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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ROLPH SMITH

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 18, 1893.

[No. 11.]

## HOWLING WOLVES.

WHAT a terror do wolves present to our imaginations! Their loud, dismal howling at night sends a cold chill to the heart of the traveller through the winter forests. This universal terror gives us the expression, "Keep the wolf from the door," which means, hard work to keep us from poverty and starvation.

But wolves are not generally as dangerous as they are supposed to be. Living alone in my "shack" or log hut away out near the Rocky Mountains for months, there was hardly a night that I did not hear outside the long blood-hound like howling of the "coyotes" or prairie wolves, wild and weird enough to make the blood run cold in one's veins, yet they were most cowardly animals—frightened by their shadows on a moonlight night.

It is only during the long, cold winter when the poor brutes are driven mad by hunger that they are dangerous. Then in packs they come down from the woods and hills, and attack the belated traveller. The great wood wolf is the most savage. In the great forests of North America, in the Black Forest of Germany and in northern Russia he is generally found, and many fierce fights have the backwoodsmen had for their lives. When attacked by one alone, man is generally the victor, but from a starved pack of these gaunt fiends there is little chance of escape. In the Russian scene above, the wolves are following two benighted travellers—summoning up their courage for an attack. As they advance, others are attracted by the



A PERILOUS RIDE.

howling from the neighbouring woods, and if the travellers do not soon reach friendly shelter, they will be attacked by the reinforced pack when nought but the sleigh and a few scattered bones will remain to tell the story of their fate.

## A SINGULAR VILLAGE.

IN the Cevennes Mountains, in central France, there is a village named La Beage, the inhabitants of which practically live underground a great part of the year. It is 4,250 feet above the sea, and in the bottom of a pass where the snow is heaped up by the winds. When the snow begins to fall heavily the inhabitants retire indoors, and it is not long before the low-roofed cottages are buried, the only means by which air can reach the interior being down the single chimney, which in all the cottages is built very wide and substantial. The snow gradually mounts so high that the door will not open, and at last the windows are blocked up. The inhabitants lay in a good supply of bread, cheese, and salt pork for themselves, and of hay and straw in the outhouse for their cow and horse; and, although the men occasionally go out by way of the chimney, the women and children live in the fetid atmosphere all the winter. They spend their time making cane chairs and baskets, doing a little rude wood-carving, and knitting stockings. If the snow does not melt in a month or so, the people burrow tunnels from house to house, and so get a little society. Should a death occur, the body is confined, and laid away until a thaw makes the cemetery accessible.

## A Birthday Greeting.

BY A. D. G.

A new year lies before you, my dear,  
As a book with pages white;  
On every page a column you'll find  
On which you alone must write.

This book is a gift to you, my dear,  
A gift from your Father above,  
Its pages glisten with diamonds and gems,  
And rubies and pearls of love.

And the use you make of the pearls, my dear,  
The rubies, and gems so rare,  
The diamonds of minutes and hours and days  
And months of your Father's care.

You must write in this lovely book, my dear,  
Each thought, each act, and each word;  
And well for you if the record be found  
Just and fair in the sight of your Lord.

Then in this book of remembrance, my dear,  
With the golden pen of love,  
Your name will be written, and kept as a gem  
In his treasure house above.

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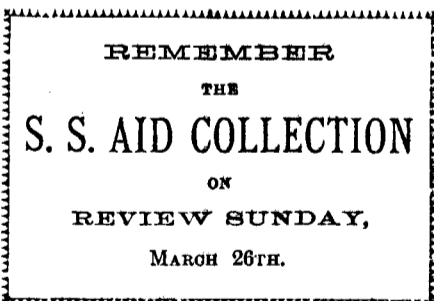
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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MARCH 18, 1893.



THIS collection, it will be remembered, is ordered by the General Conference to be taken up in each and every Sunday-school in the Methodist Church; and the Review Sunday in March is recommended as the best time for taking it up. This fund is increasing in usefulness, and does a very large amount of good. Almost all the schools comply with the Discipline in taking it up. In a few cases, however, it is neglected. It is very desirable that every school should fall into line. Even schools so poor as to need help themselves are required to comply with the Discipline in this respect, to be entitled to receive aid from this fund. Superintendents of circuits and superintendents of schools will kindly see that in every case the collection is taken up. It should, when taken up, be given in charge of the Superintendent of the circuit, to be forwarded to the District Financial Secretaries, who shall transmit the same to the Conference Sunday-school Secretary, who shall in turn remit to Warring Kennedy, Esq., Toronto, the lay-treasurer of the Fund. (See Discipline, secs. 354-356.)

