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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 11, 1893.

[No 6.]

OUT IN THE STORM AND AT HOME BY THE FIRESIDE.

WHEN the wind is whistling round the house and the snow covers all the earth and comes blowing down in wild gusts from the skies, flying wickedly into the faces of the unfortunate people who have to face the storm, how cosy it is to get beside the bright fire and sit there dreaming and watching the sparkling coals and feeling the pleasant glow of the fire in our faces! The dreary moaning or loud howling of the wind only makes us feel all the more contented with our comfortable surroundings. How happy the children in our picture look sitting by the fireplace! The book is thrown aside for the far greater enjoyment of building castles in Spain and telling each other wonderful stories of the strange things to be seen in the coals.

But a glance at the picture above reminds us that there is a pitiful as well as a bright side to the bitter winter snow-storms. This is "hard times" for the little birds who cannot find the worms for food when the ground is buried in its white mantle, and they are often either frozen to death or starved.

Many boys and girls remember the poor little birds, and each morning gather a handful of crumbs and throw them on the snow for the birds' breakfast. These thoughtful boys and girls are soon known by the birds, who come flocking around, greedily picking up the crumbs as they are thrown out for them. It is a very pretty sight to watch them hopping on the snow, picking up the crumbs, and to see how saucy the little things become. Sometimes they almost will hop over one's feet so very friendly do they become.

THE HERO OF THE "BAL TIC."

BY LAURA DAYTON EAKIN.

"I'll give you five minutes, you young rascal!" said the captain taking out his watch.

Dead silence fell on the crowd, save for the sobbing of the women. The boy so roughly addressed was on his knees, with his manacled hands clasped and his eyes lifted to heaven. Perhaps he was praying, I do not know; but after a moment, he reiterated quite calmly what he had said before:

"I will not tell a lie. I promised my mother. I did not take the money. I cannot confess, because I know nothing about the crime."

There was rather an elderly man, one of the steerage passengers evidently, peering from behind the captain's broad back. Nobody noticed the strained, wild look in his eyes, nor the twitching of his muscles, as he caught the little lad's brave words. After a little, he pushed his way around until he could get a full view of the wretched little fellow's face. Then he stood still, gazing at him.

"Three minutes more!" said the captain, "and you go down into the hold again. Come boy! Once for all, tell us what became of Dick Johnson's money."

The boy swayed to and fro in his anguish.

He had been in that awful cell in the vessel's hold for three days and nights already, with nothing but bread and water to eat. The foul odours seemed to have permeated his whole system. How could he be let down again by that cruel rope passed under his arms! How could he return to the rats and slimy things ready for their second

the money had never left his person, but when one night he thought to count it over, revelling in imaginings of what it would buy, it was gone! Nobody had been about the bunks save this poor child, whose duty it was to put them to rights, and they were all convinced that in some inexplicable way he had stolen it. I will

"I took it," he said. "There it is!" Then he folded his arms.

They crowded around the child, and the women kissed him, and thanked God for his deliverance; and when the captain went to grasp his hand, it fell limp and lifeless from his grasp, and he sank an unconscious heap upon the floor. When he had quite recovered, the captain sent for him to come into the saloon, and there a little girl presented him with a purse in testimony of the passengers' regard for his brave conduct, and on the card attached were these words:

"For the hero of the *Baltic*."

