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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, JUNE 25, 1898.

[No. 26

Unknowing.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

A lonely cricket, in my closet hidden,
Sent out amid the gloom its plaintive lay,
As tho' it grieved for joys to it forbidden,
Nor knew the night had given place to day.

Within my room the sun was brightly shining,
O'erflowing from the bounteous skies above,
And all sweet nature's forces seemed combining
To render praise for heaven's tender love.

Yet, whilst I gloried, singing in my gladness,
The little cricket dallied in the gloom,
Nor heeded that it might have fled from sadness—
Thro' space beneath the door—to my bright room.

"'Tis like our human nature, this delaying,"

(So thought I, as I heard the sad night-song),

"This lingering 'mid the gloom, our doubts obeying,
And sighing that the night-time seems so long.

"And all the while the sun of Christ's own splendour

Is shining 'round about us, would we heed

The chance he gives to seek his love so tender,

And find the light to satisfy each need."

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

There has sprung into existence in Canada one of the greatest railway systems in the world, extending from the tide-waters of the Atlantic to the tide-waters of the Pacific, with a continuous main line of 3,050 miles, and with arms reaching out in all directions—the Canadian Pacific.

The main line passes up the Ottawa

valley and thence westward around Lake Superior to Winnipeg. Westward from Winnipeg the line spans a thousand miles of grassy uplands to its crossing of the mountains near latitude fifty-two degrees, after which it traverses the heart of British Columbia to the sea. The tourist along this three thousand miles of railway—the longest single line owned by one corporation in the world—will encounter scenery fresh and attractive in an extraordinary degree, not only essentially contrasted to anything in the Old World, but different from what travellers in the United States are accustomed to.

Leaving the Ottawa, the course is past Nipissing, and the other lakes of that region, westward to the northern shore of Lake Superior. For a long distance Lake Superior is within view, the line sometimes running close between its beach and the adjacent crags; more often carried at a considerable height above it, so that the passenger's eye is able to take in a wide expanse of blue water, dotted with sailing vessels and steamboats.

The scenery of this part of the line

is as notable, in its way, as any in the world. A range of mountains to the northward sends down spurs which reach the lake in abrupt and lofty headlands, separated by profound gulfs, down each of which rushes a stream in mad cascades. The granite walls and the isolated masses of rock with which their flanks are strewn, are painted with bright lichens, entwined into creeping vines, and shadowed by graceful trees. Through this pleasing combination of grandeur and prettiness the road makes its way, bridging the chasms and tunneling the headlands. On Thunder Bay the rival towns of Port Arthur and Fort William, with their gigantic elevators and extensive docks, hotly contest for commercial supremacy, both claiming the honour of being the lake terminus of the western section of the Canadian Pacific Railway, both destined in time to become part of one great city.

Between Thunder Bay and Winnipeg (continuing the journey westward) lies a region full of connected lakes and rivers, picturesque with every combination of rocks, tumbling water, and diversified foliage, where the names,

people and natural history are all associated with exploits of the fur-trappers and the Indians. From the rugged and legendary "Keewaydin" the transition is surprisingly abrupt to the level prairies of the Red River valley. At Winnipeg, where hardly ten years ago Fort Garry stood alone, but where now thirty thousand people have erected a handsome and most enterprising city, the traveller will probably pause a day or two. Resuming his journey, the railway conducts him through fertile river valleys and grassy uplands straight towards the setting sun. This vast stretch of open country—a thousand miles wide—is a closely grassed prairie of amazing extent, watered by many constant rivers, dotted with lakes, refreshed by many summer rains and varied by wooded elevations. The lakes are alive with water fowl, and their borders teem with birds and four-footed game. As the

