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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 4, 1893.

[No. 5.]

A Brother of Men.

BY IDA WEIPPLE BENHAM.

He was a mighty emperor,
He ruled in pride and power;
He trampled many a human heart
As a foot may crush a flower.

The jewels in his coronet
Were scorn and fear and hate;
The menace of his angry nod
Was like the frown of fate.

To exile, to prison,
To torture and to death;
And women toiled with bleeding hearts,
And men with bated breath.

The elders and the fathers
Sat listless in the gate:
They bowed their beards upon their breasts,
And sadly whispered, "Wait!"

He was a mighty emperor,
He stretched him on his bed;
And ho! the sentry on the wall
Proclaimed the czar is dead!"

They plucked away his costly robe,
They washed him clean and white;
They wrapped him in his winding-sheet,
And he lay in all men's sight.

As once within his mother's arms
A tender babe he lay,
So harmless, aye, so helpless he
Upon his burial day!

The scorn had vanished from his lip,
The menace from his brow:
"He was the czar," the old men sighed,
He is our brother now.

"Would he had learned the lesson
In those years of power and pride—
Would that the czar had learned to be
Our brother ere he died."

CARAVAN IN SIBERIA.

SIBERIA is one of the vastest and dreariest countries in the world. For nearly four thousand miles it stretches across the northern part of Asia. Much of it is composed of bleak steppes and vast marshes, where the earth is often frozen to the depth of many feet, and indeed scarcely ever thaws out even in mid-summer.

In some of the remotest parts of this bleak country are the mines of silver and gold and other precious metals where the Siberian exiles are compelled to toil away their lives. Many of these exiles are sent to the mines for political offences—that is, they may have loved liberty too well, or spoken disrespectfully of the Czar or of some of his officers. These pilgrims are sent hundreds of miles into the interior, suffering incredible hardships and many of them dying by the wayside.

But the whole country is not a desert. There are great fertile areas where wheat and other grain will grow, and an extensive commerce in the productions of the country and the further Orient exists. Even tea and other productions of China are brought by caravans of camels in the summer, and by sledges, such as are shown in our cut in the winter, to the great fairs of Russia.

Wherever the telegraph wires extend, one feels that he is within touch at least with civilization. We felt this strongly in some of the wildest parts of Palestine and Syria. As we looked at the wires skirting the roadside we felt that there was a link with home and native land.

BRITISH NERVE.

It was in India. Dinner was just finished in the mess-room, and several English officers were sitting about the table. Their bronzed faces had the set but not unkindly look common among military men. The conversation at best had not been animated, and just now there was a lull, as the night was too hot for small talk. The major of the regiment, a clean-cut man of fifty-five, turned towards his next neighbour at the table, a young subaltern, who was leaning back in his chair with his

"Do you think," continued the major, and his voice just trembled a little, "do you think you can keep absolutely still for, say, two minutes—to save your life?"

"Are you joking?"

"On the contrary, move a muscle and you are a dead man. Can you stand the strain?"

The subaltern barely whispered, "Yes," and his face paled slightly.

"Burke," said the major, addressing an officer across the table, "pour some of

report of the major's revolver, and the snake lay dead upon the floor.

"Thank you, Major," said the subaltern, as the two men shook hands warmly. "You have saved my life."

"You're welcome, my boy," replied the senior. "But you did your share."—*Youth's Companion.*

MOTHER'S LAST LESSON.

A MOTHER lay dying. Her little son not knowing of the sorrow coming to him, went, as was his custom, to her chamber saying: "Please to teach me my verse, mamma, and then kiss me and bid me good-night! I am very sleepy but no one has heard me say my prayers." "Hush!" said a lady who was watching beside her, "your dear mother is too ill to hear your prayers to-night," and coming forward, she sought gently to lead him from the room. Roger began to sob as if his heart would break. "I cannot go to bed without saying my prayers—indeed I cannot." The ear of the dying mother caught the sound. Although she had been insensible to everything around her, the sob of the darling aroused her from her stupor, and turning to her friend, she desired her to bring her little son to her. Her request was granted, and the child's golden hair and rosy cheeks nestled beside the cold face of the dying mother. "My son," she whispered, "repeat this verse after me, and never forget it: 'When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up.'" The child repeated it two or three times, and said his little prayer. Then he kissed the cold face and went quietly to his bed. In the morning he went as usual to his mother, but found her still and cold. This was her last lesson. He has never forgotten it, and probably never will as long as he lives.—*The Christian Woman.*

LEAD THEM STRAIGHT.

THERE is a touching story told of a young naval lieutenant in connection with General Wolseley's attack on the Egyptian's stronghold at Tel-el-Kebir. The army was marched at night across seven miles of sandy desert. It was a dark, clear night; there was no moon, but the stars shone out. Lieutenant Wyatt Rawson had been detailed, because he was used to navigating by the stars, to guide the army across the desert to the enemy's intrenchments. With his eye on the stars he steered the force as he would have steered his ship. So accurately did he lead that the first gleam of breaking day revealed to the British troops the long line of solid earthworks three hundred yards ahead. The assault, within half an hour, put the earthworks and the Egyptian army into the possession of Wolseley's troops.

