

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, JUNE 30, 1900.

No. 26.

Canada.

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

Land of mighty lake and forest?
Where the winter's locks are hoarest;
Where the summer's leaf is greenest;
And the winter's bite the keenest;
Where the autumn's leaf is scarcest;
And her parting smile the dearest;
Where the tempest rushes forth
From his caverns of the north,
With the lightnings of his wrath,
Sweeping forests from his path;
Where the cataract stupendous,
Lifteth up her voice tremendous;
Where uncultivated Nature
Rears her pines of giant stature;
Sows her jagged hemlocks o'er,
Thick as bristles on the boar;
Plants the stately elm and oak
Firmly in the iron rock;
Where the crane her course is steering,
And the eagle is careering;
Where the gentle deer are bounding,
And the woodman's axe resounding.
Land of mighty lake and river,
To our hearts thou'rt dear forever!
Thou art not a land of story—
Thou art not a land of glory.
No tradition, tale, nor song,
To thine ancient woods belong;
No long line of bards and sages,
Looking to us down the ages;
No old heroes sweeping by,
In their warlike panoply;
Yet heroic deeds are done,
Where no battle's lost or won;
In the cottage, in the woods,
In the lonely solitudes—
Pledges of affection given,
That will be redeemed in heaven.

DOMINION DAY.

In both Pleasant Hours and Onward we furnish for our national birthday special patriotic numbers of these papers. We want our boys and girls to appreciate more and more as the years go by the splendid inheritance which God has given them in this goodly land—the freest land on earth. No land is more favoured of heaven; none has nobler Christian institutions; none exhibits a higher grade of morality than our beloved Canada. Especially important to the future well-being of our country is the observance of the Lord's day, which is so marked a characteristic of our country.

The old-fashioned picture, the first on this page, represents a scene which is enacted thousands of times on our quiet Canadian Sunday. The rural congregation, who come from far and near to attend worship, are returning from the old-fashioned church which is shown in the rear of the picture. About four thousand Methodist congregations assemble every Sunday, to say nothing of those of the over four thousand other denominations. These, with their Sunday-schools, their Epworth Leagues, their religious training, and the religious effort which they represent—these are the true bulwarks of our country—these are the corner-stone—these are the pledge of the stability of our national greatness and the stability of its institutions.

Our other picture shows us the characteristic Canadian homestead in Ontario, of which many hundreds stud this fair and beautiful province. Around the comfortable mansion on every side



SUNDAY MORNING IN ONTARIO.

sweep the broad acres where well-filled barn and farm buildings show the thrift and industry whereby such comfort has been obtained. We are apt to boast too much of our grand cities, but the farms and farming population are really the backbone of Canada's strength. "The king himself is served by the field," and the population outside our cities is many times greater than that in them. The men of brawn and brain who succeed in cities are, for the most part, those who were brought up in the wholesome farm life of the country with its fresh air, free life, good food and plenty of it, and exempted in their early years from the hurry and worry of city life. Let our young folks learn by heart some of the patriotic poems in the present number and learn more and more to prize the noble country in which it is their good fortune to be born.

Our country girls, too, have a better time than many of them think. With our splendid school system, with the social and religious enjoyments and privileges which are theirs, they need not envy any girls in the world. If our young folk know the hard fare and hard work and scanty food and coarse clothing of the boys and girls in many European lands they would prize their own all the more. Of our Canadian homes it may be said, "It snows within the house with meat and drink." We commend the verses which follow to all who are discontented with country life:

COUNTRY GIRLS OF CANADA.

Ye country girls of Canada,
Who think your lot is hard,

Who think your life monotonous,
For you I have a word.

Ours is no royal-ridden land,
Where nobles are by birth,
But one of free equality,
Whose standard is true worth.

Despise not then its rural scenes,
Where youthful fancy roams;
You'll find few spots more kind to you
Than quiet country homes.

The busy towns are rushing streams,
Where men forget their Lord;
And seeking after wealth or fame,
Care little for his Word.

Ye like the rippling fountains are,
Fresh from the mountain's brink;
Beside whose pure untainted streams
It pleaseth one to drink.

And doubt not this, 'tis serious truth!
Tho' you feel not the weight,
That on your gentle shoulders
There rests a nation's fate.

Because your life is humble,
Think not it matters small
Whether you make it well or ill,
Or make it not at all.

Few of the great, of any age,
In luxury's lap were reared;
Whence come these mighty minds, you
ask,

The world has loved and feared?

