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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. VII.]

TORONTO, MAY 28, 1887.

[No. 11.

THE SISTERS.

THIS is a pretty picture in itself, is it not? But it is still more pretty in that which it suggests—the love of two sisters for each other. For I think it must be that these two girls are very fond of each other. Their love for one another makes them happy, more happy than they could be alone.

It is very delightful when children are happy together. It is very sad when a family, where peace and love ought to reign, is made unhappy by quarrels and unkindness.

Awhile ago I spent a Sabbath at a friend's house where there was quite a family of children. What pleased me very much was that during all the time that I was there I did not hear any cross tones or any disputes between these brothers and sisters. They enjoyed each other's company, but there was not the suspicion of a quarrel. Perhaps you say there ought not to have been anything like disputing on Sunday anyway. That is true enough. The Sabbath ought to be a day of peace. But I judged from the manner of these children towards each other that they were never quarrelsome.

That is as it should be in families. There is no reason in the world why brothers and sisters should not live together in harmony and peace. But sometimes we do not find this to be the case. In some homes there seems to be nothing but contention from morning to night. There is perpetual quarrelling. John will not let Jane look at his new geography, and so Jane tries to snatch the book. It is as likely as not that the book will be torn before they are through. That is no way for a brother and sister to act towards each other. By-and-bye John wants some stitching done on the sails of a boat he is making. But he was disobliging about his geography, and so Jane retaliates by refusing to do anything to "his old sails." Of course both are unhappy.

Having our own way and being disobliging does not make us happy. Any boy or girl guilty of such conduct feels at heart the wrongfulness of it. When we know in our conscience that we are wrong we cannot be happy.

Now the way to correct this evil when it exists in any family is for each one to firmly resolve to do all that he can to keep the peace. It

In the same way, Jane, if John teases you—and you know that boys are, as you girls say, "horrid teases"—the best way for you is not to mind it. Take the teasing good-naturedly. There is nothing that makes teasing fall so flat as to find that it don't tease. No boy will care to keep it up when he finds that you don't mind him. He will vote you "real jolly"

rate, you will be far more happy than if you yielded to the impulse to quarrel. Perhaps your example will work through the whole family, just as leaven works through the dough when bread is being made. The experiment is worth trying.

And that you may not fail, you need the strength that God only can give. Ask him for that strength every day; yes, ask him for it whenever the temptation comes to be disobliging or quarrelsome or unloving.

SOLD HIMSELF.

A CORRECTIONVILLE farmer sold a load of corn in that town one day. When it was weighed he slyly stepped on the scales, and then drove off to unload. When the empty waggon was weighed he took good care not to be in it, and congratulated himself that he had cheated the buyer in good shape. The grain-dealer called him in, and after figuring up the load paid him in full.

As the farmer buttoned up his coat to go out, the buyer kindly asked him to smoke with him, and then talked over the crops and the price of hogs, and the likelihood of the Maple Valley railroad building up that way, until the farmer fairly squirmed in his chair with uneasiness about his chores at home. At last he could stand it no longer, and said he must go. The dealer quietly said that it was not to be thought of, that he had bought the farmer at full weight, and paid him his own price, and that he would insist on doing as he pleased with his own property. The raiser of corn

saw that he had indeed sold himself, in one sense at least. He acknowledged his cheat and compromised the affair.

A good many boys sell themselves at a still cheaper rate. The boy who lies, cheats, swears, or steals, sells himself to sin and Satan; and though he may not get his pay, the buyer is likely to hold on to his purchase.



THE SISTERS.

always takes two persons to quarrel. So, John, you can make up your mind that no matter how disobliging Jane may be inclined to be, you will not retaliate by being ugly in return. You may be sure that when she comes to think of it she will be uncomfortable over it, and she will be all the more uncomfortable if you are not cross and resentful because of her conduct.

and let you alone. So you see, boys and girls, that you have this matter in your own hands. So far as each one of you is concerned yours may be a happy and harmonious family. You can be kind and loving towards the others, no matter how they may be towards you. If you are found to be thus kind it will help to make the others kind too. At any

Vision of the Wounds.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Two Hands have haunted me for days,
Two Hands of slender shape,
All crushed and torn, as in the press
Is bruised the purple grape;
At work or meals, at prayer or play,
Those mangled Palms I see,
And a plaintive Voice keeps whispering:
"These Hands were pierced for thee!"
For me, sweet Lord, for me!
"Yes, even so, ungrateful thing!
These Hands were pierced for thee!"

Through toils and dangers pressing on,
As through a fiery flood,
Two slender Feet beside mine own
Mark every step with blood;
The swollen veins so rent with nails,
It breaks my heart to see,
While the same sad Voice cries out afresh:
"These Feet were pierced for thee!"
For me, dear Christ, for me!
"Yes, even so, rebellious flesh!
These Feet were pierced for thee!"

As on the journey to the cross,
These Wounded Feet and mine,
Distincter still the Vision grows,
And more and more divine—
For in Guide's wide open Side
The river Heart I see,
And the tender Voice sobs, like a psalm,
"This Heart was pierced for thee!"
For me, Great God! for me!
"Yes, enter in, my love, my lamb,
This Heart was pierced for thee!"

NO!

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER II.

AN AUNTS' NEST.

It was not pleasant for "Mrs. Manice," as she was called in distinction from Mrs. John Boyd, to have Miss Sally and Miss Maria Packhard in her house as a part of her family; but it seemed the best thing she could do. She herself had been thoroughly educated, and was accomplished besides. She was competent to educate her daughters, and when Jack was ten he was to go with Wilson, his cousin, to a good school at his Uncle John's expense.

But even with this weight off her shoulders, the interest of five thousand dollars would not pay taxes, insurance, and water rates, and feed and clothe herself and her children. Miss Sally and Miss Maria would pay her thirty dollars a week for her two front chambers, her parlour, her board, fires, lights, and washing. This was a good bargain for them, for, though they paid her nominally the same sum they paid in Dartford, there they were furnished with no extras, and had but two rooms.

Manice Boyd knew very well that all her brother-in-law had said about his aunts was true; but she had long ago learned that life was unendurable if you persist in looking only at the hard and disagreeable things in it, and she had trained herself to persistently look for whatever was good and pleasant in her way.

"If there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things," was her daily text. Now, she set herself to see what she could that was

good in this new arrangement. There was the money, for she would certainly make some profit on their board; then there was such good occasion to teach her children forbearance and courtesy to the aged, patience with other people's opinions and whims. In fact, she knew that she, too, would find a certain daily discipline extremely good for her, and since she must do something for herself, how much better it was to take relatives into her house than strangers; how much better for her to be able to keep a home for her children than to have to teach every day in some school, and leave them to a servant's care!

Mimzy—properly Jemima Slado—had lived with Mrs. Manice ever since Walter Boyd brought his young wife home to the pleasant house she still occupied, for it had been a wedding gift to her from her father-in-law, who, dying even then of a life-long but lingering ailment, had divided his property between his sons' wives, perhaps foreboding Walter Boyd's career.

Mimzy was a tall, gaunt Yankee, hard in face but soft of heart. She loved all that family as if they were her own, but she had the deepest respect for Mrs. Manice's sense and judgment.

Just now, however, it had taken much patience for Mimzy to endure the idea of Miss Sally and Miss Maria as inmates.

"They'll pester you dreadful, Mrs. Boyd!" she remonstrated. "'Tis one thing to have such folks where you can be with 'em or not, just as you're a mind to, and another thing to have 'em under foot all the time. I always did think the worst of all the plagues of Egypt was them frogs that went up into the bed-chambers and everywhere else. You'll hanker more for privacy than their board's worth. Now, take my word for 't."

