

That Brother of Mine.

Who is it comes in like a whirlwind,
And clears the door with a slam,
And before he has taken his hat off,
Calls out for "some bread and some jam?"

Who is that, when I am weary,
Has always a hole in his coat,
A button to sew on in a hurry,
A nail to be made for a boat?

Who is it that tiptoes about softly,
Whenever I'm sick or in pain -
And is every minute forgetting,
And whistling some head-splitting strain?

Who is it I'd rather have by me,
When in need of a true honest friend,
Who is it that I shall miss sadly
When I'm far from the old home,
And I long for the peace of sunshine,
Whom I do you think I shall send for?

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 3, 1892.

GOOD BOOKS FOR BOYS.

With Wolfe in Canada, or, The Winning of a Continent. By G. A. Henty. New York: Wauthington & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.25.

No more stirring story was ever written than that of the long conflict between England and France for the possession of this continent. It abounds in scenes of the profoundest heroism, of the grimmest tragedy, of the tenderest pathos. It was a great issue which was at stake. The question really was whether this broad continent should remain subject to Roman Catholic power with all that that means, or whether it should be devoted to civil and religious freedom.

The story approaches its crisis in the last three years of the campaign. Mr. Henty, who is a very accomplished and successful story teller, weaves into a very interesting narrative these important events. The first hundred pages of his book is employed in making us acquainted with the early life of the characters who play such an important part. We then follow them with a personal interest which one seldom feels in the great figures which stalk through the pages of history.

The stirring tale of Braddock's defeat is well given. It was a gallant fight, the bannered array, the scarlet uniforms, the gleam of bayonets, as the British army with flying colours unconsciously pressed on to its fate, the fife and drum band making the forest ring with the inspiring chorus of the "British Grenadiers." Suddenly a war whoop rang on the air and a murderous fire was poured into their ranks by an unseen foe lurking in the shadows of the primeval forest.

Repulsed on the Ohio and at Ticonderoga the British were elsewhere victorious. The capture of Louisburg by Wolfe was a gallant exploit, but the interest thickens around the doomed fortress of Quebec. We know no more stirring page in all history than that which recounts the capture of the fortress heights of the city founded by Champlain, one of the very oldest, as well as one of the most picturesque and interesting cities on the broad continent.

The French penned up within the grim stone walls were reduced to severest straits. "We are without hope and without food," said an intercepted letter; "God hath forsaken us." Still the brave Montcalm held out and the gallant Wolfe, despite ill health and the disaster of Montmorency, determined to take the city or die in the attempt, and take it he did by a stroke of heroic boldness. It adds additional pathos to the story that both the gallant leaders lost their lives, one upon the field of battle and the other a few hours later.

One of the most interesting monuments in the world is that on the Esplanade at Quebec which is erected to both Wolfe and Montcalm. It is a pledge of the truce between the conquered and the conquering people. Like two streams which rush from opposite sides of a valley and meet in the middle with fierce commotion and then flow peacefully on with blended waves, so the two hostile races, met in the shock of battle, and quietly mingled together, and for over a century and a third have lived peacefully side by side beneath the protecting folds of the Red Cross flag, which secured to the conquered as well as to the conquerors, equal rights. It was a French Premier, Sir E. Cartier, who said that the last shot fired in defence of British institutions in this continent would be fired by a French Canadian.

We want all our boys and girls to become familiar with the stirring story of their country's history. Mr. Henty's book will greatly help them in this endeavour. It has twelve full page illustrations and two maps.

Mr. Henty is a most prolific pen, and he has written a number of patriotic and historic stories which convey a great deal of valuable information in a pleasing form. Among those which strike us as being of special interest are the following: "By Pike and Dyke," a tale of the rise of the Dutch Republic; "Bonnie Prince Charlie;" "To the Temple, or the Fall of Jerusalem;" "The Lion of the North," a tale of Gustavus Adolphus; "Under Drake's Flag," a tale of the Spanish Armada; "By England's Aid, or, The Freeing of the Netherlands;" "True to the Old Flag," a tale of the War of Independence; "The Reign of Terror;" "St. George for England;" "The Dragon and the Raven, or, The Days of King Alfred;" "The Orange and the Green," a tale of the Boyne and Limerick, and many others. These can all be obtained at the Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. They will make good Christmas and New Year presents.

GO HOME, BOYS!

Boys, don't hang around the corners of the streets. If you have anything to do, do it promptly, then go home. About the street corners they learn to talk slang, swear, smoke, and to do many other bad things.

Do your business, and then go home. If your business is play, play and make a business of it. I like to see boys play good, earnest, healthy games. If I were the town council, I would give the boys a good, spacious playground. It should have plenty of green grass, and trees and fountains, and broad spaces to run and jump and play suitable games in. I would make it as pleasant, as lovely as it could be, and I would give it to the boys to play in, and when the play was ended I would tell them to go home.

CURIOUS FACTS IN NATURAL HISTORY.

BY FRANCIS FORRESTER, ESQ.

In the West Indies and in some parts of South America there is a species of crab which lives, not in the sea, but in damp woods, sometimes a long distance from the sea. These creatures do not love the daylight, but seek the vegetables on which they feed in the night. At certain seasons they gather into large troops and march under cover of darkness to the sea. They cross woods, fields, and rivers at a rapid rate. No obstacle stops their progress. They sweep over everything that obstructs their path. The benighted traveller who meets this quick marching host is likely to find himself in an embarrassing, if not, indeed, a dangerous situation. There is a story told by Doctor Lamont about some of the famous Admiral Drake's sailors who met an army of these crabs in a wild part of South America, and were badly bitten on their legs, thrown down, and some of them actually devoured. This, however, is no doubt a case in which the imagination of the writer so strained his facts as to give them the dimensions of fiction. Nevertheless, for one to meet this marching host of crabs on a darksome night would be anything but a pleasant encounter.