Few, few of these were ever reared
'Mid cities' giddy whirls;

Their homes have been the country,
Their mothers, country girls.

And from your heart those intellects
That fifty years to come
Shall hold the reins of Church and State,
Protect our land and home,

Must take the cast which moulds their
minds

The way that they shall go,
Which makes their path all blessing,
Or makes their lives a woe,

The things you love, the words you
speak,

The very thoughts you think,
Will in a measure live in them,
Thro' some mysterious link.

Then prize your truth and virtue,
Your very thoughts keep pure.
Let faultless nature mould your forms,
Life's battles to endure.

With "woman's right" or franchisement,
Let not your hearts be vexed,
However man this age may rule,
'Tis yours to rule the next.

The simple truth that you may teach,
In words and accents mild,
And by the manner of your life,
Impress it on your child,—

May peal in loudest thunder tones,
When you and I lie low,
From men, within whose hands then rests
Our country's weal or woe.

There's much truth in that saying old,
"Man works from sun to sun;
Trough woman tolleth night and day,
Her work is never done."

It reaches out beyond her life,
Far into other years,
Beyond her day of weary care,
Beyond her night of tears.

When she long since has passed away,
Still monuments we find,
In living men, whose words and life,
Show forth her mould of mind
—Witness.

TWO BRAVE BOYS.

Two young boys, sons of a clergyman, living in Cincinnati, O., went not long ago with their father to visit the Soldiers' Home in Dayton. After a while the clergyman left his sons in charge of an officer, who was to show them the sights. Presently the old soldier began: "Now that the old man has—"
"We do not know any 'old man,'" interrupted the elder of the boys.

"Now that the old gentleman—"
said the soldier.

"We do not know any old gentleman," once more interrupted the boy: "he is our father."

A little while afterward the soldier began to swear. The younger brother looked up into his face and said:

"Please don't use such words."

"Why not?"

"Because we do not like to hear them; we are church folks."

"Oh!" said the soldier, as he gave a whistle.

But he did not swear any more, and he guided those boys around the grounds as respectfully and attentively as if they had been the sons of Queen Victoria.



BELOIR FARM HOMESTEAD, DELAWARE, ONTARIO.

Canada.

BY MORLEY LOUIS SWART.

O what varied beauty thine... Land of maple lands of pine...

Others dark in shame and fears... Other old in servile years...

Faithful Jewe, in Brittain's crown... Rising star of her renown...

OUR PERIODICALS:

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

WILLIAM BURGESS.

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto... C. W. Oates, S. F. Higgins...

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, JUNE 30, 1900.

THIS CANADA OF OURS.

An article of extraordinary interest on "Canada and its Resources," appeared in a recent number of The Methodist Magazine and Review.

The day is past when the vast expanse of the northern territory, with its vast area, as so many acres of snow and ice...

and feed the delicate tendrils of roots that the wheat plant sends into the earth for sustenance?

But other conditions are favourable to the production of wheat, grains and roots... Climate is more the result of altitude than latitude.

But there is still another advantage in these northern wheat-fields of Canada; and that is that while these latitudes imply long winter days...

Reference is made to rivers and bays as a means of judging of the vast expanse of Canada; the St. John, N.H. five hundred miles in length...

WILLIAM BURGESS. Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto...

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, JUNE 30, 1900.

THIS CANADA OF OURS.

An article of extraordinary interest on "Canada and its Resources," appeared in a recent number of The Methodist Magazine and Review.

The day is past when the vast expanse of the northern territory, with its vast area, as so many acres of snow and ice...

grandpa," remarked Charlie. "Who pays them?" "Oh, the men owning the logs..." "One of the men I know quite well, I guess he likes boys..."



BREAKING A LOG JAM.

would do when he came home too good. He would begin with the barn. Then he would tackle the house, and so on and so on... Poor Jonas! He don't seem to get on at all!

Of course somebody ought to speak to the temper. A word might work wonders. Wasn't he the somebody to speak to the river driver...

Charlie looked around. "You come behind that wagon and I'll try to..." "You will, Bub? Come on!" "What Charlie said he never could recall. It was a very poor sort of a prayer in Charlie's opinion...

A National Hymn.

BY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

From our Dominion never
Take thy protecting hand,
United, Lord, forever
Keep thou our fathers' land!
From where Atlantic terrors
Our hardy seamen train,
To where the salt sea mirrors
The vast Pacific chain.
Aye, one with her whose thunder
Keeps world-watch with the hours,
Guard Freedom's home and wonder,
"This Canada of ours."

