question of great interest. In the plains of Arisona and New Mexico are numerous Pueblo villages, numbering about 7,000 inhabitants, who are considered to be the descendants of the cliff-dwellers. They dwell in large communities—from 200 to 700 souls—in one huge structure. This structure consists of a holie buildings of adobe or Just These Pueblidings of a five or three recedies about the same grade of its conjectured that the latter retired southward some time since the Spanish occupation of Centra. America either account of the hostile pressure of fiercer tribes from the north, or from the failure of the means of sustenance through the drying up of the streams It seems probable. Temarks Professor Horizontal that a rich reward await the fortunate archineologist work has been controlled in the masses of the sustainable pueblid in the masses of the Southwest."

OUR PERIODICALS:

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the cost popular. Yearly most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.
Methodist Magazine and Review, of pp., monthly
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and
Magadian and Methodist Magazine and
The Weekras, Hillian weekly You, monthly
Ormand, 8 pp., do, weekly, mich opples
Dissonable and over
Dissonable man and physical and physical and over
Dissonable man and physical and physical and over
Dissonable man and physical and physic

Onward, 8 pp., 410., weekly, under 5 coptes.

Apoptes and over.

Present and over.

Prese

SELECTION BRICKS Methodist Book and Publishing House, Torot C. W. COATES, S. P. HUEBTES, Wesleyan Book Ro
Montreal, Halitax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 24, 1900.

HARIT.

There was once a horse that used to pull around a sweep which lifted dir from the depths 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 pasture, and left to crop the grass without any one to dis-turb 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 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 got into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk around in such as solemn way when there was no early need for it. It was the force o chably had the bey who forms had or good habits in his youth will be do by them when he becomes old, and will be allegable or happy accordingly.—Christian Observer.

A TERRIBLE DANGER. BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

People read, with pale faces, the account of a tornado, and the single word "cyclone" is all that is required to ter-rify the dwellers in some of our States. rify the dwellers in some of our States. They build cellars and bank-houses in which to hide from the fury of the storm, and run to their refuga at the first approach of the dreaded visitor. And yet the same persons sit calmy down, and witness the terrible tornado of intemperance sweeping furfously be added to the first to the same person sit calmy down, and witness the terrible tornado to intemperance sweeping furfously be added to the first threat of the same person with the same to the first threat with murder, its voloc hourse with curses—woe, and death, and destruction following in its wake overhoarse with curses—woe, and death, and destruction following in its wake overy-where. And, if one dares to lift up the cry of "danger!" and entreat men to dy for safety to a sure refuge from this appalling storm, he is called "a crank,"

and "a fanatic," and laughed or specred

and "a tannite." and isughed or steered at for his carnestness.

Not by everybody, thank God! There are those who would gladly help him; but by too many and by very many who know to well the fearful ravages of the awful cyclone of intemperance.

No one who uses even one drop of interiority in the awful cyclone of intemperance.

No one who uses even one drop of interiority in the awful cyclone of intemperance and women have sunk under this dreadful scourge number to realst the appetite, when once it was yielded to. The only prefect hope of safety is, never to touch the vile thing And the next, to do all we can by example, law, and influence, to save those who are in danger.

Our best hope for the future, dear chil-

who are in danger
Our best hope for the future, dear children, is in you Will you do all you can
to avert the storm of intemperance, and
bring a better and brighter day? Intemperance is the leading crime of the age, and you must make a mighty struggle to overcome it.

A TALE OF TWO.

BY TINA MITCHELL.

BY TIMA MITCHELL.

As the clock is striking six each morning, a man with rounded shoulders, a wheezy chest, and a face dull and heavy with sleep goes out into a little shed and says "Good-morning" to his horse. This is the way he does it. First he gives him a rough slap on the near hind-quarter. Then he emphasizes the slap with a strong shove and as growds past. Bill into the nerrow stall, and when he sees that the meagre portion of food provided for Bill last night is all gone, he grumbles and growls in a way that should not like to-describe on paper. Bill its cost supposed to understand the human language bestowed upon him every morning, but I can tell you that he feels dreadfully mortified that the quantum of the heat should excite so much comment. He has tried to eat less, and often and often he has turned his head away from the rack long before he had away from the that hed dis some the total that he did so made no

away from the rack long before he had satisfied his appetite.