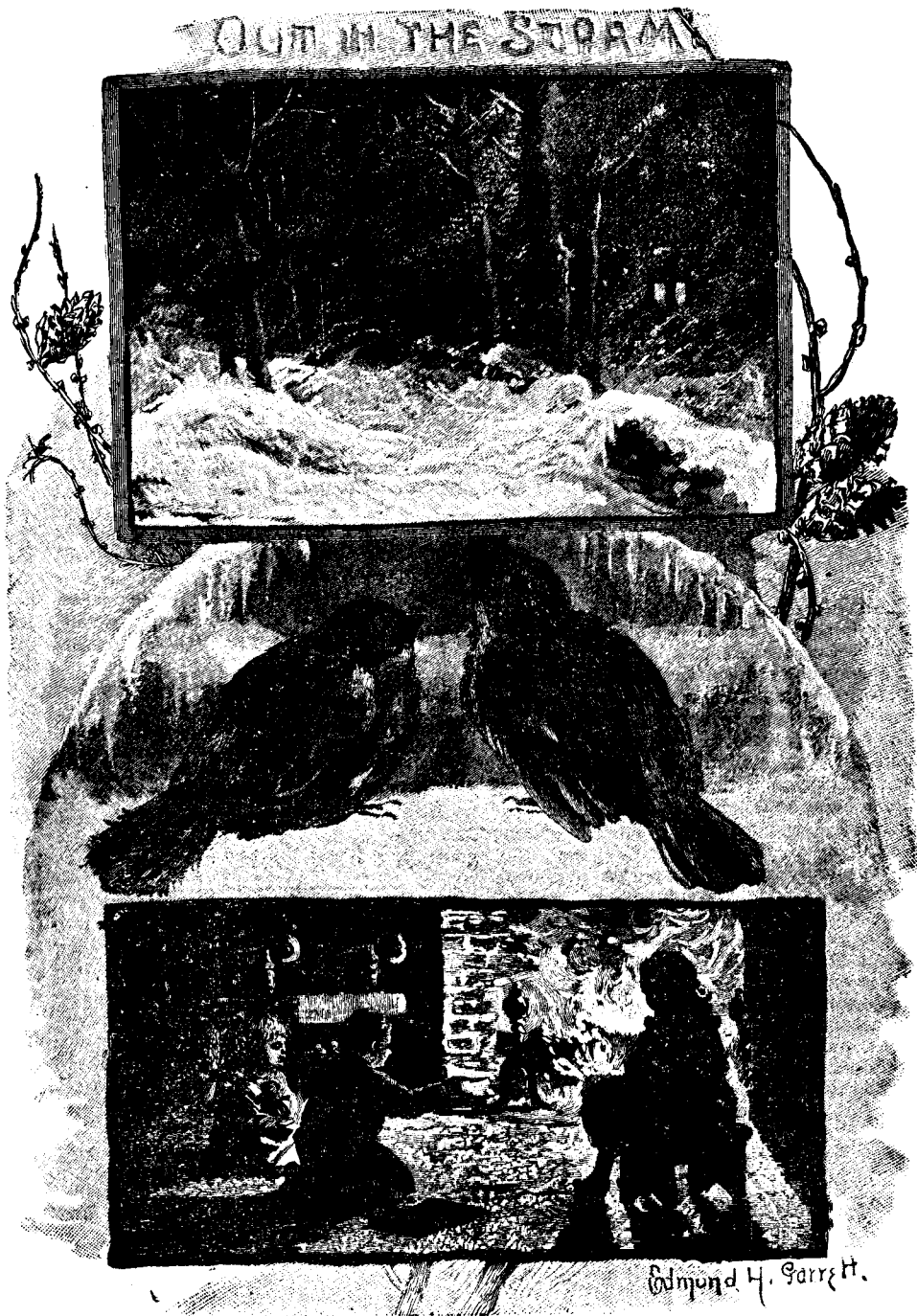
When the *Baltic* ran into port, the officers of the law took possession of the real criminal. After a few weeks he was tried and found guilty; but through the captain's influence, which he was urged to exert in the man's favour by the lad he had so wronged, he was let off with a light sentence. Let us hope he may repent sincerely, and turn from his evil ways forever. We are glad he had manliness enough to at last declare the innocence of the boy.

HOW TO READ WITH PROFIT.

READING is companionship, education, culture. It upbuilds and furnishes and beautifies the soul. It develops confidence, enriches conversation, and cultivates grace. The knowledge of good books "is the food of youth, the delight of age, the ornament of prosperity, the comfort of adversity." It is an open door to the best society, a stepping stone to the highest fame, a crown of honour that outshines the sun. These things being true, it is one of life's necessities that the young should read good books and not weary therein. The following suggestions will help to profit in reading:

1. Plan your reading. Select the books to be read far in advance. Prefer books that are old enough and good enough to be classical, attractive if possible, pure always. Books with beads are better than beardless books.
2. Vary your reading. Follow romance with history, history with biography, travel, art, science, philosophy, religion.
3. Limit your reading. Know a few books well rather than many books indifferently. Intensive is better than extensive reading.
4. Fix your reading. To this end read carefully, weigh thoughts, talk them over to yourself and with others, try to remember them.
5. Time your readings. Have a book hour each day if possible. Especially, however, utilize fragments of time for a few pages of reading.
6. Enrich your reading. This do by looking up all allusion to history, poetry, art, mythology, persons, places, etc.
7. Preserve your reading. Own, if possible, every book you read; mark choice passages in them; make comparisons of them; often commune with them.

These seven things remember, namely: plan, vary, limit, fix, time, enrich, and preserve your reading will be one of the most profitable investments of your life.



OUT IN THE STORM AND AT HOME BY THE FIRESIDE.

horrid carnival! He could say he threw the money, Dick Johnson's bag of English gold, into the ocean, or that he burnt it in the engine fires. He could confess his mother's son a thief and a liar, but would he? Even the captain's breath came fast, and the mate's cheeks paled as he watched the minutes tick away. A week had passed since the sailor missed his treasured coins. The key to his chest in which he had placed

not tell you what he had suffered meanwhile at their hands. Now it had come to the captain's ears.

"Let him go!" he said, returning his watch to his pocket, and the grim old sailor reached for the rope. But a voice from behind cried:

"Wait!" And the man from behind the captain came close up to this little hero. He threw down the gold before them.

