

**Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques**

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la  
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear  
within the text. Whenever possible, these have  
been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées  
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte,  
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont  
pas été filmées.

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments:/  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 25, 1899.

[No. 8.]



ESKIMO KINDLING FIRE.

## The Canadian Children of the Cold

By J. Macdonald Oxley

To aid me in presenting the earliest glimpses of the Eskimo, I am fortunate in having before me a manuscript prepared by the late Robert Morrow, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, an accomplished student of the literatures of Iceland and Denmark.

That to the Norseman, and not to the Spaniards, rightfully belongs the credit of first discovering America is now settled, and that when the Norsemen first touched American soil they found the Eskimo already in possession is also certain. Yet it was not these bold adventurers who gave this curious people the name by which they are most generally known.

When Eric the Red sailed across from Iceland to Greenland (somewhere about the year 985), he found many traces of the Eskimo there; and when Thorvald, some twenty years later, ventured as far south as Vinland, identified as the present Martha's Vineyard (with which he was so delighted that he exclaimed: "Here is beautiful land, and here I wish to raise my dwelling"); the unexpected discovery of three skin boats upon the beach affected him and his followers much as the imprint of a human foot did Robinson Crusoe. They found more than the boats, however; for each boat had three men, all but one of whom were caught and summarily despatched, for reasons that the saga discreetly forbears to state.

### RETRIBUTION.

No sooner had the invaders returned to their ships than the natives attacked them in great force, and although the Norsemen came out best in the fighting, their leader, Thorvald, received a mortal wound. After the lapse of two years, one Thorfinn Karlsefne, fired by what he heard of the wonderful discoveries made by the hardy sons of Eric the Red, fitted out an imposing expedition, his boats carrying one hundred and sixty men, beside women, cattle, etc., and set sail for Vinland. He reached his destination in safety, and, remaining there for some time, improved upon his predecessor's method of treating the natives. Instead

of aimlessly killing them, he cheerfully cheated them, getting large packs of furs in exchange for bits of red cloth.

After two years of prosperous trading, the relations between the Norsemen and the natives became strained, and they were vanquished by sheer force of numbers, and deemed it prudent to make off without standing upon the order of their going.

With the departure of the Norsemen,

### THE CURTAIN OF OBSCURITY

falls upon the Eskimo, and is not lifted again until we find them, not luxuriating amid the vine-entangled forests of Vinland, but scattered far and wide over the hideous desolation of the hard north, and engaged in a ceaseless struggle with hunger and cold. Just when they thus moved northward, and why, does not appear. If their innate and intense hatred of the Red Indian be of any service as a clue, it is, however, within the bounds of reason to believe that they were driven from their comfortable quarters by their more active and warlike fellow-aborigines, and given no rest until they found it amidst the icebergs and glaciers of Labrador and Hudson's Bay, where they may now be met with in bands numbering from a dozen to a hundred or more. Throughout the whole of this Arctic region they fearlessly range in search of food.

The Eskimo are, in fact, the only inhabitants of

### A VAST TERRITORY

which includes the shores of Arctic America, the whole of Greenland, and a tract about four hundred miles long on the Asiatic coast beyond Behring's Straits, thus extending over a distance of from five thousand miles east to west, and three thousand two hundred miles from north to south. Notwithstanding this wide distribution, there is a remarkable uniformity, not only in the physical features of the Eskimo, but also in their manners, traditions, and language.

### THE MORAVIAN MISSIONARIES,

who, with an heroic zeal that only those familiar with their lot can adequately appreciate, have devoted themselves to "the cure of souls" among the Eskimo. There are six of these Moravian missions scattered along the eastern coast of Labrador. Nain, the chief one, was established as far back as 1771, Okkak in 1776, Hopedale in 1782, and Hebron, Zoar, and Ramah more recently.

The bestowal of no attractive Biblical names helps very little, however, to mitigate the unfavourable impression produced by the forbidding surroundings of these tiny oases almost lost in a seemingly illimitable desert.

### THE ESKIMO

are, as a rule, small of stature, not much exceeding five feet. Those upon the western shore, however, are taller and more robust; they are quite strongly built, with hair and beard sweeping down over their shoulders and chest. When the good seed sown by the patient missionary finds lodgment in a Husky's heart, he usually signalizes his adoption of Christianity by indulging in a clean shave, or at least by cutting his beard short with a pair of scissors.

They all have small, soft hands, broad shoulders, big, flat faces, large, round heads, and short, stubby noses, and very generous mouths, which, being nearly always on the broad grin, make free display of fine rows of sharp, white teeth. At spring-time,

when the sun's burning rays are reflected from glistening banks of snow, they become almost as black in the face as negroes but new-born babes may be seen as fair as any Canadian infant. Their eyes are small and almost uniformly black, and peer brightly out at you from beneath a perfect forest of brow and lash. Their hair is black, also, and very thick and coarse.

### THEIR ORDINARY FOOD

is the flesh of the seal, with its attendant blubber, and the fish that abounds along the shores. They are not particular whether their dinner is cooked or not. They are also very partial to tallow, soap, fish oil, and such things, which they look upon as great delicacies—a big tallow candle being rather more of a treat to an Eskimo youngster than a stick of candy to a civilized small boy.

### THE SEA

is, in fact, everything to the Eskimo. What the buffalo was to the American Indian, what the reindeer is to the European Laplander, all that, and still more, is the seal to these Children of the Cold. Upon its meat and blubber they feed. With its fur they are clothed. By its oil they are warmed and lighted. Stretched upon appropriate frame-work, its skin makes them seaworthy boats and weather-proof tents; while, unkindest use of all, with the bladder they float the fatal harpoon that wrought its own undoing.

There is not much room for

### FASHION'S IMPERIOUS SWAY

in Labrador. Seal-skin from scalp to toe is the invariable rule, and there would be no small difficulty in distinguishing between the sexes if the women did not indulge in a certain amount of ornamentation upon their garments. Still another distinguishing mark, permissible, however, only to those who have attained the dignity of motherhood, is the "amook," a capacious hood hung between the shoulders, which forms the safest and snugest of all carrying-places for the babies.

