

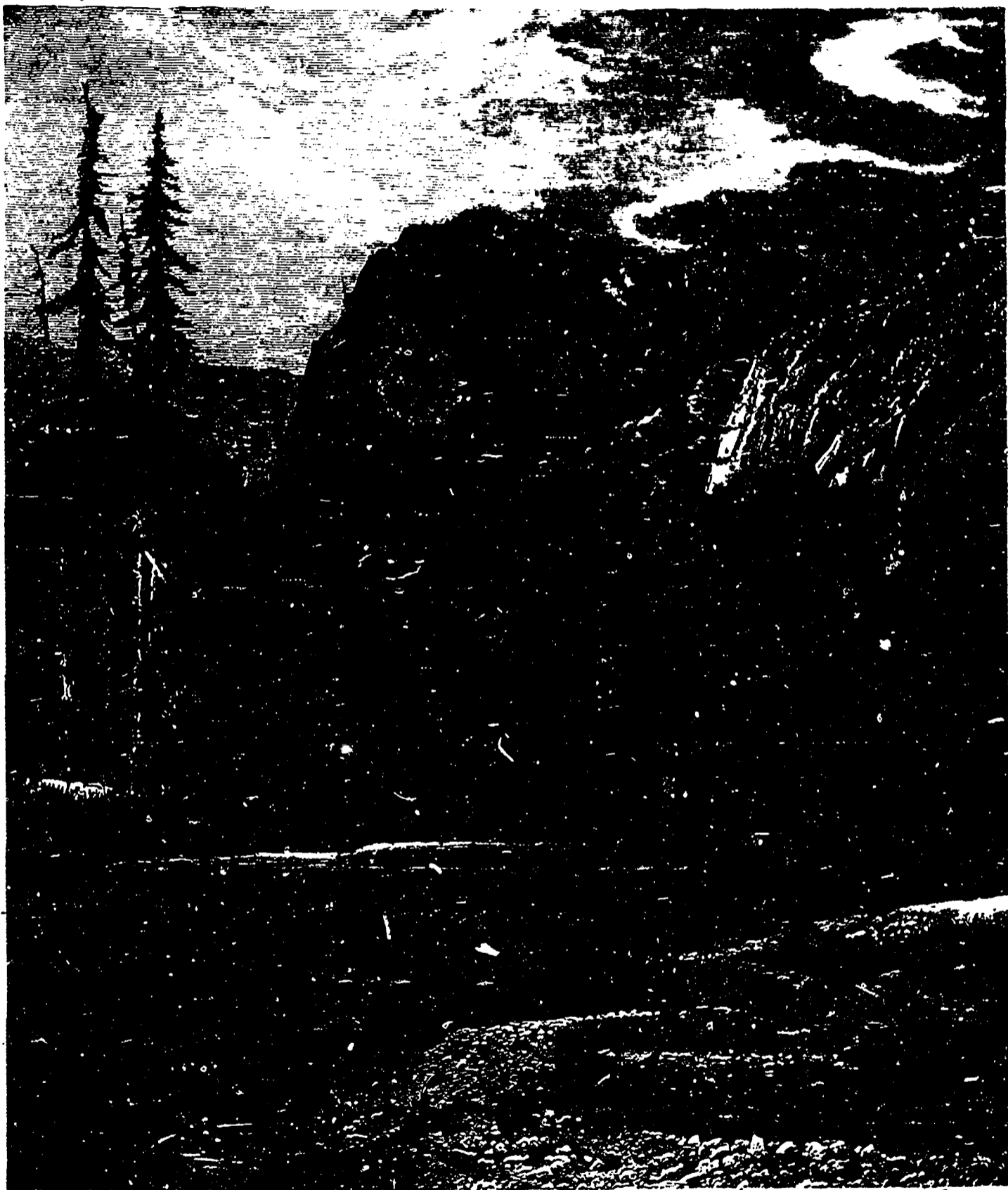
PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 28, 1899.

No. 43.



IN THE HEART OF THE ROCKIES.

A WESTERN EXPERIENCE.

BY W. J. WITHEROW.

One bright morning toward the end of April, the writer of this sketch left Toronto for the far West.

The scenery throughout northern Ontario is of a picturesque character, lit up here and there by a romantic lake or rapid stream. Once a glimpse was caught of the Ottawa, and later on Lake Nipissing was in view. A short glimpse of Lake Superior, as the train, on the down grade, shot across the head of a narrow inlet, was soon followed by a full view of the great inland sea from the overhanging precipice along its rocky shore. Leaving the enterprising town of Fort Arthur, and its neighbouring rival, Fort William, with its solitary table mountain, one passes through a long stretch of scrubby low land to Win-

nipeg. The size and wealth of the Prairie City are a complete surprise to one from the East visiting Manitoba for the first time. Little is left of Fort Garry; but on the site of that old Hudson Bay trading post now stands the enterprising company's store, the superior of which even Toronto cannot boast.

But we must hurry away from these haunts of the pale-face intruders to those of the dusky aborigines. As the train glided out from Winnipeg we had the first good view of the prairies, not boundless, but beautiful, for long belts of timber skirted the horizon.

At length the signs of wild western life began to appear. Highly painted Indians, wrapped in their gaudy blankets, and a few red-coated mounted police mingled with the crowd at every station. Occasionally the picturesque scout, in his buckskin shirt and leather

trousers, was seen astride a bucking broncho, or leaning lazily against the station with his broad sombrero thrown back on his head, revealing generally a handsome, sun-browned face.

Here is the prairie and these are its denizens.

"These are the gardens of the desert, these unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful, for which the speech of England has no name, The Prairies."