Fair days of fortune send her,
Be thou her shield and sun!
Our land, our flag's Defender,
Unite our hearts as one!
One flag, one land, upon her
May every blessing rest!
For loyal faith and honour
Her children's deeds attest.

No stranger's foot, insulting,
Shall tread our country's soil;
While stand her sons exulting
For her to live and toil,
She hath the victor's guerdon,
Here are the conquering powers,
No foeman's yoke shall burden
"This Canada of ours."

Our sires, when times were sorest,
Asked none but aid divine,
And cleared the tangled forest,
And wrought the buried mine,
They tracked the floods and fountains
And won, with master hand,
Far more than gold in mountains,
The glorious prairie land.

O Giver of earth's treasure,
Make thou our nation strong;
Pour forth thine hot displeasure
On all who work our wrong;
To our remotest border
Let plenty still increase,
Let Liberty and Order
Bid ancient feuds to cease.

May Canada's fair daughters
Keep house for hearts as bold
As theirs who o'er the waters
Came hither first of old,
The pioneers of nations!
They showed the world the way;
'Tis ours to keep their stations,
And lead the van to-day.

Inheritors of glory
O countrymen! we swear
To guard the flag whose story
Shall onward victory bear,
Where'er through earth's far regions,
Its triple crosses fly,
For God for home, our legions
Shall win or fighting die.

CANADA—ITS EXTENT AND ITS RESOURCES.

BY REV. JAMES S. ROSS, D.D.

Three hundred and sixty-six years ago Jacques Cartier set sail from St. Malo to obtain glory for his royal master. Soon the erected cross, surmounted by the "fleur-de-lis," told the tale of Canada's discovery, and France's new glory. Not by diplomacy, nor through the strife of war, but silently and unconsciously, was Canada thus incorporated into a mighty empire. From the scattered wigwags of the dusky Indian, and from the silence of dense forests broken only by the warbling of birds and the cry of ferocious beasts, who could then have predicted the brilliant future that awaited our country? It is true, we may have no myths reaching back into the hazy past, to soften the rugged outlines of our early history; no legends to tempt the curiosity of literati; nor narratives of mighty conquests to arrest the attention of the world; but if greatness consists in sacrifices borne, hardships overcome, and brave deeds conceived and performed, our claim to permanent fame equals that of many of the lauded nations of history. Nature's gifts have been lavished upon us. How vast our possessions, reaching from ocean to ocean! how extensive our waterways! how exhaustless our fisheries, forests, and mines! how fruitful our soil, and how invigorating our climate!

Yet the restless activity of man, ever striving to supplant nature, has ramified the country with electric nerves, woven a network of rail, launched the magnificent steamer, delved the danger-avoiding canal, and erected the school—the foe of the tyrant, and the church—the hope of the world.

Our land is young; no ivy-crested towers or storied castles are hers. She invokes not the aid of proud historic names, nor deeds of knightly chivalry to procure her fame. She is young! but her robes are unsullied, and the flush

of health is on her cheek. How stately her steps as she goes forth to take rank among her peers! Behind her lies the darkness of night; before her, the growing brightness of the spring-tide day.

Consider a few of the elements of her greatness! Her climate is salubrious and invigorating, and although she boasts not of a temperature where summer flowers flourish in perpetual bloom, nor where spicy breezes breathe through the live-long year, yet she possesses a climate in which men attain the greatest vigour of body and mind, under which the conquering nations of the world have developed. Her winters, so much dreaded by the European, are seasons of business prosperity, whilst the merry jingle of the sleigh-bell betokens enjoyment. The abundant snow proves a beneficial covering for the plant, frosts pulverize the soil, and the melting of the snow supplies moisture to the soil; earth. Our summers are sufficiently long and warm for the maturing of the crops. Wheat ripens as far north as Great Slave Lake, and lands hundreds of miles farther north about in the coarser grains and grasses. Most of the fruits brought to perfection in Spain and Italy may also be produced to advantage in the southern portions of our Ontario. Maize, that will not ripen in England, and seldom in the vicinity of Paris, is here a field crop; and the beautiful and useful sugar-maple, which cannot grow in England, owing to the lowness of temperature, attains here to a height of from sixty to one hundred feet. The productiveness of the maple has induced Canadians to adopt its leaf as a national emblem. As one of our native poets has sung:

"Let older nations proudly praise the emblems of their fame,
That sounding down thro' ages long have won immortal name;
Let Britain, greatest of them all, loud praise her glorious three,
That like her sons are joined in one in Canada the Free.

