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THE EASTERN COURIER

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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No. 38.

"The Hand that Rocks the Cradle."
 He says that man is mighty,
 He governs land and sea,
 He wields a mighty sceptre,
 O'er lesser powers that be;
 But a power mightier, stronger,
 Man from his throne has hurled.
 For the hand that rocks the cradle
 Is the hand that rules the world."
 Behold the brave commander,
 Staunch mid the carnage stand,
 Behold the colour dying,
 With the gouts in his hand.
 Have men they be, yet craven,
 When this banner is unfurled.
 "The hand that rocks the cradle
 Is the hand that rules the world."
 Great statesmen govern nations,
 Kings mould a people's fate,
 But the unseen hand of velvet,
 The ghostly regulate,
 The iron arm of fortune,
 With woman's charm is purled,
 "For the hand that rocks the cradle
 Is the hand that rules the world."

IONA, STAFFA, AND PINGAL'S CAVE.

BY THE EDITOR.

The south-western Isles of Scotland present some of the finest scenery and most interesting associations of any part of Great Britain. The little steamer Iona leaves the busy quay of the Broomielaw at Glasgow, and glides down the river Clyde, through the crowded shipping from every land which throng its busy port. On the north shore we pass the little hamlet of Kilpatrick, the reputed birth-place of the patron saint of Ireland, according to legend, the holy man was so beset by the minions of Satan, that he fled in a small boat to the Isle of Staffa. Satan enraged at his escape, seized a huge boulder and flung it after the fugitive. If you presume to doubt the story, you are shown the identical stone, Dunbarton Rock, crowned with its little castle, 550 feet in air. To the left is the port of Greenock, in whose quiet sleep the dust of "Highland Mary" the object of Burns' purest and most fervent love, and the subject of his most tender and touching ballad.

We enter now the winding channel of the Kyles of Bute, the cliffs rising abruptly from the sea, like a land-locked lake. Crossing Loch Fyne, we enter Crinan Cove, which saves a circuit of seventy miles around the Mull of Cantyre, and threading the Jura Sound, between magnificent cliffs and jaggs, we glide into the beautiful "White Bay" of Oban, a staunch little seaworthy steamer—for the passage is often very rough—conveys one around the rugged island of Mull, calling at Iona's holy Isle, and at the marvellous cave of Staffa. The island of Iona—Isle of the Waves, or Icolmkill, the Isle of St. Columba's cell—is very small, only two miles and a half in length, by one in breadth, but here harbored for long ages the beacon fire of the Christian faith, when pagan darkness enveloped all around.

Among the wild mountains of Donegal, in Ireland, early in the sixth century, was born a child of royal race, destined to become famous throughout the world as the Apostle of Christianity to Scotland; and the patron saint of that land, who was superseded by St. Andrew.

This boy was Colum, or Columba, who in his youth had a passion for borrowing from the convent founded by St. Patrick, and copying manuscripts of the Gospel and Psalms. When grown to man's estate, in fulfillment of a vow, he became a missionary to the pagan Picts and Scots. With twelve companions, in skin-covered oster boats, he reached Iona's lonely Isle, amid the surges of the melancholy main. Here he reared his monasteries of wattled huts, his chapel, refectory, cow byres, and grange. The bare ground was their bed, and a stone their pillow. The sea-girl Isle became a distinguished seat of learning and piety—a moral lighthouse, sending forth rays of spiritual illumination amid the dense heathen darkness all around. Much time was spent by the monks in the study of the Greek and Latin tongues, and in the transcription of MSS. copies of the Scriptures.

The pious Culdees, as these missionaries were called, in their frail oster barks, penetrated the numerous gulfs and straits of that storm-lashed coast. They carried the Gospel to the far-off steeps of St. Kilda, to the Orkney, Shetland, and Faroe Islands; and even to Iceland itself, where relics of their visit, in Celtic bells, bells, and crosses, have

The island rises at its highest point 144 feet above the sea. It is covered with luxuriant grass, which affords pasture for a few cattle. The entire facade of the island, the arches and flooring of the caves, strangely resemble architectural designs. The whole island may be said to be honeycombed with these grottoes; but the chief marvels are on the eastern side, where those scenes are displayed which have long been the theme of painters' pencils and poets' pens. The special wonder is Fingal's Cave, the sides and front of which are formed of perpendicular basaltic columns. The arch is 70 feet high and supports a roof 30 feet thick. The chasm extends in length 230 feet. Mere dimensions, however, can give no idea of the weird effect produced by the twilight gloom, half revealing the varying sheen of the reflected light; the echo of the measured surge as it rises and falls, and the profound and fairy solitude of the whole scene. Our engravings give remote and near views of this remarkable cave. The columnar structure of the rock and the tessellated pavement of the roof will be observed.