Sunset.

BY ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN.

From the windy bridge at rest, In some former curious hour We have watched the city's hue, All along the orange west, Cupola and pointed tower, Darken into solid blue.

Tho' the biting north wind breaks Full across the drifted hold, Let us stand with iced cheeks, Watching westward as of old.

Past the violet mountain-head To the farthest fringe of pine, Where far off the purple-red Narrows to a dusty line, And the last pale splendours die Slowly from the olive sky;

Till the thin clouds wear away Into threads of purple gray, And the sudden stars between Brighten in the pallid green;

Till above the spacious east, Slow returned one by one, Like pale prisoners released, From the dungeons of the sun, Capella and her train appear In the glittering charioteer;

Till the rounded moon shall grow Great above the eastern snow, Shining into burnished gold; And the silver earth outrolled In the misty yellow light Shall take on the width of night.

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Table listing various periodicals and their prices, including Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and others.

AN EXPERIENCE.

BY DR. B. W. RICHARDSON.

I REMEMBER when I was a young man, having to walk several miles one very cold day when snow was deep on the ground, and a heavy cutting sleet blew in my face in the sharpest manner.

DRINK AND ILL-TEMPER.

WHEN I was young I heard a true story which filled me with horror as I listened to it. It was told me by the friend in whose home it all happened, and, as far as I can remember, this is it.

Mr. Grey had a beautiful home in the south of England, and several servants, who faithfully served one of the kindest and best of masters.

Among them was a young groom, steady and reliable, a favourite with his master and in every way likely to do well. His one failing seemed to be a passionate temper.

For a long time young White had done well, but one morning Mr. Grey met him unexpectedly some distance from home exercising a favourite riding horse of Mr. Grey's, a gentle, timid creature, and full of spirit, just the one that should never have had a blow.

"Come off that horse directly!" called out the master, "and never mount him again;" and the astonished groom had to obey. The master rode the frightened, trembling creature home, and the groom tramped back through the mud, angrier than ever.

One would have thought that the master's displeased tone and prohibition, the horse's fright whenever he came near, would have made White bethink himself of the unutterable folly of giving way to his temper, and earning for himself such an unenviable character as he was fast doing.

dreadful when heated by drink that he lost his place, and had to return to his home, disgraced in the eyes of his friends, if not of his own.

If only he had stopped here; if only he had broken off the fatally-growing habit of intemperance; had turned over a new leaf, how soon he might have regained his former quiet, respectable, honourable life!

One morning Mr. Grey's carriage-horses were found by the coachman with both tails and manes cut off—utterly disfigured, but not seriously hurt. Who had done it no one could tell, and though every effort was made to find out the perpetrator of the deed, all was in vain.

Nothing could be done. A pistol was brought, and with his own hand Mr. Grey shot his favourite, to put an end to the agonies it was enduring.

Another horror yet. On the stable wall in letters of blood was written, "So much for this time, perhaps it will be your baby next."

Cunning as the villain had been, he had betrayed himself, for an expert verified the hand-writing as White's, and there was other evidence, footmarks, etc., which led to his committal for trial.

His friends do not know where he is now, or in what state! Years have passed away since the event happened which I have related. The happy home has long been broken up, for after White's horrible deed Mr. and Mrs. Grey could no longer bear to live there.

My tale needs no moral tacked on at the end; it speaks for itself. Think of the young man with all his bright and honest life before him—think of the convict with all his spoiled, his miserable life behind him, and then think how he became, little by little, the slave of sin instead of Christ's free man, as he was meant to be, and ask yourself, "Which am I?"

A WORD TO BOYS.

Boys, be kind to loved ones at home. Don't wound your parents' hearts with words of impatience and disrespect. Remember the love and care they have lavished and will continue to lavish on you, from the cradle to the grave.

Don't be too eager to leave the home nest. Of course it is natural and right for every boy, when the proper time comes, to think and plan for a home of his own; but don't imagine that the time has come when you put on your first swallow-tail and cravat.

No matter how well you may promise to do, the day you leave the old homestead to start out for yourself in the world will be a day of mourning to the old folks therein. So be careful and don't try to remind them on every occasion that the time is coming, and that you are anxious for it to come.

Be courteous to your sister. There is an old adage "that as a boy treats his sister so the man will treat his wife." Show your sister the same kindness and courtesy that you would the fairest lady in the land. Don't appropriate the easiest chair in the room, and leave them to take the footstool or hunt a seat at pleasure.

The Chore-boy of Camp Kippewa.

A Canadian Story.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE IN THE LUMBER CAMP.

For a moment there was absolute silence in the shanty, the sudden and effectual intervention of the big foreman in Frank Kingston's behalf filling the lookers-on with astonishment. But then, as they recovered themselves, there came a burst of laughter that made the rafters ring, in the midst of which Damase, gathering himself together, slunk scowling to his berth with a face that was dark with hate.