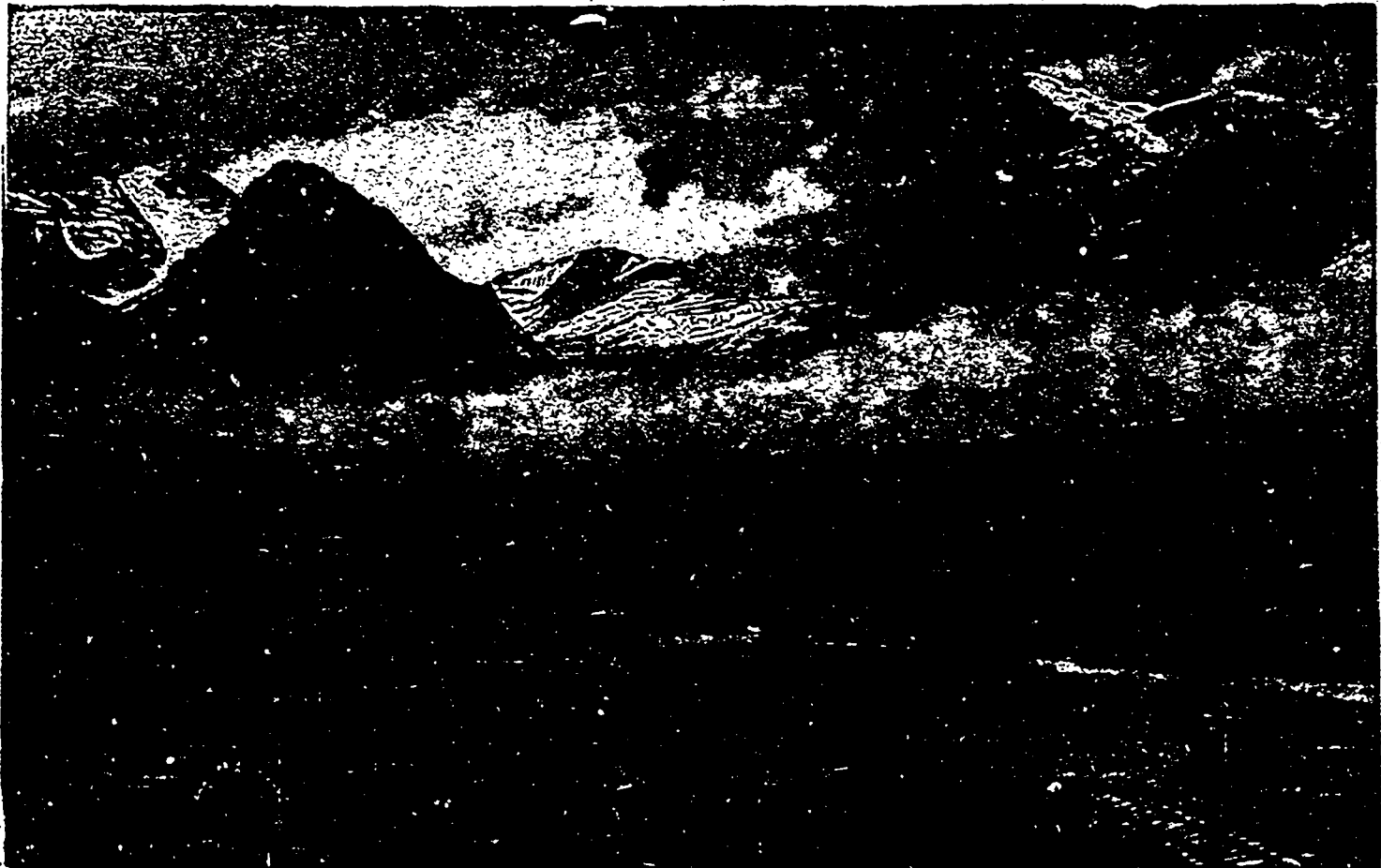
base of the Rocky Mountains is approached, agriculture gives way to the more profitable grazing of cattle and sheep.

Into the province of British Columbia are packed together, in half a dozen stupendous ranks, separated by narrow valleys, all the mountain ranges in Western America. We cross in succession the Rockies, the Selkirks, the Gold, Okinagon and Coast ranges, by a route of six hundred and fifty miles in length, although the breadth, measured in a straight line, hardly exceeds four hundred miles, and during the whole time are in the midst of snow-crowned monarchs.

The extent, distinctness, and variety of Alpine scenery visible from the railway trains are beyond adequate portrayal and comparison. The line enters the mountains upon the east by ascending the Bow River, about one hundred and fifty miles north of the boundary, to its sources amid the summits of the main range, after passing which, it is led by a marvel of engineering down along the cataracts of the Kicking Horse to the Columbia. The railway does not



THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS—FROM ELBOW RIVER.
(From a Sketch by the Marquis of Lorne.)



BEAVERFOOT MOUNTAINS, CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

WILLIE AND HIS LETTER.

