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BAY-MAKING IN SWITZERLAND.

WITZERLAND is chiefly a grazing and dary country. Hence the people cure all the hay they can. They will climb ap-parently inaccessible places for a scanty crep of hay which they will bring home on their heads, as shown in the picture. It is remarkable how man or beast can keep forthold on many of the steep mountain

"PASS 1T ON."

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

"WARY'T that a good sermon the new minister preached lastnight?" asked Jes Barton, one stormy Monday morning.

First-rate," responded his brother Bon, responded in brother Bon, without looking up from the book he was reading.

"I never understood the real

meaning of that text before. Did

'Let me see. What was the ti' Ben inquired, lazily. test /

Bent ye one another's burdens," replied Joe, wondering how Ben ould have been so stupid as not to remember even the beautiful

Yes, yes, so it was. It had shipped out of my mind altogether A very good text, indeed," Ben returned, indufferently.

"I mean to try to live by it, too, kreafter," Joe went on. "Don't pro think that it would be a good test for us boys to practise? I never knew till last might how much ten boys can do to lighten other people a burdens. Did you, Bens "I think we all have enough to

do to attend to our own business, without medding with other people's," Bon said, good-naturedly. "If we do our chores, run smands, and attend to our lessons, which are not much time to fool we have not much time to fool away on our neighbours."
"We might do many a little

hindness without going out of our ray, Ben, and, as Christian boys, I think we should," urged Joe.

"Well, yas, I suppose we should, if only we knew where to begin," serented Ben, closing his book with some show of interest.

There is Lester Thorp coming up the stops. Perhaps he can think of a plan," said Joe, opening the door to admit his friend. Eagerly to rehearsed the conversation that hid taken place between Ben and himself, and when he had finished, Lester agreed to join the brothers,

Lester agreed to join the brothers, in a kind of a circle, to help others. "It will be a "Ten" of some kind, like the girls have, I presume," said Ben, dryly.

"It will be a "Three" only; but three boys ought to do a little good in the world," replied Joe.

"A sort of a triangle instead of a circle," laughed Ben. "Where shall we begin operations? I want

shall we begin operations? I want to lift my share of somebody's

white my share of somebody's burden right away, and get back to my book. It is quite a burden to leave it."

"I noticed, as I crossed the street, that the snow was still lying a foot deep on Cranny Tate's pavement. What do you may to introducing the reform by clearing it was all leaves."

"Below": "that all mines ! What the street was all mines !"

"Pshaw! that old virago! Why, she might scold us for our impudence," retorted

Ben, with a wry face.
"There is no one there to do it but that Mender grand-daughter, Maria; and they are on the corner, with a pavement clear round two sides of the lot," urged Lecter.

"We will go there. I owe it to the old woman," said Joe, in a positive voice.
"Owe it to her!" exclaimed Ben.
"Pray, what did she ever do for you?"
"Why, she set her dog on me for crossing her garden, and I know of no be; or way of getting even with her," replied Joe.
"Dur't let us waste any more time, here

way of getting even with her," replied Joe.
"Don't let us waste any more time, boys.
I am aching to work off some of my surplus
goodness," cried Ben, with mock grants

as he picked up his hat.

Ten minutes later the clatter of their shovels brought Maria to the window, with

a sullen demand to know their business.
"Clearing the snow from your pavement," answered Joe, pleasantly.

Why can't I help Grainy bear her rheumatism by being more patient with her. Maria asked herself, as the boys

her." Maria asked herself, as the boys lifted their caps and bade her good morning. "I am going to try," and she did; but Granny never knew the boys' part in sweetening Maria's tempor.

That afternoon, Joe offered to stay away from the skating pond to take care of the baby, and when his mother questioned him, he told her of the society of "Three," and of the help the minister's sermon had given them.

"I must pass Joe's helpful words on, said the mother, wiping her eyes, and an hour later, when the new paster dropped

that every country has a great number of war-ships sailing on every ocean and sea Some are English, some belong to Russin, some to the United States and other lands.

These are called fleets. Each country owns a fleet of war-ships, and we know to what country they belong by the flag which floats from the highest point of every ship.

The very strongest iron and steel are used in building them, and the big guns point out from every side, making them look like huge monsters ready to devour everything.

everything.

Every country likes to boast of ships and their brave sailors. Now many are talking about one owned by the United States, named the Detroit. Her commander is thought to be very brave and fear less, but be never could stop a et rin or make the waves be su' when they were dashing over ha

We, as mission workers o to be proud of our Lord's ships, and know the names of them all They do not need cruel guns to conquer the nations. The white conquer the nations. flag of peace waves from every top mast as they sail from country to country, among the spice-perfumed islands that lie like lovely emerald shells turned upside down in the

They are welcome in every clime, for they sail into the bays laden with good news of a free salvation, and leave happiness and joy behind

The children of England and Scotland help pay the expenses of such ships by New Year's offerings which amount to many thousands of dollars every year.

A long time ago there was a fleet nobody could conquer. It was called "The Invincible." But after many years the ships were torn to pieces, and now sail the sass no more.

The ships of our Lord alone are invincible, for "the isles of the sea wait upon him."

The John Williams carries mis-

sionaries from place to place in the South Seas. The Good News and South Seas. The Good News and the steel lifeboat, Morning Star, on Lake Tanganylka, belong to an English missionary society. The Henry Wright is on the south coast of Africa. The Il-la-la is on Lake Nyassa The John Brown is for the Mendi Mission. The Ellen Gowan and Mary are for New Guinea.

The new Morning Star was built with money given by the ch Idren of America. Its history is very interesting, but too long to tell here. It sails on the Pacific Seas, a thing of life and beauty.