## DUMB WITNESSES.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

It was not wonderful that the neighbours called the place "Noah's Ark," but old Casper cared little what anyone said, and went on adding cage after cage to his queer collection, and enjoying himself in his quiet, odd way. By and by the boys of the town learned to know that Casper's was the place to secure any pet they desired. No rabbits were so tame, no pigeons so well trained, no squirrels so intelligent as his. Then, too, he was willing not only to sell, but also to buy and to exchange, and so gradually a fair trade was established in his peculiar commodities. At first the old man seemed inclined to avoid all but necessary business intercourse with his fellow-townsmen, and keep himself only to the society of his "family," as he grandly called the feathered and hairy inmates of his ark; but the place was so attractive to the boys that it was not easy to prevent their visits.

Max would run in on his way to and from market and regale some of his favourites with stalks of celery or fresh beet-tops, laughing at the squawking and quacking that his coming aroused, until old Casper could but laugh with him. Younger boys, emboldened by his success, followed his example, and there were nuts for the squirrels and dainties for the monkeys stored away in many a small pocket. Casper could not resist kindness to his "family," and so visits became numerous. But no one loved the ark as little Fritz did. Poor Fritz, indeed, had not much else to love. He had no relatives except a dissipated uncle, who cared nothing for him beyond the work he could be made to do, and the child's usage and fare were notoriously hard. Still, he saved many a bit from his own scant meals for his friends at Casper's, and considered himself well rewarded when little soft paws scratched his ragged jacket, or a bird perched fearlessly on his shoulder and ate from his hand.

"They don't care; they like Fritz as well as anybody," the little fellow often whispered to himself, with his poor starved heart growing warm at the thought. It was only to himself he said it; he was shy of letting even Casper see how much he cared.

But one day an enemy found his way into the ark. Old Casper had gone up the street to attend to his small yet somewhat complex marketing—the tastes of his family being somewhat diverse—and was detained longer than he had expected. When he returned he found that someone had been tormenting the animals. The frightened rabbits cowered into a corner, the squirrels were chattering and scolding furiously, and one poor little fellow had lost most of his magnificent tail. The monkey whined and cried, and told as best he could his story of ill-treatment, while the sticks with which the visitor had been poking him lay near by. Who had done it? That was what Casper wanted to know, and he questioned on every side until he satisfied himself that only two had entered the place while he was absent—little Fritz and Tom Lang. What was more likely than that Fritz—"brought up no how," as Tom contemptuously suggested—should do such a thing?

"Couldn't much else be expected of him," said Tom, coolly.

"We ourselves shall see," answered old Casper in the slow, precise way which alone made his good English possible. "Some testimony we will haf."

"Oh, if that's what you want," began Tom, loftily twirling his watch-chain. "I can get a dozen fellows—"

But Casper interrupted: "No; the witnesses, we haf them here. Call you their names—Joeko and the squirrels."

Tom's face fell at this test; and well it might, for, as he approached the cages, the rabbits scurried into a corner, the squirrels retreated, and no calling could induce the monkey to approach the coaxingly outstretched hand.

"They don't know me very well," said Tom with a feeble laugh.

"Too well they do know you," answered old Casper, sternly. "Now, Fritz."

Fritz's eyes had brightened. He waited only for Tom to step back out of sight, and then his low, loving calls brought his pets, one after another, about him.

"It is enough they tell," said Casper, turning to the discomfited Tom. "Here

you come no more. You do think because they haf not words, they shall not tell? See now! to me they can bear witness—the dumb creatures; so can they to the God who made them. Learn that boy, and fear to harm the dumb. But here you come no more."

As for Fritz, he was cordially welcomed to the ark after that, by its owner as well as by the "family." It would not have seemed very great good fortune to most boys, perhaps, to live there; but to Fritz, when old Casper finally induced his uncle to give him up, it meant the first he had ever known of kindness, affection, and home.

## "PANSY."

BY E. A. HEATH.

THE author of the Pansy books requires no formal introduction; for comparatively few writers have achieved the important place in literature which "Pansy" occupies, and few, if any, have become so well known, the reading world over, as this bright, genial, busy worker, who never wields the pen save as a means of promoting and uplifting truth. Her methods, too, are the very best. "Pansy" touches life at its centre. Having made this her starting-point, there is no turning back until the purpose is met; and this is done when, the volume ended, the reader has learned how to apply the truth that spoke to the heart in the story which Mrs. Alden tells between the covers of every book she writes.

Personal observation tells us that a greater number of young people have been shown the light by reading "The Chautauqua Girls," and the many that "Pansy" has given to the world, than by making a special study of the truths these books set forth.

And this can readily be understood by any acquainted with these particular girls. Marion, Ruth, Eurie, and Flossie are four admirable characters. No less so, however, as girls, than as women—after they have come into the magnificent womanhood which sheds the bright glory Mrs. Judge Burnham reflects—she who was born Ruth Erskine.