And well may one feel with Bryant when he says,

"I behold them for the first, And my heart swells, while the dilated sight Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they lie

In airy undulations far away, As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell, Stood still, with all his billows fixed And motionless forever Motionless! No! They are all unchained again.

The clouds Sweep over with their shadows, and beneath The surface rolls, and fluctuates to the eye;

Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase the sunny ridges"

At Calgary the clouds on the far horizon took strange fantastic forms, soon developing sharp and clear into the mighty mountain range, seeming scarcely eighteen miles away instead of eighty.

The Red Deer was reached on the fifth day. There ran the beautiful river over

(Continued on next page.)

The Way to Victory.

Yes, I will an' then stick to it—
Say, air that's the way to do it,
Nothin' ever won't, I guess,
Worth the washin' fer, unless
One is willin' for to work—
Haint no prizes for a shirk—
Fer the Lord, or so they say,
Hates a quitter, anyway.

W'posin' at a settin' hon,
I had a little while, 'n' then,
(Alliv'ant' around until)
All her eggs had got a chill!
B'posin' she'd everATCH a thing,
Underneath her poppin' wing,
She won't get no fly and hence,
Hens, I say, have common sense.

'Z a boy I had to do
Lots of things I h'nted to:
H'nt to work an old concern,
N'nelly, the old dasher churn;
D'nd't never d'ust to pause
In my path of duty, 'cause
I know'd all, if I was to dream,
Butter'd all go back to cream.

If a ship was 'lowed to go
Every way the winds'd blow,
W'nt it 'twice for around
To a harbour safe and sound?
Guess it be best for ship or man
To be guided by a plan.
Choose yer task, an' whisper still—
Win I must, an' win I will!

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various magazines and their prices, including Christian Guardian, The Western, and others.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Metropolitan Book and Publishing House, Toronto.
C. W. Coombs, S. F. Hicmatt,
217 St. Catherine St., Weston, Ont.,
Montréal, Halifax, N.S.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, OCTOBER 23, 1899.

A WARNING.

It is apt to be too late to save a drunk-
ard when his habits have driven him to
'man'a-shoemaker,' but the New York Sun
tells of a shoemaker in Angelica, of that
state, who minded the warning one time
to escape. Going his bare, one day,
he snatched a quill, and with a crooked
stick, and the other a whip-lash—but
they moved. He tells the rest of the
story as follows: The cold sweat of fear
came out on my forehead. I wiped it
off with my handkerchief, and sat down
on the lower round of the hay-mow lad-
der, for I felt faint. Then I stared
straight ahead at a corn-stalk. It soon
began slowly to wriggle and curve. With
but a feeble cry, and all the strength of
mind I possessed, I forced that corn-
stalk back from the animal to the vegeta-
ble kingdom, and then I staggered
feebly out into the open air. I leaned
against the fence, and for fear I should
see more of those horrible twisting
things, I croug to a post and closed my
eyes.

"Time is called, Jim," I said to my-
self. "Whisk away, you part company
to-day," and soberer than I had been for
many months, though with no more
strength than a baby, I managed to get
back to the house.

There was a fight, though! I didn't
tell my wife, for I had made a good many
promises that hadn't been kept, and I
thought I'd go on alone for a while. So
I got up in the morning, after a terrible
night with no sleep, and I was up on
my feet. Water wouldn't quench it,
and I tried milk. I crept into the milk-
room, slipped a straw into the edge of a
cream-covered pan, and sucked that
milk until only the cream was left. Low-

ered smooth and unbroken to the bot-
tom. Then I tried another, and an-
other until the force craving was some-
what subdued. I had no doubt my
very what became of the milk. No cat
could lap it, my wife said, and leave the
sides and cream untouched, and where
did it go?

I had them talk for the struggle was
too sore and fearful to be spoken of, and
I went on drinking the milk.
The road from my house to my shop
lay by the grocery. When left alone
in the morning, I took the road,
and on a dead run, as if pursued, I made
the distance. I ran hard all the way
home to dinner, and back after that
meal, never, in fact, trusting myself to
walk or even talk for the next few
months. The cure was slow. I kept
all the brakes hard set yet. A single
glass of hard cider would undo the work
of all the years, but that glass didn't
take my life while the memory of those
little crawling black reptiles stays with
me!

"And did your wife finally leave that
because of the milk?" was asked.
"Yes, and her voice broke. "I told
her on her deathbed."
"Jim, dear," she said, when I had
finished, with her hand clasped in mine,
"Jim, dear, I knew it all."
The struggle ended in victory, but who
would be willing to enter upon a course
that would impose upon life an experi-
ence like this?

WHITEFIELD AND HIS MOTHER.

Whitefield's mother early told him that
she expected more from him than from
the other children. He says, "I tried
to make good, but I was not successful,
and to follow the example of him who
was born in a manger belonging to an
Inn."

She encouraged him in his education,
She proposed the way for his religious
course. She inquired, "Will you go to
Oxford, George?" He replied, "With
all my heart."

She made sacrifices for him, but was
unable to complete her plan of living to
see him universally esteemed and hon-
oured far beyond her highest hopes. In
the midst of his popularity, when his
name was crowned with a garland of im-
mortal laurels, and crowds were throng-
ing to hear him, he did not forget his
aged and worthy mother.