The skilful "steerer," charging with the men he had led, went across the ditch, up the embankment, and over the first line of earthworks. Then he fell, shot through the body. "Didn't I lead them straight, general?" he asked, as the commander-in-chief bent over him. When the pastor or Sunday-school teacher falls, how blessed is it to be able to appeal to our Great Leader with such confidence as this, knowing that the one end had been constantly in view. In Christian work let every one who has the guidance of others be sure to lead them straight.—*Christian Inquirer.*



CARAVAN IN SIBERIA.

hands clasped behind his head, staring through the cigar smoke at the ceiling.

The major was slowly looking the man over, from his handsome face down, when, with a sudden alertness and a steady voice, he said:

"Don't move, please, Mr. Carruthers. I want to try an experiment with you. Don't move a muscle."

"All right, Major," replied the subaltern without turning his eyes. "Hadn't the least idea of moving, I assure you. What's the game?"

By this time all the others were listening in a lazy, expectant way.

that milk in a saucer, and set it on the floor here just back of me. Gently, man! quick!"

Not a word was spoken as the officer quickly filled the saucer, walked with it carefully around the table, and put it down where the major had indicated on the floor.

Like a marble statue sat the young subaltern in his white linen clothes, while a cobra di capella, which had been crawling up the leg of his trousers, slowly raised its head, then turned, descended to the floor and glided towards the milk.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the

Then and Now.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

When they invented gunpowder,
They did most dreadful things with it,
They blew up popes and parliaments,
And emperors and kings with it.

They put on funny hats and boots,
And stalked about in cellars, oh!
With shaking shoes they laid a fuse,
And blew it with a bellows, oh!

They wore great ruffs, the stupid muffs!
(At least that's my opinion) then;
And said, "What ho!" and "Sooth, 'tis so!"
And called each other "Minion!" then.

But now the world has turned about,
Five hundred years and more you see;
And folks have learned a thing or two
They did not know before, you see.

So nowadays the powder serves
To give the boys a jolly day,
And try their Aunt Louisa's nerves,
And make a general holiday.

In open day we blaze away
With popguns and with crackers, oh!
With rockets bright we crown the night,
(And some of them are whackers, oh!)

And "pop!" and "fiz!" and "bang!" and
"whiz!"

Sounds louder still and louder, oh!
And that's the way we use to-day
The funny gunny-powder, oh!

cleanly, dainty, natty hypocrite; I would as willingly roll into judgment limp with alcohol as a calm, clean accomplice of the saloon.

The same Congress that refuses even to consider the ravages of the liquor traffic appropriates \$100,000 a year to investigate hog cholera—\$100,000 outlay to save swine from infection, \$100,000,000 income to spread contagion in the way of boys!

In local option, which is the fashionable tint this spring in political Christianity, there is just a gleam of hope for boys, but measured by the wrong it would correct, that remedy is infinitesimal and almost contemptible.

The temperance lecturer leaves no doubt that alcohol is poison. The preacher shows that to both body and soul alcohol is poison. The court analyzes the virus of the soul and pronounces it poison. The legislature does the like and reports poison. Then they all go for more virus to analyze, and commence all over again. No wonder that temperance is marked "optional" on your lesson leaves; the thing is threadbare. It has often happened in New York city that a man has lain aside the linen apron of the bar for the ermine of the bench.

The need of the world is men, wholesome, well nourished, well trained, well armed, well accoutred, stalwart, confident soldiers of Jesus Christ, like you.

While the church steeples stand for high license they do not point to God. A ship that lands in Africa to put ashore two missionaries and 60,000 gallons of New England rum carries hell there, not the Gospel.

the key was turned. Wherever we were playing, if we heard that click, we children dropped everything and rushed up stairs or down to reach the charmed door before it could be locked again. I do not think mother could have entered that pantry at midnight without some of us children hearing her and whooping to the rest to run. We always got something good if we were not too late. We called it "the pantry." There were twenty other pantries in the house, which was a large one with no end of closets. There was the cedar closet, the linen closet, the china closet and the cloak closet, and the pantries; but to us children none of them could be meant in speaking of "the pantry." That was because we knew what was in it. So no one who knows what is in the Bible can ever mistake when it is called "the Book."

THE SIGN OF THE GLASS AND BOTTLE.

It had been a hot June day. Old Richard Hill (the Methody chap, some had nicknamed him) was coming home tired and weary from his work, when a sad-looking girl met him.

"Mother is very bad," she said; "and I am going to see if I can get her some medicine, but how I am to pay for it I don't know. And baby is so ill; he is bound to die before night, the neighbours say."

Richard Hill paused. He had three shillings in his pocket, his hardly-earned wages, but he took them at once out of a corner of his red pocket-handkerchief, and he told the child to pay the chemist with them, and to get a little tea as well. Then tired and old as he was, he turned round and began to trudge along afresh to the child's home. It was a long bit out of his way, and the shadows began to fall across the road; the rooks were cawing and flapping their wings overhead. Once a sound of riotous voices came across the evening air, and then Richard Hill, looking up, saw he was near the worst-kept inn in the place. He had just reached the tall signpost, when some half dozen men, sitting smoking and drinking, caught sight of him.

