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VOL XV.]

SAMUEL AND GOD'S VOICE.

BY SAMUEL GREGORY.

Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth."1 Sam. in. 9.

A LITTLE PRAYER.

That is a little boy's prayer. It is a very short prayer. It is a very short prayer. It is a beautiful prayer. A little boy asked God to speak to him. "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth!" This boy lived away from his home. It is home was a farmhouse in the country. In the bright evenings his mother often

ant under a great fig tree near the door. She took some sewing, and sat there at work. At times she dropped her work on her knee and looked across the country, as if she were watching the bullock teams and the sheep coming home, or as if she were watching the sunlight on the hills. But, really, her thoughts were far away. After she had sat like that a little

while she went on with her sewing again. She was mak-ing clothes for her little boy, ready to take to him when the day for her visit came

Her little son lived with egentle, good old man, who was a pricest. The loy helped him in the temple, which at that time was a large tent. The child had as much sense as a man, and they got on well together, these two. The name of the boy was samuel, and Eli was the

priest's name.
One night the boy was gone One night the boy was gone to bed, and he thought he heard his name called. He rasto Eli, and said: "Here are I!" Eli was surprised and said: "I haven't called you; go back, and get to sleep."

After a while the same thing happened again. Eli tent him hark once more sent him back once more, and lay wondering why the boy came. He thought per-haps the child is not well, perhaps he has been aming. While he lay dreaming. While he lay wondering the boy came again, and was very positive this time. He said; "I'm sure you called I" Eli thought for a minute, and then he perceived that the Lord had called the child. His voice be-

"I have not called you at all. It is God who keeps calling. I know you are not called God, so go and lie down, and it thall be, if he called thee, thou shalt say:

Sneak, Lord for thy servant heareth!"

shall be, if he called thee, thou shalt say:

Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth!"

Samuel went and lay down in his place.

God called again, and the boy quietly

saked God to tell him what he wanted, and
in the morning he told Eli all about it.

Now God is continually calling to boys

and girls, and to men and women. rant to make you remember that. God's foice. That is what I want you to think tbout.

You notice this, that God's voice is a

very quiet voice.
When God called Samuel, though he called four times. Eli never heard a sound. There was nothing for him to hear. These two were not far from each other, this old two were not far from each other, this old man and this little boy, but the old man the little boy heard to thing, while the little boy heard some one call four times over. It is a trange thing, but that is the way always when dod calls. The hymn says that "a time divine rang through the silence of the shrine." But it was a voice to Samuel with only.
There was once a man travelling along

the road leading to one of the most interesting cities in the world. In the distance by Damascus, with its white houses and hy Damascus, with its white nouses and its green gardens. This man was going on a bad errand. He hated Christians, and was persecuting them. But about twelve o'clock at noon there came a flash of light, o'clock at noon there came a mash or light, brighter than the sun, and a voice cried: "Saul! Saul! I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest." A number of people were there, but only one of them heard those words. They were spoken to the conscience of St. Paul, that is why no one else

could hear them. It is like that now. On many a Sunday people sit side by side in God's house. God comes and calls. Those hearts that God speaks to hear him as plainly as Samuel did, but others do not hear. God speaks quietly and softly, yet his voice is as distinct as thunder. We have Gol's

thing wrong, and ran away from home. He came to a lonely place, and put a stone for his pillow, and lay there crying and looking up at the big stars, and feeling very miserable. In the night he dreamed, and saw a ladder from earth to heaven, and saw a ladder it in earth to heaven, and from the top of it God spoke to hum. In the morning he said: "I shall never forget this!" But as time went on he did forget. Twenty years after, Jacob had another sad, lonely night, and God spoke to him again. This time it made a deep

You read "The Pilgrim's Progress." I wish you all read it. It is quite as interesting as "Treasure Island, or "The Splendid Spur." You read "The Pilgrim's Progress," you seem to see Greatheart, you hear his easy way of speaking to the giants who went to stop him, you see him draw his sword and win the fight. While you are reading you wish you could be a Greatheart, and help people. It is God who sends such thoughts. It is God's voice that stirs them in pour mind.

have fathers and mothers in heaven. We often remember things which they used to say. We seem to see their gentle eyes, and how they used to look at us when they spoke. We seem to hear them pronounce our names. As w call all this to mind we feel call all this to mind we feel that we want to do things that they ask us to do. This is all God's voice—the quict voice that speaks without noise or words.

Jesus called this voice—the Holy Spirit—the guide of all who follow God. Let us always listen. Let us often say: "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth!"

To you, the fathers and

To you, the fathers and mothers, the men and women of this congregation, I wanted to say something of this went Divine voice; but I think the message of the old Biblo-story is much the same for us all. Some of us in our child-hoad dealt better with God's voice in the soul than we are dealing with it now. We had truer hearts. God pity us that we have let the Voice become so feeble. Let us take the child's place again.

It is only so that we can listen and learn life's divine counsels. Distracted thinkers are knocking at the great Doors of Myatery, and are all at sea, without star, or chart, or compass, or hope, while those whose hearts are fresh and simple "do not in the desert stray, or miss their providential way."

As life's perplexities thicken, as sorrow folds us in its gloom, as we see the darkening slope of life's decline, how sorely we need the voice—the voice of Christ's promised consoler. In parts of life we fill our minds with excitements that bear us along, and have their day. We are no better for many of these distractions, but, like morphia, they keep us from some of our pain. Now and then we learn that nothing is radical and sufficient short of God's friendship. Let us go like children to the great door of divine intercourse—the gracious Saviour of our souls, and keep our souls in communication with that award inward voice, that it may guide us with its counsel till travelling days are done.



ELI AND YOUNG SAMUEL.

