

The Boys We Need.

Here's to the boy who's not afraid To do his share of work. Who's not in his toff dismayed, And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet All lions in the way. Who's not discouraged by defeat, But tries and tries all day.

The boy who always means to do The very best he can. Who always gets the right in view, And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be The men whose hands will guide The future of our land, and we Shall speak their names with pride.

All honour to the boy who is A man at heart, I say. Whose legend on his shield is this: "Right always wins the day."

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals and their prices, including 'The Best, the Cheapest, the Most Entertaining, the Most Popular.' and 'Yearly \$6.00'.

WILLIAM BRINGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. COOPER, 2110, Catherine St., Montreal.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, JUNE 24, 1899.

QUEENSTON HEIGHTS AND LUNDY'S LANE.

The sail up the broad and rapid river, seven miles to Queenston or Lewiston, is one of surpassing beauty, and the whole region is rich with historic memories.

Every spot of the way between Niagara and Queenston—so named in honor of Queen Charlotte—is historic ground. But a few short hours after leading his hastily summoned militia up Queenston Heights, with a cry, "Push on, York Volunteers!" Sir Isaac Brock again passed over the road, which his body with that of his brave aide-de-camp, was brought back, the enemy's minute-guns all along the opposite river bank firing a salute of respect.

From the summit of Brock's Monument—a Roman column exceeded in height only by that Sir Christopher Wren erected in London to commemorate the great V— is obtained a grand view of the river. Here we see not only the Whirlpool and the spray of the Cataract, but all the near towns, with a distant glimpse of the historic field of Lundy's Lane. Broad, smiling farms, and peach and apple orchards, stretch away into the distance, and adorn every headland on either side. The full-tided river runs on in night and majesty, and pours its flood into the blue, unaltered sea, Ontario, which, studded with many a sail, forms the long horizon. Few lands on earth can exhibit a scene more fertile or more fair, or one associated with grander memories of patriotism and valour.

LAURA SECORD. Near Thorold, at Beaver Dam, occurred one of the most dramatic episodes of the

war of 1812-14. Laura Secord, a brave Canadian woman, during that stormy time walked alone through the wilderness from her home on the Niagara River to a British Post at Beaver Dam, a distance of twenty miles, to give warning of the invasion of an American force. In consequence of this heroic act nearly the whole of the invading party were captured. The Prince of Wales, when in Canada, visited Laura Secord, then a very old lady, and gave her a handsome present. The following stirring poem, by Dr Jakeway, records her brave deed:

On the sacred scroll of glory Let us blazon forth the story Of a brave Canadian woman, with the fervid pen of fame, So that all the world may read it, And that every heart may heed it, And rehearse it through the ages to the honour of her name.

In the far-off days of battle, When the muskets' rapid rattle Far re-echoed through the forest, Laura Secord sped along, Deep into the woods so mazy, Over pathways wild and hazy. With a firm and fearless footstep and a courage staunch and strong

She had heard the host preparing, And at once with dauntless daring Harried off to give the warning of the fast-advancing foe; And she fitted like a shadow, Far away o'er fen and meadow, Where the wolf was in the wild wood, and the lynx was lying low.

From within the wild recesses Of the tangled wilderness, Fearful sounds came floating outward as she hastily fled afoot; And she heard the guttural growling Of the bears, that, near her prowling, Crushed their way through the thickets for the food on which they fed.

Far and near the hideous whooping Of the painted Indians, trooping

With a unearthly sound; White great snakes were gliding past her, As she sped on fast and faster, And disaster on disaster seemed to threaten all around.

Thus for twenty miles she travelled Over pathways rough and ravelled, Bearing dangers for her country like the fabled ones of yore. "Fill she reached her destination, And forewarned the threatened station Of the wave that was advancing to engulf it deep in gore.

Just in time the welcome warning Came unto the men, that, scorning To retire before the foe, rallied ready for the fray; And they gave such gallant greetings, That the foe was soon retreating Back in wild dismay and terror on that fearful battle day.

Few returned to tell the story Of the conflict sharp and glory That was won with brilliant glory by that brave Canadian band; For the host of prisoners captured Far outnumbered the enraptured Little group of gallant soldiers fighting for their native land.

Braver deeds are not recorded, In historic treasures hoarded, Than the march of Laura Secord through the forest long ago; And no nobler deed of daring Than the cool and crafty snaring, By that band at Beaver Dam of all that well-appointed foe.

A RUSSIAN PASTIME.

A certain local pastime, belonging chiefly to Southern or Little Russia, is called "Noidaka, and resembles somewhat a merry-go-round only it is a thousand times better fun. When Jack Frost has taken the lakes, pond, or river, and covering it with a solid sheet of ice more than a yard thick, a stake is fixed firmly in, and on this stake an old wagon-wheel is placed, as on its axle two thin poles, some two or three feet long or more, are then tied by one end to the wheel, and at the other end of each pole a "salazky," or small sled, is firmly attached.