Lieutenant Gordon bears this testimony as to the moral status of the Eskimo at Hudson's Bay: "One word may be said in regard to their honesty. Although scraps of iron and wood possess a value to them which we can hardly appreciate, they would take nothing without first asking leave. Not even a chip or broken nail was taken without their first coming for permission to the officer who was on duty."

No doubt the fact that practical

### LIQUOR PROHIBITION

prevails has something to do with this commendable showing. The law, aided and abetted by the vigilant missionaries, shuts out everything stronger than lime juice, and the path of the Eskimo is free from the most seductive and destructive of all temptations, except when some unprincipled whaler offers him a pull out of his flask.



NIPPED IN THE ICE.

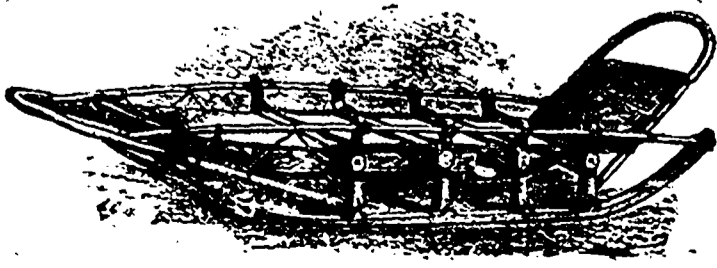
The doctrine that cleanliness is next to godliness finds few adherents in Eskimo land. The rule seems to be to eschew washing throughout the year, and many a mighty hunter goes through life innocent of a bath, unless, indeed, he should happen to be tumbled out of his "kayak" by some irate walrus.

### THEIR INTELLIGENCE

is considerable. In some instances they display not only a taste but a talent for music, chart-making, and drawing. One case is mentioned where a mere lad drew an excellent outline of the coast for over a hundred miles, indicating its many irregularities with astonishing accuracy. They are capital mimics, and are apt at learning the songs and dances of their white visitors. But they are poor men of business. They generally leave to the purchaser the fixing of the price of anything they have to sell.

Stealing and lying were unknown among them until these "black arts" were introduced by the whites as products of civilization, and unhappily, the natives are proving apt pupils. They are also somewhat given to gambling. Although by no means without courage, they seldom quarrel and never go to war with one another.

The future destiny of this interesting race may be readily forecast. All over the vast region he inhabits are signs showing that his numbers were far greater once than they are at present. The insatiable greed of his white brothers is rendering his existence increasingly difficult. The seal and the walrus are ever being driven farther north, and that means a sterner and shorter struggle for life. As the Indian will not long survive the buffalo, so the Eskimo will not long survive the seal. There are, perhaps, fifteen thousand of them now scattered far and wide over the tremendous spaces between Labrador and Alaska. Each year their numbers are growing less, and ere long the last remnant of the race will have vanished, and the great lone North will return to the state of appalling solitude and silence that only the Canadian Children of the Cold had the fortitude to alleviate by their presence.



ESKIMO SLED.



ESKIMO SLED.

## Old Eye Makes a Speech.

BY E. CARWELL.

I was made to be eaten,  
And not to be drank;  
To be thrashed in a barr,  
Not soaked in a tank;  
I come as a blessing,  
When put through the mill;  
As a blight and a curse,  
When run through a still;  
Make me up into loaves,  
And your children are fed;  
But if into drink,  
I will starve them instead;  
In bread I'm a servant,  
The eater shall rule;  
In drink I am master,  
The drinker a fool.  
Then remember the warning:  
My strength I'll employ  
If eaten, to strengthen;  
If drank, to destroy.  
—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

## OUR PERIODICALS:

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly.	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly illustrated.	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review.	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together.	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.	1 00
Sunday School Banner, 65 pp., 8c., monthly.	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4c., weekly, under 5 copies.	0 60
5 copies and over.	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4c., weekly, single copies.	0 25
Less than 50 copies.	0 25
Over 50 copies.	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than ten copies.	0 15
10 copies and upwards.	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than ten copies.	0 15
10 copies and upwards.	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly (2 cents per quarter).	0 07
Heaven Senior Quarterly (quarterly).	0 20
Heaven Leaf, monthly.	0 05
Heaven Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly).	0 05
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.  
C. W. CHASE, 2170 St. Catherine St., Montreal.  
B. F. HUBBIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 25, 1899.

## THE TEMPLE OF CHILDSOUL.

A certain good King built a number of very beautiful and costly temples for himself, called Mansouls. Some of them, smaller than the others, were called Childsouls. He loved to dwell in these temples, and always did so when they were kept pure and fit for his presence. But there were enemies who sought to defile and destroy his beautiful temples, the boys and girls, and men and women. One of these enemies, named Alcohol, was a fierce, fiery imp, who was determined to desecrate and destroy as many of these beautiful temples as he could. Knowing that he could not gain entrance as he was, he disguised himself as a fairy named Wine, who had a beautiful, sparkling complexion, and mild, inoffensive manners. Once in, the doors were soon unbarred, and he was master of the place.

He first called all his vile, wicked companions, Hatred, Vulgarity, Gluttony, Passion, and Folly, to come in, and they made the beautiful temple of Mansoul so foul and offensive that they compelled the King to leave. Then he proceeded to strip the outside of its beauty. He made the foundations (the legs) to bend and totter. He disfigured the front (the face) with horrid red blotches. He dimmed the windows (the eyes) with the dust and stains of foolishness and prejudice, and made the whole structure so ugly and unlike itself that those who saw it were disgusted, and the good King mourned that the temple had not closed its doors against such an enemy.

Meanwhile the enemy, Alcohol, was not satisfied with what he had done. He said, "I must burn this temple down." So he kindled fires in the refectory (stomach) and on the altar (heart) and in the dome (brain), and kept them burning until the beautiful temple was consumed in flames (delirium) and the King was robbed of one of his holy temples—a human body.