But to introduce "Pansy's" characters in turn, would be assuming a hospitality beyond the limit here decreed us; and, I fear the reader who has in store the pleasure of reading her later books would add, an office presuming, as well. The preference would be, to receive that amenity at the writer's hand. "Pansy" herself is a most charming woman. She carries always the sincere smile of welcome, and extends ever a cordial, earnest hand, the warmth of whose touch imparts the fervency of the flame that has kindled into life fresh purposes, higher resolves, and helped to form nobler aims. She is a grand type of American Christian womanhood.

Mrs. Alden, whose maiden name was McDonald, was born in Rochester, N.Y., in 1842. From both father and mother she is rich in inheritance, each having bequeathed their children that greatest of all earthly gifts—an unsullied name, a sterling character, a life truly Christian. Little wonder that the daughter should develop such traits as her writings alone show she must possess.

Mrs. Alden received the now famous name of "Pansy" from an incident which occurred in early life. With the spirit of helpfulness upon her, the wee girl, having learned that the closing part of the day was to be set aside for some social observance, strayed into the garden. Her dear mother had a beautiful bed of pansy blossoms, which she was tending with great care. Prompted by their delicate, pleading beauty, the little girl gathered them every one, and carried them into the house to decorate the rooms for the event in prospect. The good mother was much disturbed, but the loving father called her his little pansy blossom; and so the name clung to her. And when at the age of ten years, she wrote the story of the old family clock, that one day "would not go," the dear father, moved to tears by the beautiful thing his daughter had done, told her to sign to it the name of "Pansy." Neither father nor mother could then have realized the far-reaching influence this name would carry, or the remote corners it would penetrate.



"PANSY" (MRS. ISABELLA M. ALDEN).

It is a most interesting fact that Mr. Daniel Lothrop, the eminent publisher, lately deceased, himself an earnest life-long worker in the church and Sunday-school, should have had the intuition into, and the sympathy with, "Pansy's" life-purpose, that enabled him when the young writer had barely commenced to use her pen, to throw all his energies into helping forward her work. Through all the years he was her publisher, there existed between the two the utmost sympathy of Christian aim and service, "unbroken," to quote from "Pansy's" own words, "by anything that could mar its perfect confidence."

Who can tell until the final day of days, what the results for good have been, and shall be, from this combination of author's and publisher's purposes in this broadcast scattering of truth, that shall eventually roll back the tides of evil?

Since this beautiful name of "Pansy" was so beautifully chosen, book after book has been sent out. And yet "Pansy" books are only a portion of her work. Her husband, Rev. G. R. Alden, is the pastor of a large church, and she works faithfully by his side. She edits *The Pansy*, the well-known Sunday magazine for girls and boys, and for the entire household, as well, we may add. Through the Pansy Society of Christian Endeavour, "Pansy," in true mother fashion, gathers about her thousands of children, on either side the water, and by this beautiful, simple means, corrects habits in early life, and accomplishes good, the amount of which is simply incalculable. Mothers speak to her, and out of her own mother-love, which she bestows upon a promising young son, she gives ready and helpful answer.

"Pansy's" winter home is in Washington, D.C. Her summers she spends at Chautauqua, N.Y. Long may she wield the pen, and send out by its sparkling touch the truth and comfort her mission it is to impart.

## GOD'S FOOTPRINTS.

A FRENCHMAN who had won high rank among men of science, yet who denied the God who is the author of all science, was crossing the great Sahara desert in company with an Arab guide. He noticed with a sneer, that at times his guide, whatever obstacles might arise, put them all aside, and, kneeling in the burning sand, called on his God. Day after day passed, and still the Arab never failed in his supplications. At last, one evening as he rose from his knees, the philosopher asked him with a contemptuous smile, "How do you know there is a God?" The guide fixed his beaming eyes upon the scoffer for a moment in wonder, and then said solemnly, "How do I know there is a God? How do I know that a man and not a camel passed my hut last night in the darkness? Was it not by the print of his feet in the sand? Even so— and he pointed to the sun whose last rays were flashing over the lonely desert—"that footprint is not that of a man."



## The Chore-boy of Camp Kippewa.

## A Canadian Story.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE GREAT SPRING DRIVE.

At the sight of Frank's fall the three men gave a simultaneous shout of alarm that caused the bear to halt, for a moment, in his fierce pursuit, and lifting his head to look angrily in the direction from which the sound had come. This action saved the helpless boy—striving to regain his feet only a yard or two in front of him—from serious injury if not from death. The instant the creature's broad breast was exposed, Johnston threw his rifle to his shoulder, and without waiting to take aim, but ejaculating a fervent "Help me, O God!" pulled the trigger. The report of the rifle rang out sharp and clear, the heavy bullet sped through the air straight to its mark, and with it embedded in his heart the mighty animal, leaving untouched the boy at his feet, made a mad bound across his body to reach the assailant who had given him his death wound.

