

Little Helpers.

We are little Christians,
To Jesus we belong;
We ourselves are very weak,
But he is very strong.

We are little soldiers,
For Jesus we will fight;
Against our greatest enemy,
We'll battle for the right.

We are little helpers,
Therefore help must we,
And in all our helping,
Must glorify thee.

We are little Christians,
Soldiers, helpers, too;
You may come and help as well,
There is much to do.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

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PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JULY 31, 1898.

HINTS FOR DAILY LIVING: HOW TO BE TRUE.

(Prov. 12. 19; Zech. 8. 16; Eph. 4. 15.)

Truthfulness and transparency of character are the very first essentials of a manly life. We all respect the man or boy who tells the truth. The old Spartans used to teach their boys to be brave and bold and speak the truth. This is the special characteristic of the English race. King Alfred, who lived a thousand years ago, was known as the Truth-teller.

It is this that makes an Englishman's word as good as his bond, and makes English goods the most salable in all the markets in the world. There is nothing which so undermines character and degrades a man or boy, even in his own eyes, as the spirit of untruthfulness.

"The lip of truth shall be established forever," said Solomon, three thousand years ago, "but a lying tongue is but for a moment." People soon find it out and put no more confidence in what it says.

In speaking the truth we must do it gently, kindly, not harshly. There are some people who pride themselves upon their truthfulness, but they fling the truth at you in great clods and cultivate a kind of brutal frankness. St. Paul says we must speak the truth in love, in kindness, and gentleness, and thus win the affection while we convince the judgment.

MIGRATION EXTRAORDINARY.

At New York, in March, arrived from Arctic Lapland 537 reindeer and 113 human immigrants, who will not be compelled to be inspected as to their qualifications for entering the United States. The 113 consist of Laplanders, Finns, and Norwegians, whose business it is to take care of the reindeer. The steamer Manitoba, on which they came, also brought 518 reindeer sleds, 611 sets of harness, and 3,000 or 4,000 bags of moss to feed the reindeer. Among the immigrants were six bridal couples, married just before they came.

This importation is by the Government of the United States, which is carrying out the plans suggested by Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the Presbyterian missionary in Alaska, and last Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church. The idea is to stock Alaska with reindeer. Before going on board the ship the reindeer were dehorned. Only one died during the journey of four thousand miles from Lapland, and that resulted from injuries received in fighting. If they had kept their horns, probably half of them would have been dead.

Among the caretakers is Balto, a Lapp, who crossed Greenland with Nansen, and proudly sports a silver medal conferred upon him by Oscar II., King of Sweden and Norway, in recognition of his services. Paulson, a Norwegian, has three prizes from King Oscar—two medals and a silver pitcher for skill in rifle shooting; and Staglogaro, a Finn, has the distinction of having been the northernmost mail carrier in the world. For eight years he carried the mail on his back to North Cape, Norway, travelling on skoes—Norwegian snowshoes.

The government has a contract with lines of railway to take the reindeer to Seattle, reserving the right at any time to stop the train and rest the animals. From there they are to be taken to Yukon by steamer, and there put at once into active service transporting supplies to the hungry miners.

The reindeer to the Laplander is ox, cow, sheep, and horse in one animal. The milk is the chief support of the owner and his family, and as a draught animal the reindeer has speed and endurance, and can travel on snow better than any other animal that man can domesticate. The ordinary weight that the comparatively small creature can draw is about 240 pounds, and his speed reaches 18 or 20 miles an hour, and his endurance is amazing. The reindeer can go 150 miles in 19 hours. There is a portrait of one in Sweden which went 800 miles in 48 hours, carrying an officer with important despatches; and according to the story, which some authorities claim is credible, it dropped dead immediately after accomplishing the feat.

The clothing made of the skin of the reindeer is so impervious to the cold that, according to Dr. Richardson, one dressed in it and having a blanket of the same kind, can lie down on the snow in the most intense cold of an Arctic winter's night and be comfortable. The meat of the reindeer equals the venison of the best fallow deer of the English parks. Alaska has an abundance of the same kind of moss upon which the reindeer lives. We shall be much interested to know if these animals can hold their own against the Eskimo dogs in the northern parts. The dehorned ones will be protected, of course, by their attendants. Another ship has brought over 500 more for speculation. There is comparatively little doubt that the shores of North America and Asia were once nearer than they are now.