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

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

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

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

Song of Young Canada.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, JUNE 25, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.
PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JULY 3, 1898.

HOW TO BE PATRIOTIC.

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

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

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

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

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

THE FOREST FIRE.*

BY W. H. WITHROW.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"God hath opened for us a cleft in

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

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

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

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

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

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

Canadians Forever.

(A National Song.)

BY W. KIRBY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Fair Canada For Me.

I've seen old Scotia's lofty hills
All clad with purple heather,
Green Erin's rocks, and Cambria's rills,
Felt Albion's balmy weather.

I have dwelt in Southern gardens,
The land of birds and flowers,
Where summer reigns throughout the
year,
Where all are golden hours.

I have climbed wild, rugged mountains,
Where icy summits rise
To the snow-line height, while at their
feet
The sweet hedelweiss lies.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
Thro' many foreign lands;
But only find my home and rest
On fair Canadian sands.

Where Norman, Dane and Celt reside,
All equal in degree,
Where lurks no foolish high-born pride,
Men, brothers all, and free.

As wind-tossed, feathery snowflake free,
Flying its home to seek,
With hearts warm as the crimson blush
Mantling a maiden's cheek.

No other skies seem half so blue,
When far away I roam,
No other hearts are half so true
As those I find at home.

My song is e'er of Canada,
Of Canada the free,
Where skies are blue and hearts are true,
Fair Canada for me!

With the Whale Fishers.

BY M. R. WARD.

CHAPTER VIII.

GOING HOME.

The semi-darkness of the Arctic night was shrouding the dreary horizon of the ice-bound voyagers, as some of the men held talk with the watch, touching the probability of escape or not, when suddenly an illumination lit up the ice-landscape northwards. Faint at first, it grew in brilliance every moment, sending up grand coruscations of pale gold and rose - coloured light.

"Well, if that isn't our 'Rora' come to light us up a bit!" exclaimed Ned Chambers with real delight. "It's like the face of an old it is. But our doctor should see this, mates. Who'll fetch him?"

"Why, Ned, you forgets as them lights bodes us and our voyage no good, if 'sperience goes for anything o' shipboard. Like enough a great frost, or summat o't kind," put in a sturdy old Yorkshireman, one of the crew, who had sailed with Captain McNaghten for many a season, and could draw ready inferences from every sign. "Ye ha'n't sailed these Arctic a twenty year as I have, Ned, or ye'd know that our captain would set no store by them streamers, fine though they be, a-comin', too, when we want to be loused out from here."

"That's a damper, mate," put in Mike, who had kept silence until now. "But isn't there One above all signs who can louse us out when he will, spite of 'em all?" continued Mike, who dreaded the effect of any discouraging remarks upon the younger hands.

Rathin O'Rea was a shrewd old sailor, and his opinion was an authority scarcely second to the captain's among the crew, so that it was not without cause Mike feared the effect of his remarks. "There, then, mates!" said Ned, exultingly, "I call that a good 'un; an' Mike's story is the best, for it helps to

keep a fellow's heart up, all the same, though there be frost behind. But, I tell ye what, mates, I've never forgot what our young doctor read whiles ago about the Lord sittin' King forever. Them words stuck by me ever since, and I take it the Kings' on his throne still."

"That he be, and no fear, my lad, so you just stick to it, Ned."

"Why, it's grand enough for a king's throne! isn't it, mates?" continued Mike, as the glory of the aurora streamed up high into the heavens, lighting up the icebergs with an unearthly splendour.

"Ay, grand enough; but what besides?" said O'Rea grimly, as he turned to meet the captain just appearing on deck to relieve his first mate for the next watch.

"Grand this, Fyfe, but what of the frost?" were his first words.

"It looks serious, captain, if signs go for anything, and with yon great floe anchored outside."

"So it does, Fyfe. One great frost might lock us up safe enough until next year; but somehow I think this won't be."

"Send up the doctor, Fyfe, to have a look at this grand show; we mayn't have another as fine."

Arthur was below, tending his patient, whose life seemed to be fast ebbing out, and might now be measured by hours, if not moments. He was quite conscious, and in faintest voice now and then addressed his kind friend.

"It iss but a little way now, doctor, and I shall no more trouble you."

"Yes; only a very little way now, and you will 'see the King in his beauty.'"

