

In which St John takes special pride. Every one knows the story—how Madame, wife of Charles St Etienne de la Tour, one of the lords of Acadia, under the French king, held that fort when it was attacked by the rival lord of Acadia, D'Aulnay Charnizay, while her husband was absent, seeking help from the Puritans of Massachusetts, and how she held it so well and bravely that she repulsed the besieger until the treachery of one of her garrison, a Swiss, placed her in D'Aulnay's hands; and how all her garrison, but the Swiss, were put to death, and how Madame herself died, from grief and ill-treatment, in nine days, before her husband could arrive to her succour.

The real founding of the present city dates from the close of the war of the American Revolution. Liberal provision was made in the British Colonies for the reception of the U. E. Loyalist refugees from the United States, and large land-grants were allotted them. Considerable numbers came to Halifax, Annapolis, Port Roseway (Shelburne), and other points. The main body, however, settled near the St. John and Kennebecasis rivers. On the 18th of May 1783, the ships bearing these exiles for conscience' sake, arrived at the mouth of the St. John. Here they resolved to found a new Troy, to hew out for themselves new homes in the wilderness. The prospect was not a flattering one. The site of the present noble city of St. John was a forest of pines and spruces, surrounded by a dreary marsh. The blackened ruins of the old French fort, together with a block-house, and a few houses and stores, met their gaze. Before the summer was over, a population of five thousand persons was settled in the vicinity.

To the new settlement the name of Parrottown was given, in honour of the energetic Governor of Nova Scotia. Soon the Loyalists claimed representation in the Assembly of Nova Scotia. This the Governor opposed, as his instructions prohibited the increase of representatives. The settlers on the St. John urged that their territory should be set apart as a separate province, with its own representative institutions. They had powerful friends in England, and the division was accordingly made. The Province of New Brunswick was created, and named in honour of the reigning dynasty of Great Britain, 1784.

In 1785, Parrottown became incorporated as the city of St. John. It was thus the first, and, for many years the only, incorporated city in British North America. The first session of the House of Assembly was held in St. John in 1786, but two years later, the seat of government was transferred to Fredericton, eighty-five miles up the St. John river, as being more central to the province, and in order to secure immunity from hostile attack and from the factious or corrupting influence of the more populous commercial metropolises, St. John.

DICKENS' MOCK LIBRARY OF DUMMY BOOKS.

"Gad's Hill" was a merry house. Dickens was a wellspring of mirth, and his humour infected the whole party. Often, when I came down from London, he would walk out and lean against the doorpost, while I was at the gate, and we would shout with laughter over the fun that we had had and were going to have. When everything else failed, the library was an unending amusement. The room was lined with books from floor to ceiling, even the backs of the doors being bookcases; but the books on the doors and along the floor were bogus. Dummy backs had been lettered with titles and pasted on the glass, and the titles had been selected by such wits as Dickens, Yates, the Collins brothers, Albert Smith, and Mark Lemon, of Punch. We used to sit on the floor to study this mock library and roll over with delight at some clever satire. I remember "The Virtues of Our Ancestors," a volume so thin that the title had to be printed lengthwise, "Five Minutes in India, by a British Tourist," in two volumes as large as an unabridged dictionary, "Lives of the Poets," a mere pamphlet, "Eggs on Bacon," to match "Coke on Littleton"; "Statues Erected to the Duke of Wellington," fifteen portly volumes, and there were dozens of other quips and cranks. A catalogue of these bogus books should have been preserved, but nobody thought of writing it out, nobody realized that Dickens would ever die.

Dickens was lord of the manor at "Gad's Hill," and owner of the Falstaff Inn, a picturesque little hostelry where his guests were sometimes accommodated when his house was overcrowded. One night there was a disturbance at

the Inn, and Dickens led us over to see about it. A party of rough-looking fellows were smoking and drinking in the bar-room, and down the dirty face of one of them the blood was streaming. This man said that the landlord had struck him with a pewter pot.

"Is that true?" asked Dickens sternly. "Vell, sir," replied the landlord, moving uneasily with shifty glances, "vether hi 't 'hat man on the 'ed vid a pewter pot or vether hi did not 't that man on the 'ed vid a pewter pot, hit is not for me, sir, to say; but the himpression hon my mind, sir, his that hi did not."