"Perhaps I shall, Mimzy; but I don't expect that I or the children shall have everything just as we like it."

"I expect Jack 'll raise Neptoon with them old women. Boys is such hectors."

"And I expect Jack to behave like a gentleman, Mimzy. Moreover, I expect you to help me keep him in order."

Mimzy coloured with pleasure. It was always Mrs. Boyd's way to say "Do!" instead of "Don't!" A difference great in fact if small in speech. Mimzy was enlisted as a soldier, instead of warned as an opponent.

Just then Jack burst in from school, rosy with the keen autumn air.

"Jack," said his mother, "next week Aunt Sally and Aunt Maria are coming here to live. Now, I wish you and the girls would go into the garret and hunt up a nice box to keep their wood in. Then I will give you some cretonne if you think you can nail it on to cover the box and make it pretty."

"I can, if Nan and Ally 'll help me," said Jack, confidently. "Eat O,

mother! I want to tell you. I did say "No" in school to-day. Joe Henner wanted my top to play with, and I was 'fraid he'd split it. He said he'd kick me if I didn't let him have it. But I said 'No!' just as loud as I could holler."

"Did he kick you?" asked his mother, to gain time and keep her face straight.

"Yes, some; but it didn't hurt much. He's a real mean boy."

Mrs. Manice was a little puzzled how to set Jack's rather mixed ideas straight. She considered a moment, and then said,

"If you wanted to take Joe-Henner's velocipede should you like to have him say 'No' to you?"

"I wouldn't kick him if he did. But I guess I should be sorry."

"Then, you see, Jack, this was not one of the times to say 'No.'"

"I didn't want to be a 'fraid cat,'" said Jack, with a tone of contempt.

"But you ought to think of other people first, my boy. Never mind about being afraid of anything but doing wrong. It is no harm to be afraid of getting kicked, unless somebody wants to kick you to make you do wrong. I think if I were you I'd tell Joe to-morrow that he can play with your top a little while."

"Pr'aps I will!" said Jack, wistfully.

Just then his sisters called him, and in no longer time than it took to climb the stairs he had forgotten his trouble in the search for a box. With some help and advice from his mother it was soon covered, and then the children went out into the woods to pick up pine cones to fill a basket for kindling the aunts' fire; and one and all came home with an unconscious feeling of kindness toward the coming guests for whose comfort they had been working.

"Give, and it shall be given unto you," not necessarily in actual and similar gifts, but in the fulness of kindly feeling; the glow of benefits conferred; a tiny spark of that sort of love that gave an only Son, well-beloved, to be the crucified Redeemer of men.

This Mrs. Manice well knew. She had awakened an interest in the aunts in her children's mind, and that was the first step in their learning to treat them kindly and considerately.

There was another thing to do now. Jack's room must be given up to his mother, since she had to give up hers to the aunts, and he had to move all his possessions into an attic, which the sloping roof and small window made far less pleasant than his own sunny chamber. And this Jack did not like. His mother did not scold about his sulky face or unwilling consent. She ignored all that; it passed without notice, and early Monday morning she said,

"Come, Jack; I want my boy to help me move to-day. You take up your chairs, and Mimzy will carry the

bureau with my help. You can take the drawers one at a time. I've put a piece of that crimson parlor carpet you liked so much on your floor. There was just enough when I ripped out the worn breadths, and Alice has made such a nice curtain to hang over your clothes. You know your pigeon house is right under your window, and the pigeons like to go up there in the morning, so you'll have something better than an alarm-clock to wake you up early."

"O ain't that fun! They'll come in pr'aps, mammy, if I leave the window up. I guess they'll get awful tame."

"And think, Jack, you'll have all that story of the house to yourself. you can put what you don't want in your room into the garret, and if I ever want you in the night I can just speak out of my door up to yours."

"Why, I never thought of that! I shall be close to you, mummy, dear!"

And as Jack flung his arms round her neck and gave her a hearty hug he thought his room and his mother better than any boy ever had before. A little matter it seems to make a boy contented with his daily belongings, but

"Little things on little wings
Bear little souls to heaven."

Aunt Sally and Aunt Maria came at the week's end, and after much fussing and much scolding they were installed in their pleasant rooms; but their first encounter with Jack was caused by the pine cones, the first day Miss Sally tried to use them to kindle her open fire.

The parlour door was flung open with a bang.

"Manice!" a shrill voice called. "Won't you send that boy of yours to take these cones away? I've got resin, or turpentine, or something, all over my hands; the things aren't fit to touch." Jack heard, and his face flushed to the temples.

"Mean old thing! when I went and picked 'em up a-purpose for her!"

"Jack," said his mother, warningly, "my boy, say 'No' to your temper; this is the time for 'No.'"

Jack turned on his heel. He felt like Jonah, that he did well to be angry, for here was a thing he had done to please Aunt Sally thrown right back at him. Mimzy felt just as he did.

"I'll pitch 'em out, Miss Boyd," she said. "They won't be wasted on me. I set by pine cones for kindlin' like everything! They don't dirt my fingers none. I know what tongs is good for, I hope!"

"No, Mimzy," said Mrs. Manice, quietly. "I want Jack to do it."

Jack looked at his mother with a troubled face, but she only smiled. His lip quivered, he picked up the basket, and in a moment of rebellious temper threw it down with a bang. Mrs. Manice said nothing: her face saddened, but she made no further sign. Jack stood first on one foot, then on the other, drummed on the door with

his fingers, threw his cap up and caught it again, then suddenly, at the top of his voice shouted, "No! no! no!" seized the basket and flew into the aunts' parlor, where he was heard directly pouring out the unwelcome cones from their receptacle.

Mimy sat down in a kitchen chair, threw her checked apron over her head, and laughed hysterically. But the tears stood in Mrs. Manice's eyes; it was more than funny to her, this little victory of Jack's—it meant one upward step in the path that is only to be trodden step by step.

"Till travelling days are done."

But she had a radiant smile ready for Jack when he came in, tugging his heaped basket to the side of the kitchen stove, and he answered the smile with a shame-faced laugh, as he went in for another load. Alice and Annie had their own hard experience with their aunts, but as this story is chiefly about Jack we will only detail his troubles. Like many other elderly and single women these two considered it their duty to help bring up every child with whom they came in contact, and their niece's children, particularly Jack, came in for much education at their hands.

They did not like boys; they could not endure Wilson, who was really a troublesome, disagreeable, ungoverned child, but they rarely saw him, while Jack was a daily trial to their nerves.

"Jack!" Aunt Sally would cry. "don't touch that nice album! you'll spoil it, and what will your ma say!" And Jack, with hard self-control, would lay down his mother's photograph book, and pick up a chess-board, perhaps, just to occupy his hands, for Jack's hands were getting to be in his way in society, though they were remarkably useful for work or play.

"Can't you sit still without handling things?" snapped Aunt Maria.

"No, *marm*, I can't!" echoed Jack in return.

"Jack," said his mother, coming into the room—

"Why don't you put things up in the closet, Manice," remonstrated Aunt Sally, "so's that boy won't get at them and spoil them? It does seem as if boys had got to get hold of every earthly thing they see."

"I had rather teach him to see and not touch, Aunt Sally," said Mrs. Manice, gently. "Jack must learn self-restraint while he is young, or he will never learn it. My dear boy, will you go up stairs and help Nan wind that red yarn for your mittens?"

Jack went, glad to escape.

"But, Manice," put in Aunt Maria, "he'll ruin that album."

"I don't think he will, aunty, I have taught him to keep his hands clean when he touches such a thing."

"Don't he keep them clean always? He ought to. 'Cleanliness is next to godliness.'"

