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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 24, 1900.

No. 47.

Some of These Days.

BY E. K. HEWITT.

I'll arrange the drawers in my chiffon-
ier,
My gloves shall go there, and my ribbons
and
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
done;
The holes in my stocking—I'll darn every
one!
"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
Truth,
To lead all my steps in the royal high-
way,
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 Nevada. 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, as a consequence, vegetation is very sparse, and the general aspect of the country is that of a semi-desert. 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 structures. Brick or wood seldom occur, as follows: (1) Lowland or agricultural dwellings; (2) Cave-dwellings; and (3) Cliff-houses or fortresses.

Those of the first class are chiefly on the river-bottoms or 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 concealment and security. Those of the third class are built high up in steep and inaccessible cliffs, and are evidently places of refuge and strongholds for defence. During seasons of war and invasion, families were probably sent to them for security. While the warriors went forth to battle, and one can readily imagine," says Professor Holmes, "that



FERTILISTIC RUINS, COLORADO.

when the hour of total defeat had come they served as a last resort for a disheartened and desperate people."

In some cases the ruins give evidence of the well-built and solid walls of a fortress, which must have possessed considerable strength.

The cave-dwellings are made by digging 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 window.

THE CLIFF HOUSES

are of firm, neat masonry, and the manner in which they are attached or connected 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 natural erosion of the elements.

Their construction has cost a great deal of labour, 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 sandstone. 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 hands, still retains impressions of the minute markings of the skin of the fingers.

The group shown on fourth page is of a very remarkable character. "It was first observed," says Professor Holmes, "from the trail far below, and fully one-fourth of a mile away. From this point, by the aid of a field-glass, the sketch was made. So cleverly are the houses hidden 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 lower one was detected. They are at least eight hundred feet above the river. The lower four hundred feet is of rough broken slope, the remainder of massive bedded sandstones, full of wind-worn niches, crevices, and caves."

Under a great ledge or overhanging roof, projecting thirty feet, is the "cliff-dwelling," its front wall built along 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 the smooth and almost perpendicular cliff, a sort of stairway of small niches in the rock has been cut. On reaching the top one finds himself at the very doorway seen to the left of the cut, without standing-room outside the wall. An enemy would have but small chance of reaching and entering such a fortress if defended even by women and children. There is evidence that a trickling stream of water supplied the inhabitants with this vital necessity. Whether viewed from above or below, the effect is almost startling, and one feels that no ordinary circumstances could have driven a people to such a place of resort.

A LARGE CAVE TOWN,

at Rio de Chilly, occurs in a great ledge or bench of an encircling line of cliffs. The total length of the solidly built portion is 846 feet, with a width of about 45. It contains about 75 distinct rooms, probably distinct dwellings.

On the Colorado Chiquito occurs the somewhat formidable looking fortress, shown on third page. It is about thirty-five feet high, in receding stories, and about fifty feet wide. The central lower is nearly six feet square. The floor was made of logs a foot thick, partly flattened by rude cutting instruments. There were loop-holes for firing arrows or other missiles, and the projecting rafters give evidence of some part removed. The lintels were of cedar, as found as when first placed in position. So difficult of access is this-looking more like a swallow's nest in a cliff hole than like the abode of a human being—that our author thinks it must have been reached by a rope ladder. A similar cliff-dwelling is shown in the cut on first page, commanding a broad outlook over valley and river below.

Among the debris of the cliff-houses are large quantities of pottery—some of very elegant shape, and ornamented with very handsome designs, some will hold as ten gallons. The makers evidently had a considerable imitative ability and sense of grotesque humour, as many of their wares were capital representations of fowls and the like, often with a very comic look. Specimens of woven fabric and little images, probably for idolatrous use, occur. Hieroglyphic or picture-writing is also found engraved in the rock, or painted with red and white pigments. A number of well-shaped skulls have also been found.

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



CLIFF-DWELLING ON THE COLORADO.

Our Little Boy Who Ran Away.

BY SUSAN TRAIL HENRY.

"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 comb my shoes,
Or wash my face or comb my hair;
I'll find a place, I know, somewhere
Where you have again to die!
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, "I know."

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 go for I wish you joy,"
And Sammie'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?"

