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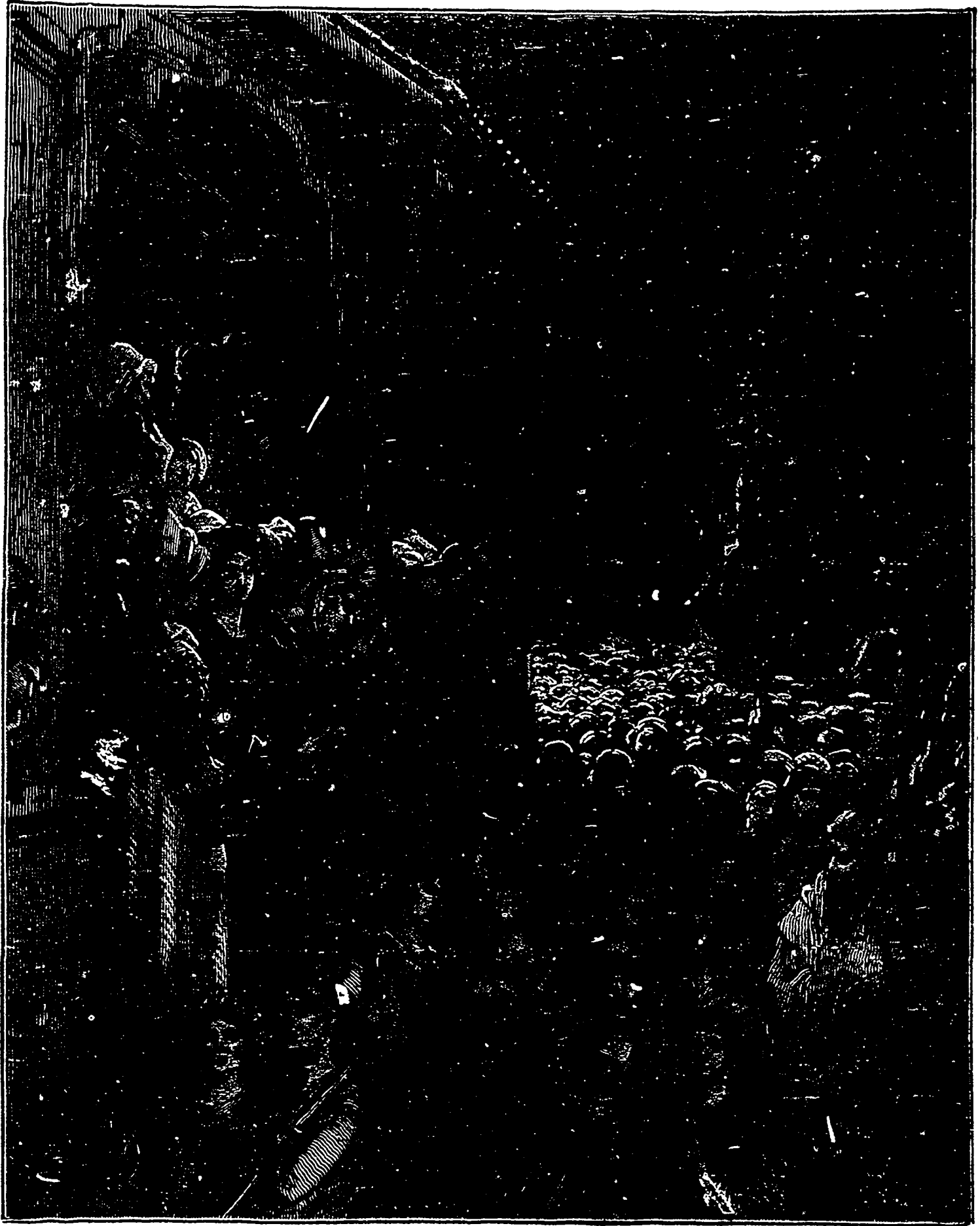
PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVI.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 5, 1896.

[No. 49.



THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

One of the most extraordinary episodes in that great movement which for two hundred years sent army after army from Europe to Asia, to wrest the sepulchre of Christ from the hands of the infidels, was the crusade of the children, in the year 1212. A sort of epidemic of enthusiasm seized upon the children of France and Germany, and three great armies, numbering in all about one hundred thousand, set out for the Holy Land. Two of the armies marched

from Cologne, one of them down the Rhine, and over Mount Cenis Pass, the other through Swabia and Switzerland, and over the St. Gotthard Pass. Thousands of these perished of hunger and cold, or were drowned in the torrents, or frozen by the snows of the Alps.