Dickens suppressed a chuckle, and with dignified gravity responded:

"Whether you hit that man on the head with a pewter pot, or whether you did not, it is not for me to say; but the impression on his head is that you did!"

—Ladies' Home Journal.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 2, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

OCTOBER 10, 1897.

The song of Moses.—Exodus 15. 1-19.

NAME OF BOOK.

Names are significant. Genesis means "beginning." That book is the first history of the world and is the beginning of all history. Exodus means going out, and it is the record of the children of Israel's departure from Egypt, and abounds with incidents of the most thrilling and exciting character. Our young people should make themselves familiar with this grand book.

OCCASION OF THE SONG.

The journey to the Red Sea was the commencement of their pilgrimage. It was a novelty to them. The commencement in Egypt was such as should have impressed them with feelings of the greatness of God. The miracles were such as had never been seen. They were pursued. The sight of their oppressors alarmed them. God's goodness and power were again displayed on their behalf. He opened a passage for them, but when they had crossed, the waters closed, and their pursuers were drowned.

SONG OF TRIUMPH.

Victories on the battle-field have often been the occasion for composing songs of victory. Many of our young people who have studied Roman and Grecian histories will call to mind some of those memorable scenes. In many instances monuments have been erected to perpetuate the memory of those who have distinguished themselves on important occasions. Brock's monument at Niagara, Montcalm and Wolfe's monument on the Plains of Abraham, at Quebec, are instances of what we mean.

MEMORABLE.

This song recapitulates all the particulars of the event. There are few parts of the Holy Scriptures more suitable for recitation than this grand chapter. We are none of us as familiar with the inspiring scenes of Israel's history as we ought to be. This chapter gives exalted views of God's goodness,

while the example of praise might excite within us a disposition to praise God more than we do. Read, and if you please, commit that noble hymn to memory which begins with, "I'll praise my Maker while I've breath," etc.

WHAT GOD GIVES A BOY.

A body to live in and keep clean and healthy, and as a dwelling for his mind and a temple for his soul.

A pair of hands to use for himself and others, but never against others for himself.

A pair of feet to do errands of love, kindness, charity, and business, but not to loiter in places of mischief, temptation, or sin.

A pair of lips to keep pure and unpolluted by tobacco or whiskey, and to speak true, kind, brave words.

A pair of ears to hear the music of bird, tree, rill and human voice, but not to give heed to what the tempter says.

A pair of eyes to see the beautiful, the good, and the true, God's finger prints in the flower, field, and snowflake.

A mind to remember, reason, decide, and store up wisdom, and impart it to others.

A soul pure and spotless as a new-fallen snowflake, to receive impressions of good and to develop faculties of powers and virtues which shall shape it day by day, as the artist's chisel shapes the stone, into the image and likeness of Jesus Christ.

THIRTY YEARS AFTER.

The eccentric John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek in Edinburgh University, once came across a student, lying beside a path, and reading aloud the third book of the "Aeneid." Thirty years after, the student sends to the Canada Presbyterian, the following interview:

Suddenly he felt the touch of a stick on his shoulder, and, turning about, saw a man by his side. It was a tall, lean man, with a shepherd's plaid thrown loosely around his shoulders. In his right hand he held a shepherd's crook, and on his head a "wide-awake" hat, almost as wide of brim as the cowboy hat of the American plains.

"Ye're reading Virgil, laddie," said the man.

"Yes, sir."

"Let me hear ye translate this," he continued; and in a wonderful way he rolled off a dozen lines of the poet, chosen at random.

The young man did his best to render it into English, and then parsed and scanned the lines in a faulty way, he thought. But the unknown man in the guise of a shepherd was pleased to commend the student's effort. Then the two walked together down to Castleton, the stranger talking eloquently and most instructively of the writings of the Greeks and Romans. When their ways parted the man said:

"I suppose you don't know who I am?"

"No, sir," answered the student.

"Well, I am Professor Blackie, of Edinburgh. I dare say you have heard of me."

"Oh! very often indeed."

"Aye, aye," said the professor, slowly and thoughtfully. "And I dare say ye've heard that many folks think I'm a wee bit cracked," tapping his forehead with his finger; "but never forget, laddie, that, as Tam Chalmers once said, a crack often lets in the light!"

ABOUT IVORY.