cliffs of the rocks along the shore. As it is both difficult and dangerous to procure these nests, they are expensive, and only the wealthy are able to enjoy the soup that is made from them. The Chinese have a yellow-brown complexion, smooth faces, and narrow eyes set obliquely in the head. It is common for the men to shave the greater part of their heads, and to let the remaining hair grow to a great length and hang down behind in a plait, which is called a cue. They wear hats with broad brims turned upwards, and with pointed crowns. The common dress of men, as well as of women, is a wide gown, with large, loose sleeves. In the case of the wealthy, these gowns are made of silk or satin of various colours, but the common people generally wear cotton. Men of different ranks wear different colours, and only persons of the highest rank are allowed to wear yellow. White is the colour for mourning. The public officers, or chief men, are called mandarins. They wear a variety of ornaments, which are shown by the colour and material of the balls or buttons on their hats. Those of the highest rank wear ruby buttons, those of the third, silver. The women of China are distinguished on the smallness of their feet. From the age of five, female children of the higher ranks have their feet bound and confined in cases of iron to prevent them from growing. By this means the women are bound in having very thin feet, but the results are that they have very thick and clumsy ankles, and that they walk very badly. An other curious custom is that of allowing their finger-nails to grow to a great length. This is done by rich persons in order to show that they are not required to work like the poor.



FINGAL'S CAVE, STAFFA.

CHINESE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

BY MARGARET TERRY.

The Chinese are very fond of fish, which abounds in all their rivers, and on their coasts. They have a peculiar way of catching it. They train cormorants—a species of water-bird—to catch the fish and give them up to the boatmen who take charge of the business. It is curious to watch them diving and bringing up fish after fish in their strong bills, which they do with great rapidity.

The Chinese do not use knives and forks. They use instead a pair of little sticks called chop-sticks. They are commonly made of wood, but the finer kinds are made of ivory, mother-of-pearl, and silver. Both sticks are held in one hand, and the Chinese are very clever in the use of them, being able to pick up single particles of rice with the greatest ease. A kind of bird's nest is used for food in China. The bird is a species of swallow, and the nest, which is made of a sticky vegetable substance, is built in the

actors, each one meaning a different thing.

THOSE ASTOUNDING ADVERBS.
 One evening a gentleman came home with a budget of news. An acquaintance had fallen in business. He spoke of the incident as "deliciously sad." He had ridden up town in a car with a noted wit, whom he described as "delightfully entertaining," and to cap the climax, he spoke of the butter that had been set before him at a country hotel as "divinely rancid."
 The young people stared, and the oldest daughter said, "Why, papa, I should think that you were out of your head."
 "Not in the least, my dear," he said pleasantly. "I am merely trying to follow the fashion. I worked out 'divinely rancid' with a good deal of labour. It seems to me rather more effective than awfully sweet. I mean to keep up with the rest of your mother and her 'now,' he continued, "let me help you to a piece of this exquisitely tough beef."
 Adverbs, he says, are not so fashionable as they were in his family.

been found. Three hundred monasteries and churches are ascribed to their pious toil, some of which survived the stormy tumults of a thousand years.
 The island has no harbour, and only one very rude pier, visitors, therefore, must land in small boats, but few will be deterred by this drawback from treading the sacred soil of the "Blessed Isle." The village consists of about fifty low stone-walled cottages, tenanted by simple fish-folk and tillers of the soil. The chief attraction of the island is the roofless and ruined cathedral, 160 feet in length, with its massive tower, rising 70 feet in height. Here are shown the cloisters, the bishop's house, and the alleged burying-place of St. Columba himself. That man is little to be envied," said Dr. Johnson, as he moralized amid these mouldering monuments of the early Culdees' faith, "whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona."
 Nine miles north of Iona is the tiny island of Staffa, scarce a mile in circuit. Its appearance is highly picturesque, and is an archipelago of sister Islands.

The Door to the House.

There were idle thoughts came in at the door. And warmed their little toes And did more mischief about the house...

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and their respective prices.

daily of a growing Australian accent, and yet the change goes on quite steadily without our being conscious of it to any marked degree.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

When young Jamie Anderson first went away to sea his mother said to him: "Wherever you are, Jamie, whether on sea or land, promise me that you will kneel down to pray, and morning and evening say your prayers, no matter whether the sailors laugh at you or not."

Mother.

What had the funniest story About a little boy, I recall: About a mother and buggy. That scared and run away I liked to die a-laughin'...

On Monday was the circus;

We had a glorious time; A-see'n' beasts and serpents And birds of every clime.

Last fall, when all the Tankins

Came down to spend a week, We went one day for walnuts, 'Way down on Sugar Creek.

To-morrow night's the concert;

I said I'd go with Jen And Bill and 'Lizy Ferguson And Sairy True, but then, After I'd gone and said it,

She's lookin' worn and weary,

And it's occurred to me To send her to the concert, If only she'll agree;

A BOY OF TO-DAY

by Julia MacNair Wright Author of "The House on the Bluff," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued)

After little talks like these with the schoolmaster Heman felt more alert and courageous; the future looked brighter and the present brighter, though, as yet, the present was usually gay of colour.