"Yess; that iss great joy, only I have not strength to tell of it."

"Then you shall hear it once more, McIven, in his own words," and, opening the Bible, Arthur read softly: "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

A faint smile stole over the dying man's face as he listened to the gracious words that bade him welcome to the home above. He tried once more to speak, but the power was gone, and

the Northern horizon; its long divergent rays gleaming on the ice-mountains with wondrous beauty.

The men, with a touch of their sailor superstition, were quite awe-struck as they heard that their comrade had just departed.

"Why, it do seem like a lighting up, to show our poor mate the way up to the heavenly glories, where, sure enough, he's gone," said Mike, as he talked with his comrades of the death-scene just witnessed.

It was a solemn gathering that night to the few who could assemble for prayers, and the old captain's voice was tremulous as he, too, gave thanks for the one "gone home" from among them; safe forever from the storms of life.

"Ay, an' that 'going home' do mean somethin' more than common to us poor fellows, don't it, Mike?" remarked Ned, as he talked with his comrade of McIven's happy departure.

"Why, he seemed as sure as anythin' o' seeing the King, an' havin' a welcome, too. It's a grand look-out that." "An' all through him as died for us, Ned, as our young doctor minds us on, ever and always. That's grandest of all, to my thought. It's none o' our buyin', you know, my lad; all a gift," said Mike, with a glow in his words, which told that he had received into his own heart the blessed truth of which he was speaking.

The morrow came, and with it the burial of the dead, for whom no turfy grave could be prepared; nor might the crystal wave receive the mortal remains, for the last two days had so effectually closed them round with ice that the Walrus had begun to heel over on her lee side, and her decks were becoming an incline, difficult for any landsman's footing to hold.

To give their mate safe burial, where he would be "out of reach of old grizzly," as Mike expressed it, was a foremost feeling among the crew; and one or two distant glimpses of such visitors had been obtained from the masthead out to seaward. With the characteristic recklessness of young sailors, there were those on board who would have attempted pursuit, but this the captain peremptorily forbade.

"A voyage to the North Pole in such company you'd not be long in repent-

Men of one blood—of British blood,
Rushed to the mortal strife;
Men brothers born,
In hate and scorn,
Shed each and other's life,
Which had the right and which the wrong,

It boots not now to say;
But when at last
The war-clouds passed
Cornwallis sailed away;
He sailed away and left the field,
To those who knew right well to wield
The powers of war, but not to yield,
Though Britons fought the day.

Cornwallis sailed away, but left
Full many a loyal man,
Who wore the red,
And fought and bled
Till Royal George's banner fled
Not to return again.

What did they then, those loyal men,
When Britain's cause was lost?
Did they consent,
And dwell content
Where crown and law and parliament
Were trampled in the dust?

Dear were their homes where they were
born;
Where slept their honoured dead;
And rich and wide
On every side
The fruitful acres spread;
But dearer to their faithful hearts,
Than home or gold or lands,
Were Britain's laws, and Britain's crown,
And Britain's flag of long renown,
And grip of British hands.

They would not spurn the glorious old
To grasp the gaudy new;
Of yesterday's rebellion born
They held the upstart-power in scorn—
To Britain they stood true,
With high resolve they looked their last
On home and native land;
And sore they wept,
O'er those that slept,
In honoured graves they must be kept
By grace of stranger's hand.