A wide circle is cleared of all snow, and then some of the party, thrusting strong poles in between the spokes of the wheel, run around it, giving it a rotary motion, and making the salazky spin as if on a tremendous rate. The fun consists in letting one's self drop, or rather slip, off the sled when in full career and glide away over the ice. Anyway, it is quite impossible to keep one's hold on the poles, some are made to slide away at a tangent—away from the noidaka, along the smooth ice, to a great distance; sometimes on your side, often sprawling on your back, or sitting in a dignified posture until you reach the limits of the cleared space and the snow-wall beyond, when up you fly, like a rocket, all dignity thrown to the winds, heels in air, head foremost, into the snow.

As though you were taking the snow of all the winter pleasures I know—and we have many in Russia, where the cold season lasts some five months—I believe none is more glorious or more invigorating than the noidaka. Snow in your

less intended for seeing in the depths, where light is scarce, suggests a writer in the Boston Transcript, a pulpy animal weighing about five tons, with a body length of fifty feet. Provide it with eight tentacles, with which it propels itself by carrying prey to the mouth. Furnish it with two additional tentacles one hundred feet in length for purposes of attack. Give the creature a gigantic siphon, with which it propels its back, expelling water from its body. Furnish it with a bag full of ink-y-dye, by means of which it is enabled to darken the water when frightened, and an inclination to attack human beings, and you have a fair description of the dreaded giant squid.

This marine monster, terrible and hideous as it is, is related to the beautiful pearly nautilus, and to the ordinary cuttle-fish of commerce. The nautilus has no ink-bag, probably because, having a shell into which to retire, it does not need to conceal itself from its pursuers. In the southern seas, and is very rarely found alive, though its empty shells are constantly washed upon tropical shores.

One of the most curious traits of all the family of "saphalopods," as they are called, is the curious play of colour which they can produce, apparently at will, upon their bodies. One writer says, "I have watched a squid, stranded on the sea-beach, make its dying agonies glorious by a most astounding play of colours. The natural purplish tint changed now and again to dark blue, with here a purple, and there a pink, and to light red continually succeeding each other in rapid waves, over the whole surface of the body."

It is rarely that the giant squid attacks the water as black as night taunts man in northern waters, though it haunts their depths; but in tropical seas it is a terror, indeed. Its favorite habitat is the Indian Ocean, and it is known not at what moment he may see a monstrous creature with huge, goggling eyes rise out of the depths and fling across his boat a gigantic tentacle armed with scores of suckers so powerful that nothing short of horse power can pull them off. He has in readiness a keen-edged knife, with which to slash off the tentacle before it can seize him; but he must work quickly for help is at hand.

The poor fisherman, once grabbed and held fast by the horrible sucking tentacles, is drawn into the clear, blue sea. He has no other arms, likewise provided with suckers, and the creature sinks with its captive to the bottom, where it tears him to pieces at leisure with its powerful parrot-like beak. Should it be alarmed at its meal, it discharges a quantity of ink from its bag, for hundreds of yards around, and thus effectually conceals itself.

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METHODS AND REVIEW. This number has eight illustrated articles. One of the most thrilling tales of adventure ever told is that of Dr. Sven Hedin in Central Asia in the article on "The Roof of the World." "Felix the Tanner" is a clever character sketch of the late President Faure. "Chautauque and its Founder," by Principal Harper, describes Bishop Doane's visit to the "Quebec and its Memories," by the Editor, recounts the stirring story of the Ancient Capital. The Rev. J. T. Pitcher has a capital study of Kipling. "Denis Patterson," Field Preacher's study of Methodism, by the Rev. W. L. Watkinson; a fine poem on "The Queen's Eightieth Birthday," by Mrs. Lauder; "Miss Taylor's Mission to Tibet," by Dr. Galloway's "Daughter-in-Law," by Dr. Barton, and a serial also begun. This number is given free to new subscribers to the fifth volume, which begins with the July number.

A MARINE MONSTER. On September 22, 1877, a giant squid was stranded on the north shore of Trinity Bay, Newfoundland. The United States National Museum secured a cast of it in papier-mache, which now hangs from the roof of that institution in Washington. Carefully painted, it looks just as the animal did in life. Of course it was but a baby, its total length being only sixty feet, including the tentacles. The huge greenish eyes, each a foot in diameter, had to be made expressly for the paper-pulp monster. The giant squid has eyes larger by far than any other existing animal. They are bigger than the largest dinner-plates, and are doubt-

I Live For Those Who Love Me. I live for those who love me, For those that know me true, For the heaven that smiles above me, And waits my coming too. For the cause that needs assistance, For the wrongs that need resistance, For the future in the distance, And the good that I can do.



VIEW FROM QUEENSTON HEIGHTS.