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VOL. XIX.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 21, 1899.

Na 42.

A Tragedy in Three Parts. Part I.-The Bonnet.

A bit of foundation as big as your hand; Bows of ribbon and lace; Wire sufficient to make them stand, A handful of roses, a velvet band— It lacks but one crowning grace.

Part II .- The Bird.

A chirp, a twitter, a flash of wings, Four wide-open mouths in a nest; From morning till night she brings and brings,

growing birds, they are hungry things-Ave! hungry things at the best.

The crack of a rifle, a shot well sped; A crimson stain on the grass;

THE BLACKSMITH'S PETS.

BY MRS. M. JEANIE MALLARY.

Nollie Winters and her brother, Hal. had gone with their parents to spend the summer months in the country. The children were always on the look-out for something new, and one evening, as they were strolling together. Nellie exclaimed: "Oh, the swallows!" The pretty

My!" exclaimed Hal. "If I only had brought ray sling-shot! Wouldn't I make them dance? Why, I could kill half a dozen at one throw, I do believe." "Hal, would you kill a pretty, little swallow?"
"Indeed I would

"Indeed I would. Wouldn't it be fun? Why didn't I bring my sling-shot?"

believe when that boy knelt to say his prayers at night, Jesus would turn his face away."

"Oh, but didn't you hear mother call them 'peats,' and don't they build their clay-nests in our chimneys, and once in a while, don't they come tumbling down full of those horrid, little unfeathered balls, making a big litter of clay and soot? Ugh!"
"See that bright-eyed little one on the

lowest wire. Hal, how pretty! Now it darts for a fly—"
W-h-l-z-z went something right by

Hal's head, and down fell the bird at his feet. The children had not noticed a blacksmith's shop near; but now they were filled with terror, as a man, with sleeves rolled up to his shoulders, caught my sling-shot!"

they were out of hearing, and then Hal, slapping his pocket, exclaimed:

"Whew! Afa't I glad I didn't bring my sling-shot!"

dead, but now she's hurt, and will die, too, I'm afraid."

"Its leg is broken, sir; let me take it home with me and nurse it." said Nellie.
"It's my namesake, sir," and she pressed her lips to its brown head as the blacksmith laid it in her hand tenderly, and then, as the tears glistened in her eyes, she added:

"I'll try not to let it die."

Then they said "Good evening." and started homeward, and the blacksmith

stood with arms akimbo, and watched them till almost out of sight. Not a word did the children speak until sure they were out of hearing, and then Hal,

THE BLACKSMITH'S PETS.

She has surely a queenly air; The bonnet had flowers and ribbon and

lace: But the bird has added the crowning grace-

It is really a charming affair.

Is the love of a bonnet supreme over all. In a lady so faultlessly fair?
The Father takes heed when the spar-

rows fall, He hears when the starving nestlings call_

Can a tender woman not care?
—Anon., in Current Literature.

Ah! well, we will leave the rest unsaid;
Some things it were better to pass.

Part III.—The Wearer.

The lady has surely a beautiful face,
She has surely a queenly air;

"Buddie, I don't think it would be fun at all. See how low they fly; just as much as to say, 'I trust you. I trust you.'"

"Ha! Ha! Nellie, you've got the "Oh," exclaimed Nellie, "he didn't do "t, sir, indeed be didn't."

As soon as Hal could catch a good

let us boys shoot guns in these kind of places, for fear of frightening horses. and these birds know it, and when they fly tow, it is to say. I dare you. I never could take a dare, and wouldn't now, if I had my sling-shot. Why, I'd sling it so softly, nobody would know it, and even the birds world won-der how they come dead. Ha! ha:

"Oh," exclaimed Nellie, "he didn't do As soon as Hal could catch a good

breath he said "I didn't throw at all, sir; the rock came over my head."

"Then, young gentleman, I beg your pardon. You see, I began to pet two swallows, so that they would come and eat out of my hand. Then they hatched eat out of my hand. Then they hatched and more came, till now there are der how they come dead. Ha! ha! and more came, till now there are must be ready to catch them all as they come out of chapel. The lads were ari to-morrow."

"Hal, don't hurt the little things; they wines for them too. Somehow I loved are not fit to eat, and to kill a bird just this little Nellie best, because I named to see how well one can aim—why, I her after my own little Nellie that's that the Ragged School Union works."

SUNDAY SCHOOL PICKPOCKETS.

At the annual May meeting of the Ragged School Union, England, Canon Wilberforce said: "On one occasion when Lord Shaftesbury was teaching in East London on a Sunday evening, he had a class of fifteen or sixteen young lads, and was giving them a Bible lesson. While doing so the clock struck eight, and immediately the whole class

rose and went out of the room.