Seas, a thing of life and beauty. Scotland owns the Day Spring. It in for the New Hebridea. When those poor people heard the joyful news, they surely must have said:
"It is through the tender mercies four God that the Day Spring. of our God that the Day Spring
from on high hath visited us; to
give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; to guide

our feet into the way of peace." Soon may many new ships speed on errands of mercy and love!

Pray for them, workers.

HAY-MAKING IN SWITZERLAND.

"That is my work, returned Maria, pettishly. Granny will not give you a cent for your trouble."

cent for your trouble."

"We want nothing, Maria. It is not a woman's work, and we are just lending a hand in a neighbourly way," replied Lester.

"Thank you over so much," the girl said, brightening. "What can I do in return?"

"Pess the kindness on," said Joe, with a sunny face, as he shouldered his shovel.

"Why, that's just what the preacher said lest night," returned Maria.

"Yes," said Joe. "It was the sermon that set us to thinking."

in, looking tired and discouraged, she told him how much good his last night's sermon

had done the boys.
"I thought I had made a complete failure in my effort, last night," he said, in a trembling voice; "but now I can go home with a cheerful heart, and pass the kindness on to some other sorrowing heart.

THE LORD'S SHIPS.

BY MES. E. E. BREISFORD. MANY of our missionary workers know "My husband is so poetic," said a gushing woman to an old lady. "Have you ever tried rubbin' his-j'ints with harmborn liniment?' asked the old lady. "That'll straighten him out as quick as anything I know of, if he sin't get it too bad."

Sainthood.

BY BEV. EDWARD N. POMEROY.

Nor in the brow demore ot in the downcast eye, But in the purpose pure: Lies sainthood's prophecy.

To gain the holy grail Andsheaven's approving smile, Did mighty Launcelot ail, Because of purpose vile.

By faith unclogged with doubt, By fasting and by prayer, The demons are cast out, Though hell itself be there.

The victory over sin Hath never yet been given. To those who strove to win for only self and heaven.

Self-seeking must depart
Ere others' homage come;
The sovereigns of the heart
Are crowned by martyrdom.

Think not thy sainthood now Mankind will recognize; They who are crowned below Were first crowned in the skies.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 26, 1895.

THE FABLE OF THE FERN.

BY MRS. FAY M. NEWLAND.

A FERN grew by a little brook. Close to the fern lay a smooth, large stone. Not far away stood a stately tree, and thick among the grass grew violets, daisies, and sweet, woodsy things; while over all arched the blue summer sky. It was a happy life the fern lived, for she loved the brook, the stately tree, and all her happy neighbours. The brook was always full of talk and laughter and music, but close to where the fern grew was a deep, quiet pool where she could always see a perfect reflection of herself. A tall, white lily grew in the pool and was her dearest friend. They often whispered together.

"What a strange creature is this brook!" said the fern one day, nodding her head wisely to the lily. "He is always runwisely to the lily. "He is always running away and always coming again. Such a giddy gossip as he is, too, always talking and laughing and never serious for a

Just then the wind stirred the quiet pool where the lily grew and woke up some little waves, and they ran out into the very middle of the stream and told what the forn had said. On this the brook laughed lowler than ever, while he sang over the pebbles:

Flowing, flowing, flowing ever, Coming, going, staying never! You will go, but ne'er return, Happy, careless, fleeting fern. You will go, but come back never; I will come and go forever.

At this the fern was greatly troubled. Could it be true that she would not always stand by the great stone and the quiet pool, and enjoy her happy life? The brook ran on laughing and singing :

Coming, going, hast'ning, slowing, Mirth and music ever knowing Mirth and music ever knowing, Laughing, singing, ever whirling, 'Mong the rocks my wavelets curling, Autumn days will find me flowing Where now flowers and ferns are growing.

The song of the brook made the fern the song of the brook made the fern unhappy. She longed to live on with no thought of leaving this beautiful world. She looked at her reflection in the quiet pool, wondering if that might not remain. But she felt sure the fickle brook would care little to preserve it, and she turned to the steam when she will down felt in perfect the stone where her shadow fell in perfect and delicate tracery. Perhaps she might discover some way by which that would remain. So she asked the sun for help; but he seemed to be on a journey like the brook, and though he smiled kindly on her her was effort government. her, he was often gone away, and then her little shadow was lost in the great darkness that was over everything. The fern then asked the wind, but the wind only sighed so that the fern trembled violently and the shadow was blurred. Then she asked a cloud that was sailing across the sky, and as the cloud paused to listen, other clouds as the cloud paused to listen, other clouds came to her side, and they wept in sympathy with the fern. Their tears refreshed her, but she saw with sadness that they, too, cast a shadow, and that hers was lost in their

The bright summer days passed on. The violets had gone long since. The lily was now beginning to droop, and the fern noticed that some of her own beautiful fronds were growing brown and sear. There were more cloudy days now than in the summer. Sometimes the rain fell all day long. The more it rained, the noisier day long. The more it rained, the noisier and gayer grew the brook. He seemed to deepen and widen, too, as it rained, and the fern began to understand what he meant when he sang :

Autumn days will find me flowing Where now ferns and flowers are growing.

Finally the autumn really came, and verything slowly changed. New flowers everything slowly changed. New flowers bloomed in such gay and bright profusion of colour that the bank of the stream looked like an artist's palette; but the wind sighed loudly, and complained to the fern that they gave her no perfume, and that she loved far better the arbutus, the

violets, and all the sweet-scented darlings of the springtime.

One day a child straying by the brook wandered along its bank in happy play. The brook sang sweetly to the child:

Follow, follow after, Happy song and merry laughter, Children's hearts are true and sweet, Heaven and earth in childhood meet. Follow, follow, follow after, Happy song and merry laughter.

