

"I don't like no such work," he growled. "You may do it yourself."

"Maybe you don't, but we didn't ask if you did. We can't do it, for we've got to be on the ground below. And if you don't stop it we'll find some way of doing it ourselves. But mind,"—taking the boy's shoulder in an iron grasp—"if you don't do it we'll catch you, and the mornin' after we'll throw you down and stop the train with you. Yes, don't be afraid but we'll find you."

Jake shook himself free and walked away. He had a terror of these men, growing out of many things he had seen them do which were utterly beyond his half-wild understanding. He believed they could do him any injury they would.

What should he do? He had no love for white men in general, but his nature revolted against committing a crime. Fast upon his memory came crowding the words spoken by the missionary so long ago, giving him a very clear perception of the difference between right and wrong, and a sense of his responsibility before the Creator who has planted those perceptions in even the untaught soul. In his dim, misty way Jake had learned to recognize his voice in the winds and the waters, and his face in the sunlight.

How could he do such a thing? And on a sudden he stopped short. That boy, the one who had so stoutly opposed Burk, had spoken of his father coming the day after to-morrow. It must be on that train.

Burk would kill him if he did not obey him. That would be better than doing it. But he could start away this night and before morning be far out of his reach.

He walked almost unconsciously for miles over the rough, snow-covered hills. Then came another thought. Burk was going to wreck the train anyway. Jake could prevent it by giving warning of what was to be done. He quickly turned his face towards the town. It would be throwing himself into the hands of the evil men, but if it must be so it must. He could see again the frank, kindly gaze of the strange boy. Poor Jake had a vague idea of the difference between his rough, untaught self and these more favoured boys, and a pathetic feeling that the world could spare him better than such as they.

In his deep thought he skirted too near the edge of a steep descent. A few days' thaw had been followed by a sharp frost, forming a glazed surface on the snow. His footing once lost, Jake found in dismay that he could not regain it. He grasped a low-growing branch, but it gave way with him, and, with a cry which echoed unheard among the lonely mountains, he went down—down.

Jake opened his eyes with a confused wonder where he might be. A dizzy ache in his head led him to guess that a severe bump had taken away his consciousness for awhile. It was dark and cold. Looking up, he could see the stars, and soon guessed that he had fallen into some kind of a hole.

Light soon began to break, and then Jake knew where he was. The mountains around had been well hunted over by gold seekers, and the boy saw that he had fallen into a prospecting hole, dug in hopes of finding the rich ore, and then abandoned.

He could not get out. One desperate trial after another he made, to fall back with bleeding hands and half-stunned senses. The morning slowly wore away. Another morning would see the fearful work of wreck and death wrought on dozens of innocent travellers. At intervals he raised his voice in wild cries for help.

"Halloo! Halloo!"

Could that be an answering cry? With all his might he shouted again.

"Halloo! We're coming. Where are you, anyway?"

Jake kept up a clamour which was soon rewarded by the sight of a head peeping over the edge of the hole, a head ornamented with the fair hair he had seen the day before.

"Yes, here we are. We tracked you by your snowshoes. And we've got a rope. We've climbed down to the level so as to get at you. There's the rope; tie it round your waist. Aren't you about starved? We've got something to eat, too. Ho! We wanted to see some of your trapping, but we didn't expect to find you in a trap."

Benumbed and aching Jake was soon out of his prison. It was not his way to express his feelings in words, but there was a look in the dark eyes which could easily

be read. Scarcely would he wait to satisfy his hunger before telling his story of the dreadful work which was in preparation.

The boys listened with grave faces. "Now I must get away," said Jake, stooping to adjust his snow-shoes. "They'll kill me."

"No, you sha'n't go," said Arthur earnestly. "My father's the governor of the territory, and if he wasn't I guess there's law enough finding its way out here to get equal with such rascals, and to take care of you, too. You wait here till dark and then come to our house. Dick and I will hurry back and set things at work."