Another army, mostly of boys about twelve years old, travelled through France to Marselliea. They were without arms, without supplies, and without guides. As, way-worn and weary, they approached the fortified towns on their route, they would eagerly ask: "Is this

Jerusalem?" Coming to the sea-shore, they expected the Mediterranean to open, as did the Red Sea to the Israelites, and let them pass through dry-shod. At Marselliea, two merchants offered to furnish shipping to all who wished to go further, and 5,000 embarked. Of these 1,000 were drowned at sea, and 4,000, less happy, were betrayed to Barbary pirates, and sold into slavery. Some hundreds were sent to Egypt, and marched as prisoners through Jerusalem, which they hoped to see as conquerors, and across the distant desert to Bagdad, where

thirteen of them suffered martyrdom for refusing to become Moslems.

The whole story is one of strange and fascinating interest, abounding in extraordinary adventures. It will be made the subject of a special article, with numerous illustrations, in the January number of the Methodist Magazine and Review. Our large engraving is from a drawing by the celebrated artist, Gustave Dora. It shows the march of the children through the crowded streets of Paris, under the wondering gaze of their mothers and friends.

Christmas Gifts.

Long, long ago, in manger low,
Was cradled from above
A little child in whom God smiled,
A Christmas gift of love.
When hearts were bitter and unjust,
And cruel hands were strong,
The noise he hushed with hope and trust,
And Peace began her song.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 2, 1896.

A TALE OF THE EARLY CHRISTIANS.

"Valeria, the Martyr of the Catacombs: A Tale of Early Christian Life in Rome." By W. H. Withrow, D.D., author of "The Catacombs of Rome and their Testimony Relative to Primitive Christianity," etc. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis. Illustrated. Price, 75 cents.

The success of this book is indicated by the fact that a fifth edition of three thousand copies has just been printed. It has been republished both in London and New York. The author has devoted much time to the study of his subject. His large work on "The Catacombs of Rome" is not yet superseded as the best on the market, after twenty years' steady sale.

The author has endeavoured in this book, in the form of a story, to convey the substance of the information contained in this expensive work. It gives a vivid picture of early Christian trial and triumph in Rome during the last of the Ten Great Persecutions, that under Domitian. It describes the secret worship of the catacombs, the trial and persecution of the Christians, even of those of Caesar's household, and the wife and mother of Caesar himself, the turbulent scenes in market and forum and amphitheatre. It abounds in elements of heroism, pathos and tragedy, and gives a very graphic account of the conflict between Christianity and paganism for the possession of the old Roman world.

This will be a good holiday gift book, as it is handsomely bound and illustrated. It throws much light on the early Roman church to which St. Paul ministered. It describes his imprisonment and martyrdom, and the pagan legends and traditions about the great apostle and first Christians. It will thus be of much interest in connection with the Sunday-school lessons on the life of St. Paul for 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

DECEMBER 13, 1896.

Hymn 118—"Jesus, the very thought of thee." Solomon's Song 5. 10.

"Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

"No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind"

These are the verses of the hymn which are to be committed to memory. The author is Bernard of Clairvaux, translated by E. Caswell. The name of the tune is Mendelssohn.

The entire hymn is a beautiful composition, and is worthy of careful thought.

THE SUBJECT.

Read the text carefully. The whole book is a composition intended to describe the excellency of the person whose loveliness it is intended to set forth. The language used is chaste and captivating, which clearly indicates the high admiration in which the writer held his lovely spouse. The figures used deserve careful thought. "White, emblem of purity, is a colour which always commands admiration. "Ruddy" signifies healthy, attractive; taken together they signify that the person thus described is one possessing good health and prepossessing appearance; in short, such an one as would be likely to command respect.

EMBLEMATICAL OF JESUS CHRIST.

"He is fairer than the children of men." He is pure and free from sin. None could charge him with the least impurity. "He was separate from sinners," that is, he was altogether different from the entire human family. In him there was no guile. How highly he is esteemed by those who know his worth can be seen from the testimony given by his followers. "Whom have we in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth we desire beside thee." "He is the fairest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely." No wonder that he is precious to them that believe, so precious that there is none with whom you can compare him.

