

The Naughty Little Girl.

BY SAMUEL MINTURN FRANK.

She is homely, she is tricky,
Anu, I'm greatly grieved to tell,
Her hands are always sticky
With a chocolate caramel
Her dolly's battered features
Speak of many a frantic hurl,
She's the terror of her teachers—
That naughty little girl.

She can whoop like a Comanche,
You can hear her round the square;
Further, like an Indian she
Often creeps and pulls my hair;
And she steals into my study,
And she turns my books a-whirl;
And her boots are always muddy—
That naughty little girl.

She dotes upon bananas,
And she smears them on my knees;
She peppers my Havanas,
And delights to hear me sneeze;
Yet—why, I can't discover—
Spite of every tangled curl,
She a darling, and I love her—
That naughty little girl!

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WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

D. W. COATES, S. F. HERRIS,
2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 31, 1896.

"SADDLE, SLED AND SNOWSHOE ON THE SASKATCHEWAN"—TALES OF THE DIFFICULTIES THAT BESET THE N.W. PIONEER.

"Saddle, Sled and Snowshoe, Pioneering on the Saskatchewan in the Sixties," is a book of which John McDougall is the author, and William Briggs, Toronto, the publisher. It may be said at once that it is a most fascinating book. There is ever an additional fascination about a story in which the men and scenes are old friends. We have grown familiar with them and taken a deeper interest in their deeds in the construction of a story than if we never met or read of them before. It goes without saying that few boys have read "Forest, Lake, and Prairie," who will not welcome the continuation of the adventures of the author in "Saddle, Sled and Snowshoe." The latter takes up the story where it was left on the last page of the former, and the first few pages contain a graphic account of a journey from Fort Edmonton with the dog teams.

"Eight trains of the picturesque dog teams, their sleds loaded with passengers, driven and guided by the runners, set out from the fort on the second day of January.

"There being no snow, we had to follow the windings of the river. It was late in the day when we got away, but both men and dogs were fresh, so we made good time and camped for the night some twenty-five miles from the fort. Climbing the first bank, we pulled into a clump of spruce, and soon the waning light of day gave place to the bright glare of our large camp fire. Frozen ground and a few spruce boughs were beneath us, and the twinkling stars overhead."

The evening by the fire, with the stories and pemmican and tea for supper, is pleasantly described. For the night: "The great fire burns down, the stars glitter through the crisp, frosty air, the aurora dances over our heads and flashes in brilliant colours about our

camp, the trees and the ice crack with the intense cold, but we sleep on until between 1 and 2, when we are again astir. Our huge fire once more flings its glare away out through the surrounding trees and into the cold night. A hot cup of tea, a small chunk of pemmican, a short prayer, and, hitching up our dogs, tying up our sled loads and wrapping up our passengers, we are away once more on the ice of this great inland river. The yelp of a dog as the sharp whip touches him is answered from either forest-clad bank by numbers of coyotes and wolves, but, regardless of these, 'Marse' is the word, and on we run, making fast time."

What healthy boy would not enjoy this, and feel a glow of pride in the fast time made, when the result was "120 miles in less than two days"?

Later on, eager to get the letters from home, which he had passed inexorably closed from his eager anxiety to possess them by the official seal of her Majesty's mail, he takes his first trip alone across the prairie with his faithful dogs, and we are introduced to Draffan, the leader of the team, "a fine, big black fellow, whose sleek coat had given him his name, 'sine cloth,' and the three others, 'noble fellows,' that made up the team which did their hundred miles in one day on that important journey.

The book is full of adventures, of travel, of all sorts of interesting experiences with both white men and red men, in the saddle, on the great river, both in the flood-time of spring and when ice-bound in winter, of adventures with his dogs, when he controlled them, and again when they in turn controlled their master's movements. Stories of the Indian chiefs, the grandly courageous old Maslikepetoon, and the author's friend, Kakake, council meetings, Indian rites and ceremonies, and the exciting buffalo hunts—all find a place in the every-day life of the pioneering in that great northern land. The book is more than a story of adventure to delight the boy readers of to-day. It is a faithful picture of a past, never to return, a valuable record of days that are historic now, the testimony of an eye-witness, the report of one who shared in scenes never to be repeated, because the settlement of the country, the civilization of the Indian, and the exterminating of the buffalo, has changed the whole condition and framework of the life upon the great inland river, and a new order of things has taken their place.