"He said to one of them. 'Why are you going away?"

"The boy replied, 'Why, of course we

Grandmother's Maxim. BY ELRANOR W. Y. BAYES.

I never could tell what my grandmother meant.

Though she has the wisest of brains: ave noticed" she said "in the course of my life, "I have notired"

That lazy folks take the most pains

I hated to mend that short rip in the akirt Of my dress where the porket hole

strains, And grandmother saw it and laughed as

she said . "Yes lazy folks take the most palus "

And that same little rip, when I went

out to ride. Was caught in my bicycle chain: Oh! then I romembered what grand-

mother said, "That lazy folks take the most pains'

For, instead of an inch I must sew up a yard, And it's just as her maxim explains;

shall always believe what my grand-

mother said.
"That lazy folks take the most pains."

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 21, 1899.

THE BETTER PART.

To be worthy of love is even a better thing than to receive it, and this is not This sentence was the last one of a letter from a woman of fiftyfive, who knew what she was saying. The keenest joys of life had never come She had struggled with fate, almost ever since she was a child, for a livelihood for herself and a dependent relative struggles scantily rewarded by any thanks or tenderness even from her who had shared their fruit,

She had written much, and always purely, but she had never been able to catch the passing fancy, never made a hit,"—and had received but small returns for her labours, small returns in that which procures food and clothing

and comforts for the body.

Not for her those shining successes which lift an author above want, and put him in a position to do his best work. Bits of verse, -the humble dalsies of the poetic garden, -stories good rather than great, -these were her contributions to literature, likely to die as soon as their author, leaving not a single immortelle to blossom on her grave.

Early orphaned, she had blessed her. or brother, or father, to no husband. make a home for her, and she had never carned enough to make one for herself. She had longed, with all her woman's heart, for love and fame and home, and not one of her longings had been fulfilled.

Judged by the standard of this world. her life had been a failure, and she re-cognized that, and spoke of it in the letter from which we have quoted. But she would not so judge herself. If she had not gained all that she sought, she

had gained the best part of it.
"I might be discontented," she wrote,

if I have not prospered, at least I have been fed; and if I have not been famous at least I have striven to do good and not harm, and some humble souls thanked me for the help my words given them.

"And if I have not been loved, at least I have tried not to be unworthy of being so; and, after all to be worthy of

love is even a better thing than to re-ceive it, and this is not the end."

No, this is not the end. The only real overthrow of life is when sense triumphs over soul, and we barter future glory for present gain. To gain the whole world and lose one's own soul, were to sell life itself for a child's toy

How brief all those things are for which most of us strive? To-day we are here. We concern ourselves about the fit of a gown, the success of a rail-read. To-morrow the white shroud cothes us, and other men, not we, ride

on the railways we have built.
All the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them-what are they when we look down from the mountain-top?

If God be for us, who, then, can prevall against us? And if the thing for which we strive with our whole souls might be not earthly riches or greatness, or even to be happy and beloved, but only to do God's will, to make our souls fit temples for his Spirit, then can there come to us no failure, since God himself is on our side, and must prevail.

So we, if we are God's children and his soldiers, can bear what the world calls defeat-and look upward and onward to the coming glory, when the past will be as a dream to one who awakes, and on the whole joy of the eternal "Now" our glad souls may enter.

A TEMPERANCE DOG.

The old blue farm waggon, with its load of fresh, green "garden-truck," gave a pleasant touch of spring to the city square, and the farmer had such a kindly face and such a homely air about him that many a man in the hurrying throng smiled half involuntarily as he caught his eye.

But it was the farmer's dog on which the glances of the passers-by rested longest—a magnificent, pure-blooded Newfoundland, black as coal, except for a little patch of white on his chest and a hint of gray with which advancing age had touched his muzzle. He stood on the curb hy his master, watching the passers with expectant eye and wagging his tail in dignified approval whenever some one stopped to make a purchase.

By-and-bye one man, who seemed to have more leisure than his fellows, paused a moment to speak to him.

What's his name?" he asked.

"Dow," replied the farmer, promptly.
"Dow? That's a queer name for a

dog!"
"Yes, I s'pose it is, but it fits him.
Neal Dow is his full name."
"Temperance dog," said

"Never takes the stranger, smiling. anything but water, I suppose?'

Yes; but he's more than that. Не'я a prohibitionist—a regular temperance reformer."

The stranger evidently wanted the story, and the farmer continued,

"Yes," he said, "Jim Snow, a hired man up our way, got him of a tin peddler when he was about a year old. Jim was a good worker and a pretty decent fellow otherwise, but he never went to town without coming home the worse for Hquor.

