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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XIII, j

TORONTO, MARCH 4, 1893.

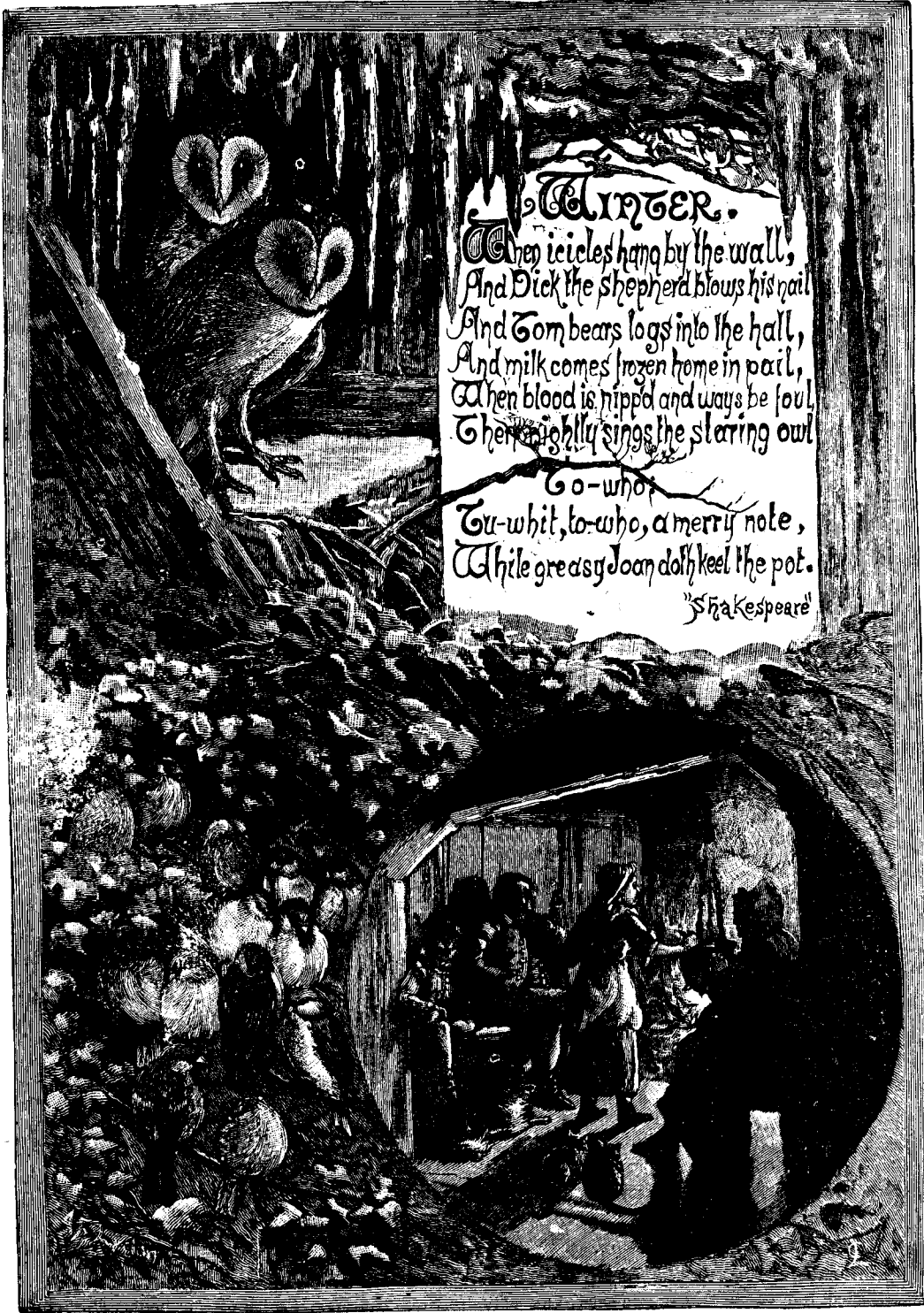
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## A GREAT MINE.

BY BISHOP H. W. WARREN.

At Deadwood two small streams come down gulches from the west and unite. Follow up the south one three miles and you come to Lead City; the north one not quite so far, and you come to Central City. They are two and a half miles apart, with a great high mountain filling all the space between. From city to city runs one great body of gold ore, hundreds of feet thick, and of unknown depth. They have begun at both ends at the surface and cut down acres, hundreds of feet. It does not take a great deal of rock to make a ton, and every ton has gold in every part. Of course you cannot see it. Pick over tons and you cannot find a speck visible to the natural eye. But it is there, and faith and works—reduction works—will find it. They have run a tunnel from city to city, and trains loaded with gold in the ore run from side to side. They have sunk a shaft 800 feet from the lowest place—still gold. They have run drifts about under Lead City, and everywhere still gold, gold, gold! It might be the treasure-house of the nation. There is ore enough in sight to last hundreds of years. Go into the Bank of England and they shovel out your gold. But what the bank has is not worth mentioning compared with this deposit. How do they get it? With exceeding difficulty and infinite painstaking. God has taken care that we shall not get it too easily. Between man and every dollar is a great deal of hard work. A man alone could get nothing here. It takes great combinations of hundreds of men and hundreds of thousands of capital to get it out. It is one of the greatest object lessons of the use and need of united action.