"Here's Methody Dick! Hurrah, old Dick! Come along, and we'll wash your old throat for you!"

Richard Hill stopped. He leant on his stick.

"Haven't I a word to say for the Master?" he thought; but he was so tired that he could only remain silent.

Silent, was he? No; for a prayer, not heard in the drunken riot before him, was heard high up in the courts of heaven; and the angel faces above must have smiled their radiant smile when Richard's words were spoken on earth.

"Can't you tip us a word, old Methody? We'll tip you a glass in 'change," and then the ringleader laid his tipsy, shaking hand on the old man's collar. Then Richard Hill stood up strong and fearless, the moonlight full on his tired face, on his white hair, on his clear, true eyes.

"What shall a man give in exchange for his own soul?" he cried. "The devil's exchange of drink and sin and vice here, and hereafter hell, the place of torment and wailing. The Master, blessed be his name," and he reverently bent his head, "is calling one soul, hard by, home to-night; and would God he had called you all too, before you had begun to bargain with the devil as you are now doing."

Some of the men slunk back to the inn, some sang snatches of low songs; but a young lad, who had only just joined the "Glass and Bottle" company, slipped unnoticed down the lane after Richard Hill.

"Master," he cried in a trembling voice, "I am not worthy to be—"

But Dick placed his hand on the lad's shoulder.

"The kingdom of heaven is at hand," he said in his kind way, and he led the boy to a cottage where a blind was drawn across its one window.

"The Master has called her," the mother said, sobbing. But later on when Richard Hill and his new friend were together and alone, he added, "The Master has called one soul to his work in heaven, and another to his work on earth; eh, my son?"

And the youth before him on his bended knee answered with an earnest "Amen."

IT PAYS TO DO YOUR DUTY.

On the northernmost part of the mainland of Holland there is a point extending nine miles, unprotected by any natural barrier from the sea. More than two hundred years ago the Hollanders undertook the gigantic task of raising dykes of clay, earth and stone; and now behind the shelter of the embankment numerous villages and towns are safe from their powerful enemy, the sea. The spire of Alkmond, a town of 10,000 inhabitants, is on a level with the top of the dyke. A master is appointed to oversee the workmen constantly employed in watching the dykes. A century ago one November night a fierce gale was blowing from the northwest, and was increasing in fury every minute. The dyke master had planned to go to Amsterdam. It was the time of the spring tide. He thought of the dyke. Shall he give up his pleasant trip to Amsterdam? The dyke! The urgency of his visit is great! But the dyke! Inclination against duty. It is six o'clock. The tide turns and rises. But at seven o'clock the stage starts for Amsterdam. Shall he go? A struggle: his inclination is to go; his duty is to remain. He looked up at the wild and fast increasing storm, and he decided to go with all speed to his post.

When he reached the dyke the men, two hundred in number, were in utter and almost hopeless confusion. The storm had risen to a hurricane. They had used up their store of hurdles and canvas in striving to check the inroads of their relentless foe. Then they shouted, "Here's the master! Thanks be to God! All right now!" The master placed every man at his post; and then a glorious battle commenced—the battle of men against the furious ocean. About half-past eleven the cry was heard from the centre, "Help! help!" "What's the matter?" "Four stones out at once!" "Where!" "Here!"

The master flung a rope around his waist; four men did the same. Forty hands held the ends of the ropes as the five glided down the sloping side of the dyke. The waves buffed and tossed them, bruising their limbs and faces; but they closed the breach, and were then drawn up. Cries for help were issuing from all quarters. "Is there any more canvas?" "All gone." "Any more hurdles?" "All gone." "Off with your coats, men, and use them for canvas!" shouted the master, throwing off his own. There they stood, half naked, in the rage of the November storm.

It is now a quarter to twelve o'clock. Only half an inch higher and the sea will rush over the dyke, and not a living soul will be left in all north Holland. The coats are all used up. The tide has yet to rise till midnight. "Now, my men," said the master, "we can do no more. Down on your knees, every one of you, and wrestle with God." Two hundred men knelt down on the shaking, trembling dyke, amid the roar of the storm and the thunder of the waves, and lifted up their hands and hearts to him who could say to the waves, "Be still!" And, as of old, he heard them, and saved them out of their trouble. The people of Alkmond were eating and drinking, dancing and singing, and knew not that there was but a quarter of an inch between them and death. A country was saved by one man's decision for duty.

Young man, it "pays"—truly it "pays"—now and then, and as it will for all time—for you to do your duty.—*Times of Refreshing.*

TRUE BRAVERY.

BETWEEN twenty and thirty years ago, three little English boys were amusing themselves together in a wood lodge one summer forenoon. Suddenly one of them looked grave and left off playing. "I have forgotten something," he said, "I forgot to say my prayers this morning; you must wait for me." He went quietly into a corner of the place they were in, knelt down and reverently repeated his morning prayer. Then he returned to the others again. This brave boy grew up to be a brave man. He was the gallant Captain Hammond who nobly served his Queen and country, till he fell headlong leading on his men to the attack on the Redan, at the siege of Sebastopol. He was a faithful soldier to his earthly sovereign, but better still, a good soldier of Jesus Christ, never ashamed of his service, ever ready to fight his battle.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 4, 1893.