Then remember too that God speaks often. He calls us many times.

On that quiet night God called to the boy four times. After that God spoke to him thousands of times. As you go along the road the telegraph wires that stretch from post to post are always singing. They vibrate to every breath of air. In Samuel's heart it came to be as if there were always myster the music of God's Samuel's heart it came to be as it there was always music—the music of God's voice. In time he became an old man. He said to the people: "Behold, I am old and greyheaded, and I have walked before the control of the c you from my childhood unto this day."
And the people cheered when he spoke, until he could not go on with what he wanted to say. They know that he had been a good and that God often talked with him.

I dare say your mother sometimes says.
"I've told you fifty times!" Sometimes
we have to be told fifty times or thereabouts. God tells us what he wants us to do, and he tells us many times. What a pity it is that he has to tell us so often. But God keeps speaking till we listen at

You have road of how Jacob did some-

quiet voice best when we are quiet and thoughtful. If we are still, and say, "Speak, Lord!" then he speaks.

Then remember too that God speaks cur Father he forgives and forgets all that

cur Father he forgives and forgets all that we have done wrong.

I cople say. "I intend to listen to God's voice by-and-bye!" When the ice was going away some boys were still skating on it. It became thinner and thinner, and was covered with water, and had holes here and there. People said: "Come off! It's dangerous!" Oh yes, they knew that, and were coming off soon. But in the newspapers there was a long list of the newspapers there was a long list of people who did not come off soon enough.

It is like that with the way in which peo-ple say of God's voice: "I mean to attend

to it by-and-byo!"

Then you must also remember that God's voice speaks in many different ways.
God speaks to us in the Sunday services.

Our good thoughts are his voices.
Sometimes while you are reading a good book, perhaps a tale of some one who did noble things, and reasted great temptations, while you read your hand holds the book tight, your heart beats faster, and you feel the "pins and needles" in your cheeks. You want to be good and noble, true and brave.

Brane of a feather flock together, but goess and ducks are found in divers places.

The Little Leaves.

"WE must go," sighed little Buby, Orange, Topaz, Garnet, Gold; For the chilly breeze is calling, And the year is growing old.
Good-bye, quiet, sunny meadows
That we never more shall see;
Good-bye, winding brooks of silver,
Snowy lambs, and dear old tree— Dear, old, loving mother-tree.

From the branches down they fluttered, Like a rainbow scattered wide;
And the old tree looked so lonely,
That was once the woodland's pride, But the wind came wildly piping, And they danced away with glee Ruby, Topaz, Garnet, Orange, Soon forgot the poor old tree— Poor, old, loving mother-tree.

But when skies of drear November Frowned upon their wild delight All the little leaves grew lonely, And they wandered back one night; And they nestled in a hollow
At the foot of the old tree,
Sighing, "All the long white winter
We shall now so quiet be
Near our dear old mother-tree."

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 19, 1895.

FITLY SPOKEN.

A sweet little girl, poorly clad, and with a small coin tightly clinched in her hand, timidly entered the store of a Fifth Avenue

florist.

"I want the best bouquet you can give me for ten cents," she said to the clerk, who smiled audibly at her request.

"I'd advise you to wait till next summer," a said, in a patronizing way. "Flowers he said, in a patronizing way. "Flowers don't grow in greenhouses for nothing."

The snub chilled the child, who said, with tears in her eyes,
"But next summer won't be Sister

Lizzie's birthday, and to-morrow is. Besides, I don't want them for nothing. I told you I had ten cents. See, here it is."

She was as grand as if it had been ten

dollars.

"O, go along!" said the thoughtless erk; "we have no ten-cent bouquets clerk;

here."
The child looked at him with incredulous eyes. How could be speak so lightly of what appeared to her like actual wealth? cruel disappointment rose in her

eyes as she turned away.

A little Christian Endeavour girl, who was tying up flowers for the florist, overheard this dialogue and was sorry for the child. She whispered hurriedly to the

clerk,
"Here are some waste flowers, Mr. Smith. They haven to occur vet. Let me make her happy. They haven't been thrown away

yet. Let me make her happy.
"All right!" said the unfeeling clerk;
"give 'em to her."
"Come back, little one," said the girl,

smiling. "Here are some roses and pinks smiling. Here are some roses and pinks that aren't as fresh as they might be. You can have them for nothing if they'll suit." Then she tied a little pink ribbon around them and, with a look of love, handed them to the little girl.

They not only suited, but they seemed

They not only suited, but they seemed to the grieved heart of the child and beautiful as those in the window. Her shining eyes and thankful words caused a tear of joy to moisten the eyes of the young lady. She had done a kind deed, and the thought of it warmed her own heart, brought joy to the little girl, and made Lizzie's birthday as sweet as an

angel's smile.

Verily, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

TIM'S REWARD.

BY ANNIE L. HANNAH.

Tim's father had just died, and the earnest desire that he might be able to take care of his mother—who was far from strong—filled Tim's heart; and so on the very day after his father was buried, he started out to "hunt up a job;" for up to that time he had gone to school.

But it was so late in the summer that the farmers were all supplied with hands; and after applying at three or four places, Tim stopped, almost discouraged, before a beautiful house in the midst of large grounds. The gardener was working among the flower beds, and Tim heard a woman, who was wheeling a baby up and down the walks, say, as she passed him once, "These late heavy rains have given the weeds a good start of you Thomas." the weeds a good start of you, Thomas."
"You're right, nurse; and of all times

for that boy to take himself off! He wasn't worth his salt, to be sure, but I could manage to get something out of him. What I'm to do between the mowing and

the weeding, now that the leaves are beginning to fall, is past me!"