"One day, a week or two after he got the dog, he came home, as usual, staggering drunk. The dog was lying in the sun on the doorstep. He had grown very fond of Jim, but this time, instead of running to meet him, he rose up, growling, with the hair on his back as stiff as bristles, and every tooth in his head anowing. Any man in his senses would have kept away, but Jim was too far gone to know what he was doing. He spoke to him, but the minute he started to go a step nearer the dog fastened on his hand and there he hung. Jim yelled, and the Spragues, where he A Tunning out family had all they could do to make him let go.

"The next day the dog was as goodnatured as ever, but when Jim came home drunk again a week or two later, he growled and snarled, just as he had before, and finally went off out to the barn and stayed two days.

Jim kind of took the thing to heart, He'd had plenty of good advice before, but it didn't seem to take hold of him the way this did, and after it happened

the third time, he said:
"'Well, if I've got to low my dog is
ashamed to associate with me, I guess it's time to quit!'
"He stopped right there—never drank

bit of trouble with the dog from that

day to this." At the time it struck everybody as a mighty strange thing. We didn't know how to account for it. But about two But about two years afterward the peddler told somebody how one time a drunken tavern loafer struck this dog's mother with a hot poker, and after that she would never let anybody who had been drink-ing come near her. I suppose her puppy got the trait from her.'

But how came the dog in your pos-

session?" asked the stranger.
"Well," said the former, with a twin-kle, "you see my name is Snow-James Snow. I was the hired man. If it hadn't been for Neal here I might be a hired man yet instead of owning a good farm. Poor old dog! He's getting well on in years now, but I ain't likely to forget him."—Youth's Companion,

PLOUGHING AROUND A ROCK.

"I had ploughed around a rock in one of my fields for five years," said a farmer to a writer in The Advance, "and I had broken a mowing machine knife against it, beside losing the use of the ground in which it lay, because I supposed it was such a large rock that it would take too much time and labour to remove it. But to-day, when I began to plough for corn, I thought that by-and-bye I might break my cultivator against that rock; so I took a crowbar, intending to poke around it, and find out its size once for all. And it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was little more than two feet long It was standing on its edge, and it was so light that I could lift it into the waggon without

"The first time you really faced your trouble you conquered it," I replied aloud, but continued to enlarge upon the subject all to myself, for I do believe that before we pray, or better, while we pray, we should look our troubles square

in the face.
"Imagine the farmer ploughing around that rock for five years, praying all the while, 'O Lord, remove that rock!' when he didn't know whether it was a big rock or a little flat stone.

"We shiver and shake and shrink, and sometimes do not care to pray about a trouble because it makes it seem so real, not even knowing what we wish the Lord to do about it, when, if we would face the trouble and call it by its name, one-half of its terror would be gone.

The trouble that lies down with us at night, and confronts us on first waking in the morning, is not the trouble that we have faced, but the trouble whose proportions we do not know.

"Let us not allow our unmapped trouble to make barrren the years of our lives; but may we face it, and with God's help work out our own salvation through

Many a Christian has been ploughing around a duty, a cross, a bad habit, and we know not what, for more than five years, afraid to touch it or examine it. and it stands in the way to-day as it did at first. Rout it out, man; it is an easy job when you once take hold of it."

Pens.

Millions of people use a pen thousands of times without giving any thought as to how it is made. Our grandfathers could tell exactly how every pen they used was made, and just what kind of a feather made the best. To-day we know all about some rare or sensational thing, but frequently entirely overlook the most common and useful ones. Because an article like a steel pen is so cheap we hardly think it worth our time to investigate. If the readers of this article should set out to construct all the machinery to make a single steel pen it would require about \$50,000. Astonishing as this fact is to most of us, it may make the process of manufacturing pens

more interesting.

Through the kindness of Alexander Wood, of the Esterbrook Steel Pen Co., the writer had the unusual privilege of inspecting the process of manufacturing pens. The raw material comes to the factory in the shape of hard steel straps. These are placed in crucibles and heated to the proper temperature to seften them. They are then annealed and cold rolled to the exact thickness and width to make the grade of pen desired. The steep straps are passed under the cutting machines, which are operated by girls, and a piece just the right size and shape drops out. If you will examine your pen you will see one or more holes in it. These are punched in the steel by dies "I might be discontented," she wrote, if I stopped to think of the difference between my wishes and my havings; but the stopped right there—never drank skilled machinists, who receive about another drop, and never had another fifty deliars a week for their services.