GOSPEL TEMPERANCE.

At the great Endeavour Convention in New York city, Hon. John G. Woolley said this among other good things:

Three millions of Christian men are to vote presently, and there are but two things certain in the contest—namely, that the Christian men can define the issue and determine it, and that the saloon will carry the day and decorate its bar with Christian consciences spitted like reed birds on a skewer of gold. "Gospel temperance" is an avalanche of talk upon a glacier of apathy.

"Gospel temperance" is congested at the little end of the subject. This is, for instance, the golden age of patent medicines. The windows of the apothecary are full of the sure cures for drunkenness, and religious and reform newspapers fairly tumble over one another recommending substitutes for regeneration by hypodermic injections at a price not one drunkard in three thousand can pay.

You could as well try to cure a runaway horse by painting the barn a quiet colour as to cure an unrepentant drunkard by the skin or stomach.

Drunkenness is sin, not the only one nor the worst. I would as lief stagger to the gate of heaven drunk and in rags as a sober,

THE BIBLE.

BY REV. WM. BURNET WRIGHT, D.D.

"FATHER," said Mary, "why is it called 'the Bible'? What does 'Bible' mean?"

"Bible" comes from a Greek word which means "book" or "library." People forget that the word is a plural and fancy "the Bible" means "the book," as if there were only one, and all parts of the Bible had been written at the same time, like Webster's Dictionary.

Until more than two hundred years after Christ, if you had asked for "the Bible" no one would have known what you meant. During all that time people called the Old Testament "the Holy Scriptures," or "the Writings," or "the Law and the Prophets," and the New Testament they called "The Writings of the Apostles." At last a man named Tertullian, who lived in Africa, and who wrote a great deal about the Scriptures, fell to speaking of them as "the books." Soon others began to speak of them in the same way; and now for hundreds of years they have been called "the Book" or "the Bible."

It is not easy to change a name that has grown familiar unless there is a good reason for the change. If you were a boy, and your name was Charlie, it would be hard to get your mother and me and the boys and girls to call you Willie, just because some one wished us to. But suppose you came to school some day with a new coat having four rows of gilt buttons, each as big as a silver dollar, and some one cried out, "There comes Buttons," the boys might call you "Buttons" till they forgot your real name. Just so people came to say "the Bible" or "the Book" and this is what they meant. When mother says, "Let us go into the dining-room," you know exactly what she means. There are thousands of dining-rooms in Toronto, but you know which one she means—not Mr. Brown's nor Mrs. Green's, but ours; yours and mine. That is the reason why it has come so naturally for everyone to call "the Bible" by its present name.

That man in Africa who died so long ago felt that these writings were his books; and when you know what is in them you will feel that they are your books. So everybody calls them "the books," because they are everybody's books. That is not true of any others that were ever written. Some families have in the house a medicine chest. When anyone is sick they go to it, and find there whatever medicine is needed. The Bible is such a medicine chest. There used to be a pantry in my father's house, full of all manner of good things. All the apples, nuts, oranges, and figs we children got came out of that pantry. It had a noisy look that you could hear a great way when

The Warmth of a Word.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

'Twas a day in the dead of winter,
And the echo of hurried feet
Struck sharp from the icy pavement
Of the pitiless city street.

Each passer was loath to linger,
Though wrapped in a fur-clad fold;
For the air was a-tingle with frost-flakes,
And the sky was benumbed with cold.

The cimetar wind, in its fury,
Bore down like a sleeping foe;
The tempest was waiting the onset,
And abroad were its scouts of snow.

Yes, midst it all, with his tatters
A-flap in the whirling blast,
A child who seemed born of the winter—
A creature of penury—passed.

So tremulous were his accents,
As he shivered and crouched and sang,
That the names of the mumbled papers
Seemed frozen upon his tongue.

He paused for a bitter moment,
As a wondrously genial face
Arrested his voice and held him
With a pity that warmed the place.

"Have a paper?" The kind eye glistened
As the stranger took the sheet,
And glanced at the stiffened fingers,
And thought of the icy feet.

Then dropped in his hand the value
Of his fifty papers sold;
"Ah, poor little friend!" he faltered,
"Don't you shiver and ache with cold?"

The boy, with a gulp of gladness,
Sobbed out as he raised his eye
To the warmth of the face above him:
"I did, sir—till you passed by!"

before Baptiste's thick voice would be heard calling out:

"Francois, Francois! Ver is yer? Some more wood, k'vick!" And with a groan, poor Frank would have to put away the rifle or book and return to the wood pile.

"I suppose I'm what the Bible calls a hewer of wood and a drawer of water," he would say to himself, for hardly less onerous than the task of keeping the fire in fuel was that of keeping well filled the two water barrels that stood on either side of the door, one for the thirsty shantymen, the other for Baptiste's culinary needs.

