

dashes into the stream. Yard by yard the rapid is thus ascended, sometimes gaining a foot a minute, again advancing more rapidly, until at last the light craft floats upon the very lip of the fall, and a long smooth piece of water stretches away up the stream.

But if the rushing or breasting up a rapid is exciting, the operation of shooting them in a birch-bark canoe is doubly so. As the frail birch-bark nears the rapid from above, all is quiet. The most skilful voyageur sits on his heels in the bow of the canoe, the next best oarsman similarly placed in the stern. The bowsman peers straight ahead with a glance like that of an eagle. The canoe, seeming like a cockleshell in its frailty, silently approaches the rim where waters disappear from view. On the very edge of the slope the bowsman suddenly stands up, and bending forward his head, peers eagerly down the eddying rush, then falls upon his knees again. Without turning his head for an instant, the sentient hand behind him signals its warning to the steersman. Now there is no time for thought; no eye is quick enough to take in the rushing scene. There are strange currents, unexpected whirls, and backward eddies and rocks—rocks rough and jagged, smooth, slippery and polished—and through all this the canoe glances like an arrow, dips like a wild bird down the wing of the storm.

All this time not a word is spoken; but every now and then there is a quick twist of the bow paddle to edge her off some rock, to put her full through some boiling billow, to hold her steady down the slope of some thundering chute.

HOW LEU YEN WAS HELPED.

A Christian lady of Oakland has told in an exchange the story of Leu Yen.

As I passed through the kitchen into the laundry one Tuesday forenoon, I could not but notice the happy, contented expression in Leu Yen's face, though I saw at a glance that the large clothes-basket was full of tightly-rolled garments to be ironed, and that meant a long, steady day's work.

"How are you getting along, Yen?" was my salutation, and the answer came readily and quick, "All right; Job helped me very much yesterday."

"Job helped you! How was that?" forgetting for a moment that our Sunday-school lessons at that time were in the book of Job.

"Yes, Job helped me!" giving emphasis to his words.

"Yesterday I have big wash, very heavy quilt, too, and I work hard, hang some clothes on the line, fix 'em big quilt on the line, put stick under the line, hold him up, then wash more clothes, go out,

find stick blown down, big quilt all dirt, go this way back again, then I feel so mad, feel just like I swear, then I think of Job, how he lose his money, his children, all his land, get sick, have sores all over, he never swear, he praise God, then I praise God, bring quilt in house, wash him clean, and praise God all the time."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 26, 1895.

POOR FLAVOR, ANYWAY.

When General Miles visited Galveston he inspected Fort San Jacinto. One of the men who have the ammunition magazine in charge was standing at the door of the place, says The Galveston News, holding in his hand two little strips of something that looked like macaroni.

"What's that?" asked General Miles.

"Don't you know, General, what that is?" said the government official.

"Don't believe I do," said the general, examining a piece of the stuff.

"That's the powder we use in that rifle there," he said, pointing to one of the guns.

Nobody laughed so heartily as the general himself at the very ridiculous idea of the head of the United States army not knowing what powder was when he saw it.

One of the officers then said: "That stuff is put up in those boxes you see over in that corner there. When the storm hit this fort and scattered our guns and ammunition all over South Texas, it became necessary for us to send out an officer to locate and recover as much of it as possible.

"One day, while in discharge of this

duty, he came upon an old farmer up the bay somewhere, who had been picking up what he could find over in his section of the state. The officer found several of these boxes stacked away in the old man's larder, and in the name of Uncle Sam he proceeded to seize them.

"He procured a waggon and loaded the stuff on it. As he was leaving the place the old man sang out, with some degree of satisfaction: 'Take your old macaroni! It's no good, anyway! Mary boiled some a whole day, and it tasted like mule!'"

A QUEER WAY OF RECKONING BIRTHDAYS.

Far away in north-east Greenland, where life is so cold and cheerless that people can hardly be said to live, but simply exist, the people have an odd way of keeping the family record. They have no written language nor method of making such rude chronicles as we find even among many uncivilized people.

One bit of history is carefully preserved, however, and this is the way it is done: Each baby at its birth is provided with a fur bag, which is kept as his most precious possession. When, after the long Arctic winter, the sun makes his appearance, the bag is opened and a bone is put into it to mark a year of baby's life.

So, each succeeding year, as the sun makes his yearly four months' visit, another bone is added. This bag is regarded as something so very sacred that it never seems to enter into the head of the most impatient little Eskimo to add a bone to his collection "between times" to hurry himself into his "teens."

THE RESURRECTION.

When Winter vanished silently
Before the touch of Spring,
In garden bed I placed a bulb,
A brown and withered thing,
No hint of sweetness it exhaled,
No grace of form it wore,
As in the earth I set it deep,
And strewed it thickly o'er.

In Summer, on the self-same spot,
A rising plant was seen;
Ere long a pearly bud appeared
Amid its leaves of green;
And soon a lovely lily stood
In fair and perfect bloom;
With robe of snow, and heart of gold,
And breath of sweet perfume.

And so it is ordained for me;
Ere long this body plain
Must hide, within the quiet grave,
Its weakness and its pain,
But when at last my Lord shall come,
His kingdom to declare,
In perfect beauty I shall rise
To meet him in the air.