

give an engraving of the view from the fort.

Soon the oblique portion of the river is reached the famous Highlands of the Hudson. It has not the gloomy grandeur of our own Saguenay, nor the romantic beauties of the many-castled Rhine. But it is more beautiful than the one and more sublime than the other, and at the Storm King the scenery is said to be strikingly like the Iron Gate of the Danube. Here where the great cliffs jut out into the stream it seemed impossible to find a ledge for the railway. In some places a pass could only be found by letting men down by ropes and blasting out a foothold in the face of the cliff. The grandeur culminates in old Storm King and Crow Nest, twin mountains that tower above the placid wave.

When Hudson's steam o'er silvery sands
Winds through the hills afar,
Old Crow Nest like a monarch stands,
Crowned with a single star.

This is the scene of Rudman Drake's exquisite poem, "The Cuprit Fay," one of the most charming bits of early lore extant.

Here, legend avers, the spectral "storm ship" is sometimes seen by night, mid-night, the ghost of the "Half Moon" of Hendrich Hudson—the first of ships that ever burst into that silent sea.

"A ghostly ship with a ghostly crew
In temper she appears,
And before the gale, or against the gale,
She sails without a rag of sail,
Without a helmsman steers."

Between the Nicknocks and the Catskills is a region of tranquil beauty.

"By woody bluff we steal, by leaning lawn,
By palace, village, cot, a sweet surprise
At every turn the vision breaks upon."

The broad river flows between the populous banks, its liquid surface ploughed by many a keel, while

"Lake slow shuttles through the sunny warp
Of threaded silver from a thousand brooks,"

ply the busy ferries from shore to shore. The Catskills, wave on wave of purpling hills, swep higher and higher till they pierce the sky at a height of over 4,000 feet.

The whole region is suffused with the spell of Irving's gentle muse, and haunted with memories of Rip Van Winkle and the gnomes of the Katzenbergs.

Our journey to Boston was made across the country from Newburg on the Hudson through delightfully romantic scenery, across the valleys of the Housatonic and Connecticut through Hartford, the beautiful capital of the wooden nutmeg State, to the trimount city on Boston Bay.

BURDETTE'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of dishes, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around, you will see the men who are the most able to live the rest of their days without work are men who work the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. It is beyond your power to do that, on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at 6 p.m., and don't get home until 2 a.m. It's the interval that kills you, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals; it lends solidity to your slumbers; it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday. There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names, even; it simply speaks of them as "Old So-and-so's boys." Nobody cares for them; the great busy world doesn't know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do, and take off your

coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less harm you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays and the better satisfied will the world be with you.—Bob Burdette.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 1, 1896.

MOUNTAIN CLIMBERS.

The safety of the mountain climber depends mainly upon his being well shod, and for this reason the Swiss guides wear heavy shoes with sharp spikes in the soles. On a clear summer morning Senni, the most reliable guide in all the region about, started out with three gentlemen to ascend one of those mountains in Switzerland whose summit, continually capped with snow, seems to be lost among the clouds. The ascent was made and the summit gained without incident. Lashed together with a strong rope, which was fastened about each man's waist, the party turned to retrace their steps. Suddenly a sharp turn brought them to a steep slope covered with snow.

"Keep carefully in my steps, gentlemen," said the guide, "for a false step here might start the snow and send us down in an avalanche."

Scarcely had Senni uttered the words when here and there the surface was seen to move, and in another moment a whole field of snow was sliding down the icy incline at a terrific pace, carrying with it the unlucky climbers, who were almost buried in the white, whirling flakes. A little farther down was a steeper slope, and beyond that a precipice, over which they would certainly be dashed, unless some one gained a foothold and arrested the terrible speed. "Halt! halt!" shouted Senni, and with desperate force he buried the iron spikes of his boot into the solid ice beneath the snow, and brought the party to a stop within a few feet of the awful precipice: a few more seconds and they would have been dashed into the chasm.

Our heavenly Father knows that steep places lie before his children in their journey through this world, and he has provided for us "shoes of iron and brass." The spikes in these "shoes" are truth, courage, honesty, faith, and prayer. If we are to pass safely by the dangerous chasms that we meet in our pathway, we must be well shod with Christian principles. Rev. J. R. Miller.

A BIRD HOSPITAL.

Every little while the papers tell of some spinster who proposes to endow a hospital for sick cats, but if we may believe the Chicago Times-Herald, the

feathered folk already have a place to go to when they are sick.

Among its many admirable institutions for the care of the sick and disabled, Chicago enjoys the distinction of possessing a bird hospital, the only one of its kind. It is claimed, in the United States. Its manager, C. A. Cross, seems to be able to make the financial ends of the institution, at least, meet if they do not overlap to any great extent.

It is only necessary to watch Mr. Cross for a few minutes moving about among his feathered friends to realize that his heart is in his business. While his work brings a living to himself and wife, it also brings restored health to many a little winged sufferer, and this phase of his life work apparently affords the bird doctor quite as much satisfaction as the other. His wife, however, seems equally interested in the novel business, and he modestly attributes much of the success of the "institution" to her delicate care of the inmates. The birds, too, seem to understand all this, and show their appreciation by signs, and sometimes utterances, which show how deeply they appreciate the kindness of their physicians.