"But there's another emblem yet, dearer to us than all,
That tells of happy hearts and homes and Freedom's joyous call;
And magic light—a beacon bright—to myriads o'er the sea,
Our Emblem chief, 'ae Maple Leaf, of Canada the Free.

"It breathes no tale of ancient feuds, betrays no barren soil,
But welcomes to our grand old woods the honest sons of toil;
Gives equal rights and equal laws to all, who'er they be,
Our Emblem chief, 'ae Maple Leaf, of Canada the Free.

"Then while we prize, with children's love, the Shamrock and the Rose,
The Thistle and the Fleur-de-Lis, forget not that there grows
Upon our broad and fertile soil a noble forest-tree,
With graceful leaf, the emblem chief of Canada the Free."

Our natural resources are rich and varied. The commercial value of our forests is simply inestimable. With care, the supply is unlimited for centuries to come, and the influence they exert upon the climate is both powerful and favourable. Our forests are at once the envy and the admiration of the world.

The development of our mineral resources is, as yet, in an embryonic state, but sufficient is known to prove the existence of a vast amount of national wealth, lying locked in the dark chambers of the earth.

Our fisheries are, and will continue to be, a great source of wealth. From the banks of Newfoundland, over the gulf of St. Lawrence, around the three great oceans to Vancouver, through innumerable straits, seas, and inlets, we possess eleven thousand miles of sea-coast, swarming with most prolific fisheries. They yield about \$20,000,000 annually, while yet only one-third of them is developed.

The facilities we possess respecting natural and artificial means of communication will be apparent from a consideration of our lakes and rivers, our railways and canals. From Belle Isle to the head of Lake Superior, a distance of twenty-four hundred miles, there are only seventy-two miles of canal; and from Belle Isle to Montreal, a distance of seven hundred miles, there is navigation for the largest steamers. As recently as 1815, the first steamboat was built on Lake Ontario. Now, Canada takes rank as third maritime power in the world.

Though the labours of our forefathers in providing for their physical wants were long and severe, they never over-

looked the necessity of a sound education, as being the basis of a nation's greatness. Through the wise forethought and administrative skill of Dr. Ryerson, we possess a system of primary education which is excelled by none other in the world. In addition to high schools and academies, there are several colleges where any young man of industry and intelligence may obtain a classical, scientific, technical, or general education of the highest grade. Though in a young country "learned leisure" must, of necessity, be comparatively rare, yet Canada has reason to be proud that she possesses names in literature and science on which the world's renown has fallen.

With an invigorating climate; inexhaustible mines and fisheries; millions of fertile acres waiting for the coming of the husbandman, a vast natural system of water communication; a strong military position; an enlightened and liberal educational policy; religious freedom in its most perfect form; an impartial judiciary, alike independent of popular favour and of political influence; a form of government speedily giving expression to the popular will, and with institutions of stability and order, attracting population and capital to our shores; what earth-born power can rob us of our destined glory? How encouraging the auguries of future greatness! The busy hand of toil is seen everywhere. The whole country is astir. The myriad sounds of cities respond to the farmer's voice and the herdsman's call. The watercourses are vexed with innumerable keels. The valleys are vocal with the din of manufactures. The mountains tremble at the miner's blasts. The woodman's axe resounds through the dense forests, and boundless prairies are soon to be solitary no more. Canada thus sets out on her career, with as bright a future before us, as any state whose craft has been launched upon the stream of time. Then,—

"Sail on, Dominion, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!"

Canada.

BY DR. DEWART.

The grand old woods of Canada:
How cool and dim below
The shade of their sweet rustling leaves!
Swift-changing webs the sunlight weaves
Where ferns and mosses grow.

The giant trees of Canada:
Dark pine and birch drooped low;
The stately elm, the maple tall,
The sturdy beech, I love them all,
And well their forms I know.

The forest wealth of Canada:
The choppers' blows resound
Through the crisp air, while cold and still

The snow's deep cloak o'er vale and hill
Lies white upon the ground.

The sparkling streams of Canada:
That neath cool shadows pass,
Then wind, where sleek-fed cattle sleep,
Through verdant meadow, ankle deep
In clover-blooms and grass.

The crystal streams of Canada:
Deep in whose murmuring tide,
From pebbly caverns dimly seen
'Neath leafy shade of living green,
Grey trout and salmon glide.