DRIFTED AWAY.

By Edward William Thomson.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"Somebody on the island ought to be out looking, but I can't see 'em at all," said Isidore. He stood up and waved his cap and his arms.

Charley, thrusting his head out of the big coat, flattered his handkerchief, but not a soul seemed astir on the island, then inhabited by a few fishermen. Nor did the light keeper, who was probably at his supper, see the boat slowly blown away, making westward across the wind with the set of the current.

Gradually the shore spread wide behind them, and endless water loomed on either side. Still the proximity of the island kept the lads in hope. They were newly cheered when a group of indistinguishable figures began to form on the bank behind the boat-house.

"Hurrah, Isidore! They see us now!" "But what's the good, Mr. Charley?" shivered Isidore, slapping his hands together for warmth. "They can't do anything."

"Somebody'll go and tell my father, anyway. He'll soon come."

He repeated this to himself again and again as the sun sank down behind a low cloud which merged into the trees on a distant shore.

Now the staunch skiff rose and fell over the long rollers a mile west of the island, which gradually dropped lower till

His heart swam with love for his little captain. Loosening the front fold of the carpet from beneath his arm, he placed it along Charley's legs, and felt still happier, though the wind cut cruelly against his neck and face. Sometimes he had to move to conceal his convulsions of shivering.

Neither boy spoke for a long time. There was nothing to say, the desperation of the situation baffled talk. Charley kept thinking steadily of his mother. He seemed to see into her shining eyes. He was, as it were, telling her, "Don't be afraid, mother dear. I will come back, I will, I will come back!"

Isidore kept one hand on his scapulary. He thought only of saving Charley. Dumbly he asked of the figure of the Virgin in Vaudreuil church, and of the pictured saints, and of the spiritual things that he imagined behind the points of ruby light before the altar, that help might come over the waters and lift Charley away to warmth and safety.

For himself he was willing, he told those invisible presences, to go on with the wind, if only he might see Charley at the end. Charley took no thought of Isidore. He thought of the sighing breeze, the remoteness of the stars, and the grief of his mother.

When the snow-storm came Isidore said, "I'm going to get up and beat my arms together."

With that, he folded the carpet twice over Charley, and completely covered him from the storm, all so naturally that the little boy never thought of the self-sacrifice. Then Isidore vigorously flung his arms together to beat the cold out of his body. His undercoat was heavy, and he was warmly clad for ordinary experiences.

After the snow passed, Isidore still battled by exercise against the raw cold, and looked back across the deepening dusk at the lowering light-house outside Toronto Bay.

In spite of his misery and fear the reclaimed outcast was happier than ever he had been in his parish days. His heart was comforted with a great love, and despair was not yet heavy upon him. Out of such bodily suffering he had often before emerged with life.

"Listen, Mr. Charley! They're after us!" Isidore grasped the child by the foot.

Half across the wind came a tug's scream. When it ceased they shouted—not without a sense of the futility to trying to send their voices to where a red light sometimes shone, and again disappeared.

"Didn't I tell you my father would come?" cried Charley. "Do you think they see us?"

"They will—they're looking for us."

"My! I wish they'd hurry up. It's cold, Isidore. And the boat is all over snow now."

"Well, then, keep the carpet round you, and cover your face up. First I'll shake the snow off the carpet. There now. Try to keep dry, Mr. Charley."

"You're cold, aren't you, Isidore?"

"Oh, I don't mind a little cold like this."

"Why don't they come?"

"I'm afraid they're leaving us. No—here she comes. I can see her green light now."

He shouted with all his might.

"Do they hear you, Isidore?"

"The wind is against me. I'll wait till they get nearer."

The tug was coming straight down on them, Isidore thought. But she turned and went far to the westward. They shouted themselves hoarse, in vain.

When the Nixon turned again she passed across their course as far ahead as she had formerly been behind. Thrice the despairing lads saw her lights turn in the eastern and western distances, and cross their bow again. They could scarcely hear their own calls. When she turned the fourth time they lost her light in the darkness.

Charley again lay down. Isidore covered him as before, and resumed his exercise. He was conscious, as time passed, of becoming tired and numb, and he struggled rather to beat off the advancing lethargy than for heat. The sensation of being cruelly pierced had, to some extent, lessened with the chilling of his blood. He knew that his one chance of life lay in continuing that mechanical beating of his arms.