Uncle 'Rias was generally at work where Heman and some other young fellows were busy; he instructed them and implicitly made his superintendence acceptable.

"Hello there!" he shouted one day, "don't use that timber, Jim Dake, it's no good. It's a soft log; never to have been sent here. Take that one there."

Jim Dake obeyed, but as he measured and prepared to haul he argued, "I don't see what you've got agin that timber, Uncle 'Rias."

"See there!" said Uncle 'Rias, picking the blade of his knife into a small hole in the timber. The knife did not go in far, and Jim was impressed.

"I see, it's a soft log, and the timber's so soft it could plug that hole up tight with a little peg, so there couldn't be a drop of water get in, if it's that you're fearin'."

"Tain't what might get in, but what is in, it is," said Uncle 'Rias. "Now it'll be worth spending a little time to give you boys a lesson, so you'll know good timber when you see it, and bad timber when you see that. Here, saw."

"The saws tore back and forth and grew hot, the chips flew; then the surprised semblance was so fine and fair, was singularly honeycombed with a succession of very neatly bored cells.

"There, lads, the timber's hollowed, not by decay, but because a pecky little insect has been workin' in it."

"Well, Uncle 'Rias," insisted Jim Dake, "it seems wasteful to throw away a whole timber; it might do well enough, ain't it the only one to hold up the buildin'?"

"That's so," said Uncle 'Rias, "but it's awful risky; suppose it should give out, what then?" "Spose, Jen, a par-

ticular strain come right on that part, and that timber crooked and gave out, what then? It might be a terrible blow to the whole affair. So's you may say one of these worm-eaten characters mightn't be put to any test, and go on an 'not know themselves; they might lumber back on 'em, or come 'tween 'em, might break down and carry a heap o' trouble with 'em. Oh, you boys, look out for such like."

"One o' these 'em I hear a heap from you, Uncle 'Rias," said the young man with a civility which flattered Uncle 'Rias. When useful, Uncle 'Rias would come down sharply upon the lads. One day his keen eyes detected Jake in a piece o' carelessness.

"You, Jake! there you are agin sawin' off a board by what you call your eye, 'stead of markin' it by the square now there's a piece of lumber good as wasted; an' yesterday you tried the same trick, an' wasted another."

"It is sawed straight," protested Jake. "It's half an inch out of line, or I'm goin' blind," said Uncle 'Rias, approaching with a yardstick in his hand.

"Here, wherd'd I tell you? Half an inch an' more!" "Don't see what you use a square for if your eye's so keen," said the abashed Jake.

"Use it, 'cause I was taught to use it, an' 'cause I ought to use it, and it's usin' it keeps my eyes straight by eddicatin' 'em. Now, mark my words, Jake; you can't work with me 'less you'll learn to use 'em, say, an' work keerdful. I can't have you spollin' folks' lumber, tain't honest. You mind me of what minister said las' night 'n' prayin'-meetin'."

"He said, 'if a man's a good man, he'll be once, that's a pity an' lad enough, but to tumble into the same sin again, wiffully after the first fault, is gr'evous; and not to be tolerated, I add.'"

One July morning, while the Slinnet came right in, an' set by, here's breakfast in the clean back-kitchen, the fresh morning air wandering in through all the doors open to it, to give one a breath of coolness before the fierce heat of the day.

The joyful face of Joey Clump appeared, gazing toward the 'four at the little table.

"Why! why! it's never Joey!" cried Aunt Drexly. "And yet it is Joey. Come right in, an' set by; here's breakfast for you. Folks all well, Joe?"

It was clear from Joey's delighted countenance that all his family were thriving; he took the milk from Heman's hand and applied himself for a few minutes to the well-filled plate provided by Aunt Drexly. But the news he brought could not be suppressed; he laid down knife and fork.

"You're all agreed!" He says, "go it if you want to. Joy, now havin' over 'I'm goin' to be a carpenter, like Heman. Of course, I am you know, 'cause me and Heman always go to work together, an' Heman's the man?" So 'I'm to begin learnin' my trade with you, to-day. I'll come an' go horseback, and my horse can graze in cousin 'Lisha's yard days, an' work in the garden."

"Hear them boys talk!" said Uncle 'Rias. "I've heard plenty, an' admiration. 'Boys allus think they're goin' to get the earth—don't they, Drexly?"

"Be sure I will," said Aunt Drexly beaming.

"I lay out to call up my room, or lath it, or something, and make some closets and shelves for it by-an'-bye, an' you can help," said Heman, looking ecstatically at Joey.

"I've had a shop, an' I've had good times," said Joey. "We'll have a shop of our own some day, a big one, an' nine or ten men working for us, won't we, Heman?"