One block from home, and Sammie
Greer's

Weak little heart was full of fears.
He thought about Red Riding Hood;
The wolf that met her in the wood;
The bean-stalk boy who kept so mum
When he heard the giant's "Fee, fo, fiew!"

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-shed.

The big chip-basket he did fill;
He blacked his shoes up with a will;
He washed 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 'lasses top of bread."

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER XXV.

AN UNEXPECTED GUEST.

Great preparations were going on at Tom Kinmon's cottage, for Maurice Dow was expected home that day. Mr. Dow had promised an extra treat, and the boy's favourite dishes were to appear on the supper table. Ever and anon she glanced at the clock, and a pleased smile hovered around her lips as she noted the approach of the longed-for hour. The sound of footsteps called her to the window. A stranger was coming up the path, satchel in hand. It was not Maurice, and Mrs. Dow turned away with an exclamation of impatience. She opened the knock of the door. The stranger asked to be allowed to rest for a short time, as he had travelled quite a long distance, and was weary. His request was granted, for Phoebe was too kind-hearted to turn any one from the door.

"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, muscular frame, bright blue eyes, and light coloured hair. His heavy beard covered a mouth which trembled with emotion. His costume was partly that worn by the sailor, partly that of a landman.

"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 busy preparing the supper that she noticed nothing.

"Perhaps you may have met my boy, James Dow, on some of your travels. He was a sailor."
Receiving no answer, Phoebe looked around. The sailor had arisen, and was staring out of the door toward her. "Mother," he cried, "don't you know me?"

"Jamie, Jamie!" was the reply, and Mrs. Dow was clasped to the heart of her long-lost son.

Tom Kinmon and Rob were called in to share 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 unnoted, and until the door opened and Maurice walked in did the company realize that the hour for his arrival 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 forehead.
"It is the face of my Marguerite," he 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 congratulations 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 steamship "Good Hope," and learned from an old friend that his mother had died of grief. He became a wanderer on the face of the earth, but his mother's prayers had followed him wherever he went, 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 Scriptures 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 JUBILEE OF TRIUMPH.

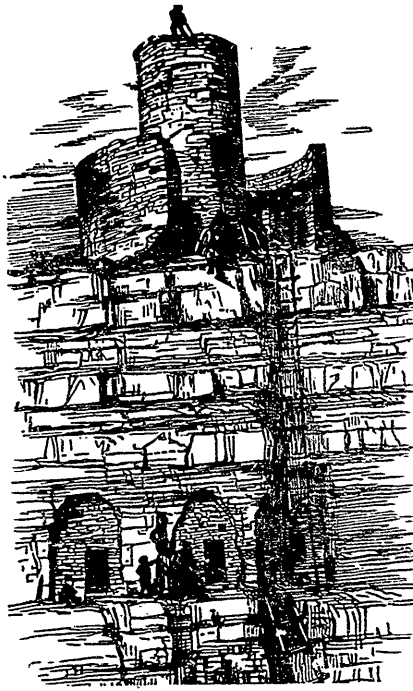
The news of James Dow's return spread like wildfire through the village, and all of Phoebe's neighbours and friends came

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

How much of this victory was due to the untiring labours of Mr. Strong the reader well knows. He had worked in the face of opposition these many years, had put aside his ambitious dreams, and contented himself with doing 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 bountifully. Wives blessed him, for saving their husbands; sisters, their brothers; maidens, their lovers, and many, many homes were rescued from the dragon by the vigorous blow struck by this minister of righteousness. Oh, faithful shepherd, thy crown shall outshine the stars in that great day when the Lord makes up his jewels. Thy patient toil amid darkness and discouragement will encourage a weaker brother to press forward. Thy glad fruition will cause him to "labour and to wait," remembering that the testimonies of the Lord are sure. Then

"Breathe the wave, Christian, when it is strongest;
Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest;

Ho that hath promised falthere never,
Oh, trust in the love which undureth for ever!"