Charley, warmly sheltered, often came near the edge of sleep, only to start wide awake at some louder splash, with a freshened sense of the strangeness of the boat's motion, and of the wind's melancholy.

Sometimes, pushing down the carpet, he looked at Isidore's dim figure, and received reassurance from its constant movement.

It is not in the nature of a young boy to comprehend uncomplaining suffering



PERILS OF THE DEEP.

PERILS OF THE DEEP.

After all the progress of civilization there is one sphere in which the power of man seems of little avail. In Byron's magnificent Address to the Ocean, we read:

"Man marks the earth with ruin—his control

Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,

When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,

Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd,

and unknown.

Every autumn storm brings us records of wrecks all along the rocky coasts of Great Britain and Ireland, and on the Canadian and American seaboard, and on our great lakes. True, much has been done to lessen these evils. On every headland, lighthouses send their friendly gleam on darkest nights far and wide. At every great port, life-saving crews watch the rocket signal of distress, and, when waves are wildest, launch their life-boats to rescue drowning mariners. Recently, one life-boat crew rescued several scores of sailors, from no less than five wrecked vessels. The heroism of these brave men, and the loneliness and often perilous life in a lighthouse, will form the subject of a couple of articles in our Connexion Monthly, on "Life in a Lighthouse," and "With a Lifeboat Crew." The above is one of the many illustrations of thrilling danger and heroic rescue.

It was discernible only as a strip behind which the dim city loomed. As Charley's home dwindled down, his heart grew sorer for his mother. When he could no longer see the house as a speck, he shivered and his lip trembled, but still he looked bravely into Isidore's eyes.

Isidore had wrapped himself now in the long carpet that had covered the bottom of the skiff, but it was neither closely woven nor of the soft texture to keep him warm, and he could not control his teeth from chattering.

"We'd best lie down, Mr. Charley," he said, as the night drew near. "That will keep the wind off us a bit."

"All right, Isidore."

They took the cushions from all the seats and placed them aft of the middle. Charley lay with his head sheltered from the wind by the high back of the stern seat. A small cushion formed his pillow, his back extended along two more, and his feet came within the arms of Isidore, who crouched down and placed his head against the aft rowing seat and the boat's side.

With this arrangement of their weights, her head rode high and she blew away more quickly. She was a good, steady family boat, twenty-six feet long, and there was no breaking sea to poop her. Occasionally ripples that formed on the big billows splashed and flung drops over the sides near the ballasted stern.

"Aren't you cold, Isidore?"

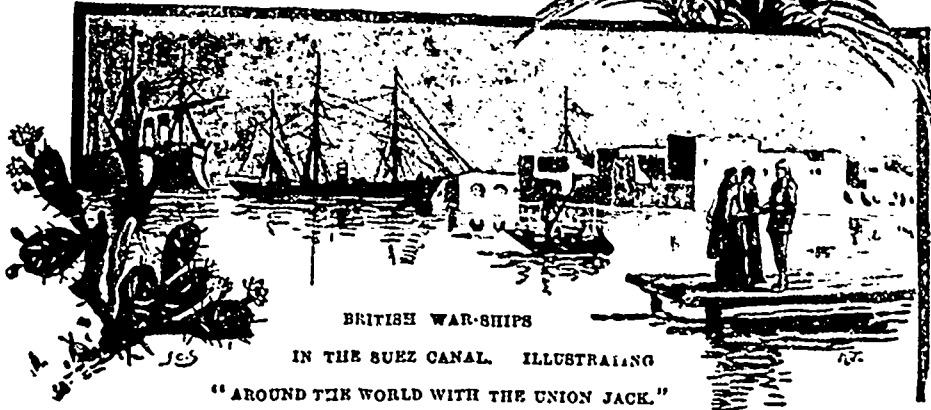
"I've often been colder than this, Mr. Charley. Don't you mind about me. Keep your head covered, and I'll take care of your feet. Are you getting cold?"

"Not very, Isidore. It's nice to have you hold my feet."

The big boy clutched them tighter.

of which he has had no experience. Isidore acted so naturally that Charley's inherent spirit of fair play was not awakened to protest by knowing that his comrade was being gradually chilled to bone and heart.

