don diadems royal and rare, They who the laurels of victory wear, They who intrepldly dark dangers dare-Are these the great?

Who are the great? They who have mounted to fame's monument.

They who have nations' destinies bent, They who to thund'rings of wisdom give vont-

Are these the great?

Who are the great?
They who've commanded the praises of men,

They who have wielded the sword and the pen,

They who have conquered ten thousand times ten-

Are these the great?

Who are the great? Hearken! the answer comes filtering through

The beautiful heaven's illimitable blue; There is only one greatness that God holdeth true;

The good are the great!"

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR TOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrew, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 23, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC

OCTOBER 31, 1897.

"I need thee, precious Jesus."—Hymnal, 35. Acts 4. 5-12.

HARMONY.

Read the hymn and the text of : _ripture here mentioned, and you will see what a similarity there is between them. They both speak of Jesus and what Jesus only can do for sinners.

MEANING OF THE WORD "JESUA"

it means Saviour. The name was given to Mary, the mother of our Lord, by Divine command. See Matthew 1. What name is so precious as that of Jesus. Precious means valuable. What other name can you mention that is fit to be compared with this. There is no other name by which we can be saved. No hero, nor philanthropist, nor the most invaluable friend can do for us what Jesus can do.

'His is the name high over all. In hell or earth or aky."

SALVATION.

Verse 12. Salvation implies danger. but it also means that deliverance has been provided. See Exedus 14, 13. The Israelites were surrounded by danger. Befo e, behind, and on either hand they were in the most fearful condition. God interposed by telling Moses to stretch out his hand. He did so, and told the people to "stand still and see the salvation of the Lord," and immediately there was a passage opened and the people were delivered. Salvation was wrought out for them. Moses was their saviour.

JEBUS IS OUR BAVIOUR. He was prophesied of as the prophet

like unto Mosca. What Moses did for larnel by delivering them from the dangers which beset them, Jesus has done, for the whole world. He is the Saviour of all men, especially of them that believe. He has procured salvation for all mankind, but it any refuse to accept it they will inevitably perish. God would have all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth.

Christ came unto his own-that is, he came unto his own people, but they ould not have the man Christ Jesus to reign over them. There are still some who reject Jesus. Some deny his divinity, and make him a poor, peccable man, while he is "God high over all, blessed forovermore." Others who profess to regard him as the sent of God, still prefer other things to the selvation. still prefer other things to the salvation which he alone can give. Business, the honours and pleasures of the world, absorb many people's attention, and they are neglectors of salvation.

MOST IMPORTANT.

Business and the affairs of life demand our attention. As citizens we have duties to discharge, but these need not occupy all our time. If we become new creatures in Christ Jesus, we shall be-come better fitted for the duties of citizenship, and will live soberly, righteously and godly in the present world, and thus, by a holy life and godly conversation, we shall give evidence of the fact that we have been with Jesus. We hope that while the members of our Leagues seek to become intelligent citizens, they will also labour to become wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Jesus.

UNDER THE CITY.

The sewers of Paris are famous throughout the world. Your editor made a trip through them last summer, and can confirm all Mr. J. J. Waller says in their praise, in his article in Good Words.

Here in these underground passages, says Mr. Waller, a lady might walk along the perfectly kept sidewalks which stretch on eith r side of the deep drainage channel, t ithout risk of spotting her dainty skirts unless, indeed, a sudden heavy rain should flood the streets above and send down a deluge of alimy surface water, which would result in the central channel overflowing the sidewalks, and would make the underground excursion not altogether delightful.

This network of dark tunnels is first of ail a sewer, and a sewer that is kept scrupulously clean by an army of work-men. But its duty does not end here. In these great tunnels, the larger of which are sixteen feet wide and eleven feet high, there is room for a vast system of underground supply that can be carried on without coming in contact with the sewage that flows in the central (nannel to a depth of five feet below the sidewalks.