But all this need not have happened had the King's command been obeyed. There were three keys with which the temple should have been kept locked—"Touch not, taste not, handle not, the unclean thing."—Christian Endeavour World.

## THE GREEDY BOTTLE.

A poor, undersized boy, named Tim, sitting by a bottle and long in, said: "I wonder if there can be a pair of shoes in it?" His mother had mended his clothes, but said his shoes were so bad he must go barefoot. Then he took a brick and broke the bottle, but there were no shoes in it, and he was frightened, for it was his father's bottle. Tim sat down again and sobbed so loud that he did not hear a step behind him, until a voice said:

"Well! what's all this?" He sprang up in great alarm; it was his father.

"Who broke my bottle?" he said.

"I did," said Tim, catching his breath, half in terror and half between his sobs.

"Why did you?"

Tim looked up. The voice did not sound as he had expected. The truth was, his father had been touched at the sight of the forlorn figure, so very small and so sorrowful, which had bent over the broken bottle.

"Why," he said, "I was looking for a pair of new shoes; I want a pair of new shoes awful bad—all the other chaps wear shoes."

"How came you to think you'd find shoes in the bottle?" the father asked.

"Why, mother said so, I asked her for some new shoes, and she said they had gone in the black bottle, and that lots of other things had gone into it, too—coats and hats, and bread and meat, and things; and I thought that if I broke it, I'd find 'em all, and there ain't a thing in it! I'm real sorry I broke your bottle, father. I'll never do it again."

"No, I guess you won't," he said, laying a hand on the rough little head as he went away, leaving Tim overcome with astonishment that his father had not been angry with him. Two days after he handed Tim a parcel, telling him to open it.

"New shoes! New shoes!" he shouted. "Oh, father, did you get a new bottle, and were they in it?"

"No, my boy, there ain't going to be a new bottle. Your mother was right—the things all went into the bottle, but you see getting them out is no easy matter; so, God helping me, I am going to keep them out after this."—Arkansas Methodist.

## SWALLOWING A FARM.

This paragraph has been floating around in the papers. We do not know who wrote it, but it contains much for young men to think about: "My homeless friend with the chromatic nose, while you are stirring up the sugar in a ten-cent glass of gin, let me give you a fact to wash down with it. You may say you have longed for years for the free, independent life of a farmer, but you have never been able to get enough money to buy a farm. But there is where you are mistaken. For some years you have been drinking a good improved farm at the rate of one hundred square feet at a gulp. If you doubt this statement figure it out for yourself. An acre of land contains 43,560 feet. Estimating, for convenience, the land at \$43.56 an acre, you will see that it brings the land to just one mill per square foot. Now pour down the fiery dose and imagine you are swallowing a strawberry patch. Call in five of your friends and have them help you gulp down that five-hundred-foot garden. Get on a prolonged spree some day and see how long it will take to swallow a pasture land to feed a cow. Put down that glass of gin; there is dirt in it—three hundred feet of good, rich dirt, worth \$43.56 per acre."

## A TIPSY BABY.

BY LEWIS ALBERT BANKS.

There is a man in Brooklyn who keeps a boarding-house. There is nothing very strange about that, because there are lots of people in Brooklyn who keep boarding-houses; but there are very few people in Brooklyn who would sleep well nights if they opened their house to the kind of boarders this man takes in. It is a boarding-house for wild animals. Circus people and theatrical troupes that have snakes or animals that they are not using for the time in their shows hire him to take care of them and board them for so much a week.

About six months ago a baby elephant was brought over from Burmah and made a summer tour, extending into the late autumn, with a travelling show. Then it was sent to the Brooklyn boarding-house to spend the winter. The elephant took a bad cold, and the landlord dosed him with whiskey and quinine from a demijohn. The elephant did not like the liquor at first, but he soon acquired the habit, and the other night, feeling thirsty, he knocked the head off the demijohn, which had been left in his

quarters, and sucked out all there was left.

There was not enough to make him dead drunk, but just enough to make him feel big, and want to break something and have a great time. In his hilarity he overturned a glass-covered case in which a twenty-foot python was lying asleep. The big snake was angry when he waked up, and, with a vicious sparkle in his little eyes, he went for that tipsy elephant and coiled himself around its body.

As the coils grew tense about the elephant it trumpeted in agony, and struggled to shake the python off; but the snake had neither mercy nor fear.

The boarding-house keeper was awakened by the noise and rushed into the room, club in hand. He saw the peril of the elephant, and when the snake raised its head angrily at his intrusion, he hit it a savage blow. The coils loosened and the python fell to the floor. The elephant gasped and fell likewise. Its ribs had been crushed in, and in half an hour it was dead. The snake was put back into its box, but an hour later it was dead also.

The empty demijohn in the corner told the cause of the tragedy.

Alas! how many tragedies come from the demijohn! Boys and girls think they can play with it, and take a glass of beer or wine now and then without danger, but it soon gets to be master, and their ruin follows.

There never was a wiser appeal than that of Solomon, in his book of Proverbs, when he says: "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

## ANOTHER SHOT AT THE CIGARETTE.

A prominent railroad man is the latest to throw down the gauge of battle to the cigarette. He is a general freight agent on a large railroad, and employs many young men as clerks. He has announced that, in the future, he will not employ any young men who are addicted to the cigarette habit, and, further than this, he expresses his intention of getting rid of all cigarette fiends now working in his department. He gives the following as his reasons for this decision: "Among the 200 in my service, thirty-two are cigarette fiends. Eighty-five per cent. of the mistakes occurring in the office are traceable to the thirty-two smokers. They fall behind with their work, and when transferred to other desks, which men who do not smoke handle easily, they immediately get along just as badly, showing that it is not the amount of work, but the inability or indolence of the performer. The smokers average 'two days off' from work per month, while the non-smokers average only one-half of a day in the same time. The natural conclusion is that the thirty-two young men are holding positions deserved by better men."—Michigan School Moderator.