"What if we hadn't spoken kindly to that poor wild-looking fellow?" said Dick to his cousin after an hour of walking in silence.

"It makes me dizzy to think what," said Arthur. "It's a sort of a strong showing how much may come to depend on people we shouldn't expect much of. Well, Jake shall be well paid for his night's work."

And Jake found himself in such kindly hands, belonging with hearts so generously appreciative of the great service he had rendered, that as the years went on in which he made use of opportunities given him, he was more and more able to rejoice in realizing that the Lord, who has created fair faces and dark, looks with equal love upon each, granting to both the blessing of being means of good to each other.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 9, 1893.

METHODIST MISSION WORK.

THE special glory of Methodism has been its missionary character. It has not only gone to those who needed it, but to those who needed it most. It has sought out with a passionate zeal the forgotten and neglected, and has sent the Gospel to the degraded and the wretched, even in the uttermost parts of the earth. This crown of honour of the British Methodism is also the characteristic to Methodism throughout the world. But though many daughters have done virtuously the grand old mother church has excelled them all. This is owing, we conceive, not to her greater wealth, but to her superior missionary organization. The average membership is, we think, less able to give than the membership in either Canada or the United States. But the mode of collection is more systematic, missionary information is more widely diffused, and missionary zeal more intensely kindled. The missionary meetings at Leeds, Salford, Sheffield, and other great Methodist centres are seasons of glowing enthusiasm, and so also are those of village and circuit Methodism throughout the land.

But it is especially in enlisting the co-operation of the young that this superior

organization is apparent. In a single year the juvenile offerings of the Wesleyan church amounted to \$107,000 or one-third of the entire missionary income raised in Great Britain.

In Canada the amount raised for missions during 1892-93 by juvenile offerings was \$27,039.25, an increase of \$782.97 on the previous year. If the Christmas offering plan be not considered the best, let some other more efficient mode be adopted. Such a mode has already been adopted by some of our schools, at which, instead of sending out Christmas collecting cards, a juvenile missionary society has been established, with the result of doubling the amount of contributions of the school. The schools of Montreal last year contributed the noble sum of \$3,336.73, being an average of over 65 cents for each scholar on the roll. And most of these scholars, we are told, belong chiefly to what may be called the poorer classes of society. There is scarcely any place in Canada which, with similar organization, might not give similar results. Yet if even half of this, or say one cent a Sunday, which even the poorest could give, from our 244,774 scholars would yield \$127,282.48 instead of \$24,714.13 of last year.

The school of the Metropolitan Church of this city, and we believe some others, have inaugurated a plan which deserves general imitation. A Sunday-school missionary meeting is held once a quarter, at which missionary information is given, letters from our missionaries read, missionary hymns are sung, and missionary addresses are made. Besides this, a missionary collection is taken up in each class every Sunday. Far more important than the money value of such a system is the moral benefit. The young people of our church are thus brought into intelligent sympathy with the grandest of causes. They become acquainted with our missionary work. Their mental horizon is widened, beneficent emotions are stirred in their souls and habits of systematic giving are cultivated. When, in a few years, they pass from the school into the church, they will be better fitted to discharge their responsibilities in every department of missionary and church work. By all means let such societies be organized in connection with all our congregations.

THE TEMPERANCE FIGHT.

LET us marshal the young hosts in the Sunday-schools and day-schools into the armies of this new crusade. We are told that Hamilcar, the Carthaginian general, made his little son Hannibal, at six years of age, swear, upon his country's altar, eternal enmity against his country's foes. The victorious march of the Carthaginian conqueror over the conquered Roman territory tell how faithfully that vow was kept.

In like manner the boys and girls, the youths and maidens, in our homes and in our schools, the young men and young women who will so largely mould the thought and the opinion of the future should swear eternal enmity against this foe of God and man in our land.

Here, as in every great moral reform, woman's influence can become almost supreme. She is the true regent of society. Her rebuke may cause intemperance with its associate vices to shrink abashed from her presence. Her co-operation will inspire the mightiest efforts for the extirpation of this sin against God and crime against man. The W.C.T.U. on this continent is, we believe, the mightiest temperance agency yet organized.