The piece of steel is now ready to be Each one must then be annealed. placed by hand in the machine tha marks the name and number on it. all the work thus far has been perfect , done (and no other kind of work will deat all), the piece of steel is placed in a machine which bends and crushes it into the shape we find it in the market. Thu. far the process has been quite compa cated, but the more one studies the nice. smooth movement of a perfect pen the more difficult all these processes become.

They are now ready to be placed in a cylinder and properly tempered over a very hot fire. The amount of heat applied at this point produces the desired colour of the pen. On examination we find they vary in colour from a allver gray to a bronze. After being cooled, the pens go to a little room, where they are given an oil varnish bath and quick y

All the rough edges are ground off by hand, and finally the point is split and the pen is complete. At last they go to the packing-room and are counted by weight and packed in little boxes, as we see them in the market.

From the above we can see how easily How we often overlook small things. true this is in our everyday life. neglect the little deeds of kindness and the little words of cheer because a single one does not amount to much.

"I WILL TELL IT."

Many a physician has gained his practice by one patient telling others of his cure. Tell your neighbours that you have been to the hospital of Jesus and been restored, though you hated all manner of meat and drew near to the gates of death, and maybe a poor soul just in the same condition as yourself will say, This is a message from God to me. Above all, publish abroad the Lord's goodness, for Jesus' sake. He deserveyour honour. Will you receive his blessing, and then, like the nine lepers, give him no praise? Will you be like the woman in the crowd who was healed by touching the hem of his garment, and then would have slipped away? If so I pray that the Master may say, "Some-body hath touched me," and may you be compelled to tell the truth, and say, "I was sore sick in soul, but I touched thee, O my blessed Lord, and I am saved, and to the praise of the glory of thy grace I will tell it, though devils should hear it.
I will tell it and make the world ring with it, according to my ability, to the praise and glory of thy saving grace."-Spurgeon.

The Faithful Friend.

In a very humble cot, In a rather quiet spot, In the suds and in the soap, Worked a woman, full of hope, Working, singing, all alone, In a sort of undertone: With a Saviour for a Friend, He will keep me to the end."

Sometimes, happening along, I had heard the semi-song, And I often used to smile, More in sympathy than guile, But I never said a word In regard to what I heard, As she sang about her Friend, Who would keep her to the end.

Not in sorrow, nor in glee, Working all day long was she, As her children, three or four, Played around her on the floor, But, in monotone, the song. She was humming all day long: With a Saviour for a Priend, He will keep me to the end.

Just a triffe lonesome she Just as poor as poor could be, But her spirits siways rose Like the bubbles in her clothes; And, though widowed and alone, Cheered her with the monotone, Of a Saviour and a Friend, Who would keep her to the end.

I have seen her rub and scrub, On the washboard in the tub, While the baby soaped in suds, Rolled and tumbled in the duds, Or was paddling in the pools With old scissors stuck in spools,

She still humming of her Friend, Who would keep her to the end.

Human hopes and human creeds, Have their root in human needs, And I would not wish to strip From that washerwoman's lip, Any song that she can sing, Any hope that song may bring, For the woman has a Friend. Who will keep her to the end.

God Save the Boys. BY-MRS.-FRANK A BECK.

God save the dear boys-they are pre-

clous—
Mny right:ev'ry victory win—
th, list to the prayers now ascending,
And save the dear boys from all sin.

The death-traps of Satan are many, And fain would he lure them within And fain would no lure them within, hey need—oh I they need thy sure safeguard—
God, save the dear boys from their sin. They nec

Remember the love of fond fathers Remember the love of fond fathers, Remember the mothers who pray Their hopes in their darlings centred—

God. save the dear children to-day.

And pity-the boys worse than orphaned, For and has their heritage been; The offspring of parents besotted— Oh i Saviour, save these from their sin.

Oh I broad is the path some are going, Unheeding the dangers therein. And wild are the oats some are sowing God, save the dear boys from all sin!

Help them to remember the reaping, Save all from the "wages of sin", Let good seeds be found in their keeping, And harvests of good gathered in.

save the dear boys !-God, save the dear-boys!

Thou knowest the strongest may fail,

From peril, from snare and temptation, We pray thee, O Lord, save them all.

A BOY OF TO-DAY

Julia MacNair Wright.