From these dark passages shoots the light that illuminates the boulevards when the sun has disappeared. in a large tube three and a half feet in diameter, carried on iron supports above the sidewalk, flows the drinking supply of the city, and occupying a similar posi-tion upon the other side of the tunnel is another and slightly smaller pipe, that transmits river water to be supplied to manufacturers for industrial purposes at a much lower rate than that charged for the drinking water.

But not yet is the underground supply system exhausted. Above the river-water tube is a smaller pipe that contains compressed air, to be used in the city as a motive power. This compressed air is a boun to the small manufacturers of Paris. The clever workmen who make those Parising knick-knacks which astonish all comers by their beauty and daintiness are indebted to the compressed air for the power that turns their machines and lathes.

Most of them work at home, some in garrets as high as the sixth floor. And yet their power is close at hand in a small pipe, just as their gas and water are, and they pay for it by the cubic meter in the same way. All that is needed is a meter and the proper connection with the compressed-air tube, then a turn of the tap, and the machine There is nothing to comis in motion. nare with this delicate little industry in any other part of the world. This same compressed air works many clocks in nublic places in the city.

Two pneumatic tubes under the apex of the arch afford yet another con-renience to the people of Paris. They are used in the despatch of card telegrams and letter telegrams from one portion of the city to the other. Won-derfully convenient are these letter tele-

within the city, more secret messages than the telegram proper, making no awkward mistakes in times and places, and best of all, preserving the calli-

graphy of the sendor.

More serious matters are constantly passing along the coils which cover the remainder of the root of the tunnel. Here are the telegraph and telephone wires, thousands of miles of them, for no overhead wires are allowed in Paris. The efficiency of the underground wires for the telephone is shown by the fact that in Paris a whisper may be heard, while in London telephoning is sometimes a most exasperating operation. On the whole, the citizen of Paris has reason to speak with respect of the great city sewers.

ARTEMAS WARD.

Time passes so quickly that a younger generation of readers has sprung up since the death of Charles Browne, known in his day as Artemas Ward. Mr. Browne was the foremost humorist of his day, irresistibly funny, and a universal favourite. He was only a young man when his end came. James Parton, the well-known author, thus accounts for his early death:

"Wherever he lectured, whether in New England, California, or London, there was sure to be a knot of young fellows to gather round him, and go home with him to his hotel, order support and ground half the night in talling per, and spend half the night in telling

stories and singing songs.
"To any man this will be fatal in time; but when the nightly carouse follows an evening's performance before an audience, and in succeeded by a journey the next day, the waste of vitality is fearfully rapid. Five years of such a life finished poor Charles Browne.

"He was not a deep drinker. He was not a man of strong appetites. It was the nights wasted in convivinity which his system needed for sleep that sent him to his grave forty years before his time.

For men of his profession, for all editors, literary men, and artists, there is only one safety—tectotalism. He should have taken the advice of a stagedriver on the plains, to whom he once offered some whiskey, and I commend it, strongly to every young man: "I don't drink, I won't drink! and I don't like to "I don't see anybody else drink. I'm of the opinion of those mountains—keep your top cool. They've got snow and I've got brains; that's all the difference."

BEHIND THE AGE.

Spain is very far behind other countries in adopting the conveniences of modern life. A Dayton gentleman, writing from Seville, a city of between two and three hundred thousand inhabitants, says there is in the place no mail delivery or mail boxes, no telephone service, and little of labour-saving machinery. In a week's stay he did not see a single bloycle on the street. There are no marks of pro-gress, and everything has a look of three hundred years ago. "They learn nothpress, and every the hundred years ago. "They learn nothing." he says, "and forget nothing." ing," he says, "and forget nothing." Yet this was the home of Murillo, the greatest of recent painters. Many of his masterpleces are in the churches and museum of Seville.

ROYAL LABOURERS.

The crowned heads of Europe and others of royal blood, says the New York Journal, have proved that knowledge of a trade or of professional matters does not disqualify one from being considered in good social standing. It is a fact that almost all the regning monarcas to day have either learned by practical experience some trade or calling, or else devoted themselves to some branch of science in which thy have become really expert.