Tim's heart beat high, and in another moment he had opened the gate, and going to Thomas's side, said engerly: "Please, sir, I was looking at your flowers, and couldn't help hearing what you said. May I weed for you? I am very anxious to earn some money."

"What do you know about weeding?"

sked Thomas rather graffly begins him.

asked Thomas rather gruffly, looking him

well over.
"A little," said Tim; "but I am sure I could soon learn more if you would kindly tell me what you like. I want the work very much."
"Humph!" said Thomas; then glanced

at nurse, who nodded quite violently.
"Well," he said after a moment, "you may try for an hour; I'll soon be able to tell what you are worth. You may begin on that bed there."

In passing the little carriage to go to the bed which Thomas had pointed out, Tim stopped to look at the lovely child, and with such evident admiration as quite won nurse's heart; and the little creature herself, after one long look from her honest baby eyes, put out both hands to him, saying: "Nice boy; Bay likes nice boy!"
"To think of her taking to him like that!" exclaimed nurse, as Tim, blushing with pleasure, went to his work.

Two or three times Thomas came and stood for a moment by his side watching him; then, with a little nod of satisfaction, went away and left him to himself. One, two, three hours passed, and nothing was said about Tim leaving off; and at last, when, at six o'clock, Thomas gave him his money, he said: "You may come again to-morrow morning."

It would be hard to find a happier boy than Tim, when he laid his first earnings in his mother's hands, and told her he was to go again on the morrow.

go again on the morrow.

He was at work bright and early next morning. As he was weeding the lawn after breakfast, a sweet-face lady came after breakfast, a sweet-farel lady came out of the house and began wheeling baby up and down the walks. The moment the child caught sight of Tim she held out both arms toward him, saying in her cooing little voice: "Bay's nice boy; come to Bay;" and Tim's brown face flushed again as he went and took one of her tiny hands in his.

"My baby seems to have made friends with you," said the lady kindly. "Nurse has a bad headache, and I have some sewing I want very much to do. Would you be

careful if I asked you to wheel her for a

while? I will explain to Thomas."

Careful! Never did any one feel a greater responsibility than Tim as he rolled the little carriage across the lawn, the baby looking up into his face with her great serious eyes, and the lovely lady watching them from the piazza! And when, an hour later, she called him to her, and told him kindly that he was an excellent nurse, and that he should help again some day, Tim's

happiness was complete.

Then she asked him about himself, and listened, greatly interested, while he told her of his great desire to take care of his mother as his father used to do. That night Thomas told Tim to come again the next day; and so things went on for a whole week, and though the boy never imagined how closely he was being watched, he worked, as his father had always taught him to work, faithfully, neglecting not the smallest thing that Thomas gave him to do. Finally, as he was about to leave on Saturday night, Thomas told him to go into the house—that the master wanted to see him; and presently Tim found himself standing before a kind-looking gentleman, whom he had seen once or twice before about the

place.
"Well, my boy," he said, "Thomas tells me that you have proved very faithful about the work which he has given you to do, and others tell me the same thing, and as we want a boy, you may have the place and then he named a sum as wages far

exceeding Tim's hopes.

As Tim began to thank him most gratefully, the gentleman said, "No, you have only yourself, and your parents—who must have taught you well—to thank. If you had not been found faithful and trust-worthy in the little thin in the little than the same of the sam worthy in the little things, if you had been careless and unfaithful, and slighted your work, I should never have thought of offering you the place. Tell your mother so. I am sure I need not tell you to be here early on Monday."

And so Tim, by being faithful over the "few things," won for himself a position which he held for years; for finally he himself became gardener, with a boy under him.—The Morning Star. worthy in the little things, if you had been

JESUS AS A TEACHER.

How we are tempted to say fine things of Christ. Language about him that is merely complimentary is profane. It is a merely complimentary is profane. It is a startling question, How does much that is said of him, even in the pulpit, really appear to him?

appear to him?

Jesus himself never said anything for mere effect. He never said anything that would be considered fine, so as to draw admiration to himself, and lose its practical influence in the conscience and heart. His words had a strange authority in them. The testimony was at the close of the Sermon on the Mount. He spoke with authority, and not as the scribes.

But this authority was not mere official authority.

authority. Jesus was not yet established in this; and never during his life, in the in this; and never during his life, in the public estimation, was he the equal of such men as Gamaliel. Besides, the scribes had official authority, and the authority which comes from learning. They were the recognized teachers of the people, and yet their teaching was cold, formal, and heartless—it had none of the recover which stirs the souls of men. The power which stirs the souls of men. The authority of Jesus was the authority of truth—truth which had to be spoken—an authority mightier than all human traditions and human sanctions. And, again, his words had the accent of truth; again, his words had the accent of truth; a great quality, for without this, truth set in words is deprived of half its power. The words of Jesus were the utterance of convictions which lay upon his immost heart, with the weight of a solid structure. The Man was behind his words and in them. Another great quality of his teachthem. Another great quality of his teaching was its perfect sincerity. To the very core of his being Jesus was sincere, and his words had in them the evident tone of perfect candour. To these qualities we must add an absorbing earnestness. A man may be truthful and candid, and yet

man may be truthful and candid, and yet formal and cold.

It was not so with Jesus. Words came from his lips weighty and burning with the fervour of his own pure spirit, very different from all the teachers of his age.

What must have been the power of that earnestness! A great nature made strong, and kindled into a flame by his live ing grasp of great truths, such as the Fatherhood of God, and the sonship of man; and mankind in its sinfulness, its need of salvation, and its immortality. To Jesus all these truths were real and in him they were weakened by no worldly ambition, no deceitful policy, no seeking for human favour, and no shrinking from human censure. Taken altogether, these great qualities in the teaching of Jesus-truthfully. truthfuiness, sincerity, and earnestness-gave an awful realism to the things he taught.