The beautiful lakes of Canada:
With loving eyes I see
Their waters, stretched in endless chains
By fair St. Lawrence, to the main,
As ocean wild and free.

Where white sails gleam o'er Huron's
wake,
Or fade with dying day,
Fond memories in my heart awake,
Of home's dear dwelling by the lake,
Like sunshine passed away.

The prairies vast of Canada:
Where sun sinks to the earth,
In setting, whispering warm good-night
To myriad flowers, whose blushes bright
Will hail the morrow's birth.

The robust life of Canada
In cheery homes I see,
Though gold nor jewels fill the hand,
'Tis nature's self has blessed the land,
Abundant, fair and free.

I Have Closed My Books.

BY KATHERINE LEE BATES.

I have closed my books, and hidden my
satchel,
And thrown my satchel across the gate,
My school is out for a season of rest,
And now for the schoolroom I love the
best.

My schoolroom lies on the meadows wide,
Where under the clover the sunbeams
hide;
Where the long vines cling to the mossy
bars,
And the daisies tumble like falling stars;

Where clusters of buttercups gild the
scone,
Like showers of gold-dust thrown over
the green,
And the wind's flying footsteps are traced
as they pass,
By the dance of the sorrel and dip of the
grass.

My lessons are written in clouds and
trees,
And no one whispers except the breeze,
Who sometimes blows, from a secret
place,
A stray, sweet blossom against my face.

My school-bell rings in the rippling
stream,
Which hides itself like a schoolboy's
dream,
Under the shadow and out of sight,
But laughing still for its own delight

My schoolmates there are the birds and
bees,
And the saucy squirrel more dull than
these,
For he only learns in all the weeks
How many chestnuts will fill his cheeks

My teacher is patient, and never yet
A lesson of hers did I once forget;
For wonderful lore do her lips impart,
And all her lessons are learned by heart.
O come! O come! or we shall be late,
And autumn will fasten the golden gate.

THE LATEST Music Books

Make His Praise Glorious
For the Sunday-school and Church. Edited
by E. O. Excell. Each, 35c, postpaid; per
dozen, \$3.00, not prepaid.

The Voice of Melody
A Collection of Sacred Songs for the Sunday-
school and Young People, and other Devo-
tional Meetings. Edited by E. S. Lorenz.
Each, 30c, postpaid; per dozen, \$3.00, not
prepaid.

Sacred Songs No. 2
Compiled and arranged for use in Gospel
Meetings, Sunday-schools, Prayer Meetings,
and other Religious Services, by Ira
D. Sankoy, James McGranahan and Geo.
C. Stebbins. Each, 30c, postpaid; \$3.00 per
dozen, not prepaid.

Sifted Wheat
A Collection of Songs for Sunday-schools,
Young People's Societies, Devotional and
Revival Meetings. By Charles H. Gabriel.
Each, 35c, postpaid; \$3.00 per dozen, not pre-
paid.

The Canadian Hymnal
Revised and Enlarged, containing 425
Hymns. Prepared expressly for Sunday-
schools, Epworth Leagues, Prayer Meetings,
Family Circles, etc. Each, 50c, per dozen,
\$5.00, postpaid.

Pentecostal Hymns No. 1
A Windowed Collection for Evangelistic
Services, Young People's Societies and Sun-
day-schools. Selected by Henry Dale. Each,
35c, postpaid, per dozen, \$3.00, not prepaid.

Pentecostal Hymns No. 2
For Evangelistic Services, Young People's
Societies and Sunday-schools. Selected by
Henry Dale. Each, 35c, postpaid, per dozen,
\$3.00, not prepaid.

Songs for Young People
The Sunday-school and the Church. Edited
by E. O. Excell. Each, 25c, postpaid; \$2.50
per dozen, not prepaid.

Chorus of Praise
For use in Sunday-schools, Young People's
Meetings, Revivals, Prayer Meetings and
the Social Services of the Church. Edited
by James M. Black. Each, 25c, postpaid;
per dozen, \$2.50, not prepaid.

Songs of Praise and Consecration
Compiled and edited by Rev. J. Wilbur
Chapman, D.D. Each, 15c, postpaid; per
dozen, \$1.50, not prepaid.

Saving Grace
For use in Religious Meetings. Edited by
Alonso Stone (Mus. Bac.), Adam Gelbol,
Chas. A. Hechter, R. F. Lehman. Each, 15c,
postpaid; per dozen, \$1.50, not prepaid.