The season's work once well started, it went forward with commendable steadiness and vigour under foreman Johnston's strict and energetic management. He was admirably suited for his difficult position. His grave, reserved manner rendered impossible that familiarity which is so apt to breed contempt, while his thorough mastery of all the secrets of woodcraft, his great physical strength, and his absolute fearlessness in the face of any peril, combined to make him a fit master for the strangely-assorted half-hundred of men now under his sole control. Frank held him in profound respect, and would have endured almost anything rather than seem unmanly or unheeding in his eyes. To win a word of commendation from those firm-set lips that said so little was the desire of his heart, and, feeling sure that it would come time enough, he stuck to his work bravely, quite winning good-natured Baptiste's heart by his prompt obedience to orders.

"You are a *bon garcon*, Francois," he would say, patting his shoulder with his plump palm. "Too good to be chore-boy; but not for long: eh, Francois? You be chopper *bientot*, and then—" with an expressive wave of his hand to indicate the rapid flight of time—"you'll be foreman, like M'sieur Johnston, while Baptiste,"—and the broad shoulders would rise in that meaning shrug which only Frenchmen can achieve,— "poor Baptiste will be cook still."

Beginning with Johnston and Baptiste, Frank was rapidly making friends among his companions, and as he was soon to learn, much to his surprise and sorrow, some enemies too, or, rather, to be more correct, he was making the friends, but the enemies were making themselves; for he was to blame in small part, if at all, for their rising against him. There were all sorts and conditions of men, so far at least as character and disposition went, among the gang, and the evil element was fitly represented by a small group of inhabitants who recognized one Damase Deschenaux as their leader. This Damase made rather a striking figure. Although he scorned the suggestion as hotly as would a Southern planter the charge that negro blood darkened his veins, there was no doubt that some generations back the dusky wife of a *courier du bois* had mingled the Indian nature with the French. Unhappily for Damase, the result of his ancestral error was manifest in him; for, while bearing but little outward resemblance to his savage progenitor, he was at heart a veritable Indian.

Greedy, selfish, jealous, treacherous, quick to take offence and slow to forgive or forget, his presence in the Johnston gang was explained by his wonderful knowledge of the forest, his sure judgment in selecting good bunches of timber to be cut, and his intimate acquaintance with the course of the stream down which the logs would be floated in the spring.

Johnston had no liking for Damase, but found him too valuable to dispense with. This year, by chance, or possibly by his own management, Damase had among the gang a number of companions much after his own pattern, and it was clearly his intention to take the lead in the shanty so far as he dared venture. When first he saw Frank, and learned that he was to be with Johnston also, he tried after his own fashion to make friends with him. But as might be expected, neither the man himself nor his overtures of friendship impressed Frank favourably. He wanted

neither a pull from his pocket flask nor a chew from his plug of "Navy," nor to handle his greasy cards; and although he declined the offer of all these uncongenial things as politely as possible, the veritable suspicious, sensitive, French-Indian nature took offence, which deepened day after day, as he could not help seeing that Frank was careful to give himself and companions as wide a berth as he could without being pointedly rude or offensive.

When one is seeking to gratify evil feelings toward another with whom he has daily contact, the opportunity is apt to be not long in coming, and Damase conceived that he had his chance of venting his spite on Frank by seizing upon this habit of Bible reading and prayer which the lad had as scrupulously observed in the shanty as if he had been at home. As might be imagined, he was altogether alone in this good custom, and at first the very novelty of it had secured him immunity from pointed notice or comment. But when Damase, thinking he saw in his daily devotion an opening for his malicious purposes, drew attention to them by jeering remarks and taunting insinuations, the others, yielding to that natural tendency to be incensed with anyone who seems to assert superior goodness, were inclined to side with him, or at all events to make no attempt to interfere.

At first Damase confined himself to making as much noise as possible while Frank was reading his Bible or saying his prayers, keeping up a constant fire of remarks that were aimed directly at the much-tried boy, and which were sometimes clever or impertinent enough to call forth a hearty laugh from his comrades. But, finding that Frank was not to be overcome by this, he resorted to more active

to his sides as though he dare not trust them elsewhere, and, looking straight into Damase's eyes, he exclaimed:

"Aren't you ashamed to do such an unmanly thing? You, who are twice my size and age! I have done nothing to you. Why should you torment me? And just when I want most to be quiet too!"

Then, turning to the other men with a gesture of appeal that was irresistible, he cried:

"Do you think it's fair, fellows, for that man to plague me so when I've done him no harm? Why don't you stop him? You can do it easy enough. He's nothing but a big coward."

Frank's anger had risen as he spoke, and this last sentence slipped out before he had time to stop it. No sooner was it uttered than he regretted it; but the bolt had been shot and it went straight to its mark. While Frank had been speaking, Damase was too keen of sight and sense not to notice that the manly speech and fine self-control of the boy were causing a quick revulsion of feeling in his hearers, and that unless diverted they would soon be altogether on his side, and the taunt he had just flung out awoke a deep murmur of applause which was all that was needed to inflame his passion to the highest pitch. The Frenchman looked the very incarnation of fury as, springing toward Frank with uplifted fist, he hissed, rather cried, through his gleaming teeth:

"Coward! I teach you call me coward."

Stepping back a little, Frank threw up his arms in a posture of defence; for he was not without knowledge of what is so oddly termed "the noble art." But before the blow fell, an unlooked-for intervention relieved him from the danger that threatened.