So the child and the brook ran on together, laughing and singing, till the child gether, laughing and singing, till the child paused to rest. Seeing the large, flat stone where the fern grew, he sat down and looked around in delight on the many bright flowers: "I will gather a great bouquet and carry it to sister." And he smiled brightly at the thought, but the tears came as he added softly; "It will be a long time before she will be strong enough to come out by the brook and gather flowers herself. The winter will soon come with snow, and then all these soon come with snow, and then all these beautiful flowers will be gone." So he gathered them into a great bouquet, and tying them with some long grasses that grew in the water, he laid them on the grew in the water, he had them on the stone, and then stooped down by the fern. "And I must gather you, too, beautiful fern, for my sister will say that you are even more lovely than the flowers." The fern trembled. She had long been silent, but way the confided bear with to the had. but now she confided her wish to the heart of the child, even that she might leave some impress of herself in the world. He looked at the beautiful shadow on the stone and then ran down to the brook. stone and then ran down to the brook. The fern thought sadly that he could do nothing to help her, but all the while he was looking among the pebbles of the brook till he found a small, red keil. With this he carefully traced the shadow

"This drawing will id to the fern, "but on the smooth stone. on the smooth stone. "This drawing will last for a time," he said to the fern, "but the snows of winter and the spring rains will finally wash it away. But I will carry you to my sister, and she may tell you how your wish may be satisfied."

So the fern was quite content to be carry

So the fern was quite content to be carried in the hands of the happy child. As he hastened away, the brook sang a part-

Run, dear child, with dancing feet, Carry fern and flowers sweet. Take thy gift to one who lies Watching thee with loving eyes From her couch of lingering pain, Longing to be free again. Follow, follow, follow after, Happy song and merry laughter.

It was a new experience to the fern to stand in a vase by the side of the little girl, who never tired of looking at its delicate fronds and who never forgot to have fresh water nut in the vase every morning. The water put in the vase every morning. ok flowed by the cottage, and from it child brought water each morning for his sister's fern.

One morning, as the little girl slept, the One morning, as the little girl slept, the fern whispered to the water in the vase:
"You have left the happy brook to refresh me and I am grateful, but you are quiet and sad. Is it because you miss the wild, free life of the brook?"

"I am not sad," said the water. "I will return to the brook. The kind sun will send down a support and it will

will return to the brook. The kind sun will send down a sunbeam, and it will carry me up to the clouds. Then the wind will blow us together, and we will come down in a shower. The brook and the flowers will drink the rain, so some time I will again go laughing and singing over the pebbles." This was a new thought to the fern.

The little girl stirred in her sleep, and the fern whispered to herself: "She grows stronger every day, while I am fading. Soon she will run and play with her brother by the brook, and I will be quite forgot-

But in her sleep the little girl heard But in her sleep the little girl heard the whispered regret of the fern, and thought of it all that day. So the next morning she said to her brother: "Give me the fern." He placed it in her hand. Holding it very gently, she said: "The fern has indeed faded and is now quite wilted, but I will never forget its beauty. I will never forget that it has made so many lonely days brighter and happier."

Then the fern knew that to leave one's

Then the fern knew that to leave one's image on another's heart is better to leave it in stone; that to gladden another's life, and so be remembered, is truly to live on. Through the open window came the song

> Follow, follow, follow after, Happy song and merry laughter. Children's hearts have summer weather; Flower and fern will grow together; Frost has there no power to enter, Heart of children knows no winter. Follow, follow, follow after, Happy song and merry laughter. -Zion's Herald.

THE CAGED EAGLE.

A MAN had a young eagle. He had caught it when it was young, alive and unwounded, and had kept it and fed it and brought it up and tamed it as far as it could be tamed. He had kept it shut in and domesticated. But he was going to emigrate to the other side of the world, and he thought where he would bestow his eagle. There was no use in taking it eagle. There was no use in taking it away. And then he thought, well, I will bestow it upon no one. I will give the bestow it upon no one. I will give the eagle its freedom; and he opened the henhouse where he kept the eagle oh, there is a kind of sermon in it; there are a lot of eagles living in health. eagles living in hen-houses—he opened it and he took the bird up and set it in his and he took the bird up and set it in his back garden, and to his great disappointment, it did not fly. It went about, very likely enjoying the wee bit bigger walk than it had, but it did not fly, so he actually lifted it, and put it upon the garden wall, and it looked down and he began to be a little sad and sorry and wished to be a little sad and sorry, and wished that he could have talked to the bird, and that he could have taked to the bird, and told it what the poet said about it, and how it is the symbol of freedom and power to soar into the very eye of the sun. But suddenly, he said, a cloud that had been

there passed away, and a burst of warm, bright light came out, and the eagle looked there passed away, and a burst of warm, bright light came out, and the eagle looked up. Could it remember the days of its youth? It gathered itself together, and lifted up one wing, and stretched it out, and it lifted up the other, and then with a scream away it went, and it was soon a mere mote far away in the blue heavens. This is what faith does to the soul that gets quick touch with God. All the chains are broken. The prison door is opened, and every one's bands are loosed. "They that wait on the Lord mount up with wings as eagles."

SINGING SAND.