Go on the top of the hill over Central. A railroad train comes down loaded with wood for the enormous steam works. It is flung into a lubricated iron-lined chute, and it dashes down hundreds of feet. The last few feet of the chute is turned up and the wood flies thirty or forty feet in air and falls in a pile covering half an acre. It is a regular volcano spouting four-foot wood. The hills have been denuded of trees for miles and miles to find fuel for such vast consumption. Under the broad acres they are cutting down run tunnels, and the ore is thrown down wells to the trains of cars beneath. These trains dart out of the mountain side and run into the tops of the crushing mills. The cars are dumped into great hoppers, under which run the mills which crush the great rock as easily as the corn-sheller shells corn. From there the ore goes to the stamps. These are logs of wood set on end, shod with iron. They are lifted about eight inches and dropped on the ore in a trough of water. There are 160 of them in one mill, making an other-



wise inexpressible racket. As fast as the rock is pulverized to dust it flows over the edge of the trough with the water and runs down an inclined plane where mercury has been placed. This is so avaricious of gold that it absorbs into its substance the invisible particles and holds them there in perfect solution. The powdered rock runs away with the water. It looks like a river of red paint. No animal will drink it. It ruins vegetation twenty miles below.

How can the avaricious mercury be made to give up its gold? Usually by fire. Evaporate the metal, and the gold remains. But no sooner is the mercury condensed

than its "accursed hunger for gold" returns. Sometimes the two metals are put in a buckskin bag, and under great pressure the mercury is driven through the pores and the gold remains.

How much do they get by this vast labour and marvel of machinery? Besides paying the workmen about \$1,200 a year each, besides the expense of maintaining these mills, they get out about \$10,000 every day—say \$3,650,000 clear profit in the year.

One instinctively queries why this incomputable amount is made so difficult to get, while in heaven it is so easy.

## THE THREE C'S.

One night between twelve and one o'clock, when there was scarcely a star overhead, or the least shining from the moon to be seen, a manager from a Sailors' Rest in the south of England was returning to his home; but as he passed by the Gospel Hall, before which a bright light was shining, he saw a sailor lying at full length. He stooped to see more clearly, and for a minute he thought he was dead. The sailor was quite insensible, and his head was hanging down from the step on to the pavement. Then he put his lantern down, but the eyes never moved; then he laid his own head down, but the horrible smell of gin revealed, alas! without any words, that the poor lad was dead drunk.

Two soldiers, whistling a gay tune, were passing by, and with their help, the manager, who was an old sailor himself, carried the boy into the smoking-room of the Rest, and laid him down.

He was so drunk that it was quite late the next morning before he showed any signs of recovering himself. When he did, he could only stare in a stupefied way, and wonder what sort of a world his ship had sailed into now.

"Into the three C's," said a cheery, pleasant voice; "and if you had sailed in here before, my lad, you would not have been steering so far away from the harbour you are bound for."

The sailor still looked bewildered, but the kind old blue jacket, lighting his pipe, went on:

"Our three C's, of which, thank God, I am now captain, are Coffee, Comfort, and Company, and if a fellow gets a share of these, why, it's pretty well his own fault if he does what you did last night. I was a careless young fellow once too, but a lady—God bless her! the blue jacket's friend—took me by the hand, and gave me such kind words, and such great help, that I only long now to pass them on to every young chap who comes in my way. No, you are not going yet," as the nearly-sober lad tried to raise himself from his sofa. "You are going to rest a bit, and have some tea and meat, and then you and I are going to read about a prodigal lad who returned to his father once, many years ago."

"Why!" the boy cried in utter astonishment, "the Robin Hood enticed me in, got me to play at cards, made me drunk, robbed me, and then turned me adrift, and I might have died for all they cared, while you, a stranger, have taken me in!"

And then Jack's eyes closed; he was very silent, but every word that the new friend said went straight to his heart. Once he spoke, and his voice nearly sobbed. "I had a mother long ago, and she talked like that; but she is dead now, and no one cares."

"No one cares?" said his friend, sorrowfully. "Did not Someone die for you?"

And is not Someone living in heaven to care for you, and pray for you? And won't you, Jack, in return, care for him?"

Then in his firm, gentle way, which is so winning, the captain of "the three C's" talked on, and his influence became so great, that as the months rolled on, young Jack not only was constantly with him, but did all in his power as well to draw souls to Christ, and to fight that terrible weapon of the devil's—the weapon of strong drink.

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## Pleasant Hours;

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MARCH 4, 1893.

## JUNIOR LEAGUE—HOW TO ORGANIZE.

First talk it up among the children. Arouse their enthusiasm. Interest the boys first, and thereby insure their co-operation in the meetings. Tell them of the work of the Junior League in other localities. Have the pastor explain to his congregation and Sunday-school the object and plans of the Junior League, and announce a meeting to which he invites all boys and girls between the ages of eight and fifteen.

At this first meeting proceed to organize at once. Adopt a constitution and pledge. There should be four adult officers chosen by the pastor: president or leader, vice-president, secretary, and treasurer; also pianist and doorkeeper. Elect these officers by a majority vote of the members present. Report the number of members and list of officers to the Central Office (enclosing 25 cents for a charter).

