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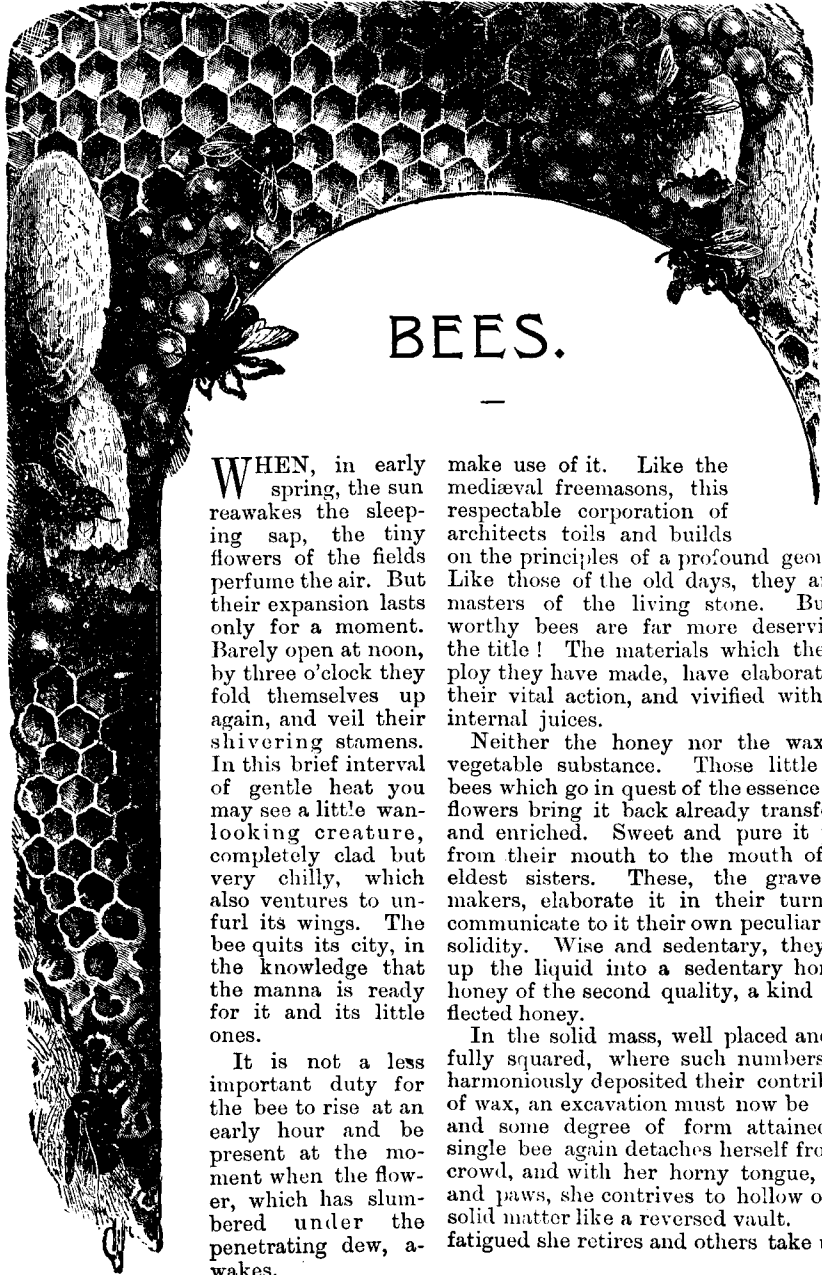
# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 25, 1893.

[No. 8.]



## BEES.

WHEN, in early spring, the sun reawakes the sleeping sap, the tiny flowers of the fields perfume the air. But their expansion lasts only for a moment. Barely open at noon, by three o'clock they fold themselves up again, and veil their shivering stamens. In this brief interval of gentle heat you may see a little wan-looking creature, completely clad but very chilly, which also ventures to unfurl its wings. The bee quits its city, in the knowledge that the manna is ready for it and its little ones.

It is not a less important duty for the bee to rise at an early hour and be present at the moment when the flower, which has slumbered under the penetrating dew, awakes.

But in the noonday heat will she remain inactive? The burning sun and the dry air have withered up the blossoms of the plain. But those of the woods, sheltered by the fresh cool shades, present their cups brimming over; those of the murmurous brooks, and silent and deep marshes, are then instinct with vitality. The forget-me-not dreams, and weeps tiny tears of nectar.

Let us observe the bees in their home. They share with the wasps, the ants, and all the sociable instincts the disinterested life of aunts and sisters who devote themselves entirely to an adoptive maternity.

But from these analogous peoples the bee differs in the necessity it is under, of creating a national idol, the love of which impels it to work.

Then, at bottom, the government will be democratic. No one commands. The city is not built or organized by the entire people, but by a special class, a kind of guild or corporation. While the mob of bees seeks the common nourishment abroad, certain much larger bees, the wax-makers, elaborate the wax, prepare it, shape it, and skilfully

make use of it. Like the mediæval freemasons, this respectable corporation of architects toils and builds on the principles of a profound geometry. Like those of the old days, they are the masters of the living stone. But our worthy bees are far more deserving of the title! The materials which they employ they have made, have elaborated by their vital action, and vivified with their internal juices.

Neither the honey nor the wax is a vegetable substance. Those little light bees which go in quest of the essence of the flowers bring it back already transformed and enriched. Sweet and pure it passes from their mouth to the mouth of their eldest sisters. These, the grave wax-makers, elaborate it in their turn, and communicate to it their own peculiar life—solidity. Wise and sedentary, they work up the liquid into a sedentary honey, a honey of the second quality, a kind of reflected honey.