White Lilies
By Edward C. Avis. A collection of music
for the Sunday-school, Young People's So-
cieties, and the various services of the
Church. Each, 25c, postpaid, per dozen,
\$2.50, not prepaid.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,
Toronto.

C. W. Coates, Montreal. S. F. Maestis, Halifax

Canada to England.

BY JAMES L. HUGHES.

Tune "Beulah Land"

Oh! Mistress of the mighty sea!
Oh! Motherland, so great and free!
Canadian hearts shall ever be
United in their love for thee.

CHORUS—

Yes, Motherland! Dear Motherland!
Beneath the Union Jack we'll stand,
A part of thy Imperial whole;
From sea to sea, from pole to pole,
On woodland height and fertile plain
True British subjects we'll remain.

Thy power shall faith and hope impart,
Thy liberty inspire each heart,
Thy justice ever guide us right,
Thy honour be our beacon light!

We share the glories of thy past,
Thy sailors brave beneath the mast,
And soldiers true on many a field,
Have taught Canadians not to yield

We'll build a nation great and free,
And greatest in its love for thee,
No other fate could be so grand,
As union with our Motherland!
Globe, Toronto.

THE BEAVER.

The beaver, the emblem of Canada, is a small animal with a fur skin and a flat

the beavers had built a dam across the creek, and made a pond to live and play in at that place. There are very few beavers in this country now, and perhaps not many readers of this have ever seen one.

Not very long ago beavers were abundant in nearly all the wooded districts of North America, but they have become scarce, and are now found only in wild and unfrequented parts of the continent. Their hind feet are webbed for swimming, and they have a curious broad tail, flattened above and below like a paddle, and covered with thick skin. They have been said to use this tail as a trowel for plastering their dwellings, and also for driving stakes, but authentic accounts inform us that the tail is used merely as a rudder in swimming, and as a support to the beaver while sitting up at its work.

An unusual degree of interest is felt in beavers on account of the skill which they display in building their homes, and in felling timber for the construction of their dams. In the arduous labour of cutting down trees, the only implements used are their short gnawing teeth. Beavers belong to the family of rodents, or gnawing animals, and as all these animals feed upon nuts, or the bark and woody stems of trees, they are supplied with sharp, chisel-shaped teeth, in order to nibble tough, woody fibres.

As has been stated, beavers show re-

length, and dragged to the water, that it may be floated to the dam. When large trees are needed, the beavers are wise enough to select those that stand near the edge of the water, and they are careful to grow the trees in such a way that they shall fall into it, and thus save the labor of dragging them.—"Animal Life."

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON II.—JULY 8.

JESUS THE BREAD OF LIFE

John 6. 22-40. Memory verses, 35-37.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life.—John 6. 35.

OUTLINE.

1. Seeking for Jesus, v. 22-24.
 2. The Meat which Perisheth, v. 25-34.
 3. The Bread of Life, v. 35-40.
- Time.—April, A.D. 29.
Place.—Capernaum.

LESSON HELPS.

22, 23. "The day following"—Following the night of the walk on the sea and

"endures," abides, and the life that it nourishes continues into eternity. (3) This world, with all that belongs to it, "passeth away." "Sealed"—Or, as we would say, "indorsed." In the East men authenticate a document by appending a seal instead of a signature. God the Father by just such miracles as the feeding of the multitude had indorsed Jesus as the Messiah.

28. "Work the works of God"—If working for wages, labouring for the "meat which perisheth," is not the highest ideal, tell us how we shall work.

29. "Believe on him"—Identify yourselves in every way with the Messiah. (4) Faith in Christ is the great saving work.

30. "What sign"—The Jew was born a believer, just as the Greek was born a sceptic. The first demanded a supernatural wonder as naturally as the second asked for a reason. (5) God gives both reasons and miracles in plenty to the devout soul, but gives neither to the curiosity seeker.

31. "Did eat manna"—After all, they thought the feeding of the five thousand was less marvellous than the manna, and Moses was not the Messiah.

32. "Moses gave you not"—Christ will not allow himself to be unfavourably compared with Moses. "The true bread"—Spiritual bread; eternal truth, which was embodied in our Lord.

34. "Evermore give us this bread"—A superficial and unspiritual prayer. "These people were shallow; they did not comprehend the meaning of Christ's words, but if he had anything desirable to give they wanted it."—Abbott.

35. "Bread of life"—Bread that giveth life. "He that cometh"—That is, he that continually comes. "In one sense spiritual hunger and thirst are not ended when Christian experience begins."—Abbott. (6) But the true Christian has no heartache or unsatisfied yearning.

