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Some of These Days. BY R. E. HEWITT.

I'll arrange the drawers in my chiffonier,
My gloves shall go there, and my ribbons I'll put all my books in the neatest array, Some of these days—but why not to-day?

I'll write the letter that's waited so long; I'm sure it would please my friend, Annie Strong. To hear from the girls; she is so far

away ! Some of these days—but why not to-day? I'll finish the mending that ought to be

The holes in my stocking—I'll darn every "A stitch in time," my mother would

say; Some of these days—but why not to-day? I'll take the dear Lord as the guide of my youth, And ask for the help of the Spirit of

To lead all my steps in the royal high-Some of these days-but why not to-day?

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

BY THE EDITOR. In the south-western portion of the United States Territories, beyond the Rio Grande River, is a vast plateau stretching to the base of the Sierra Neradas. Various large streams have cut long canyons through the nearly horizontal strata, in places to a depth of six or seven thousand feet. In the greater part of this region there is little moisture apart from those streams, and a secons a consequence, vegetation is very parse, and the general aspect of the country is that of a semi-casert. Yet there is abundant evidence that at one country is that of a semi caser. Yet there is abundant evidence that at one time it supported a numerous population. "There is scarcely a square mile of the 6,000 examined," writes Professor W. H. Holmes, "that does not furnish evidence of previous occupation by a race totally distinct from the nomadic savages who now hold it, and in many ways superior to_them."

The ruins are almost exclusively stone The ruins are almost excusively stone structures. Brick or wood seldom occurs. They mry be classed, as 10 situation, as follows. (I) Lowland or agricultural dwellings; (2) Cave-dwellings; and (3) Ciff-houses or

fortresses.

Those of the are the chiefly OB iver-bottoms, or the fertile lands near the water. river-bottoms, the fertile lands near the water, without reference to defence. The second class are excavations in the faces of the low bluffs, and are chosen chiefly for conteal-ment and secur-ity. Those of the third class are built high up in steep and in-accessible cliffs, and are evidently places of refuge and strongholds for defence. Durseasons of war and in vasion, familie Were ers probably ent to them for scurity while security . while the warriors went the warrouter to battle, to battle, "and one can readily imagine," says Professor that



when the hour of total defeat had come they served as a last resort for a dis-heartened and desporate people." It some cases the ruins give evidence of the well-built and solid walls of a fortress, which must have possessed con-siderable strugglin.

The cave-dwellings are made by dig-ging irregular cavities in the faces of bluffs and cliffs of friable rock, and then walling up the fronts, leaving only small doorways and an occasional small win-

THE CLIFF HOUSES

are of firm, neat masonry, and the manare of firm, nest masonry, and the man-ner in which they are attached or con-nected to the cliffs is simply marvellous. They conform in shape to the floor or roof of the niche or shelf on which they are built, which has been worn away by the _atural erosion of the elements.

Their construction has cost a great deal of inborr, the stones and mortar having been brought for hundreds of feet up the most precipitous places. In many places the larger mortar seams have been chinked with bits of pottery and sandatone. The marks of the mason's pick are as fresh as if made within a few years, and the fine, hard mud mortar, which has been applied with the bare bands, still retains impressions of the minute markings of the skin of the fingers. fingers.

fingers.

The group shown on fourth page is of a vary remarkable character. "It was first observed," says Professor Holmes, from the trail far below, and fully one-fourth of a mile sawy. From this point, by the aid of a field-glass, the aketch was made. So cleverly are the houses illden away in the dark recesses, and so very like the surrounding cliffs in col-

our, that I had almost completed the sketch of the upper house before the tower one was detected. They are at least eight hundred feet above the rower one was detected. They are at least eight hundred feet above the river. The lower four hundred feet is of rough broken alope, the remainder of massive bedded sandstones, full of windworn niches, crevices, and caves."
Under a great ledge or overhauging roof, projecting thirty feet, is the "cliff-dwelling." Its front wall built along the better the very edge of a sheer precipice. The lower house is sixty feet long and fifteen deep. The wall is fourteen feet high The interior is divided into rooms, in which are the remains of beans and corn, and the traces of fire. On the face of which are the remains of beans and corrowd which are the remains of beans and corrowd the control of the contro such a place of resort.