Queen Amelia of Portugal is a born milliner. She has a room set apart in the palace where hats and bonnets are continually in process of construction for the queen. In no affair of the king-dem does her Highness take more in-terest than in the work that goes on under the delt hands of the milliner from Paris. Queen Amelia will some-times devote an entire morning to millinery work, just as if she were an apprentice of the Parislan woman, and she fashions all sorts of remarkable contrivances, and also creates new fashions.

The taste of the queen is excellent, and if anything were to happen to the royal family the queen could go to Paris and be sure of finding remunerative employment in a high-class millinery establighment

The Czar of Russia believes that to till the soil is the noblest occupation for grams, quicker than the telegraph for man. Before he became the Czar he

took a practical course in agriculture. He can plough, reap, and sow, and he can milk a cow. The care of horses and cattle he understands thoroughly. In fact, there is very little about farm work of which he is ignorant.

The Emperor William is probably the most versatile of all the rulers of Europe. There is nothing that he has turned his hand to that he has not accomplished. His particular fad, so far as trades are concerned, is printing, and it is related of him that not long ago, after he had composed a piece of music, he went into a printing office, "set up" and corrected the music, and made it ready to be printed.

There is no other monarch in all Europe who can boast of a similar feat. King Humbert of Italy is the only royal cobbler. He is an expert at either making or mending shoes. There are several pairs of very excellent footgear in the royal apartments which testify to his skill in the noble trade sacred to St Crispin. The king is also an artist and

paints with no little skill. King Oscar of Sweden is an expert woodsman. He can fell a tree with the ease of a veteran woodchopper. He braves the severest weather to secure his favourite exercise.

His Royal Highners the Duke of York is a ropemaker. He learned to do the trick in his sentaring days. An old sailor taught him. The Duke is as good a ropemaker as he is a sailor, and no better seaman walks the decks of her Majesty's fleet.

The Princess of Wales is an expert dairymaid. She knows all about what to do with the morning and evening milkings. She can discuss cream separators learnedly, and knows how to churn.

BLUNDERS IN SINGING.

If the suggestion of Miss Lucy Wheelock were faithfully carried outnamely, that hymns be carefully taught and explained to children before they are sung-the following blunders might not have occurred:

A primary Sunday-school teacher was telling her class of a little girl who always thought that "Jesus loves even me" was "Jesus loves Eve and me," me" was "Jesus loves Eve and me," and she called it "Adam's song." At once there were surprise and exclamation on all sides: "That's what I thought it was!" and "I thought it was that way !"

A washerwoman's little girl used in-ncently to sing, "We shall come re-joicing, bringing in the sheets," having the "sheaves" of the song confused in her mind with the "sheets" she was accustomed to see her mother handling.

WHO MADE IT?

There are some people who, when looking at some intricate piece of machaery or product of human hands, will promptly inquire, "Who made it?" but who will tell us that the world and all the universe, with all the wonderful marks of a great designing mind, came by chance. The machinery of the hu-man body, and of other living animals, is far more intricate and delicate than anything ever invented by man, and yet these same people will tell us that all life came by chance. The following incident, in which Sir Isaac Newton, the great mathematician and astronomer, bore a part, is interesting just here: "Sir Isaac Newton was once examining

a new and fine globe, when a gentleman came into his study who did not believe in God, and declared that the world we live in came by chance. He was much pleased with the handsome globe, and asked, 'Who made it?'
"'Nobody,' answered Sir Isaac; 'it

happened here.

The gentleman looked up in amazement at the answer, but he soon under-Who can say stood what was meant. that this beautiful and wonderful world came by chance when he knows that there is not a house, or ship, or picture. or anything in it, but has had a maker?

SEEING A SCOUNDREL

A prominent Boston lawyer, on returning from the bank one day, discovered that in cashing some railroad bond coupons two hundred dollars above the value had been given him. He sent back the overplus. On his relating the incident a few days: later to a millionaire client the latter exclaimed: "What did you do that for? I wouldn' lave done It I The banks never reeth, errors in their favour." "I don't know about that," replied the lawyer; "but you see I labour under a disadvantage. I have to shave myself, and I wouldn't like to look in the glass overy morning and see a scoundrel."