"Saddle, Sled and Snowshoe" is very well illustrated, the drawings are good and the scenes represented those which will attract most interest and appeal to the boy who loves stories of travel and adventure and rouse a desire to possess the book.—Globe.

A MONKEY BRIDGE.

There is a funny story in one of C. H. Holder's books on natural history, in which he describes a living bridge across one of the little streams which empty into the river Amazon. He had fallen asleep in his chair on the vessel's deck, but was awakened by a violent blow on his face. Looking up, he saw, in the dim light of early morn, what appeared like a gigantic rope suspended from the trees and moving away into the gloom. He continues:

"As morning was approaching I could soon observe their every motion. Their plan was to have three or four of the strongest and stoutest monkeys at the end, just as you have these firm granite pillars here. These fellows grasped the branches of the palm with feet, tails, and hands, then two others grasped them in the same way, and lowered themselves down, receiving in a similar manner several more, and they in turn others, until finally a rope or swinging column of monkeys hung from the branch.

"Others now attached themselves here and there, until they were perhaps three or even four feet deep, and the column thirty feet long. It then hung against the trunk of the tree, but as it became complete, the last monkey, that was held by the others and had his arms free, began to push against the tree, and so moved the living rope a little. Another push was followed by others, until the column began to swing with a long sweep, and it was during one of these movements that I had been struck.

"But the monkeys apparently knew what they were doing, and seemed to rely entirely on the end one who did all the pushing; and every time they gained a little, the pendulum swinging farther and farther over the water, until finally it went so near a branch on the other side that the leader grasped it, and the bridge was completed.

"That this was eminently satisfactory was evident from the chattering that came all along the line; but there was no undue haste, and as soon as the end

monkey had obtained a good hold, two others from the other side crossed very quickly, and then placed themselves by him to help secure the hold.

"Then the word was evidently given that the bridge was open, for over rushed a chattering, screaming troop—some on all fours, others standing upright, waving their tails, while the mothers carried the little ones—all in a hurry now to get over and relieve the bridge.

"A very ancient-looking monkey was the last to cross, and he picked his way over in such a deliberate manner that I laughed aloud, whereupon ensued a curious scene. The old fellow nearly lost his balance, for the monkeys at the end released their hold, and the entire bridge swung over. The moment it cleared the water, each monkey seemed to release his grasp, dropping here and there, and scampering off among the tree-tops, with loud chatterings and cries of rage and fear. What they would have done if I had alarmed them before, I hardly know, but some probably would have gone overboard."

A NEW BOY AT SCHOOL IN CHINA.

Every one knows the absurd character—to Occidentals—of Chinese formal conversation, but every fresh account of a first interview with a Chinaman with whom etiquette must be observed is a new entertainment. A gentleman who was for a long time at the head of a school in China, which was patronized by Chinese, has contributed to an exchange an account of the usual interview which took place between him and the father of a boy brought to the school.

The Chinese gentleman is escorted to the reception-room, and both he and the teacher shake their own hands and bow profoundly. Then the teacher asks:

"What is your honourable name?"

"My mean, insignificant name is Wong."

Tea and a water-pipe are sent for, and the teacher says, "Please use tea." The Chinaman sips and puffs for a quarter of an hour before he says to the teacher:

"What is your honourable name?"

"My mean, insignificant name is Pott."

"What is your honourable kingdom?"

"The small, petty district from which I come is the United States of America."

This comes hard, but etiquette requires the teacher to say it.

"How many little stems have you sprouted?" This means, "How old are you?"

"I have vainly spent thirty years."

"Is the honourable and great man of the household living?" He is asking after the teacher's father.

"The old man is well."

"How many precious little ones have you?"

"I have two little dogs." These are the teacher's own children.

"How many children have you in your illustrious institution?"

"I have a hundred little brothers."

Then the Chinaman comes to business. "Venerable master," he says, "I have brought my little dog here, and worshipfully entrust him to your charge."

The little fellow, who has been standing in the corner of the room, comes forward at this, kneels before the teacher, puts his hands on the floor and knocks his head against it. The teacher raises him up and sends him off to school, while arrangements are made for his sleeping-room, and so forth. At last the Chinese gentleman rises to take his leave.