"I'm afraid he don't, Aunt Sally. It is rather too much to ask of a boy

always to have clean hands. A little wholesome letting alone is so good for them."

"I don't believe that!" said Aunt Maria. "You seem to forget what it says in the Bible, Manice, 'Lame upon line, precept upon precept!'"

"Does it say it about boys?" asked Mrs. Manice.

"Well, I don't say it mentions boys, but all scripture is good for everything."

Mrs. Manice said nothing more. She had the wisdom of silence, which is sometimes the most needful of all wisdom. She might—most women would—have gone on to remind Aunt Maria that the verses in question referred to "the drunkards of Ephraim," and expressed the vital fact that only constant iteration of reproof and endeavor can avail to break up a strong habit; nor did she repeat that with a child it was her faith that habits should be made rather than broken up. Each of Manice Boyd's children had been taught to obey in their very infancy, when the two ideas of disobedience and suffering can be embedded as cause and effect in a child's mind, and that without arousing the passion and resistance that are so hard to conquer in later years. She meant with them too to say "Do" instead of "Don't," and certainly her training had been so far a success; but she did not carry on any argument about it with the aunts, she only dropped the matter where it stood, and went up to see if the yarn was wound.

"Mother," said Jack, as she entered her room, "I just hate 'em!"

"Who, Jack?"

"Aunt Sally and Aunt Maria."

"Why?"

"O they're just hateful; always talkin', and scoldin', an' fussin' at me, 's if I was a puppy-dog."

"Jack, do you know some day you will be old, and perhaps not have anybody to take care of you, and ache dreadfully, and have nothing taste nice to you, and feel as if every noise was right in your ear, and everybody trying to tease you?"

"I shan't be an old woman, any way."

Mrs. Boyd laughed. Jack was irresistible.

"But I shall be, Jack," she said, when she recovered her gravity.

"O, mammy, you won't!"

"Yes, I shall; and if you don't learn to be patient and kind to these old ladies, how can I trust you to be good to me when I am old?"

The reasoning was rather deep for Jack, but into his honest little heart crept a vague idea that it was doing something for his mother to be patient with the aunts, and the tiny seed took root.

(To be continued.)

A LITTLE sick boy was told by his mother to take a powder she had prepared for him. "Powder! powder!" said he. "Mother, I ain't a gun!"

OLD AGE.

DEAN BRADLEY, successor Stanley in the deanery of Westminster, tells an anecdote of him as he neared his sixtieth year. He was travelling in Germany on a Rhine steamer, and getting acquainted with a boy (he loved children), the boy asked him his age, which being answered he said: "Why, all your life is over." "No," said the dean, "the best time is yet to come."

"You must be on the wrong side of sixty," said one acquaintance to another. "No," he replied, "I am on the right side." Old age is cheerless enough to one lacking faith in God and Christ; but bright with divinest hopes when one has for his portion the Christ, whom to know with the Father is eternal life. Let every man mourn as old age creeps upon him if he be without faith in the Holy One. Let every man rejoice as age comes upon him if he trust in him who said: "Because I live, ye shall live." Life here is only the state of infancy.

A plain London lighterman, only a navigator on the Thames, was in the Abbey, standing before the monument of John Wesley, and as he talked with the dean, knowing he had been to Palestine, said: "It must have been beautiful to have walked where the Saviour walked." "Yes;" and with a saintly look he said: "Beautiful to walk in the steps of the Saviour." Stanley's words, as he spoke of death, are so beautiful we quote them: "There the soul finds itself on the mountain ridge overlooking the unknown future; our company before is gone, the kinsfolk and friends of many years are passed over the dark river, and we are left alone with God. We know not in the shadow of the night who it is that touches us—we feel only that everlasting arms are closing us in; the twilight of the morning breaks, we are bid to depart in peace, for by a strength not our own we have prevailed, and the path is made clear before us."

Great and many are the compensations of advancing age.—Selected.

A HEATHEN BURIAL.

AN African missionary writes: One day last week three men were seen coming from a town close by with a curiously shaped bundle tied to a pole. One of the men was walking ahead, shouting at the top of his voice. Asking what was the trouble, I learned that a woman had died; and they were carrying the body in this rude way to the place of burial.

Having a desire to witness the ceremonies I went with the crowd. On arriving at the place most of the people sat down on the sand, while others amused themselves playing or running races, as though it was a time for rejoicing. The poor woman was a slave and there was no one to mourn for her. After waiting about an hour without making any move toward burial, I found that they wanted to make it

country fashion, and had sent for a witch-doctor to come and see if a witch had killed her or if she had a witch.

At last the man came with his medicines, and I walked a little nearer to see, if possible, what was done, but was commanded to leave at once, as I could not witness such things, as I would write them in a book. I then told my interpreter to go; but he, too, was driven away. I learned afterward that the body was cut open and some parts taken away and examined. The witch doctor looked to see if he could see the face of a witch. In this case he decided in the negative.

Some time ago I was called upon to officiate at the funeral of one of the school children at Shingay. After the services the women set up a mournful cry which sounded so hopeless. It seemed that there was no hope in their minds of ever seeing their friend again—no hope of future life. All was lost. I cannot forget that dismal wailing, and that look of fear of death.

And yet how many such funerals occur in this land! How many go down to the dark grave without any hope of resurrection. How many live, toil, struggle, and die without Christ! May God hasten the time when the Gospel light shall dispel such things from the land!

HOW TO FORETELL WEATHER.

THE farmers' club of the American Institute has issued the following rules for foretelling the weather. If farmers and others whose business is out of doors and depends upon the weather will study them closely they will be able to guess the weather more accurately than Wiggins or Venner.

1. When the temperature falls suddenly there is a storm forming south of you.
2. When the temperature rises suddenly there is a storm forming north of you.
3. The wind always blows from a region of fair weather, toward a region where a storm is forming.
4. Cirrus clouds always move from a region where a storm is forming.
5. Cumulus clouds always move from a region of fair weather to a region where a storm is forming.
6. When cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from the north or north-east, there will be rain inside of twenty-four hours.
7. When cirrus clouds are moving rapidly from the south or south-east there will be a cold rain-storm on the morrow, if it be summer, and if it be winter there will be a snow-storm.
8. The wind always blows in a circle around a storm, and when it blows from the north the heaviest rain is east of you; if it blow from the south, the heaviest rain is west of you; if it blow from the east, the heaviest rain is south; if it blow from the west, the heaviest rain is north of you.
9. The wind never blows unless snow is falling within one thousand miles of you.
10. Whenever heavy white frost occurs a storm is forming within one thousand miles north or north-west of you.

The Bible.

STUDY it carefully;
Think of it prayerfully;
Deep in thy heart let its precepts dwell;
Slight not its history;
Ponder its mystery;
None can o'er prize it too fondly or well.

Accept the glad tidings,
The warnings and chidings
Found in this volume of heavenly lore;
With faith that's unfeeling,
And love all prevailing,
Trust in its promise of life evermore.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 28, 1887.

\$250,000**FOR MISSIONS****FOR THE YEAR 1887.****JUBILEE PAPERS.**

THE Jubilee Numbers of **PLEASANT HOURS**, June 11, and *Home and School*, June 4, will be full of patriotic pictures, poems, and sketches. Every child in Canada should have a copy. Sent post free for \$1.00 per 100. Send orders early to Rev. William Briggs, Toronto; C. W. Coates, 3 Bleury St., Montreal; or, S. F. Huestis, Halifax, N. S.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL Superintendent calls attention to a common misquotation, in a reprint article in **PLEASANT HOURS**, of a beautiful passage in 1 Cor. ii. 9: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." We are glad that such vigilance over the very words of Holy Scripture is maintained. It is of the utmost importance to quote with absolute fidelity. But in the personal oversight of ten distinct periodicals, it is probable that a misprint may sometimes escape notice.