"Hear them boys talk!" said Uncle 'Rias. "I've heard plenty, an' admiration. 'Boys allus think they're goin' to get the earth—don't they, Drexly?"

"The coming of Joey seemed to add to life all it needed to make it blissful. There stood a life-long friend, and not only thoroughly sympathetic with Heman by reason of a similar home life, but he had just that amount of docility and admiration which the master had learned to have. His boy intimates possess for him. When Joey arrived he was made partaker of Heman's plan and hope about the purchase of the farm. Joey was at once enthusiastic.

"I've heard plenty, an' admiration. 'Boys allus think they're goin' to get the earth—don't they, Drexly?"

"There was another matter to confide to Joey; the schoolmaster had made out a list of books which every boy should have and read. The book or two on building and architecture had

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUTHFUL.

Rot. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO SEPTEMBER 23 1899

WHAT IS IT TO BE A CHRISTIAN?

When in Australia, some time ago, the late Prof. Drummond addressed the students of a Methodist Ladies' College, and gave a very plain answer to the question, "What is it to be a Christian?" We quote from his answer "What is it to be a Christian?" The answer is simple being like Christ. To be like Christ, that influences us, and is it the power of Christ that influences us. To make Christ our most constant companion is the one-sure way, for we are thus made good, and the whole process may be told us in the words of the Bible taken from 2 Cor. xiii. 14. "We all thank Christ our Lord, who provided us with his meaning is clearer and simpler than in the rough 'tracing of the early translations from the Greek." These are the words of the latter text. "We all, with unveiled face, reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory. Now change the word glory to the word character, which I think conveys a clearer and fuller meaning than any other word, and the whole problem must be contained in this text. "We all, with unveiled face, reflecting as in a mirror the character of Christ, are changed in the same character from character to character, or are changed in Christ's character from our character to his character." The point to be changed are changed—don't change ourselves. We can understand perfectly well how accents change. We hear

AN EAGLE DERIVED.

Among the visitors to the soldiers at Fort Sheridan a few days ago was a lady who wore a fashionable hat. It was trimmed with a white bird with outstretched wings.

"Several men climbed to the roof whither the bird had carried its prey, but the eagle was not to be caught. It flew to a higher roost, out of the reach of its pursuers."

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it. If food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it; toil is the law.—Ruskin.

stimulated in Heman a taste for reading. "And then," he said to Joey, "the master knows what's what, and if he says I ought to have 'em, I ought to, nat's all about it. Besides, Joey, since we've been round some, a house without any books at all in it looks to me terrible low down and ignorant and common. Now I want to be somebody, I'll tell you. Don't you, Joey?"

"Just make your mind up, I do," said Joey heartily. "Books help it along, Joey, and the master says they improve your conversation, and speech stamps a man. I'm trying hard, Joey, to improve my speech; but I don't seem to make out much at it yet. Now I don't expect to get all these books at once, but I'd like to have some, and I don't see how to begin on any. It would clean break Uncle 'Rias' heart if I spent money on books."

"Let's see the list," said Joey; and read "Robinson Crusoe," "Pilgrim's Progress," "Swiss Family Robinson," "Bible Dictionary," "History of England," "History of the World," "Life of Livingstone," "Aesop's Fables," "Tales of the Covenanters," "Ten Night in a Bar-Room," "Snow Bound," "Tenants of an Old Farm." "Whew! ain't there a lot of them. Here's six books of travels, North and South, and all around the world; and here's 'Black Beauty,' and 'Josephus,' and 'Plutarch's Lives,' and more—and I reckon all you've got of 'em is the 'School Dictionary.' Well, I'm just as out of books as you are; our folks never bought any."

"I haven't said anything about it," said Heman, putting the list in his private box. "Whenever I do get one I will mark it off, and perhaps I'll get round to 'em some day. That list would just scare Uncle 'Rias. Aunt D'rexy's different."

One evening, shortly after, as Heman went home from an errand to Simon Fletcher's, Mr. Loring called him. "I'm going to move to New York, Heman, and I'm weeding out my books. There are some suited for younger folks than I am, and Mr. Renfrew has helped me divide them up for the boys here. These two are for you." The two were "Robinson Crusoe," and "Aesop's Fables." Heman went home triumphant, and that evening offered to "read out some." The family agreed, and as Aesop seemed to have the shortest chapters he began on that. Uncle 'Rias at first vowed it was the "greatest lot of foolishness he ever heard." But the morals commended themselves to his understanding, and in spite of talking dogs, lions, foxes, and storks, when the first reading was ended he remarked that "that was the sensibliest silliness ever was dealt out. There were plenty folks acted plum like them animals did; he meant to read over one or two of them ditties for himself, to fix them in his mind like; guessed they'd come pat on the nonsense of some of those rattle-headed fellows he had to teach carpentry to. Powerful queer any one could think out such things."

CHAPTER XIV.

DAILY FOOD.