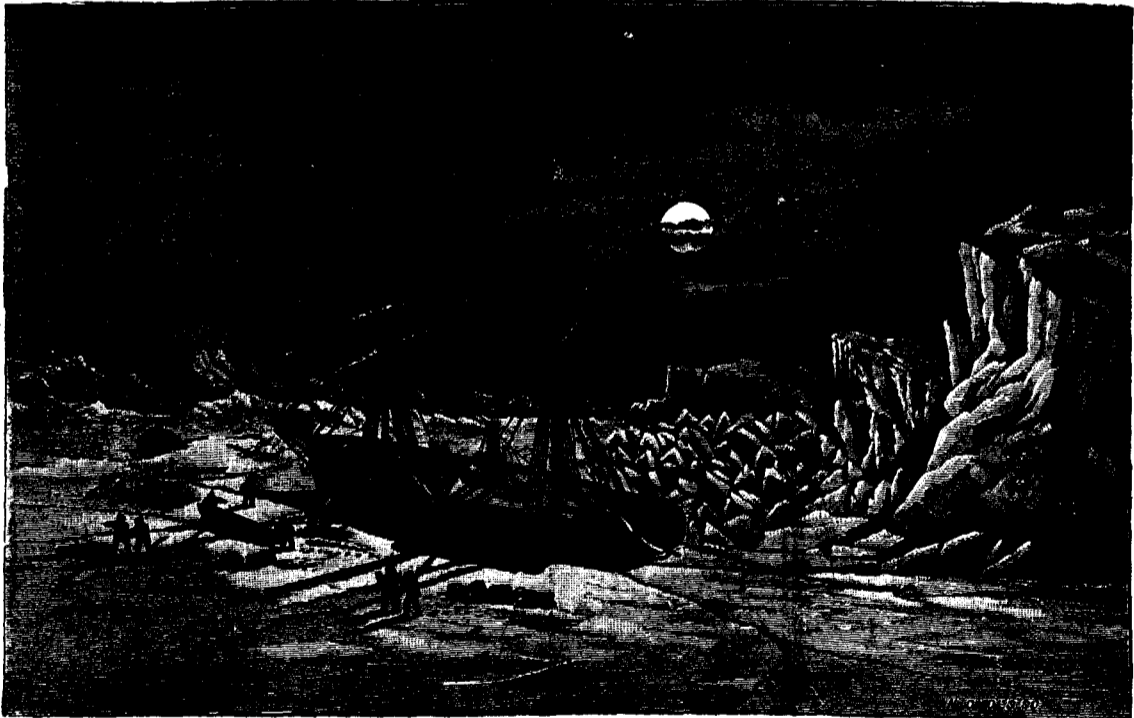
They looked their last and got them out
Into the wilderness,
The stern old wilderness!
All dark and rude
And unsubdued;
The savage wilderness!
Where wild beasts howled
And Indians prowled;
The lonely wilderness!
Where social joys must be forgot,
And budding childhood grow untaught;

Where hopeless hunger might assail
Should autumn's promised fruitage fail;
Where sickness, unrestrained by skill,
Might slay their dear ones at their will;
Where they must lay
Their dead away
Without the man of God to say
The sad, sweet words, how dear to men,
Of resurrection hope; but then
'Twas British wilderness!
Where they might sing
God save the King,
And live protected by his laws,
And loyally uphold his cause;

'Twas welcome wilderness!
Though dark and rude
And unsubdued;
Though wild beasts howled
And Indians prowled;
For there, their sturdy hands
By hated treason undefiled;
Might win, from the Canadian wild,
A home on British lands.

These be thy heroes, Canada!
These men of proof, whose test
Was in the fevered pulse of strife,
When foeman thrusts at foeman's life;
And in the stern behest
When right must toil for scanty bread,
While wrong on sumptuous fare is fed,
And men must choose between;
When right must shelter 'neath the
skies

While wrong in lordly mansion lies,
And men must choose between;
When right is cursed and crucified,
While wrong is cheered and glorified,
And men must choose between.
Stern was the test,
And sorely pressed,
That proved their blood best of the best;
And when for Canada you pray,
Implore kind heaven,
That like a leaven,
The hero-blood which then was given
May quicken in her veins away,—
That from those worthy sires may spring,
In numbers as the stars,
Strong-hearted sons, whose glorying
Shall be in right,
Though recreant Might,
Be strong against her in the fight,
And many be her scars;
So, like the sun, her honoured name
Shall shine to latest years the same.



WINTERING IN THE ICE.

Arthur knelt to commend the departing spirit to its Redeemer.

Just at this moment Fyfe looked in and joined in the solemn act; and as they prayed the fashion of the sufferer's countenance was changed, and with a moment's return of strength and a gleam of surprised joy, he said, "It iss all light now, doctor; there iss no dark;" and with one long breath the spirit was gone.

Fyfe was deeply moved. He had come to summon the young doctor to see the beauty of the aurora, and he had paused to see a spirit take its flight far beyond the highest glories of earth.

How insignificant did all else appear at that moment! Even the dangers surrounding them dwindled in the presence of that land unseen, into which the spirit so lately with them had joyfully passed.

"Let us give thanks," said Arthur, as he knelt once more in thanksgiving. Rising, he straightened the poor wasted form, and going on deck beheld the sky-glory of the fine arch now almost filling

ing, and with the first under swell that great floe might heave anchor and be off; so we'll risk no lives for sport, my men," was the captain's explanation of his refusal to permit the attempt.