THERE are a few beaches in the world on which are found "singing sands;" so called because of a prolonged musical sound heard when walking through the sand or stirring it with a stick. One of the best known beaches where the phenomenon occurs is at Manchester, about twenty-five miles from Boston. Another place is on one of the Hebrides Islands. Some of the sands were sent to an American scientist last year for examination. can scientist last year for examination.
One portion was sealed in bottles, and another sent in bags. The latter lost their peculiar properties, but the former sang sweetly on being stirred. No satisfactory sweetly on being stirred. No satisfactory cause for the curious sound has yet been discovered. One peculiarity of these musical beaches is that they occur in comparatively small patches, and the sound is not always of uniform loudness. It is said that clour the character of the Court for the character of the char that along the shore of the Carribean Sea there is a place where a disturbance of the sands makes a noise like the barking of a



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

November 3, 1895.

Pure Thoughts and Deeds.—Exodus 20. 14.

Crimes and all manner of wickenness in their origin in the heart, out of which "proceed evil thoughts," etc. (Matt. 15. 19.) The prayer, "Cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit," a suitable prayer to offer at all times. is a suitable prayer to offer at all times. Every means should be adopted to avoid im-Every means should be adopted to avoid impure thoughts. Obscene pictures should never be looked upon. Persons who attend theatres are sure to see many objects which are of an immoral tendency, hence those who wish to preserve purity of heart should never attend such places. Books and periodicals of an immoral tendency, hence those who wish to preserve purity of heart should never attend such places. Books and periodicals which tend to impure thoughts should never be read. Book-stands often contain books of this class which do immense harm to young people. Immodest actions and indecent conversation should never be indulged, for the tendency of both is only evil. In some instances the fashions of dress are productive of evil. John B. Gough testifies that the wicked scenes which he beheld in the earlier part of his life often came into his mind in the after years and were the cause of much misery part of his life often came into his mind in the after years and were the cause of much misery to him. We have need to pray with the Psalmist, "Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity." (Psalm 119. 37.) No matter how much we may be tempted with evil thoughts, we do not commit any sin until we yield to them. The best of persons are tempted as Christ was, but yield not temptation, for yielding is sin.

WHILE John Vassar was a liquor seller, WHILE John Vassar was a liquor seller, nobody thought he was a fanatic in pressing his business, but when he became a Christian, and his one thought was to win men to Christ, they pronounced him a fool. The politician who talks nothing but politics, the lawyer whose mind is absorbed by law, the merchant who thinks of little besides merchandise, is commended by the world. but let a Christian have only by the world, but let a Christian have only one thought, and that for Christ, and make that prominent, he is put down as a fanatic. May God fill our churches with just such fanatical men, men who are not ashamed to carry their hope and the promise on which it is based into any circle, and contend for the faith once for all delivered to the saints, among any company

"Look Up, Lift Up."

BY THE REV. D. A. PERRIN.

Look up, look up to Jesus, Fail day of life begun, He will with joy receive us Who seek the race to run; His glory be our motto, Salvation be our aim, Look up to him for wisdom, Ye shall not seek in vain.

Lift up, lift up to Jesus,
Each other's helpers be,
His presence shall go with us,
And give us victory;
Let every work of mercy
Employ our every hour,
Lift up, lift up to Jesus,
And save from Satan's power.

Look up, look up to Jesus,
And in his footsteps tread,
Pursue the bright example,
By his great Spirit led;
Lift up, lift up the fallen,
And gather in the youth,
By Christ our Lord forgiven,
Rejoicing in the truth.

Look up, look up to Jesus,
The pledge within the heart,
Lift up, lift up to Jesus,
All who from sin depart;
Sing of our noble mottoes,
"Look up," "Lift up" for aye,
"Look up" by faith to Jesus,
"Lift up" each other, yea.

PUDDIN'

An Edinburgh Story,

W. GRANT STEVENSON, A.R.S.A.

CHAPTER III.

Many besides the old coal agent had remarked of Jo, "That laddle'll get on." His partner had got tired of the work, and Jo was not sorry to part with him.

partner had got tired of the work, and Jo was not sorry to part with him.

The dissolution of partnership had been talked of for some time, and Jo, feeling himself unable to drag the load unaided, and being at the same time averse to taking another partner, had been arranging a scheme of—to him—the greatest magnitude, being nothing less than carrying on the business by means of a horse and cart, the preparations for which had been arranged at nights, while his partner was talking of leaving.

It was winter. Building was almost, if not entirely suspended; the quarries were not

It was winter. Building was almost, if not entirely suspended; the quarries were not being worked, and, as a consequence, the horses were—as Jo had heard the owner say—"eating their heads off, in the stable," and he had no difficulty in arranging to have the use of one on easy terms, and his old friend the coal agent was only too glad to lend him a cart, and at the same time give him a few the coal agent was only too glad to lend him a cart, and at the same time give him a few shillings per week, in return for Jo assisting him with the delivery of his orders, which he would have been otherwise unable to overtake, owing to the extra pressure of business brought on by the cold weather.

"Man, Jo, ye're a perfect wonder," said the old man one day, when Jo returned for a third ton of coals. "Hoo in the world d'ye manage to get orders, an' frae such swells, too?"

"Oh, it's Mrs. Fraser I'm obleeged to for it a' maistly. She sneaks to a lot o' her freends; she's an awfu' kind leddy."

Jo's excitement and pride knew no bounds as he drove to the canal basin for the first time."

Jo's excitement and pride knew no bounds as he drove to the canal basin for the first time with a cart of coals, the climax of his importance being reached as he picked on one of the porters waiting at the gate for a job. A laugh all around was the first response, followed by banter at Jo's expense; but the man addressed, seeing Jo's good-natured face, said—

Wha are ye drivin' for? Ye're young at the Ye're young at the

"I'm no' drivin' for onybody," said Jo appropriately, as if ashamed of the importante of his position. "I'm in business for mysel". mysel*

Ha, ha, ha! Weel, you beat a', upon my Mord

word: ye're a caution."