"Isidore, are you there?" cried



BRITISH WAR-SHIPS
IN THE SUEZ CANAL. ILLUSTRATING
"AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE UNION JACK."

Charley, rousing from a near approach to sleep.

"Yes, Mr. Charley. I'm all right."
"I don't like you to call me Mr. Charley, out here, someway. It makes me lonely. I say, Isidore, would you like me to say my prayers—out loud, you know, like I do to my mother. I've been saying them to myself, but it's not the same."

"Yes, Mr. Charley, I would that."
"Say just 'Charley,' Isidore. I'll come to where you are and kneel down."

"Then you'll be cold, Charley—mon petit, mon petit, mon cheri, petit ange!"

"No. It'll only take me a minute Isidore. I'll soon get warm when I lie down." He scrambled to his comrade. "Hold my two hands. Wasn't it lucky we had our mittens? I'll kiss you, Isidore, if you like. There. Oh, how cold your face is!"

"It's just the wind, Charley. Don't mind me. I'll be all right."

"Well, I'll say them then," and the youngster went on hoarsely with his usual formula:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take;"

and then added, "God bless my dear father and mother, and Mary and Hannah and Isidore and me and grandma, and all I love, and everybody in the world. Good-night, mother darling. Oh, I ought to say 'Good-night, Isidore,' but I forgot. Now I'll lie down. Thank you for hearing me. Why, Isidore, you're crying!"

"It's only the wind, Charley. Do you always pray that way for me?"

"Of course! Didn't you ever know that?"

"It makes me feel good. I'd like if you'd kiss me again, Charley. Will you?"

They hugged one another hard. Then Isidore again tucked the carpet well around his little captain's legs and sides.

"Good-night, Isidore! Thank you for calling me Charley."

"Good-night, Charley. I'm glad you prayed for me, too."

Their throats were so exhausted that they but faintly heard one another through the coverings which encompassed the younger boy. Fatigued, awake long after his usual bedtime, soothed by the warmth to which he had returned, and mesmerized, in a sort, with steady thinking about his mother, Charley soon slept soundly.

Setting his back to the wind Isidore resumed his exercise, but ever his arms moved more languidly as the numbness crept toward heart and brain.

Slowly he sank into that misery of coldness which is neither wakefulness nor sleep. Isidore dozed in a fashion. Sometimes he forgot to beat his arms together, and began again with an increasing sense that the exercise was painful and of no avail.

His brain, with the incessant strain upon his vital forces, became weaker, partly wild, partly benumbed. But all the time his soul remained clear and high with the thought that through his sacrifice Charley might be saved. It is not to be supposed that he never longed to lie down beside the child and share the narrow coverings. But he knew that would be to deprive his little captain of much warmth.

As the hours passed, the intervals during which he forgot to move his arms became very long. It was not till repeated whistles from the fleet of tugs came through the darkness that his struggle against the comatose state became again fully a conscious one.

He turned to the east and saw the far separated lanterns that forged on and past. The nearest, the most westward light of the irregular line, seemed but a little distance away.

Isidore summoned his remaining life, and strove to call audibly. The vain effort gave him a nightmare feeling of inability. He found he could not move when he was minded to rouse Charley. The lights drew past star after star that he picked out to mark their progress. The whistles screamed at intervals; and still the increasing inertness of Isidore was not broken but only disturbed.

He could still think. He was vaguely aware of horror at the paralysis which bound him from motion; he kept dumbly assuring himself:

"They are looking for us. Charley will be saved. They are so many that they must find us—some time before morning they will turn—they will see us when the moon rises. Charley will be warm all night—he will be saved, mon cheri, mon petit, who prays for me at night."

Ever more faintly screaming the tugs went on, and beyond where his diminished senses could follow. As the moon rose from the water it seemed to him a great face blessing him. He felt that his scapulary was still in his hand—then even the sense of enduring for Charley faded away.

In the gray morning Charley awoke wondering at the screaming of steam-whistles. He thought himself in bed at

"Why, Isidore, your eyes are open. Isidore, Isidore! Can't you speak? Isidore, you're not dead!" cried Charley, and then looked, without speaking again, into that face, which bore an expression of placidity he had never before seen.

So he waited till his father lifted him away, while the crews of the tugs cheered with exultation.

"Father, is Isidore dead?" said the boy.