"A woman had neglected to procure for
him some things he had ordered for her.
She proposed the way for his religious
course. The moment he discovered this he wrote,
"I should never forgive myself were I,
by negligence or any wrong conduct, to
give you a moment's needless pain,
either how it might be done for you.
Christ's care for his mother excites me
to wish I could do anything for you. I
rejoice to hear that you have been so
long under my roof. Blessed be God
that I do not die before I can honour
mother to come to! You are heartily
welcome to anything my house affords as
long as you please. If need were, in-
deed, these hands should administer to
your necessities. I am ever ready my-
self than that you should, I shall be
highly pleased when I come to Bristol,
and find you sitting in your younges-
sion's house. O may I sit with you in
the happy twilight with hands, eternal
in the heavens!"

THEY ALWAYS FIND HIM.

Supposing you could win the world,
what would you do with it? Would it
be to buy a horse and saddle, and make
everything else be laid aside, and make
up your minds that you will not rest un-
til you have sought and found the Lord
Jesus. I never knew any one to make
up his mind to do that. I have only
found him at Dublin, a young man
found Christ. He went home and lived
so godly and so Christlike, that two of
his brothers could not undertake what
had weighed the change in him. They
left Dublin, and followed us to Shewfield,
and found Christ there. They were in
earnest. But, thanks be to God, you
have not got to go out of this hall.
Christ came to us here, and he is here
to-day. I firmly believe every one here can find
Christ to-night if you will seek for him
with all your heart. He says, "Call
upon me." Did you ever hear of any
one calling upon me? Did you ever hear
that Christ didn't answer? Look at
the thief on the cross! It may have
been that he had a praying mother,
and that his mother had taught him the fifty-
third verse of Isaiah. He said, "Lord,
remember me when thou comest into thy
kingdom." Christ prayed that wonderful
prayer, "Father, forgive them." And, as he
was hanging on the cross, that text of
Scripture came to his mind, "Seek the
Lord while he may be found, and call
upon him when he is near." The truth came
flashing into his soul, and he said, "He

is near me now; I will call on him.
Lord, remember me when thou comest
into thy kingdom." He said, "I have
found him," the Lord said, "This day
thou shalt thou be with me in paradise."
That was his seeking opportunity, his
day. My friends, this is your day now.
You have it just now, why not call upon
him just now? Say, as the poor thief
did, "Lord, remember me." That was
his golden opportunity, and the Lord
remembered him. He said, "I have
found him," the Lord said, "This day
thou shalt thou be with me in paradise."
Did not Bartimeus call upon him while
he was near? Christ was passing by
Jericho for the last time, and he cried
out, "Thou Son of David, have mercy
on me." He said, "The Lord heard his
prayer, and gave him his sight? It was
a good thing Zaccheus called—or, rather,
the Lord called him; but when the Lord
called, he came. May the Lord call
many here, and may you respond, "Lord,
here am I, you have called, and I come."
Do you believe the Lord will call a poor
sinner, and then cast him out? No! His
word stands forever, "Him that cometh
to me will I in no wise cast out."
—D. L. Moody.

A Western Experience.

(Continued from first page.)

its gravel bed, 200 yards wide, its cool
and crystal waters fresh from the melt-
ing snows on the mountain slopes. A
few days of hard work on the part of the
men here, restored to its original use-
fulness the deserted "shack" or cabin
of an old trapper who had hunted deer,
lynx and beaver here four years before.
A new rod roof and a cellar dug in the
ground had converted it into a palace.
A roaring fire in the small box
stove sheds its warmth through the
whole building—the one-roomed Bac-
chelor's Hall, while the lord of the manor
swims in the warm water of his bath
in solitude he lives for over six weeks.
And who would not envy him, who is
brought into such close intercourse with
nature in all her primitive wildness.
Can not he truly say that he
"Is in freedom. These pure skies
Were never stained with village smoke.

And here the fair savannas know
No barrier in the bloomy grass.
Wherever breeze of heaven may blow,
Or Ope of heaven may glance, I
pass."

When everything was made comfort-
able in the "shack," the young frontiers-
man started out to explore the country,
and to find the best places for the
beautiful lakes, nestled in the bend of a
wooded hill, were the haunts of innumera-
ble wild-fowl, many of which soon fell
"victims to Nimrod's shafts. During the
long summer he was away from the shack
up all the o'clock, the young hermit
would stroll half a mile up the river to
the mouth of a little creek to fish, gener-
ally returning laden with fish enough to
feed his dinner and dog. His long
night long his dreams were disturbed by
the serenades of deep-mouthed coyotes,
who made the place unquiet by their
dismal howling. At first, I must con-
fess, he was stationed, and which would
large but cowardly wolves prowling
around the "shack," particularly as the
door, unhung, merely rested against the
frame, and there was no glass in the
windows.

Early in June a companion arrived
from Toronto, and another and more
rubby cabin was selected nearer civiliza-
tion. For miles before the door
of the shack the young hermit was
There were flowers underfoot; and life
and beauty everywhere. Every evening
could be heard the bugle-call from the
Fort, where a detachment of mounted
men were stationed, and which could
seen half a mile away, surrounded by an
encampment of Indian tepees; while on
a clear day, the snow-capped peaks of
the great mountain range, 150 miles
away, appeared above the horizon.

At last the time arrived for the two
Toronto boys to pull up stakes and strike
for the mountains. Taking the railway
train at Calgary, they hardly had time
to exchange their final parting man-
gled, utilized etiquette before they found
themselves at Banff, the Canadian Na-
tional Park, landing at 3 a.m. The
snow-capped peaks, piercing the clear
blue sky, and the soft, misty moun-
tain peaks. As the rising sun cast a
rosy tinge upon the highest peaks, they
climbed to the mountain's top. The
summit was reached as the sun appeared,
and the clouds of the mountain were
presented to their view. The beggars all
description. The contemplation of those
mighty masses of upheaved rock gives
an idea of might and majesty which can-
not be fully expressed. The mountains
to the north, and Castle Moun-
tain to the west, were the most perfect

specimens of rock stratification they had
ever seen. Below them lay the vast
valley of the north, with its hot sulphur
springs, and wonderful caves on the
slope of Sulphur Mountain, opposite. In
the centre a little lake mirrored the sky,
the mountains, and the trees. Along
along the shores, in which were partly
hidden snow tents and picturesque cot-
tages.