Not deigning to take any further notice of him, Johnston turned to go back to his corner, touching Frank on his shoulder as he did so, and saying to him, in a low tone:

"Come with me, my lad; I want a word with you."

Still trembling from the excitement of the scene through which he had just passed, Frank followed the foreman into his little sanctum, the inside of which he had never seen before, for it was kept jealously locked whenever its occupant was absent. Johnston threw himself down on his bunk, and motioned Frank to take a seat upon the chest. For a few moments he regarded him in silence, and so intently that, although his expression was full of kindness, and it seemed of admiration, too, the boy felt his face flushing under his steady scrutiny.

"You're a plucky lad, Frank. Just like your father—God bless him! He was a good friend to me when I needed a friend sorely. I heard all that went on to-night, though I didn't see it, and had some hint of it before, though I didn't let on; for I wanted to see what staff you were made of. But you played the man, my boy, and your father would have been proud to see you. Now just you go right ahead, Frank; and if any of those French rascals or anybody else tries to hinder you—out of this shanty, he'll go, neck and crop, and stay out, as sure as my name is Dan Johnston."

"You're very kind, Mr. Johnston," said Frank, his eyes glistening somewhat suspiciously; for, to tell the truth, this warm praise coming after the recent strain upon his nerves, was a little too much for his self-control. "I felt sometimes like telling you when the men teased me so; but I didn't want to be a tattle-tale, and I was hoping they'd get tired of it and give up of their own accord." "It's best as it is, lad," replied Johnston. "If the men found out your talk, they'd be like to think hard of you. But there is no fear of that now. As you look here, Frank. After this, when you want to read your Bible in peace, and say your prayers, just come in here. No one'll bother you here, and you can sit down on the chest there and have a quiet time to yourself."

Pleasant Hours;

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WATHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 11, 1893.

PATRONIZE PATRIOTIC PAPERS.

Rev. T. W. JACKSON, of Caledonia, has been comparing our Methodist Sunday-school papers with those published by Cook, of Chicago, with the following results: "The quality of paper and type in the Magnet (Cook's best paper)," he says, "is far inferior to PLEASANT HOURS. You need only place the two side by side to see it. The clearness and distinctness of the illustrations bear no comparison. PLEASANT HOURS and Onward give far more for the money than Cook's paper."

As to reading matter, PLEASANT HOURS is full of just such matter as loyal Canadian Methodists ought to read, while the Magnet gives no information about Canadian Methodism at all, and never utters a single word about British patriotism. What wonder if many of our youths drift away to other churches and swarm into the neighbouring United States when fed on such literary rubbish! Our Onward, a weekly, at fifty cents per year, is just twice the size of the Magnet, at thirty cents per year. I have no hesitation in saying it is the best and cheapest Sunday-school paper in the country. You may well say in big type, 'We charge more for our paper than you do.'"

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. COOPER, 3 Murray Street, Montreal. S. E. HUNTER, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Frank's face fairly beamed with delight at this unexpected invitation, and he stood upon his feet to thank his kind friend.

"Oh, Mr. Johnston, I'm so glad! I've never been able to read my Bible or say my prayers right since I came to the shanty—there's always such a noise going on. But I won't mind that in here. It's so good of you to let me come in."

The foreman smiled in his deep, serious way, and then as he relapsed into silence, and took up again the book he had laid down, to spring to Frank's assistance, Frank thought it time to withdraw; and with a respectful "Good-night, sir," which Johnston acknowledged by a nod, returned to the larger room.

The shantymen were evidently awaiting his reappearance with much curiosity; but he went quietly back to his bunk, picked up his Bible, finished the passage in the midst of which he had been interrupted, and, having said his prayers, lay down to sleep without a word to anyone; for no one questioned him, and he felt no disposition to start a discussion by questioning any of the others.

From this time forth he could see clearly that two very different opinions concerning himself prevailed in the shanty. By all the English members of the gang, and some of the French, headed by honest Baptiste, he was looked upon with hearty liking and admiration, as a plucky chap that knew how to take care of himself; by the remainder of the French contingent, with Damase as the ruling spirit, he was regarded as a stuck-up youngster that wanted taking down badly, and who was trying to make himself a special favourite with the foreman, just to advance his own selfish ends. Gladly would Frank have been on friendly terms with all, but this being now impossible, through no fault of his own, he made up his mind to go on his way as quietly as possible, being constantly careful to give no cause of offence to those who, as he well knew, were only too eager to take it.

There were some slight flurries of snow, fragile and short-lived heralds of winter's coming, during the latter part of November, and then December was ushered in by a grand storm, that lasted a whole day, and made glad the hearts of the lumbermen by filling the forest aisles with a deep, soft, spotless carpet, that asked only to be packed smooth and hard, in order to make perfect roads over which to transport the noble logs that had been accumulating upon the "roll-ways" during the past weeks.