36. "Believe not"—They sought a feeder for their stomachs, not a Saviour for their souls.

37. "In no wise cast out"—(7) Christ's promise to cast out none is the sinner's warrant.

40. "Seeth"—Contempleteth.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Jesus the Bread of Life.—John 6. 22-40.
Tu. Bread from heaven.—John 6. 41-50.
W. Everlasting life.—John 5. 51-58.
Th. The manna.—Exod. 16. 4-15.
F. Broken for us.—Luke 22. 13-20.
S. None lost.—John 17. 1-12.
Su. With him in glory.—John 17. 20-26.

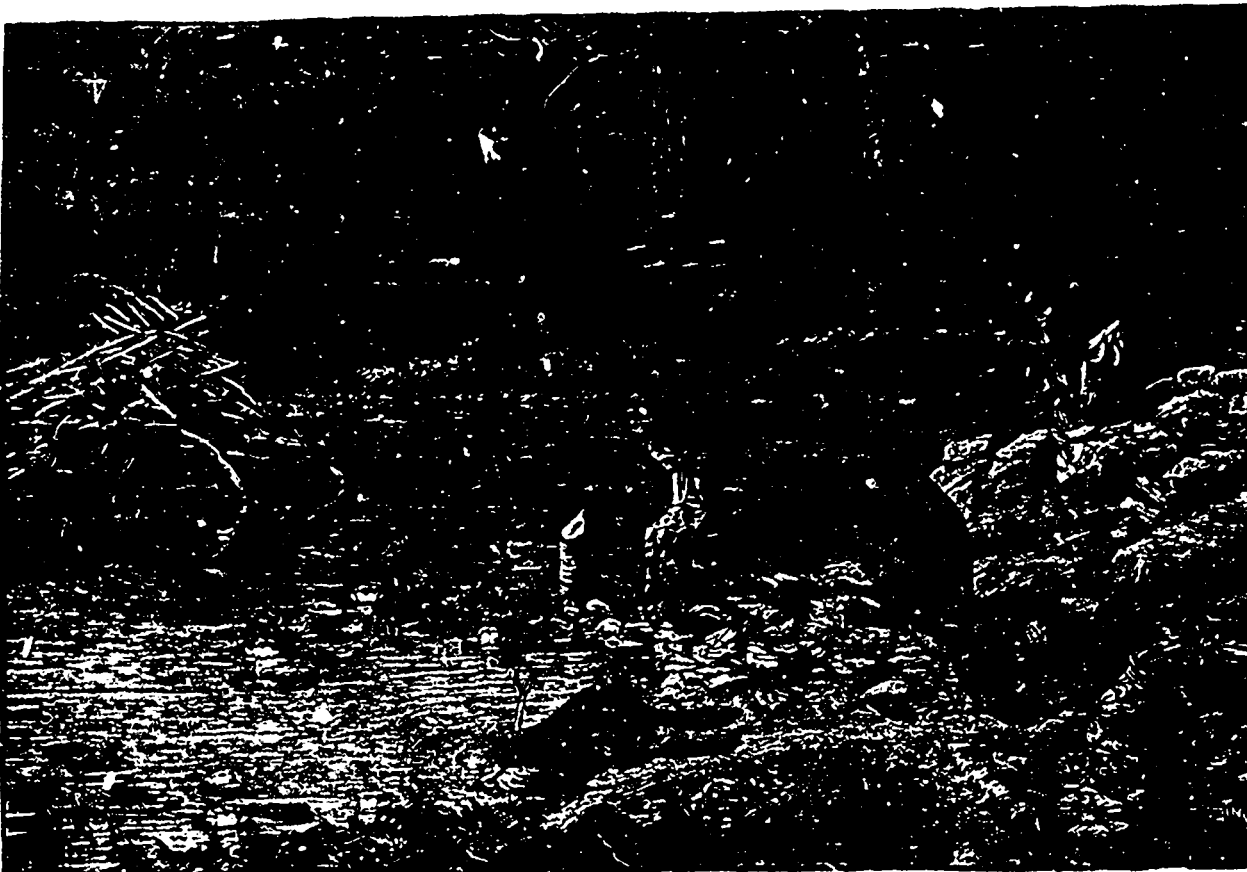
QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Seeking for Jesus, v. 22-24.
Who came seeking Jesus?
When did they come?
Why were they seeking him?
Is there any danger of selfish seeking in these days?
2. The Meat which Perisheth, v. 25-34
How did they address Jesus?
Why did he say they were seeking him?
What did he tell them to labour for?
Explain the "meat which perisheth."
What is the "work of God"?
Does work always follow faith?
What did they ask for? Verse 28.
How did Jesus answer them?
What did they then want him to do?
To what Old Testament miracle did they refer?
What was the "bread from heaven"?
3. The Bread of Life, v. 35-40.
Were the people pleased with Christ's teaching?
What were they seeking?
Of what did Christ complain? Verse 36.
What precious promise is given in verse 37?
What always accompanies God's promises?
Why came Christ to earth?
What does this teach us as his followers?
Can anything be lost that is given to Christ?
Need any be lost?
What is always necessary before we can accept God's promises?
Give Golden Text.
What in this displeased the Jews?
Who did they say he was?
How can we feed on Christ?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson do we learn—
1. That not all persons who seek Jesus seek him with proper motives?
 2. That we can work best for God when we believe most in him?
 3. That Jesus is the bread of God which nourishes our souls as bread nourishes our bodies?