"Hyte, Tam, my man," said Jo, addressing the horse, more f r the purpose of showing his companion the familiar terms on which he was with it than with any intent to hurry it. He had picked on Tam as it was one of the horses his father used to drive, and he had often fed it and stroked its soft, warm nose.

"The beast kens ye."
"Ay, fine," Jo replied saddy, thinking of the many one-sided conversations he had had with it in its stable. "Man, Tam," he said

on one of these occasions, "I wish ye could dae something wi' my faither to stop 'um frae drinkin'. Ye canna speak like Balaam's cuddy, to tell him aboot my mother, but ye could gang richt past the public-hoose an' no' stop, an' if he did offer to gang in, jist catch 'um by the cuff o' the neck an' haul 'um awa'. I read aboot anither horse daein' that, an' I'm sure you have as muckle sense as ony horse."

This and many similar secrets had been This and many similar secrets had been half whispered into Tam's nose, which Jo could be ly reach at the time, and that only when it rered its head for the hay which he held to it, and Jo at any rate felt relieved that he had confided his troubles where they would not be betrayed.

"Ye're kind o' thochtfu'. What's yer name?" said the man, interrupting the reverie.

"They ca' me Jo. Ay. I was thinkin' aboot Tam here; I've kent'um since ever I

can mind."

can mind."

"That'll be a lang time," said the man, with good-humoured sarcasm.

Jo, however, was soon on the best of terms with the porters, for as he gave them work they were careful not to offend him, and he could take in good humour their mild jokes with him, and was not displeased when they said, "Here comes Mr. Keddie," though he knew it was not altogether said as one speaks to an employer.

with him, and was not dispersed with him, and was not dispersed with the was not altogether said as one speaks to an employer.

That first night of his experience as coal agent Jo felt was an episode which must be celebrated by taking home two pies. He had done a good day's work, which brought its own satisfaction; he had more money than usual to give his mother; and a victorious general never felt more pride in returning to the capital than did Jo as he triumphantly entered the stable yard, in charge of Tam; his mother saw him, and that was more than the huzzas of the crowd to the general, and if he envied any one in the world it was the owner of Tam. "Man, Tam," he said as he fed the horse, "if I was yer maister I wad like; an' there's nae sayin', if I mak' as much every day as I've dune the day, I think I could save enough to buy ye. An' if ever I'm able to buy a horse it'll be you, if Simpson 'll pairt wi' ye. It's better for me as it is the noo, but then in the simmer-time he'll need ye, an' I wadna like to see ony ither man drivin' ye; but I doot it'll be a lang time or I could buy ye, for ye're a far better horse nor Bob, an' he got sixteen pound for him—sixteen pound! what a lot o' siller! I wonder hoo lang it wad tak' me to gether up that, if I could lay past five shillin's a week? I'll coont it up on the slate when I gang hame, an' maybe Simpson wad let me hae ye on the three-years' system—thou_h I wadna like that; I wad like to feel that ye were my very sin."

"Pies again, laddie!" said his mother, as

though I wadna like that; I wad like to less that ye were my very ain."

"l'ies again, laddie!" said his mother, as Jo entered with the luxury which meant a good day. "We're gettin' reg'lar extravagant, though I shouldna say that o' you, for naebody could think less o' buyin' things for theirsel' than you."

"What d'ye think I've made the day, mother?"

mother?"
"I dinna ken, laddie, but ye're a perfit"—
"Five shillin's," said Jo, interrupting the coming compliment.
"Five shillin's?"
"Avy I was two roles for Inglia the coal.

coming compliment.

"Five shillin's?"

"Ay; I was twa rakes for Inglis the coal man, and three for mysel'. If I could dae as much as that every day, I could sune buy a horse; at least, I'm gaun to coont it up on the slate, an' we'll try to put something in the Savin's Bank every Saturday."

"I've jist been coontin' up, mother," he said after dinner, "an' it wull tak' aboot a year an' a half to buy Tam—that's the name o' my horse—if I was to lay by five shillin's a week; an' that's no' sae much, either. I'm sure my faither drinks mair than that when he's workin—isn't it awfu'? Just think of onybody drinkin' Tam!"

Jo seldom mentioned his father's name, and as he saw his reflection had brought the sad expression to his mother's face, he hastened to change the subject by narrating the day's experiences.

"I got twa shillin's a'thegither frae the

ened to change the subject by narrating the day's experiences.

"I got twa shillin's a'thegither frae the different hooses I was at, an' then what Inglis alloos me on orders, an' he's to gie me mair on Saturday for the use o' Tam, an' I got mair to eat frae the folk I took coals to than I could tak', but I put it in my pouch for Tam. I wish I could buy Tam; I'm awfu' fond o' 'um, an' I'm sure he kens me. If ye saw 'um cock his lugs when I come oot o' a hoose, to see if I have a bit breid for 'um! an' a leddy an' gentleman lauched when they saw 'um lookin' at me an' nicherin' when he saw me gaun forrit wi' a bit piece."

"Weel, laddie, ye wad mak' onybody lauch wi' yer big notions aboot buyin' a horse. I'm sure we have a lot to be thankfu' for as it is."

"I ken that fine, mother, an' I am thankfu';

"I ken that fine, mother, an' I am thankfu'; "I ken that me, mother, and I am manktu"; but shouldn't ye aye try to better yoursel'? Nachody wad get on in the world if they werena aye aimin' at something. I'm content,

an' mair nor content in yae way, but I'll no' be content in anither as lang as workin' can mak' me better. The porters were lauchin' at me this mornin' at the canal basin, but they

mak' me better. The porters were lauchin' at me this mornin' at the canal basin, but they were gey an' glad to get a job frae me."

