

follow that queenly river in its detour to the northward, however, but climbs straight over the Selkirk and succeeding barriers, until it has descended to the Fraser and threaded its canyon to the ocean.

Here, then, are six hundred and fifty miles of mountains, heaped against and over one another, in Titanic masses, ever present to the traveller and ever changing in aspect—a great "sea of mountains" that can be likened to no other on the earth. Rising more than two miles above the sea, these mountains are cleft to their base by the passes followed by the railway, and their whole dizzy height is seen at once. Far up on their shoulders, in full view from the train, rest many glaciers, by the side of which those of the Alps would be insignificant; and from beneath the clear green ice crystal cascades come down the mountain sides in enormous leaps. Forests of gigantic trees line the valleys and reach far up the mountain sides. Great rivers follow the deep and narrow valleys, now roaring through dark gorges, now placidly expanding into broad lakes, reflecting each cliff and snow-capped peak. For thirty-two hours the traveller rolls along through this great and varied mountain panorama, without losing the wonderful scene for a minute, and finally emerging from the stupendous and terrible canyon of the Fraser River, finds himself at the tide-waters of the Pacific, having, in less than five days, completed the longest continuous railway journey that can be made in the world, and through the most interesting, picturesque, and sublime scenery anywhere accessible to the modern traveller.

The terminus is the new city of Vancouver, on Burrard Inlet, whence steamships ply to China, Japan, and Australasia, as well as to San Francisco, and all along the coast.

And all this may be reached in comfort and luxury, and in greater comfort and luxury than can be found on any other line of travel. The company planned its work on a wide and liberal scale, and with a determination to make its railway the best that had yet been built on this continent. With its liberal subventions from the Government in lands and money, and with the great resources of its members, it was able to carry its magnificent plans to full completion. The roadway is thoroughly built, with wide embankments and easy gradients. The rails are of heavy steel and the track is thoroughly ballasted throughout; the bridges with few exceptions are of iron and steel, and the heaviest that have yet been built in America, and trains may safely be run at sixty miles an hour.

The passenger equipment is all new and has been especially designed to secure the greatest possible comfort and safety. It is superior in every respect to that of any other railway, and embraces many novelties not to be found elsewhere. The sleeping and dining and ordinary passenger cars as well as finished outside and in with polished mahogany. Solid comfort and artistic effect have been sought in every detail. Even bath-rooms are provided in the sleeping cars intended for long journeys. The trains are so timed as to enable tourists to see the most interesting sections of the line by daylight, and well-appointed hotels are provided at intervals in the mountains—stopping places for pleasure-seekers and sportsmen.

The Canadian Pacific Railway may be reached at Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, and Brockville, or by way of St. Paul, and excursion tickets are sold, covering a great variety of routes. Fine steamships connect the Pacific terminus with all points on the Pacific Coast, and excursion steamers will run northward through the mountain-girt Gulf of Georgia and the fjords of Alaska.

WILLIE AND HIS LETTER.

A little boy, six years old, heard at the Sunday school of the heathen who were worshipping idols, and of the missionaries who were sent to tell them of Jesus. He came home and wrote a letter, and this is what it said:

"Dear Heathens: I hope you are all quite well. I am glad that some of you know about Jesus Christ, the Son of God. I know I shall see you in heaven if you love Jesus.

"I hope some day I shall be a missionary, then I can teach you about him. From "Little Willie."

He wished to send this letter to all the heathen, but there was no way to send it. He was told he could pray to the Lord for them, and could give money to send the Gospel to them, and this he is doing. Let us all do what we can to give them the knowledge of that Jesus who is able to save them from sin.

Song of Young Canada.

Let others talk of Albion's fame
Or Scotia's prowess praise;
Let others chant Hibernia's name
Or swell the "Marsellaise."
A mightier land 'tis ours to boast,
A land more vast, more free;
From ocean coast to ocean coast,
Bound only by the sea!

Fair Canada, our native land,
Our hopes are fixed on thee;
We're working out with heart and hand,
Thy glorious destiny.