"We can't bury him right at our own door, an' us fast here," remarked Ned, giving expression to the superstitious shrinking from the dead so universal among sailors.

(To be continued.)

The United Empire Loyalists.

BY REV. LE ROY HOOKER.

In the brave old Revolution days,
So by our sires 'tis told,
King's-men and rebels, all ablaze,
With wrath and wrong,
Strove hard and long;
And, fearsome to behold,
O'er town and wilderness afar,
O'er quaking land and sea and air,
All dark and stern the clouds of war
In bursting thunders rolled.

The Dominion of Canada.

BY W. H. WITHEROW.

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit, acute to invent, subtle to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to.

"Methinks I see her as an angel renewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiancy."—Milton's "Areopagitica."

O nation, young and fair, and strong! arise

To the full stature of thy greatness now!

Thy glorious destiny doth thee endow With high prerogative Before thee lies A future full of promise Oh 'be wise' Be great in all things good and haste to sow

The present with rich germs from which may grow

sublime results and noble, high empire Oh! be it hence thy mission to advance

The destinies of man, exalt the race, And teach down-trodden nations through the expanse

Of the round earth to rise above their base

And low estate, love Freedom's holy cause,

And give to all men just and equal laws.

Oh! let us plant in the fresh virgin earth Of this new world, a scion of that tree Beneath whose shade our fathers dwell, a free

And noble nation—of heroic birth. Let the Penates of our fathers' hearth

Be hither borne; and let us bow the knee

Still at our fathers' altars. O'er the sea

Our hearts yearn fondly and severe their worth.

And though forth-faring from our father's house,

Not forth in anger, but in love we go. It lessens not our reverence, but doth rouse

To deeper love than ever we did know. Not alien and estranged, but sons are we of that great Father-land beyond the sea.

CANOE LIFE IN THE GREAT NORTHWEST.

What the horse is to the Arab, the camel to the desert traveller, or the dog to the Eskimo, the birch-bark canoe is to the Indian. The forests along the river shores yield all the materials requisite for its construction, cedar for its ribs; birch-bark for its outer-covering; the twigs of the juniper to sew together the separate pieces; red pine to give resin for the seams and crevices.

"And the forest life is in it—
All its mystery and magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews,
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water lily."

During the summer season the canoe is the home of the red man. It is not only a boat, but a house; he turns it over him as a protection when he camps; he carries it long distances over land from lake to lake. Frail beyond words, yet he loads it down to the water's edge. In it he steers boldly out into the broadest lake, or paddles through wood and swamp and reedy shallow. Sitting in it he gathers his harvest of wild rice, or catches fish, or steals upon his game; dashes down the wildest rapid, braves the foaming torrent, or lies like a wild bird on the placid waters. While the trees are green, while the waters dance and sparkle, and the wild duck dwells in the sedgy ponds, the birch-bark canoe is the red man's home.

And how well he knows the moods of the river! To guide his canoe through some whirling eddy, to shoot some roaring waterfall, to launch it by the edge of some fiercely-rushing torrent, or dash down a foaming rapid, is to be a brave and skilful Indian. The man who does all this, and does it well, must possess a rapidity of glance, a power in the sweep of his paddle, and a quiet consciousness of skill, not attained save by long years of practice.

An exceedingly light and graceful craft is the birch-bark canoe; a type of speed and beauty. So light that one man can easily carry it on his shoulders over land where a waterfall obstructs his progress; and as it only sinks five or six inches in the water, few places are too shallow to float it. In this frail bark, which measures anywhere from

twelve to forty feet long, and from two to five feet broad in the middle, the Indian and his family travel over innumerable lakes and rivers, and the fur-hunters pursue their lonely calling.

Canoe travel in the Fur Land presents many picturesque phases. Just as the first faint tinge of coming dawn steals over the east, the canoe is lifted gently from its ledge of rock and laid upon the water. The blankets, the kettle, the guns, and all the paraphernalia of the camp, are placed in it, and the swarthy voyageurs step lightly in. All but one. He remains on the shore to steady the bark on the water, and keep its sides from contact with the rock. The passenger takes his place in the centre, the outside man springs gently in, and the birch-bark canoe glides away from its rocky resting-place.