Mr. Renfrew had established his club, and before its attractions the back-room of Luke Ward's shop emptied. There was at the new club a lunch-counter where lemonade, apple-tarts, ginger-bread, sandwiches and doughnuts could be had at very reasonable rates. They were good, too, for the young man, a cripple, who had the counter in charge, hired Aunt D'rexy to prepare what he sold. On one evening in each week there were club exercises, debates, recitations, essays, original orations, and once in six months a prize was awarded for the best in each of these exercises.

One evening in each week some gentleman of Windle gave a lecture, free, to the lads and their friends. The doctor discoursed of health and sanitation; Lawyer Brace gave them points about common law; one of the ministers gave lectures on great men, and another gave a great many wonderful facts and points about the Bible, which made it seem like a new book to the boys, and roused the curiosity of some to read it. Mr. Renfrew kept the club rooms open every evening until ten o'clock, but advised lads who had good homes not to attend the club more than the two evenings weekly of public exercises. "It is well not to have a habit of being out evenings, even in nice places," he said; "home is the best place, and can be made the happiest, and domestic habits are the best habits."

Joey joined the club with Heman, and stayed in the village with Heman on club nights. The rule of the Clump family was as ever, what Joey wants he must have. It was fortunate that Joey

was of a tractable, generous, upright nature, and only set his heart on reasonable doings. He was one of the boys that it was not easy to spoil.

"He'll never set the world adrift," said Uncle 'Rias, "but it's also likely he won't set himself adrift, which is the main thing." Joey's Sedan had been when he persuaded his father into allowing him to learn carpentry with Heman. Mr. Clump had had secret longings and visions, that placed on Joey's shoulders the ermine of the Chief Justice, or established him as Secretary of State. To relinquish these had been hard indeed, but—"Joey must have what he wants."

"'Rias," said D'rexy, "I'm 'fraid you're one of them that drives a free horse to death 'thout knowing it. Heman's a mighty willin' worker, but I'm thinkin' he works too hard. He's kind of fallin' off in his eatin'. We'd feel terrible if the boy ran down into a sickness. I think for two or three Saturdays you'd ought to make him stop work an' go out to Joey's to stay from Friday till Monday mornin'."

"Why, D'rexy," cried Uncle 'Rias, amazed, "the boy likes work." "I've seen folks like pie till they hurt 'emselves eatin' too much of it. 'Tain't always what we likes is good for us."

D'rexy had prudently broached the subject when Simon Fletcher was sitting on their little porch "talking business" on a night when the two boys were at the club. Simon was less greedy of gain than 'Rias, and he promptly saw the right of the case.

"Yes, 'Rias, every boy ought to have a Saturday or so to go fishin' or into the woods camping, sure. Why, bless me, man, fun will never be half so good ag'in as 'tis when we're young. One holiday now will give the boy more real joy than fifty when he's our age. I say, you let Heman go for three Sat'days. If you don't, I don't hire him for those three, nor pay him a cent for them. Why, man, you didn't use to be so graspin', though you always was a driver, an' harder on yourself than on anybody else, I'll allow that. But boys is boys, an' lots more on play than men."

"It's the cravin' to get back our farm," said D'rexy, with quick excuse for her husband; "he wants to see me and Aunt Espey where he thinks we pine to be."

"That's all right," said Simon; "but you don't make anything by rushing too reckless. Let the boys have a holiday."

"Well," said 'Rias, "if you all say so, why it's so. I don't want any one to think I'm a skinflint."

Heman and Joey went off that next Friday night in great splendour. It was a first-class outing from the start. It was club night, and they remained at the club until nearly ten. Then they set out on Joey's horse for the Clump homestead. Although it was Joey's horse, Heman rode in front, and Joey sat behind and clasped his waist; that seemed to both boys perfectly natural, and simply showed the relations between them, Heman always being what as a child he had called "head-leader." The moon was in its chiefest glory, shedding a light almost like day. As the boys rode along they whistled, sang, spouted pieces; the sounds of their mirth woke the dogs, who ran frantically out to emulate them; great black forms of cows and horses lifted themselves from the ground and stood watching as they went by. Hay and straw stacks appeared in the fields like hills of silver in the light, and where the horse stepped slowly across little brooklets, these ran as silver streams in that transforming splendour of the moon.

It was considered the joke of the season to arouse the Clump family from their sound slumbers at nearly eleven o'clock and ask them if they could give two poor stragglers food and lodging.

Next morning a hasty picnic and fishing party was arranged, and while Dolly and Mrs. Clump filled baskets, Joey and Heman went to ask the boys and girls of the near neighbourhood. Robert Corrie could not be found; his father, a slow, calm, elderly man, remarked that "likely Robert had lost himself somewhere. He suspicioned that he had got hold of a new book, and if he had they were not likely to see much of him till he'd read it through five or six times." Robert's stepmother said that she had "seen Robert gurning at something at breakfast, and she reckoned he had his own ideas."