The Company Who Try. BY MABOARET B. SANGSTER.

Yes, I love the little winner With the medal and the mark: He has gained the prize he sought for, Ho is joyous as a lark. Every one will haste to praise him, He is on the honour list; I've a tender thought, my darlings, For the one who tried, and missed.

One? Ah, me! They count by thouвапав.

Those who have not gained the race. Though they did their best and fairest, Striving for the winners place. Only few can reach the laurel, Many see their chance flit by, I've a tender thought, my darlings, For the earnest band who try.

Tis the trying that is noble: If you're made of sterner stuff Than the laggards who are daunted When the bit of road is rough, All will praise the happy winners; But, when they have hurried by, I've a song to cheer, my darlings, The great company who try.

BESSIE'S BRAVERY.

BY MRS. A. P. M'KISHNIR.

It was Saturday afternoon at the farm and Bessle went to and fro singing over her work. No wonder she sang, for all nature seemed to rejoice. It was a bright October day; the woods and fields around glowed in their many-tinted colours, and the sun shone warmly down through the Indian summer haze.

Bessie Morris was an orphan, but she scarcely missed the tender, parental love, for her Aunt and Uncle Chandler were like mother and father to her, and were proud of their "bonnie daughter,"

as they called her.

They lived on a farm, in an, as yet, unsettled district, with their nearest market-town fifteen miles away, over a lonely bush road. To be sure there was a little village only two miles distant, where Bessie went to church on Sabbath mornings, and where the rough young farmers of the neighbourhood went to admire Bessie.

On this particular Saturday, Bessie and Mrs. Chandler had been alone since long ere daybreak, Mr. Chand'er having gone to the market with a load of grain Bessie sang as she tripped about her work, making the old house look as cosy and inviting as her tasty fingers were able for the return of the tired and hungry man in the evening. About five o'clock in the afternoon, a tall, slouching, tattered figure came up the gravel-walk and rapped lordly at the door. Bessle's pretty face looked out on him, but a qualm of fear shadowed the bright eyes as she saw the evil face and downcast head.

"The man to wheam?" inquired a

gruff voice.

No," said Bessie, "my uncle has gone to market, but he will be home later in he evening. Did you wish to see him?"
"Yes, on business," answered the tramp, with an ugly leer. "I happens to know Dick Chandler, and Dick Chandler happens to know me, so I'm sure he wouldn't grudge me a bite to

"Why, no," answered Bessie, again, though her heart sank within her at his ugly look and tone. "I will give you some supper if you are hungry; just sit down in the porch till I can get it ready."

The tramp seated himself and stared stolidly across the fields. Presently Bessle came back with a plateful of sub-stantial food, and he took it eagerly with a grunt of thanks. Fifteen minutes passed in demolishing it, then he tapped on the door and handed in the plate.

"'Bout what time d'ye think th' man

"Il be whoam?" he questioned.
"Oh, we are expecting him at any time now; if you wish you may sit and

Bessie was frightened, for she knew her uncle would have quite a sum of money home with him, but she would not stoop to lie.

"Yes, he comes by the road leading through the woods," she replied, "but surely you must be a stranger here if you

do not know the road to town."

"Maybe I am, an' haybe I'm not,"
chuckled the tramp. "Thank y', miss;
an' thank y' again fer the bite," and the
slouching figure went off down the road.

Bessie hastened to tell her aunt, who had been at work at the spring-house

dairy, and the merry sough were hushed on her lips for the remainder of that day.
She knew the tramp meant no good to her kind mucle by the tone of hatred

in his voice when he spoke of him, and she would soone; lay down her life than that any harm should come to him through her.

The early, autumn twilight darkened down, and still Mr. Chandler's cheery whistle was not heard on the road. Darkness and stillness settled over the land, yet no uncle came. Bessle's heart stood still with a sudden terror. What if the tramp t ould waying him on the road, and in the attempt to get his money do him some bodily barm! The thought was torture, for her uncle would be all unaware of the rough's intention,

and so would fall an easy victim.
"I will go and meet him," she said to
herself, "and auntle shall not know where I have gone."