We do not boast ancestral lines,
We want no nobles here;
Here pride of blood to worth resigns—
Each man is born a peer.
No tyrant king o'er us holds sway,
All unjust laws we hate,
We champion the better way—
A democratic state.

In thee unite two nations strong,
Four peoples most renowned;
The rose and thistle here belong,
The shamrock's with them found;
While France's lilies, pure and white,
Quebec's proud temples wreath—
But best and grandest in our sight
Stands out the Maple Leaf.

Should ever danger threaten thee
From rash invading foe,
Should dastard traitor's hand e'er be
Upraised to work thee woe,
Thy sons would rise from where the sun
Gilds Nova Scotia's shore,
To where Columbia's rivers run—
And save their land once more.

Ontario's sons—a noble band—
Quebec's—no aliens they—
New Brunswick's and Prince Edward's
Isle's,
To thee all honour pay,
From Manitoba's prairies free,
From our Northwest domain,
The home of millions yet to be,
We hear the same refrain.

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, JUNE 25, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.
PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JULY 3, 1898.

HOW TO BE PATRIOTIC.

(1 Tim. 2. 1-3; Rom. 13. 1-3; 1 Peter 2. 17.)

The substance of these three passages is expressed in the last one in the words of St. Peter: "Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king." It lends great emphasis to this duty if we remember that when Paul wrote his letter to Timothy, in which he exhorts that "supplications, prayers, intercessions and giving of thanks be made for all men, for kings, and for all that are in authority," he was himself a prisoner for conscience' sake under the persecuting hand of Nero, one of the most cruel emperors who ever lived—the man by whose orders Paul was afterward beheaded.

Civil government is an appointment of God, and is intended for the well-being of society. Especially in this free country, where our laws are made by

men whom we elect for that purpose, we should be law-abiding and have reverence for those in authority over us. First of all to our parents and teachers, then to magistrates and governors, and above all to the good and pious Queen whom God has set over us, whom he has protected by his power and crowned with his grace for so many years.

We can show our love of country by helping to make the school, the church, the town, the city where we live the very best we possibly can. We should study its history, we should find out its resources, we should learn the struggles by which the liberties which we enjoy have been purchased, often by the sufferings and blood of good and brave men. We should join with heart and soul in the prayer, "God save the Queen."

THE FOREST FIRE.*

BY W. H. WITHROW.

As Lawrence Temple sailed homeward on Lake Muskoka in the soft light of a September day, he became aware of a pungent odour in the air, and soon after of a dense smoke drifting from the land. He thought nothing of it, however, but next morning his neighbour, Mr. Perkins, remarked:

"The fire's a-gettin' nearer; I wish the wind 'ud change—been burnin' in the woods north there better'n a week."

All day the smoke grew denser, darkening the sun and irritating the eyes. During the night the flames could be seen leaping from tree to tree in the forest that engirdled the little clearing, and running rapidly along the ground in the dry brushwood. The tall pines were burning like gigantic torches in the darkness, and then toppling over with a crash, scattering the sparks in a brilliant shower far and wide, to extend the work of destruction. Great tongues of flame hissed and crackled like fiery serpents enfolding their prey.

No human effort could avail aught to withstand or avert this fiery plague. Only the good providence of God, by sending rain or turning the wind, could stay its progress. The next day was intensely hot. The earth seemed as iron and the heavens as brass.

"All in a hot and copper sky
The bloody sun at noon
Right up above the trees did stand
No bigger than the moon."

It seemed like the terrors that followed the trumpet of the fifth angel of the apocalypse: "There arose a smoke out of the pit like the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit."

On came the flames, roaring like a hurricane. The heat became unendurable, the smoke almost stifling. The cattle fled to the streams and stood in the deepest pools, sniffing the heated air. The water became gradually warm as it flowed over the heated rock and through the burning woods; and the fish that were in it floated on the surface in a dead or dying state. Fences were torn down, and broad spaces of earth were turned up by the plough, to break the progress of the deluge of fire—before which stacks of hay and straw were licked up like tinder.