A shantymen is never so completely in his element as when the snow lies two feet deep upon the earth's brown breast. An open winter is his bane, Jack Frost his best friend; and there was a perceptible rise in the spirits of the occupants of Camp Kippewa as the mercury sank lower and lower in the tube of the foreman's thermometer. Plenty of snow meant not only easy hauling all winter long, but a full river and "high water" in the spring time, and no difficulty in getting the drive of logs that would represent their winter's work, down the Kippewa to the Grand River beyond. Frank did not entirely share their exultation. The colder it got the more wood had to be chopped, the more food had to be cooked—for the men's appetites showed a marked increase—and furthermore, the task of keeping the water barrels filled became one of serious magnitude. But bracing himself to meet his growing burdens, he toiled away cheerfully, resisting every temptation to grumble, his clear tuneful whistle of the sacred airs in vogue at Calumet making Baptiste, who had a quick ear for music, so familiar with "Rock of Ages," "Abide with Me," "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and other melodies, which have surely strayed down to us from heaven, that unconsciously he took to whistling them himself, much to Frank's amusement and approval.

The days were very much alike. At early dawn, before it was yet light enough to see clearly, Johnston would emerge from his corner, and in stentorian tones, whose meaning was not to be mistaken, shout to the sleeping men scattered along the rows of sloping bunks, "Up with ye, men! Up with ye." And with many a growl and grunt they would, one by one, unroll from their blankets. As their only preparation for bed had been to lay aside their coats and boots or moccasins, the

morning toilet did not consume much time. A dash of cold water as an eye-opener, a tugging on of boots, or lacing up of moccasins, a scrambling into coats, and that was the sum of it. The only brush and comb in the camp belonged to Frank, and he felt half ashamed to use them because no one else thought such articles necessary.

Breakfast hurriedly disposed of, all but Baptiste and Frank sallied forth into the snow, to be seen no more until midday. There were just fifty persons, all told, in the camp, each man having his definite work to do: the carpenter, whose business it was to keep the sleighs in repair; the teamsters, who directed the hauling of the logs; the "sled-tenders," who saw that the loads were well put on; the "head chopper" and his assistants, whose was the laborious yet fascinating task of felling the forest monarchs; the "sawyers," who cut their prostrate forms into convenient lengths; the "scorers," who stripped off the branches and slab sides from the tree trunks set apart for square timber; and finally, the "hewer," who with his huge broad-ax, made square the "stick," as the great piece of timber is called.

All these men had to be fed three times a day, and almost insatiable were their appetites, as poor Frank had no chance to forget. Happily they did not demand the same variety on their bill-of-fare as do the guests at a metropolitan hotel. Pork and

long had borne with it a number of smaller trees that stood near by, and one of these fell upon an unwary "scorer," hurling him to the ground, and badly bruising his right leg, besides causing some internal injury. He was insensible when picked up, but came to himself soon after reaching the shanty, where Frank made him as comfortable as he could, even putting him upon his own mattress that he might lie as easy as possible.

The injured man proved to be one of Damase Deschenaux's allies; but Frank did not let that prevent his showing him every kindness while he was recovering from his injuries, with the result of completely winning the poor ignorant fellow's heart, much to Damase's disgust. Damase, indeed, did his best to persuade Laberge that Frank's attentions were prompted by some secret motive, and that it was not to be trusted. But deeds are far stronger arguments than words, and the sufferer was not to be convinced. By the end of a week he was able to limp about the shanty, but it was very evident that he would not be fit to take up his work again that season. This state of affairs caused the foreman some concern, for he felt loth to send the unfortunate fellow home, and yet he could not keep him in idleness. Then it appeared that what is one man's extremity may be another's opportunity. Johnston knew very well that however bravely he might go about it, Frank's work could not

his spirits. In this case half a loaf was decidedly better than no bread at all. Freedom from the restraints and irksome duties of a chore-boy's lot for even half the day was a precious boon, and the happy boy lay down to rest that night feeling like quite a different person from what he had been of late, when there seemed no way of escape from the monotonous, wearisome task he had taken upon himself, except to give it all up and return to Calumet, which was almost the last thing that he could imagine himself doing; for Frank Kingston had plenty of pride as well as pluck, and his love for lumbering had not suffered any eclipse because of his experiences.

But what is one man's meat is another man's poison, according to the homely adage, and in this case what made Frank so happy made Damase miserable. The jealous, revengeful fellow saw in it only another proof of the foreman's favoritism, and was also pleased to regard the relegating of Laberge to the dish-washing and so forth as the degradation of a compatriot, which it behooved him to resent, since Laberge seemed lacking in the spirit to do it himself. Had he imagined that he would meet with the support of the majority, he would have sought to organize a rebellion in the camp. But he knew well enough that such a thing was utterly out of the question, so he was forced to content himself with fresh determinations to "get even" with the foreman and his favourite in some way before the winter passed, and, as will be seen, he came perilously near attaining his object.