Alcohol is not a gift of God, but Satan's most powerful agent for destroying God's image in man.



THE BEAVER—THE FIRST AND ORIGINAL "CANADIAN ENGINEER."

tail, which lives about streams of water in new countries. These little animals often live in large bodies, and do an immense amount of hard work. They gnaw down trees and bushes with their sharp teeth, drag them across the creeks by their united efforts, and construct dams which form large ponds of water. In building dams it is said they use their tails for trowels, and when they swim they use them for rudders. There were many beavers in this country in the days of the early settlements, and the people who first settled in the country made much money by killing beavers and selling their skins to fur dealers. In these early days there were men who made hats by hand as a trade, and some of the very best and most stylish hats that were worn in those days were made of beaver fur. On this account fine hats are called beavers to this day. On account of the industrious habits of the beaver, we have the familiar and expressive saying, "He works like a beaver." Hence the appropriateness of the beaver as the emblem of the industrious Canadians. Some of the creeks in this country are named "Beaver Creek." They were so named by the early settlers of the country on account of the beavers that infested them. Several localities along those creeks are called "Beaver Dam" to this day. They, too, received the name from the early settlers because

markable intelligence in building their homes, and they arrange them so that the entrance may be at all times beneath the water. When the home of the beaver is in a stream or lake deep enough to secure this important object, there is no necessity for a dam, or for the erection of houses, and their dwellings are then hollowed out in the banks. But if the stream is shallow, dams are needed to store up a sufficient quantity of water to conceal the entrance to their homes, as well as to prevent the possibility of their being blocked by ice.

In order to build these dams, trees must be cut down and dragged or floated to the spot, stones and lumps of earth are then brought to keep the timbers and boughs in place, and everything is securely fastened. Twigs and pieces of wood are also stored up for winter food in case the beavers should be compelled to resort to such indoor fare.

All the wood-cutting, as we have seen, is done with the sharp front teeth, and it is accomplished very rapidly. Sitting upon the tail and haunches, a single beaver gnaws a circle around the trunk of a tree, going round again and again, gnawing the groove deeper each time. At length, when the trunk is cut nearly through, after examining it frequently, the careful worker nibbles only upon the side toward which it wishes the tree to fall, taking care to dash away at the first crackling of the timber, that it may not be crushed by the falling weight. The trunk is next cut into the desired

the day of the feeding of five thousand. "The other side of the sea"—The writer's point of view is changed; and the "other side" here is the eastern side, the side where the miracle had been wrought. The meaning of the close of verse 22 and of verse 23 is simply this: On the evening of the miracle only one boat was in sight; but most of the people having come from the west of the lake, in the morning several boats crossed over for them.

24. "They also took shipping"—Not, probably, the whole five thousand. "Came to Capernaum, seeking for Jesus"—They knew that he had not gone with his disciples in the one boat that had left; they would learn from the ferrymen of Tiberias that he was not there; so most naturally they went to Capernaum.

25. "Other side" in this verse means western side.

26. "Saw the miracles"—Better, "saw the signs." Their miraculous meal of bread and fish was meant to be an emblem of the heavenly food which Christ could supply; but it had awakened in their hearts no "hunger and thirst after righteousness," only a desire for another meal of bread and fish. (1) How many there are to-day who turn from the living God to "loaves and fishes!"

27. "Labour not"—Rather, work not. (2) We should live as being in the world, but not of it. "Meat"—Food. "Endureth unto everlasting life"—This food is not consumed, like physical food, but