The leader should nominate from the members several committees of from three to five each, such as lookout, visiting, flower, temperance, social, reception, and entertainment committees. These shall be elected to serve for one quarter, or until their successors shall have been chosen, thus giving all a chance to serve on some committee during the year. Give the League a "watch-word" (to be changed each quarter) which each member must repeat to the doorkeeper on presenting "punch-card" to gain admittance.

## WHAT IS SAID OF "ONWARD."

One of our superintendents writes thus of the robust Canadianism of our Sunday-school papers: "We have been pleased and delighted with the *Onward*, and think it is the best Sunday-school paper on the Continent. The patriotic sentiments which it breathes from week to week is what the youth of our land ought to be proud of. We feel justly proud of our paper and its editor."

## A BANKER'S ADVENTURE.

A young man of fine talent named W—, was some years ago chief clerk in a bank in Virginia. He was a good scholar and a courageous and honest young man; but he was the leader of an infidel club, and had nearly succeeded in throwing from his mind the last shackles of what he used to call the "nursery superstition," which was the religion his pious mother had taught him.

On one occasion upwards of \$100,000 in bank bills had to be carried to Kentucky, and he was selected to carry them. He was obliged to pass through a part of the country where highway robberies and even murders, were said to be frequent, and he arranged to pass it in the daytime. But he took the wrong road, and, having lost himself, was glad to find a shelter anywhere. He rode about a long time in the forest, amid the darkness and chilliness of a starless October night. At length he saw a dim light, and pushed his horse forward until he came to a poor wretched looking cabin. It was near 10 o'clock. He knocked and was admitted by a woman, who told him that she and her children were all alone—her husband was out a-hunting, but she was certain he would return, as he always came home according to promise. The young man's feelings may well be imagined. Here he was with a large sum of money, alone, and perhaps in the house of one of those robbers whose name was the terror of the country. He could go no further—what was to be done? The woman gave him supper, and proposed his retiring. But no, he could not think of permitting himself thus easily to fall into the hands of robbers. He took out his pistols, examined the priming, and determined to sell his life as dearly as he could. In the meantime the man of the house returned; he was rather a fierce, uncouth-looking hunter. He had on a deer-skin hunting-shirt and bear-skin cap, and seemed to be much fatigued and in no talkative mood; all of which bodied our young infidel no good. He asked the stranger if he did not wish to retire. He told him no; he would sit by the fire all night. The man of the house urged him. But no, he should not think of such a thing. He was terribly alarmed, and expected this would be his last night on earth. His infidel principles gave him little comfort. His fears grew into a perfect agony. What was to be done?

At length the backwoodsman rose up, and reaching over the stranger's head to a little shelf, took down an old book, and said:

"Well, stranger, if you won't go to bed, I will; but it is my custom always to read a chapter of holy Scripture before I go to bed."

Alarm was at once removed from him. Though avowing himself an infidel, he now had full confidence in the Bible. He was at once safe; he felt that the man who kept an old Bible in the house and read it, and bent his knees before his Maker, would do him no harm. He listened to the prayers of the good man of the house, at once dismissed his fears, and lay down in that rude cabin and slept as calmly as he did under his father's roof.

From that day he ceased to revile the Bible. He became a Christian, and often related these facts to show that no man can be an infidel from principle.

## HOW A LITTLE CHRISTIAN CAN DIE.

BY AMELIA DANON.

MAUD FOOTE, a little Junior Leaguer, aged ten years, was taken sick Saturday morning with diphtheritic croup. The following Monday I was called to her bedside. As I entered the room of the little sufferer, where each breath was a struggle for life, almost the first words I heard from her lips were, "Pray again." Soon she added, "I don't want to breathe any more. Take me, Jesus." But Jesus saw that her work was not yet done.

Little Maud, so frail and timid amid the perils of earth, had no fear when called to face the terrors of death. Six more long hours she suffered intense pain. Yet not one complaining word escaped her lips. Her breath was too short for murmuring. But not too short to speak words of love to the dear ones.

When the tired mother yielded her place of watching to another for just a few moments, Maud said, tenderly, "Poor mamma's been so sick," then said, "Sing." After listening to the words of her favourite song:

"If you want pardon, if you want peace,  
If you want sorrow and sighing to cease,  
Look unto Jesus, who died on the tree  
To purchase a full salvation,"

she turned to her brother and said, "Ralph!" As he stepped to her side she said, "Ralph, you must be a Christian." Hearing no response, she asked with great earnestness, "Ralph, won't you be a Christian?" When the longed-for promise came, a look of gladness flooded her face. Presently she gasped, "Oh, if I could only die easy!" Then her mother sang to her, "Living 'neath the shadow of the cross," in which she tried to join.

## THE CELLS OF THE BODY AND THEIR ENEMY.

BY EVA KINNEY GRIFFITH.

If you should take a walk out into the country some afternoon, you might come across a stagnant pool of water with a green scum upon it. In the mud that lies at the bottom near the water's edge is a peculiar slimy substance. If we should gather a little of this and place it under a microscope, we should find that it was composed of a great number of curious, little live creatures. One kind of these creatures looks like a little bit of white jelly with a dot in the centre. It has no legs, no arm, no mouth, no eyes, no brain, yet it can do almost anything that you can.

