

The Way to Victory.

Yes, I will an' then stick to it—
Say, air that's the way to do it,
Nothin' ever won't, I guess,
Worth the washin' fer, unless
One is willin' for to work—
Haint no prizes for a shirk—
Fer the Lord, or so they say,
Hates a quitter, anyway.

W'posin' at a settin' hon,
I had a little while, an' then,
(Alliv'ant' around until)
All her eggs had got a chill!
B'posin' she'd everATCH a thing,
Underneath her poppin' wing,
She won't get no fly and hence,
Hens, I say, have common sense.

Is a boy I had to do
Lots of things I h'nted to:
Haint no work an' old concern,
N'nelly, the old dasher churn;
D'nd't never duty to pause
In my path of 'dist, 'cause
Known'd all, if I was to dream,
Butter'd all go back to cream.

If a ship was 'lowed to go
Every way the winds'd blow,
Haint it 'twice for around
To a harbour safe and sound?
Guess it be best for ship or man
To be guided by a plan,
Choose yer task, an' whisper still—
Win I must, an' win I will!

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various magazines and their prices, including Christian Guardian, The Western, and others.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Publisher,
Melville Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.
Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 23, 1899.

A WARNING.

It is apt to be too late to save a drunkard...
"Time is called, Jim," I said to myself...

ered smooth and unbroken to the bottom.
Then I tried another, and another until the force craving was somewhat reduced...

WHITEFIELD AND HIS MOTHER.

Whitefield's mother early told him that she expected more from him than from the other children. He says, "I tried to make my mother's expectations true...

"A woman had neglected to procure for him some things he had ordered for her. She was disappointed in all directions...

THEY ALWAYS FIND HIM.

Supposing you could win the world, what would you do with it? Would it be any use to you if you had everything else laid aside...

is near me now; I will call on him.
Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom, for thou hast heard my prayer...

A Western Experience.

Its gravel bed, 200 yards wide, its cool and crystal waters fresh from the melting snows on the mountain slopes...

When everything was made comfortable in the "shack," the young frontiersman started out to explore the country...

Early in June a companion arrived from Toronto, and another and more roomy cabin was selected nearer civilization...

At last the time arrived for the two Toronto boys to pull up stakes and strike for the mountains. Taking the railway train at Calgary, they hardly had time to exchange their final farewells...

specimens of rock stratification they had ever seen. Below them lay the vastness of the north, with its hot sulphur springs, and wonderful caves on the slope of Sulphur Mountain, opposite...

The day was spent in visiting the scenes of wonder and beauty in this rugged paradise, including a trip to the falls on the Bow River, a bath in the sulphur hot springs, and another in the cave, where, descending a rocky shaft by a long ladder, they found four themselves in a grotto, forty feet high and fifty feet across...

Taking the train again that night, they found themselves early morning at Herby, for a few miles this side of the summit of the range. Here they set out to cross the Rockies on foot. After passing Lagan, they struck the down grade for a long Pacific, and then to British Columbia. All morning Mt. Stephen loomed up 6,480 feet above them on the left. Down the steep grade of 4 1/2 in 100 they coasted on a hand-car, rattling down the incline at a break-neck speed...

When they could not endure the intense cold-long, so our amateur mountaineer was obliged to clamber down again on the opposite side to that by which he had ascended. Dropping from a ledge up to his nose, he was obliged to hug a huge boulder, weighing tons, which went crashing down the mountain side for a mile and a half, crushing everything before it...

"Do you believe in the value of fresh air?"
"I do, indeed. I spent a week in the mountains, and it cost me \$200."

Fond Mother—"What do you think baby will be when he grows up?"
Exasperated Father—"I don't know, town-crier, likely, likely."