"I was jist lauchin' at yer auld-fashioned notions, for guid kens I'm prood o' ye, laddie, an' mair than sorry that I've to tak' siller frae ye; an' if yer faither wad only—"

"Ta, never mind. We're gettin' on fine, an' ye have Mrs. Fraser to thank mair nor me for a' the siller ye get, an' if I hadna you an' Maggie to work for I wadna hae half the pleesure in my wark; I dinna care a snuff for siller if it wasna for you."

When Saturday came, Jo insisted on his mother taking the half-holiday with him, Maggie, of course accompanying them. Jo was on the important undertaking of opening an account at the Savings Bank in Grove Street, and as he left the bank with the book in his hand his pride was greater than that of most large shareholders, reading over and over again with evident satisfaction, "Joseph Keddie," and in the shilling column "5." He would not hurt his mother's feelings by asking her not to say anything of the bankbook to his father, but he was thinking where he could safely keep it, and trusted to her saying nothing of it. It is true that money brings care. Jo could hardly fix on any place safe enough. He felt that the best plan would be to ask Mr. Inglis to keep it with his other books in the safe, but the great objection was that by se doing he would not have the satisfaction of seeing it as often as he could wish; in the meantime, at any rate, he would keep it in his pocket. And when on Sunday morning he went to give the horse a walk out for a drink, followed by breakfast, the found a hole in the wall in the dark shadow of the manger, which he determined to adept as his safe.

"D'ye see that, Tam?" he said, holding out the book for the horse's inspection. "That's

walk out for a drink, followed by breakfast, the found a hole in the wall in the dark shadow of the manger, which he determined to adept as his asfe.

"D'ye see that, Tam?" he said, holding out the book for the horse's inspection. "That's the beginnin' o' my savin's, an' when I heve enough I'll see if I can buy ye. Hoo wad ye like to hae me for a maister, eh? Ya, auld man, ye ken fine ye wad like me. Eh, it wad be rare if ye belanged to me. 1'ye ken what I wad dae? I wad hae ye a' polished up on Saturday afternoon, an' pit a lot o' clean strae in the cart, an' you an' me an' my mother an' Maggie wad a' gang awa' to the country for the fresh air, an' I wad tak' ye oot o' the cairt an' let ye pu' the fine fresh grass for yersel', an' that wad be sweeter to ye than eatin' that dry hay. Wadn't that be fine, eh? It wad be a reg'lar picnic for us a'."

Jo was soon lost in the delightful scheme he had pictured to the horse, and when he brought himself back from his imaginary bliss he said, "I wish I could keep thae things oot o' my heid; I aye feel sae sorry I canna cairry them oot. I mind when I was in the country wi' the Sunday-school picnic, I was aye wishin' my mother an' Maggie required no persuasion,—and on one of these occasions he managed to cross the canal bridge, from which the coal office could be seen, and sa d, with all the carelessness he could assume, "That's whaur I gang wi' my orders."

(To be continued.)

HOW SMALL BIRDS CROSS THE OCLAN.

A GERMAN author, Adolf Ebelling, writing in the Gartenlanbe, asserts that he found it currently believed at Cairo, that wagtails and other small birds cross from Europe to Nubia and Abyssinia on the backs of storks and cranes, and details the result of conversations which he had with several independent witnesses, all testify-

several independent witnesses, all testifying to the same thing. He then proceeds:

"At supper, in the Hotel de Nile, I related the curious story to all present, but, naturally enough, found only unbelieving ears. The only one who did not laugh was the Privy-Councillor von Heuglin, the famous African traveller, and, executing Brehm, the most celebrated excepting Brehm, the most ce'ebrated authority of our time on birds in Africa. On asking his opinion, he remarked: 'Let others laugh—they know nothing about it.
I do not laugh, for the thing is well known to me. I should have made mention of it in my work, if I had had any personal proof to justify it. I consider the case probable, though I cannot give any warrant for it?

"My discovery, if I may so call it," continues Herr Ebelling, I would have kept to myself—even after Heuglin had kept to myself—even after Heughn had thus expressed himself, had I not discovered a new authority for it. In the second book of Dr. Petermann's great book of travels, I find the following: 'Pro-

fessor Roth, of Munich, related to me, in Jerusalem, that the well-known Swedish traveller, Hedenborg, made an interesting observation on the island of Rhodes, where he was staying. In the autum, when the storks came in flocks over the sea to Rhodes, he often heard the notes of small hirds without being a w birds, without being able to see them; but, on one occasion, he observed a party out, on one occasion, ne observed a party of storks just as they alighted, and saw several small birds come off their backs, having been transported by them across

THREE TALENTS FOR EVERYBODY.

THAT story which Jesus told his friends about the use of the talents has a meaning, even for the children. This is how the celebrated Scottish writer, Robert Louis Stevenson, explained it:

Stevenson, explained it:

Talking one day to the children in his friend Miss Large's school at Apia (in Samoa) about this parable, he told them there were three talents they all possessed:
"Tongues, that they must use to be cheerful and make those happy who were round them. Faces, that they must keep bright as a new shilling, so that they might shine like lamps in their homes. Hands, that they must keep employed in useful work cheerfully done; and if they spent their lives in doing these things for the good of others, they might be told at last: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me.'"

DID I GUIDE YOU STRAIGHT?

WHEN General Wolseley was about to indertake his march over the plains of the Nile for his last engagement with Arabi he secured the services of an educated young Scotchman, who was familiar with the course, to guide the movements of his army. Before they took up their march the General said to him:

the General said to him:

"Now, I want you to guide me straight; guide me by the star."