A LARGE CAVE TOWN.

at Rio de Chilly, occurs in a great ledge or bench of an encircling lines of cliffs. The total length of the solidly built portion is 365 feet, with a width of about 10 miles of the control of the cont

namented with very handsome designs, some will hold as much as ten gal-turs. The mak-ers evidently had a considerable imitative ability imitative ability and sense of gro-tesque humour, as many of their wares were capital represen-tations of fowls and the like and the often with like. very comic look. woven fabric and little images. little images, probably for idolatrous use, Idolatrous use, occur. Hierogiyphic or piciure-writing is also found engraved in the rock, or painted with red and white pigmenta A number of weil-shapedakulis have alto been found. Who were the

Who were the cliff - dwellers, and what was their fate? is a



CERT-DWELLING ON THE COLORADO. .

question of great interest. In the plains of Arisona and New Mexico are numerous Pueblo villages, numbering about 7,000 inhabitants, who are considered to be the descendants of the cliff-dwellers. They dwell in large communities—from 200 to 700 souls—in one huge structure. This structure consists of a holie buildings of adobe or Just These Pueblidings of a five or three recedies about the same grade of its conjectured that the latter retired southward some time since the Spanish occupation of Centra. America either account of the hostile pressure of fiercer tribes from the north, or from the failure of the means of sustenance through the drying up of the streams It seems probable. Temarks Professor Horizontal that a rich reward await the fortunate archineologist work has been controlled in the masses of the sustainable pueblid in the masses of the Southwest."

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 24, 1900.

HARIT.

There was once a horse that used to pull around a sweep which lifted dirt from the depths of the earth. He was kept at the business nearly twenty years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a pasture, and left to crop the grass without any one to dis-turb or bother him But the funny thing about the old horse was that every morning after grazing awhile he would start on a tramp, going round and round in a circle just as he had been accustomed in a circle just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for hours, and people would often stop to look and wonder what had got into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk around got into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk around in such as solemn way when there was no early need for it. It was the force o chably had the bey who forms had or good habits in his youth will be do by them when he becomes old, and will be allegable or happy accordingly.—Christian Observer.

A TERRIBLE DANGER. BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

People read, with pale faces, the account of a tornado, and the single word "cyclone" is all that is required to ter-rify the dwellers in some of our States. rify the dwellers in some of our States. They build cellars and bank-houses in which to hide from the fury of the storm, and run to their refuga at the first approach of the dreaded visitor. And yet the same persons sit calmy down, and witness the terrible tornado of intemperance sweeping furfously be added to the first to the same person sit calmy down, and witness the terrible tornado to intemperance sweeping furfously be added to the first threat of the same person with the same to the first threat with murder, its voloc hourse with curses—woe, and death, and destruction following in its wake overhoarse with curses—woe, and death, and destruction following in its wake overy-where. And, if one dares to lift up the cry of "danger!" and entreat men to dy for safety to a sure refuge from this appalling storm, he is called "a crank,"

and "a fanatic," and laughed or specred

and "a tannite." and isughed or steered at for his carnestness.

Not by everybody, thank God! There are those who would gladly help him; but by too many and by very many who know to well the fearful ravages of the awful cyclone of intemperance.

No one who uses even one drop of interiority in the awful cyclone of intemperance.

No one who uses even one drop of interiority in the awful cyclone of intemperance and women have sunk under this dreadful scourge number to realst the appetite, when once it was yielded to. The only prefect hope of safety is, never to touch the vile thing And the next, to do all we can by example, law, and influence, to save those who are in danger.

Our best hope for the future, dear chil-

who are in danger
Our best hope for the future, dear children, is in you Will you do all you can
to avert the storm of intemperance, and
bring a better and brighter day? Intemperance is the leading crime of the age, and you must make a mighty struggle to overcome it.

A TALE OF TWO.

BY TINA MITCHELL.

BY TIMA MITCHELL.

As the clock is striking six each morning, a man with rounded shoulders, a wheezy chest, and a face dull and heavy with sleep goes out into a little shed and says "Good-morning" to his horse. This is the way he does it. First he gives him a rough slap on the near hind-quarter. Then he emphasizes the slap with a strong shove and as growds past. Bill into the nerrow stall, and when he sees that the meagre portion of food provided for Bill last night is all gone, he grumbles and growls in a way that should not like to-describe on paper. Bill its cost supposed to understand the human language bestowed upon him every morning, but I can tell you that he feels dreadfully mortified that the quantity of food he eats should excite so much comment. He has tried to eat less, and often and often he has turned his head away from the rack long before he had away from the that he did so made no Ver the foot that he did so made no Ver the foot that he did so made no

away from the rack long before he had satisfied his appetite.