"Anyway," said Mr. Corrie, desiring to do justice to all, "he never takes himself off when there's haying, or harvest, or any special work waiting on him."

"So," said Heman, as he and Joey returned home for the baskets, "Bob Corrie's just as dead set on books as ever. Wouldn't Master Renfrew doat on him?"

"Yes," said Joey, "he's one of the kind that it's books or nothing with.

Father wishes I was made that way. If I took to books like Bob Corrie does, my folks would be ready to mortgage the farm to put me through college. But I ain't that way, not a bit. I just can't see how folks will spend years in school-rooms, digging into books just for the sake of learning something. Mr Corrie don't take to Bob's book-learning; he wants him to be a farmer and run the farm after him; but father says the Corrie farm isn't worth much, not by half what Bob's brains are."

"Well, of course," said Heman, "the people that study and find out things, and invent and know, make other folks' work possible."

At six o'clock in the afternoon the boys and Dolly were resting on the kitchen porch talking over their delightful day, when Robert Corrie came in at the gate. He was younger than Heman, big for his age, and so evidently absorbed in his thoughts that he scarcely realized where he was until Joey shouted, "Hello, Bob! We couldn't find you for our picnic. Where were you keeping yourself?"

"I was up in the top of the barn," said Robert calmly. "Mr. Clump, father wants to know if you'll him"—and there Robert made a dead pause. It was a habit of his, when sent on an errand, regularly to forget what he was sent for, and Joey's eyes sparkled with expectation. Robert looked about uncessantly—he had been sent for something, and must fetch something. "A ladder," he concluded at random.

"Certainly," said Mr. Clump, "it is lying backside of the wood-shed. You can have it, Robert."

Robert found the ladder, which was long and heavy, about twice too big for him to carry. In fact, he could not carry it at all, but placing one end over his neck, he valiantly proceeded to drag it.

"Let's help him," said Heman, "he can't carry that ladder." So he and Joey hastened to thrust their heads through the ladder at the middle and the dragging end, and thus the long ladder was triumphantly borne away, as a new style of yoke for three boys.

"What can Elder Corrie want of that ladder?" said Mr. Clump to his wife. "Corrie's got two ladders of his own."

"Like as not he never sent for it," said Mrs. Clump. "Last time Robert was sent here to borrow, he came and asked me for a bushel basket, and instead of that his mother'd sent him to borrow my washboard, 'cause hers had broke in two."

Mr. Clump concluded to follow the boys and see it out. The Corries lived near, and presently Mr. Corrie could be seen standing at his gate, looking with great interest at the singular procession coming up the road. Presently he recognized his offspring with his head thrust between two rungs of the ladder, heading the march.

"Why, Robert," said Mr. Corrie in his slow, calm fashion. "What are you doing with that ladder?"

Whereupon the line of march halted summarily, as Robert stayed his steps. He began to realize a blunder—somewhere. Mr. Clump moved to the head of the line.

"Why, Elder, didn't you send for my ladder? That's what the boy asked for?"

"Ladder!" said Elder Corrie despairingly, "I've got two ladders; but I just broke the handle clean off my sickle, as I was trimming out round the yard bushes for Mrs. Corrie, and I sent to borrow yours to finish the job. Robert, can't you remember an errand ever? You will go mooning about."

Robert was overwhelmed with mortification, he was so humiliated he wished he could fall through the ground.

Mr. Clump lifted the end of the ladder from the boy's neck. "As long's I'm goin' back," he said, "I might as well carry your part of it, Bob. Elder, my sickle's lost, I haven't seen it for two weeks. My wife's been warnin' me to get a new one the first time I go to town."

"Well, I'm going there Monday. I'll bring two," said Elder Corrie. "I might have known Robert wouldn't get his errand straight. He's been up in the barn all day readin' a book he borrowed from the lady that boards for the summer over at the Sinnet farm. Why, that boy never remembered to come down for dinner! Guess he'd forgot his supper, only he'd finished the book. I'll have to let him go to school and college. I reckon, though it is terrible trying to me. He ain't sense enough for farming."

"Trying!" said Mr. Clump, while the ladder shook with the laughter or its boy supporters, delighted with Mr. Corrie's tale, and Robert, greatly discomfited, had mounted the nearest gate post, a monument of dejection. "Try-

ing! Why, Elder, I'd jumped for joy if I could have made a scollard out of that Joey of mine! That's the way with scollards, them that wants them don't have them, folks that don't want 'em gets 'em. Why, you ought to be proud to think of a judge, or a preacher, or a doctor, or maybe even a college professor out of your boy! You, Joey! You needn't laugh till you shake this cripplly old ladder to pieces. I've been powerful disappointed in you, that I have."