TAKING HEED.

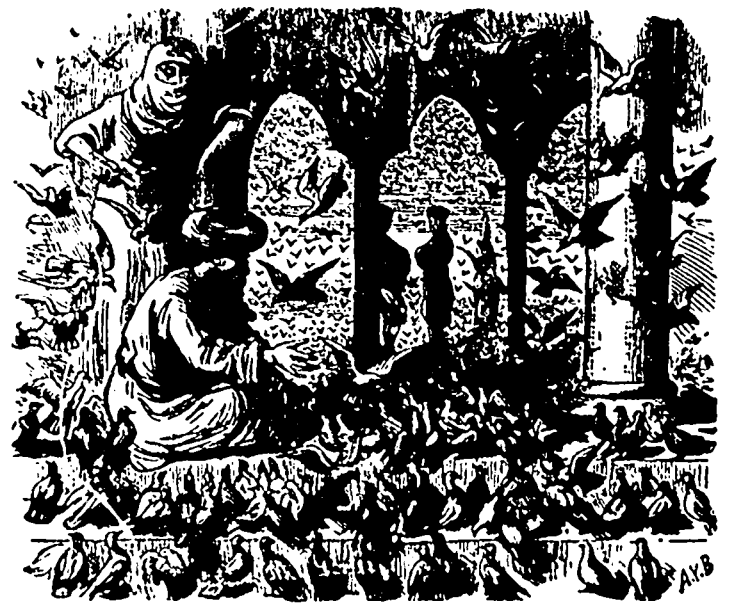
DID you ever watch people walking on icy sidewalks? Those who walk carefully, watching their steps and holding at the fence alongside, get safely over, but pretty soon a boy comes along who just knows he can walk along safely without any help, and thinks it foolish to be so careful about a little ice, and before he has time to think anything more, down he goes. Did you ever try to be good without asking Jesus to help you? If you did, I am sure you did not succeed. There are so many slippery places that unless we have his help we will surely fall. We are in greatest danger when we think we are safe.

THE POWER OF A LIVING BIBLE.

IN his father's house a young lady resided, who was a relative of the family. Her fretful temper made all around her uncomfortable. She went to a boarding-school, and was absent sometime. While there she became a true and earnest Christian. On her return she was so changed that all who knew her wondered and rejoiced. She was patient and cheerful, kind, unselfish and charitable. The lips that used to be always uttering cross and bitter words now spoke nothing but sweet, gentle, loving words. Her infidel cousin, George, was greatly surprised at this. He watched her closely for sometime till he was thoroughly satisfied that it was a real change that had taken place in his young cousin. Then he asked her what had caused this great change. She told him it was the grace of God, which had made her a Christian and had changed her heart.

He said to himself, "I don't believe God has anything to do with it, though she thinks he has. But it is a wonderful change that has taken place in her, and I should like to be as good as she is. I will be so." Then he formed a set of good resolutions. He tried to control his tongue and temper, and keep a strict watch over himself; but he was all the time doing and saying what he did not wish to do and say. And, as he failed time after time, he would turn and study his good cousin's example. He would read the living Bible, and said to himself: "How does it happen that she, who has not so much knowledge nor as much strength of character as I have, can do what I can't do? She must have some help that I don't know of. It must be, as she says, the help of God. I will seek that help." He went into his chamber and prayed to that God, whose very existence he had denied. He prayed earnestly. God heard him, helped him, and he became a Christian.—*Young Men's Christian Magazine.*

CHRIST is the best of paymasters. He borrowed Peter's boat to preach from, and at the close of the sermon gave him such a draught of fishes as he had not had before.



MOSQUE OF THE PIGEONS.

MOSQUE OF THE PIGEONS.

AT one of the mosques of Constantinople, the pretty scene shown in the picture may any day be witnessed. Mahomet's life having on one occasion been saved by pigeons, it is thought a religious act to care for and protect them. They are fed at a certain time every day, and flock in thousands to the feeding-place—graceful, pretty things, fluttering and hopping about. It would be as much as a man's life is worth almost, if he were to hurt one of them.

A similar custom prevails at Venice. Every day at two o'clock, a great bell is rung to call the pigeons to dinner—and instantly the air is full of the whirr of their wings, as they flock to the appointed spot. Six hundred years ago, the Doge of Venice won a victory over the Turks at Caudin, and the news was brought to Venice by carrier pigeons. The grateful senate decreed that they and their successors for ever should be fed by the State—and the custom is kept up to the present day.

TRUE BRAVERY.

BETWEEN twenty and thirty years ago, three little English boys were amusing themselves together in a woodlodge one summer forenoon. Suddenly one of them looked grave and left off playing. "I have forgotten something," he said; "I forgot to say my prayers this morning; you must wait for me." He went quietly into a corner of the place they were in, knelt down, and reverently repeated his morning prayer. Then he returned to the others, and was soon merrily engaged in play again. This brave boy grew up to be a brave man. He was the gallant Captain Hammond, who nobly served his Queen and country, till he fell headlong leading on his men to the attack on the Redan, at the siege of Sebastopol. He was a faithful soldier to his earthly sovereign, but better still, a good soldier of Jesus Christ, never ashamed of his service, ever ready to fight his battle.

THE EVER-WATCHING EYE.

A YOUNG man of upright character, in the service of a great corporation, found himself—as was every other of the employees—shadowed by a detective, after a robbery from the office of the company. Wherever he went he was watched, although quietly, and at a distance. He would hurry along the crowded street in the hope of getting out from under that eye; but when he looked back or across the way, he would find that he had not escaped it. As he left his home in the morning, he saw that he was still under surveillance. When he looked out from the window of his darkened room before retiring, he would catch a glimpse, by the street lamp, of the man who never deserted him.

The consciousness of this unflinching companionship became torture. He went to the superintendent of the company, and told him that while he was innocent of any wrong-doing, and was willing to be put to any fair test, he could not stand being always watched in this way. It was more than human nature could bear.

No one of us is ever alone. There is an eye always on us. (See Psalm cxxxix. 7-12.) Is it the eye of an enemy, or of a friend? Are we under the constant watch of one whom we love and trust, or of one whom we have offended, and from whose presence we have reason to shrink?—*S. S. Times.*

TO SCHOOLS NEEDING HELP FROM S. S. AID FUND.

APPLICANTS for help from Sunday school Aid Fund will please give full particulars about the school asking such help—the number of scholars and teachers; amount raised for S. S. Aid Fund last year; amount promised toward grant; and number of papers, etc., wanted. Please do not say, "Continue same grant as last year." This requires much search of account books and mailing sheets. State definitely just what is needed, and how much, if anything, the school can pay towards it.

W. H. WITHROW,
Sec. S. S. Board.



AN ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.

AN ADVENTURE WITH WOLVES.

A CANADIAN STORY.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN the month of March, in the year 18—, when the snow lay deep upon the ground, Lawrence Temple, a clerk at a lumber camp on the head waters of the Ottawa river, was despatched by the "boss" lumberman to Ottawa city, a distance of some two hundred miles, to report to the agent of the company the quantity of timber that had been got out, and to bring back from the bank a sum of money to pay off a number of the lumbermen.

Several of these were about to take up land in the new townships, which had been recently laid out in the Upper Ottawa, and as Lawrence had won the confidence of the company, he was commissioned to bring back the money required for making the payments. Owing to a prejudice on the part of the men against paper money, he was directed to procure gold and silver. He was to ride as far as the town of Pembroke, about half way, and leaving his horse there to rest, was to go on to Ottawa in the stage. He selected for the journey the best animal in the stable—a tall, gaunt, sinewy mare, of rather ungainly figure, but with an immense amount of go in her.