In the solid mass, well placed and skilfully squared, where such numbers have harmoniously deposited their contribution of wax, an excavation must now be made, and some degree of form attained. A single bee again detaches herself from the crowd, and with her horny tongue, teeth, and paws, she contrives to hollow out the solid matter like a reversed vault. When fatigued she retires and others take up the

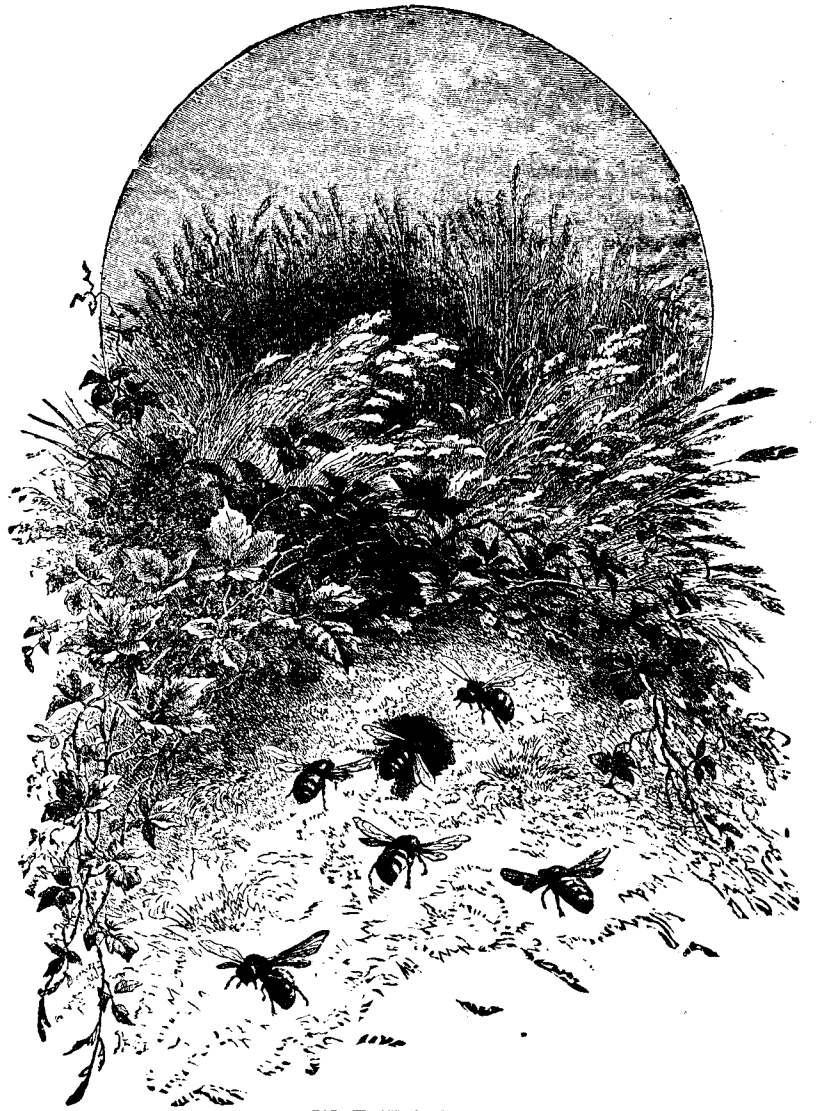
work of modelling. In couples they shape off and thin the walls. The only point to be remembered is a skilful management of their thickness. But how do they appre-

ciate this? Who or what warns them the moment a stroke too much would break an opening in the partition? They never take the trouble to make a tour of their work and examine it from the other side. Their eyes are useless to them; they judge of everything by their antennæ, which are their plumb-line and compass. They feel about, and by an infinitely delicate touch, recognize the elasticity of the wax, perhaps by the sound it renders, and determine whether it is safe to excavate it, or whether they must stop short and not push their mining operations further.

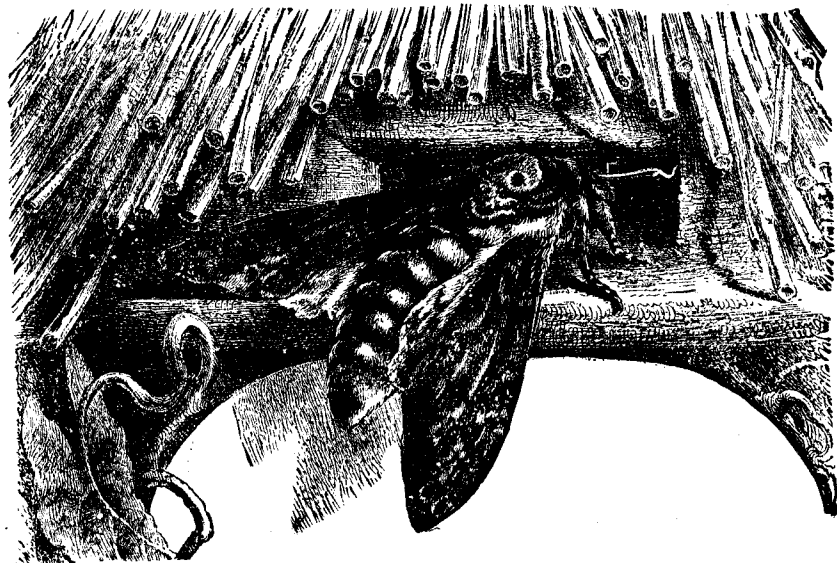
The building, as everybody knows, is destined to serve two ends. The cells are generally used in summer as cradles, in winter as magazines of pollen and honey—a granary of abundance for the republic. Each vessel is closed and sealed with a waxen lid, a *cloture* religiously respected by all the people who take for their subsistence only a single comb—and when that comb is finished, pass on to another, but always with extreme reserve and sobriety.