## THE DATE LINE.

A mapmaker asks The Sun if the Date Line, or the imaginary line drawn to mark the change in the calendar day required of circumnavigators of the globe, follows the 180th meridian. He adds that he has been unable to find the Date Line on any map.

The Date Line does not follow the 180th or any other meridian for its entire course, but takes a somewhat devious route through the Pacific. It is strange that it is shown on so very few maps of the world. The reasons why a crooked course was given to it and why it was placed in the Pacific are interesting and easily understood.

Suppose the Date Line had been run through our country on the meridian of Chicago. In that case, when it was Monday in New York, Cleveland and Indianapolis, it would be Tuesday all the way from Chicago to San Francisco and out on the Pacific. Of course that would be a serious business inconvenience. It is evident that the Date Line should not pass through any continents. It is practically a necessity that such a line had to be fixed somewhere, but it obviously had to run through an ocean.

It should not pass through the Atlantic Ocean, because, in that case, when it was Monday in London, Paris and Hamburg, it would be Tuesday in the United States; and this would be inconvenient in regions that have such enormous interests in common and are so closely united by telegraphs and cables. The best place for the Date Line was in the Pacific Ocean. If we follow the line through the Pacific we shall observe that the ideas above expressed have had due weight in marking its course.

Passing through the middle of Behring

Strait the line suddenly turns to the south-west till it reaches 170 degrees east longitude. In this way Behring Island and the entire Aleutian chain, all a part of North America, are kept on the American side of the line. When it is Monday in New York it is also Monday in Attu, our most western American possession.

Then the line sweeps eastward again and follows the 180th meridian far south till it reaches the neighbourhood of the Fiji Islands. As this group and other islands round about belong to Great Britain, and are closely united in business relations with New Zealand and Australia, the line takes a wide sweep to the east so as to give them all the same calendar day. It then returns to the 180th meridian, which it follows to the Antarctic.—New York Sun.

## The Nation's Call.

BY EMMA PLAYTER SEABURY.

"Wanted," a half of a million more  
Of boys, as brave as boys can be;  
To fight our battles from shore to shore,  
To fight our battles upon the sea,  
Boys who will start at the bugle's call,  
Who are never afraid to face a foe,  
Strong and manly, and true withal,  
Who stand for a principle where they go.

"Wanted," a half a million or so,  
To lift the ensign up for the right,  
Unfurling, and tossing it to and fro,  
Against the hosts of evil to fight,  
Legion and regiment, square on square,  
Proud, invincible, never a break,  
Stern, defiant, and tall, and fair,  
Daring to die for the truth's own sake.

The nation calls, and her need is dire,  
For half a million of boys to come,  
With bayonets drawn, and souls on fire,  
To fight and vanquish the fiend of Rum,  
The boys are falling along the line,  
Thick and fast, and the trampled sod  
Reeks with the blood of its victims  
splashed,  
And the nation's call is the call of God.

"Wanted," a million, or two or three,  
Of boys who never will tell a lie,  
Whose souls are pure, and who dare to be  
Opposed to wrong, and opposing die,  
Temptation attacks with her serried  
steel,

The fortress wavers, and we must hold;  
"Wanted," a million boys to feel  
That right is a better thing than gold.

"Wanted," a million to bear our arms,  
Not for the pearls of the western seas,  
Not for the horrors of war's alarms,  
Not for the slaves of the Antilles,  
But patriots, who are staunch, true men,  
Who will stand by the armies that do  
not roam,  
To fight life's battles over again,  
The dauntless armies that stay at  
home.

"Wanted," a million of boys to stand  
By the slaves of passion who plead  
and pray,

The slaves of appetite need a hand,  
And the slaves of poverty, every day.  
The bravest of patriots ever known,  
Have fought their battles in twos and  
threes,

With right and duty, or stood alone;  
And God gives victory unto these.  
—Union Signal.

## FOR THE LOVE THAT IS IN IT.

A poor Arab, travelling in the desert, came to a spring of pure water, and filled his leather cup to carry it to the caliph. He had to go a long way before he could present it to his sovereign. The caliph received the gift with pleasure, and pouring some of the water into a cup drank it, thanking the Arab and rewarding him. The courtiers around pressed forward, eager to taste of the wonderful water, but the caliph forbade them to touch a single drop. When the poor Arab had departed with a joyful heart, the caliph told his courtiers why he had forbidden them to taste the water. In the long journey it had become impure and distasteful in the leathern bottle. It was an offering of love, and as such the caliph had received it with pleasure. But he knew that if any other should taste the water, he would have shown his disgust, and thus the poor man's feelings would have been wounded.

Does not this beautifully illustrate the spirit with which Christ receives the gifts and services of those who love him? The gifts may be worthless, and the services may avail nothing; but for the love that prompts them, he accepts them with real gladness and richly rewards them.



**A Foe to Fight.**

BY NETTIE A. PERHAM.

We will fight the liquor traffic;  
Yes, we'll fight it to the death.  
We will lift our voice against it,  
Just as long as we have breath.  
We will not defend the rummies,  
Nor for them apologize,  
But expose their wretched business,  
Till in misery it dies.

Would you tolerate a lion  
Or a tiger in your street,  
Which would trample or devour  
Any child it chanced to meet?  
Would you send your youth and children  
Out upon that street to roam,  
And you calmly sit indifferent  
In the shelter of your home?

No, you would go out with weapons,  
Every man in town would go,  
And with clubs and stones and bullets,  
Give the beast a powerful blow;  
There would be a great excitement,  
You would boldly hunt him down,  
And most certainly would kill him,  
Or would drive him from the town.

Friend, do you esteem a lion  
Or a tiger greater harm  
Than saloons along your sidewalks?  
Does it cause you more alarm?  
See those rum shops unmolested,  
Countless victims they destroy,  
And they're waiting, surely longing,  
To ensnare your girl or boy.

Come, go out and fight the liquor,  
As you all would fight the beast,  
'Tis the greatest evil surely,  
But you treat it like the least,  
And the most destructive weapon  
Which against it you can use  
Is a prohibition ballot.  
Really, how can you refuse?  
—Christian Advocate.