Slipping out the back war. she whistled to the falthful collie, and the two struck across the fields to get to the road at the corner of the bush. It was quite dark; a few stars twinkled mistily in the sky, and the stillness made the girl's heart beat with fear; but she kept her hand on the dog's collar and went steadily on.

They were approaching the woods now, and Besslo paused to listen for the sound of wheels. Far away, at the other side of the wood, came the heavy rattle of the waggon, and her uncle's loud, cheery voice ever and anon urging on his tired horses. About the middle the bush the wargon stopped.

"Get up, nags! only a little further and you will be home." Then, indeed, Thea, indeed, Bessie's heart did leap into her throat, for in a louder voice her uncle said:
"What's this? Who are you, and what do you man by stopping my horses in this way? Get out of the road, or I will drive over you."

"Not so fast, neighbour. Give me a fit, won't you? I believe I'm goin' lift, won't you?

Bessie fancied she recognized the tramp's voice.

"All right; pile in; but be quick, for I'm late enough now," came through the woods in her uncle's voice.

Bessie was quite near them now, using all her power of persuasion to keep the dog in check, for he, too, had recognized his master's voice and was eager to be away to welcome him. On she went, striving only to get near enough to make her voice heard above the rattle of the waggon before she called to her uncle. But ere it had gone a Jozen yards, the waggon stopped again, and these words

came floating across the night:
"What do you mean, you rascal?
Hands off!" Then in a choked voice, 'Help! Help!"

Bessie waited to hear no more. "Come, Major," she cried to the dog, and sprang up the road as fast as her fert would carry her, only waiting to grasp in her

hands a good, atout stick.
"Help! Help!" Ag Again the words were borne to her as she flew along, this time in a feebler voice.
"Yes, neighbour," she called, pitching

her voice to sound like a man's, with you in a minute; what's the row? Go for him, Maf!"

The tramp heard the approaching footsteps, saw the dog, and with a fearful oath loosed his grip on his victim's throat, sprang from the waggon, over the fence and into the wood, the dog after him.

"Here, Major," called Bessle, as she climbed into the waggon, selzed the lines, and struck the horses with the whip. Her uncle was lying on the bottom of the waggon, but she could not wait to attend to him now; her one thought was to get safely home.

The horses, all unused to such treatment, sprang into a gallep, and away they went over the remaining mile and a half of distance that lay between them and home. The jolting of the waggon brought Mr. Chandler back to consciousness, and as they halted at the gate he drew himself up to a sitting posture by the seat.
"Why, Bess," he began, "how's this?

What's happened?"

"Naw, thank y', I'll not come in, but maybe ye'll tell me which road he comes."

Then memory came back to him, and he took the girl in his arms and kissed her quivering lips. "God bless you, my own brave ness! You came just in time to save me."

But Bessle's bravery had all deserted her now, and she could only cling sob-bing to her uncle.

Inside, when Mr. Chandler opened the door with the girl's trembling figure in his arms, Mrs. Chandler was pacing to and fro in an agony of fear. She quickly sprang to meet them, and the tired horses had to wait while the whole story was gone over. But Bessle thought the scare she had received was quite worth while when she felt her aunt's tears on ner cheek, and heard her uncle's voice.

her cheek, and heard her uncles voice, husky with feeling, say: "Dear little girl! She does love her old uncle pretty well, after all." Cecar Springs, Ont.

A LONG BLEEP.

All animals have their time for sleeping. We sleep at night; so do most of the insects and birds, But there are some little creatures that take such very long sleeps! When they are all through their summer work they crawl into winter-quarters. There they stay until the cold weather is over. Large numbers of frogs, bats, flies, and spiders do this.

If they were only to sleep for the night the blood would keep moving in their veins, and they would breathe. But in But in this winter-sleep they do not appear to breathe, or the blood to move. Yot they are alive, only in such a "dead sleep."

But wait until the spring-time. warm sun will wake them all up again. They will come out one by one from their

hiding-places.