(To be continued.)

The Parson's Conquest.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

ONE Sunday morning, Parson L—
His way to church was wending,
Just as the tolling of the bell
Was slowly, sweetly ending.

Upon the walk, some village boys
The Sabbath day were breaking;
Their game of marbles, full of noise,
No small disturbance making.

"Say, Dick," said one, "there's Parson L—
And I don't want to meet him."
In just a twinkling, strange to tell,
One boy was left to greet him.

Said Parson L—, "Why don't you run?
My boy, you're clear behind them!"
"I've lost three marbles that I won,
I wish you'd help me find them."

What could a reverend preacher say,
To such a little sinner,
Who played "for keeps" on God's own day,
In every game a winner?

"Let's see," he said, "what can be done."
Then, on the grass half kneeling,
He found the marbles one by one,
Less sight it took than feeling.

"Now won't you come to Sunday-school?"
The gamin made this answer:
"The boys would take me for a fool,
Just see my face and hands, sir."

With beauty spots his face was flecked,
As if from paint brush spattered;
His hands with Mother Earth were specked,
With ball club bruises battered.

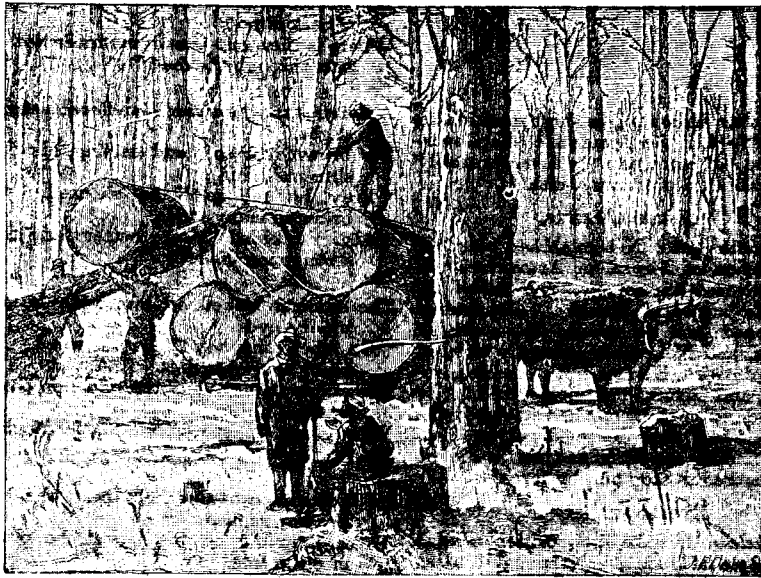
Across the way the town pump stands,
Straight as a tallow candle;
Beneath the spout, two dirt-stained hands
The parson worked the handle.

See now the boy with smiling face,
A Sunday-school beginner!
No wonder that in life's hard race
He dashed ahead as winner.

What is the moral of this tale?
Help children; do not scold them.
Rebukes and threats do not avail,
While kind deeds always hold them.

HE DID NOT TAKE ALCOHOL.

MR. E. P. WESTON, the celebrated walking champion, says that he could never have performed the wonderful feats of endurance and travel if he had taken alcoholic liquors. This is worth remembering.



CANADA'S BEST CROPS.

beans, bread and tea, these were the staple items. Anything else was regarded as an "extra." A rather monotonous diet, undoubtedly, but it would not be easy to prescribe a better one for men working twelve hours a day, in the open air, through the still steady cold of a Canadian winter in the backwoods.

At noon the hungry toilers trooped back for dinner, which they devoured in ravenous haste that there might be as much as possible left of the hour for a lounge upon the bunk, with pipe in mouth, in luxurious idleness. Then as the dusk gathered they appeared once more, this time for the night, and disposed to eat their supper with much more decorous slowness. Supper over, the snow-soaked mittens and stockings hung about the fire to dry; and pipes put in full blast, they were ready for song, story, or dance, until bed time.

Thus day followed day, until Frank, whose work kept him closely confined to the camp, grew so weary of it that he was on the verge of heartily repenting that he had ever consented to be a chore-boy, ever thought that was the only condition upon which he could gratify his longing for a lumberman's life, when another mischance became his good fortune, and he was unexpectedly relieved of a large part of his tiresome duties. This was how it came about.

One morning he was surprised by seeing one of the sleighs returning a good while before the dinner hour, and was somewhat alarmed when he noticed that it bore the form of a man, who had evidently been the victim of an accident. Happily, however, it proved to be not a very serious case. An immense pine in falling head-

help being distasteful to him, and a bright plan flashed into his mind. Calling Frank into his corner one evening, he said:

"How would you like, my lad, to have some of the out-of-door work, for a change?"