If a microscopic bit of food comes near it, it seems to see it instantly. It will make a little mouth in its jelly-like body by putting a lip out on one side of the speck of food and then on the other, and the first you know the food is on the inside. After it has sucked out all the nourishment, it will open another mouth and throw out the rest.

If it wants to move, it stretches out long and thin like an angle-worm, attaches the front end and pulls up the rear, and thus, by pushing and pulling, it can travel quite a distance.

Now, the human body is made up of a great many of these little creatures. There are thousands of them in every drop of your blood and mine. Some are red and some are white, and each has its own work to perform. In some parts of your body some of these little creatures are busy building houses around themselves, and thus the bones of the body are formed. Every time you move or do anything, some of these little creatures die. Then others come to take their places, and the bodies of the dead ones are carried off and disposed of by the liver. We call these little creatures, when they are in the body, cells.

Some of these cells live in the brain and have long fingers which they reach out into all parts of the body. If you stick a pin in your finger, the cells in the brain feel it by means of their long fingers, the ends of which you have hurt with the pin. Two or three of these fingers taken together make a nerve.

It is through the nerves that the cells in the brain send orders to the other cells what to do. Some of these nerves run down to the heart, and once a second the cells in the brain send down word to the heart to beat, and it beats. If it is necessary for a muscle to move, they send down word to that particular muscle, and it moves at once.

Now, the good health of our bodies depends on these little cells doing their work just right, and anything that hinders them or kills them before they have finished their work injures the body. When we drink anything that has alcohol in it, what do you think these little cells do? Why, they know that alcohol is their enemy because it drinks up all their water and will kill them if they do not get rid of it quickly. So the cells get very much excited and hurry very fast to try and drive the enemy out, and that's what people call being stimulated by alcohol. But sometimes so much alcohol gets in through the mouth that, hurry as they will, the little cells cannot get it out until it has killed a great many of them, and then the person,

who at first was stimulated, feels weak and has a headache. Sometimes so much alcohol gets in through the mouth that it kills all of these little cells. Then the brain stops sending messages, the heart stops beating, the blood stops flowing, and the person dies.

When these little cells are working so hard to keep us well, don't you think it wrong to put things into our mouth that must hurt and kill them?

## Who'll Be the Drunkards Then?

BY THOS. R. THOMPSON.

DEAR temp'rance people, good and true,

Some questions I would ask:  
Who'll occupy the place you fill,  
Who'll fight the demon of the still  
When you have passed away?

Our boys in time will grow to men,  
And they will fight the demon then;  
They'll occupy the place we fill,  
And work and pray and labour till  
There dawns a brighter day.

Who, think you, then will keep saloons,  
Gin-palaces and dives?  
Who'll brew and mash, distill and sell  
The liquid stream which leads to hell?  
Who'll be the liquor men?

The boys our efforts fail to reach,  
The little folks we cannot teach,  
The bright-eyed boys now in our schools,  
Who're sometimes told that we are fools—  
They'll be the liquor-men.

Who'll fill the jails in after-years,  
By alcohol enslaved?  
Who'll spend their wages for strong drink?  
Just pause awhile, now let us think,  
Who'll be the drunkards then?

The boys who wander up and down  
The streets in city, village, town;  
The little smokers we have met—  
The boys with pipe or cigarette—  
Will be the drunkards then.

Now, then, should we just let things run,  
As we are apt to do?  
Or should we start with willing feet  
To gather in from lane and street  
These boys of eight and ten?  
For every one wet rain aright  
May live to be a man of might—  
May keep his pledge, and then, you see,  
One thing is certain, that is, he  
Won't be a drunkard then!

## AN IDEAL SCHOOL.

BY DR. J. M. RICE.

I ENTERED one of the rooms containing the youngest children at the time of the opening exercises. The scene I encountered was a glimpse of fairyland. I was in a room full of bright and happy children, whose eyes were directed towards the teacher, not because they were forbidden to look in any other direction, but because to them the most attractive object in the room was their teacher. She understood them, sympathized with and loved them, and did all in her power to interest them and make them happy. The room itself was charming. The window-sills were filled with living plants, and living plants were scattered here and there throughout the room. The teacher's desk was literally strewn with flowers, and upon each of the children's desks flowers had been placed to welcome the little ones to school.

The book used during the reading-lessons was the book of nature—the plant they had just been studying. The scene presented by the happy little children each with a flower in his hand, surrounding the teacher who was smiling upon them, was truly beautiful. For reading matter the children were called upon for sentences expressing thoughts concerning their flowers. The sentences were written upon the board by the teacher, and when a number of them had been written the pupils began to read them. The children were interested because they all took an active part in the lesson from the beginning to the end. They were all observing, all thinking. Some of the little ones even committed the crime of laying their hands upon the teacher, and she so far forgot herself as to fondle them in return. Yet the discipline was perfect. What is perfect discipline in the class room but perfect attention? There was no noise, there were everywhere signs of life, and such signs of life as come a gathering of young children.