Each hour reveals some new phase of beauty, some changing scene of lonely grandeur. The canoe sweeps rapidly over the placid waters; now buffets with, and advances against, the rushing current of some powerful river, which seems to bid defiance to further progress, again, is carried over rocks and through deep forests, when some foaming cataract bars its way. With a favouring breeze there falls upon the ear the rush and roar of water; and the canoe shoots to-

the eddying rush, then falls upon his knees again. Without turning his head for an instant, the sentient hand behind him signals its warning to the steersman. Now there is no time for thought; no eye is quick enough to take in the rushing stream. There are strange currents, unexpected whirls, and backward eddies, and rocks—rocks rough and jagged, smooth, slippery and polished—and through all this the canoe glances like an arrow, dips like a wild bird down the wing of the storm.

All this time not a word is spoken; but every now and again there is a quick twist of the bow paddle to edge far off some rock, to put her full through some boiling billow, to hold her steady down the slope of some thundering chute.

In Africa 438 languages and 153 dialects are found; into only about 70 of these has any portion of the Bible been translated. Five hundred of them have not even been reduced to writing. The Soudan, with its 60,000,000 people, is still without a single Protestant missionary who can speak the language, though three societies are now endeavouring to begin work there.—Missionary Review of the World.



SHOOTING A RAPID.

ward a tumbling mass of spray and foam, studded with huge projecting rocks which mark a river rapid. As the canoe approaches the foaming flood, the voyageur in the bow—the important seat in the management of the canoe—rises upon his knees, and closely scans the wild scene before attempting the ascent. Sinking down again, he seizes the paddle, and pointing significantly to a certain spot in the chaos of boiling water before him, dashes into the stream. Yard by yard the rapid is thus ascended, sometimes scarcely gaining a foot a minute, again advancing more rapidly, until at last the light craft floats upon the very lip of the fall, and a long smooth piece of water stretches away up the stream.

But if the rushing or breasting up a rapid is exciting, the operation of shooting them in a birch-bark canoe is doubly so. As the frail birch-bark nears the rapid from above, all is quiet. The most skilful voyageur sits on his heels in the bow of the canoe, the next best oarsman similarly placed in the stern. The bowsman peers straight ahead with a glance like that of an eagle. The canoe, seeming like a cockle-shell in its frailty, silently approaches the rim where the waters disappear from view. On the very edge of the slope the bowsman suddenly stands up, and bending forward his head, peers eagerly down

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF THE TEN TRIBES.

LESSON I.—JULY 3.

THE KINGDOM DIVIDED.

1 Kings 12. 16-25. Memory verses, 16-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

A soft answer turneth away wrath. But grievous words stir up anger.—Prov. 15. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. The Division, v. 16-19.
2. The Two Kingdoms, v. 20-25. Time.—975 B.C. (?) Place.—Shechem, a very ancient town in Central Palestine.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Wise counsel rejected.—1 Kings 12. 1-11.
 Tu. The kingdom divided.—1 Kings 12. 12-25.
 W. Idolatry established.—1 Kings 12. 26-33.
 Th. The event foretold.—1 Kings 11. 28-40.

F. Despising counsel.—Prov. 15. 1-14.
 S. Refusing to hear.—Zech. 7. 8-14.
 Su. Pride and destruction.—Prov. 16. 16-33.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Division, v. 16-19.
 Who are meant by "all Israel"?
 Who was the king?
 What was the request that the people had made to which the king had not hearkened?
 Whose advice had he followed?
 Whose advice had been rejected?
 From whom should counsel have been sought? James 1. 5.
 What reply did the people make to the king's refusal?
 How does this illustrate the Golden Text?
 Who was murdered in the early days of this division?
 How long did the division continue?
2. The Two Kingdoms, v. 20-25.
 Tell all you know about Jeroboam.
 Where had he been? Why?
 What tribes were loyal to Rehoboam?
 What was the number of Rehoboam's army?
 What did he intend to do?
 Who forbade this action? Why?
 What was the Lord's message? Verse 24.
 How was this message received?
 Where was Israel's first capital?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That harshness provokes rebellion?
 2. That God should be asked to guide us?
 3. That God's providence works through men's follies?

Men do not become holy by careless wish; there must be study, consideration, deliberation, and earnest inquiry.

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