During the battle that followed, the young man was mortally wounded. Hearing of this, General Wolseley visited him in his tent. As he entered, the dying solution spring his aver and said: ing of this, General Wolseley visited film in his tent. As he entered, the dying soldier raised his eyes and said:
"Didn't I guide you straight, General?
Didn't I guide you straight?"
And the General could only acknowledge that he did

ledge that he did.

Is this not a most appropriate question Is this not a most appropriate question for parents, pastors, and teachers to ask as we look upon the souls committed to our trust? By our example have we led our followers only in the paths of safety? In our instructions have we declared the truth, warmly, earnestly, plainly, affectionately? Have our warnings been faithful and tender and loving?

In our exhortations have we pleaded with

In our exhortations have we pleaded with them "as dying men with dying men"? In our supplications for them at the throne of grace, have we wrestled for them as did He whose heart's desire and prayer for Israel was that they might be saved! Can it be said of us-

He watched and wept, he prayed and felt

for all;
As a bird each fond endearment tie

As a pird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the
skies.
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay.
Altured to brighter worlds and led to way.

Can we say, as we will want to say when we look up from our dying beds, I guide you straight?

WHAT A PITY!

Can it be possible that our pretty girls are encouraging the slaughter of our birds? It is estimated that about five million It is estimated that about five million song-birds are annually required to fill the demand for the ornamentation of the hats of American women. The slaughter is not confined to the singing birds, however; everything that has feathers is a target for the bird butcher. It is said that in a single season about forty thousand terms were killed at Cape Cod, Mass., and the swamps and marshes of Florids have been depopulated of their egrets and herons for the and marsnes of riorids have been depopulated of their egrets and herons for the sole purpose of using their plumage in millinery.—Sunday-School Visitor.



BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

By a natural impulse, when the time comes, the birds from the South or North are on the move homeward again. A writer says: "How I sympathize with them, especially in the autumn, when they have to move. Some go to Brazil, some to Florida, some to the tablelands of Mexico; Florida, some to the tablelands of Mexico; but all unanimous in the fact that they must go soon, for they have marching orders from the Lord, written in the pictorial volume of the changing leaves. There is not a belted kingfisher, or a chaffinch, or a fire-crested wren, or a plover, or a redlegged partridge, but expects to spend every winter at the South; and after thousands of miles of flight they stop in the same tree where they spent the previous January. In every autumn let them strew the continent with music."

Birds, joyous birds of the wandering wing! Whence is it ye come with the flowers of spring?

-"We come from the shores of the green old

Nile, From the land where the roses of Sharon

From the palms that wave through the Indian

sky,
From the myrrh-trees of glowing Araby.

"We have swept c'er the cities in song renowned, Silent they lie with the deserts round!

We have crossed proud rivers, whose tide hath rolled

All dark with the warrior blood of old;
And each worn wing hath regained its home,
Under peasant's roof-tree or monarch's
doma."

And what have you found in the monarch's

dome,
Since last we traversed the blue sea's foam?

—"We have found a change, we have found a pall,

And a gloom o'ershadowing the banquet hall, And a mark on the floor as of life-drops spilt, Nought looks the same, save the nest we built?"

Oh! joyous birds, it hath still been so; Through the halls of kings doth the tempest

go, But the huts of the hamlet lie still and deep, And the hills o'er their quiet a vigil keep,—Say, what have you found in the peasant's cot, Since last ye parted from that sweet spot?

-- "A change we have found there-and many

a change!

Faces, and footsteps, and all things strange!

Gone are the heads of the silvery hair,

And the young that were have a brow of

And the place is hushed where the children

played; Nought looks the same, save the nest we made !

d is your tale of the beautiful earth, Sad is your tale of the beautiful earth,
Birds that o'ersweep it, in power and mirth!
Yet through the wastes of the trackless air,
Ye have a Guide, and shall we despair?
Ye over desert and deep have passed, So may we reach our sweet home at last,

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER. STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 1120.] LESSON V. [Nov. 3.

SAMUEL THE JUDGE.

Memory verses, 12, 13. 1 Sam. 7. 5-15. GOLDEN TEXT.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us .-1 Sam. 7. 12.

OUTLINE.

Penitence, v. 5, 6.
 Prayer, v. 7-9.
 Pewer, v. 10-15.

Тімк. - В.С. 1120.

PLACE. - Mizpeh, in the tribe of Benjamin. RULER.—Samuel; probably the only one of all the "judges" whose control extended over most of the land. He was one of the purest and wisest rulers this world has ever seen.

INTRODUCTORY.

Samuel was still a young man. As soon as he found the reins of the nation in his hands he sought to bring about a great reformation. He first urged a revival of personal religion; then gathered a public assembly.

HOME READINGS.

M. Samuel the judge.—1 Sam. 7. 5-15.
Tu. An upright judge.—1 Sam. 12. 1-5.
W. Daniel's intercession.—Dan. 9. 8-19.

Prayer answered.—Psalm 99. Remembering God.—Psalm 20. God's compassion.—Joel 2. 12-17. Prayer for others.—1 Tim. 2. 1-8.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

Penitence, v. 5, 6,

What gathering occurred at Mizpeh, and for what purpose?

What acts of penitence did the people per-

form?
What confession did they make? What is promised to the true penitent? Prov. 28. 13.

2. Prayer, v. 7-9.

Who heard of the gathering at Mizpeh, and what did they do?
How did this movement affect the Israelites?

What appeal did they make to Samuel?
What offering did Samuel make?
To whom did he cry, and with what effect?
What gracious promise of answer does the
Lord give? Isa. 65. 24.