Yet the fact that he did so made no difference to his master, who scoided and grumbled just the same. Consequently poor Bill is in that unhappy condition of being quite unable to please by any course of conduct. That his master is unreasonable has not occurred to him, he is worried only because he cannot please his master.

At saven oclock each morning, Bill's

not please his master.

At seven o'clock each morning, Bill's
master harnesses him to a ricketty waggon, and sets off for the Jay. Their
day's work consists in carrying odds and day's work consists in carrying odds and ends of all sorts for people who don't want to employ a regular expressman. Long, hard days some of them are too, as Bill would tell you if he could make you understand his language. Weary days, with nothing better at the end of them than more scolding and more fault-

every morning at five minutes to nine Every morning at five minutes to nine a joily doctor, with a shining round face and a hearty voice, rings up a certain boarding-stable "How's my nag this morning?" says the ductor. "Has he had all he'll eat?" "Are you sure?" Because I have no intention of getting the S. P. C. A people on mornack. The livery man tight say he declared to the groom, and Tip, the doctor's nag, overhears them and laughs and dances over it too.

the groom, and Tip, the doctor's hag, overhears them and laughs and dances over it too.

At nine o'clock, Tip, harnessed to the smartest of doctors rigs, is standing at the s

the chay's ingers just as they go investigating how Thy's eyes are fastened in.
Everybody says "good-bye" to everybody, and Tip gives a loud "good-bye"
to all, which sets the baby laughing
And Tip has started out on his day's

work.

Tip's day's work often extends far into the night, and twenty fours of going with only the briefest rests has more than once seen a very tired little Tip creeping in among the good hay.

Tip and Bill had never niet, and might never have met if it hadn't been for the boy who teased the organ-grinders menkey. The monkey took revenge's prearing the boy's face. Tip's master

happened to be passing. He followed the wounded boy into the house. Bill's master came down the street with the clowd, and Tip and Bill found themselves

aide by side side by side.
Tip looked at Bill with a sort of mild
contempt. Bill looked at Tip with a
look of deep envy. Which should speak
first? Bill did.

drat ? Bill did.
"What's all this fuss about ?" said
Bill. Tip explained.
"No need to have come down here at
this rate just for that !" panted Bill,
"I'm completely out of wind !"
"And one would think you kept a
pretty good stock of that on hand," retorted Tip, his head set saucily on one
side.

side. Ow do you mean ?" asked Bill, with an uncomfortable feeling that Tip was naking fun of him.
"Well," and Tip looked Bill over slowly and deliberately, "well, I fancled that wind was the thing you got the most of!"

Bill wriggled uncomfortably in his loose harness.

"It must be pretty hard to groom you," continued Tip, and let his eyes rest upon first one and then another of

rest upon first one and then another of Bill's weak points.

Bill drew a deep breath, and tried to fill out the deep hollows, and to hide his ribs. He looked deeply ashamed as his greatest effort resulted in failure. He looked up as if to speak, then dropped his head

"Look here," said Tip, "I'm down-right sorry for you. What's the trouble, old man?"

night sorry for you. What's the trouble, old man 1".

Bill glanced at Tip to see whether the latter were in earnest. The expression on Tip's face must have been reasuring, for Bill opened his sad horse-heart, and told his woes to Tip. Tip listened with many expressions of sympathy. When Bill had finished, and east his eyes dejectedly upon the ground. Tip said, "Now, see here, my friend you're making the biggest maked to your life. You make the told the tight of the tip of the tight of tight of the tight of tight of the tight of the tight of tight of the tight of tight of

a toaster."

Just then Bill's master struck him sharply with the lines, and harshly told him to get out of that.

Tip called after him, "Now, don't forget what I've told you, and don't ever let me see you around this city looking as bad as you do to-day!" He laughed softly to himself as he noted Bill alsappearing down the street, his head held inches higher than when they had first exchanged compilments.

Toronto.

The Drink For Me.