**A Methodist Soldier**

BY

ALLAN-A-DALE.

CHAPTER IX.

THE FAIR AND THE FIGHT.

You may be certain I made the most of the company of my father on the day of my enlistment and my last day of freedom. Together we explored many an odd corner of the old city, entering the cathedral and gazing with reverence, which was none the less sincere because we were Methodists, upon all the marks of its honourable old age; smiling perhaps a little at some of the quaint sculptures and curious inscriptions, but never forgetting what manner of sounds the roof above had echoed for centuries.

Then we went out to see the fair, already in full swing under the blazing sunshine of a summer day, and speedily found ourselves laughing at the antics of the clown outside a great booth, on the wood and canvas of which were painted the wonders that might for twopenny be seen within. Had we wished to see all that the fair offered, and buy everything to eat, drink, and wear that the hucksters thrust in our faces we might have spent with ease the bounty money which my father had safely tucked in a leathern wallet under his belt. But we resisted the entreaties of the leathern-lunged men to "step up and see" all manner of strange things, from mermaids to the play of Hamlet, "as performed before his Majesty at Drury Lane," and to "buy, buy, buy," every kind of merchandise from clothes to gingerbread.

Presently on the outskirts of the fair grounds we came suddenly upon Mr. Ullathorne, who had left us earlier in the day with the promise to meet again at this place.

As we came up, we found the good man had already gathered a small company of listeners, and was talking to them with the honest and hard-hitting eloquence which made him so much admired by country folk. He was not, however, having an altogether easy time. Several in the crowd who had already found the attractions of the fair too much for their sobriety, if they ever had any, were inclined to interfere boisterously.

As we stood and listened, the interruptions appeared to grow, and especially from a quarter in the crowd behind the preacher. Presently a soft missile of some kind came from the back and knocked Mr. Ullathorne's hat forward upon his brow. There were cries of "Shame!" from some and laughter from others. Disregarding both, and scarcely stopping to replace his hat, Mr. Ullathorne continued. Then came a movement which looked like an organized attempt to hustle the preacher.

Now my father, though above all things a peaceable man, when he saw more behind the interruptions than mere jocular horse-play, pushed his way through the crowd, and placed himself by the side of Mr. Ullathorne, I, you may be sure, following close at his heels. As we did so there was another movement in the crowd behind the preacher, and, still looking in that direction, I was astonished to see, or imagine that I saw, the evil countenance of Joe Harter. Whoever it was, he hopped with remarkable agility behind a gipsy van, and the crowd was too dense to allow me to follow. Whether it was due to our arrival, or the disappearance of the man I had taken to be Joe Harter, I could not say, but the crowd continued to listen without any too unfriendly interruption to the preacher, while many joined in singing the tuneful old Methodist hymns my father raised during the intervals of Mr. Ullathorne's talk.

When it was over for the time, and we were threading our way through the crowds of country folk and soldiery on our way to our lodgings in the city, I ventured the suggestion that Joe Harter was the cause of the disorder at the preaching.

"Think again, Jim," said my father; "I believe you must have mistaken your man. There are more one-legged rascals in the country than Harter, unfortunately. Besides, what should he be doing here, so far from home?"

I was willing enough to confess that I might have made a mistake, yet I still had the uncomfortable feeling that not only was Joe Harter at the fair, but that he was there for no good purpose.

"Will you preach again to-night, Mr. Ullathorne?" I asked.

"Certainly I shall, Jim. You don't think I should be deterred by the disturbance this morning? Not when I have two such stout supporters as yourself and your father," he added, with a jolly laugh. He was himself a well-built man, and, rejoicing in double strength, from within and without, feared nothing.

So that evening found us on the edge of the fair again, in a spot where the people passed to and fro, and yet sufficiently removed from the beating of the drums and blaring of the trumpets to make plain to every one all Mr. Ullathorne had to say.

Somewhat to our surprise no serious interference was attempted, and I began to imagine that the disturber of the afternoon, whoever he might be, had decided to hold his hand, either out of deference to Mr. Ullathorne's bodyguard, or because he realized that there was a good feeling towards him in the crowd. But, as it turned out, we "halloed before we were out of the wood."

All through that little service at the fair, while the night grew darker and the oil lamps flared red and yellow under a moonless sky, though the audience changed and wandered, none tried to disturb the preacher; so that, when nearly two hours had passed, and we were ready to return, it was with the feeling that the time had been spent to some good advantage.

Now our way homewards on such a dark night lay properly by the high road; but, as that was somewhat circuitous, Mr. Ullathorne proposed a short cut through the fields by the river. Never dreaming of harm we took the pathway, walking carefully on account of the darkness and in single file, the preacher first, my father bringing up the rear. There was light enough to distinguish the outline of the hedge on our right hand, and the river running smoothly and silently under the bushes on the left.

We were walking in this fashion when, suddenly, from behind a tree in the hedge sprang a huge dark figure full upon Mr. Ullathorne. So violently did he come and quickly that the preacher had no power to resist the shock. Big man as he was, he tottered, unbalanced for a moment, and then plunged through the bushes into the river. As he fell, the man who had thrust at him so heavily turned sharply on the path, and was at me like a tiger. At that instant I heard my father cry out, and knew that he also was assailed; but by how many I could not tell, for the first man had me by the throat, and was trying his best to send me to join the preacher in the dark waters of the Itchen.

I was young, strong, and desperate, and he found it a harder task than he had reckoned.

"Curse the young 'un," cried a voice in the darkness from the hedge above. "Belt him over the head, and tackle the old 'un. He's got the stuff, and Bill can't hold him."

How the knowledge of it came to me I cannot tell, but in that instant I did a trick which, though I knew it not, has served many a weak man struggling with a stronger. Clutching my assailant

desperately round the neck, I allowed my feet to slip from under me, and fell backwards on the path. As I did so I doubled my knees in a cruel manner.