Let the boys and girls first be pledged in the Sunday-schools. Let temperance instruction be communicated, as it already largely is, in our public schools. Let temperance literature and information be widely diffused in the religious and secular press of the country. Earnest, unceasing, importunate prayer should be sent up to heaven for the staying of this awful tide of intemperance. But prayer without effort is an insult to God. Prayer should be accompanied by the most earnest and persistent effort to build up God's kingdom in the world and to overthrow the ancient Bastille of intemperance and vice. Let the boys and girls urge and beseech their fathers and big brothers to fight against the drink traffic and vote for its prohibition on January 1st.

"It Shall Come to Pass in the Last Days."

A BETTER day is coming,
A morning promised long,
When girded right, with holy might,
Will overthrow the wrong;
When God the Lord will listen
To every plaintive sigh
And stretch his hand o'er every land,
With justice, by-and-bye.

CHORUS.

Coming by-and-bye, coming by-and-bye!
The better day is coming,
The morning draweth nigh;
Coming by-and-bye, coming by-and-bye.
The welcome dawn will hasten on,
The coming by-and-bye.

The boast of haughty error
No more will fill the air,
But age and youth will love the truth,
And spread it everywhere;
No more from want and sorrow
Will come the hopeless cry;
And strife will cease, and perfect peace
Will flourish by-and-bye.

Oh! for that holy dawning
We watch, and wait, and pray,
Till o'er the height the morning light
Shall drive the gloom away;
And when the heavenly glory
Shall flood the earth and sky,
We'll bless the Lord for all his word
And praise him by-and-bye.

A STORY OF STEPHEN GIRARD.

A CHARACTERISTIC story of Stephen Girard was that he induced a boy to work for him till he was twenty-one years old, promising to give him a good start in life afterward. When the time came the young man applied for the promised reward. The eccentric old merchant looked at him for a moment, and then said gruffly, "Go, and learn a trade. Considerably cast down, the young man turned away, for he had expected a very different start; but after some reflection, knowing something of the other's peculiarities, he decided to do as he had been bidden, and learned the cooper's trade. When he had mastered it, a year or so later, he presented himself again, and the old man gave him an order for two barrels. He made and delivered them, and Mr. Girard examined and praised them. "Now," he said, "you have a capital that you cannot lose, for you can always fall back on your trade if you meet with adversity." And then he advanced his protegee a considerable capital with which to start business.—*Harper's Weekly.*

LET IT ALONE.

SOLOMON, speaking of the use of wine, declares: "At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Prov. 23. 32. The adder he refers to is thought to be the cockatrice, or yellow viper—one of the largest and most venomous of the venomous serpents which invest Palestine. It has been said that its breath was poison; the vemon exuded from its skin; that it could kill even by its very look; that its poison was so subtle, that a man who killed it by his spear, fell dead by reason of the poison darting up the shaft of the spear and passing into his hands; and that it burned up the grass wherever it crept, and the birds fell dead when they approached its hiding-place. The sacred writers, doubtless, had these legends in mind; and to this peculiarly poisonous character, imputed to the cockatrice, or adder, they refer in their warnings against the wine cup.

THE *Central Christian Advocate*, St. Louis, Mo., says: "In the *Methodist Magazine* for October (Toronto, William Briggs), W. D. Howells writes on 'Village Life on Lake Leman,' brimming over with the quaint, delightful humour of that writer, and 'Bob Bartlett's Baby,' a story of great power and pathos, recounting a thrilling shipwreck and rescue on the coast of Newfoundland, is afforded by Rev. Geo. Bond, B.A. Mrs. Helen Campbell's 'Light in Dark Places,' or, Rescue Work in New York Slums,' is also very strongly written, and a life-sketch and portrait of Prof. Drummond, with an article from his brilliant pen, are also given."