He reached Ottawa safely and transacted his business satisfactorily. Having drawn the money from the bank, chiefly in English sovereigns and Mexican dollars, Lawrence set out on his return journey.

At Pembroke he mounted again his faithful steed, for his ride of over a hundred miles to the camp. The silver he carried in two leathern bags in the

holster of the saddle, and the gold in a belt around his waist. He also carried for defence one of the newly-invented Colt's revolvers.

The weather was bitterly cold, but the exercise of riding kept him quite warm. The entire winter had been one of unprecedented severity. The snow fell early and deep, and remained all through the season. Deer were exceedingly numerous, even near the settlements, and at the camp furnished no inconsiderable portion of the food of the men, varied by an occasional relish of bear's meat.

Towards the close of the second day he was approaching the end of his journey and indulging in a pleasant anticipation of the feast of venison he should enjoy, and of the refreshing slumber on the fragrant pine-boughs, earned by continued exercise in the open air. The moon was near the full, but partially obscured by light and fleecy clouds.

He was approaching a slight clearing when he observed two long, lithe animals spring out of the woods towards his horse. He thought they were a couple of those large, shaggy deer hounds which are sometimes employed near the lumber camps for hunting cariboo—great powerful animals with immense length of limb and depth of chest—and looked around for the appearance of the hunter, who, he thought, could not be far off. He was surprised, however, not to hear the deep-mouthed bay characteristic of these hounds, but instead a guttural snarl, which, nevertheless, appeared to affect the mare in a most unaccountable manner. A shiver seemed to convulse her frame, and shaking herself together

she started off on a long swinging trot, which soon broke into a gallop, that got over the ground amazingly fast.

But her best speed could not outstrip that of the creatures which bounded in long leaps by her side, occasionally springing at her hams, their white teeth glistening in the moonlight and snapping when they closed like a steel-trap. When he caught the first glimpse of the fiery flashing of their eyes, there came the blood-curdling revelation that these were no hounds, but hungry wolves that bore him such sinister company. All the dread hunters' tales of lone trappers lost in the woods, and their gnawed bones discovered in the spring beside their steel traps, flashed through his mind like a thought of horror.

His only safety, he knew, was in the speed of his mare, and she was handicapped in this race for life with about five-and-twenty pounds of silver in each holster. Seeing that she was evidently flagging under this tremendous pace, he resolved to abandon the money. "Skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life;" so he dropped both bags on the road. To his surprise the animals stopped as if they had been highwaymen, seeking only his money and not his life. He could hear them snarling over the stout leather bags, but, lightened of her load, the mare sprang forward at a hard-gallop, that covered the ground in gallant style.

He was beginning to hope that he had fairly distanced the brutes, when their horrid yelp and melancholy, long-drawn howl grew stronger on the wind, and soon they were again abreast of the mare.

He now threw down his thick leather gauntlets, with the hope of delaying them, but it only caused a detention of a few minutes while they greedily devoured them. He was rapidly nearing the camp; if he could keep them at bay for twenty or thirty minutes more he would be safe. As a last resort he drew his revolver, scarce hoping, in his headlong pace, to hit the bounding, leaping objects at his side. Moreover, they had both hitherto kept on the left side of the mare, which lessened his chance as a marksman. The mare, too, who was exceedingly nervous, could never stand fire, and, if he should miss, and in the movement be dismounted, he knew that in five minutes the maw of those ravenous beasts would be his grave.

One of the brutes now made a spring for the mare's throat, but, failing to grasp it, fell on the right side of the animal. Gathering himself up, he bounded in front of her, and made a dash at the rider, catching and clinging to the mare's right shoulder. The white foam fell from his mouth and flecked his dark and shaggy breast. Lawrence could feel his hot breath on his naked hand. The fiendish glare of those eyes he never in all his life forgot. It haunted him for years in midnight slumbers, from which he awoke

trembling, and bathed in the cold perspiration of terror. He could easily have believed in the weird stories of lycanthropy, in which Satanic agency was feigned to have changed men for their crimes into were-wolves—ravenous creatures, who added human or fiendish passion and malignancy of hate to the bestial appetite for human flesh. If ever there was murder in a glance, it was in that of those demon-eyes that glared into those of Lawrence, and which seemed actually to blaze with a baleful, greenish light, a flame of inextinguishable rage.

Lawrence felt that the supreme moment had come. One or other of them must die. In five minutes more he would be safe in camp, or else—and he shuddered. He lifted up his heart in prayer to God, and then felt strangely calm and collected. The muzzle of his revolver almost touched the brute's nose. He pulled the trigger. A flash, a crash! the green eyes blazed with tenfold fury, the huge form fell heavily to the ground, and, in the same moment, the mare reared almost upright, unseating her rider, throwing him to the ground, and shaking the pistol from his hand.

Lawrence sprang to his feet and drew from its sheath his sharp hunting-knife. The hoof-beats of his mare, galloping wildly through the night, sounded fainter and fainter in the distance. While the famishing wolf remained to devour his fellow, Lawrence took to his heels, straining every nerve and muscle to reach the camp. Already, he could see the light glimmer in the window. Already he seemed within the reach of safety. But a long, low howl broke on his ear, then the horrid yelp, yelp of a pack of wolves, attracted by the barking of those he had already escaped. Nearer and nearer they came. He could hear the quick, hard panting of their breath, and the patter of their feet on the crisp and frosty snow. He had reached the enclosure of the camp. Would the gate be open or closed? Alas, he saw by a gleam of moonlight that it was shut and fastened, but the mare had cleared it at a single bound. There was no time, he felt, to unfasten or even to climb the bars. He would be torn to pieces while attempting it. It was also too high to leap over. Just then he noticed near the gate a panel of the fence that seemed a little lower than the rest. Endowed with what afterwards seemed to him superhuman energy, he made a spring and cleared it at a single bound, only just escaping the maw of a ravenous beast which sprang against the fence as he leaped it.

The galloping hoof of the mare had caught the ear of the shanty-men. They flung open the door, a flood of light burst out upon the ground. There stood the trembling mare, with a look of almost human gladness in her eyes. Lawrence staggered to the rude log-shanty, where the blazing fire and song and story beguiled the winter night, scarce able to narrate his peril and escape.

The ravenous beasts, disappointed of their prey, sped away, yelping with rage, to the forest, and during the night their long-drawn howls were borne fitfully upon the wind.

After light refreshment—for he had lost all relish for food—Lawrence went to bed, to start up often through the night under the glare of those terrible eyes, and to renew the horror he had undergone.

In the morning, returning with a number of the men to look for the money, he found the feet, tail, muzzle, and scalp of the wolf in the midst of a patch of gory snow; also the skull and part of the larger bones, but gnawed and split in order to get at the marrow. They found, also, some distance back, the straps and buckles of the money bags, and the silver coins scattered on the ground and partially covered by the snow.

The Drinking House Over the Way.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

THE room was so cold, so cheerless and bare, With its rickety table and one broken chair, And its curtainless window with hardly a pane To keep out the snow, the wind and the rain.

A cradle stood empty, pushed up to the wall, And somehow that seemed the saddest of all; In the old rusty stove the fire was dead, There was snow on the floor at the foot of the bed.

And there all alone a pale woman was lying, You need not look twice to see she was dying; Dying of want, of hunger and cold, Shall I tell you her story—the story she told?

"No, ma'am, I'm no better, my cough is so bad; It's wearing me out though, and that makes me glad, For it's wearisome living when one's all alone, And heaven, they tell me, is just like a home.

"Yes, ma'am, I've a husband, he's somewhere about, I hoped he'd come in 'fore the fire went out; But I guess he has gone where he's likely to stay, I mean to the drinking-house over the way.