The mere expression of Frank's face was answer enough. It fairly shone with gladness, as he replied:

"I would like it above all things, sir; for I am a little tired of being nothing but a chore-boy."

"Well, I think we might manage it, Frank," said the foreman. "You see, Laberge can't do his work again this winter, and it goes against my heart to send him home, for he's nobody but himself to depend upon. So I've hit upon this plan: Laberge can't chop the wood or haul the water, but he can help Baptiste in cooking and cleaning up. Suppose, then, you were to get the wood ready and see about the water in the morning, and then come out into the woods with us after dinner, leaving Laberge to do the rest of the work. How would that suit you?"

"It would suit me just splendidly, sir," exclaimed Frank, delightedly. "I can see about the wood and water all right before dinner, and I'll be so glad to go to the woods with you. I'll just do the best I can to fill Laberge's place."

"I'm right sure you will, Frank," replied Johnston. "So you may consider it settled for the present, at any rate."

Frank felt like dancing a jig on the way back to his bunk, and not even the scowling face of Damase, who had been listening to the conversation in the foreman's room with keen Indian ears, and had caught enough of it to learn of the arrangement made, could cast any damper upon



ARISE.

ARISE.

JESUS is on his way to the house of Jairus, one of the rulers of the synagogue, whose daughter has just died. As he passes along the crowded street, a poor woman who has been for twelve long years a great sufferer sees him. Her heart beats that if she but touches the hem of his robe she will be healed. This is her opportunity and she must not let him pass without doing her utmost to reach him, for he may never be so near her again. So she hurries through the crowd, and at last her heart is full of joy. She is beside the loving and powerful Jesus. She falls on her knees without saying a word—she would not dare do that, and to touch his garment is enough. But as the trembling fingers touch his robe—Christ, feeling it, turns round and sees the woman who has such faith in his power. He asks her no questions; he knows just what she wants and just how great her faith is, and gently says, "Daughter, be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole." How the words thrill her heart! And she arises and goes on her way full of happiness.

Jesus Christ has the same power to-day. If we will, by faith, only touch the hem of his garment, we shall be whole from that very hour. Shall we be less wise than this poor woman and allow our opportunity to pass away, and will we reject his loving offer to heal our hearts and fill them with joy?

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

ISRAEL AFTER THE CAPTIVITY.

B.C. 445.] LESSON VIII. [Feb. 19.

REBUILDING THE WALL.

Neh. 4 9-21.] [Memory verses, 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

We made our prayer unto God, and set a watch against them.—Neh. 4. 9.

OUTLINE.

Praying and Watching, ver. 9-12.
Watching and Working, ver. 13-18.
Working and Organizing, ver. 19-21.

TIME.—B.C. 445.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

RULERS.—Artaxerxes, King of Persia;
Nehemiah, Tirshatha (or Pasha) of Judah;

Sanballat the Horonite, in high position in Samaria; Tobiah the Ammonite, the Governor (Pasha) of Ammon; Geshem, probably the chieftain of a predatory tribe.

CONNECTING LINKS.

Four months after Nehemiah had heard of the desolation of Jerusalem, Artaxerxes the king discovered his sorrow, and asked its cause. He answered frankly. Artaxerxes commissioned him to rebuild the walls of Jerusalem, and Nehemiah promptly entered upon his duties. He met with enemies, opposition, and scorn—but persevered. By judicious division of labour he had raised the walls to one-half their designed height. His enemies, finding mocking and satire did no good, conspired to stop him by force.

EXPLANATIONS.

Nevertheless—In spite of opposition. Judah—The people of Judah. Nehemiah had as many foes within the walls as outside. Strength . . . is decayed—The builders worked day and night, and never even put off their clothes except for washing. Rubbish—Broken stone and dirt accumulated through one hundred and thirty-five years of ruin. Ten times—Repeatedly; as we would say—"dozens of times." In the lower places . . . on the higher places—Wherever the wall was low, unfinished, or sunken in the valley, Nehemiah stationed armed defenders behind it. I looked, and rose up, and said—Verses fourteen and fifteen speak of a particular occasion when an attack was threatened, but came to naught. Habergeons—Coats of mail. Verse seventeen means that those who were not actual builders, but carried the materials, did their work each with one hand, holding his weapon in the other. The builders, however—masons and carpenters—each had his sword girded by his side. He are separated—The inhabitants of Jerusalem were few. Nehemiah first built its walls, and afterward filled it with people.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

What are we taught in this lesson—
Concerning seeking God's help?
Concerning helping ourselves?
Concerning helping one another?

HOME WORK FOR YOUNG BEREANS.

Find the meaning of "habergeon."
Why did not each builder hold a weapon in his hand as well as each bearer of burdens?