3. Power, 10-15.

What danger threatened as Samuel sacri-

ficed?
Whose power saved Israel, and how? How far did Israel pursue the Philistines? What memorial of victory did Samuel

set up? ... What did the memorial mean? (Golden

Text.)
How long had Israel rest from the Philis-

tines?
What cities were restored to Israel?
What cities were restored to Israel? With what people had Israel peace? How long did Samuel judge Israel?

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught-

That God demands penitence?
 That God hears prayer?
 That God defends his people?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. For what did Samuel gather the people 1. For what did Samuel gather the people to Mizpeh? For a service of confession.
2. What was the great lesson which in substance Samuel here taught them? "Cease to do evil; learn to do well." 3. What was the result of this new consecration? A victory for Israel. 4. In what words did Samuel recognize this divine help? Golden Text: "Hitherto hath the Lord," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The efficiency of

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What is worship?

The service of adoration, praise, thanks-giving and prayer, which intelligent creatures owe to God.

What do you mean by adoration and praise?
The reverent acknowledgment of the Divine majesty and perfections and works.

IN THE CHILDREN'S HC. ... AL, TORONTO.

A PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES.

BY MISS S. M. IVES.

I REMEMBER reading some years ago, "Tis sad to see a man suffer, sadder still a woman, but saddest of all a child." This sentiment struck me at the time as being wonderfully true, and has since been confirmed in my own experience.

For nearly twenty munths I was engaged

in hospital nursing at the Sick Children's Hospital, and do not hesitate to say they were the happiest months of my life, although my school and college days are full of bright remembrances.

In merely visiting a children's hospital one is apt to go away feeling depressed and saddened by the sights and sounds seen and heard there, and knowing but little of the bright side of the picture. There-pre, we will for a few minutes take a peep behind the scenes" into some of

the real joys of a nurse's life.

Can any one help loving children? Their freshness, their innocence, and their very dependence upon us call forth our love in no small degree. And if this be true of those who are full of life and health, how much more so of those who (alas, too often through the sin and carelessness of those to whom they owe their very being) are forced to spend long hours in weary pain and suffering. Without this love I am convinced that it would be almost impossible for pure very long to the sum of th ble for a nurse to perform the many trying duties which fall to her lot; duties which none but those who have passed through the mill (as the saying is) know anything

Imagine a pleasant, airy ward, the walls prettily decorated with pictures and mottoes, and ranging round the room the cots and beds of the little patients. It is seven a.m., and as I enter the room to commence the duties of the day I am greeted with "Oh, nursie, come and kiss me first." No, me first, nursie," from all sides, and so I move from bed to bed complying with this request, and feeling so many pairs of loving little arms around my neck I assure you I am amply repaid for all the fatigue Imagine a pleasant, airy ward, the walls you I am amply repaid for all the fatigue and care which I know will come during and care which I know will come during the day. At 8 a.m. our little ones are ready for breakfast, looking as fresh and bright as daisies, as with folded hands and shut eyes they all join in singing, "We thank thee, Lord, for this our food," etc., and even those who are too ill to want breakfast like to "help the others sing."

After breakfast come prayers, and then to After breakfast come prayers, and then to the work of the morning.

Come and watch this first dressing, one

of the most painful in the ward. or the most painful in the ward. As we bend over our little liertie, striving to be as gentle and painless in our work as possible, what do we hear her saying? "Nursie, I don't fink it will be so very bad to-day, do you?'cos I asked God not to let it be;" and God who cares for the guerral. and God who cares for the sparrows hears his little one's cry, and gives her strength to bear it.

Let us glance at the next bed a moment Let us glance at the next bed a moment or two whilst little Cora is getting her ear dressed. And although we can see by her face the intense pain she is suffering, there is not a sound of murmuring, and when it is all over all she wants is "to lie in nursie's arms and forget the pain."

Now can you spare a moment, or two to

Now, can you spare a moment or two to come with me into the boys' ward, and as you stand by little Arthur's bed and look at his white, wan face, almost convulsed with pain, you will hear him say, "I am going to try and bear it without crying to-day, nursie, because I know it hurts you so when I cry."

And so the morning quickly passes away.

Dinner is served at one o'clock, commenced and ended with the hymn of thanksgiving, and then our little ones in their pretty red and white jackets giving themselves up to the enjoyment of the afternoon with their the enjoyment of the afternoon with their toys and picture books. This afternoon a little girl is brought in looking the very picture of misery and distress, and when I have carefully tended to her wants and placed her in the pretty green cot with its snowy quilt, her wee, wan face brightens as her eves wander round the room and snowy quilt, her wee, wan face brightens as her eyes wander round the room and seem to feast on the pictures and toys. And bending over her I say, "Is it nice in here, Maudie?" "Oh, yes," she says, "may I stop here always?" and I could but echo that "always," and pray that it might be so, knowing the home from whence she had just been brought.

The afternoon wears away until the tea-

whence she had just been brought.

The afternoon wears away until the teabell rings at 5 o'clock, and by 6.30 the duties for the day are all finished and the bairnies comfortably settled for the night, waiting for what, to both nurse and children, is the sweetest time of all the day, "the singing time." And as I turn from "the singing time." And as I turn from the argan with the quanties, "What shall



it be first, children?" the requests are so numerous that we have to take each one in turn. Then, hark! as through the hush and stillness of the ward there rise from the lips of each little one, with folded hands and closed eyes, the sweet words of the evening hymn,

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me, Bless thy little lamb to-night, Through the darkness be thou near me, Keep me safe till morning light," etc.,

none knowing ere the coming morrow shall dawn which "little lamb" may be gathered by the "tender Shepherd" into the everlasting fold, where "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away." the former things are passed away.

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