The day was spent in visiting the
scenery of wonder and beauty in this
rugged paradise, including a trip to the
falls on the Bow River, a bath in the
sulphur hot springs, and another in the
cave, where, descending a rocky shaft
by a long ladder, and then for four
hundred feet in a grotto, forty feet high
and fifty feet across. A little lake lay
at the bottom, leaving only a narrow
landing on one side.

The warm water bubbling up through
the rocks from the heart of the earth
rendered bathing here delightful, winter
or summer.

Taking the train again that night, they
found themselves early morning at Her-
fort, for five miles this side of the sum-
mit of the range. Here they set out to cross
the Rockies on foot. After passing
Lagan, they struck the down grade,
by a long trail, to the British
Columbia. All morning Mr. Stephen
loomed up 6,480 feet above them on the
left. Down the steep grade of 4 1/2 in the
100 they coasted on a hand-car, rattling
down the incline at a break-neck speed
for five miles further on the glacier on
Mt. Ottertail came in view. After
crossing the bridge over the stream
from which the mountain derives its
name, they went on to a crushing
mill, and soon reached Ottertail station.
Sunrise next morning found the writer
labouring up the mountain side. All
morning he struggled up the steep in-
cline, and at last, after a long and
thick underbrush, which, covered with melt-
ing snow, quickly soaked him to the skin.
By ten o'clock he had passed the timber
line, and found himself upon a thick
mossy carpet, which was fitted to the
King's Highway Pass. In another hour
the almost precipitous face of the solid rock
itself was reached. Taking advantage
of crevices and ledges, he scrambled up
the face of the rock, and at last entered
the clouds again. By making his
way along the ridge, which sometimes
narrowed almost to a wedge, at last he
found himself at the very summit, over
6,000 feet above the sea, and nearly
10,000 feet above the sea. But no sooner
did his excessive exertions cease, than
he began to feel the chilling effects of
great elevation. The Chinook wind, so
frequently to be felt on the peaks of the
mountain; but it was to him one more
good turn before he left. The clouds
that encircled the mountain top suddenly
passed, and could be seen hurrying in
the distance. The clouds were not
until they lost themselves. In the distance
range, like hoary-headed Titans in coun-
cil assembled.

He could not endure the intense
cold long, so our amateur moun-
taineer was obliged to clamber down
again on the opposite side to that by
which he had ascended. Dropping from
a ledge up to the top, he landed on a
huge boulder, weighing tons, which
went crashing down the mountain side
for a mile and a half, crushing every-
thing before it. Again entering the
clouds he lost the bearing of the glacier
of which he was in search. A six mile
trough, or rather, climb, brought him to
the railway, barely in time to catch the
train for Calgary.

He could not remember he left Winnipeg for
the Minneapolis and St. Paul. After spend-
ing two days among the four miles, the
fine buildings, and the exhibitions of
those cities and Chicago, he re-entered
the clouds, and he was not for a
month after he had left it for his sum-
mer's adventures.

"Do you believe in the value of fresh
air?"
"I do, indeed. I spent a week in the
mountains, and it cost me \$200."

Fond Mother—"What do you think
baby will be when he grows up?"
Exasperated Father—"I don't know,
town-crier, likely."

Mrs. Riley—"Are yez on callin' terms
wid our new neighbour?" Mrs. Murphy
—"Av course! I am. She called me a
thafe, and I called her another."

Teacher—"Thomas, will you tell me
what you can remember of the sentence
containing a conjunction?"
"Thomas (after long and solemn re-
flection)—"A conjunction is a word con-
necting anything, such as 'The horse is
black' and 'The horse is fast' by his
father's conjunction because it con-
nects the horse and the trace?"

Left Alone.

It's the loneliest house you ever saw,
This big gray house where I stay;
I don't call it livin' at all, at all—
Since my mother went away.

Four long weeks ago, an' it seems a year,
"Gone home," so the preacher said,
An' I ache in my breast with wantin' her,
An' my eyes are always red.

I stay out of doors till I'm almost froze,
"Cause every corner an' room
Seem empty enough to frighten a boy,
An' filled to the doors with gloom.

I hate them to call me to my meals,
Sometimes I think I can't bear
To swallow a mouthful of anythin',
An' her not sittin' up there,

A-pourin' the tea, an' passin' the things,
An' laughin' to see me take
Two big lumps of sugar instead of one,
An' more than my share of cake.

There's no one to go to when things go
wrong;

She was always so safe an' sure,
Why, not a trouble could tackle a boy
That she couldn't up an' cure.

I'm too big to be kissed, I used to say,
But somehow I don't feel right,
Crawlin' into bed at still as a mouse—
Nobody sayin' good-night—

An' tuckin' the clothes up under my chin,
An' pushin' my hair back so;
Things a boy makes fun of before his
chums,
But things that he likes, you know.

I can't make it out for the life of me,
Why she should have to go,
An' her boy left here in this old gray
house,
A-needin' an' wantin' her so.

There are lots of women, it seems to me,
That wouldn't be missed so much—
Women whose boys are all grown up,
An' old maid aunties, an' such.