As the three ladder bearers disappeared, Elder Corrie turned reproachful eyes on his son. "Robert, why can't you ever remember things? Your mother says you forgot to dig the potatoes, and to shell corn for the chickens. Mornin's you always forget to put on your jacket when you come out of your room to make the kitchen fire, you'll get your death of cold doing that some day! I've warned you time and time again!"

Robert forgot even to be wretched about the episode of the ladder, and the thought that Heman and the Clumps, father and son, were laughing at him all the way home. Elder Corrie had spoken more wisely than he knew when he accused his descendant of "mooning;" the moon was to blame for it all. As Robert set out towards the Clumps he beheld a great, round, glaring disk wheeling up behind a low barren hill—the full moon. All that day, lying on the hay high up in the barn, he had been reading a marvellous book about the heavens. That book had told him of suns and systems, of millions of worlds wheeling in space, of laws that govern all, of close mathematical calculations that can grasp the distances, the orbits, the returns of the heavenly orbs along their pathways. He had read of flawless order, of harmony, of symmetry, of incalculable ages and distances and numbers; of knowledge that had read the mysteries of the new worlds. What wonder he had forgotten a sickle or a ladder, when he saw the great, new-risen moon?

(To be continued.)

Wanted—A Million Boys.

- Wanted—a million boys. Say, boys, do you hear?
- Wanted—a million boys—all good boys, that is clear,
- An army of teetotalers, a million strong, or more,
- Are going to fight King Bacchus and close the saloon door.
- Wanted—a million brave, true boys, with courage to say "No!"
- To all kinds of temptation, to every wily foe,
- That seeks to lure them on to drink the soul-destroying rum,
- Which flaunts its fiery signal and says unto them, "Come."
- Wanted—a million honest boys, of every size and age,
- To help blot out the record, the dark, polluted page,
- Which bears the impress of the laws that legalize the trade,
- By which ten million boys are spoiled—on million drunkards made.
- Wanted—a million hearty lads. What's wanted with them now?
- To win good health, the truest wealth, to plant, and sow, and plough,
- To drink at health's pure fountain, that ripples down the hill,
- And say their nay to every way which leads them to do ill.
- To take some comrade by the hand and help him on the way;
- Lead him to shun the vile saloon, the great curse of the day;
- To leave the road the drunkard goes, and swear allegiance ever
- To temperance, to fight its foes, and drink to ruin never.
- Come, boys, and pledge right heartily your lives and honour true,
- That you will never drink strong drink, whatever others do,
- A million boys stand pledged to-day their hearty aid to give,
- To help the cause of temperance and help the poor to live.
- Ten million women join with them and lift their hearts in prayer,
- That these same boys, and millions more, may 'scape the saloon's snare.

What a delightful place this world would be if each one of us felt the necessity of passing on to some other every single kindness done to us! Think of every unselfish action blossoming fruitfully into a never-ending series of lovely deeds down the ages!

Children who Worship Idols.

Once again, dear Lord, we pray
For the children far away,
Who have never even heard
Jesus' name, our sweetest word.

Little lips that thou hast made,
Nearth the far-off temples abade,
Give to gods of wood and stone
Praise that should be all thine own.

Little hands whose wondrous skill
Thou hast giv'n to do thy will
Offerings bring and serve with fear
Gods that cannot see nor hear

Teach them, O thou heavenly King,
All their gifts and praise to bring
To thy Son, who died to prove
Thy forgiving saving love!

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON I.—OCTOBER 1.

JOY IN GOD'S HOUSE.

Psalm 122. Memory verses, 6-9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I was glad when they said unto me,
Let us go into the house of the Lord.—
Psalm 122. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. Delight in God's Kingdom, v. 1-5.
 2. Praying and Working for God's Kingdom, v. 6-9.
- Time.—Probably after the return from exile. The second temple was dedicated B.C. 516.
- Place.—In view of Jerusalem and the temple.

LESSON HELPS.

1. "I was glad"—So begins the hymn. The keynote is one of joy. The psalm was probably written to be sung by the people as they went up to their holy feasts in Jerusalem. When they said—"Cyrus published an edict which permitted the return of the Jews."
2. "Our feet shall stand within thy gates"—Their feet were for seventy years in Chaldaea; now their feet are standing, as a better translation is, where their hearts had been.
3. "Compact together"—It had to be by its natural boundaries. Rebuilt now, and so its political and religious power became compacted.
4. "Whether the tribes go up"—The nation was divided into tribes, but unified by a common faith and worship. The pilgrimages to Jerusalem promoted nationality. There were three great festivals held annually. The testimony of Israel—"The revelation which God has made."
5. "Set thrones of judgment"—Public courts where justice was secured. "Thrones"—Seats of law
6. "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem"—The word peace implies here not only peace, but the prosperity which springs from it, a proper subject for prayer. "They shall prosper that love thee"—Because their love for the city will be shown by working for its interests, and if it prospers, so will its pious and industrious citizens.
7. "Peace be within thy walls"—Enemies were without these walls, hence the need of concord among the people and vigour among the rulers within the palaces.
8. "For my brethren and companions' sakes"—Because they dwell there or go up to the city to worship. The thought of the divine Father and the love of worship made the psalmist feel an interest in his countrymen. Piety strengthens and purifies patriotism. "Peace"—Very likely the psalmist was a man of war from his youth up, and he sighed for that which he enjoyed but little on earth—peace. To many a man comes peace, but only after long conflict.
9. "Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good"—A purpose, and the reasons for it are here given. To the devout Jew Jerusalem was more than a city—an assembly of houses and people. Here was the Lord's house, with the altar and the sacrifice. Here were the sacred assemblies. Here were public prayer and praise to the one true God.