I have told you that this sleep lasts all winter, but it often lasts much longer than that. Frogs have been known to sleep several years. When they were brought into the warm air they came to life, and hopped about as lively as

I have read of a toad that was found in the middle of a tree, fast asleep. No one knew how he came there. The tree had kept on growing until there were over sixty rings in the trunk. The trea adds a ring every year, and the poor creature had been there all that time! What do you think of that for a long sleep? And yet he woke up all right, and acted just like any other toad !

LUCYS NEW SHOES.

One day Lucy's papa brought her home pair of beautiful new shoes, with patent leather tips that shone so brightly Lucy could almost see her face in them.

Lucy was very proud of them. She put them on and tip-toed all around the room. While she was admiring them in this way, her mamma said, "Lucy, if you go out to play, put on your cld shoes."

"Yes'm," replied Lucy, and she really meant to; but her brother Harry called her to come to the brock with him to sail his boat. She lorgot about her sail his boat. shoes till something dreadful happened

When they reached the brook Harry wanted to cross to the other side, where it was shady. He found some stones, which he placed in the water for Lucy and aim to step on. Harry skipped over, and Lucy was following, when slip went one of the stones, and splanh went

Lucy into the water.

"Ch, Harry, I've ruined my new shoes!" And coming out of the water, she sat upon the bank and cried.

"It's all my fault," said Harry; "I

ought to have helped you across."
"No, it's my fault," said Lucy; "I

ought to have remembered what mamma told me.'

Lucy went to the house and told her mamma her trouble. Her mamma didn't scold her, but she said, "I'm very sorry my little girl's memory is so poor. She has spoiled her new shoes in consequence. But I'm glad she has come straight to mamma with her trouble. Now, it's no use to cry over what it done, your crying won't make your shoes new again. Put on your old ones and go back to Harry and sail your boat.

Lucy put her arms around her mamma's neck, and said, "You're the dearest mamma in the world!" And I think she was very sweet.

PRESERVING THE HONEY.

At a recent meeting of learned men in Berlin it was said, as a fact, that when a bee has filled her cell with honey and has completed the lid she adds a drop of formic acid, which she gets from the poison-bag connected with the sting. To do this, she perforates the lid with her sting. The acid preserves the honey.

BOBBY'S COMPOSITION ON PARENTS.

Parents are things that most boys have to lock after. Most girls also have parents. Ferents consist of Pas and Mas. Pas talk a good deal about what they are going to do, but mostly it's mas that make you mind. Sometimes it is different, though Once there was a boy came home from college on vacation. His parents lived on a farm. There was work to be done on the farm. Work on the farm always had to be done early in the morning. The boy didn't get up. His sister goes to the stairway and calls: The boy didn't get up. Willie, 'tis a beautiful mcraing. Rise say anything. Then his ma calls: said: "I would hate to be in your "William, it is time to get up. Your shoes." The little married woman breakfast is getting cold." The boy looked at the feet of the larger woman kept right on not saying anything. Then his pa puls his head in the stair- if you tried."

way, and says: "Bill?" "Coming, air!" says the boy. I know a boy that He goes in hasn't got aux parents. swimming whever he pleases. But I am going to stick to my parents. However, I don't tell them so, 'cause they might get it into their heads that I couldn't get along without them. Says this boy to me: "Parents are a nulsauce. They to me: "Parents are a nulsauce. They aren't what they're cracked up to be." Says I to him: "Just the same, I find 'em handy to have. Parents have their failings, of course, like all of us, but on the whole I approve of 'em." Once a man says to me. "Bobby, do you love your parents?" "Well," says I, "I'm not quarrelling with 'em." Once a boy at boarding-school went to calling his pathe Governor, and got his allowance out down to one-half. His pa said that he ought to have walted till he was going to college. Much more might be writto college. Much more might be written about parents, showing their habits and so forth, but I will leave the task to abler pens.—Harper's Round Table.

HOW IT IS NOT DONE.

There are some trustworthy courts that will enforce conscientiously the laws against the liquor business, but in very many instances-indeed, usually-saloonkeepers find easy escape from serious punishment. Here is an illustration showing how it is often not done:

This incident, it is said, occurred in American court-room. The lawyer an American court-room. began the prosecution as follows: 'Mr.