"It was not so always; I hope you won't think Too hard of him, lady, it's only the drink, I know he's kind-hearted, for oh, how he cried For our poor little baby the morning it died.

"You see he took sudden and grew very bad, And we had no doctor—my poor little lad, For his father had gone—never meaning to stay I am sure—to the drinking-house over the way.

"And when he came back 'twas far in the night, And I was so tired, and sick with the fright Of staying so long with my baby alone, And it cutting my heart with its pitiful moan.

"He was cross with the drink, poor fellow, I know It was that, not his baby, that bothered him so;

But he swore at the child as panting it lay, And went back to the drinking-house over the way.

"I heard the gate slam, and my heart seemed to freeze Like ice in my bosom, and there on my knees

By the side of the cradle, all shivering I stayed; I wanted my mother, I cried and I prayed.

"The clock it struck two 'fore my baby was still, And my thoughts they went back to the home on the hill, Where my happy girlhood had spent its short day, Far, far from that drinking-house over the way.

"Could I be that girl? I, the heart-broken wife There watching alone, while that dear little life

Was going so fast, that I had to bend low To hear if he breathed, 'twas so faint and so slow.

"Yes, it was easy his dying, he just grew more white, And his eyes opened wider to look for the light As his father came in, 'twas just break of day— Came in from the drinking-house over the way.

"Yes, ma'am, he was sober, at least meedly, I think, He often stayed that way to wear off the drink, And I know he was sorry for what he had done, For he set a great store by our first little son.

"And straight did he come to the cradle-bed, where Our baby lay dead, so pretty and fair; I wondered that I could have wished him to stay, When there was a drinking-house over the way.

"He stood quite awhile, did not understand, You see, ma'am, till he touched the little cold hand; Oh, then came the tears, and he shook like a leaf, And said, 'twas the drinking had made all the grief.

"The neighbours were kind, and the minister came, And he talked of my seeing the baby again, And of the bright angels—I wondered if they Could see into that drinking-house over the way.

"And I thought when my baby was put in the ground, And the man with the spade was shaping the mound, If somebody only would help me to save My husband, who stood by my side at the grave.

"If only it were not so handy, the drink! The men that make laws, ma'am, sure, didn't think Of the hearts that would break, of the souls they would slay, When they licensed that drinking-house over the way.

"I've been sick ever since, it cannot be long; Be pitiful, lady, to him when I'm gone; He wants to do right, but you never would think How weak a man grows when he's fond of the drink.

"And it's tempting him here, and it's tempting him there;

Four places I've counted in this very square, Where men can get whiskey by night and by day, Not to reckon the drinking-house over the way.

"There's a verse in the Bible the minister read: No drunkard shall enter in heaven, it said, And he is my husband, and I love him so, And where I am going I want he should go.

"Our baby and I will both want him there; Don't you think the dear Jesus will hear to my prayer? And please, when I'm gone, ask some one to pray For him at the drinking-house over the way."

MRS. NETTING, in the *Union Signal*.

CURING A STINGY BOY.

JIMMY was the stingiest little boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a cent, nor a bite of an apple, nor a crumb of a candy.

He couldn't even bear to lend his sled or his knife, or his hoop or skates. All his friends were very sorry he was so stingy, and talked to him a great deal about it. But he couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

"If I didn't want it," he would say, "p'raps I would give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself?"

"Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother, "and think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel better and happier yourself. If you give your sled to little ragged Johnny, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than you would if you had kept it yourself."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'll try it." The sled was sent off. Jimmy looked on as if he were taking a dose of rhubarb. "How soon shall I feel better?" he asked, by-and-by. "I don't feel as well as when I had the sled. Are you sure I shall feel better?"

"Certainly," answered his mother; "but if you should keep on giving something away you would feel better all the sooner."

Then he gave away a kite, and thought he didn't feel quite as well as before. He gave away a silver piece that he had meant to spend for taffy.

Then he said: "I don't like this giving away things; it don't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy best."

Just then ragged Johnny came up the street, dragging the sled, looking as proud as a prince, and asking one of the boys to take a slide with him. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him and said: "You might give Johnny my old overcoat; he's littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know I'm beginning to feel ever so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnny the sled. I'll give away something else."

And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since that hour.

SOUND ASLEEP.

It was Sancho Panza that said, "God bless the man that invented sleep." But One who knew far more than Sancho has said, "He giveth his beloved sleep." Sleep is one of the best gifts that God has given to the creatures he has made. Under its blessed influence their tired bodies not only rest, but gather new strength and vigour for the wakeful hours that follow. If we are deprived of sleep for any great length of time the mind becomes unbalanced, the bodily frame breaks down, and death ensues. And yet how little we appreciate these common mercies upon which our very life and happiness depend, simply because, like air and light and water, they are so common to us all. And how far-reaching and universal that fatherly care which embraces within its scope, not only man, but every living creature he has made. What more perfect than the love and protection that environs its sleeping hours? As we close our eyes in sleep, our last lingering thought should be of him at whose gentle touch we shall awaken, refreshed and strengthened, to renewed life.

INTERESTING TO ALL.

LIGHT moves 186,000 miles per second. One firkin of butter weighs fifty-six pounds. A hand (horse measure) is four inches. Rapid rivers flow seven miles per hour. Moderate winds blow seven miles per hour. The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829. The first almanac was printed by George von Purbach in 1460. The first steam engine was brought from England in 1753. Until 1776 cotton-spinning was done by the hand spinning-wheel. The first printing-press in the United States was introduced in 1639. Two hundred and nine feet on each side make a square acre within an inch.—*Selected*.

A Boston policeman found a little newsboy one evening, in the recent cold term, so nearly frozen that he was almost stupid, but still trying to say in a faint voice: "Evening papers!" He was taken to the police-station and found to be without stockings. Through the holes in his boots the snow had come in, and on it could be seen the prints of his little bare feet. The kind-hearted patrolman made a subscription at once and got him a warm overcoat and a pair of boots. They also visited his home and found that his mother, who was a widow, had six small children besides the newsboy, all living in two small rooms. When we hear the newsboys crying out, on a cold, windy night, "Evening papers, all about the great robbery!" we can remember that they probably come from homes of poverty and are bravely working to help support mother and brothers and sisters.

Keep good company or none at all.

A Stolen Life.

BY CLARA J. DENTON.

Yes, mamma, yes; do take it off!
 It's eyes so coldly stare;
 A pretty bird so still and dead
 Indeed, I cannot wear.

For every time I bend my head
 I see one soft blue wing,
 Which brings me thoughts of trees and
 flowers,
 And birds that sweetly sing.

I'm angry then, because my bird
 Was not allowed to fly
 And sing and swing on waving trees
 Beneath the summer sky.

Yes, yes; I know it cost so much.
 Five dollars, did you say?
 If I were rich I'd give twice that
 To see it fly away.

But, mamma, though your purse is filled
 With coins that brightly shine,
 They'll not bring back the stolen life
 To this poor bird of mine.

That women's hearts are kind and good
 I hear most people say,
 And yet they'll have these dear birds killed
 To make themselves look gay.

I'm sorry I'm a little girl.
 Were I a woman grown
 I would not buy dead birds, but pay
 To have them let alone.

"MISCHICHA KUNIS."

BY THE REV. O. GERMAN.

So important a personage as the coyote of the prairies, must occupy a prominent place in the back-ground of a picture of the Great Plains. The name is probably of a Mexican origin, and means "the hill-dog."