BY FRED NYLON OCLLY.

Have any of our young folks ever wondered where all the ivory comes from? So many things are made of it: knife handles, paper cutters, pen holders, chessmen, curious toys, and parasol handles—there must be a good supply somewhere of the glossy white material.

In some countries chairs of state and thrones are made of it; the floors of palaces are inlaid with it, and sometimes the roofs of royal banquet-rooms are decorated with this costly commodity? One African potentate that I have read of had his royal residence fenced in by a row of gleaming elephant tusks. The royal abode was mud-walled and had a straw roof, and all its inner decorations were barbarous enough; but think of that ivory fence!

Ivory has always been an article of luxury. As long ago as the days of King Solomon it was named with gold as a valuable commodity. The caravans of the great king used to bring it from Ophir and from Ethiopia across the seas and the deserts to Jerusalem. One

of the Hebrew kings, it is said, built an ivory palace; probably the walls were panelled with this precious material, and so much of it was used in its decoration that it was termed an "ivory house."

There are two great sources of supply for ivory. One is elephant hunting in Africa and India, the other is ivory digging in the marsh lands of Siberia. Strange, is it not, that the gleaming treasure should be found so far apart as are the burning deserts and the frozen wastes of the Arctic continent where the Aurora Borealis flashes its spectral light over the teeming caravans?

Every year the elephant hunters, to supply the orders sent out from the great markets of London, Paris, and St. Petersburg, pursue their trade in the Indian jungles and the African deserts. They undergo great hardships, and oftentimes lives are lost in trying to capture their costly prizes. The adventures told of elephant hunting would make a volume of thrilling reading.

But dangerous as is elephant hunting, still greater are the risks undergone by those who pursue the search for fossil ivory. Do you know what fossil ivory is? Thousands of years ago the mammoth and the mastodon, much larger than the elephant, roamed the earth, but when the ice age came they were destroyed, and their remains, imbedded in ice banks, are found to-day in great numbers. The tusks and teeth of these huge and extinct animals constitute fossil ivory. It is estimated that fifty thousand pounds of fossil ivory are sent every year along the great caravan roads to the leading markets of the world.

The smooth white ivory that we see tells no tales of its long vigils passed in the Arctic snows, nor does it give it any hint of the perils encountered by those who remove it from its frozen bed where it has lain so long. But nothing is acquired without labour, and the tragedies that accompany the pursuit of ivory digging are among the most thrilling and terrible in the history of civilized man. Many an unknown grave lies amid those Northern snows, solemn testimonial of the cost of our beautiful ivory.

A Hint.

BY HENRIETTA R. MILOT.

A red glass makes everything seen through it red,

While blue glass turns everything blue;

So when every one seems to you selfish or cross,

Perhaps the real fault is in you!

THE LOCOMOTIVE WHISTLE.

It is told that the locomotive whistle was invented because of the destruction of a load of eggs. When locomotives were first built the country roads were for the most part crossed at grade, and the engine-driver had no way of giving warning of his approach except by blowing a tin horn. The horn, it may be imagined, was far from being a sufficient warning. One day, in the year 1833, a farmer of Thornton was crossing the railroad track on one of the country roads with a great load of eggs and butter. Just as he came upon the track a train approached. The engine-man blew his horn lustily, but the farmer did not hear it. Eighty dozen of eggs and fifty pounds of butter were smashed into an indistinguishable, unpleasant mass and mingled with the kindling wood to which the waggon was reduced. The railway company had to pay the farmer the value of his fifty pounds of butter, 900 eggs, his horse and his waggon. It was considered a very serious matter, and straightway a director of the company, Ishlen Parter by name, went to Alton Grange, where George Stephenson lived, to see if he could not invent something that would give warning more likely to be heard. Stephenson went to work, and the next day had a contrivance which, when attached to the engine boiler and the steam turned on, gave a shrill, discordant sound. The railroad directors, greatly delighted, ordered similar contrivances attached to all the locomotives, and from that day to this the voice of the locomotive whistle has never been silent.

An affecting incident connected with the massacre at Oorfa, in Armenia, was that of a mother, whose two sons were caught by the mob, while men with drawn swords, ready to cut them down, demanded that they should accept the Moslem faith. But the mother called out to them: "Die, but don't deny the Lord!" They stood firm, and were immediately cut down.