"'What for you ask me such foolish dings? You drinks at my place more as a hundred times."

"That has nothing to do with the

Mr. 8--, state to the jury where your place of business is.

De shury i de shury i Oh, shiminy! Every shentleman on as shury has a stdring of marks on my cellar door shust like a rail fence !

His Honor here interceded in behalf of the counsel, and in a calm, dignified menner requested the witness to state

the place of his business.

"Oh, excuse me, your Honor; you drinks at my blace so many dime dinks you knows fory well vere I keeps mine place."

CURIOUS FACTS OF MANY LANDS.

The children of the poor in Japan are nearly siways labelled in case that they should stray from their homes whilst their mothers are engaged in domestic duties.

Paper houses, for the use of travellers in Africa and Australia, have been manufactured. They are made in sections, and can be put together or taken spart in a few momenta.

There are no undertakers in Japan. When a person dies his nearest relatives put him in a coffin and bury him. The mourning does not begin till after burial

The earliest library in the world was that of Nebuchadnezzar. Each book was a brick, and on it were engraved the strange characters of the language of that country.—Little Worker.

THE VALUE OF TRIPLES. BY WM. MATHEUS.

In the United States Mint at Philadelphia the visitor to the gold room notices a rack placed over the floor for him to walk on; on inquiring its purpose, he is told that it is to prevent the visitor from carrying away with the dust of his feet the minute particles of precious metals which, in spite of the utmost care, will fall upon the floor when the rougher edges of the bar are filed, and that the sweepings of the building save thousands of dollars yearly. How much more precious are the minute fragments of time which are wasted by the young. especially those who are toiling in the mints of knowledge! Who can estimate the value to a college student of this golden dust, these respings and parings of life, these leavings of days and remnants of hours so valueless singly, so inestimable in the aggregate, could then be gleaned up and turned to mental improvement?

He was a countryman, and he salked along a busy thoroughfare and read a sign over the door of a manufacturing establishment, "Cast Iron Sinks." It made him mad. He said that any fool ought to know that.

A kinely young lady met her lady friend who had just got married and said: "I would hate to be in your shoes." The little married woman

The Song of the Workers.

BY EUWARD WILLETT.

I sing the song of the workers, the men of the brawny arm,

Who give us our daily bread, and keep us from hunger's harm. Who inbour afar in the forest, who leaven

the fields with toll, Who take no heed of the sunshine, and mind not awent or toll.

I sing the song of the workers, who har-

vest the golden grain,
And bind it, and thresh it, and sift it, nor care for the sting and stain; Who load it in creaking waggons, and stoutly their oxen drive,

And bid them good-bye as they go, like the bees flying home to the hive.

I sing the song of the workers, the men who struggle and strain, Who give us their muscle and nerve, as

they guard the loaded train;
Who give us their sinew and brain, as
they watch the prisoned steam,

And run the risk of their lives, as they pass the perilous stream.

I sing the song of the workers, the men who labour and strive,

Who handle for us the honey that comes to the human hive; The patient and tircless workers, with

muscler as tough as steel,
Who carry the heaviest burdens, and
lift, and trundle, and wheel.

I sing the song of the workers, demanding for every one

bardic name is "Clwydfard," or. the name of "Carmen Sylva." bardic name is "Ciwydfard," or the Bard of Ciwyd, and he is well known as the patriarch of Weish Methodism. On receiving the ribbon at his hands, the Queen graciously said to him. "I am pleased to have the honour of holding the hand of the representative of the most ancient literary institution the world possesses, and I heartly hope you may live to be a hundred and fifty."

But listen to the words of this venerable patriarch himself, who held fast to Methodism in the most difficult days of its commencement. He says: "I am a loyal, staunch Wesleyan Methodist, and have always been a zealous advocate of the dectrines of Methodism; above all I know in whom I have believed; I know the God whose I am and whom I serve.

These are grand words, and we heartily echo the Queen's wish for the prolenged life of so valuable a witness to the power of God in the form of Methodism.