According to Mr. Cross, birds are subject to nearly all the ailments which infect humanity. The parrot, particularly, leads all birddom in the number and variety of diseases to which it is subject. Pneumonia, catarrh, consumption, diphtheria, tonsillitis, and a wide range of other throat troubles are among the common ailments of this popular talker. Even gout is not uncommon among these aristocrats of birddom.

Mr. Cross explains that the most fruitful sources of disease among parrots are improper food and carelessness on the part of their owners in leaving doors and windows open while the birds are moulting, so that they then contract colds. Improper food results in stomach troubles, frequently catarrh of the stomach. This is brought on most frequently by feeding the birds potatoes and other greasy food. The moulting season is the dangerous time for all captive birds.

Mocking-birds and canaries moult in the early fall, and Mr. Cross says he always has his hands pretty full with these little singers during that season. Though he does not get as much for taking care of the smaller birds, they are really more trouble, as they are not so easily handled as the parrots, and have less intelligence to aid in pulling them around.

The Song of the Hammer.

BY E. PAXTON HOOD.

The soldier may boast of his grandeur and glory,
And tell of the thunders that roll'd o'er the field;
He may hold up his weapon all dripping and gory,
And sing of the splendours that shone on his shield.
But we have no battle-song, breathing of clamour;
We hold up no weapon all dripping with gore;
So a song for the Hammer, the old iron Hammer!
The Hammer shall conquer when swords are no more!

The banner may fan it, the trumpet before it
May bray forth its praises with loud brazen breath,
But we will but sing of the death shadow o'er it,
Its pathway of ruin, of danger and death:
While the soldier, besworded, may lift up the banner,
We'll tell him the blacksmith must glory restore:
So a song for the Hammer, the old iron Hammer!
The Hammer shall conquer when swords are no more!

Round the forge in the village the blacksmiths are singing,
A hammer is fashioned—lo! there, where it lies:

In the far-distant forests the anvils are ringing,

On the waste and the desert the proud cities rise.
Thou ancient truth-bringer, thou mighty world-tamer,
Great symbol of labour, triumphant once more!
All hail to the Hammer, the old iron Hammer!
The Hammer shall conquer when swords are no more.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

AUGUST 9, 1896.

Mount Hor.—Numbers 20, 25-29.

WHERE SITUATED.

This mountain was also in Arabia. It stands about half-way between the Red Sea and the Dead Sea. The scenery around it is bold, and presents a somewhat rugged and desolate appearance. There is nothing therefore very attractive or captivating connected with it. Mountains are always more or less evidences of the power of God, for who but a being of omnipotent power could pile up those lofty mountains one upon another? He is a great God, and should excite our admiration and awe.

AARON'S LIFE.

Aaron's association with Mount Hor gave it celebrity. Read verse 28. Aaron was the first high priest under the law. The priesthood was to remain in his family until the dispensation of Moses should give place to that of Christ. His conduct had sometimes, at least, been of a most reprehensible kind, especially when he made the mistake relative to the golden calf as an object of worship, while Moses was in the Mount holding communion with God, and reviewing the commandments. Good men sometimes commit serious mistakes, and bring the judgment of God, not only upon themselves, but also upon others. Take care and sin not, or you will injure others, as well as yourselves. "One sinner destroyeth much good." Aaron was punished by not being allowed to enter Canaan.

AARON'S DEATH.

It is a solemn thing to die. It is a mercy that we are ignorant as to the time and circumstances connected with our own demise. We know not what a day nor an hour may bring forth. The command was given by God that Aaron should be divested of his priestly robes and vestments. This was done in the sight of all the people. How affecting the scene! So we will have to lay aside all our earthly avocations, and enjoyments, and pass away beyond the bounds of time. Are we prepared for the change which we shall soon have to meet? We must needs die. Nothing can secure us from death. There is no discharge in this war. A good man once said, "Live so as to be prepared to leave the world at any moment." Be ye also ready.

LACE-BARK TREE OF JAMAICA.

The Department of Agriculture, Forestry Division, at Washington, has a collection of rare trees and plants second only to that belonging to the famed Kew gardens, London. A recent addition to this dendrological museum is a "lace-bark tree" from Jamaica. The inner bark of this queer tree is composed of many layers of fine and intricately woven fibres which interlock with each other in all directions. Caps, ruffles, and even complete suits of this curious vegetable lace have been made. It bears washing with common laundry soap, and when bleached in the sun acquires a degree of whiteness seldom excelled by artificial laces made of cotton, linen, and silk. The intricate web of this unique bark makes it compare favourably with the last-mentioned productions for both beauty and durability. It is to be sincerely hoped that the agricultural department will see that the Jamaica lace tree is introduced into the United States, and its cultivation carefully fostered.—St. Louis Republic.