The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl The drink that's in the drunkard's nown is not the drink for me! It kills his body and his soul. How sad a sight is he! But there's a drink that God has given, Distilling in the showers of heaven, In measure large and free, Oh, that's the drink for me!

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS AND HIS MOTRER.

The mother of John Quincy Adams said in a letter to him, written when he was only ten years old, "I would rather see you laid in your grave than grow up a profane and graceless boy." Not long before the death of Mr. Adams a gentleman said to him, "I have found out who

made you"
"What do you mean?" asked Mr.

The gentleman replied, "I have been reading the published letters of your

"It," this gentleman remarks, "I had spoken that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his mother, his eyes could not have flashed mother highly, nor his face glowed more quickly, nor his face glowed more quickly, than did the eyes of that venerable of man when I pronounced the name of his mother. He stood up in his peculiar manner, and said, 'Yes, sir; all the good that is in me I owe to my mother."

John Quincy Adams could say with Dr. Bethune:

I've pored o'er many a yellow page Of ancient wisdom, and have won, Perchance, a scholar's name, but sage Or bard has never taught thy son Lessons so dear, so fragrant with holy truth, As those his mother's faith shed on his

youth."

IF I COULD BE A BOY AGAIN.

BY DISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT.

"If I were a boy?" Ah, if I only ero! The very thought sets my im-gination aftre. That "if" is a key to wero I

wero! The very thought sets my imagination after. That "if" is a key to dreamland.

"If I were a boy "—well, if I were a boy such as I was, of the same sort, with the same beginnings, the same blood, the same surroundings, the same heachers, the same home (blossed home 0), the same classmates, the same accidents, atmo-spheres, and aspirations, the same in-terior opinions, passions, and conflicts-should I have come into the same life,

should I have come into the same experiby the same pain, with the same experiby the same pain, with the same experiby the same pain, with the same experitif I were a boy, with my present
the product different?

If I were a boy, with my present
thowicelge of the end, or the state of
present progress toward the end, with
my memory of the past and my man's
view of a boy's life—what would I do?

First, I should have an early conversation with my parents. I should bring
my later wisdom to bear on them. I
am older now than my father was when
I was a boy, and I might give a word
of advice even to blim.
If I were a boy, I should want a thor-

of advice even to him.

If I were a boy, I should want a thorough discipline, early begun and never relaxed, on the great doctrine of will-force as the secret of character. Faith in God is, I know, the foundation. But it must be true fear, and not a wretched terror; the fear, which is a roverent and holy love for a loving King who is a father, and holy love for a loving King who is a father, and holy love for a loving King who is a father, and holy love for a loving King who is a father, and holy love for a loving King who is a father, and holy love for a loving King who is a father, and holy love for a loving King who is a father and holy love for a loving King who is a father, and holy love for a loving king who had holy of the send want my teacher to put weight of responsibility upon me; to make me know and feel that God furnishes the material and the conditions, but that I must do the work of building my character; to fill me with the thought that I am not a "thing," a sitck, a stone, a lump of clay or putty, but a "person," a "power, a "creator," and that what I am in the long run, in the final outcome, I am to make myself.

I am to make myself.

Father and motice older brother and set riend, hooks and periodicals, are good teachers. Classes for letter-picking and word-building, for difficult spelling and reading, are very good. Classes in numbers, for mental problems and drawing geometrical lines, are excellent. But the best class, to be earliest organized, and longest sustained, the class in which a two-year-old should be an advanced pupil, the class that never graduates, it the class in which a boy is trained to say.

If I were a boy with my man's wiscomment in which holy a father with an and regular hr ars. I should never touch to-bacco, chew. To gun or patent medicines; never new good without cleaning my teeth; never let a year go by without a dentist's inspection and treatment; never sit up late at night, unless a great emergency demanded it; never linger one moment in bed when the time came for gett

unfortunate. I should play and romp, sing and shout, climb trees, explore caves, srin rivers, and be able to do in reason all the manly things that-belong to manly sports; love and study nature; travel as widely and observe as wisely as I could; study with a will when the time cause for study, read the best pools; could be the county of the country I should play and romp, sing and shout,