Take it all in all, this enterprise suggests many interesting reflections in natural science, history, and modern civilization.

A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD'S ADVENTURE.

"There was a young boy in Quebec,
Who was buried in snow to the neck,
When they said, 'Are you friz?'
He replied, 'Yes, I is—
But we don't call this cold in Quebec!'"

So sings the poet of the burning jungle, Mr. Rudyard Kipling. His song is supposed to relate to an imaginary case; but meantime a young boy of Montreal has actually been buried in a snowdrift, quite over his head, so deep that he could not dig out, and remained buried from noon until quarter past seven in the evening.

The story of his adventure is thrilling, and affords a telling glimpse of winter life in Montreal. The boy's name is Leon Mahoney, and he is only seven years old. On the eleventh of February last he was engaged in the sport of "catching rides" on the public street. He hung on behind a big transport sleigh, whose driver did not notice him.

As the sleigh, with the boy behind, was passing along Ann Street, in which street little Leon lived, a great quantity of snow fell off a roof upon the sleigh. The avalanche not only knocked Leon off, but buried him. He tried to squirm out, but the snow was heavy, and the long fall from the roof had so packed it that the little fellow could not move.

No one saw the boy carried down by the snow. The driver, unaware that

he had lost a passenger, drove on. People passed and repassed, within two or three feet of the spot where Leon was vainly writhing, but no one could hear his smothered cries for help.

Hours passed. Leon still struggled, but vainly—vainly in the respect that he came no nearer to getting out; but probably his struggles saved his life, by preventing him from becoming benumbed with cold. Somehow he got air enough to save him from suffocation.

However, at last, he did become exhausted, and was unable to struggle any more. The end must have come soon. But when darkness fell, and little Leon had not come home, his parents began to look for him. No one seemed to have seen him in the neighbourhood. But at last some one reported that he had noticed the boy on the big transport sled, and he also remembered the sled well enough so that the driver of it was identified and found.

But the driver had seen nothing of a small boy on his sled. The inquirer was about to go away in discouragement when the driver exclaimed:

"There was a big snow-slide struck my sleigh this noon. I wonder if he could have been on it then?"

He remembered about where the avalanche had fallen, and with the little boy's parents he went to the place. As a sort of forlorn hope, they began to dig; and, lo! in a few moments, at the hour of quarter past seven, Leon was unearthed—or unsnowed. He was exhausted, benumbed, scarcely conscious, but alive. Doctors were called, and before long the boy was in his own bed at home and sleeping peacefully.

REMARKABLE CURRENCY.

One of the uses of glass has lasted, we are told, from its first making to the present day.

The Phoenicians, who were the great commercial people of early ages, scoured the known world in their trading vessels. The African coast was regularly visited, and for the use of the ignorant natives glass beads were made. Some of these beads, known to us as "aggré" beads, have been found among the Ashantées and other natives of the gold coast of Africa. Similar beads for the same use are now made in Venice, and it is said that there are exported from that city every year thousands of pounds' worth of them of various sorts.

A PORTUGUESE MAN-OF-WAR.

BY ELIZABETH PATTERSON.

I do not mean a foreign-looking vessel, with a great spread of sails but a curious little ocean wanderer, which is often seen floating lightly upon the water, or cast upon the sands of an ocean beach. Many are stranded on the Florida coast, and occasionally one is seen as far north as the Long Island shore; and even the coast of New England.

But when the beautiful jelly-fish comes that far north it is a hardy voyager indeed, for it is a native of tropical seas and does not like bleak shores and the buffeting of cold waves. Learned men call it Physalia, which means "stinging bubble," and fishermen speak of it as a "sea bladder." But to sailors, and to the world generally, the intrepid voyager is a Portuguese man-of-war, stinging the hand that troubles it, and capable of withstanding, even in its frailty, the tempest which dashes the strong-ship to pieces.