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

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

"Hello! said Heman, you here, Happer? I didn't know but you had skipped. Come, sit down on the steps. How are you?"

skipped. Come, sit down on the steps. How are you may are you may be a self-state of the steps. How are you asked me to come of thing. I found a place for my dinner and supper, but as you asked me to come and steep in the shop again, I came. "That's right," said Aunt Drexy. "Our way's poor; we can't-do for folks as we did when we had our farm and the nice house, but we like to entertain strangers all the same; it's only common Christianty. You'll stay to breakfast. You ought to have come in to tea." "Thankee! You're very kind, mistress, but I didn't want to intrude. I wish what you call common Christianty was a deal more common. It would help keep many a poor fellow up." "If you paid for dinner and tea," said Heman, "it took your last cent. "Inwill you get on now?" "I found a boarding-place, and I'll be paid Saturday. I didn't mind laying out my last cent." "Likely it saved you a 'last chance." "Said Heman dryly. "Mebbe it did. But I don't have such thresty spells as I had last night every day. It may not come on me again. For three or four weeks." "I see," said Heman, "you'll have board and washing to pay, and some ahoes and clother or while. Then, when have thance! I see than to sink, in your pocket, 'last chance! I at chance! and when you take out a dollar it will wink and glean illic that whiskey-bottle last night and you're a goner! It would be a good thing if you had some one to keep your money for you. Aunt Drexy takes eare "Oh, but Heman," cried Aunt Espey, caslous that no reflection should be cast of all ours.

or all ours. "Oh, but Heman," cried Aunt Expey, casious that no reflection should be cast upon her boy, "or the rere had longings to go to saloo you the your money." I have been should be cast upon her boy, "but it i'd kept money rattling in my pocket, and hadry the heart old farm back, there's no telliew what I might have fallen into. I'm

only my sister, poor girl, and I felt too big and man-like to let her hold me inmore fool I! She might have done me good. She's better than I am. Some times as I look at It, it seems no use for me to try to make a fight with so manyodds against me."

odds against me,"
Oh, come now, young man," said
Uncle 'Rins, "there's been fights won
against the biggest kind of odds. I
could tell you a ditty-about that, and if
you show as much pluck as the fellow
in the ditty, you'll come out ahead and
be your own man yet. This ditty my
grandfather told me, and he had it from
a coustin of the court of a cousin of his who went ever so far West, clear to the Mistouri River, in the twentes. There was a little village called Cote Sans Dessein, on the river hank, and it was mostly French. I don't care for French people myself, they speak such a heathenish language without any meaning to it; but there were nice folds:

without any meaning to it; but there were nice folks in that place. The vilwithout any meaning to it; but there were nice folks in that place. The village had a stout fort on account of the Indians, and one time all the men folks were off on an expedition cept a very old man, Rod, and his son Louis, also a man with a broken leg, lying in bed, and the stouch of the louis of the

"Outside there were three hun

"Outside there were three hundred braves, whooping, yelling, and shooting, and one man for an army inside with a crowd of women folks to load his guns i For three days, sir, that brave manbrave. If he was French—kept up that fight. He ate what the woman came and put into his mouth. What winks of sleep he got, he took standing in an angle of the wall between loopholes, his wife propping him up while he napped it, sun in hand. Don't you call them odds? He ran from loophole to loophole, shooting, and whenever the lands the woman pour on water or brine. One biaze they put out with two charms.

hold in a man become the The Indians thouland and the tree fire, behalf the woman pour on water of brine. Indians the the you can't that unless it was against heavy odds? Woll, sir, at the old of the days, the old man came along. Sald he, 'Louis, my son,'speaking French, which I can't, and am glad of it—the powder is all gone from the fort. Then Louis Roi held up his hands and sald, 'Oh, Godl look at these women and children, and pily us,'which was a good prayer, if he was a French man, for in the Bible it tells us how that Lord's pily was moved to Ninevel where there were crowds of little children that didn't know one hand from tother. Well, bors, if the fort powder had give out, so had, food for those will reliable the the was a fire of the work of t

"No, I can't," said Happer. "I don't

"No, I can't," said Happer. "I don't know either of them."
"Well, you're dreadt.! bad off, for-certain, said Aunt Rapey. "I wouldn't stand-in your shoes for a good bit. It is awful to waik in darkness and have... li was several weeks before Happer... who came with considerable regularity to call on the Sinnets, threatened an outbreak. Aunt Drewy oiling the semi-

It was several weeks before Happer, who came with considerable regularity to call on the Sinnets, threatened an outbreak. Aunt D'rexy pitted the man and wanted to give him all the help she could, yet a man of his fashion seemed to her a terrible companion for her He-

could, yet a man of his fashion seemed to her a terrible companion for her lieman.