"The coyote is a wolf—a wolf about two-thirds the size of that which haunts forests, and the pages of story books. He has a long, lean body; legs a trifle short, but sinewy and active; a head more foxy than wolfish, for the nose is long and pointed; the yellow eyes are set in spectacle-frames of black eyelids, and the hanging, tan-trimmed ears may be erected, giving a well merited air of alertness to their wearer; a tail, straight as a pointer's, also fox-like, for it is bushy beyond the ordinary lupine type, and shaggy, large-maned, wind-ruffled, dust-gathering coat of dingy white, suffused with tawny brown, or often decidedly brindled.

A shade in the stubble, a ghost by the wall, Now leaping, now limping, now riaking a fall;
 Lop-eared and large-jointed, but was always
 A thoroughly vagabond outcast in gray.

The prairie wolf is the *genus loci* of the plains. No Indian mythology would be complete without him. His neighbours, be they near or far, have no love for him, and he fully reciprocates in kind; "an Ishmaelite of the desert; a consort of rattlesnake and vulture; . . . a bush-whacker upon the flanks of buffalo armies; the pariah of his own race, and despised by mankind."

The trapper pays little attention to him when there is better game to be found. He therefore holds his own, and something more. He will gain the race against the fleeter rival, and

eludes those enemies whose strength is greater than his own; his "cunning and intelligence" are proverbial, and in this respect he ranks but little below Sir Reynard, or the wolverine. He was long ago domesticated by the Indian, and is probably the ancestor of many, if not most, of the present race of "Indian dogs."

"Our coyote is a true Westerner;" for though often in dire need of the necessaries of life, he still assumes an independent air, and meets every failure with the watchword of him who has once sighted the Rocky Mountains, "there is no such word as fail." It was from his attachment to the prairies, North and South, in fact wherever the buffalo was found, that he received his distinctive name, the "prairie wolf."

It is probably "less from choice than necessity that in the States and the North-West he dwells chiefly on the plains," for in Mexico and Central America he seeks his food more often in forests than elsewhere, yet keeps his characteristic cunning and cowardice, becoming there a wild dog of the jungle, as, in the North he is the hound of the plains.

This gentleman usually seeks to evict some unhappy hare, prairie-dog, or badger; but when he fails to find such a dwelling, "ready to his hand," he digs a dry burrow for himself, or looks for a den among the loose rocks.

In this seclusion, "far from the haunts of men," is his young family of from five to eight puppies brought forth, in the late spring, when all danger from the cold of winter is past. During the period before and after this important event, the old dog coyote works his hardest and most systematically. He is more than usually zealous and sagacious in turning and driving his victims "as near as possible to his home, knowing that otherwise his mate and her weaklings will be unable to partake of the feast."

The coyote knows well the pinch of famine, especially in winter. The main object of his life seems to be the satisfying of a hunger which is always craving, and to this end all his cunning, impudence, and audacity are mainly directed. Nothing comes amiss. Though by no means the swiftest-footed quadruped upon the plains, he runs down the deer, the pronghorn, and others, tiring them out by trickery, and then overpowering them by force of numbers. It was formerly his custom to follow in the wake of the large buffalo herds, and gather the chance fragments left for him by his Brahmans—the white wolves—whose chief employment was the running down and worrying of decrepit and aged stragglers.

A very animated description is given by a recent writer of a "wolf hunt," which used to take place yearly in the West.

"Such a *battue* was undertaken just before the spring thawing. Word would be sent out, instructing the

different villages concerned to select their captain, and furnish their quota of willing gunners in the ring that was to concentrate upon a point indicated by a tall flagstaff, far out on the prairie. These rings were sometimes twenty or thirty miles in diameter, and it took an early start and rapid travelling to close up in time. The captains, on horseback, ride back and forth, keeping the line in order, watchful that everything is driven before it. After marching a few miles the different parties begin to come in sight of one another, all converging toward the central point. Glimpses of fleeing game, very likely including deer, or a wolf or two, are seen, and a little later the line of the opposite side of the circle comes into view. Now all nerves are strung to the highest pitch. There is a fusillade as the thickening grouse soar up and backward over the line, or foxes and horses scud away from the shouting and yelling gunners. The captains, suddenly riding at top-speed to one side, shout, 'Close up! close up! the deer will break!' Before it can be well done, a small band, following their leader like sheep, dart toward a vacant space in the rank of men. Half the deer get away in safety, but a few fall under the ready rifles. Soon word is passed to stop firing, for the circle is becoming dangerously contracted. Already one man has a bullet in his leg, and a captain's horse has been shot under him. Thus, in silence, the ring concentrates toward the flagstaff, which stands on the edge of a bowl-like depression. As the rim is attained, what a sight greets the eyes of the eager circle! With lolling tongues, and staring eyes, a dozen tawny wolves are rushing up and down the shallow pit, seeking some chance of escape. But no mercy exists for the sneaking lamb-stealers. 'Give it to them!' comes the order, and a hundred rifles pour instant death among the corraled victims."

Nothing eatable escapes this omnivorous prowler. It is the arch-enemy of such small deer as prairie dogs and gophers, as well as of larger mammals, and, if no better food offers, it will revel in carrion of any sort. It resorts in great numbers to the vicinity of settlements where offal is sure to be found, and surrounds the hunter's camp at night. It has been known to follow for days in the trail of a traveller's party, and each morning, just after camp is broken, it rushes in to claim whatever eatable refuse may have been left behind. But it cannot always find a sufficiency of animal food. Particularly in the fall, it feeds extensively upon *tunas*, which are the juicy soft scarlet fruit of various species of the prickly pear, and in the winter upon berries of various sorts, particularly those of the juniper.

Extreme hunger will compel the prairie wolf to exhibit a baldness of which he is incapable under ordinary conditions. He has been known to come

repeatedly within pistol range of the camp fire, and hunters say they have known them to pull the boots, or leathern strap of a saddle, from under the head of a sleeping camper. A prime characteristic of the coyote is his wonderful voice, which differs so much from the well-known wolfish howl of other members of his race, as to give him the book-name *canis lotrans*, or barking wolf. "One must have spent an hour or two vainly trying to sleep," says Dr. Elliot Cawes, "before he is in a condition to appreciate the full force of the annoyance." It is a singular fact, that the howling of two or three wolves, gives an impression that a score are engaged. So many, so long drawn are the notes, and so uninterruptedly by one individual after another. A short, sharp bark is sounded, followed by several more in quick succession, this time growing faster, and the pitch higher, till they run together into a long-drawn lugubrious howl in the highest possible key. The same strain is taken up again and again by different members of the pack, while from a great distance the deep, melancholy baying of the wary *lobo* breaks in, till the very leaves of the trees seem quivering to the inharmonious sounds.

So much for and against our friend or enemy, as we may choose to regard him, the coyote. We quite often, in winter, see him from our own door, making his way across the lake, or perhaps venturing nearer in the hope of obtaining some cast-out morsel, that even an Indian dog will not eat. He becomes almost powerless in the loose, deep snow, and may be easily captured by a man on snow-shoes, or on horse-back.

At some future time I hope to send you an account of the Indian folk-lore regarding *Mis-chi-cha-kunis* and his rival in the far-off mythical age, *We-su-ka-chak*.

O. GERMAN.

White Fish Lake, N. W. T.

P.S. The quotations in the above article are taken from a most interesting account in the *Popular Science Monthly*, by Ernest Ingersoll.—O. G.

SHOOTING HIS OWN HENS.

A PERSON in a passion very frequently jumps at conclusions so suddenly as to jerk his own head off, as they say.

"I say, neighbour Snobs, if you don't keep your hens out of my garden, I will shoot them."

"Very well, Doolittle, shoot away; only if you kill any of my hens, throw them into my yard."