The foreman, when the shanty was being built, had the farther right-hand corner partitioned off so as to form a sort of cabin just big enough to contain his bunk, his chest, and a small rude table on which lay the books in which he kept his accounts and made memoranda, and some half-dozen volumes that constituted his library. In this nook, shut off from the observation of society of the others, yet able to overhear and, if he chose to open the door, to oversee also all that went on in the larger room, Johnston spent his evenings poring over his books by the light of a tallow candle, the only other light in the room being that given forth by the ever-blazing fire.

Owing to this separation from the others, Johnston had been unaware of the manner in which Frank had been tormented, as it was borne so uncomplainingly. But this time Frank's indignant speech, followed so fast by Damase's angry retort, told him plainly that there was need of his interference. He emerged from his corner just at the moment when Damase was ready to strike. One glance at the state of affairs was enough. Damase's back was turned toward him. With a swift spring, that startled the others as if he had fallen through the roof, he darted forward, and ere the French-Canadian's fist could reach its mark a resistless grasp was laid upon his collar, and, swung clear off his feet, he was flung staggering across the room as though he had been a mere child.

"You ruffian!" growled Johnston, in his fiercest tones. "What are you about? Don't let me catch you tormenting that boy again?"

(To be continued.)

OUR LIMITED WISDOM.

ALL the family were reading in the library one evening. Mr. May had the evening paper, which he put down once to look at a reference in the encyclopedia. Mrs. May had a French art book and consulted her lexicon frequently. George asked his mother the meaning of several words in the story book over which he was poring. Eva, aged five, sat with George's *Companion* upon her lap.

"Reading, too, Puss?" said her father.

"Yes, sir."

"Why, Eva May, you can't read," said her brother.

"Yes, I can. I can read 'dog' and 'cat' and 'boy,' and lots of words when I find them. I read the words I do know, and that's all that any of you are doing," returned the observant little woman.

The Chore-boy of Camp Kippewa.

A Canadian Story.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

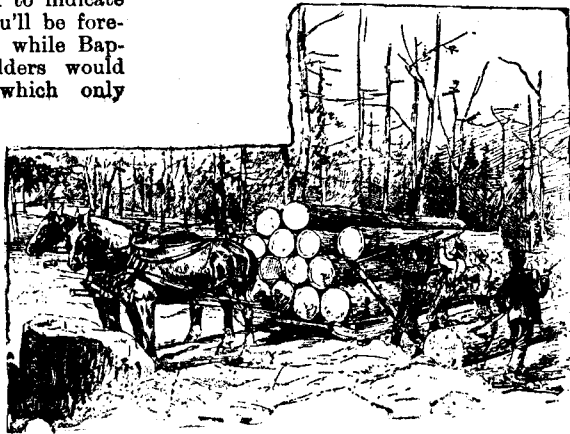
CHAPTER V.

STANDING FIRE.

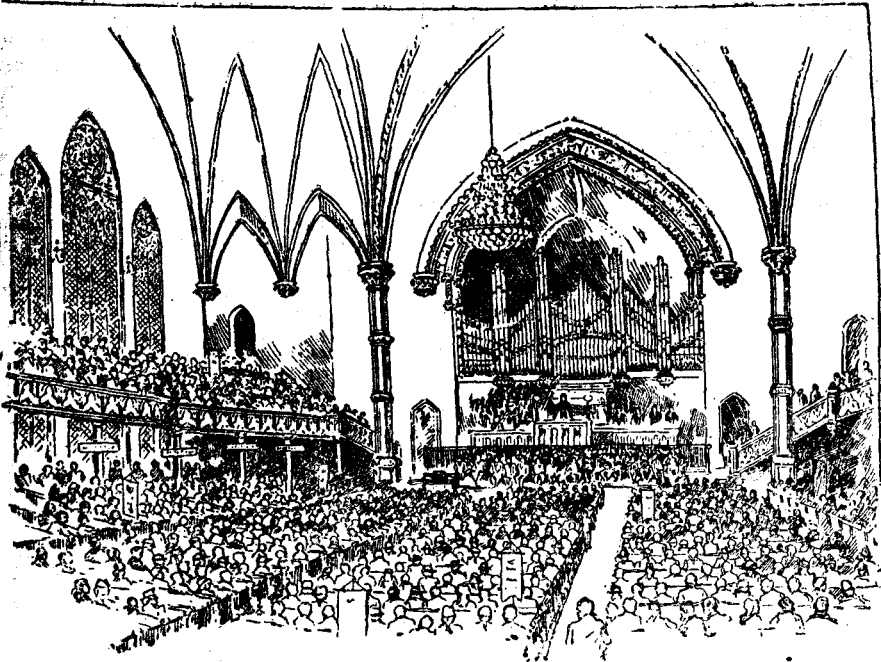
THE shanty finished, a huge mass of wood cut into convenient lengths and piled near the door, a smooth road made down to the river bank, the storehouse filled with barrels of pork and flour and beans and chests of tea, the stable for the score of horses, put up after much the same architectural design as the shanty, and then the lumber camp was complete, and the men were free to address themselves to the business that had brought them so far.