"Why, Drexy," haid Uncle Risa, there's a crowd of such men in the world, and Heman can theen out of the way of 'em. He won't seek 'em or prefer 'em, but he may be a little help to 'em. Besides, woman, we needn't think our boy a so weak he'll be contaminated by every rascal that passes on the sais of the street. That was progressed to us of one briefly and that had mud fung on him be detired and find and find grant of the said of the street. That fell off and his grantess remarks arose because, while Aunt Drexy was getting supper and the fired Urias was watching her operations, they had seen Happer pass around to the hop door. The chat in the kitchen subsided befure raised voices in the bop, then, as the counds of a lively scuffin ensued, Uncle Risa roses slowly no his "patent leg" and opened the door into the shop from the kitchen for, red and foaming, lay Hisper. Jooy sat peacefully—on Happer's leest with a bit of rope, was making ready to blind his hands. Uncle 'Risa stared.

"Why, boys, that's goln' it pretty 'Why, boys, that's goln' it pretty

stared.
"Why, boys, that's goin' it pretty steep, ain't it.?"

steep, ain't it. ?"
"Now, Joey, pick up his legs and we'll
"Now, Joey, pick up his legs and we'll
run him out," said Heman, paying attention to nothing but the business in hand,
tinel Rins and the two women, standing at the kitchen door, saw Happer
held, face downward, under the pump
and vigorously soused. Then, scatting steep. held, face downward, under the pump and vigorously soused. Then, seating him on the platform, Heman offered blin a quart-cup of water. Happer used some vary evil language, and made violent threats. "Will you drink that, or shall pour it down through a funnel into your throat?" stormed Heman. There was danger in his eyes, and Happer drank. The amazed Aunt Drexy saw Happer under dures drink three quarts of water, and that not so very cold. The draught occupied half anhour, it was awallowed so slowly and with so many protestations.

"Run him in," said Heman, and hand Jooy ran their victim into the shop to a bed of shavings and quilts. "Ill sive you. strong coffee and beef at nine o'clock," said Heman coolly to his enforced guest, "and to-morrow you'll like me again."

"You've saved me again." said Head.

me again."
"You've saved me again." said Happer to him next day, "but you make me terrible mad while you're doing it."
Before another outbreak on Happer's part the "Last Chance" was over-Before another outbreak on Happer's part the "Last Chance" was over-thrown, the county went prohibition, and those new-fledged voters, Heman, Joer, Peter, and many of their club-mates, had much to do with it, they had made a regular campaign through the country, going in great hay-wagons, from village to village, taking with them singers and speech-makers. Peter Forbes crowned himself with glory in his speeches, and bad on more-hearty admirer of his eloquence than Heman.

admirer of his eloquence tean iteman. Het.ma. was now a full-grown man and a well-skilled carjonier and builder. At Mr. Renfrew's suggestion he had taken lessons in mechanical drawing, and now he could make very beautiful architectural designs. He had fulthrilly stucked his business in its theory and practice, his business in its theory and practice, he had read works on architecture and subscribed to magazines and papers bearing on the line of his work, he read of house-building in other lands, and hought and studied works on trees and various kinds of woods. This had been of Heman the hardest part of his business, he did not like study, heavy reading of any kind made him desperately steepy, but the rule he had taken for himself as a boy. "Be the very best you can in the business you choose," had carried him safely through considerable hard work, and he respect the benefit of it in a growing reputation. Uncle Rias had regarded Heman's book studies with some suspicion, he had "never learned carpentry out.of books," he said. Hywere, as Mr. Renfrew and Simon Fietcher seemed to think Heman was doing weil, Uncle Rias remarked that the world changed and took on new notions, and he supposed it. he had read works on architecture and subscribed to magazines and naner

renchman's enemies were outside his carried him safely through considerable hard work, and he respect the benefit of that I wanted to save it all to buy the dear old farm back, there's no telling what I might have fallen into. I'm pretty sure I might have fallen into. I'm pretty sure I might have fallen into. I'm pretty sure I might have begue on been smoke, and I might have begue on been some can dell me. The pretty sure I might have begue on been some conditions, and the habit of staying out-nights to all kinds of foolish shows. Oh. Lie will know so wouldn't hold me when the fine is lift in the staying out-nights in all kinds of foolish shows. Oh. Lie will know so wouldn't hold me when the fine is lift in the staying out-nights of all kinds of foolish shows. Oh. Lie will horses wouldn't hold me when the fine is lift of the will be stay in the stay of the s

Windle still grew, and new buildings and more aubstantial stores were con-stantly crected. One day Heman was at work rebuilding the front of a store putting in great windows and an arched putting in great windows and an arched doorway, and arranging various little brackets and revolving atasis to exhibit the small wares, for this was a "Notion Storn," the first one in. that county A drummer, in haste to get the first orders, came in with a huge bag of samples and several catalogues, which he laid on acounter before the proprietor. After long chaffering and some fairly large sales, the drubmer asked, as he closed up his bags, "Are there some Binates living out here in the country now "I was at their house once, twenty years ago, just about."