Aside from its beauty, this intrepidity alone would lead us to examine the traveller more closely. The general shape is bladder-like, with the ends much protruded and sharpened, making the specimen about a foot in length. A top, or crest, surmounts the back, more or less ruffled and capable of being much extended, and thus converted into a kind of sail. Underneath hang a thick cluster of fleshy filaments, or organs, some of which are used in devouring food. From the middle of this mass of organs descend several spiral threads, often two or three yards in length, which, under close observation, are found to be tastefully strung with blue or purple beads. These minute fibres are in constant motion, and are immediately wrapped around any unfortunate victim that may come in contact with them, which is then borne to the probes or suckers near the mouth, where the poisoned sting is located.

In appearance, the Portuguese man-of-war is richly transparent and glassy, and of a faint pearly azure, passing into the brightest blue and purple, mingled with rays of green, violet, and crimson. The crest is veined with purple, pink, and blue. But rich as these colours are, every change of position gives a different combination.

As already stated, these beautiful

voyagers are natives of warm seas, where they often appear in immense fleets. They are quite rare on northern shores, and one is fortunate in obtaining a fine specimen.

DAWN ON THE NORTH-WEST COAST.

An interesting little missionary leaflet entitled, "Na-Na-Kwa; or, Dawn on the Northwest Coast," comes to us from Kitamaat, B.C., edited by the resident missionary, Rev. George H. Raley. It describes life at the Kitamaat Home. We reprint the following essays, with the note by Mr. Raley.

The essays are the first attempts by two of "our boys and girls." They are very crude, but we give them just as they were written, some might say "not much to boast of," however they give us much encouragement for the difficulties which have to be surmounted by the native children in the study of English are great.

Flora is an orphan, not very strong, but quite bright and intelligent. The "Home" has indeed been to her a "City of Refuge," protecting her helpless girlhood, and saving her from the most miserable of lives. An orphan's lot among the Coast tribes is not a happy one. Jeremiah is a nephew of the powerful chief Jessea, and will probably succeed him to the head-chieftainship of this tribe. This young chief wants to learn, and we are anxious to teach "his young ideas how to shoot."

BREAD-MAKING.

First thing when we make bread they get the flour out and put hot water in it and mix the flour with it and put spoon full of salt in it and then put three cups full of yeast and mix the flour with it we work it with our hands up and down and when they finished we wrap them up with two quilts and put it near the fire to come up and in the morning we get the tins ready and we put it in a tin to get ready for the oven and when they come up we put it in the oven and when they done we put it in the table to get the hot out when we get the hot out we put it in the bread box. Flora (Dahluks).

CANOE-MAKING.

A first thing of a make canoe to go where the big tree and cut down one and he cut put his inside of the canoe and he make his two sides and he make his stern and he make a fire in their camp and he get many stones and he put in the fire and he many pall water in canoe and when the stones warm and he put it in the inside of the canoe and the water boil and cook canoe and make canoe wide and when he finished and he put canoe in the water up in the river and he get some small fish and he put his net in the water and he get many fish. Jeremiah (Weyahkay).

A MUSICAL CANINE.

A writer in the Boston Gazette tells a wonderful story of a French musical critic, related by persons who profess to have been acquainted with him, and who have seen him in attendance on musical performances. He was a dog, and his name in public was Parade. Whether he had a different name at home was never known.

At the beginning of the French Revolution, he went every day to the military parade in front of the Tuilleries palace. He marched with the musicians, halted with them, listened knowingly to their performances, and after the parade, disappeared, to return promptly at parade-time the next day. Gradually the musicians became attached to this devoted listener. They named him Parade, and one or another of them always invited him to dinner. He accepted the invitation, and was a pleasant guest.

It was discovered that after dinner he always attended a concert, where he seated himself calmly in the corner of the orchestra, and listened critically to the music. If a new piece was played, he noticed it instantly, and paid the strictest attention. If the piece had fine, melodious passages, he showed his joy to the best of his doggish ability; but if the piece was ordinary and uninteresting, he yawned, stared at the house and unmistakably expressed his disapproval.

Science triumphs as greatly in preventing waste as in discovering new supplies. An iron-mill in Alabama is investing a million dollars in works for the utilization of bye products that formerly were thrown away as worthless. We are finding that there is nothing so mean and base as to be altogether worthless.