The combs are pierced in the centre by corridors or little tunnels which do away with the necessity of traversing two sides. Economists in everything, the bees are specially economical of time.

Secondly, the form of the cells is by no



IN THE FIELDS.



AN ENEMY—THE BEE MOTH.

means identical. They prefer the hexagon—the form which is best adapted to secure the greatest possible number of cells in the smallest area. But they do not slavishly bind themselves to this form. The first comb which they attach to the frame-work would cling to it very insecurely, and only by its projecting edges, if it were composed of six-sided cells. They therefore make it with five sides only, and fashion it of pentagonal cells with broad bases, which attach themselves solidly to the wood on a continuous line. The whole is agglutinated and sealed, not with wax, but with their gum, which as it dries, becomes hard as iron.

No creature is more richly endowed with implements, or more obviously intended for an industrial specialty, than the bee. Each organ reads her its lesson, and informs her what she has to do. Lighted by five eyes and guided by a couple of antennae, she carries in front, projecting beyond her mouth, an unique and marvellous instrument of taste—the proboscis, or long external tongue—which is of peculiar delicacy, and partly hairy, that it may the more readily absorb and imbibe. Protected, when at rest, by a beautiful scaly sheath, the proboscis puts forth its fine point to touch a liquid; and this point wetted, draws it back into its mouth, where lies the internal tongue, a subtle judge of sensation, and the final authority.

To this delicate apparatus, add some coarser attributes which indicate their own uses; hairs on every side to catch up the dust of the flowers, brushes on the thighs to sweep together the scattered harvest, and panners to compress it into pellets of many colours. All these conjoined form the insignia of her trade—the reaper.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 25, 1893.

### ONE YEAR IN CHINA.

BY REV. GEORGE E. HARTWELL.

[We have pleasure in printing the accompanying letter from China, from one of our indefatigable missionaries in that country. A private letter from Brother Hartwell is full of heart and hope. He kindly promises papers on their experiences and on the customs and habits of the people, which will be of great interest. We print this letter in PLEASANT HOURS, which has a very large circulation, that we may bring it under the notice of as many as possible of the young people of our Church.]

To-day is November 3rd. One year ago to-day the van of Canadian Methodism landed upon the shores of China. I hasten to cheer all our young friends in the Sunday-schools, Epworth Leagues, and Mission Bands, with the report of to-day's doings. November the 3rd, 1892, there was a formal opening of our new mission.

The future, indeed, is to be a bright one if the present is prophetic.

The dispensary having been made ready for the occasion, the doors were opened about nine o'clock. They came. Who came? The same kind of people who eighteen centuries ago came to our blessed Master—the sick and the maimed, eighteen in number, sixteen of whom paid the required fee. Their ages ranged between one and seventy years. One gray-haired woman had had a cough for twenty-three years, and came hopefully to receive treatment.

Our Saviour's methods of touching the masses and drawing them to him, by caring for their bodily wants, are peculiarly adapted to China. A week ago a young man in one of the large yamens (official centres) fell from a ladder and broke a bone in his foot. The doctors set the bone, and a bed was made ready for him upon the mission premises. He is a wide-awake Chinaman and a great reader. His interest in our welfare and work grows daily. To-day, after our regular Chinese prayers, I entered his room and read with him that sad, yet warning, story of the young ruler who came to Christ, wanting to know what he must do to inherit eternal life. He listened with great attention. It was, indeed, a great privilege, as well as pleasure, to unfold to him the unsearchable riches of Christ. He has a bright little son who comes to see him, and the way the father fondled his boy, revealed a tenderness and love akin to the spirit of Christianity. His mother also visits him and has attended morning prayers.

Thus seeds are dropped into the midst of large families; what the results will be only he who gives the increase knows; however, by faith we have the precious promise, "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seeds, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps. 126. 5, 6.

In the afternoon the neighbours were invited in, and at three o'clock there was assembled in the outer court, a nicely dressed and happy looking company. Dear reader, your heart would have greatly rejoiced, could you have been present and observed with what attention they listened to the Gospel message. Another feature of this afternoon's meeting spoke volumes for the future of China. The front seats were occupied by boys, whose upturned faces exhibited as much intelligence, earnestness, and hopefulness, as I ever saw manifested in any Sunday-school in Canada. How our hearts went out for these boys!

### OH! BOYS AND GIRLS OF CANADA,

Pray for these beautiful little heathen children. You would love them very dearly, could you have seen them this afternoon, dressed in their peculiar Chinese dress. Alas, these very boys and girls are taught to worship either their ancestors or idols.

Perhaps some boy or girl asks, are the Chinese children nice? Can you really love them? Yes, the Chinese children are indeed very attractive, and we love them very much.

One bright boy, about six years of age, is at present living upon the place. He has a good voice and fills the courts with the hymns he has learned at our meetings. I have seen him in the room with the hospital patients teaching them to sing

"Jesus loves me, this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so."

To illustrate how clever the Chinese boys are, this little boy is able to read the New Testament, and to commit to memory long sentences in a remarkably short time.