"Isidore is with God," said Mr. Lancelly, and Charley cried as though his heart would break.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE UNION JACK.

The stirring strains of "Britannia Rules the Waves" stir the hearts of every patriot in the world-wide British Empire. In the providence of God those little seagirt islands, defended by "those ancient and unsubsidized allies, the winds and waves that guard her coast," have been the grandest instrument for promoting civilization and Christianity the world has ever known.

Her very isolated position and her forty colonies and great dependencies scattered throughout the world render it an absolute necessity that she should be mistress of the sea.

She does the greater part of the carrying trade in the world. Her flag is on all the seas. Her consuls are in every port. Her giant navy, the police of the sea and bulwark of her coast, far surpasses that of any other nation. Her sailors are true sons of the Vikings and worthy successors of Drake, Blake, Collingwood, and Nelson.

It is a significant fact that a British ship may put a girdle around the earth stopping everywhere at British ports. We believe in thoroughly cultivating a feeling of loyalty, not only to the land in which we live, but to the great Empire of which Canada forms so large a part—two-fifths of the whole—and to our beloved *Empress-Queen*.

This feeling of unity and solidarity of the British Empire has been greatly strengthened by the menace of last year, in which the *Island Queen* seemed to be isolated from all the rest of the world. The action of Canada, of Australia, of her furthest dependencies, in rallying to the support of the motherland, was a noble object lesson to the whole world. It may be fittingly described in the words



RURAL ENGLAND.

and, in fact, "Our New Way Around the World," under the protection of the grand old red-cross flag.

The Suez Canal, though built by French enterprise and engineering skill, is controlled by Great Britain, and about three-fourths of all the tonnage which passes through it is under the British flag. The above illustration shows a couple of the great British warships on the Suez, near which the Israelites crossed the Red Sea on dry land. In the left hand corner is seen a specimen of that strange growth, the prickly pear, which grows to the height of sixteen or twenty feet, and forms huge hedges in Egypt and Syria, and in the upper right hand corner is a glimpse of the feathery foliage of the palm, which gives such a characteristic appearance to the landscape. This is an example of the style of illustration of these articles.

RURAL ENGLAND.

One of the charms of travel through rural England is the quaint, old-world character of the farmsteads, hamlets, churches, and the like—the great timbered barns filled in with brick and roofed with tile, the farm cottages thatched with straw, sometimes almost buried under fragrant growth of honeysuckle, "the decent church that tops the neighbouring hill," or nestles in the valley, surrounded by its yew trees, and the graves in which "the peaceful fathers of the hamlet sleep." In some counties, the most characteristic feature of all is the numerous windmills which brandish their great arms that swing round and round the livelong day.

It was a genuine surprise to find so much woodland, such glorious stretches of forest, and noble clumps of trees. There are many parts of England which are more heavily wooded than the average old settled parts of Canada. This adds greatly to the beauty of the country and to its fertility, for the forest promotes rainfall, and, by preventing the too rapid draining of the land, prevents floods in the valleys or droughts on the hills. The varied aspects of English rural life, its old-fashioned customs and merry-making, and the like, will be fully described, with many illustrations, of which the above is a specimen, in our church Magazine and Review for 1897.

THE ROMANCE OF MISSIONS

Missionaries, more than any other class of explorers, have been the pioneers of civilization, as well as of the Gospel in the waste places of the earth. Long before Stanley had penetrated the heart of the Dark Continent, the missionary Livingstone had crossed it from side to side, and devoted his whole life, as did his father-in-law, Dr. Moffat, before him, to the elevation and evangelization of its dusky tribes. The story of missions on the Uganda and the Congo is one of fascinating interest. The missionaries braved the perils of savage beasts and still more savage men. Livingstone himself had his arm crushed in a lion's jaw and gave himself up for lost. Bishop Hannington had some queer adventures with the hippopotamuses, or huge river horses, shown in our picture.

A special characteristic of our Connexional Monthly is the prominence which it gives to the stirring tales of modern missions. During the Middle Ages, the chivalry of Europe rode forth redressing human wrong, and went in great armies to rescue the desecrated sepulchre of our Lord from the hands of the infidel. The nobler chivalry of to-day seeks the bloodless victories of the Cross, by raising the lowest and most degraded races of men, and lifting the world up nearer to the heart of God. Our cut is one of the many illustrations which will accompany the missionary articles during the coming year.