His words seemed like a voice from another world; and that unseen and shadowy world was brought nigh. And this power of realizing the other world—the spiritual and unseen—stirred in his hearers, who did not harden their hearts, the conviction—all he says he feels and means—and we he says he feels and means, and we shall find it all true. And then agreeing with all this, Jesus had a naturalness and simplicity which were an element of great power. All his parables show this, and yet they are only hints, we may suppose, of the marvellous and powerful simplicity and naturalness which distinguished his words—words which served as the simple natural dress of his own perfect truth and love—words which were made more fresh and interesting and more affective in and interesting nd more effective in corrying home their lessons, by setting them in illustrations drawn from the fields and flowers, and from the homes and customs of the people.—S. S. Magazine.

Gems of Thought.

A LONELY rock by the wayside, All jagged and seamed and rent; Yet over its brow the daisies Their pure, bright faces bent. Gay columbines danced on slender stems,

And fairy trumpets blew;

From every crevice tufts of fern
And feathery grasses grew,

Till gone were the ontlines sharp and bare
That might offend the eye,

And the wayside rock was a charming sight

To every passer-by.

Dear heart, alone and lonely,
Though shattered life's hopes may be,
The Lord who cares for the wayside rock,
Much more will care for thee.
Thy deeds of tenderness, words of love,
Like flowers may spring and twine,
Till joy shall come into others' lives
From the very rents in thine.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

October 27, 1895.

HUMAN LIFE PROTECTED. - Exodus 20. 13.

This command explains our duty to our This command explains our duty to our neighbour. We need not say how that murder is strictly prohibited. But still further, we are not to manufacture, nor sell, nor give our neighbour any article of diet either of meat or drink which would injure others. This emphatically refers to the manufacture and use of intoxicating liquors and tobacco, by men and boys, but especially the latter, which should never be used by children or young people. Practices and amusements or young people. Practices and amusements which endanger life and injure health should never be followed, such as wrestling, racing, and performing deeds of labour for prizes. Some have thought that the command forbids the taking of life for the crime of murder, but they forgat that the Rible tells mand forbids the taking of life for the crime of murder, but they forget that the Bible tells us that "whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man also his blood shall be shed." War is a deadly business and should never be followed, except in pure defence. It is our duty as citizens to protect life and property, and when we are thus engaged if any life should be taken the aggressor must bear the responsibility. If all men would obey the Golden Rule laid down by Jesus Christ human life would be sacred, and no person would either would be sacred, and no person would either destroy or injure the life of another.

PUDDIN'

An Edinburgh Story,

GRANT STEVENSON, A.R.S.A.

CHAPTER II .- (Continued.)

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

108 mother explained to Mrs. Fraser the mappy circumstances which had caused him to leave school and, as he called it, "start in the leave school and, as he time that Jo drove to day.

the cairs for 'um that he was gaun to dae witer; but it didna last lang, an' he gradually got; waur than ever an' wi' you awa' frae hand. I had a hard struggle to mak' a bare didna gang to his wark, an' got paid off, an' he took everything oot o' the hoose that was onything worth to sell for drink, an' even wanted me to gie 'um some o' my hard-earned siller—though I maun say he's a quiet-speakin' inan, an' never flytes at me like some men when they're the waur o' drink. Weel, I Krat like onything when Jo, puir laddie, said to me, 'Mother, I'm no' gaun back to the schule. Me an' anither laddie's gaun to sell briquettes an' try to mak' some siller, an' I can read an' write weel enough, an' coont plenty for a' the siller I'll get.' So, the twa o' thein got a second-hand barrow, an' are to thein got a second-hand barrow, an' are to theid up; an' I assure you it's a great help to hand up; an' I assure you it's a great help to hand up; an' has sure you it's a great help to hand up; an' has sure you it's haddie slavin' awa' an' his faither no' daein' a hand's slavin' awa' an' his faither no' daein' a hand's thein' able to dae onything, an' he's awfu' at hein' able to dae onything, an' he's awfu' slavin' awa' an' his faither no daem a name-turn. But, mind ye, Jo's as pleased as Punch turn. But, mind ye, Joysthing, an' he's awfu' at bein' able to dae onything, an' he's aw fu' stroud when he hands me ower he share o' the proud when he hands me ower he share o' the pro its at nicht, an' he's daein' rale weel, an' laye gettin' now goateners. As it's an wefn' aye gettin' new customers. Ay, it's an awfu' hardening thing, drink. I never thocht my wan could have been sae callous as no' to think shame seein' the bit laddie tearin' awa', an' fatin' the later'.

Gatin' the bread he wins."

Jo, however, did not require the sympathy

Jo however, did not require the sympathy
his mother was lavishing on him: h s face was
a picture of contentment and cheerfulness. He bad no lessons to learn, or master to fear, or his hands and face would have brought him the most severe punishment

"I wonder what auld Gourlay wad say if he saw us the noo," he remarked to his partner, with a laugh at being able to defy him. He wad gie us an awfu' lot o' palmies."