In the evening another pleasant meeting was held, in our home—a foreign service. Fifteen missionaries were present. Rev. Olin Cady, of the M. E. mission, preached an encouraging sermon. Then all joined in earnest prayer for the blessing of God to fall upon the work just beginning. Thus closed a day long to be remembered by those who participated therein, a day full of promise, full of hope, full of joy. How many kind words were spoken by the patients to their neighbours! How many rills of blessing set in motion by this day's work, at present is hidden! We know the heaven is working, the torch is lit, the

message speeds, his word shall not return empty.

Motto—China for Christ! Twenty-five male missionaries in Sze-Chuan before the year 1900.

CHEN-TU, CHINA.

### Have Faith in the Boy.

HAVE faith in the boy, not believing  
That he is the worst of his kind,  
In league with the army of Satan,  
And only to evil inclined;  
But daily to guide and control him,  
Your wisdom and patience employ,  
And daily, despite disappointment  
And sorrow, have faith in the boy.

Have faith to believe that some moment  
In life's strangely checkered career,  
Convicted, subdued, and repentant,  
The prodigal son will appear;  
The gold in his nature rejecting  
The dark and debasing alloy,  
Illuming your spirit with gladness,  
Because you had faith in the boy.

Though now he is wayward and stubborn,  
And keeps himself sadly aloof  
From those who are anxious and fearful,  
And ready with words of reproof;  
Have faith that the prayers of a mother  
His wandering feet will arrest,  
And turn him away from his follies,  
To weep out his tears on her breast.

The brook that goes dashing and dancing  
We may not divert from its course,  
Until the wild turbulent spirit  
Has somewhat expended its force;  
The brook is the life of the river,  
And if we the future might scan,  
We'd find that a boisterous boyhood  
Gave vigour and life to the man.

Ah! many a boy has been driven  
Away from home by the thought  
That no one believed in his goodness,  
Or dreamed of the battles he fought,  
So, if you would help him to conquer  
The foes that are prone to annoy,  
Encourage him often with kindness,  
And show you have faith in the boy.

Have faith in his good resolutions;  
Believe that at last he'll prevail,  
Though now he's forgetful and heedless,  
Though day after day he may fail.  
Your doubts and suspicious misgiving,  
His hope and his courage destroy,  
So if you'd secure a brave manhood,  
'Tis well to have faith in the boy.

### A SEED IN THE SAND.

BY G. N. SINNETT.

"WHY, here's a letter from Denmark," said Mrs. Morris, as she looked over the morning mail. "I wonder who could have written to me from that country."

"DEAR MADAM: I wish to thank you for the help of your boy Andrew. We have had no wine or any kind of liquor in our house since the day when he spoke to me on the sand dunes about how bad drinking was. We are all so happy in doing right. God bless you and your dear boy. We pray much for you all.

"PETER PETERSON."

That was all the letter said. But it looked as though it had taken the writer of it a long while to arrange the words and spell them correctly.

"Andy," called Mrs. Morris, cheerily.

"Yes, mother."

"Here's a letter from those sand dunes of which you talked so much since you went to Denmark with your father."

"Is there? Oh, yes, Peter Peterson," said Andy, as he glanced at the name at the bottom of the letter. "He is the man who told us so much about the sand hills. I liked him ever so much."

But his cheeks coloured a little as he read what had been written.

"I'm glad he knew you did most of it, though, and sent the letter straight to you," said the boy, kissing his mother.

"But what is it all about, my son. You have never told me anything about talking on temperance with Peter Peterson."

"Well, it was only a little I said to him. You know when I went away to Denmark with father, you whispered to me, 'You are but a lad. But you must not forget that, though you are to be so much among strangers, God will help you to lead boys and men away from strong drink.'

"I thought a great deal about it. And one day when we were on the sand dunes

an old fisherman, this very Peter Peterson, told us how they kept the great waves from leaping over and flooding the land behind them.

"'And it's the little grass roots that help,' he said. 'We sow the seed all over the dunes in the most favourable time that we can find. When it sprouts it sends its roots down into the fat, as we call the rich black soil which is under the sand. The strong stalks and blades then spring up. And it all keeps the sand from blowing away and letting the hungry sea in.'

"'We love our children so,' he said, 'that we like to work hard to keep all danger from them!'

"And then he raised a little flask to his lips and drank some of the liquor it held. I wanted to speak out and tell him how wrong it was, for papa had gone a little distance away from us, and there was no one but me to say anything.

"Then something seemed to whisper to me, 'Your words won't do any good!'

"But your whisper helped me, and the thought about the little grass seed helping hold the great sand hills.

"I glanced down to where the old fisherman's children were at play. There was a boy lifting a cup to his lips in imitation of what his father had just done.

"'Oh, sir,' I said, 'it is not keeping danger away from your boys and girls when you do so.'

"He looked straight into my face and said, 'You're right. Strong drink is worse than you great sea.'

"Then papa came back and we said no more. Only the man wished to know your name and address, and ours, too. And how hard he shook my hand when we left him! 'But I never thought it would end so good as that, mother!'

"God helps his temperance laddies everywhere," the good woman said.

"Yes, when their mothers are always praying for them," said happy Andy. "That makes seed grow in the sand."

### THE JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

[Our friends of the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States are pushing the League vigorously. Its constitution is almost the same as our own; therefore, the following letter from Dr. Parkhurst will apply with almost equal force to Canada.—Ed.]

"Have you seen it?" "Seen what?" "The new constitution of the Junior League."

The following points are worthy of note: 1. The name is now, Junior Epworth League—from the fact that it is to the boys and girls fourteen years of age and under, what the Epworth League is to the older young people,—"to promote in its members an earnest and intelligent spiritual life, bring them into membership in the church, and train them in works of mercy and help."