Yet the fact that he did so made no difference to his master, who scoided and grumbled just the same. Consequently poor Bill is in that unhappy condition of being quite unable to please by any course of conduct. That his master is unreasonable has not occurred to him, he is worried only because he cannot please his master.

At saven oclock each morning, Bill's

not please his master.

At seven o'clock each morning, Bill's
master harnesses him to a ricketty waggon, and sets off for the Jay. Their
day's work consists in carrying odds and day's work consists in carrying odds and ends of all sorts for people who don't want to employ a regular expressman. Long, hard days some of them are too, as Bill would tell you if he could make you understand his language. Weary days, with nothing better at the end of them than more scolding and more fault-

every morning at five minutes to nine Every morning at five minutes to nine a joily doctor, with a shining round face and a hearty voice, rings up a certain boarding-stable "How's my nag this morning?" says the ductor. "Has he had all he'll eat?" "Are you sure?" Because I have no intention of getting the S. P. C. A people on mornack. The livery man tight say he declared to the groom, and Tip, the doctor's nag, overhears them and laughs and dances over it too.

the groom, and Tip, the doctor's hag, overhears them and laughs and dances over it too.

At nine o'clock, Tip, harnessed to the smartest of doctors rigs, is standing at the s

the chay's ingers just as they go investigating how Thy's eyes are fastened in.
Everybody says "good-bye" to everybody, and Tip gives a loud "good-bye"
to all, which sets the baby laughing
And Tip has started out on his day's

work.

Tip's day's work often extends far into the night, and twenty fours of going with only the briefest rests has more than once seen a very tired little Tip creeping in among the good hay.

Tip and Bill had never niet, and might never have met if it hadn't been for the boy who teased the organ-grinders menkey. The monkey took revenge's prearing the boy's face. Tip's master

happened to be passing. He followed the wounded boy into the house. Bill's master came down the street with the clowd, and Tip and Bill found themselves

aide by side side by side.
Tip looked at Bill with a sort of mild
contempt. Bill looked at Tip with a
look of deep envy. Which should speak
first? Bill did.

drat ? Bill did.
"What's all this fuss about ?" said
Bill. Tip explained.
"No need to have come down here at
this rate just for that !" panted Bill,
"I'm completely out of wind !"
"And one would think you kept a
pretty good stock of that on hand," retorted Tip, his head set saucily on one
side.

side. Ow do you mean ?" asked Bill, with an uncomfortable feeling that Tip was naking fun of him.
"Well," and Tip looked Bill over slowly and deliberately, "well, I fancled that wind was the thing you got the most of!"

Bill wriggled uncomfortably in his loose harness.

"It must be pretty hard to groom you," continued Tip, and let his eyes rest upon first one and then another of

rest upon first one and then another or Bill's weak points.

Bill drew a deep breath, and tried to fill out the deep hollows, and to hide his ribs. He looked deeply ashamed as his greatest effort resulted in failure. He looked up as if to speak, then dropped his head

"Look here," said Tip, "I'm down-right sorry for you. What's the trouble, old man?"

night sorry for you. What's the trouble, old man 1".

Bill glanced at Tip to see whether the latter were in earnest. The expression on Tip's face must have been reasuring, for Bill opened his sad horse-heart, and told his woes to Tip. Tip listened with many expressions of sympathy. When Bill had finished, and east his eyes dejectedly upon the ground. Tip said, "Now, see here, my friend you're making the biggest maked to your like. You make the told the tight of the tip with the tight of tight of the tight of the tight of tight of the tight of the tight of the tight of tight of the tight of tight of

a toaster."

Just then Bill's master struck him sharply with the lines, and harshly told him to get out of that.

Tip called after him, "Now, don't forget what I've told you, and don't ever let me see you around this city looking as bad as you do to-day!" He laughed softly to himself as he noted Bill alsappearing down the street, his head held inches higher than when they had first exchanged compilments.

Toronto.

The Drink For Me.