THE HIPPOPOTAMUS AT HOME. ILLUSTRATING "THE ROMANCE OF MISSIONS."

home. How could such a noise be allowed in the house?

Lifting his head he saw the dull sky, the faint moon, and a few palling stars. The boat was not rocking. There was no wind.

"Isidore!" he called.

Isidore's back was to him, but Isidore did not move. Charley struggled up and crawled to his comrade.

"Isidore, Isidore!" he called, shaking the figure by the shoulder. "Isidore, wake up, we're saved! I see tugs coming. Don't you hear me, Isidore?"

Charley drew off his mitten, and placed his hand caressingly on his companion's neck.

"How cold you are, Isidore!" he cried, and craned his head over the shoulder of the silent one.

of Scripture: "Thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side. Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee."

During the last year in our Connexional Monthly we published a series of articles on "Britain's Keys of Empire," describing her great strongholds at Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Aden, and her Indian possessions, with splendid illustrations. We purpose to continue these patriotic papers in a series entitled, "Around the World with the Union Jack," describing these comparatively little known Eastern dependencies, New Zealand, Tasmania, British Borneo, the Straits Settlements,

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FOR 1907.
VOL. XLV. AND XLVI.
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"All the forest life is in it—
All its mystery and magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch tree's supple sinews,
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily."

"During the summer season the canoe is the home of the red man. It is not only a boat, but a house; he turns it over him as a protection when he camps, he carries it long distances overland from

The accompanying cut, by Mr. Henry Sandham, the distinguished Canadian artist, is one illustrating an article on Missionary Adventure among our Canadian Indians, in the forthcoming volume of The Methodist Magazine and Review.

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

LESSON XI.—DECEMBER 13.

CAUTIONS AGAINST INTEMPERANCE.

Prov. 23. 15-25. Memory verses, 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.—Prov. 23. 21.

DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read the Lesson (Prov. 23. 15-25). Learn the Golden Text.

Tuesday.—Read the drunkard's sufferings (Prov. 23. 29-35). Learn the Memory Verses.

Wednesday. Read the woes of the drunkard (Isa. 5. 29-35).



lake to lake. Frail beyond words, yet he loads it down to the water's edge. In it he steers boldly out into the broadest lake, or paddles through wood and swamp and reedy shallow. Sitting in it he gathers his harvest of wild rice, or catches fish, or steals upon his game; dashes down the wildest rapid, braves the foaming torrent, or lies like a wild bird on the placid waters. While the trees are green, while the waters dance and sparkle, and the wild duck dwells in the sedge ponds, the birch-bark canoe is the red man's home.

"And how well he knows the moods of the river! To guide his canoe through some whirling eddy, to shoot some roaring waterfall, to launch it by the edge of some fiercely-rushing torrent, or dash down a foaming rapid, is to be a brave and skillful Indian. The man who does all this, and does it well, must possess a rapidity of glance, a power in the sweep of his paddle, and a quiet consciousness of skill, not obtained save by long years of practice.

"But the old canoe-life of the Fur Land is rapidly passing away. In many a once well-beaten pathway, naught save narrow trails over the portages, and rough wooded crosses over the graves of travellers who perished by the way, remains to mark the roll of the passing years."

Thursday.—Read how God regards sin (Isa. 5. 20-25.)

Friday.—Read of wine as a mocker (Prov. 20. 1-11).

Saturday.—Read how to treat evil doers (Psalm 26).

Sunday.—Read what Christians should be (2 Cor. 6. 11-18). Answer the Questions.

QUESTIONS.

- The Road to Poverty, verses 15-21.
- How was the heart regarded by Hebrew writers? When do teachers rejoice? 17. What should we not envy that sinners have? How can we be kept from coveting wrong things? 18. For what do the righteous look forward? 19. Why should we be careful about the way we choose? 20. What does the habit of drinking involve? 21. Name the three evils that ruin character. What other vices are we to avoid?
- The Road to Glory, verses 22-25.
- What does a father stand for? To whom should we hearken? What kind of spirit should young people cultivate? Why should a mother always be respected? 23. What must we pay for the blessings of temperance? How much is truth worth? Should we part with it? 24, 25. How do parents sacrifice for their children? What causes the deepest sorrow to a parent? Who are the happiest parents? Who the happiest children?

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