As Frank looked around him at the magnificent forests into whose heart they had penetrated, and tried with his eyes to measure the height of the splendid trees that towered above his head on every side, he found himself touched with a feeling of sympathy for them—as if it seemed a shame to humble the pride of those sylvan monarchs by bringing them crashing to the earth. And then this feeling gave way to another, and as he watched the expert choppers swinging their bright axes in steady rhythm, and adding wound to wound in the gaping trunk so skilfully that the defenceless monster fell just where they wished, his heart thrilled with pride at man's easy victory over nature, and he longed to seize an ax himself and attack the forest on his own account.

He had plenty of ax work as it was, but of a much more prosaic kind. An important part of his duty consisted in keeping up the great fire that roared and crackled unceasingly in the caboose. The appetite of this fire seemed unappeasable, and many a time did his arms and legs grow weary in ministering to its wants. Sometimes, when all his other work was done, he would go out to the wood pile, and, selecting the thickest and toughest-looking logs, arrange them upon the hearth so that they might take as long as possible to burn, and then, congratulating himself that he had secured some respite from toil, get out his rifle for a little practice at a mark, or would open one of the few books he had brought with him. But it seemed to him he would hardly have more than one shot at the mark, or get through half a dozen pages,



LOADING LOGS WITH CANT-HOOKS.



ST. JAMES' METHODIST CHURCH, MONTREAL.

A GREAT SUNDAY-SCHOOL GATHERING.

THE sixty-fourth New Year's gathering of Montreal Methodist Sabbath-schools brought together in St. James' church, on New Year's Monday, some three thousand scholars and hundreds of teachers and Sabbath-school workers. Again the ocean of faces in the great auditorium gazed eagerly on the chairman, the Rev. Dr. Douglas, who beamed with delight and mental vision unabated on the vast congregation of children whose voices rang in his ears, and yet could only by him be seen in spirit. The occasion was marked by perfect behaviour, speeches as bright as the audience, not a dull word in the whole of them, and rousing singing. The chairman was supported on the platform by the Rev. Dr. Scrimger, Rev. Dr. Rose, Rev. Dr. Hunter, Rev. Dr. Williams, Rev. W. H. Graham, Rev. F. A. McAmmond, Rev. E. Thomas and the other speakers of the day. Near the platform were Mr. S. J. Carter, President of the Montreal Methodist Sabbath-school Association, Mr. J. H. Carson, secretary of the same, Dr. Alexander and a number of other prominent Methodists. The choir gallery was filled by a large orchestra under Mr. Tattersall. The platform steps were utilized for seats. The aisles were thronged with people seated on chairs and many standing, while in the space behind the communion rail a number of little ones, only just old enough to talk, sat on the carpet and were happy, quiet, and content.

The Rev. F. A. McAmmond, in alluding to this being his first attendance at these great children's services, pointed out a number of similes between it and that one described in the hymn "Around the throne of God in Heaven, thousands of children stand." He pleased the assemblage very much by telling a story of a boot-black whose singing of the hymn "There'll be no sorrow there," caused one of his patrons to cease to live only for the things of this life. In relating the story Mr. McAmmond sang a verse of the hymn, and in closing asked all to join with him in singing it. He caused a unique incident by requesting all willing to make the best use of the year to wave their handkerchiefs. The response proved most picturesque, thousands of handkerchiefs being instantly produced and waved. Of course his "I wish you a happy New Year," received an overwhelming "the same to you" from the children, as did that of all the speakers, especially the succeeding one, Mr. Fred Meyers. Rev. E. Thomas made an effective application of David's victory over the giant.

The Rev. Dr. Scrimger received a rousing cheer as a compliment to the Presbyterian Sunday-schools of the city, which he officially represented, and Mr. S. P. Leet represented the Congregational Sunday-schools, and Mr. Bentley the Baptist Sunday-schools.

The missionary collections in the various Methodist Sunday-schools of the city amounted to \$3,633.49.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

ISRAEL AFTER THE CAPTIVITY.

B.C. 445.] LESSON VII. [Feb. 12.

NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER.

Neh. 1. 1-11.] [Memory verses, 8, 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Lord, be thou my helper.—Psa. 30. 10.

OUTLINE.

A people's need, ver. 1-3.
A patriot's prayer, ver. 4-11.

TIME.—B.C. 445.

PLACE.—Shushan, or Susa, a famous Persian royal residence.

RULER.—Artaxerxes Longimanus, King of Persia, the monarch who had already granted large privileges to Ezra.

CONNECTING LINKS.

Zerubbabel, Jeshua, Haggai, and Zechariah had passed away, and no one had risen in their stead. The temple worship was continued, but the Jews were in deep poverty, unprotected amid enemies, without ambition, and rapidly becoming corrupt in their moral practices. God raised two men to bring them back to the law and restore their fortunes—Ezra and Nehemiah. We have in this lesson the account of the beginning of Nehemiah's noble work.

EXPLANATIONS.