The drink that's in the drunkard's bowl The drink that's in the drunkard's nown is not the drink for me! it kills his body and his soul. How sad a sight is he! But there's a drink that God has given, Distilling in the showers of heaven, In measure large and free, Oh, that's the drink for me!

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS AND HIS MOTRER.

The mother of John Quincy Adams said in a letter to him, written when he was only ten years old, "I would rather see you laid in your grave than grow up a profane and graceless boy." Not long before the death of Mr. Adams a gentleman said to him, "I have found out who

made you"
"What do you mean?" asked Mr.

The gentleman replied, "I have been reading the published letters of your

"It," this gentleman remarks, "I had spoken that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his mother, his eyes could not have flashed mother highly, nor his face glowed more quickly, nor his face glowed more quickly, than did the eyes of that venerable of man when I pronounced the name of his mother. He stood up in his peculiar manner, and said, 'Yes, sir; all the good that is in me I owe to my mother."

John Quincy Adams could say with Dr. Bethune:

I've pored o'er many a yellow page Of ancient wisdom, and have won, Perchance, a scholar's name, but sage Or bard has never taught thy son Lessons so dear, so fragrant with holy truth, As those his mother's faith shed on his

youth."

IF I COULD BE A BOY AGAIN.

BY DISHOP JOHN H. VINCENT.

"If I were a boy?" Ah, if I only ero! The very thought sets my im-gination aftre. That "if" is a key to wero I

wero! The very thought sets my imagination after. That "if" is a key to dreamland.

"If I were a boy "—well, if I were a boy such as I was, of the same sort, with the same beginnings, the same blood, the same surroundings, the same heachers, the same home (blossed home 0), the same classmates, the same accidents, atmo-spheres, and aspirations, the same in-terior opinions, passions, and conflicts-should I have come into the same life,

should I have come into the same experiby the same pain, with the same experiby the same pain, with the same experiby the same pain, with the same experitif I were a boy, with my present
the product different?

If I were a boy, with my present
thowicelge of the end, or the state of
present progress toward the end, with
my memory of the past and my man's
view of a boy's life—what would I do?

First, I should have an early conversation with my parents. I should bring
my later wisdom to bear on them. I
am older now than my father was when
I was a boy, and I might give a word
of advice even to blim.
If I were a boy, I should want a thor-

of advice even to him.

If I were a boy, I should want a thorough discipline, early begun and never relaxed, on the great doctrine of will-force as the secret of character. Faith in God is, I know, the foundation. But it must be true fear, and not a wretched terror; the fear, which is a roverent and holy love for a loving King who is a father, and holy love for a loving King who is a father, and holy love for a loving King who is a father, and holy love for a loving King who is a father, and holy love for a loving King who is a father, and holy love for a loving King who is a father, and holy love for a loving King who is a father and holy love for a loving King who is a father, and holy love for a loving king who had holy of the send want my teacher to put weight of responsibility upon me; to make me know and feel that God furnishes the material and the conditions, but that I must do the work of building my character; to fill me with the thought that I am not a "thing," a stick, a stone, a lump of clay or putty, but a "person," a "power, a "creator," and that what I am in the long run, in the final outcome, I am to make myself.

I am to make myself.

I am to make myself.

Father and mother older brother and set riend, hooks and periodicals, are good teachers. Classes for letter-picking and word-building, for difficult spelling and reading, are very good. Classes in numbers, for mental problems and drawing geometrical lines, are excellent. But the best class, to be earliest organized, and longest sustained, the class in which a two-year-old should be an advanced pupil, the class that never graduates, it the class in which a boy is trained to say.

If I were a boy with my man's wiscomment in which a boy is trained to say.

If ought, I can, I will:

If I were a boy with my man's wiscomment in which had have a concept to the pure of the contraction of the contracti

I should play and romp, sing and shout,

unfortunate. I should play and romp, sing and shout, climb trees, explore caves, srin rivers, and be able to do in reason all the manly things that-belong to manly sports; love and study nature; travel as widely and observe as wisely as I could; study with a will when the time came for study, read the best pools; could be the county of the country o

Our Little Boy Who Ran Away. BY STRAN TRAL PERRY.

"I'm going now to run away,"
Said little Sammie Greer one day;
"Then I can do just what I choose; I'll never have to black my shoes, Or wash my face or comb my hair; I'll find a place, I know, somewhere; And never have again to fill That old chip-basket; so I will."