With a terrible crash we went down together, and the big man screamed with pain, whilst my head, luckily a hard one, struck the baked earth with a crack which made it ache for a week.

Nothing I cared for that when I felt that vicious throttling grasp relax on my throat, while suddenly his great body rolled from mine.

Relieved of the weight I rose, half-dazed, to my feet, and peering through the darkness called lustily for help. Even as I called there came an answering shout from the river bank, lower down:

"Down with the Phillistines, lad; amite them hip and thigh!"

It was the voice of the preacher. Stumbling on the uneven path I ran towards the spot, and in the half-darkness fell pell-mell over two forms tightly locked and struggling.

Scarcely had I done so when another coming from the other side fell likewise on the pair.

By his great figure and streaming wet clothes I knew him to be the preacher, and by the same token I knew that the one who was uppermost of the struggling pair, upon whom we had both fallen, was not my father.

Then I would have put forth all my strength to strike the uppermost, but as they rolled the preacher caught him with his great hands, and—always a peacemaker, even when he fought—ended the matter more simply.

(To be continued.)

**THE EASY-GOING BOY.**

BY BISHOP J. H. VINCENT.

"I must go in the morning on the five o'clock train, and would like to be called at twenty minutes of five," said I to Tim Notting, an affable, accommodating, smiling, free-and-go-easy hotel clerk and general serve-all to a little country hotel among the mountains of New Hampshire. Then, remembering the propensity of some porters to rouse one about midnight with a thunderous rap at the door when a train is to leave at daybreak, I repeated several times to the thin, low-statured, wiry Yankee boy: "I need just twenty minutes, and no more, between the time you call me and the time the train is to leave."

After a long day of railroad travel, and a lecture lasting through an hour and a half, followed by hand-shaking with a few loyal Chautauquans, and a short walk in the keen winter air to the hotel, how welcome was the embrace of a soft bed in a most comfortable room. And, lo! in the early hours there came a rap at the door, and a voice from without said, "Get up." "All right," I responded, and I got up.

Then my thoughts ran out toward the high, snow-clad hills around and, looking out of the window, I saw the stars shining in the cold abysses, and congratulated myself on the fact that a few minutes more would put me on my way, and that the transit from a comfortable room to a comfortable car would be short and comparatively pleasant.

"Have we five minutes?" I asked. "Oh, yes," said Tim, "you have thirty-five or forty minutes yet." "But," said I in surprise, "I thought I was to be called twenty minutes before the train leaves?" "Oh, yes," replied Tim in an amusing way, "yes, twenty minutes. Yes, you have more than that now."

"Are you sure," I asked, at length, "that the train leaves at the hour you named?" "Oh, yes, it always does," said Tim; and, taking his lamp, he went to the railway time-table opposite, on the wall, and, examining it carefully, he said: "No; that is the time it leaves the station above,—several miles above. It doesn't leave here until quarter past five." Again I meditated in silence.

"Well," said Tim, after we had waited a long, long time, "I guess now we better start down to the depot." "Will the station-room be warm?" I asked. "Oh, I guess not; they don't open mornings." "Then wouldn't it be well for us to wait here where the room is warm, until just time for the train?" "Well," said Tim, "it will be just about time by the time we get there."

Putting on my coat, I followed Tim and his lantern to the station, a block and a half away; and there on the frosty platform I stood, and on the frosty platform I walked up and down, down and up, five minutes, ten minutes, fifteen minutes, twenty minutes. The light in Tim's lantern began to grow dim. He took the lamp out to pull up the wick. Brightly it blazed for less than a minute, and then went down. "I guess the thing hasn't got no oil in it," soliloquized Tim, and I could keep silence no longer.

I told him that, if he were to keep his

wits about him, fulfil his promise, wake his guests at twenty instead of fifty minutes before train time, keep them comfortably housed in a warm hotel office instead of marching them out for half an hour's tramp on a frosty platform, and fill his lamp like a wise virgin the night before, he might have more glow in the hearts of his customers, and more light in his old lantern, and kinder memories in the hearts of those whom he now deceives and abuses.

Poor Tim! I pity the fellow. He is slack, lazy, false, slipshod; he will never make much of a success in this world in anything. His performance is not up to his promise. He is affable enough, but there is no backbone to his affability. He gives the soft grasp of the courtier. He lacks the firm grip of the man of affairs. He lacks tact, thrift, energy, reality. He lacks honesty in trifles, and he who is dishonest in trifles will be dishonest, on occasion, in larger matters. —Success.

**"WHEN HE'S IN LIQUOR."**

Once upon a time a pussy cat lived in the house of a family who drank beer every day. The beer was kept in a barrel in the storeroom, but each day a large brown jugful was drawn off and left ready on a table below the storeroom shelf till it was wanted for dinner.

In a safe hole in the corner of this shelf there lived a nice little mouse, who had a promising young family. She was bringing them up with great care, and among other precepts she had warned them never to taste the beer. Now, the eldest of her family was a very self-opinionated young mouse, and he said to himself: "My mother's ideas are old-fashioned; at any rate, I'll taste the beer at the first opportunity, and judge for myself." Accordingly, the first day his mother went to market he crept along the shelf and leaned over the edge to taste the beer, when, flop! he fell into the jug. The shock was very unpleasant, and the taste and the smell almost sickened him! but, worst of all, how was he to get out again? He swam round and round, and saw there was no escape.

Just then pussy, who had been watching the whole proceeding with much interest, peeped over the edge of the jug. Her first idea was to claw Master Mouse out, but she hated wetting her claws, and, being a deliberate pussy cat, she merely looked on.

"Oh, Mrs. Pussy!" cried Master Mouse "save me, and I will do anything in the world for you. I will even let you eat me when I get out—anything, rather than be drowned in this horrible stuff."

"You prom'ise?" said pussy.  
"Yes, I give you my word of honour. So just lower your beautiful tail 'till I can catch hold of it and climb out."