But Jo had a pride in the d.rt, it seemed manly and business-like; and to appear clean

But Jo had a pride in the d.rt, it seemed manly and business-like; and to appear clean in the daytime would have shown that little business had been done. Then at night had the greatest pleasure in counting out the had the greatest pleasure the silver seeming money with his partner, the silver seeming extra bright and glittering with his black hands for a background. Jo, though the younger of the two, was much smarter than his companion, and was eashier. The barrow was put in the yard, beside the carts, at night, and the two generally went into the stable—where the men were busy cleaning their horses and giving them their supper—and divided their profits. Jo had a great affection for the their profits. Jo had a great affection for the stable; he had been accustomed to the place stable; he had been accustomed to the place stable; he had been accustomed to the place since he was able to walk, and now it ensured the stable of manimess to be with couraged his feeling of manimess to be with grown-up people in a working capacity. He grown-up people in a better counting-thouse; he liked the sound of the horses flouse; he liked the sound of the horses flouse; their corn, and the warm dow of munching their corn, and the warm dow of munching their corn, and the warm glow of the place made it comfortable when they came in on cold nights, and there was a feeling of security with the large sums of money Jo felt he had, in the dim light given by the dusty lamp.

amp.
"Hoo much hev ye made the day?" he was senerally asked by the carters.
"Mair than yesterday, onyhow," he would renly with a langh.

reply with a laugh.

"That's the style, Puddin'; ye're on the richt road as lang's ye're improvin."

"In houses by name, and as he haves by name, and as he

Joknew all the horses by name, and as he gave them a parting clap before going home to dinner he would say, "If I had jist yin o'ye an' a cairt, I wadna ca' the king my consin."

A suit of clothes Jo got from Mr. Fraser had been made down by his mother, and after washing himself and having dinner, he would saturater out, the envy of all the boys, who looked up to one who did not require to go to set wool and who was so well dressed, and nothing bleased him better than being chaffed by his elders about "business," and to the Well, how's trade?" he would smile and tenly, "Fine," though he could not help feeling that the "fine" might be better. In the barrow, his partner was of no use; he had not of wheelding orders out of old customers and would never had. had had a clothes Jo got from Mr. Fraser wheedling orders out of old customers and s new ones, and he wondered if he ever be shie to get a horse and cart and or him. that for himself, as he could not help feeling that his partner did not deserve half the pro-connection with his father, and no one who

saw his light-hearted, jocular way could have thought he had such a care; but whatever his thoughts were, he treated the affair in a philosophical way when his mother brought on the subject.

"I dinna ken," he would reply to her wish that her husband was working; "it's maybe better as it is, for when he is working he disna gie ye that much, an' he's oftener sober noo when he masna the siller to get drink. An' then," he would add hopefully, "maybe when he richt sober, he'll settle doon an' be better than ever. What mak's folk tak' whisky, mother? I'm sure it has a nasty smell."

"I dinna ken, laddie, but I hope you'll never touch it."

"Nae fear o' me; I've never tasted it a' my life, an I'm no' gaun to begin noo."

His mother smiled at the remark, which, like many of his expressions, showed he felt himself a man in experience if not in years, and truly many a life is spent with less experience, shrewdness, and observation than Jo possessed. Work as he might, his earnings were small, but his active brain was always scheming how to add to it and his mother's comfort at home.

ossessed. Work as active brain was always vere small, but his active brain was always cheming how to add to it and his mother's comfort at home.

scheming now to add to it and ms mother's comfort at home.

Jo and his partner were examples of how one may pass through life with closed eyes while the other is making the best use of them. As they two were dragging the "hurley" along the streets, Jo read on the sign of a small stationer's shop, "Orders for coal received here." "What's tae hinder me frae gettin' orders?" he thought, but said nothing to his partner, who trudged along unobserving. He would not even mention his idea to his mother in case nothing should come of it, and then he would have the pleasure of surprising her if he did succeed. That was a long afternoon with him, through impatience to achieve his object, and as soon as dinner was over he set out for the man from whom he bought the briquettes, having taken extra he bought the briquettes, having taken extra

ne bought the briquettes, naving taken extra care with his toilet.

The "office" was one of many in the Canal basin, a wo den erection about twice the size of a sentry-box, and, as Jo expected, he found the coal agent busy over his books, and ar-ranging for the delivery of orders for the fol-lowing morning.

lowing morning.
"I've jist come alang," said Jo, "to see

"I've jist come alang," said Jo, "to see"—
"Bless me, Jo, is that you?" said the old
man, looking over the top of his spectacles,
and opening his mouth as if to help his sight.
"Man, I didna ken ye, wi' yer face a' washed
an' thae fine togs on. Weel, what was ye
gaun to say?"
"I was wantin' to ask ye what ye wad gie
me for an order for a ton o' coals. Mind ye,
I havena got an order—but if I did?"
"Oh, ay; I understand.
commission wad I gie ye?
Course it'll depend on the price I get mysel',
but it'll no' be less than a shillin', an' maybe
eichteen pence. Wull that dae? Ye ken, we
have to cut the prices gey fine sometimes." eichteen pence. Wull that dae? Ye ken, we eichteen pence. Wull that dae? Ye ken, we have to cut the prices gey fine sometimes."

Jo agreed to the terms, and hurried off to Jo agreed to the terms, and hurried off to have a talk with Alice good luck for a first

ing it would bring him good luck for a first

ing it would bring him good order.

"That laddie'll get on in the world, or it's gey funny," said the coal agent to himself, as he resumed his books.

Alice was surprised to see Jo at this unsual hour, but persuaded him to come in, regardless of her lobby. He was too impatient to wait till morning, and then he wished Alice to see how he looked smartened up.

"Sit doon," she said. "Ye're a perfit young gentleman the nicht."

gentleman the nicht.

"Thae's you I got frae the maister," he explained, beaming; "my mother made them doon. Ye wadna ken them frae new, eh!"

doon. Ye wadna ken doon. Ye wadna ken doon. ''Deed no," said Alice.
"Wha d'ye get yer coals frae?"
"Eh, but I canna tell ye," said Alice.

"What way?"
"Becus I've turned coal agent, an' if ye
"Becus I've turned coal agent, an' get could tell me what ye pay for them, an' get the mistress to gie me an order, I'll get them the mistress to gie me an order, The good as guid, or she needna try me again. Wull ye spake to her?"