Why did Nehemiah keep the trumpeter next to him?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the adversaries of the Jews intend to do? "To surprise and ruin them."
2. What did Nehemiah exhort them to remember? "The Lord."
3. What did one-half of the Jews do? "Worked on the walls of the temple."
4. What did the other half do? "Stood as soldiers to defend them."
5. Whose orders did they all obey? "The orders of Nehemiah."
6. What is the GOLDEN TEXT? "We made our prayer unto God," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's overruling providence.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What does our Lord say of those who reject him?

He declares that they ought to believe in him; and that they would believe in him if they humbly and patiently listened to his words.

John 3. 19; 18. 37; 1 John 4. 6.

The Hero of the Fleet.

BY PAUL PASTNOR.

[We are glad to reprint the following generous tribute, by an American writer in the foremost religious paper in America, *The Independent*. It describes an incident in the boyhood of that distinguished admiral—Sir Cloudsley Shovel.—ED.]

On board the English flag-ship reigned terror and dismay;
The mainmast had been shattered, the colours shot away.
Still closer pressed the foeman, with many a deadly stroke,
Till from its English consorts the ship was hid in smoke.

The admiral gazed around him. "No hope," he cried, "unless
Our ships upon the right, there, shall learn of our distress."

He wrote a hasty order—then shouted:
"Sailors ho!

Where is the stout-armed swimmer will bear
this through the foe?"

A dozen started forward—and one, a stripling slight,

His brown hair soft and curling, his fingers slim and white.

"Pray, let me go!" he shouted. "I've braved many a tide,
And if I'm killed, 'twere better than that a strong man died."

The admiral looked on him with keen but kindly eyes.

"Go, then, my boy!" he answered. "No brave soul ever dies.

Remember that the fortune of all on board is yours—

Your glory, if successful, while England's flag endures?"

"I'll do my best—God help me!" the dauntless boy replied.

Then, stripping off his jacket, he plunged into the tide.

A cheer broke from the sailors; while through the boiling sea

Tho' shot and shell rained 'round him, intrepidly swam he.

Still fiercer raged the battle; the ship was keeling o'er;

Her masts lay on the bulwarks, her decks were red with gore.

Hope died in every bosom; dread silence sealed all lips—

When suddenly to leeward loomed up the British ships!

Loud thundered all their cannon; with storm of shell they bore

Straight down upon the foeman, hemmed in 'twixt reef and shore.

They massed about the flag-ship; they scattered far and wide

The broad white sails of Holland—the streamers of her pride.

That evening, when the flagship safe in the harbour lay,

And in the gilded cabin was fought once more the day,

The admiral remembered the lad who bore so well

The order he had written, through raining shot and shell.

"The hero of the battle!" he cried when, at command,

The blushing lad had entered, and stood with cap in hand.

"Some day, my boy," he added, in proud and kindly tone,

"You'll have a British flagship and colours of your own!"

The brave lad was promoted. Time passed, and still he wrought

Each task in faithful earnest, nor failed of best in aught.

At last the once boy-hero—such meed does true worth bring—

Upon his own proud flag-ship was knighted by the king.

—*The Independent*.

ONE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR.

THE projector of the new electric railroad between Chicago and St. Louis seems to have provided very shrewdly for the coveted speed of one hundred miles an hour. Straight roads, closed in, no grade crossings, light cars, wedged-shaped to cut the air, with centre of gravity exceedingly low, light engines, no stops, a perfect block system—surely machinery should fly, under these conditions, and passengers may soon wing their way from St. Louis to Chicago in two and a half hours. One's first impulse when such a tremendous speed is mentioned is to cry: "Halt! Our modern world is fast enough already. Trade is under pressure as great as nerve and muscle can bear. Our news comes all too rapidly for understanding. Our letters are answered far too promptly. We need rest a thousand times more than increased rapidity of motion." But one's second thought remembers that all improvements in transportation shorten the distances between friends and loved ones; bring the crowded city nearer to the blessed country, so that the tenements are emptied out into fresh air and broad sunshine; cheapen food and fuel and clothing for the poor, and knit the sundered sections of our nation together by more intimate ties. After all, the swifter engines of our modern life mean a more rapid and easy escape from the noise and bustle of that life, and so we bid them welcome.

KIND WORDS.

FANNIE lived in a large city, and while she had been taught to be kind to poor, unfortunate people, she was unlike some little girls, for she remembered what she was taught. One day she saw on the street a poorly dressed Irish girl, with a homely face, looking anxiously at the houses. Every person to whom she spoke either shook their heads, or did not trouble themselves to do that. When she reached Fannie, she asked politely:

"Can you tell me where number 874 is, miss?"

"Let me see," said Fannie, brightly. "This is number 10. It is a long way to 874, and you have to turn twice; but I am going nearly there, and will show you." Fannie thinks she never will forget the happy look which made the face of her companion almost pretty, when she said:

"Indeed, I do thank ye, miss, an' I wish that every folks carried as pleasant a tongue in their heads."

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