I tell you the very loneliest thing
In this great, big world to-day,
Is a boy of ten whose heart is broke,
'Cause his mother is gone away.
—Toronto Globe.

A BOY OF TO-DAY

BY
Julia MacNair Wright.

Author of "The House on the Bluff," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

Heman's twenty-fourth birthday came, and had a most unlooked for and splendid celebration. In the evening they were all asked to tea at Simon Fletcher's, and then and there Simon Fletcher offered Heman a partnership in his business. Uncle Rias pounded the floor with his "patent leg" until the house rang; Aunt D'rexy polished away a few happy tears; Aunt Espey smiled in childlike happy peace, and remarked, "This is just like the Lord's ways of doing things, he never disappoints his people." Then everybody shook hands, and Mrs. Simon Fletcher, a buxom, jolly lady, passed about lemonade and pound-cake. As the Sinnetts went home Heman wondered how it was that the people they passed in the dim gaslight, and the houses shut for the night time, did not yet know of his great good fortune, that he, Heman Leslie, was now one of a big firm, "Fletcher & Leslie, Carpenters and Builders."

"What'll you do for a partner, Uncle Rias?" said Heman, laying his strong brown hand on the old man's shoulder. "I'll have Joey. It'll be, 'U. Sinnet & J. Clump, Carpenters"—not so big sounding as your sign, Heman, but we'll do; we'll get on Joey and me."

"Aunt D'rexy," said Heman next evening, "you've been our banker eight years, and it is time we called you to account. How much have we got laid up for the farm purchase? Bring out your books, dear old lady."

Aunt D'rexy beamed. She found the various books and papers in the pigeon-holes of the old desk, and laid all out under the lamplight. Eight years of savings, but not such a great amount after all. For four years Aunt Espey had done nothing, and Aunt D'rexy had almost ceased to do any work for people outside, as much of her time was needed for Aunt Espey, and Heman and Uncle Rias had concluded that the busy D'rexy worked too hard. The household had been supported comfortably, and Heman had had lessons in drawing

and mathematics at some expense. Aunt D'rexy thought the board a fair one, a round thousand dollars!

"See! all that," she said, presenting a little bank-book that a kindly cashier had kept in clear order for her. It was more than they had expected; the faces of the family fairly shone.

"Uncle Rias," said Heman, "what do you reckon this place worth?"

"I paid two hundred dollars for it about thirty years ago," said Aunt Espey, with her calm child-like smile.

"You mightn't think it, but it's so. I kept exact count," said Aunt D'rexy. "We've spent a hundred and forty dollars here on improvements, not counting the work, because we did that ourselves. There was the brick chimney for the kitchen, the fence, the new pump, the filling in the hollows."

"Yes," said Uncle Rias, "and property has improved here in Windle. It's true this lies low, and is too near the railroad track, but I do say it ought to fetch seven hundred dollars."

"Seventeen hundred then we can see clear," said Heman eagerly. "Twenty-eight hundred will buy back the farm."

"Yes, boy; but mind, a pair of horses, a waggon, farm tools, another cow, some more fowls and pigs, and some sheep would have to be bought if we meant to do any good with the farm when we got it. I'll soon have to stop carpentry, but I could farm if I had half a chance!"

"You're good for a long while yet, dear old man," said Heman, touching his uncle's arm. "Say thirty-three hundred would buy us the farm and restock it. Whew! We need sixteen hundred yet! Never mind; now I'm a partner with Simon Fletcher I can lay up five hundred a year maybe, and you can do the rest, Uncle Rias."

"With God's blessing we'll have our home again," said Aunt D'rexy. "You'll like to be back in your own room, Aunt Espey!"

"Oh, yes; but I'm happy anywhere," said the dear old soul, who after her long, hard-working life had entered days of peace, dwelling serenely in Beulah land, and looking to the golden hills across the river that parts us from life.

It was in that same spring, when all the world was just awaking after the winter's sleep, that the Sinnet family took a holiday and went to visit their friends the Clumps. They found that Mrs. Clump had sent them an unrecieved message that they must stay all night, as she had invited the neighbours for the evening. "You'll have to stay," she said decidedly.

"But there is the cow to milk, and the pig to feed, the fowls to feed and shut up. Why, they have to be seen to," said D'rexy.

"All right, aunt," said Heman, "I'll ride over on horseback and attend to them and be back before you know it." He went off at a pretty good pace, and Mrs. Clump timed him fairly as she thought, while she prepared her supper. Supper was ready and waited; finally they sat down without Heman. Aunt Espey was placid. Uncle Rias said, "Fletcher's stopped him for business," but Aunt D'rexy could not eat. Had anything happened to her boy? Finally he came, rattling along the road, a flame of excitement over all his face. He volubly begged pardon for delays, declared himself starved, was bountifully helped—then could not eat. What did it all mean?

It meant that as he mounted his horse to ride back, a gentleman had asked him, "Who owns this place?"

CHAPTER XIX.

WORKS PRAISING IN THE GATES.

"I do," said Heman, in answer to the stranger's question.

"You look of age, and over," said the stranger.

"Certainly. I'm Leslie, firm of Fletcher & Leslie, Builders."

"Oh! Glad to be talking to a business man. I'm on business. Do you want to sell this place?"

"Why, no," said Heman, "we haven't thought of it. We counted on living here. It suits us pretty well for now."

"I did not come here to dicker or try any sharp tricks," said the gentleman, "but to make a fair, straight-forward bargain. I represent the railroad in the matter in hand. You may have heard that we are going to move our shops? We want to bring them to Windle. The railroad, as you know, owns that piece of land between the cut and Sloane's. We need more, and should buy beside it. Sloane's land is rich, under high cultivation, and has fine buildings; it would command too high a price, and he is probably not willing to sell a portion on any terms. This land of yours is of no especial value except for our purposes, and for them it comes just right.