"They're-alive. They live in town now. There is one of them at work un

sgo, just about." They live in town now. There is one of them at work un now. There is one of them at work un the front, Heman Lesile, he's a silnnet." What, that lesile, he's a silnnet. "What, that lesile, he's a silnnet is with the siln the silnnet is with the siln the silnnet is with the silnnet is wit

cypress,

"Can't_call, but you give her my compliments, and tell her I'm glad I did her
the good turn to bring her such a

pilments, and tell nor Im gine a such a nephew."

When Heman told his aunt, ahe helt up her hands with many exclamations among the rest. "Why, Heman, how the man getting to be I Twenty or and you'll be twenty four next, birthday. Dear me, boy, we ought to celebrate your birthday. Dear me, boy, we ought to celebrate your birthdays, we neve do, not even when you were twenty one. "Well, we had a big blo on hand that time, and couldn't stop. We'll celebrate some time," said Heman.

I we read," said Jooy, "that when princes come of age, whole countries celebrate themselves wild over it, they have bands, processions, feasts, fire

celebrate themselves wild over it; they have bands, processions, feasts, fireworks, belis. And when lords and such men come of age, they make big diners, and have balls and fireworks. Even people here make some kind of a fuss over it. Lawyer Brace gave his son a splendid-watch. "Yes; he said in didn't begrudge-it; since he'd learned to use his time propriy, which once he feared he never would," said Uncle Rias. "Well, Home, I down but your silver watch is as good as a gold one. I never had any."

I'll buy you one some time," laughed man. "I needed one in my bust Heman.

Heman, "I necord one in "reases"
"Yea, young fellows nowdays pear to need more than old fellows did." Uncle Rina still clung ardently to money, and white he did not begrudge giving to the church work, he looked with suspicious cyes on Heman's silver watch and on the bookease built by Heman and Joey, and where now all that famous 'list of books stood in verilable builk, and shi beside. Some of them were nice books, Uncle 'Rina admitted, and he liked to hear them read. hear them read

(To be continued)

The Serpent Among the Books.

The tropic Indian day was almost gone And evening with its cooling breeze came

meanwhile,
Among his books an hour to beguite
And from his cares to find a respite
brief.
The while beguite

The while he turned the pages leaf by leaf.

icaf,
ileaf, ileaf, a sting upon his fluger-tip
And asw a serpent from the pages slip—
A finy serpent with a booded-head
That darted thither like a shining thread
Then suddenly be fell a singing-pain
Shoot swiftly-up from fluger-tip to brain
No drug could antidote that fatal power,
Nor say to death, "Thou shar vot come
sha be bett" this hour'

Thus evil turks in every hidden nook And serpent's place even in a book, Yes even in our land—so then, beware, And choose your books with watchful care

One atheistic doubt, one evil thought.

May penetrate the soul, with venom
fraught.



STORK AND DOLL.

These children are in great trouble because a stork has carried off their doll. you will notice that the doll is dressed furt like the bables in Germany, wrap-in swaddling clothes, till it can hardly move hand or foot. Dolly has vidently been snatched out of its cradle. The stork will soon have to let it go, and, notwithstanding the fall it shall have, dolly will be none the worse

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT

LESSON V.--OCTOBER 29. PSALMS OF DELIVERANCE.

Psalms 85 and 126. Memory verses, Psalm 126. 1-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.-Psalm 126. 5.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Thanksgiving for Forgiveness, v. 1-3. 2. Prayer for More Grace, v. 4-7.
- The Answer of Hope, v. 8-13.
 The Blessed Fulfilment, v. 1-6.
- Time.—Probably after return from sile. The second temple was dedicated

Place.-In view of Jerusalem and the temple,

LESSON HELPS.

1. "Thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob"—The time when this psalm was written is not certainly known. It was certainly sung by the people after the return from captivity in The captive Jews, who were the descendants of Jacob, are implied by the phrase "captivity of Jacob." 2. "Forgiven the iniquity"—Borne or

carried it aw-y. An obvious allusion to the ceremony of the scapegoat. "Thou hast covered"—In the fact of forgiveness Not only covered, but removed. "Selah"—Probably a musical. term, and not essential to the psaim.