HOME READINGS.

- M Joy in God's house—Psalm 122
Tu. Songs of gladness—2 Ch'on. 29. 25-31.
W. Longed for.—Psalm 84
Th. A good thing.—Psalm 92
F. Come ye!—Isa. 2. 1-5.
S. Christ's example.—Luke 4. 14-22.

Su. Heavenly worship.—Rev. 7. 9-17.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Delight in God's Kingdom, v. 1-5.
What invitation made the psalmist glad?
What was the most precious thing in Jerusalem?
Why had Jerusalem been destroyed?
What sort of men rebuilt its temple and its walls?

Why did the psalmist love Jerusalem?
What is the Golden Text?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson do we learn—
1. That it is a delight to worship God?
 2. That they that love God most are most love by him?
 3. That nobody can truly love God without being willing to make sacrifices for his cause?



STAFFA.—(SEE FIRST PAGE.)

Why was Jerusalem more compact than other cities?
Why did the tribes of Israel go up to it two or three times every year?
Why are they called the tribes of the Lord?
What is the meaning of "the testimony of Israel"?
What were set in Jerusalem besides the temple?
What stands in the stead of Jerusalem and the temple for us?
Who go up to the house of the Lord in modern times?
Are Christians glad when the hours of worship come?
What reasons have we for loving the house of the Lord?
2. Praying and Working for God's Kingdom, v. 6-9.
Do those that love the church prosper?
Is there as much reason to pray for the church in our day as for the temple in old Jerusalem?
Is it right to have discord and quarrels in the church?
Is it right to let the church suffer for want of repairs when the homes of its members are comfortable?
For whose sake should we be liberal to the cause of God?

TINY'S ALARM CLOCK.

Tiny looked up from her slate as her big brother Tom came in one day with an odd-shaped paper bundle in his hands. Tiny ran to meet him.
"Oh, Tom, what is it?" she asked, curiously. "Anything for me?"
"No," said Tom. "Such a wide-awake puss as you are doesn't need aids to early rising," and he untied the strings and opened the package.
"Why, it's a clock!" said Tiny, disappointed. "We've got three clocks now, Tom. What made you bring another?"
Tom began winding the little clock. "You just listen," he said.
"Whir-r-r! Rattle, rattle, rattle! Whir-r-r! What a way for a clock to strike!"
"It's an alarm clock!" exclaimed Tom, smiling at Tiny's wonder. "We can set it so that the alarm will strike at any time of night and wake us. You know I have to leave home before daylight sometimes"—for Tom was on the railway.
"How very, very funny!" said Tiny with sparkling eyes. "Goes off all itself, without any one touching it! Oh, how I wish I had one!"



A HOUSE IN NORWAY.

The domestic architecture of Norway is very picturesque. The houses have often broad Swiss-like galleries and balconies, overhanging eaves, and carved doorways and porches, as shown in our cut on this page.

"There's another funny thing about it," went on Tom. "If people don't mind the alarm when it strikes, but think they will sleep a little longer, they grow less and less liable to be waked by it, and soon it does not make any impression at all!"
Tiny considered. "I wish I could have one all my own," she said, again. "It must be such fun to hear it go off."
"You have one," said Tom, gravely. "I? An alarm clock?"
Tom nodded.
"Where?"
"Right in there," said Tom, with his hand over Tiny's heart.
"Well, I don't believe it ever went off," laughed Tiny.
"Yes, I'm sure it has. Wait till you feel like doing something wrong. That little clock will say, 'Whir! Tiny, don't!' You see if it doesn't!"
Tiny laughed and went back to her lessons. Soon a call came from the kitchen. "Tiny, dear, I want you."
Tiny's mouth began to pout, but she suddenly called out cheerily, "Yes, mamma," and danced out of the room, looking back to say, "It went off, then, Tom, good and loud."
Tom nodded and smiled. "I thought it would," he said.
And all you little folks with alarm clocks want to be sure to answer the first call, or they will ring in vain, and turn you out good-for-nothing men and women.

All that is great in man comes through work, and civilization is its product.—Smiles.

No man is born into the world whose work is not born with him; there is always work, and tools to work withal, for those who will.—Lowell.

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