We would give you more than you would get in any other market. Railroads usually have to pay more than other buyers. We have no time to waste, and no bargaining to do. These small buildings here would serve as well for tool-houses, as we begin work, and you have an acre and a quarter? We will give twenty-five hundred cash down for it, with immediate possession."

It seemed to Heman as if the sky had fallen about him in a rain of parti-coloured stars. He nearly tumbled off his horse, so overpowered was he by the splendid suggestions of the words "twenty-five hundred dollars in cash." That meant the farm back again and plenty to stock it. Two hundred dollars more than Uncle Rias had required. Twenty-five hundred dollars, that was independence!

A life accustomed to doing his duty honourably, and not yielding to passing emotions stood Heman in good stead; he did not fall off his horse or otherwise betray himself; he said calmly, "When I said this place was mine, I spoke as we all do in our family, no man disputing about ownership, but all owning all. When you talk of buying and of deeds, and so on, the place must be sold by my aunt, who really owns it. She will follow exactly the advice we give her. I am sure she will be willing to sell, and will be satisfied with your offer. Still we shall want to consult Lawyer Brace before we advise her. Will you wait until to-morrow noon? At twelve sharp we can give you an answer, at Lawyer Brace's office. I think there is no doubt but we shall make the sale."

"All right, then; until twelve to-morrow, and not an hour longer. Sharp's the word in this business."

It was this conversation that had delayed Heman, and which sent him along the road back to Mr. Clump's in such a happy excitement that his face shone and he could not eat his supper. Neither could he talk sense.

The neighbourhood friends were coming in so soon that he could not begin with the details of the railroad's offer, still he felt that he must tell somebody of the approaching good fortune. Dolly was presently out on the wide back porch washing the tea dishes, while Mrs. Clump, in the dairy-room strained the milk and scalded the pans and pails. The sleeves of Dolly's pink gingham frock were turned back at the elbows; she wore a big coarse linen apron with a bib, and her fingers moved very nimbly as she wiped cups and spoons. Heman leaned against a post of the porch. "Dolly, we can just see the tops of the chimneys of our house over the pasture ridge from here, can't we?" said Heman.

"I wish it was your house," said Dolly, wiping a saucer. "I heard that the people who took it when you left are talking of going West, and nobody knows who'll come in their place. The farm will all run down too, if it is in the hands of careless tenants. Moshier says the house needs painting outside and in, and three rooms ought to be papered. It would cost a hundred dollars, and you know Mr. Sloane hates to spend money. If I had that place I would put a ring seat around that big willow, it has grown so big it looks like a grove; and I'd have an arbour in the back yard; but people who rent won't fix up things that way, and of course Mr. Sloane don't care to do it."

"What else would you do, Dolly?" said Heman, with interest.

"I don't know," laughed Dolly. "I'm not thinking of buying it."

"But I am," said Heman, jubilantly, "soon too—right off! I hope the place is to be vacated so we can go home at once. Don't you tell a word of it, Dolly, until the folks go away this evening, then we must talk it over. I had an offer, a good offer, while I was over there fixing things up for the night. All we've got to do is to close it to-morrow noon, and buy our own old home from Mr. Sloane before night."

Dolly suspended her dish-washing. "Do you think he'll sell it for a fair price?" she asked anxiously.

"I think so. He and Mrs. Sloane have promised, and then I heard he was talking of buying a place by the Normal, and he may like the money."

"Won't you be dreadfully lonely after being so long used to the town? It will seem dull out here, maybe," said Dolly.

"Maybe it won't then. I'll have a horse to ride to my work every day. And, Dolly, here's another secret. Lawyer Brace wants to sell his Surrey for fifty dollars; he wants a new carriage; but this one is as strong as ever, and I can repaint it myself. I mean to buy that, so that Aunt Espey and Aunt D'rexy can get to church comfortably in most any weather."

"You must be getting rich," said

Dolly, piling the clean dishes on a tray. "Are you too proud to empty that dish-pan into the drain for me? I hate to see young men idle."

Heman laughed, emptied the pan, and brought the tea-kettle from the kitchen to pour hot-water over Dolly's dish-towels. Heman was accustomed to all these little services; his Aunt D'rexy had earl, taught him to help her in the house.

(To be continued.)

The Newspaper on the Farm.

BY MRS. OWEN BALDWIN CAMPBELL.

Poems have been written,
And songs have been sung,
Of lofty deeds of daring,
And the world has fairly rung,
With great and noble efforts,
And victories bravely won,
Tasks grandly finished,
Because so well begun.
But one of the treasures of daily life,
So common, yet so rare,
Like the water we so freely drink,
And the pure life-giving air,
Is the newspaper, with its precious gifts,
And almost magic charm,
As it comes to break the monotony
Of life upon the farm.

Farm life without its presence
Would be a dolly round
Of "John, have you fed the stock?"
"When you goin' to town?"
"Who was that in the waggon?"
"I didn't know the team!"
"How much do you guess the hog'll
weigh,

When he comes to tip the beam?"
"Did you take good care
Of the old gray mare?"
"Cuttin' hickory with this dull axe,
Would make a preacher swear!"
"Did you hear old Higby say,
When he got back from town,
What hay is brigin' now,
And pork is worth a pound?"
"The old red cow kicked just as if
She meant to break an arm!"
But the newspaper, it comes to break
The monotony of the farm.