# The Chore-boy of Camp Kippewa.

A Canadian Story.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

## CHAPTER IX.

OUT OF CLOUDS, SUNSHINE.

GREAT was the joy of the men at finding Johnston alive and still able to speak, and at once their united strength was applied to extricating him from his painful position. The poor horse, utterly unable to help himself, had long ago given up the vain struggle, and, in a state of pitiful exhaustion and fright, was lying where he first fell, the snow all about him being torn up in a way that showed how furious had been his struggles. Johnston had, by dint of heroic exertion, managed to withdraw his leg a little from underneath the heavy jumper, but he could not free himself altogether, so that had the wolves found out how completely both horse and man were in their power, they would have made short work of both. Fortunately, by vigorous shouting and wild waving of his arms, the foreman had been able to keep the cowardly creatures at bay long enough to allow the rescuing party to reach him. But he could not have kept up many minutes more, and if strength and voice had entirely forsaken him the dreadful end would soon have followed.

Handling the injured man with a tenderness and care one would hardly have looked for in such rough fellows, the lumbermen after no small exertion got him up out of the Gully and laid him upon the sleigh in the road. Then the horse was released from the jumper, and, being coaxed to his feet, led down the Gully to where the sides were not so steep and he could scramble up, while the jumper itself was left behind to be recovered when they had more time to spare.

Before they started off for the shanty one of the men had the curiosity to cross the Gully and examine the bridge where it broke, in order to find out the cause of the accident. When he returned there was a strange expression on his face, which added to the curiosity of the others who were awaiting his report.

"Both stringers are sawed near through!" he exclaimed. "And it's not been done long either. Must have been done to-day, for the sawdust's lying around still."

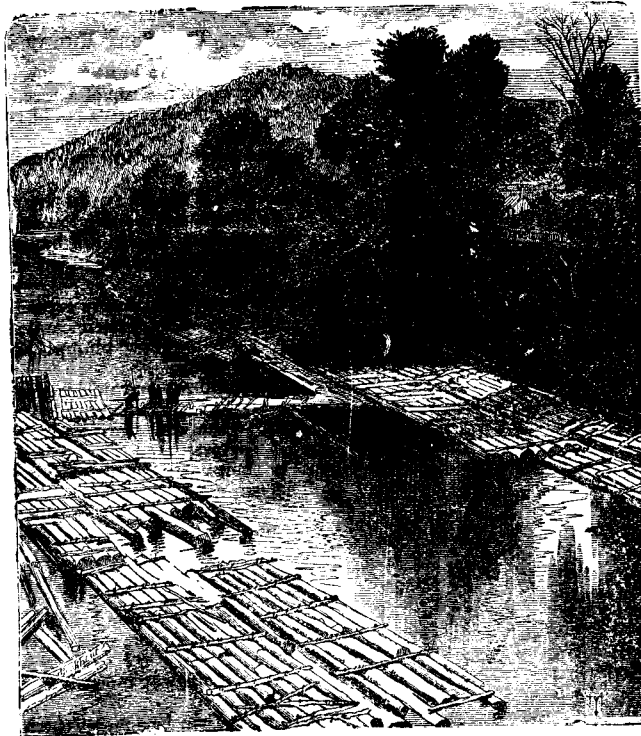
The men looked at one another in amazement and horror. The stringers sawed through! What scoundrel could have done such a thing? Who was the murderous traitor in their camp? Then to the quickest-witted of them came the thought of Damase's dire threat and consuming jealousy.

"I know who did it," he cried. "There's only one man in the camp villain enough to do it. It was that hound, Damase, as sure as I stand here!"

Instantly the others saw the matter in the same light. Damase had done it beyond a doubt, hoping thereby to have the revenge for which his savage heart thirsted. Ill would it have gone with him could the men have laid hands on him at that moment. They were just in the mood to have inflicted such punishment as would probably have put the wretch in a worse plight than his intended victim, and many and fervent were their vows of vengeance, expressed in language rather the reverse of polite. Strict almost to severity as Johnston was in his management of the camp, the majority of the men, including all the best elements, regarded him with deep respect, if not affection; and that Damase Deschenaux should make so dastardly an attempt upon his life aroused in them a storm of indignant wrath which would not soon be allayed.

They succeeded in making the sufferer quite comfortable upon the sleigh, but they had to go very slowly on the return journey to the shanty, both to make it easy for Johnston and because the men had to walk, now that the sleigh was occupied. So soon as they came in sight, Frank ran to meet them, calling out, eagerly:

"Is he all right? Have you got him?"



RAFTING ON THE MATTAWA.

"We've got him, Frank, safe enough," replied the driver of the sleigh. "But we wasn't a minute too soon, I can tell you. I guess you must have sent your wolves off to him when you'd done with them."

"Were the wolves at you, sir?" exclaimed Frank, bending over the foreman, and looking anxiously into his face.

Johnston had fallen into a sort of doze or stupor, but the stopping of the sleigh and Frank's anxious voice aroused him, and he opened his eyes with a smile that told plainly how dear to him the boy had become.

"They weren't quite at me, Frank, but they soon would have been if the men hadn't come along," he replied.