Crack went the fowling-piece morning after morning, and the large, fat hens were pitched into neighbour Snobs' yard. They cooked well. After a fortnight or more, Doolittle discovered that Snobs never had any hens, and that he had been shooting his own, they having broken out of his own coop.

The Forsaken Farmhouse.

AGAINST the wooded hill it stands,
Ghost of a dead home, staring through
Its broken lights on wasted lands
Where old time harvests grew.

Unplowed, unsown, by scythe unshorn,
The poor, forsaken farm fields lie,
Once rich and rife with golden corn
And pale green breadths of rye.

Of healthful herb and flower bereft,
The garden plot no housewife keeps;
Through weeds and tangles only left
The snake, its tenant creeps.

A lilac spray, once blossomed glad,
Sways bare before the empty rooms;
Beside the roofless porch a awl,
Pathetic red rose blooms.

His track, in mould and dust of drought,
On floor and hearth the squirrel leaves,
And in the fireless chimney's mouth
His web the spider weaves.

The leaning barn about to fall
Resounds no more on husking eves;
No cattle low in the yard or stall,
No thresher beats his sheaves.

So sad, so drear! It seems almost
Some haunting presence makes its sign;
That down yon shalowy lane some ghost
Might drive his spectral kine.

WHITTIER.

LESSON NOTES.**SECOND QUARTER.****STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.**B.C. 1491.] **LESSON X.** [June 5.**THE MANNA.***Exod. 16. 4-12. Commit to mem. vs. 7, 8.***GOLDEN TEXT.**

Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life. John 6. 35.

OUTLINE.

1. The Manna.
2. The Bread of Life.

TIME.—1491 B.C. Later in this first year of national life.

PLACE.—The wilderness of Sin.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Rain bread*—The food was to be supernaturally supplied. *A certain rate*—A day's portion. They were to gather only enough for the daily want. *Prove them*—This was the first restricting command. *On the sixth day*—Here was a direct remembrance of the Sabbath before the giving of the specific commandment. *The Lord hath brought you out*—They were continually murmuring against Moses personally, as though he, and not Jehovah, had brought them out. *The glory of the Lord*—Probably some appearance in the pillar of cloud; as yet there was no tabernacle or abiding place for this pillar of cloud and fire.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where, in this lesson, may we learn—

1. A lesson of daily dependence on God?
2. A lesson of constant gratitude to God?
3. A lesson of trustful confidence in God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How long did the Israelites wander in the desert? Forty years. 2. How were the Israelites supplied with food during this time? By the manna. 3. How often did God send it to them from heaven? On every day except the Sabbath. 4. What was the gift of the manna intended to teach them? To trust in God's care. 5. What did Jesus say that the manna represented, in the GOLDEN TEXT? "Jesus said," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The bread of life.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

28. What is the employment of the fallen angels? They tempt men to sin, and thus seek to bring them to their own place of misery.

(Matthew xxv. 41; Ephesians vi. 12; 1 Thessalonians iii. 5; 1 Timothy iii. 7.)

B.C. 1491.] **LESSON XI.** [June 12.**THE COMMANDMENTS.***Exod. 20. 1-11. Commit to mem. vs. 3-11.***GOLDEN TEXT.**

Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart. Matt. 22. 37.

OUTLINE.

1. Our God.
2. Our duty to God.

TIME.—1491 B.C. What an eventful year!
PLACE.—Mount Sinai.

EXPLANATIONS.—*All these words*—The commandments which follow. *Lord thy God*—Jehovah, thy God; the self-existent, eternal One. *House of bondage*—Condition of slavery. *No other gods before me*—No other objects of worship in his presence. *Graven image*—Really a carved image; but all idols are meant. *A jealous God*—That is, God will have the whole adoration of the heart. It cannot be divided. *Visiting the iniquity of the fathers*—This is a well-known physiological fact, and is common in our day. *Not do any work*—No servile or secular work pertaining to nothing more than a mere worldly calling.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

What proof have we in this lesson—

1. Of the goodness of God?
2. Of the justice of God?
3. Of the holiness of God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

(For the entire school.) 1. What law did God give his people? The Ten Commandments. 2. Where did God speak his Commandments? From Mount Sinai. 3. What is the first Commandment? "Thou shalt have," etc. 4. What is the second Commandment? "Thou shalt not make," etc. 5. What is the third Commandment? "Thou shalt not take," etc. 6. What is the fourth Commandment? "Remember," etc. 7. What is the sum of the first four Commandments, in the GOLDEN TEXT? "Jesus said," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Love to God.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

27. Can they do what they please? No: God controls their power, and will save from their malice and subtlety all who put their trust in him.

(James iv. 7; Luke xxii. 31, 32; Romans vi. 20; 1 Corinthians x. 13; Ephesians vi. 11.)

SWISS ACQUISITIVENESS.

EVERYWHERE throughout Switzerland the traveller finds people who wish to sell him something, or who continually volunteer to do something for which they wish him to pay. As he drives along the country roads, little girls throw bunches of wild flowers into his carriage and then run by its side expecting some money in return. By the roadside, in the most lonely places, he will find women and girls sitting behind little tables on which they are making lace, which, with a collection of tiny Swiss chalets, and articles of carved wood, they are very eager to sell. When the road passes near a precipitous mountain-side, he will find a man with long Alpine horn, who awakes the echoes and expects some pennies. At another place a fenced pathway leads into a little wood and a notice informs him that he may enter and get a view of the Black Falls for four cents.

When I was at Grindelwald, a little village among the higher Alps, I went part way up a mountain, to visit a glacier. In the one which I visited, a long tunnel had been cut, and this led to a fairly large room down in the very heart of the glacier, and called the Ice Grotto. There were lamps

placed about, by which this frigid passage was dimly lighted. The walls and roof of the tunnel were transparent for a considerable distance, and I could look into the very substance of the clear blue ice around me. I followed my guide to the end of the tunnel, and into the grotto, which was lighted by a single lamp. The moment I set foot inside this wonderful chamber, with walls, roof and floor of purest ice, I heard a queer tinkling and thumping in one corner, and looking there, I saw two old women, each playing on a doleful little zither. They looked like two horrible old witches of the ice. Of course I knew that they were playing for my benefit, and I wondered if they always sat there in that enormous refrigerator, waiting for the visitors who might enter and give them a few centimes in return for their mournful strumming. But when I went out, I found that the old women soon followed, and I suppose they go into the glacier and ensconce themselves in their freezing retreat whenever they see a tourist coming up the mountain side.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE VOLCANO.

VOLCANOES are sometimes called burning mountains, because the mouth of them, or the place where the fire and smoke are emitted, is on an elevated place. These mountains or elevations are caused by the matter that is belched forth from the internal burning falling around the mouth. Some of them burn and smoke all the time, others only periodically or at long intervals. These are the more dangerous, as the eruptions are so great that whole cities lying near them have been covered up and destroyed.

From them come forth ashes, steam, and hot lava, that not only covers over, but burns, everything with which it comes in contact. We have only a few of them in this country, but they are more common in South America, in the European countries, and some of the islands. They are among the wonderful things that our heavenly Father has ordered, and though we do not understand what they are for, they doubtless have a purpose and fulfil the design for which they were formed.

AVOID TRIFLES.

"THE mother of mischief is no bigger than a midget's wing," is the Scot's homely way of enforcing the importance of watchfulness in little things. Jeroboam's downfall, with its black and widening train of sin and disaster, began "in his heart," with the doubt of God's ability to do as he had promised. The slightest doubtful thing allowed in our lives, our dress, habits, or business, may be the germ of evil sufficient to spread poison and failure far and wide. In the relation of things, one to the other, we may well consider nothing as small or trifling, but rather put the best thought and conscience into every particular that comes to our hands.

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