I wonder how the women lived,
What their lives could have been,
With no magazine or paper,
No sketch from any pen.
Only, "What is butter bringin'?"
"Are your cows a-doing well?"
"Is there anything catchin' your chick-
ens?"
"Jakey is learning to spell,"
"Notice Mrs. Jones' bunnit?"
"She got it just last week;
Sho an' Miss Raymond's got so mad,
They say they'll never speak."
But the newspaper with its many gifts,
And stories meant to charm,
Comes like a peace-sent message,
To the dwellers on the farm.

On winter evenings when all meet,
And gather 'round the fire,
With bright, expectant faces,
And innocent desire;
The father pleasantly saying,
"Better read the story first;
That feller was in a tight place—
Let's see if he needs a hoarse."
Then next we'll hear the market:
And then the young folks' page:
What they are doing in Congress;
And where the blizzards rage.
"G'an'ma, I'll read the sermon,
You like to hear so well."
"No! Let the rest bear their parts first;
I guess I can wait a spell."
So the newspaper comes with its message
To manhood, age and youth;
With pure, bright thoughts from many
minds,
And many a pleasant truth.

Bedtime is sure to come too soon,
Fatigue is quite forgot;
So many things to talk about,
The daily tasks seem naught.
The young folks still look forward,
To the evenings filled with cheer,
Until, this paper all read through,
The next one shall appear.
The mind that without food becomes
A weedy, barren waste,
Grows with the thought it feeds upon,
And forms a healthy taste.
The newspaper, with its precious gifts,
And naught that's meant to harm,
Breaks like a ray of sunshine
The monotony of the farm.

—Midland Christian Advocate.

Aunt— "Do they teach by the object system at your school?"
Little Boy— "Yes'm. They is always objectin' to something or other."
Old Farmer— "That's a fine lot of pigs over there. What do you feed them?"
Amateur— "Why, corn, of course."
Old Farmer— "In the ear?"
Amateur— "Certainly not; in the mouth."



HOW SOME LADIES TRY TO LOOK BEAUTIFUL.

The Legend of Robin Redbreast.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

When Jesus walked to Calvary,
 'Tis said a little bird
 Beheld 'Him, and its gentle heart
 With pitying love was stirred.
 It flew and plucked a cruel thorn
 From out the mocking crown,
 While drops from Jesus' bleeding brow
 Fell on its bosom brown.
 They dyed the glossy plumage red—
 And now all robins wear
 A stain upon their breast to show
 That deed of loving care.
 Nor have they ever lacked a friend—
 'Twas thus the legend read—
 For Robin Redbreast when in need
 By children has been fed.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 5.

NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER.

Neh. 1. 1-11. Memory verses, 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Prosper, I pray thee, thy servant this day.—Neh. 1. 11.

OUTLINE.

- 1. A People's Need, v. 1-3.
- 2. A Patriot's Prayer, v. 4-11.

Time.—About B.C. 444.
 Place.—Susa.

Introductory Note.—Nehemiah followed Ezra in the government of Judah, specially of Jerusalem. He was a deeply religious man, and wise in his efforts to rebuild the city. He was an ardent patriot. Though a noble in the Persian court and raised to wealth and honour, he forgot not his own land, desolate and afflicted. He prayed for its welfare; he worked as he prayed. He was governor of Jerusalem for twelve years, and then returned to the Persian court, whence, after five years, he again came back to his own land and corrected evils which had crept in.

LESSON HELPS.

1. "The words of Nehemiah"—A good man, a ruler, and a patriot. His wealth was given for the public good. Probably of an eminent family, as only such a one could be placed in what was then a very responsible position, cupbearer of the Persian king.
2. "I asked them"—The question was about (1) the Jews and (2) Jerusalem. His solicitude is manifest. He was not a selfish man. He thought of others. He thought most of his brethren in affliction. So should we.
3. "The wall of Jerusalem also is broken down"—The walls were broken down at the time of the captivity.
4. "And mourned certain days"—From the month Chisleu, which answers to a part of our November and December, to the month Nisan, a period of about four months. The great work he undertook was not done in haste. It was preceded by much prayer.
5. The prayer now follows. "The great and terrible God"—Great, for he is able to work mighty works; terrible, for he can punish his foes.
6. "Let thine ear now be attentive"—Hear us. Answer our petition and receive our confessions. "Thine eyes open"—See us in our sorrow. "Both I and my father's house"—He joins himself with others. Personal and national confession together. If we ask God to forgive others let us ask him to forgive ourselves.
7. "The commandments"—Of the divine law which regulates life. "The statutes" are the ceremonies of religion, and the "judgments" are the precepts of justice given through Moses to the chosen people.
- 8, 9. "The word that thou commandest

thy servant Moses"—Here follow quotations from Deuteronomy and Leviticus. It is well to quote Scripture in prayer. God is pleased when his children have his promises in their hearts and utter them with their lips. "Will bring them unto the place"—And so indeed he did.

11. "To the prayer of thy servant, and to the prayer of thy servants"—Union in prayer, as in other things, is strength. Our united petitions should ascend to the throne of heavenly grace.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Nehemiah's prayer.—Neh. 1.
- Tu. The request granted.—Neh. 2. 1-11.
- W. A good resolve.—Neh. 2. 12-20.
- Th. Confession and forgiveness.—Lev. 26. 40-46.
- F. Precious promises.—Deut. 30. 1-10.
- S. Solomon's prayer.—1 Kings 8. 46-53.
- Su. Turn us, O Lord.—Psalms 80.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY

1. A People's Need, v. 1-3.
 Whose words have we in this lesson?
 Who came to visit Nehemiah?
 Where was Nehemiah?
 In what month and year did the visit occur?
 Concerning whom did Nehemiah ask?
 What was the report about the people?
 What about the holy city?
 Who had caused this ruin? 2 Kings 25. 10.
2. A Patriot's Prayer, v. 4-11.
 What three things did Nehemiah do?
 To whom did he pray?
 How did he address the Lord?
 For whom did Nehemiah pray?
 What confession did he make?
 What promise of the Lord did he plead?
 Through whom was this promise given?
 What did Nehemiah say of the people?
 Whose favour did he desire to secure?
 What office did he hold?
 What king was this? Neh. 2. 1.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. A lesson of patriotism?
 2. A lesson of piety?
 3. The value of prayer?