Many of the villagers stored their little valuables, and as much of their grain as they could, in the underground root-houses, and banked them up with earth. Many had abandoned everything and fled to the islands. Lawrence, with most of the men, remained to fight the flames till the last moment. When compelled to fly, they sought the shore, where they had moored a boat as a means of escape at the last moment. But, O horror! the lapping of the waves and the fierce wind created by the fire had loosened the boat, but insecurely fastened, and it was rapidly drifting away. All hope of escape seemed cut off—the men were about to plunge into the water, as preferring death by drowning to death by fire.

"Let us die like brave men, if die we must," said Lawrence, "trusting in God. He will be with us as he was with his servants in the fiery furnace."

"Father," cried Tom Perkins, a boy of thirteen, "I know a cave where we can hide."

"Quick, my son, show us the way," was the eager reply.

"This way, up the stream a bit,—near that cedar root. The bears used to live in it." And he pointed out a concealed entrance, through which they crawled into a small grotto, caused by a dislocation of the strata.

"God hath opened for us a cleft in

*From "Lawrence, the King's Messenger." With forty engravings. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 75 cents.

the rock. He will keep us as in the hollow of his hand," said Lawrence, with a feeling of religious exaltation he had never felt in the moments of safety.

On came the flames, roaring louder and louder. The crackling of fagots and falling trees was like the rattle of musketry and firing of cannon in a battle. The smoke and heat penetrated the grotto. They were almost perishing from thirst.

"I hear the trickling of water," said Lawrence. "I will try to find it. Lie low on your faces so as not to inhale the smoke. Here is the water," he cried, as he found it, "now, wet your handkerchiefs and tie them over your heads," he said, as he did the same himself, and they all found the greatest relief therefrom.

At last the fiery wave seemed to have passed away. They crawled forth from their refuge to view the desolation the fire had wrought. The ground was still hot and smoking, many of the trees were still burning, and everything was scathed and scarred and blackened with the flames. Perkins' house was burned but his barn, which he prized more, was with its contents, spared—saved by the adjacent clearing and fallow.

By a special providence, as it seemed to these simple-minded men, the wind had veered so as to blow the flames away from the village. This they devoutly attributed to their prayers in the cave. That night a copious rain fell, and further danger was averted.

Canadians Forever.
(A National Song.)

BY W. KIRBY.

Give thanks to God for all the grace
Bestowed by his Almighty hand;
Of France and England's martial race,
He planted us with firm command
To do and dare,
And guard with care
This Canada our native land.

Canadians forever!
No foe shall dis sever
Our glorious Dominion—
God bless it forever!

It is the land we love the best,
The land our royal fathers gave;
In battle's fires it stood the test,
And valiant heroes died to save—
In summer's glow,
In winter's snow,
A people steadfast, true and brave.

A land of peace for friends we love,
A land of war if foes assail;
We place our trust in God above,
And British hearts that never fail.
In feast or fight,
And cause of right,
Our word and deed shall aye prevail.

From Newfoundland at break of day
The cheer is westward passed along,
A hundred bright meridians play
Like harp-strings to the nation's song,
From sea to sea
United be,
One great Dominion just and strong.

Cape Race with lofty beacon lights,
Our ocean-gates by tempests blown,
And half a world of days and nights,
And lakes and lands are all our own.
From sun to sun
Our waters run,
Niagara midway thundering down.

Our axes in the forest ring,
Our rifles mark the hunters' track,
Our boatmen by the cadence sing
Upon the rapids' foaming back.
'Tis freedom gives
And joy that lives
Beneath the glorious Union Jack!

By spreading oaks and towering pines
Our loyal yeomen speed the plough,
And reap their fields and dress their
vines,
And jovial fill the barley-mow;
With sturdy toil
They till the soil,
And rest beneath the maple bough

Then deck Victoria's regal throne
With Mayflowers and the maple tree;
And one for all and all for one,
The watchword of her Empire be,
And heart and hand
United stand,
Confederate and great and free.
Niagara, Ont.

And are there countries far away,
Where Bibles never go?
Fruitful and beautiful and gay,
But lost in sin and woe?

"Go preach my Gospel," Jesus said,
"To every creature bear
The stream of life, the living bread,
And I will bless you there."