"I wull that; an' if ye come roond in the

"I will that; an' it ye come roond in the mornin' I'll let ye ken."
"Very weel; thank ye," said Jo, taking his leave. "But, I say," here he assumed a confidential tone, ye needna say onything afore my pairtner; this is a spec' o' my ain."
Alice laughed, and said she understood.
In was supprised and delighted next morn-

Alice laughed, and said she understood.
Jo was surprised and delighted next morning when Alice gave him an order for ton o' the best." "Twa ton!" thoug thought Jo. ton o' the best." "I wa ton!" thought so. "What could onybody want wi' sae muckle

"Hoo much are they wantin'?" said the partner, expecting a large order for briquettes, judging by Jo's radiant face.

"Twa t— Dash it! I forgot to ask, an' I

dinna like to ring again."

It was well for Jo that his partner was possessed of a minimum of observation, for he was saved any questioning about his unusual and unbusinesslike conduct.

The like we that shiftin' for certain," said Jo inwersly, "mase than I'll mak' a' day.

What'll my mother say? I'll tak' hame twa

tipp'ny pies."

This was a piece of what Jo considered

This was a piece of what Jo considered reckless extravagance, only to be indulged in on the Saturday night of an extra good week.

Had his m ther not had the utmost confidence in Jo, she would have questioned him on his unusual haste in going out after dinner the last two nights, but she knew he would tell her the cause in good time, and she saw by his expression that he was bent on some good object.

"Weel, Jo," said the coal agent. "hev ye an order for me?"

an order for me?"

"Yes," said Jo, with pride; "ye're to send
"Yes," said Jo, with pride; "ye're to send
twa ton"—with great emphasis on the "wa"
—o' the very best coal; an' mind ye, if they're
no' guid, ye'll no get anither order frae me."
"Ye're a lad, Jo, as sure as death! Dinna
you be feared, my man, I'll no' disgrace ye;
an' that maun stand ye twa shillin's or half a
croon. But whaur am I to send them?"

Jo was so full of the importance of the
order, he forgot to mention the address, or

Jo was so full of the importance of the order, he forgot to mention the address, or perhaps he felt that there was only one person able to give such an order, and that every coal agent should know.

"Have ye forget the day o' the week, laddie?" said Jo's mother as he entered with the two pies, and smiting through a frail attempt at an expression of indifference. "This is no' Saturday."

irday."

I ken that fine, mother, but it's maybe
I ken that fine, mother it's maybe better than Saturday.

(To be continued.)

A QUEER GIRL.

"O MAMMA, what do you think?" cried Lottie Edwards, rushing into the cozy sitting-room one winter afternoon, on her sitting-room school. "What do you return from school. "What do you think? The haunted house is taken at last, and there is a girl in the family, and she comes to our school! She is such a queer girl, mamma, and all the girls have decided they will not allow her in our set she is so queer, you know.

Lottie was quite out of breath by this time, with her haste, and as she paused an instant her mother said quietly: "Why, my dear, you are all out of breath. When you have rected a little and are the you have rested a little, and can talk coherently, I'll hear you."

Lottie hung her wraps in a closet, then

sat down on an ottoman before the fire.
"Now, Lottie," said Mrs. Edwards,
"you may tell me all about it. Who has

you may tell me all about it. Who has taken the haunted house, and who is queer?"

"Why, it's a Mr. Townsend that lives there, and the girl's name is Gertrude, and she is so queer!"

"Now tell what makes Gertrude Towns-

she is so queer!
"Now tell what makes Gertrude Towns

"Now tell what makes Gertrude Townsend queer?" said Mrs. Edwards.
"Why—why she isn't like any of the girls, you know. In the first place, she lives in the haunted house, and that's

queer, I'm sure."

"In the first place," interrupted Mrs. "Gertrude is not at all responsible for that, if she lives at home with her Edwards, So we will count that out. parents. So we will count that each then you know there is no sense in talk-Then you know there is no sense in talk-ing about any house being haunted. People are so silly that a beautiful place People are so silly that a beautiful place has been allowed to go to ruin, and I adhas been allowed to go to ruin, and I adhas been allowed to go to ruin, and I adhas been allowed to go to ruin. mire those Townsends for living there. suppose, too, that the rent is low on account of the absurd stories, and they

may be poor." said Lottie. "That's another queer thing."
"Very common, though," observed her

but she dresses sort o' queer," mother.

said Lottie.
"Hasn't she a right to dress as she

pleases, provided she is neat and clean? asked her mother.
"Yes," replied Lottic hesitatingly "Yes," replied Lottie hesitatingly. She is real smart," she added.
"That is queer," commented Mrs. Ed-

wards dryly.
"Lottie laughed and blushed. "Well, she doesn't tell us anything about herself and family. She acts proud and exclusive, and poor folks have no right to be," ex-

claimed Lottie decidedly. Poor folks have just as much right to proper pride and exclusiveness as rich folks, my dear; but I've learned that what appears such is often shyness and diffiappears such is often suyness and dim-dence, mixed with a perfectly proper spirit of independence," said Mrs. Edwards, "Is that a complete list of your com-plaints against a stranger! If so, I complaints against a stranger? prantes against a stranger. It so, I consider your set very un-Christian and cruel,

deliberately to plan to leave a stranger out for no better re

ottie hung her head and made no reply. Her mother went on: "Now if I were ou, I would use my influence to get the girls to be kind to Gertrude."

girls to be kind to Gertrude.

"O, I couldn't! I never could!" cried Lottie. "You don't know. Marjorie Grey just runs the girls, and she is determined not to notice Gertrude."