With exceeding tenderness, the big helpless man was lifted from the sleigh and placed in his own bunk in the corner. The whole shanty was awake to receive him, a glorious fire roared and crackled upon the hearth, and the pleasant fragrance of fresh brewed tea filled the room. So soon as the foreman's outer garments had been removed, Frank brought him a pannikin of the lumberman's pet beverage, and he drank it eagerly, saying that it was all the medicine he needed. Beyond making him as comfortable as possible, nothing further could be done for him, and in a little while the shantymen were all asleep again as soundly as though there had been no disturbance of their slumbers. Frank wanted to sit up with Johnston, but the foreman would not hear of it, and, anyway, thoroughly sincere as was his offer, he never could have carried it out, for he was very weary himself and ready to drop asleep at the first chance.

Of Damase there was no sign. Some of the men had noticed him quitting work earlier than usual in the afternoon, and when he did not appear at supper time had thought he was gone off hunting, which he loved to do whenever he got the opportunity. Whether or not he would have the assurance to return to the shanty would depend upon whether he had waited in ambush to see the result of his villainy, for if he had done so, and had witnessed the at least partial failure of his plot, there was little chance of his being seen again.

The next morning a careful examination of Johnston showed that, while no bones were broken, his right leg had been very badly twisted and strained, almost to dislocation, and he had been internally injured to an extent that could be determined only by a doctor. It was decided to send a message for the nearest doctor, and meanwhile to do everything possible for the sufferer in the way of bandages and liniments that the simple shanty outfit afforded. By general understanding, Frank assumed the duties of nurse, and it was not long before life at the camp settled down in its accustomed routine, Johnston having appointed the

most experienced and reliable of the gang its foreman during his confinement. In due time the doctor came, examined his patient, made everybody glad by announcing that none of the injuries were serious, and that they required only time and attention for their cure, wrote out full directions for Frank to follow, and then, congratulating Johnston upon his good fortune in having so devoted and intelligent a nurse, set off again on the long drive to his distant home with the pleasant consciousness of having done his duty and earned a good fee.

The weeks that followed were the happiest Frank spent that winter. His duties as nurse were not onerous, and he enjoyed very much the importance with which they invested him. So long as his patient was well looked after, he was free to come and go according to his inclinations, and the thoughtful foreman saw to it that he spent at least half the day in the open air, often sending him with messages to the men working far off in the woods. Frank always carried his rifle with him on these tramps, and frequently brought back with him a brace of hares or partridges, which, having had the benefit of Baptiste's skill, were greatly relished by Johnston, who found his appetite for the plain fare of the shanty much dulled by his confinement.

As the days slipped by, the foreman began to open his heart to his young companion and to tell him much about his boyhood, which deeply interested Frank. Living a frontier life, he had his full share of adventure in hunting, lumbering, and prospecting for limits, and many an hour was spent reviewing the past. One evening while they were thus talking together Johnston became silent and fell into a sort of reverie, from which he presently roused himself, and, looking very earnestly into Frank's face, asked him:

"Have you always been a Christian, Frank?"

The question came so unexpectedly and was so direct, that Frank was quite taken aback, and, being slow to answer, the foreman, as if he had been too abrupt, went on to say:

"The reason I asked you was because you seem to enjoy so much reading your Bible and saying your prayers that I thought you must have had those good habits a long time."

Frank had now fully recovered himself, and with a blush that greatly became him, answered modestly:

"I have always loved God. Mother taught me how good and kind he is as soon as I was old enough to understand, and the older I get the more I want to love him and to try to do what is right."

A look of ineffable tenderness came into Johnston's dark eyes while the boy was speaking. Then his face darkened, and, giving vent to a heavy sigh, he passed his hand over his eyes as though to put away

some painful recollection. After a moment's silence, he said:

"My mother loved her Bible and wanted me to love it too. But I was a wild, headstrong chap, and didn't take kindly to the notion of being religious, and I'm afraid I cost her many a tear. God bless her! I wonder does she ever up there think of her son down here, and wonder if he's any better than he was when she had to leave him to look after himself."

Not knowing just what to say, Frank made no reply, but his face glowed with sympathetic interest, and after another pause the foreman went on:

"I've been thinking a great deal lately, Frank, and it's been all your doing. Seeing you so particular about your religion, and not letting anything stop you from saying your prayers and reading your Bible just as you would at home, has made me feel dreadfully ashamed of myself, and I've been wanting to have a talk with you about it. Would you mind reading your Bible to me? I haven't been inside a church for many a year, and I guess I'd be none the worse of a little Bible-reading."

Frank could not restrain an exclamation of delight. Would he mind? Had not this very thing been on his conscience for weeks past! Had he not been hoping and praying for a good opportunity to propose it himself, and only kept back because of his fear lest the foreman should think this offer presumptuous?

"I shall be very glad indeed to read my Bible to you, sir," he answered, eagerly. "I've been wanting to ask if I mightn't do it, but was afraid that perhaps you would not like it."

"Well, Frank, to be honest with you, I'd a good deal rather have you read to me than read it for myself," said Johnston; "because you must know it 'most by heart, and I've forgotten what little I did know once."