"I have tormented you exceedingly to-day," he says.

"Oh, no, I have dishonoured you!"

As he goes toward the door he keeps saying, "I am gone; I am gone." And etiquette requires the teacher to repeat, as long as he is in hearing, "Go slowly, go slowly."

BE YE ALSO READY.

A few months ago, at the request of an aged man, I went to see a little girl who lay at the point of death. Though her suffering was very great, she was perfectly happy, and delighted to look forward to the time when the Lord Jesus would call her to himself.

"Yes, mother," she would say, "I shall soon go to Jesus; but you and father must come too; you have only to love the Lord Jesus Christ, and then you will meet me in heaven."

Shortly before her death, the little one raised her hand, and counting her thin fingers, said, "One, two, three, four, five—in about five minutes I think I shall be with Jesus."

She lay quite still for a few minutes, and then joyfully exclaimed, "Oh, mother, Jesus has opened the gates of heaven for me, and his angels are beckoning me to come!" And thus, without a sign of fear, the little child entered the presence of the Saviour she loved so well.

Reader, how would it be with you if you had only five minutes to live? Should you, like this little girl, long to be with Jesus, or would you say, "I am not ready to die!" Do not, I beseech you, put off your soul's salvation any longer, but come to the Saviour just as you are, knowing he is waiting to receive you. "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3, 16.

A REAL SAVIOUR.

Is Christ a reality to you? Do you look on him as a personal Friend? or is he only one known by report—a stranger so far as you are concerned? Let me tell you an anecdote which will illustrate what I mean. By the bedside of a dying girl in one of our London hospitals sat a gentleman who had come to speak to her of Jesus. After a few moments' conversation, he soon discovered that she had known him longer than he had himself; and instead of helping the sufferer, she taught him lessons never to be forgotten throughout the remainder of his life.

Scarcely knowing what to say, he asked: "Do you not feel very lonely in this ward all by yourself?"

"Oh, no," the girl replied. "It is sweet to have him all by one's self; he's so real to me!" Then came the question: "Isn't he to you?"

"I cannot say he is," answered her visitor; "for I know him not as you do. He is my Saviour, but we are only on 'visiting terms,' and you and he seem to be on 'speaking terms' all the day long."

Just so, many of God's people are half afraid of their Father in heaven, and fail to have that freedom of love in his presence which he longs for. There are degrees of intimacy between the Christian and Christ. Some have gained wondrous glimpses into the depths of his heart, and after a life-long intercourse with Jesus, have learned to know and love his will.

A Life of Liberty.

BY ANNA L. WARRING.

Briers beset my every path,
Which call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
An earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on thee
Is happy everywhere.

In service which thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me;
My secret heart is taught "the truth"
That makes thy children "free";
A life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

NOVEMBER 8, 1896.

Watchfulness.—Romans 14, 12.

"Arm me with jealous care."—Hymn 130, verse 3, Epworth League Hymnal.

The Apostle Paul insists upon diligence in the work of personal salvation, from the fact that the season of life will soon be gone, and that therefore we should be up and doing, not like a person who is asleep, but rather like one who is wide-awake, because it is only such a one that can work and toil. Time is passing away, the sands in the glass of time will soon be run out, hence all kinds of wickedness, here called "works of darkness," should be put away.

Hymn 130, verses 3 and 4.

Commit these verses to memory. They are appropriate to the lesson. The author of the hymn, Rev. Charles Wesley, prays for divine care. "Arm me with jealous care." Unless we are constantly on the watch-tower, we will be almost sure to be taken captive by the enemy of souls. The fourth verse is of the same import, "Help me to watch and pray, and on thyself rely!"

We are apt to rely upon ourselves, or upon the arm of some friend, and whenever we do so we lose strength, and bring ourselves into condemnation. We should "cast all our care upon God." He careth for us. Parents are not more careful about their little ones than our heavenly Father is concerning his children.

ENCOURAGING EXAMPLES.

The Bible abounds with the names of those who have put their trust in him, who never slumbereth nor sleepeth. Think of Joseph, Obadiah, Josiah, Daniel, Timothy, and many others, who lived by faith, and in every season of temptation and trial received the aid which was so requisite. Our heavenly Father is the same as he ever was. "He is the Jehovah, and he changeth not."