This suited Pussy's plans to a nicety, so she lowered her tail into the jug. Mouse clambered up to it, and ran straight into his hole as fast as his little feet would carry him.

"Come out, you young scoundrel!" cried Pussy, "you know you promised to let me eat you."

"Hoots, nonsense!" said the young mouse. "Don't you know a fellow doesn't know what he's talkin' about when he's in liquor?"

The family thought the beer had a peculiar taste that day. Pussy's thoughts are better unrecorded.

Master Mouse's thoughts were: 1. "I'm a lad o' parts." 2. "But I have tarnished the honour of the family." 3. "My mother wasn't so far wrong, after all." —Irish Temperance League Journal.

**LEAGUE ITEMS.**

Nova Scotia chapters are vigorous, and growing more so.

Grace church, Winnipeg, is using forty-three sets of the reading course.

The chapter at Smith's Falls keeps a good supply of religious literature in the barber shops of the town.

The Centennial Chapter, of Toronto, debated the Chinese exclusion question not long ago. It was lively, and the meeting finally voted in favour of exclusion!

Secretary Crows is picking up some first-class material for the Canadian end of the Indianapolis programme. If the Canadian men surpass the representatives sent over to the Chattanooga Convention, they will need to be superlative. —Epworth Herald.

"The Sleeping Beauty." A Modern Version. By Martha Baker Dunn Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents.

This is a charming children's story, beautifully told and well illustrated, and has a pronounced religious character.

**Be Kind and True.**

Be kind, little maiden, be kind;  
In life's busy way you will find  
There is always room for a girl who  
smiles  
And with loving service the hour be-  
gules;  
A lass who is thoughtful as she is fair,  
And for others' wishes has a care;  
Who is quick to see when the heart is  
sad,  
And is loving and tender to make it glad,  
Who loves her mother and lightens her  
care,  
And many a household duty shares;  
Who is kind to the aged and kind to the  
young,  
And laughing and merry and full of fun,  
There is always love for a girl who is  
sweet,  
Always a smile her smile to greet;  
Then be kind, little maiden, be kind.

Be true, little laddie, be true,  
From your cap to the sole of your shoe.  
O we love a lad with an honest eye,  
Who scorns deceit, and who hates a lie,  
Whose spirit is brave, and whose heart is  
pure,  
Whose smile is open whose promise sure,  
Who makes his mother a friend so near  
He'll listen to nothing she may not hear,  
Who's his father's pride and his mother's  
joy,—  
A hearty, thorough, and manly boy;  
Who loves, on the playground, a bat and  
ball,  
But will leave fun bravely at duty's call,  
Who's as pleasant at work as he is at  
play,  
And takes a step upward with each new  
day;  
Then be true, little laddie, be true.

**LESSON NOTES.****FIRST QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

**LESSON X.—MARCH 5.****CHRIST FREEING FROM SIN.**(May be used as a Temperance Lesson.  
Study John 8. 12-59.)

John 8. 12. 31-36. Memory verses, 34-36.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**If the Son therefore shall make you  
free, ye shall be free indeed.—John 8. 36.**OUTLINE.**

1. Jesus and the Believer, v. 12, 31, 32.  
2. Jesus and the Bondman, v. 33, 34.  
3. Jesus and the Freeman, v. 35, 36.  
Time.—A.D. 29 or 30, soon after the  
last lesson.  
Place.—The temple courts in Jerusalem.  
Rulers.—Herod in Galilee; Pilate in  
Jerusalem.

Connecting Links.—The officers sent by  
the Sanhedrin failed to arrest Jesus, say-  
ing, in apology, "Never man spake like  
this man." An angry discussion in the  
Sanhedrin followed, which was taken up  
by the people in the temple courts. To  
the people he spoke these words.

**LESSON HELPS.**

12. "Then spake Jesus again"—In our  
last lesson Jesus declared himself to be  
the fountain of truth; here he says, "I  
am the light of the world." The first  
chapter of John tells us that the Word  
was Life, and the Life was Light, and  
the Light shone in darkness, and the  
darkness comprehended it not. Jesus  
is the Light of the world because he is  
the source of its life. "Shall have the  
light of life"—Those who walk in the  
light as he is in the light become them-  
selves luminous. Read attentively verses  
13-30.

31. "If ye continue in my word"—Not  
merely believe my teaching, but imbibe  
my spirit. "Disciples indeed"—True  
learners.

32. "Ye shall know the truth"—This  
was and is conditioned on "continuing  
in," living according to, the word of  
Christ.

33. "Abraham's seed"—To whom God  
had promised wide dominion. "Were  
never in bondage"—And even while they  
said it Roman sentries were pacing their  
ramparts and Roman publicans were  
levying on their wealth.

34. "Whosoever committeth sin"—The  
sinner is sin's slave, and those to whom  
Jesus spoke were all sinners.

35. "The servant abideth not"—No  
slave is at home in his master's mansion.  
"The Son abideth"—As an heir. "Son"  
here seems to refer to all the children  
of God, and should not begin with a  
capital.

36. "The Son"—Here the capital S is  
correctly placed. The Son of God alone  
can give freedom to slaves in sin. "Ye  
shall be free indeed"—Jesus' disciples



ESKIMO VILLAGE IN WINTER.

are God's sons, and this world is God's  
house.**HOME READINGS.**

M. Christ freeing from sin.—John 8. 12,  
28-36.  
Tu. Scripture fulfilled.—Luke 4. 14-22.  
W. Power to forgive.—Luke 5. 18-26.  
Th. Dead to sin.—Rom. 6. 1-11.  
F. Free to serve.—Rom. 6. 15-23.  
S. Redeemed from bondage.—Gal. 4. 1-7.  
Su. Deliverance from sin.—1 John 3. 1-10.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

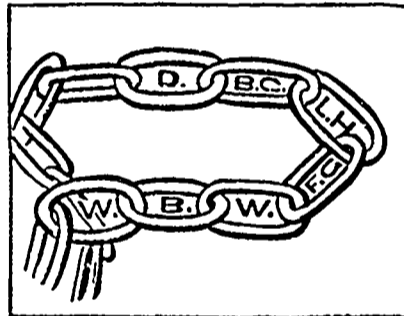
1. Jesus and the Believer, v. 12, 31, 32.  
Who is the light of the world?  
What promise is given to those that  
follow Jesus?  
Who did Jesus say were his real dis-  
ciples?  
What benefits did he promise to dis-  
cipleship?  
2. What would the truth secure? Rom.  
6. 22.  
2. Jesus and the Bondman, v. 33, 34.  
What boast did the listeners make in  
reply?  
Was that boast true?  
Whom did Jesus say was a slave?  
3. Jesus and the Freeman, v. 35, 36.  
What difference is there between a  
slave and a son?