The reading began that night, and thenceforward was never missed while the two were at Camp Kippewa. Young as Frank was, he had learned from his parents and at Sunday-school a great deal about the Book of books, and especially about the life of Christ, so that to Johnston he seemed almost a marvel of knowledge. It was beautiful to see the big man's simplicity as he sat at the feet, so to speak, of a mere boy, and learned anew from him the sublime and precious gospel truths that the indifference and neglect of more than forty years had buried in dim obscurity; and Frank found an ever-increasing pleasure in repeating the comments and explanations that he had heard from the dear lips at home. Even to his young eyes it was clear that the foreman was thoroughly in earnest, and would not stop short of a full surrender of himself to the Master, he had so long refused to acknowledge. Above all things, he was a thorough man, and therefore this would take time, for he would insist upon knowing every step of the way; but once well started, no power on earth or beneath would be permitted to bar his progress to the very end.

And this great end was achieved before he left his bunk to resume his work. He lay down there bruised and crippled and godless; but he arose healed and strengthened and a new man in Christ Jesus! If Frank was proud of his big convert, who can blame him? But for his coming to the camp, Johnston might have remained as he was, caring for none of those things which touched his eternal interests; but now through the influence of his example, aided by favouring circumstances, he had been led to the Master's feet.

But Damase—what of Damase? There is not much to tell. Whether or not he was watching when the bridge fell, and how he spent that night, no one ever knew. The next morning he was seen at the depot, where he explained his presence by saying that the foreman had "bounced" him, and that he was going back to his native town. Beyond this, nothing further was ever heard of him.

(To be continued.)

Daube: "Now Miss Hunter, please look pleasant—that's it—keep that for a moment until I can catch it. There. Now you may resume your natural expression if you wish."



SNOW-BIRDS.

## SNOW-BIRDS.

"It is going to snow," we say as we look up and see a flock of snow-birds passing over our heads, like a white cloud against a back-ground of grey, and especially if they stay with us, we are very sure winter is not far distant. Snow-birds belong to a family called Fringillidae. They are migratory birds, leaving us in summer, and coming back in winter. The old birds are distinguished by their white breasts, which are quite dark when they are young. The snow-birds in the picture are but young, and, being caught out in a snow and rain storm, are almost overpowered before they can reach the shelter of an old tree, which has fallen close to the hillside.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

## ISRAEL AFTER THE CAPTIVITY.

B.C. 475] LESSON XI. [MARCH 12.

## ESTHER BEFORE THE KING.

Esth. 4. 10-17; 5. 1-3.] [Mem. verses, 5. 1-3.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Judge righteously, and plead the cause of the poor and needy.—Prov. 31. 9.

## OUTLINE.

1. Faith's Message, v. 10-14.
2. Faith's Resolve, v. 15-17.
3. Faith's Triumph, v. 1-3.

TIME.—About B.C. 475. Thirty years before Nehemiah was made Governor of Judah.

PLACE.—Shusan or Susa.

## CONNECTING LINKS.

While the Jews in Palestine were living in unvalued poverty, those dispersed through the Persian Empire were exposed to another sort of danger, from the revengeful spirit of Haman. He induced the king to order the slaughter of all the Jews in his dominions. They were saved from their enemies through the mediation of Esther, the queen, who was a Jewess.

## EXPLANATIONS.

"Inner court"—The palace had four great halls, of which the rear one was the "inner court," in which the king sat in solitary

state. "Held out the golden sceptre"—The sceptre was the symbol of authority. Extended in the king's hands, it meant safety and peace. "Thirty days"—She feared that the king had grown indifferent to her. "Think not . . . that thou shalt escape"—Esther may have thus far have kept her nationality a secret. "Enlargement"—From restraint and danger. "Royal throne in the royal house"—The throne of the king in the palace, and so placed that it commanded a view of the spacious court and of those entering at the opposite portal. "Touched the top of the sceptre"—Perhaps as an expression of gratitude; perhaps as a sign that she wished a favour granted to her.

## PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. Faith's test?
2. Faith's sacrifice?
3. Faith's reward?

## HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Ascertain and write down the names of two or three prominent Greeks who were living at this time.
2. How many years did this incident occur after the completion of the second temple? How long before the chief events of Ezra and Nehemiah?
3. Find what allusions you can in Bible history to the practice of fasting.
4. What is the name of the feast by which the Jews still celebrate Esther's deliverance of their nation?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What had the Persian king decreed?
2. The destruction of the Jewish people.
3. Who was Esther? "A beautiful Jewess—the Queen of Persia."
4. From what did she save her people—the Jews? "From death by their enemies."
5. By what words did she show that she understood the terrible risk she ran by going into the king's presence unbidden? "If I perish, I perish."
6. What did the king do when he saw her? "Held out to her the golden sceptre."
7. What is the Golden Text? "Judge righteously," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The intercession of Christ.

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

How does our Lord teach us his religion?  
By his Word and by his Spirit.  
What is his Word?

The Scriptures of the Old and the New Testaments, which are the sacred books of the Christian Faith.

## The Four Funny Men.

SOME funny men built them a castle so high,  
Way up in the top of a tree,  
That only the squirrels could pass their house  
by,  
And only the wild birds could see!

No door did they have to their lofty abode,  
No blinds and no windows there were!  
The outside a sheeting of bayonets showed,  
But the inside was padded with fur.