"Good-bye, mamma," he said, "good-

bye."
He thought his mother then would cry.
She only said, "You going, dear ?"
And did not shed one single tear.
"There now," said Sammie Greer, '

She does not care if I do go; But Bridget does. She'll have to fill The old chip-basket; so she will."

But Bridget only said: "Well, boy, You off for sure? I wish you joy." And Sammic's little sister Kate, Who swung upon the garden gate, Said, anxiously, as he passed through, "To-night, whatever will you do When you can't get some 'lasses spread At supper-time, on top of bread ?"

use block from home, and Sammie Greer's
Weak little heart was full of fears.
He thought about Red Riding Hood;
The wolf that mat her in the wood;
The bean-stalk boy who kept so mum
When he heard the glant's "Fee, fo,
fum!"

And when he saw a policeman, He turned and quickly homeward ran

Soon through the alley-way he sped, And crawled in through the old wood-

And crawled in through the old woodehed,
The blig chip-basket he did fill;
He vanhed his face, and combed his hair;
He went up to his mother's chair,
And kissed her twice, and then he said,
"I'd like some 'basses top of bread."

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN UNEXPROTED GUEST.

AN UNKIPECTED GUEST.

Great preparations were going on at Tom Kimmon's cottage, for Maurice Dow was expected home that day. Mrs. Dow had provided an extra to the control of the control o

"How far have you travelled, sir?"
"From New York," answered the man,
a strange look creeping over his face as
he glanced at Mrs. Dow.
The stranger was tall, with a stout,

ne iglanced at Mrs. Dow.
The stranger was tall, with a stout,
muscular frame, bright blue eyes, and
light coloured hair. His neavy beard
covered a mouth which trembled with
emotion. His costume was partly that
worn by the sallor, partly that of a landsman.

man.
"Have you ever followed the sea?"
asked.Mrs. Dow, glancing inquiringly at
the man's Kersey jacket.
"Since I was eighteen years old," replied the stranger, a moisture gathering
in his eyes. Mrs. Dow was so buy
preparing the suppor that she noticed
nothing.

nothing.

"Perhaps you may have met my boy, James Dow, on some of your travels. He was a sallor."

Receiving no answer, Phoebe looked around. The sallor had arisen, and was stretching out his arms toward her. Mother," he cried, "don't you know

"Jamie, Jamie!" was the reply, and Mrs. Dow was clasped to the hear of her

Mrs. Low was clasped to the hear of her long-lost son.

Tom, Janet and Rob were called in to fairs in the great joy, and for a time questions were piled faster than answers could be given. So great was the surprise that the minutes passed unheeded, and not until the door opened and Maurice, walked in did the company realize that the hour for his errival had come and

gone. When James Dow's eyes rested on the handsome face of the lad, he started back, and put his hand to his

It is the face of my Marguerite," he whispered

whispered. Noticing his agitation, and divining the cause, Mrs. Dow immediately made father and son acquainted with each other. As soon as the general rejoicings and congratuations had subsided a little, supper was served, after which James Dow related his experiences since he left

Fairport.

He had taken a voyage to Australia, been twice shipwrecked, lost his wife and child, as he supposed, on the fated steam-ship "Good Hope," and learned from an old friend that his mother had died of grief. He became a wandeer on the face of the earth, but his mother's prayers had followed him wherever he want, and he had come back to his old home, a changed man.

and he had come back to his old home, a changed man.
It was with a joyful heart that Mrs. Dow listened as her son, now rescued from the dragon's clutches, read the Scribiures and offered a fervent prayer.
"My cup runneth over," she said, with trembling lips. "Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

CHAPTER XXVI.

A JURILAR OF TRIUMPIL

The news of James Dow's return spread like wildfire through the village, and all of Phoebe's neighbours and friends came

ried the Gospel message on their lips, and the mouth of the dragon was effectually stopped. In vain did he straight, the heel of the conqueror was on his neck. The dragon was salah.