CLIFF-DWELLINGS.

to congratulate her. Mr. Strong rejoiced in his faithful friend's happiness, and found 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 was 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 Fairport, for on this day the town voted "no license" by a large majority, and the dragon of intemperance received its death blow. The St. George Knights pressed bravely forward. They held the shield of temperance before their faces; the sword of the Spirit was in their hands; they car-

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

Landlord Chase yielded very unwillingly to the dictates of the town authorities, and removed the bar from the Maypole. After paying two heavy fines for selling liquor secretly, he left town amid general rejoicing. This was the opening James Dow had long desired. Having amassed quite a fortune while in Australia, he immediately bought the Maypole property, tore down the old building, and erected a handsome hotel. It was to be a strictly temperance house. Tyler Matthews, now a steady, prosperous man, was installed as proprietor and the St. George Hotel was celebrated far and near, as providing the choicest refreshment for its guests.

rice Dow is winning laurels in Yale College, and his ambition is to reach the goal to those loft down in the scale of human life. He promises to develop into a strong, pious preacher, one who will strike vigorous blows for the truth, wherever he goes. It is as if the great Olive Seabury had been his life-long companion, and she will make a noble helpmeet for him. She is fast developing into a strong Christian woman.

Gov. Seabury's mansion has been closed since Judge's estate was settled, and Mrs. Seabury and Olive returned to Salem to reside with Judge Archer's widow.

Mr. Fulton works, as much as his declining years will allow, for the temperance cause. Especially does he labour to snatch young men from the dragon's clutches, and his labours have been crowned with success. There has been radical change in the man, and he grows sweeter as he grows older. He loves Mr. Strong as a son, and this love is reciprocated. Mr. Strong finds the old minister a tower of strength and wisdom.

Deacor Chapman and his wife are both dead, and John Chapman carries on his father's farm. His brother's sad experience sobered him, and by the grace of God he changed his course, and became a Christian man. Charlie Chapman, Peter MacDuff, and Joe Chase, after serving their time in the House of Correction, were at sea, and have not been heard from since.

Doctor Sloum has become a helpless paralytic. His indulgence of appetite invited disease, and he is a fretful old man, a burden to his friends, and a curse to himself. He soon to the flesh, and he now reaps corruption.

Deacon Ray is also an old man. The frosts of nearly threescore years have whitened his locks, but his heart is as young as his face, as full of sunshine as ever. So ought the Christian to grow old. Advancing years should bring him the freshness of perpetual youth. Leaving the worthless rubbish of the past, he is privileged to stand on the heights of God and to breathe the airs of immortality. He, of all others, can sing at the close of life,

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

Mr. Strong has received many 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 idolize their pastor. His son Frazk is in Dartmouth, and Mr. Strong fondly hopes that his stops may be ordered toward the ministry. Mrs. Strong longs to journey toward the land of the setting sun, where her kindred abide. A small, but wealthy parish in the heart of the great West has sought Mr. Strong as its pastor, several times. If their offer is again renewed, and the indications point that way, he will probably leave Fairport. He feels that his work here is done, and that a change would be desirable to both pastor and people.

And so we leave them, one and all, to take up their appointed tasks and do their appointed work. We fain would linger about these frescoes, and follow these 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 morning.

Into the dawn of that new morning, unto the light of that perfect day, Christian workers, "Go Forward."

The End.

Little Things.

If you're 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
had to master the alphabet.

Rome was not built in a day " First
steps often leads to the greatest successes.

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
been brought into the ranks of temperance
by the talk of the temperance
restitutions of boys and girls.

Every word in advocacy of our principles
has its possibilities of good
Every little seed sown has a chance of
a 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.



CLIFF-DWELLINGS.

A Little Girl's Wish.

BY ELIZABETH B. GEORGE.

"Mayn't I be a boy?" said our Mary,
The tears in her great eyes of blue.
"I'm only a wee little lassie;
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 darling,
Said I, putting back her soft hair,
I want you, my dear little maiden,
To 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 lassie 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 verses, 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. 23-26.

Time.—Early in A.D. 30.

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 thou 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 traditions (Matt. 15. 3) with which every Israelite was familiar."—Plumptre.

20. "All these"—"The young man's reply testifies, undoubtedly, great moral ignorance, but also noble sincerity. He knows not the spiritual meaning of the commandments, and thinks that he has 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 than the meanest poverty can make them. But how few have the offer of being an apostle!"—Whedon. "He made as Dante calls it, 'the great refusal.' And so he vanishes from the Gospel 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 burnished iron from two to five inches long, or their large ivory 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."—Gielke. "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 possess 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 us 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? Golden Text.

