

Man," who has faced with such unmov-
ing steadiness the brunt of ages.
Go and take your first look at the Old
Man of the Mountain in the solemn twi-
light of evening. Sit on one of those
rocks by the roadside, and look, if you
can without awe, at the Granite Face,
human in its lineaments, supernatural in
its size and position, weird-like in its
shadowy mystery, but its sharp outline
wearing an expression of mortal sadness,
that gives it the most fascinating inter-
est. The view in the initial cut is
the exact representation of the Profile.
The genius of Hawthorne has embalmed
it in literature, and his story of "The
Great Stone Face" can only be read ap-
preciatively beneath its shadow. The
height of the "Old Man" is nearly twelve
hundred feet above the level of the little
lake below it, and the length of the face
is from thirty to forty feet.
Mount Lafayette is twelve hundred feet
below Mount Washington in height, but
the view from its summit is thought by
many to equal that from its rival's crest.

THE WORK.

On one of the hottest days I ever felt,
the present writer walked fifteen miles
and climbed 4,000 feet—to the top of
Mount Lafayette, reaching an altitude of
5,259 feet above the sea. The pathway
is so rugged and precipitous that it is
only on foot that the mountain top can
be reached. The path wanders beneath
tremendous cliffs, which threaten to
topple over one's head, and around and
over and between huge rocks which have
fallen, many of them as large as a two-
story house. Sometimes these fallen
rocks rest upon each other in the most
fantastic confusion, leaving great caves
and grottoes, which have doubtless often
been tenanted by the wolf or bear.

In climbing the Alps one is always
sure of finding plenty of ice-cold water
from the melting snows overhead; but
on this arid mountain I found only a
single spring between the bottom and
top. And, oh, how delicious it was! I
drank and drank again of the crystal
stream. But after leaving it there was
no more water, save some shallow and
stagnant pools, till we got back to it
again from the summit. The mountain
was bare and dry as a bleached bone.
The view from the summit was well
worth the climb, especially the deep
canyons and gorges, into which it seemed
as if I could leap from the mountain top.
I lay down on the rocks and gazed and
gazed my fill on the magnificent pano-
rama, a perfect sea of mountains all
around, and in the distance the winding
streams, the fertile farms, the smiling
villages and towns.

Near the foot of the mountain is the
extraordinary gorge known as the
Rivage. No more wild and striking view
can be imagined. Two rocky walls rise
to the height of sixty or seventy feet.
At the upper end the walls contract to
about ten feet. About midway up the
sides they held, suspended between them,
a huge boulder of granite. So nicely
was it adjusted, and so slight appeared
its hold that one would think the
gentlest touch sufficient to push it from
its resting-place into the ravine below.
Its presence greatly aided to the wild-
ness of the scene. It has since fallen
into the gorge.

A "SMART" STUDENT.

Dr. Ritchie, of Edinburgh, though a
very clever man, has met with his
match. When examining a student as
to the classes he had attended, he said:
" And you attended the class for
mathematics?"

" Yes."
" How many sides has a circle?"
" Two," said the student.
" What are they?"

What a laugh in the class the student's
answer produced when he said: " An in-
side and an outside!"

But this was nothing compared with
what followed, the doctor having said to
the student: " And you attended the
moral philosophy class, also?"

" Yes."
" Well, you would hear lectures on
various subjects. Did you ever hear one
on cause and effect?"
" Yes."
" Does an effect ever go before a
cause?"

" Yes."
" Give me an instance."
" A man wheeling a barrow."
The doctor then sat down, and pro-
posed no more questions.—Exchange.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, AUGUST 29, 1896.

SUNSHINE.

BY REV. SAMUEL GREGORY.

" A pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

If you look straight at the sun it is not pleasant for your eyes, for the dazzle of its light pains and blinds you. Astronomers have proper instruments for beholding the sun, and the instruments are so wonderful that they carry the observers (as it were) near enough to look at it, as you might stand and look at a burning mountain. Men who so look at the sun tell us that it is a great and awful furnace. It sends out vast tongues of flame, which flash and flicker in all directions—and these flames are many thousands of miles high. How hot it must be we can imagine by remembering that we are ninety-five millions of miles from it, and yet in some parts of our world the heat is almost too great to be borne. The thought of all this makes us feel how wonderful that great sun must be, by whose heat and light all things live.

PERSIAN SUN WORSHIPPERS.

The ancient Persians worshipped the sun. They rose early, and as the sun rose and sent his morning beams across the sky, they bowed as if to a god. For glorious as the sun is here, his splendour is greater in Eastern lands. People who have seen it, describe sunrise in the solemn, silent Egyptian deserts, as the most impressive of all things. A traveller once told me that he watched the sun set on Mount Sinai, and he said it seemed to make the world like one great red rose. The sunshine which lit up Bible lands was fairer than that which falls on English fields and gardens. But even as we see it it is a thing of joy. The birds sing as if in its praise, and the flowers turn their cups as if to fill them with its brightness. It is a pleasant thing for the eyes to behold the sun.

ARCTIC WINTER.

In Arctic regions there are in the year six months of continuous darkness. The effect of the darkness is as hard to endure as the effect of the intense cold. Our British sailors, who go there for exploration, pine for the sight of the sun. The sledge-dogs whine in the darkness, and the misery of it often makes them go mad. When an expedition starts for the far north, all sorts of things, as musical instruments, and the like, are

taken to help to keep up the spirits of the men, during those months when there is no sunshine. Where there is no sunshine it is unbearable gloom—the sun is the brightness of the world.

BRIGHTER THAN THE SUN.

That is why we, when we speak of happiness, compare it with sunshine. We say that people have sunny faces, and sunny smiles, and sunny tempers, and sunny lives.