2. An adult Superintendent, appointed by the pastor, has charge of the League. The pastor himself may superintend the work until such time as he may find the proper person. Where there is no organization, the Cabinet of the Epworth League, through the Department of Spiritual Work, are expected to carry on the work of organization.

3. The "Junior Wheel" is a beauty from hub to rim. If you will read between the spokes you will find the right idea. Six departments: Scriptural Work; Mercy and Help; Literary Work; Social Work; Correspondence; and Finance. These are represented happily by six keywords: Heart; hands; head; feet; pen; pocket. How the Juniors will make that wheel hum and spin with activity!

4. "These officers shall be elected from among their own number." Ah! that is fine; it just "takes" with the boys and girls; just try it. The Superintendent, "who shall have general oversight of the work," will attend the Cabinet meeting of the Junior and Senior Leagues; but you will be surprised to see the business-like way in which the Juniors proceed.

5. Brother pastor, your church is not fully at work until you have a Junior Epworth League. Send for a few copies of the new constitution. Call the children together some Friday or Saturday afternoon and organize. With Bible, and charter, and banner, and song, march on to possess the land.



Junior Song.

BY EDITH VIRGINIA BHADT.

ONWARD, Juniors! falter never;  
Forward march in brave endeavour;  
High the royal banner flinging,  
Hearts atune, and voices singing,  
"Children of the King are we."

CHORUS:

Children of the heavenly King,  
Forward marching, let us sing,  
"Children of the King are we."

Children of a King victorious,  
Children of a King all-glorious,  
With his banner floating o'er us,  
Shout we st. ll the mighty chorus,  
"Children of the King are we."

Zionward our steps are tending,  
For the right our prayers ascending;  
While with courage failing never,  
March we onward, singing ever,  
"Children of the King are we."

Casting down our crowns before him,  
Evermore to praise, adore him,  
Still our youthful voices singing,  
High the heavenly anthem ringing,  
"Children of the King are we."



DOWN AT THE BOOM.

The task before him was one from which many a grown man might have shrunk in dismay. For five long lonely miles the road ran through the forest that darkened it with heavy shadows, and not a living soul could he hope to meet until he reached the shanty.

It was now past eight o'clock, and to do his best, it would take him a whole hour to reach his goal. The snow lay deep upon the road, and was but little beaten down by the few sleighs that had passed over it. The air was keen and crisp with frost, the temperature being many degrees below zero. And finally, the most fear-inspiring of all, there was the possibility of wolves; for the dreaded timber wolf had been both heard and seen in close proximity to the camp of late, an unusual scarcity of small game having made him daring in his search for food.

But Frank possessed a double source of strength. He was valiant by nature, and he had implicit faith in God's overruling providence. He felt specially under the divine care now, and, resolutely putting away all thoughts of personal danger, addressed himself, mind and body, to the one thing—the relief of Johnston from his perilous position.

With arms braced at his sides and head bent forward he set out at a jog-trot, which was better suited for getting through the deep snow than an ordinary walk. Fortunately he was in the very pink of condition. The steady hard work of the preceding months, combined with the coarse but abundant food and early hours, had developed and strengthened every muscle in his body and hardened his constitution until few boys of his age could have been found better fitted to endure a long tramp through heavy snow than he. Moreover, running had always been his favorite form of athletic exercise, and the muscles it required were well trained for their work.

"I'll do it all right inside the hour," he said to himself. And then, as a sudden thought struck him, he gave a nervous little laugh, and added, "And perhaps make a good deal better time if I hear anything of the wolves."

Try as he might, he could not get the wolves out of his head. He had not himself seen any signs of them, but several times the choppers working farthest from the camp had mentioned finding their tracks in the snow, and once they had been heard howling in the distance after the men had all come in the shanty for the night.

On he went through the snow and night, now making good progress at his brisk jog-trot, now going more slowly as he dropped into a walk to rest himself and recover breath. Although the moon rode high in the heavens, the trees which stood close to the road allowed few of her beams to light his path.

"If it was only broad daylight I wouldn't mind it a bit," Frank soliloquized; "but this going alone at this time of night is not the sort of a job I care for."

And then the thought of poor Johnston lying helpless but uncomplaining in the snow made him feel ashamed of his words, and to ease his conscience he broke into a trot again. Just as he did so, a sound reached his ear that sent a thrill of terror through his heart. Hoping he might be mistaken he stopped,

and listened with straining senses. For a moment there was absolute silence. Then the sound came again—distinct, but clear and unmistakable. He had heard it only once before, yet he felt as sure of it now as if it had been his mother's voice. It was the howl of the timber wolf sounding through the still night air from somewhere to the north; how far away he could not determine.

For a moment all his strength seemed to leave him. How helpless he was alone in that mighty forest without even so much as a knife wherewith to defend himself! But it would not do to stand irresolute. His own life as well as the foreman's depended upon his reaching the shanty. Were he to climb one of the big trees that stood around, the wolves, of course, could not get at him; but Johnston would be dead before daylight came to release him from his tree citadel, and perhaps he would himself fall a victim to the cold in that exposed situation. There was no other alternative than to run for his life, so, breathing out a fervent prayer for divine help and protection, he summoned all his energies to the struggle. He was more than a mile from the shanty, and his exertion had told severely upon his strength; but the great peril of his situation made him forget his weariness, and he started off as if he were perfectly fresh.

But the howling of the wolves grew more and more distinct as they drew swiftly nearer, and with agony of heart the poor boy felt his breath coming short and his limbs beginning to fail beneath him. Nearer and nearer came his dreaded pursuers, and every moment he expected to see them burst into the road behind him.