How did this affect the disciples?

How did the Jews 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?

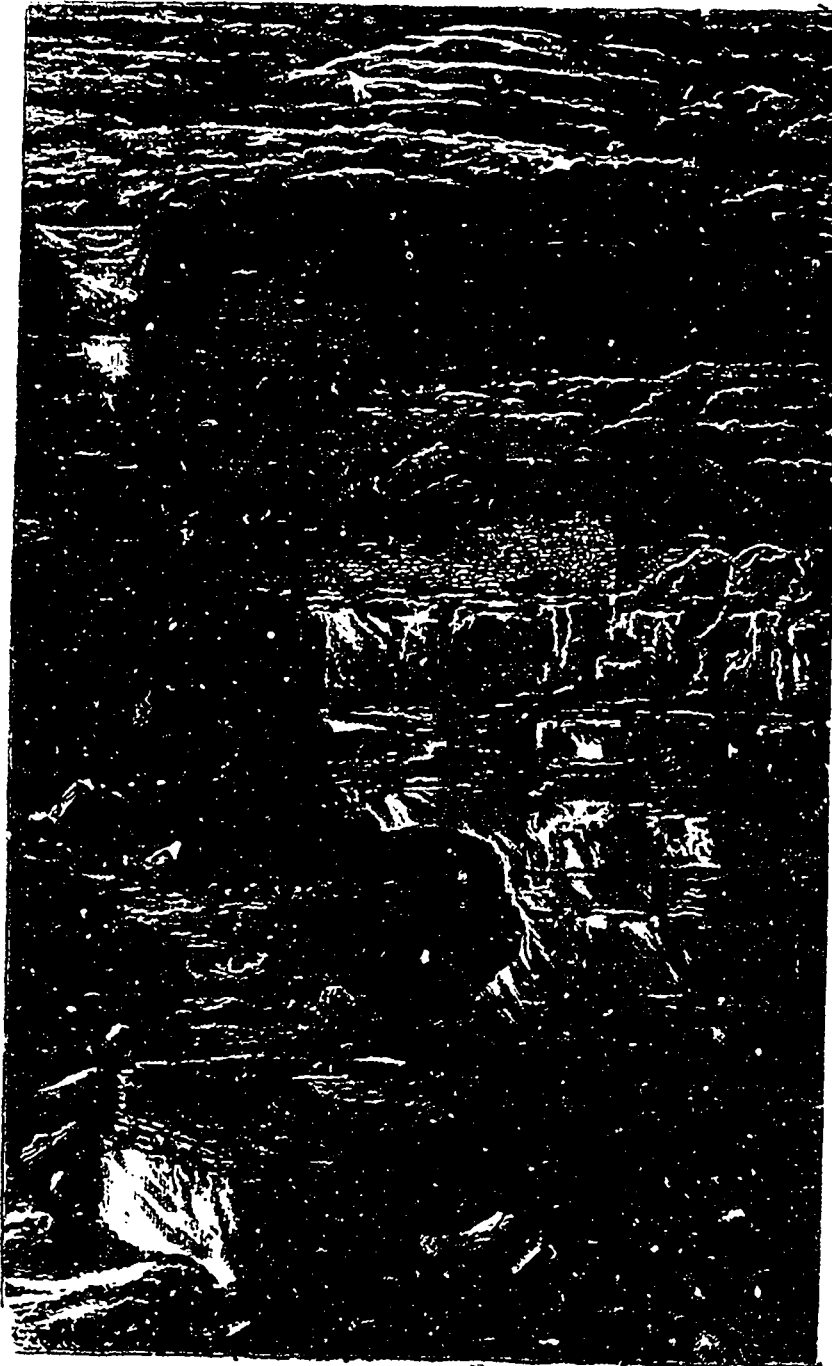
PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

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?



CLIFF-DWELLING ON THE RIO MARCOS.

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

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

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

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

of us secured a two-weeks' leave of absence to hunt for big game.

"One of our number was a senior regimental 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 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 silence, the bluff old regimental officer, looking steadily at the young lieutenant to his left, 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 man."

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

"Then the bronzed old warrior slowly drew 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 it!"

"At his feet lay the coiling, 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 descending sun
Views from thy hand no noble action done."

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