"I WAS SO AFRAID."

One morning last winter we were summoned to the bedside of a dear young girl, who had been for some time sick.

"Last night," she said, "I was so sick that I thought I was going to die, and I was so afraid."

"Why were you so afraid?" we asked. You are trusting in the Lord Jesus, are you not? Why, then, should the thought of being called into his presence

terrify you so?"
"Oh," she replied, "because I have not been living as near Jesus as I ought to have been living. I have been care-

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

HOME READINGS.

M. Sailing for Rome.—Acts 27. 1-1? Tu. Paul's voyage and shipwreck. Acts

27, 13-20.
Peace amid the storm. Acts 27

27-36. Th. Wreck and rescue.-Acts 27. 37-44. Christ in the vessel.- Mark 4. 35-41. Confidence in God.—Psalm 23.

Danger and deliverance.—Psalm 107

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Hopeless Condition, v. 13-20. What happened to the ship? What did the sallors do? Near what island did they come? What was their condition? What was done the next and third

To what condition were they brought? 2. The Comforting Message, v. 21-26. Who now addressed the ship's com-

pany? For what did he chide them? For what did he exhort them? What had been granted them? What had been granted Paul? What promise had the angel made? words show Paul's faith? What Golden Text.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

How does this lesson illustrate-

1. The uncertainty of our way?

The deceptiveness of appearances? 3. The advantage of faith in God?

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

SOME DEATHLESS SERMONS.

You young folks who have such quick and such retentive memories, should learn to realize that a power there is in Bible verses and in Christian hymns to catch the attention and arcuse the interest of careless people. If you did realize this, you would busily store your minds with such words, to be used as occasion might offer-as occasion will be

sure to offer-during your lives.

A college student, speaking to fellow-students not long ago of his own conversion, said that during a season of awakened interest in the institution where he was studying, a perfectly godless, and, to all appearances, unbelieving friend, came to his room one night and said: "C---, there are some lines in my mind that you ought to know." then repeated several verses of a simple poem on the subject of one's aim in life. Thy sot our young man to thinking, and a few weeks later he sought his godlear friend to tell him that he was rejoicing in hope of pardon and eternal life.
The following is the poem

WHAT TO LIVE FOR.

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

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

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

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

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

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APPLE ORCHARD, BAST HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

His just and rightful due for all the work he has done; For all the work of the workers, no mat-

ter whom or where. "o each from the grand result his honest, proportionate share.

A METHODIST ARCH-DRUIT

About the year 1810 a boy was g owing up in Wales who was destined to ecome one of the strongest pillars of Methodism in that land. This boy was avid Griffith, and his great powers as a preacher, an organizer of work, and, best if all, a true Methodist, did much to render Methodism popular and of great benefit to the best interests of that little land of mountain and torrent. He thought nothing of walking six miles an hour for thirty miles or more, if by so doing he could preach to some out-of-the-way village the Gospel which had been so blessed to his own heart. There are few great men whose mothers have not been remarkable women, and Mrs. Griffith was no exception, for she was noted throughout the whole of Wales as a woman of great plety and saintliness of character. David Griffiths soon rose to eminence as a bard, and was eventually made the arch-druid of the "Bards of the British Isles," thus becoming the figure-head of the oldest institution of the kind in the world. One of his duties as such is to invest with the ribbon of the order all those who have peen successful enough to be made members. Last summer he tied this ribbon round the arm of the most successful queen-authoress of the day, the Queen of Roumania, better known by her pen oning, August 21, A.D. 60.

less and forgetful. Oh, if he only spares me this time I will try to do better." Then we told her how ready and will-

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

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

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER. STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON V.-OCTOBER 31. PAUL'S VOYAGE AND SHIPWRECK Acts 27. 13-26. Memory verses, 21-25. GOLDEN TEXT.

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

OUTLINE.

 The Hopeless Condition, v. 13-20.
 The Comforting Message, v. 21-26. Time.—According to Mr. Lewin's reck-

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

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIPE OF

GEORGE STAPHENSON.

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