Fortunately, he had reached a part of the road which, being near the camp, was much used by the teams drawing logs to the river bank, and was consequently beaten hard and smooth. This welcome change enabled him to quicken his steps, which had dropped into a walk, and although he felt almost blind from exhaustion, he pushed desperately forward, hoping at every turn of the road to catch a glimpse of the shanty showing dark through the trees. The cry of the disciples caught in the sudden storm on Galilee, "Lord, save us, we perish!" kept coming to his lips as he staggered onward. Surely there could not be much further to go! He turned for a moment to look behind him. The wolves were in sight, their dark forms showing distinctly against the snow as in silence now they gained upon their prey. Run as hard as he might, they must be upon him ere another fifty yards were passed. He felt as if it were all over with him, and so utter was his exhaustion that it seemed to benumb his faculties and make him half-willing for the end to come.

But the end was not to be as the wolves desired. Just at the critical moment when further exertion seemed impossible he caught sight of some one approaching him rapidly from the direction of the shanty and shouting aloud while he rushed forward to meet him. With one last supreme effort he plunged toward this timely apparition, and a moment later fell insensible at his feet.

It was Baptiste, good-hearted, affectionate Baptiste, who, having awaited the travellers' return and grown convinced at

their long delay, had gone out to look along the road to see if they were anywhere in view. Catching sight of Frank's lonely figure, he had made all haste to meet him, and reached him just in time to ward off the wolves that in a minute more would have been upon him.

When the wolves saw Baptiste, who swung a gleaming axe about his head as he shouted, "*Chiens donc!* I'll split your heads as I get at you!" they stopped short, and even retreated a little, drawing themselves together in a sort of group in the middle of the road, snapping their teeth and snarling in a half-frightened, half-furious manner. But Baptiste was not to be daunted. Lifting his axe on high, he shouted at them in his choicest French and charged upon the pack as though they had been simply a flock of marauding sheep. Wolves are arrant cowards, and without pausing to take into consideration the disparity of numbers, for they stood twelve to one, they fled, ignominiously before the plucky Frenchman, not halting until they had put fifty yards between themselves and him. Whereupon Baptiste seized upon the opportunity to pick up the still senseless Frank, throw him over his broad shoulder, and hasten back to the shanty before the wolves should regain their self-possession.

They were all asleep in the shanty when the cook returned with his unconscious burden, but he soon roused the others with his vigorous shouts, and by the time they were fully awake Frank was awake too, the warm air of the room quickly reviving him from his faint. Looking round about with a bewildered expression, he asked anxiously:

"Where is Mr. Johnston? Hasn't he come back too?"

Then he recollected himself, and a picture of his good friend lying prostrate and helpless in the snow, perhaps surrounded by the same wolves that brave Baptiste had rescued him from, flashed into his mind, and, springing to his feet, he cried:

"Hurry—hurry! Mr. Johnston is in Deep Gully, and he can't move. The bridge broke under us and he was almost killed. Oh, hurry, won't you, or the wolves will be after him!"

The men looked at one another in astonishment and horror.

"Deep Gully!" they exclaimed. "That's five miles off. We must go at once."

And immediately all was bustle and excitement as they prepared to go out into the night. As lumbermen always sleep in their clothes they did not take long to dress, and in a wonderfully short space of time the teamsters had a sleigh with a pair of horses at the door, upon which eight of the men, armed with guns and axes, sprang, and off they went along the road as fast as the horses could gallop. Frank wanted to accompany them, but Baptiste would not allow him.

"No, no, *mon cher*. You must stay with me. You tired out. They get him all right and bring him safe home."

And he was fain to lie back so tortured with anxiety for the foreman that he could hardly appreciate the blessing of rest, although his own exertions had been tremendous.

Not sparing the horses, the rescuers sped over the road, every now and then discharging a gun, in order to let Johnston know of their approach and keep his courage up. In less than half an hour they reached the gully, and, peering over the brink, beheld the dark heap in the snow below that was the object of their search. One glance was sufficient to show how timely was their coming, for almost encircling the hapless man were smaller shapes that even at that distance could be readily recognized.

"We're too late!" cried one of the men. "They're wolves." And with a wild shout he flung himself recklessly down the snowy slope, and others followed close behind.

Before their tumultuous onset the wolves fled like leaves before the autumn wind, and poor Johnston, almost dead with pain, cold, and exhaustion, raising himself a little from the snow, called out in a faint but joyful tone:

"Thank God, you've come in time. I thought it was all over with me."

(To be continued.)

The Chore-boy of Camp Kippewa.

A Canadian Story.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE NICK OF TIME.

If Frank was undecided, Mr. Johnston's mind was fully made up.

"Our only chance is for you to get to the shanty at once, Frank. It'll be a hard job, my boy, but you'll have to try it," said he.

"But what'll become of you, sir, staying here all alone? The wolves might find you out, and how could you defend yourself then?" asked Frank, in sore bewilderment as to the solution of the dilemma.

"I'll have to take my chances of that, Frank, for if I stay here all night I'll freeze to death, anyway; so just throw the buffaloes over me and put for the shanty as fast as you can," replied the foreman.

Unable to suggest any better plan, Frank covered Johnston carefully with the robes, making him as comfortable as he could, then buttoning up his coat and pulling his cap on tightly he was about to scramble up the steep side of the gully to regain the road, when the foreman said, in a low tone, almost a whisper:

"This is about the time you generally say your prayers, Frank. Couldn't you say them here before you start?"

With quick intuition Frank divined the big bushful man's meaning. It was his roundabout way of asking the boy to commit him to the care of God before leaving him alone in his helplessness.