Chisleu—December. *The twentieth year*—That is, of the reign of Artaxerxes. *The palace*—Better, "the royal residence." Shushan was a large city. *The remnant that are left*—Only a small part of the children of the captivity had returned to Palestine. *Wall broken down*—It had been destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar's soldiers one hundred and thirty-seven years before. *Sat down and wept*—*certain days*—Not one continuous act of weeping, but a weeping and fasting extended through several days, at times when he was alone, and free from official duty. *The king's cupbearer*—The cupbearer, or butler, to the king was an officer of high rank under Oriental monarchs, and often became a trusted counsellor.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—
A lesson of patriotism?
A lesson of piety?
The value of prayer?

HOME WORK FOR YOUNG BEREANS.

Find out all you can about Ezra. He lived in the same time as Nehemiah, and the two helped each other in their noble work.

Find out, if you can, why it was so necessary to have a wall about Jerusalem.

And think out how a stone wall could have helped the morals of a people.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What sad news was brought to Nehemiah, the Jewish cupbearer of the Persian king? "That his relatives in Jerusalem were in great affliction." 2. What did he do? "He wept, fasted, and prayed." 3. What did he confess? "The sins of his people." 4. What did he plead? "The promise of God." 5. What is the GOLDEN TEXT? "Lord, be thou my helper."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—God's fidelity to promise.—Verses 8, 9.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Have believers an internal evidence that Christ came from God?

They have, according to their faith, the witness and the fruit of the Holy Spirit in their hearts.

John 14. 20.—In that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.

Remember, Boys.

LITTLE friends, when you are at play on the street,
Half frantic with frolic, laughter, and noise,
Don't ever forget to bow when you meet—
When you meet an old man with gray hairs,
my boys.

Is the aged man feeble, decrepit, and lame?
Does he lean on his staff with unsteady poise?
Never mock at his sorrow, but stop in your game,
And bow to the man with gray hairs, my boys.

If he sometimes halt in his tottering pace,
To witness the flow of your innocent joys,
Don't jostle the old man out of his place,
But greet his gray locks with a bow, my boys.

Remember, the years are only a few
Since he, on the street with his games and toys,
Was healthy and happy and active like you:
And bright as the sun were his curls, my boys.

But age has furrowed the cheek that was fair;
While sorrows have broken his once mellow voice;
And now there is many a silvery hair
On the head where the curls were so bright,
my boys.

The spring-day of youth is a gem—it is gold;
But Time all its glorious lustre destroys;
And, gay little friends, if you live to be old,
Your steps will be slow, your locks gray,
my boys.

So, when you are blithely at play on the street,
Half frantic with frolic and laughter and noise,
Remember to pleasantly bow when you meet—
When you meet an old man with gray hairs,
my boys.

—Independent.

LITTLE BLUE EYES.

"Look here, Isaac; if you will be very careful you shall take the little ones into the park, and pick up as much wood as you can. Come home the same way, for a fresh set of gypsies came last night, I hear."

Isaac, the elder brother, was quite proud of his task, and ran to get his hat and a big basket, while the mother put on her little girls' cloaks. Then off the children scampered to the Squire's Wood, and I doubt if there could have been a happier little family than they were on that bright summer day in that beautiful Hampshire park.

But, hark! the clock from the church hard-by struck twelve, and that was the hour mother liked them to be back, so at once Isaac began to marshal them. "Little Blue Eyes," as she was generally called, waiting for the last, to pick up this little twig, or that little branch, because "mother would burn it, and call it Blue Eyes' fire," cried out in a sudden alarm, "Oh, Isaac! look at those cruel people." And there, by the side of the very road that they must pass, was a crowd of gypsies, shrieking, and quarrelling, and, I am sorry to say, striking at one another.

"Oh, let us go by the lodge house!" said Harriet, almost crying with fright.

"No," said Isaac, resolutely; "mother said we were to go straight home. You are not frightened, Blue Eyes?"

"Oh, no!" said the little maiden, with her eyes growing very round, and a dear little trembling hand was put into her big brother's, and off they walked along the road, right up to the spot where now a regular hand-to-hand fight was going on.

A drunken man was cruelly beating a young girl; an old woman with gray hair was striking out at all around her. In the midst of it all some silver coins dropped from one of their hands. In a moment little Blue Eyes slipped from Isaac's care, and, fearless as a little heroine, she was rushing into that angry crowd to pick up the fallen pieces.

"Save the child!" cried a young dark gypsy lad, and he ran and picked up little Blue Eyes on to his shoulder, and carried her back.

"Blue Eyes! Blue eyes!" cried Isaac, "what did you do it for?"

But Blue Eyes, perched safely on her new friend's shoulder, only answered, "The poor man lost his money; I was going to give it to him."

Some of the by-standers heard the child, and they slunk away ashamed. The fight had begun in a drunken quarrel about who had taken the most money that day. The child's simple announcement that she was going to restore to its rightful owner what they were all fighting to obtain, came with a sudden new power to them.

Some years afterwards a man, lying in a poor but clean home of his own, and nearing the Valley of Death, said to his wife:

"The hand of a little child led me—a little innocent creature they called 'Blue Eyes.' She rushed like a little angel into the midst of all that drunken lot, to give back what we were going to fight for. And the thought of her, so young and pure like, dwelt in my mind, and grew up in my heart, and I can say, Thank God for her brave little soul, for the remembrance of her drew me from my wild life, and led me into the road which leads to the Life Eternal."

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