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

Where in this lesson are we taught—  
1. That every sinner is Satan's slave?  
2. That Jesus can free us from Satan's  
power?  
3. That God's children are the only true  
freemen?

**SATAN'S CHAIN.**Disobedience, bad company, late hours,  
the first glass, wine, beer, whiskey.

Let a boy disobey his parents, go with  
bad boys, stay out late at night, take  
the first glass—maybe he says it is  
"only cider," but it may have alcohol  
in it, and may be the beginning of a  
taste; let him go on, then, to other  
stronger drinks, and he will find himself  
in prison and bound with a chain. Jesus  
is the only one who can make such a  
prisoner and slave free indeed. But he  
can do more. He can keep people from



getting in. Isn't this better? By  
Jesus' help be obedient, careful, and true,  
and never touch the first glass, and you  
will stay free from this dreadful bondage  
of sin. If the first link is never made  
the chain never will be.

Now let us say these lines, and make  
them true:

"Somebody asked me to take a drink.  
What did I tell him? What do you  
think?  
I told him 'No.'"

**WHAT A BOY DID.**The Duke of Argyle, walking in his  
garden one day, saw a Latin copy of a

ABANDONING A SHIP IN ARCTIC REGIONS.

great work on mathematics lying on the  
grass, and thinking that it had been  
brought from his library, called some-  
one to take it back.

"It belongs to me, your Grace," said  
the gardener's son, stepping up.

"You!" cried the duke. "Do you un-  
derstand geometry and Latin?"

"I know a little of them," answered  
the boy, modestly.

The duke, having a taste for the  
sciences, began to talk to the young stu-  
dent, and was astonished at the clear-  
ness and intelligence of his answers.

"But how came you to know so  
much?" asked the duke.

"One of the servants taught me to  
read," answered the lad. "One does not  
need to know anything more than the  
twenty-six letters in order to learn every-  
thing else one wishes."

But the nobleman wished to know  
more about it.

"After I learned to read," said the boy,  
"the mason came to work on your  
house. I noticed that the architect used  
a rule and compasses, and made a great  
many calculations. What were the  
meaning and use of these? I asked, and  
they told me of a science called arith-  
metic. I bought an arithmetic, and  
studied it well. Then they told me  
there was another science, called geom-  
etry. It seems to me we may learn  
everything when we know the twenty-six  
letters of the alphabet."

They are, in fact, the ladder to every  
science. But how many boys are con-  
tented to waste their time on the first  
two or three rounds, without pluck or  
perseverance enough to climb higher!  
Up, up, up! if you wish to know more,  
and see clearer, and take a high post  
of usefulness in this world. And if you  
are a poor boy, and need a little en-  
couragement to help you on, be sure, if  
you have a will to climb, you will find  
the way, just as the gardener's son did  
afterward in the Duke of Argyle, under  
whose patronage he pursued his studies,  
and became a distinguished mathema-  
tician.

A lecturer was invited to speak at a  
local gathering, and being nobody in  
particular, he was placed last on the list  
of speakers. The chairman also intro-  
duced several speakers whose names  
were not on the list, and the audience  
were tired out when he said, introducing  
the lecturer: "Mr. Bones will now give  
us his address." "My address," said  
Mr. Bones, rising, "is 551 Park Villas,  
S.W., and I wish you all good-night."

International S.S.  
Lesson  
Helps 1899

**Illustrative Notes**

A Guide to the Study of the Sunday-school Lessons,  
with Original and selected Comments, Methods of  
Teaching, Illustrative Stories, etc., etc. By JAMES  
LYMAN HOBBS and ROBERT RUMFORD DONNAY.  
\$1.25.

**Peloubet's Select Notes**

Inductive, Suggestive, Explanatory, Illustrative,  
Doctrinal and Practical. With illustrations, maps,  
pictures, etc. \$1.35.

**Monday Club Sermons**

A Series of Sermons on the Sunday-school Lessons  
for 1899, by eminent preachers. \$1.25.

**Berean Lesson Books**

No. 1, Beginners; No. 2, The Intermediate; No. 3,  
The Senior, 20c. each.

**Golden Text Booklets**

Sunday-school Lessons and Daily Bible Readings  
with Golden Texts and Bible Facts. Postpaid,  
each 3c., per doz., 35c.

**Berean Leaf Cluster**

Large Pictures, 24 x 34 in. in size, printed in eight  
colors, Golden Texts printed in large letters. Per  
quarter, 75c.; per year, \$3.00. Kindly  
have the order read for the whole year if possible.

**Picture Lesson Roll**

Large Colored Pictures, illustrating the International  
Sunday-school Lessons. Similar to Leaf Cluster, but  
with only four colors. Per quarter, 75c.; per  
year, \$3.00.

**TO PRIMARY CLASS TEACHERS.****Berean Leaf Cluster**

The Publishers have decided to supply it, for the  
coming year at 75c. per quarter; \$3.00 per  
year; instead of \$1.00 per quarter and  
\$4.00 per year. No school should now be with-  
out this excellent help. We commend the Leaf  
Cluster to all Teachers of Primary Classes, and  
would advise early orders, so as to insure prompt  
delivery.

**WILLIAM BRIGGS,**

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.  
C. E. GATES, Montreal. S. F. HENRY, Halifax.