3 "Taken away all thy wrath" More W been launched forth

4 "Turn us"—And the kind of turn-ing is indicated by the word "sulvation" Thou has turned our captisity, now turn our souls from sin. Thine anger to cease". The literal idea is Let the sharp edge of thine anger be blunted and

5. 6 The sufferings of the Jews for their sins had been long and great hence the wonder, and yet mingled with wonder in these questions is hope. To "reder in these questions is hope. is to relieve, and when a people

vive" is to relieve, and when a people revive and rise above their sins they rejoice in flud, who is then 'heir salvation 7, 8 "Thy mercy"—Thy is here emphatic. Mercy is shown by blotting out sin. "I will hear"—The prayer is ended, and now there is a listening for the divine response. "Let them not turn again to felly"—To sin, for sin is folly. Sorrowful experience should teach the neonle wiedom. the people wicdom.

"His salvation is nigh"--An eternal truth with comfort to those who will accept it. That glory may Jwell in our land "—In the rebuilding of the temple and in the restored worship 10, 11 Poetic descriptions.

virtues which shall meet in the saints. springing up like flowers and shining out like stars.

"Her increase"-No more drought or barrenness, and so no more suffering 13. A difficult verse. It seems to mean to go before Jehovah and make his footsteps a way for his people to walk in
1. "Turned the captivity of Zion

That is, of the Jows whose home was on Zion. Cyrus turned their captivity by his decree, but God was in it all. "Like them that dream"—The news "too good to be true"

2. "Then said they among the heathen" A great deliverance when even the heathen talked about it.

3. What the heathen say is truth, and

we echo it, and we are glad.
4. "Turn again"—Other Jews were still enslaved beyond the Euphrates; let all return. "As the streams in the south"—Especially the Nile.

5. A proverh, confirmed as a fact in their experience. Many illustrations of it.

6. A truth drawn out of experience. The Jews came to their land "with rejoicing." The seed is "precious," for it
was for planting, and the harvest seemed
uncertain at the time, but the sheaves were finally gathered.

HOME READINGS.

M. Psaims of deliverance.—Psaim 85. Tu Psaims of deliverance.—Psaim 126.

Promise of deliverance.-Jer. 30. 18-24

A joyful prospect.-Jer. 31, 1-12 Pardon and restoration. Jer. 33, 1-14 A joyful city Zech. 8, 1-8.

The Great Deliverer - Psalm 124

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY. Thanksgiving for Forgiveness, v. 1-3. Who brought back the exiled Jews? Of what was this a sign?

How had God covered their sin ? Had God really turned, or was it they that had turned?
Were they thankful to God for his favour to their land?

2. Prayer for More Grace, v. 4-7.

For what is verse 4 a prayer? Had the Jews all the prosperity of their forefathers? Why had they not?

What great reason for a prayer for revival is given in verse 6?

3. The Answer of Hope, v. 8-13.

When we ask God for mercies is it well for us to listen for his answers?



What will God speak to his people and to his saints?

On what condition?

Where is God's salvation?

What is the true glory of the Lord's land?

Repeat verse 10. What does it mean? What does it mean? What is the psalmist's hope in the

4. The Blessed Friffiment, v. 1-6.

Were the good Jews surprised when God answered their prayers?

Are we ever surprised when he answers ours? Could they help laughing and singing?

What did the heathen say about them? Was this true? Verse 3.
What is said about "those that sow in tears"? Golden Text.

What is the promise of the last verse?



CINGHALESE BARBER.

This extraordinary looking scene may be witnessed almost any day in Ceylon. The better class of the Orientals are very scrupulous about personal cleanliness, and practice frequent washings and shavings. The barbers use no chairs, but the shavee stands and submits to have his nose pulled and his features

manipulated by the shaver. You would think, to look at the head of the righthand figure with the hair-comb and chignon, that it belonged to a woman, and the style of dross would heighten the illusion. But it is the custom of the country for men to dress in this man-ner, and when they are beardless, a very esteminate look it gives them.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson do we learn-That if we repent God will forgive? 2. That we can nover receive so much grace that we cannot have more grace 3. That God is better to us than our fears and better than our best hopes?

See the sheaves of love, kindness, patience, hope, and joy, and one great sheaf of God's promises, for there are 31,000 of them, and he will keep them all.

Papa—"See the spider, my boy, spinning his web. Is it not wonderful? To you reflect that, try as he may, no man could spin that web?"

Johnny—"What of it? See me spin this top! Do you reflect that, try as he may no spider could spin this top?"

Doily—"Papa, do they get salt out of Salt Lake?" Papa—"Yes, my dear large quantities." Dolly—"And ink out of the Black Sea?" Papa—"No: now keep quiet." Dolly—"Yes, sir. Are there any women on the Isle of

"Thomas, how would you correct the sentence, 'He laid down on the lounge'?"
"I wouldn't correct it at all, ma'am.
It's all right."

"How do you make that out, Thomas?"
"He was carryin' an armful of down, ma'am, and he laid it on the lounge."

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