"Well, if I couldn't 'run the girls,' I would run myself," said Mrs. Edwards decidedly: "and I should, for one, be hu-I never could!" cried

would run myselt," said Mrs. Edwards decidedly; "and I should, for one, be humane and Christian, and treat Gertrude exactly as I should like to be treated if I were in her place."

Lottie and her mother had a long conversation for Mrs. Edwards was surjoint.

versation, for Mrs. Edwards was anxious that her daughter should free herself from that her daughter should free herself from the influence of Marjorie Grey. She suc-ceeded in making Lottie see her duty, and she

ceeded in making Lottie see her duty, and she promised to try to make the stranger happy.
'I will call on the family," said Mrs. Edwards; "and if I find them nice people, you may call on Gertrude, and then invite her to our church and to join our Sabbath-school." She carried out her intentions, and reported a noor but respectively. our sandam-school. She carried out her intentions, and reported a poor but refined family; consisting of a pleasant-faced blind father, an invalid sister, and a brother who was an apprentice. Their brother who was an apprentice. entire income was as small that they could barely provide the necessities of life, and Gertrude was trying to fit herself for a

Lottie, through much discipline, was doing as she had promised; and at home and school she was kind to Gertrude, who proved to be a superior girl, and exceed-

ingly companionable.

The fall and winter terms pas during a short vacation Lottie Edwards to see some relatives in the country. She was taken sick there, and it was over two months before she returned home. Almost her first inquiry was for Gertrude

"She's very sick," said one of the girls,

shamefacedly, avoiding Lottie's eyes.

That evening Lottie went to see Ger-The blind father met her at the trude. The blind lather met her at the door, and recognizing her voice, welcomed her cordially. "I do hope that Gertrude will know you," he said.
"Is she so very sick?" asked Lottie.
"She is not expected to live," replied the trappbling voice.

the trembling voice.
"What caused her sickness?" asked

"Those foolish, wicked girls—her school-mates. After you went away none of them spoke to her except to ridicule her of them spoke to her came and tease her and try to frighten her about this house. One night she came and tease her one night she came about this house. One night she came home late, tired, and wet through with the rain. The girls had sent her on a fool's rain. errand by telling her that they saw me in Kirby's woods. She came home that way errand by terming her that they saw me in Kirby's woods. She came home that way to find me. The fright, exposure, and fatigue, added to what they had done before, made her sick. She was taken that night. In her delirium she let out how the girls tormented her."

the girls tormented her."

"The wicked things!" cried Lottie, vehemently, forgetting how near she came to hemently, the same set.

Sorrowfully she being in the same set. Sorrowfully she stood at Gertrude's bedside, and heard

"Don't, Marjorie! I can't help it, you know. O, don't tell me that story again!
It is horrible! My father—poor blind
father—in Kirby's woods! How could heavy my feet are! My eyes burn so! Father in heaven, forgive them; they know not what they do."

In a day or two, in answer to prayer, the ravings ceased, the fever cooled, and after weeks of languidness she arose and agreentually went had to calculate the calculate eventually went back to school. But her enemies were conquered. They bered her prayer: "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." Sunday-school Visitor.

MICHAEL ANGELO was one day explaining to a visitor at his studio what he had been doing to a statue since his previous visit: "I have retouched this part ed that feature, brought out this muscle, and given more energy to this limb. and given more energy to this find. Four these are trifles," remarked the visitor. "It may be so," replied the sculptor; "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and refertion is no trifle." and perfection is no trifle."

Winds and Showers.

THERE can't be sunshine every day At times the tempest lowers;
We cannot always take our way
Through meadows atrewn with flowers.

There's work in life, as well as play; There must be serious hours;
But blustering March winds lead the way
To softer April showers.

Ah! then will come the lovely May, That calls to wood and bowers.
When both alike have sped away.
March winds and April shows.

Hope comes before the sunshine ray, God gives to each the nower To struggle bravely on the way
Through wind and rain and shower.

SEVEN YEARS OLD.

"SEVEN Years Old To day." And what a sweet little lady she is, with her innocent soul looking out from her fair, thoughtful face, so full of baby wisdom! Seven years

face, so full of baby wisdom! Seven years is the time, generally considered, when life fairly begins for the little ones, when they become capable of voluntary reasoning, well or ill doing. As we look at a little child at this momentous age, and consider the possibilities before it, what a painful thought it is to remember that the pure soul may soon, now, become disfigured and loathsome through vice; that the dainty hands be given to works of sin. Ah! let those who have given to Ah! let those who have given to them the guardianship of these lovely human flowers care well for their precious charge, to pre-serve it from this withering touch. And you, little ones, do all you can, by will and endeavour, to save yourselves, and, through good example, help to save others.

HELPING.

THE basket of blocks was on the ground, and three rather cross little faces looked down at it. "It's too heavy for me," said

Jimmy. "Well, you are as big as I am, "I won't carry it," said the little cousin, with a pout.

Mamma looked from her open

Mamma looked from her open window and saw the trouble.

"One day I saw a picture of three little birds," she said.

"They wanted a long stick carried somewhere, but it was too large for any one of them to carry.

"They wanted a long stick carried somewhere, but it was too large for any one of them to carry. What do you think they did?
"We don't know," said

said the

twins.
"They all took hold of it to-

gether," said mamma, "and then they could fly away with it."

The children laughed and looked at each other. Then they all took hold together of the basket and found it was easy to easy.

and found it very easy to carry.

"The way to do all the hard things in this world," said mamma, "is for every one to help a little. No one can do them all; but every one can help, and 'many a little makes a mickle' in the giving of service as well as the giving of pennies."

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER. STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1160.1 LESSON IV. [Oct. 27.