But why do these crabs march to the sea? For the reason that, like water-crabs, they breathe through gills, which need more moisture than they can obtain on land. Nature has kindly placed a cell at the root of their gills which retains water sufficient to keep them from drying up. But these cells become exhausted at times, and the crabs must re-fill them or die for lack of their breathing organs.

The scorpion is one of the pests of hot climates. Scorpions have a fierce, ferocious temper. Placed together in a box, they fight desperately until few of them are left alive; and then the victorious cannibals at once set about the disgusting task of eating their dead foes. Indeed, they sometimes eat their own young as soon as they are born.

The scorpion has large claws with which it holds its prey until it pierces it with its sting, which is at the extremity of its tail. Its sting causes severe pain. To some persons it is dangerous. The sting of the large black scorpion of South America and Ceylon is said to cause death. Strange stories are told of this abhorred creature by Aristotle and Pliny, such as that Persian kings employed armies for several days to destroy them, and that whole countries were sometimes depopulated by them. These stories are doubtless exaggerations of the terror created by their presence in large numbers, and the deadly effects of their tormenting stings. When Ezekiel lived among the wicked, malicious, persecuting men of his evil times, God said to him, "Thou dwellest among scorpions." Thus, you see that God looks on the wickedness of the wicked as being as hurtful to the souls of men as the poison of the scorpion's sting is to their bodies.

It is a curious fact that wasps, despite their numbers, nearly all die in the autumn. A very few females survive the rigors of winter. But a single female wasp, when she throws off the torpor of her winter's sleep, becomes the builder of a nest which by the close of summer furnishes a home for 30,000 of her descendants. Her first work when she wakes up is to dig out a cave in a sand-bank with her own hands and teeth. Here she begins to make the paper which is to line her nest and serve as cells for her eggs. She forms the nest out of woody fiber scraped or plucked by her jaws from posts and rails, and wrought into little pellets which she carries in her mouth. After her eggs hatch out a first brood she has abundant workers and male wasps to aid in the enlargement of her nest, which, as stated above, will contain three generations of her descendants, numbering some thirty thousand wasps at the end of summer. It is a merciful provision of Providence that these insects nearly all die at the close of autumn. Were it otherwise, their vast numbers would constitute them a troublesome plague.

Wasps are useful to us in that they are pestiferous destroyers of flies. But it is a curious fact that when October arrives they become as much less voracious and blood-thirsty that they permit flies to enter their nests with impunity. Probably the torpor

which precedes their death then begins to benumb them, and thereby prepare them for their fate which dooms them all to perish, except a few females who will be preserved to renew and continue the race in the ensuing spring.

No one holds the wasp in very high estimation because of its sting. Its thievish habit of sipping sweetness from our chest fruit, and its noisy way of flying into the open windows of our houses. Let us, however, give it due credit for its disposition to be peaceable provided we do not first provoke it by attack. Yet if we will recall it we do well to recollect that its motto is, "No one may provoke me with impunity."

The death the Poet Laureate afresh calls attention to the splendid services he has rendered English literature. We have often quoted from his poems in these pages, especially his patriotic poems to the Queen, to the memory of Prince Albert and on the death of the Duke of Wellington and the like. We give another selection in this number.

"DRINK TO MAKE YOU WORK."

"I DRINK to make me work," said a young man. To which an old man replied, "That's right; thee drunk, and it will make thee work! Hearken to me a moment, and I'll tell thee something that may do thee good."

"I was once a prosperous farmer, I had a good, loving wife and two as fine lads as ever the sun shone on. We had a comfortable home, and lived happily together. But we used to drink ale to make us work. Those two lads I have laid in druidards graves. My wife died broken-hearted and she now lies by her two sons. I am seventy-two years of age. Had it not been for drink, I might now have been an independent gentleman; but I used to drink to make me work, and mark, it makes me work now. At seventy years of age I am obliged to work for my daily bread. Drunk! and it will make you work."

DR. STORRS ON THE SUNDAY PAPER.

In his recent address before the Foreign Missionary Conference, in Boston, Dr. Storrs gave this description of the effect of the Sunday paper on the work of the minister:

"Every minister knows, and is sorry to know, when he rises in his pulpit on Sunday morning—I do not know about Boston, but I know about Brooklyn and New York—he is sorry to know that probably three-fifths of even the communicants before him have had their minds soaked and saturated in the news which had come with the Sunday morning papers, before they came to church; that it had not been a preparation of reading the Scriptures and of prayer by which they had become ready for the church service; that he is to speak to minds which are in precisely the same attitude towards the truth in which they would have been if they had come on Wednesday or on Saturday morning, and not on the Lord's Day, to the church."

HABIT.

There was once a horse that used to pull around a sweep which lifted dirt from the corners of the earth. He was kept at the business nearly twenty years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a picture and left to crop the grass without any one to disturb or bother him. But the funny thing about the old horse was that every morning after grazing awhile he would start on a tramp, going round and round in a circle just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for hours, and people would often stop to look and wonder what had got into the head of the venerable animal, to make him walk around in such a solemn way when there was no earthly need of it. It was force of habit. And the boy who first had or good habits in his youth will be led by them when he becomes old, and will be miserable or happy accordingly.