Feeling half-condemned at not having thought of it himself, Frank came back and, kneeling close beside his friend, lifted up his voice in prayer with a fervour and simplicity that showed how strong and sure was his faith in the love and power of his Father in heaven. When he had finished his petition, the foreman added to it an "Amen" that seemed to come from the very depths of his heart, and then, yielding to an impulse that was irresistible, Frank bent down and implanted a sudden kiss upon the pale face looking at him with such earnest, anxious eyes. This unexpected proof of warm affection completely overcame the foreman, whose feelings had been already deeply stirred by the prayer. Strong, reserved man as he was, he could not keep back the tears.

"God bless you, my boy," he murmured, huskily. "If I get safely out of this I shall be a different man. You have taught me a lesson I won't forget."

"God bless you and take care of you, sir," answered Frank. "I hope nothing will happen to you while I'm away, and I'll be back as soon as I can."

The next moment he was making his way up the gully's side, and soon a triumphant shout announced that he had reached the road and was off for the lumber camp at his best speed.



### THE WALNUT TREE.

This is a very useful tree, and some of its uses are well illustrated in our cut. First you will notice the two little girls who are taking advantage of the shade afforded by its large, leafy branches. Next we see an arm chair and three guns. These are made of the wood of the walnut tree, which is hard, fine-grained and durable, and takes a beautiful finish. Then we glance to the right of the cut and see the large press. Into a press like this, large quantities of the nuts are put and their oil is extracted. This oil is used for food just as olive oil is used. There is also a kind of painter's oil made from the walnuts by pressing them a second time. On the ground beside the press are some jars. These contain pickled walnuts, which are very delicious. The nuts are taken when they are fresh and soft and used for pickling and for making catsup. The basket is filled with walnuts which those two little girls under the tree would enjoy eating.

### RECRUITING FOR MISSIONS.

BY MRS. L. G. M'VEAN.

(THREE boys are looking at a large album, while a lady is sitting in the background.)  
Harry—"Whose picture is that, Will? My! ain't he grand! He looks like a general, or something."

Will—"That is my uncle Will,—taken in his uniform. He was a recruiting sergeant when the war began."

Harry—"O! wouldn't I have just liked to live in those times, when there was something going on! I'd rather be a recruiting officer than anything else I know of."

Fred—"So'd I. Nothing to do, but just march through a town, all dressed up, and put down the names of fellows that wanted to go to war; and have the flag waving, and the fifes and drums going. I tell you that is the sort of a life I'd like."

Will—"My Uncle Will did more than that. You have to go and fight, after you recruit. Uncle Will was a grand soldier. I never saw him, but mamma can tell you."

Fred—"O, tell us about him, Mrs. White."

Mrs. White (coming forward)—"There is very little more to tell about my brother, boys. His life, though wide and full, was short. He fell in the first battle of Bull Run. But I know of a recruiting officer, right here in this place, that has a grand life."

Will—"O! do you?"

Fred—"How jolly!"

Harry—"Do tell us; what's his name?"

Mrs. White—"I shall surprise you. This officer wears no uniform and is only a very plain woman, a true lady, and a devoted Christian—Mrs. Wallace."

Fred—"O! Mrs. White, I saw her to-

day, and she is not a recruiting sergeant at all! She came to get mamma to join the Missionary Society, and she had pictures of young lady missionaries to sell and she wanted some good clothes, to pack in a box, to send to a preacher's family in China who lost everything but life, when the news of our anti-Chinese riots reached the place where they taught and preached."

Mrs. White—"What you say, Freddie, explains my meaning. Hers is the great commission, 'Go ye into all the world and preach;' hers is the highest office, not only to fight evil herself, but to recruit others into the Master's service."

Fred—"Well, I never thought of that."

Mrs. White—"And Harry, you wished to live in stirring times. Do you know what is going on, now, in this little world? Not long ago an associated press dispatch announced that in Africa the king of the Zulus fed seventy-five women and children to his imperial golden eagles. A mere matter of news!

"Get up a company of soldiers, a 'Taylor Band,' and raise a fund to help our bravest Bishop, win Africa and flood the Dark Continent with Gospel light!

"I tell you, my boys, you may all be recruiting sergeants, and it is glorious work because it is the Lord's."

Boys—"Let's try it!"

## LESSON NOTES.

### FIRST QUARTER.

#### ISRAEL AFTER THE CAPTIVITY.

#### LESSON X.—MARCH 5.

#### KEEPING THE SABBATH.

Neh. 13. 15 22.] [Memory verses, 17, 18.

#### GOLDEN TEXT.

Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.—Exod. 20. 8.

#### OUTLINE.

1. The Sabbath Broken, verses 15-18.
2. The Sabbath Kept, verses 19-22.

TIME.—About B. C. 434.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

#### CONNECTING LINKS.

After the reading of the law, the people kept the feast of tabernacles, and then entered into a solemn covenant to keep all the law of the Lord. Read chapters 9 and 10. Nehemiah journeyed to Babylon, then returned to Jerusalem, and resumed his office as pasha, but found the people disobeying God's law.

#### EXPLANATIONS.

"Wine-presses"—Ancient wine-vats were constructed in pairs, from the higher of which the grape juice was forced into the lower. They were often erected on hill-sides, and these which Nehemiah saw stood probably on the slopes of Olivet. "On the Sabbath"—This directly violated the ancient law (Exod. 20, 8-11), as well as the recent national oath (Neh. 10). "Lading asses"—It was the custom to bring harvests by donkey loads into the city for fear of robbers, to thrash inside the walls. "Men of Tyre"—Therefore worshippers of Baal. "Nobles of Judah"—Many of whom in each generation were luxurious and profane. "Profaning the Sabbath"—This was one of the greatest crimes of Israel in all its history. "When the gates . . . began to be dark"—When the shadows lengthened, half-an-hour or so earlier than sundown, at which hour the gates were usually closed. The Hebrew Sabbath began at sundown. "Lodged without"—The merchants lingered in hope of illicit sales, and a later modification of the law. "Lay hands on"—Arrest. "Cleanse themselves"—All Nehemiah's political actions were religiously performed.

#### TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. The duty of Sabbath-keeping?

2. The sin of Sabbath-breaking?
3. The blessedness of Sabbath observance?

#### HOMEWORK FOR YOUNG BEREANS.

Was the Sabbath-day kept before Moses received God's law at Sinai?

Find what extraordinary rewards Isaiah promised those who kept holy the Sabbath-day.

What are we often told that Jesus did on the Sabbath-day?

How did it come about that soon after Jesus went to heaven the Sabbath was changed from Saturday to Sunday?

#### THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did Nehemiah see in Judah and Jerusalem? "Men who bought and sold on the holy Sabbath-day." 2. With whom did he expostulate because they should have set a better example? "The great men." 3. What had Sabbath-breaking already brought upon the Jews? "The curse of God." 4. What did Nehemiah do? "Shut the Sabbath-breakers outside the walls." 5. What did he order the Levites to do? "To sanctify the Sabbath-day." 6. What is the fourth commandment? "Golden Text? "Remember," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION—The sanctity of the Sabbath.

#### CATECHISM QUESTION.

What blessing does God pronounce on believers?

To Peter he gave it thus: Matt. 16. 17. And to Thomas he gave it thus: John 20. 29.

### The Village Cobbler.

BY GERTRUDE E. RIGGLES.

On yonder shelves are shoes, you see; they count an even score,  
That must be mended, sure the like was never known before.

The smith's are first, and many a stroke from this right brawny fist,  
It takes to drive such nails—to wooden pegs he'll never list.

Then the schoolmaster's are a job, they're worn clear to the welt,  
The sting of poverty I'm sure that fellow oft has felt.

Upon the ground the drifted snow a foot or so lies deep,  
And that's the reason that my pile of work's so very steep.

Yours, Master Will, I see at once are in a hopeless case—

Why, why, my boy, don't think that you must put on such a face,  
You'll quickly see that I am right, consult your common sense;

Go find some work to do, and then be sure to save the pence,

And buy yourself some shoes, my boy, nor waste your money so

On that which only brings to you sorrow and shame and woe.

### THE BOY WITH A KODAK.

JOHN and his sister Flora were sitting on the grass in the front yard, playing jackstones. It seemed impossible for these two children to play together for any length of time without having—what their big sister named—their "differences." Across the street stood a large hotel, always well filled during the summer months with people who came to enjoy the sweet country air, and tan themselves on the lakes until their faces looked like mulattoes.

John looked up and saw a tall boy coming across the street. In his hand he carried a curious-looking box. He coolly stepped over the low iron fence that surrounded the yard, and seated himself on the grass a few feet from them. He did not seem inclined to talk, so the game proceeded the same as if he had not been there. Flora was tossing the jackstones when John exclaimed, "There! that's a miss."

"Well, it wasn't but a little one," said Flora, holding it away from his outstretched hand.

"A miss is a miss, big or little," said John, getting very much in earnest, "Come, hand it over. It's my turn."

But Flora only shook her head defiantly and put her hand behind her.

"You're a cheat—that's what you are!" exclaimed John, angrily.

At this Flora raised her hand and struck her brother on the arm. He resented it by making an ugly grimace at her.

Snap, snap, went the box in the stranger boy's hand.

Both turned in wandering surprise. "What makes that thing do that? What is it, anyhow?" John demanded. "I'll tell you to-morrow," said the tall boy, and stepping over the fence he walked quickly away.

"Queer chap, isn't he?" said John, looking after him uneasily.

Next day when they were playing in the yard, they saw the tall boy again crossing the street, but this time he had some cards in his hands.

"Here, sis," said he, holding one toward Flora. She took it curiously, gazed at it in blank amazement, then her face flamed with shame and mortification.

There she was, photographed, her clinched fist raised, and in the act of striking her brother, while on her face was a most unbecoming expression of rage and revenge. Never before had she seen herself in a passion. Her mirror always reflected her face when in a complacent mood, which at such times was not uncommonly. She had no idea it could become thus transformed.

John stood silently looking at it over her shoulder. The tall boy then handed the other card to John.

He would have laughed outright had it not been a photograph of himself. The deep frown and the distorted features were anything but pleasant to look upon. He felt deeply chagrined and humbled.

"You see I took you yesterday when you were fighting," explained the boy, leaning against the fence. "You fight a great deal, don't you? I have tried several times to take you from my window across the street, but failed. Kodaks are getting to be quite common playthings nowadays. We shall have to tidy up our manners, for there's no knowing when we are going to be photographed. I have a stack of pictures of people who little dream that I have photographed them in all their moods and tempers. It's a fine way to study human nature. You may keep those pictures;" and so saying he walked away.

John and Flora looked at each other in shamefaced silence. One could not exult over the other. The defeat was for both of them.

"Say, Flora," said John at length, "Let's don't fight any more."

"I won't if you won't," answered Flora, who stood regarding her picture with decided ill-favour.

Ever after that day, when they felt that they were getting angry, the remembrance of the picture which their sister had tacked up in each room caused them to change their tactics instantly.—*Caroline Mosher, in the Advance.*

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