How much of this Victory was due to the untiring slavours of Mr Strong the reader well knows. I he had worked in

the uniting labours of Mr Strong the reader well knows. He had worked in the face of opposition these many years, had put saids his ambitious dreams, and contented himself with delng the Lord's work in the place appointed him. He had laboured in season and out of season, in the sunshine and in the storm, now encouraged as he noted the good seed had taken root, now depressed as the thorns sprang up and choked the seed. He had sown bountifully, and now he reaped bountituily. Wives blessed him, for saving their nuwbands; staters, their brothers; maldens, their lovers, and many, many homes were rescued from the dragon by the vigorous blows struck by this minister of right-counsess. Oh, fathful shepherd, the rown shall outshine the stars in plat great and the couragement will encourage a weaker brother to press forward. Thy glad fruitlon will cause him to "labour and to watt," remembering that the testimonies of the Lord are sure. Then

Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest; Watch for day, Christian, when night

is longest;
He that hath promised faltereth never,
Oh, trust in the love which endureth

rice Dow is winning laurels in Yale Col-lege, and his ambition is to preach the Gospel to those low down in the scale of hun_nity. He promises to develop into cigo, and his aminoth is to present the corporate of hunanity. He promises to develop into a strong, plonner preacher, one who will at the viscoins to be a strong, plonner preacher, one who will at the viscoins of a timoured that the viscoins of a timoured that the viscoins of a timoured that the colors of the companion, and she will make a noble belpment for bim. She is flast developing into a strong Christian woman. The Seabury manion has been closed aince the Judgo's estate was settled, and hirs. Seabury and Olive returned to Salem to reside with Judgo Archer's widow.

Mr. Felton works, as much as his declining years will allow, for the temperance cause. Especially does he labour to snatch young man from the dragon's onatch young man from the dragon's

ance cause. Especially does he labour to snatch young man from the dragon's clutches, and his labours have been crowned with success. There has been a radical change in the man, and he grows success. There has been a radical change in the man, and he loyes Mr. Etrongs as a son, and this love is reciprocated. Mr Strong finds the old ex-minister a tower of strength and wisdom.

Deacor Chapman and his wife are both dead and John Chapman carries on his dead and John Chapman carries on his

wisdom.

Deacor Chapman and his wife are both dead, and John Chapman carries on his fathers farm. His brothers of a second of the control of

"Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime Bld me good-morning."

Mr. Strong has received many flatter-

Mr. Strong has received riany flattering calls from larger parishes during his stay in Fairport, but as yet he has said No." to them all. He loves his people with a peculiar love, and they dearly idolite their pastor. His son Frack is no Dartmouth, and Mr. Strong fondly hopes that his steps may be turned to be a son our or the stream of the second part of the past of the second part of the past of the second part of the past of the second part of

hese lives on to their completion, but the sun is setting. Its rays slant upon the earth, and the shadows lengthen. Thank God, they all point toward the

unto the light of that perfect day, Chrisian workers, "Go Forward."

The End.

Little Things.

If you've work to do, boys,
Do it with a will;
Those who reach the top, boys,
First must climb the hill.

When you learned to read, you first and to master the alphabet.

Rome was not built to a day " First atture often leads to the greatest suc-

Though you stumble oft, boys, Never be downcast,

Try and try again boys, You'll succeed at last.

Many a grown man and woman have een brought into the ranks of temper-nce as the result of the temperance re-itations of boys and girls.

Every word in advocacy of our prin-

Every little seed sown has a chance of rich harvest We are sowing, ever sowing, Something good or something ill in the lives of those around us— We are planting what we will.

tra i Landlord Chase yielded very unwill-ingly to the dictates of the town au-thorities, and removed the bar from the in his faithful felend's happiness and lound in James Dow an earnest Christian worker.

Mrs. Dow was not the only one who reaped a harvest "after many days." Mr. Strong had been casting the seeds of truth and temperance broadcast these many years, trusting in the same Divine promise. The time had now come when he ware to reap an hundred fold.

Town meeting had just come and gone. This fourth of March marked a red letter day in the history of Feirport, for on this day the town voted "on license" with a large majority, and the dragon of intemperance received its death blow. A temperance board of selectmen was chosen, and the work or extriprating the runshops began in earnest. The dragon struggled, fire breathed from his nostrilis, he uttered horrible cries—but the St. George Knights pressed bravel forward. They held the shield of temperance bore their faces; the Sword of the Spirit was in their hands; they car-

CLIFF-DWELLINGS. to congratulate her. Mr. Strong rejoiced in his faithful friend's happiness, and found in James Dow an earnest Christian



CLIFF-DWELLINGS.