And we speak of our Lord Jesus Christ as being like the sun, because out of him comes all the brightness that is in our hearts. When he came into this world people said: " The Dayspring from on high hath visited us!" His coming was like the rising of the sun on a desert. His words were bright as sunbeams. It is said that people wondered at the " gracious" words that proceeded out of his mouth. That is, his words were kind and sweet, as sunshine is to our faces. It was like taking sick folks out into the bright summer noon, when they were taken to hear him speak of the love of God. To listen to his parables and sayings was like watching the loveliness of sunshine on the fields. The religion of Jesus brings brightness into the lives of all who love him.

THE BIRD IN THE SNOWSTORM.

There is a story which you have read in English History, which tells us how the bright light of Christ's words came to this country. The people were heathens, and worshipped false gods. As you travel to Eastbourne, and look out of the railway carriage window, you will see, on the face of a hill, the outline of a giant figure, where the earth is bared down to the white chalk rock; they call this enormous figure " The Wilmington Giant." In reality it is a figure to represent one of the gods which were worshipped in England, and the outline which covers that hill-side was cut in the chalk long before any one in this land had learned the name of Jesus. At last some missionaries came. King Edwin called his chiefs together, heard the story of Jesus, and said: " Shall we receive this new teaching?" Then one of the chiefs said: " Call to mind, O king, what sometimes happen in winter weather, when you are sitting at the table with your chiefs. The fire is blazing, and all within the hall is warm and bright while outside it is storm, and snow, and darkness. Then a little bird comes into the hall through the doorway, flutters through the warmth and light, and flies out again at the other side. The little bird has vanished into the darkness. And such is man's life on earth. He goes away from the light of life into darkness. So if this new teaching can tell us anything of that darkness, into which we pass at last, my counsel is that we receive it."

That is the story of how men in those old days thought of Christ. It seemed to them the coming of a great light—a light brighter than the sun.

HALF AN-HOUR IN A CAVERN.

We all like cheerful people, and love to feel cheerfulness in ourselves, and when we love Jesus it is as if we had walked out into the sun, and felt its radiance on our faces.

Once I went with some friends into the Peak Cavern, in Derbyshire. We carried candles, and followed a guide, who stopped us here and there and made speeches. A brook ran along at our feet in the darkness, and at times we came to places where were deep fissures, down which water splashed. We were a long time in the damp, and cold, and gloom, and in places had only one candle, and once or twice, for a minute or two, no candle at all. It gave me a creeping feeling, and made me melancholy, and at last we came back to the little entrance where we started. As soon as it was opened we saw the clear sunshine and the bright day. I remember the surprise. We had grown accustomed to darkness, and the sunshine was such a contrast to the gloom, and so unexpected. We should not have been surprised to step out and find all outside dark as night. But the sunshine was so welcome. It was a pleasant thing for our eyes to behold the sun.

Now life in the cave is like sullen unhappy life, and coming out into the rays of the sun is like the cheerfulness

of heart which we ought to feel if we live as God's children ought to live. He puts gladness into our hearts, and makes them warm and bright.

AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

And not only does the religion of Jesus put light in life, and cheerfulness into our hearts, but it fills us with love that is like sunshine. It makes us kind. Some people try to be good without being kind. It is like trying to be invisible. You cannot leave kindness out—that is a great part of what is meant by being good. I dare say that you have quarrelled with some one. If you have, you know that your heart seemed suddenly to grow dark. As when there is an eclipse of the sun—as soon as the obscuring body passes before the sun it grows dark, and the birds wonder what is the matter, and go to bed as if might had come—so when we have feelings of hatred there is gloom at once in our souls. It is the eclipse of love. And as soon as we are friends again the heart is bright, for love is the sunshine of the heart. " He that dwells in love dwells in God, and God dwells in him for God is love."

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

SEPTEMBER 6, 1896.

Mount Ebal and Mount Gerizim. The Mountains of Blessing and Cursing. Deut. 27. 11-13; Josh. 8. 30-35.

THE MOUNTAINS.

These mountains were not far apart and stand between Shechem and Jerusalem. They are objects of interest to all who visit the Holy Land. Ebal is the mount of blessing. When the Israelites entered the land of Canaan some of the tribes were to assemble near to one mountain, and the others were to take up their abode near the other. They were entering upon a new mode of life, different from any they had ever before witnessed. The Almighty designed to impress them with such truths as would inspire them with duty, and deter them from rebelling against him. Gerizim was to impress them with the fearful consequences of transgression. The circumstances which surrounded both companies were truly solemn. Moses stood first upon one mountain and then upon the other. On the one mountain he rehearsed the blessings that would come upon the obedient, and from the other the cursings that would fall upon all who transgressed. Both congregations should respond with Amen when Moses ceased speaking, and thus they were their own witnesses.

BLESSING—CURSING.

These two are still rehearsed by God to men of every age and clime and country. God speaks to all and in effect says, do this, and live; neglect this, and die. Our dispensation is brighter, our privileges are greater, consequently our responsibility must exceed that of all others who have gone before us. It depends upon ourselves whether we are the objects of blessing or cursing. What God said by his servant Isalah, he does in effect say to us, " If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the fruit of the land, but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

Man has his happiness or misery at his own disposal. He can accept or reject. He can choose or refuse. God hath made him capable of fixing his own destiny. He that sinneth against God, wrongeth his own soul. Man fixes his own state, and if he is lost, he will have none to blame but himself. The bitterest ingredient in the cup of woe, of which the lost will be compelled to drink, will be this, " Ye knew your duty, but ye did it not."

What are you labouring for? Blessing or cursing? Are you not conscious that one or other of these will be your lot, and that it depends upon yourselves which of these it shall be. Decide now. Act the part of wise, prudent persons. Easter now than it will be in the future.