SPARE THE BIRDS.

SPARE THE BIRDS.

The New York Tribune tells of a society formed in New York to assist in preventing the killing of birds for use in the decoration of ladies' bonnets. "For the last five years," says The Tribune, "songbirds and pipers, birds with gay plumage and without, have been killed in season and out of season—in the woods, fields, marshes, and on the sea-shore—in numerous numbers. Shooting birds and selling their heads and skins has become a business with hundreds of men and boys along the Atlantic coast and in the interior. The terns and sea-swallows, once so abundant from Cobbs Island in Virginia to Cape Cod, have been almost exterminated, and the meadow-larks, thrushes, robins, and bobolinks of our country fields are heard more and more rarely near the large cities, or even through long stretches of Long Island and New Jersey. "It is hard to say at all accurately how many birds pass yearly through the great millinery establishments. A writer in The Science supplement for February puts the number between five million and ten million. "A correspondent of Forest and Stream tells of a single collector who brought back eleven thousand skins from a three-months' southern trip in 1884, and says that from one small district of Long Island seventy thousand skins were sent to New York in four months. There is a single New York taxidermist,

according to the same paper, who confesses to preparing thirty thousand bird-skins for hats and bonnets every season. "The members of the society, which is named after the great naturalist Audubon, pledge themselves, first, to discourage the killing of any bird not used for food, second, to discourage the robbing of any bird's nest or the destruction of its eggs, third, to refrain from the use of any wild bird's plumage as an article of dress or adornment. The English sparrow, however, is excluded from its protection.

Will not our boys and girls be glad to assist in the work of such a society.

ONLY TWO GLASSES OF BEER.

A boy in a court-room was arraigned for throwing a stone at a street-car. When asked by the judge what he had to say for himself, he drooped his head and stammeringly replied, "Nothing, sir—except—that I—had taken a—couple of—glasses—of—beer! Nothing—sir—except—"

As if that would be accepted in extenuation of a boy's lawlessness!

A barn burns down, and the person charged with the responsibility says he has no excuse, only that he left a shovel of burning coals on a hay mow! The boy's stammering tongue did not make an acceptable plea, and he was marched off by the police, to think the matter over in a stone cell.

"Nothing—sir—except—!" And yet some people think beer is a temperate drink, and that brewers are the apostles of good order, good health, good morals. Two glasses, only, of beer, and yet therein was room sufficient for a stone that did a deal of trouble. There is room in a glass of beer for many ugly things—hot words and hard blows, a lying tongue, and a thief's fingers. But every glass of beer is sure to have this within: a stairway that leads one down to a glass of something stronger. "Beer" is one ugly step in the drunkard's descent toward hell!

A young man who didn't want to die a drunkard, and came to us for help, said he started the trouble in a glass of

beer. A second, who came for our prayers, traced his drinking habits back to the quaffing of a glass of beer while he was getting in coal when a boy.

"Nothing—sir—except—!" This is the season when beer and its kindred nuisances that have been behind doors in town come forth, like snakes' tongues out of a hole occupied in winter, and temptingly are paraded before our boys at pleasure excursions and summer resorts. Set your face and foot against the evil, and be right when you are boys. Don't put your foot on the top stair of the drunkard's descent. You then will not surely reach the last and lowest step.

"BRING PLENTY OF RUM."

A Boston sea-captain's wife was one day reading a letter written to her husband by a trader on the coast of Africa, telling him what articles to bring on his next voyage to that country. After naming this, that, and the other thing which it would be well to bring, the list concluded with,

"Bring plenty of rum."
 This is the Mac-donian cry that comes to America from the conscienceless traders who infest the African coast. "Bring plenty of rum!" Rum is in good demand. Rum will sell any time. Rum will buy anything which the poor ignorant natives have. "Bring plenty of rum!"

How does America answer such re-

quests as this? She is fully equal to the occasion. A single vessel sailing from the port of Boston has taken one hundred and thirty-one thousand gallons of rum to Africa, and reports have come of ships carrying a single missionary and a hundred thousand gallons of rum. What will the harvest be if this is the seed sown? and what shall be the doom of the wretches who thus scatter degradation, debauchery, and damnation among the benighted heathen? Surely, this is a most solemn question, and a question which merits our most careful consideration.

We send out missionaries to the heathen, but one cargo of rum will ruin more heathen in a year than a missionary could save in a life-time. Is it not high time that something was done to stop this infamous business? Do not the circumstances of the case demand that a little mission work be done nearer home? Is it not high time that civilized nations tie a millstone to the neck of this infernal traffic, and sink it in the nethermost hell? Surely those who boast of their righteousness and their civilization should take some measures to prevent this wholesale poisoning which is going on before their eyes. The whole business is wrong, and the sooner it is blotted out of existence the better. God speed the day when men shall be done with this dire and deadly traffic, and heathen nations shall no more be cursed with these abominations sent out from civilized lands.—Safeguard.

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