A Little Girl's Wish. BY ELIZABETH R. OROBOR.

"Maynt I be a boy ?" said our Mary, The tears in her great eyes of blue.
Im only a wee little lassle; There s nothing a woman can do

"'Tis so, I heard Cousin John say so. He's home from a great college, too; He said so just now in the parlour. There's nothing a woman can do'"

My wee little lassie, my durling" Said I, putting back her soft hair, I want you, my dear little meiden, In smooth away all mother's care

"Is there nothing that you can do. darling?

What was it papa said last night? 'My own little sunbeam has been here, I know, for the room is so bright."

" And there is a secret, my Mary-Perhaps you may learn it some day— The hand that is willing and loving Will do the most work on the way

"And the work that is sweetest and dearest,
The work that so many ne'er do,

The great work of making folks happy, Can be done by a lassic like you!"

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER. STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON IX. DECEMBER 2 THE RICH YOUNG RULER. Matt. 19, 16-26. Memory /erses, 23-26.

GOLDEN TEXT. Children, how hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God!-Mark 10. 24.

OUTLINE.

1. The Cost of Heavenly Treasure, v. 16-22. 2. The Cost of Earthly Treasure, v.

Time.-Early in A.D. 30.

23-26.

LESSON HELPS.

16. "Eternal life"—The idea of eternal life seems to have been a slow growth in the mind of the Jew.

17. Why callest then me good "— Christ wanted to find whether the youth meant what he said. "None good"— Showing that Jesus was God if he was good. "The commandments"—"The questioner is answered as from his own point of view If eternal life was to be won by doing, there was no need to come to a new teacher for a new precept. It was enough to keep the Commandments, the great moral laws of God, as distinct from ordinances and

God, as distinct from ordinances and traditions (Matt. 15. 3) with which every Isrcellic was familiar."—Plumptre.

20. "All these"—"The young man's reply testifies, un'oubtedly, great moral ignorance, but also noble sincerity. knows not the spiritual meaning of the commandments, and thinks that he has really fulfilled them."—Godet. "When really fulfilled them."-Godet. "When the angel of death came for the Rabbi Chanina he said, Go and fetch me the Book of the Law, and see whether there is anything in it which I have not kept." Farrar.

22. "Sorrowful"-"How much did he

not lose even as regards this world! Almost anybody can be a rich man. There are millions of rich men meaner them But how few have the offer of being an apostic!"—Whedon. "He made as Dante calls it, 'the great refusa!" Anu so he vanishes from it. fusar. And so he vanishes from the Gospei history, nor do the evangelists know anything of him farther."—Farrar

24. "It is easier," etc.—" The eye of a needle is either the small door sometimes made in the city gates, called the needles eye by the Arabs large enough for a man, but too small for a camel-or, rather, the oriental needle, of burn or their large every tape-needle." Van Lennep. Camel." It is claimed by some authorities that this word should be translated "rope." 25. Who then - Like all Jews, they

had been accustomed to regard worldly prosperity as a special mark of the favour of God."—Ueikle. "To exclude the rich man from salvation was, it seemed, to exclude all, for if the most blessed among men can only be saved with difficulty, what will become of the

rest?"—Godet.

26. Are possible — The salvation of a rich man is as miraculous as the putting of a camel through a needle's eye. It is a human impossibility. But God can do it."—Whedon.

HOME READINGS.

M. The rich young ruler.-Matt. 19. 16-26.

Tu. The commandments.--Exod. 20, 1-17, W. Neither poverty nor riches.-Prov. 30, 1-9,

What thoughts are conveyed in "there is none good but one, and that is God "? What was the character of the young man?

What had his education been? What stood between him and eternal life ?

Was he willing to give all he had to

porsess it? May not the desire of this world's treasures keep us from eternal life, even though we never possess them?

2. The Cost of Earthly Treasure, v 23-26. Will Christ be satisfied with our wealth alone?

How can we know just what Christ wishes as individually to do?

What will be the price of a life given over to earthly enjoyments?
How long will earthly pleasures last?
Can they ever really satisfy?

Why does God sometimes ask hard things of us?

What did Christ say about riches Jolden Text.

How did this affect the disciples? How did the Jewa regard worldly prosperity ?

What are the peculiar temptations of riches? How did Christ explain the difficulty?