THE CHILD SAMUEL

1 Sam. 3, 1-13, Memory verses, 1-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth.—

OUTLINE.

1. A Voice in the Night, v. 1-10. 2. The Judgment of the Lord, v. 11-13. Time.-B.C. 1160.

PLACE. -Shiloh. in central Palestine.

INTRODUCTORY.

Eli was at orce high priest and judge. His sin lay in his indulgence of his sons sine. These men took advantage of their position to corrupt the whole nation. There was no strong central government. The tabernacle stood in Shiloh, and the priests' apartments were attached to it.

HOME READINGS.

M. The child Samuel. - 1 Sam. 3. 1-13.

Tr. Growing in favour. —1 Sam. 3, 1-13.

W. Lent to the Lord. —1 Sam. 1, 21-28.

Th. His mother's joy. —1 Sam. 2, 1-11.

P. Judgment on Eli. —1 Sam. 2, 30-26.

S. Judgment completed. —1 Sam. 4, 40-18.

Su. Youthful knowledge of Scripture. —2 Tim. 2, 10-17. 3. 10-17.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. A Voice in the Night, v. 1-10.

What youthful servant and service are here

What precious gift was then rare?
What signs of old age appeared in Eli?
Where was Samuel at night?
What call came, and what answer was

To whom did Samuel go?
What was he bidden to do?

What did he say when he knew it was the Lord? Golden Text: "Speak, Lord; for thy servant heareth." 5. What did God tell Samuel that he was about to do? To penish the wickedness of Ell's sons. 6. How did Eli receive the message when Samuel told it to him? He was submissive to God's will.

DOOTRINAL SUGGESTION. - The divine reve-

CATROHISM QUESTIONS.

With what disposition of mind ought we to read or hear God's Holy Word?
With a meek and teachable disposition, with faith, and an intention to practice it by

seek God's help that we may put in practice.

LIQUOR ADULTERATIONS.

ONCE the writer had some conversation with a neighbour who was travelling agent for a wholesale liquor house, concerning some of the secrets of the liquor trade. The whole world is drinking wine out of the lettle handful of grapes grown

than a year I have been starving myself to save money enough to send my poor blind suster to Paris to be treated by a physician who has cured many cases of blindness similar to hers. I have always done my duty in this office, and have minded my own business. I am sacrificing everything in life for another. Would either of you do as much? Could any one do more?"

He had been judged without a knowledge of the circumstances.

Be slow to censure and condemn. We God's grace.

What is our further duty after hearing or reading it?

To meditate upon what we have heard, and

niggardly man ever employed in this office," said the compositor anguly
"Stop!" said the young man, choking with feeling. "You have insulted me."
The other compositors gathered around the man. The young man looked at the me.

the man. The young man looked at them for a few moments with a famished look

and a strange fire in his eyes. "You lit is know," he said, "how unjustly you have been treating and accusing me. For more

been treating and accusing me. For more than a year I have been starving myself to

Be slow to censure and condemn. We cannot read the hearts of others, and in many cases to know is to forgive all.

Judge not that ye be not judged.

DOING AND NOT DOING.

"SIR," said a lad, coming down to one of the wharves in Boston, and addressing a well-known merchant, "have you any beith on your ship? I want to earn something."

thing."
"What can you do?" asked the gentle-

"I can try my best to do whatever I am put to do," answered the boy.
"What have you done?"

"I have sawed and split all mother's wood for nigh on two years."

"What have you not done?" asked the gentleman, who was a queer sort of a questioner.

"Woll, sir," answered the boy, after a

"That's enough," said the gentleman;
"you may ship aboard this vessel, and I hope to see you the master of her some day. A boy who can master a woodpile day. A boy who can master a woodpile and bridle his tongue must be made of good stuff."—Our Sunday Afternoon.

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SEVEN YEARS OLD.

What did Samuel say a second time?
Of what was Samuel then is notant?
What did Eli perceive at the third call?
What did he bid Samuel to do?
What call then came? How did Samuel answer? (Golden Text.)
When God speaks to us what answer should we make? Acts 9. 6.

2. The Judgment of the Lord, v. 11-13. Who would be startled by the Lord's judg-

ant:
Against whom would the judgment be?
What had the Lord told Eli?
What evil now invited judgment?
To whom did Samuel tell the message?

Verses 16-18. Vorses 16-18.

What was Eli's answer? Verse 18.

What three marks of favour did the Lord show to Samuel? Verses 19-21.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where have we in this lesson-

- 1. An example of youthful piety?
 2. A lesson in prompt obedience?
 3. A warning against God's judgment?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the child Samuel do in the 1. What did the called Samuel do in the temple? He ministered unto the Lord. 2. What took place one night in the temple? The Lord called Samuel. 3. Who did Samuel suppose an calling him? Eli the priest. 4.

on the banks of a small creek in Poron the banks of a small creek in For-tugal. Madeira grows 30,000 barrels of wine yearly, and America alone drinks 50,000 barrels of Madeira wine! A Madeira wine, which few can tell from the genuine, is made in this country at a profit of 500 per cent. By mixing with cider, rain water, sulphuric acid and other ingredients, California wine is made in New Jorsey and sold at perhaps a thousand per cent. profit."

JUDGE NOT.

WE have no right to judge others until we know all the circumstances that influonce their conduct. In many cases we might act like those we condemn under like circumstances.

A young man employed ir a printing office in one of our largest ci tes incurred the ridicule of the other compositors on the ridicule of the other compositors on account of his poor clothes and unsociable behaviour. On several occasions subscription papers were presented to him for various objects, but he refused to give his money. One day a compositor asked him to contribute for a picnic party, but was politely refused. "You are the most