These funny men slowly grew larger inside,  
And the walls of their castle grew, too!  
For, save to grow plump, and to slumber  
beside,  
These fellows had nothing to do!

Now, what did they wait for, these four  
drowsy men,  
In their castle so secret and high?  
The squirrels they knocked and knocked at  
their den,  
But they never got word of reply.

One day came Jack Frost, who, in galloping  
by,  
Saw those bayonets bristling about,  
So he broke in their walls with his finger-tips  
sly,  
And the drowsy men all tumbled out!

Oh, what then became of the four funny men?  
And whom do you guess they were?  
Have you thought of four chestnuts whose  
castle and den  
Is their own snug and warm chestnut burr?

## "WRITE TO MY MOTHER."

WHEN we arrived at the tenement in Catherine street that night, we found him in a miserable bed, in the fifth floor, back under the roof.

He had been knocked down by a truck on Canal street that afternoon, and the ambulance had borne him to his lodgings—as soon as it appeared—to die.

The detective trimmed the candle, rearranged the clothes on the bed, and shook up the feeble fire in the stove.

"You are so kind," he whispered faintly, "and I know you will grant my wish?"

"Write—a—letter—to"—

Then the strong man sat himself down beside the table, and beneath the sputter of the candle held his sheet of paper and his pen.

"Say," he murmured, "say that"—

Then we waited a long time.

"Say that I never for—forgot—them."

"That you have never forgotten them," and the pen raced on with death.

He stared into the air and a glassy look grew in his eyes.

"And—that—I—am—coming—home."

"And that you are coming home again. Yes, my boy, yes."

The pen raced on, but swifter still sped death.

"And—that—my—mother—should—not—weep, but"—

"Yes, yes."

Ah, how the pen sped on, with death so near at hand!

"And the address—where does your mother live?"

"She lives in"—

We heard the death rattle in his throat; we heard the sobbing of the wind outside; we felt that strange glamour, the creeping lack-lustre in his vacant glance; and we knew that another soul had slipped forth in the dark unknown, unwept of men, but numbered with his God.

Next day he was buried in Potter's Field.

The unfinished letter to his mother was placed upon his breast.

## THINGS THAT BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

THERE are a great many things that boys, while boys, should learn. And if they learn these lessons so well as never to forget them during life, they will prove of incalculable help to them oftentimes when they need help.

Among other things that a boy should learn, a friend of boys classes the following:—

Not to tease boys or girls smaller than themselves.

Not to take the easiest chair in the room, but put it in the pleasantest place, and do not forget to offer it to the mother when she comes in to sit down.

To treat the mother as politely as if she was a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.

To make their friends among good boys.  
To take pride in being a gentleman at home.

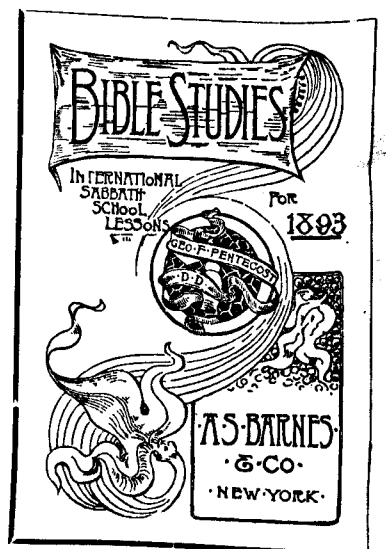
To take their mothers into their confidence if they do anything wrong; and above all, never lie about anything they have done.

To make up their minds not to learn to smoke, chew, or drink, remembering that these things cannot easily be unlearned, and that they are terrible drawbacks to good men, and slaveries to bad ones.

## A WELCOME VISITOR.

UNDER this heading an American paper prints the following, with some personal compliments which we suppress:

"One of the most welcome visitors to our office is that progressive young people's paper known as the *Onward*, published at Toronto, Canada, by Wm. Briggs, and edited by W. H. Withrow, D.D. The paper is just rounding out its second year, and that it is meeting with success and is appreciated may be inferred from the fact that it has already attained and holds a circulation of 32,000 copies a week. While it is recognized as a Methodist publication, it would be appreciated in any home where there are young people. It is unquestionably one of the brightest papers published in the interest of young people. Its eight pages, printed on fine paper and beautifully illustrated, contain each week a feast of good things along the line of religion, literature, travel, science, social progress, and the modern young people's movements. The members of all Epworth Leagues will find it specially valuable. We heartily commend it to all young people. It is published at the marvellously low price of 60 cents per year, and in clubs of five at 50 cents."



PAPER, 60 Cents,  
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## Press Opinions.

For clearness of analysis and spirituality of treatment these studies are perhaps the peer of any offered to Sunday-school teachers.—*The Assistant Pastor.*

An excellent expository volume, pervaded by the spirit of truth and light. It is intensely spiritual.—*The Canadian Methodist Quarterly.*

A careful study of these "Bible Studies" has shown that they are above the average of such works. The high literary standing of the author is itself the best guarantee as to the value of this book.—*The Evangelical.*

William Briggs, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.  
C. W. COATES, Montreal. S. F. HUESTIS, Halifax.