Have you counted the cost of serving the world?

How will seeking the heavenly treasure affect our earthly responsibilities?

PRACTICAL TRACHINGS. Where in this lesson do we learn-1. The value and authority of the Ten

Commandments? 2. The danger of earthly treasures? 3. The unlimited power of God? of us secured a two-weeks' leave of absence to hunt for big ga. ve.
"One of our number was a senior re-

gimental officer, who had been through ten years' service in India. He had been the guiding spirit of our expedition. Seated a few feet away from him one night at dinner was a young junior officer who had but recently joined the command. We had been eating fruit which bears a very peculiar scent. It is a tradition that this native fruit has a strong attraction for any or a properly and the second of the s strong attraction for several varieties of venomous reptiles. I at least am convinced that there is something more than tradition in it.

'As I have said, we were talking of adventures, when in a moment of slience, the bluff old regimental officer, looking steadily at the young lieutenant to his

ieft, slowly said .
"'Could you keep your presence of mind under the most trying circumstances, when your life depended upon

your coolness and courage?'
'Dead silence followed the colonel's question, and the young officer, looking quizzically at his interrogator, replied 'Yes, I think I could.'

Then the time has come when you

must be put to the test. Move not a muscle until I tell you, or you are a dead

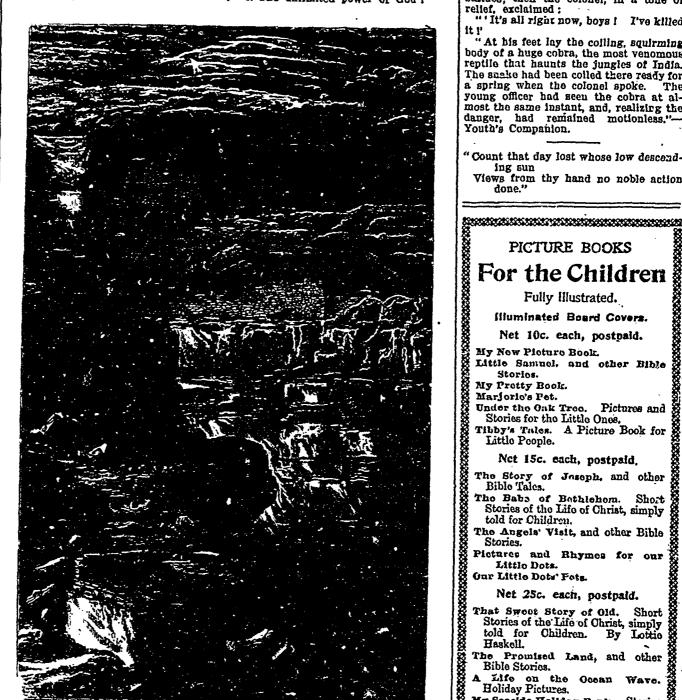
"The young officer sat motionless, his eyes fixed on his feet.

"Then the bronzed old warrior slowly drow his pistol from the holster, and, taking deliberate aim, he fired a shot at the very feet of the man to whom he had addressed this ominous question. For the space of a second we all sat like statues; then the colonel, in a tone of relief, exclaimed ;

"'It's all right now, boys! I've killed

'At his feet lay the colling, squirming body of a huge cobra, the most venomous reptile that haunts the jungles of India. The snake had been coiled there ready for a spring when the colonel spoke. The young officer had seen the cobra at almost the same instant, and, realizing the danger, had remained motionless."—Youth's Companion.

"Count that day lost whose low descend-Views from thy hand no noble action done.'



CLIFF-DWELLING ON THE RIO MAKOOS.

1 h. Leaving all.-Mark 10. 23-31. b. Following fully.-Luke 9. 18-26. Treasure in heaven .- Matt. 6. 16-23. St. Eternal life.—1 John 5. 1-12.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY. . The Cost of Heavenly Treasure, v.

What had Jesus done just previous to this lesson?

To what place was he going? Who came to him? What was he seeking?

SELF-COMMAND.

The bluff old major had listened attentively to the tales of his comrades, and now it was his turn. "The bravest man I ever met was not on the field of battle," he began. The New York Mercury tells the story:

"We were campaigning in India, and for some months the command had simply been idling time away. We were all thoroughly tired of a life of routine military inactivity, and finally a party of five

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