But it was a vain though gallant attempt. Ere he was half-way to the foreman, he staggered and rolled over upon the snow, and before he could lift himself again the men were upon him, and Laberge, swinging his keen axe high in the air, brought it down with a mighty blow upon the brute's slanting forehead, letting daylight into his brain. Not even a bear could survive such a stroke, and without a struggle the creature yielded up its life. Instantly the foreman sprang to Frank's side and lifted him upon his feet.

"My dear boy," he cried, his face aflame with anxious love, as he clasped Frank passionately in his arms, "are you hurt at all? Did he touch you?"

What between his previous exertions and the big man's mighty embrace, poor Frank had hardly enough breath left in him to reply, but he managed to gasp out: "Not a bit. He never touched me."

"Are you quite sure now?" persisted Johnston, whose anxiety could not be at once relieved. "Oh, my lad! my heart stood still when you fell down right in front of the brute."

"I'm quite sure, Mr. Johnston," said Frank. "See!" And to prove his words he gave a jump into the air, threw up his arms, and shouted, "Hip! hip! hurrah!" with the full force of his lungs.

"God be praised!" exclaimed the foreman. "What a wonderful escape! Let us kneel down right here, and give him thanks," he added, suiting his action to his words. Frank at once followed his example. So too did Laberge and Booth, and there in the midst of the forest wilds, this strange praise-meeting was held over the body of the fierce creature from whose murderous rage Frank had been so happily delivered.

Johnston sent Laberge back to the tent for the toboggan, and before darkness set in the bear was dragged thither, where the two men skilfully skinned him by the light of the camp fire, and stretched the pelt out to dry.

The quartette had a long talk over the whole affair after supper had been disposed of. Frank was plied with questions which he took much pleasure in answering, for naturally enough he felt himself to be in some measure the hero of the occasion. While he could not help admiring and cordially praising Frank's audacity, the foreman felt bound to reprove him for it, and to impress upon him the necessity of showing more caution in future, or he might get himself into a situation of danger from which there might be no one at hand to deliver him. Frank, by this time thoroughly sobered down, listened dutifully, and readily promised to be more careful if he ever came across bear tracks again.

"Anyway, my boy," said Johnston, "you won't go home empty-handed; and when your mother sees those two skins, which are both pretty good ones, she'll think more of you than she ever did before."

"Yes, but you know," said Frank, "both skins oughtn't to be mine, for I didn't kill either of the animals."

"Neither you did, Frank," replied Johnston, "but you came mighty near killing the one, and the other came mighty near killing you; so I think it's only fair you should have both. Don't you think so, mates?" turning to the men.

"Ah, out," exclaimed Laberge, with a vigorous nod of his head.

"Of course," added Booth, no less emphatically, and so the matter was settled very much to Frank's satisfaction.

The next day the tent was packed and the little party set out for the shanty, which was reached in good time without anything eventful occurring on the way. They found the work of getting the logs down upon the ice well-nigh completed, and the foreman's return, giving an impetus to the men's exertions, it was finished in a few days more, and then there was nothing to do but to await the breaking up of the ice.

They were not kept long in expectancy. The sun was now in full vigour; before his burning rays the snow and ice fled in utter rout; and the frost king, confessing defeat, withdrew his grasp from the Kippewa, which, as if rejoicing in its release, went rippling and bounding merrily on toward the great river beyond, bearing upon its bosom the many thousand logs which represented the hard labour of camp Kippewa during the long cold winter months that were now past and gone. The most arduous and exciting phase of the lumberman's life had begun, the great spring drive, as they call it, and for weeks to come he would be engaged playing the part of a shepherd after a strange fashion, with huge, clumsy, unruly logs for his flock, and the rushing river for the highway, along which they should be driven.

The shantymen were divided into two parties, one section taking the teams and camp-belongings back to the depot, the other and much larger section following the logs in their journey to the mills. Johnston put himself at the head of the latter, and Frank, of course, accompanied him, for the foreman was no less anxious to have him than the boy was to go. The bonds of affection that bound the two were growing stronger every day they were together. Frank regarded Johnston as the preserver of his life, and Johnston, on his part, looked upon Frank as having been in God's hands the means of bringing light and joy to his soul. It might be said, without exaggeration, that either of them would risk his life in the other's behalf with the utmost willingness.

The journey down the river had to be done in light marching order. Not much baggage could be carried so as not to burthen too heavily the three or four "bonnes," as they call the long, light, flat-bottomed boats, peculiar to lumbermen, which had been all winter awaiting the time when their services would be required. The shore work being beyond his strength, Frank was given a place in one of the *bonnes* along with Baptiste, Laberge, and part of the commissariat, and it was their duty to precede the main body of the men, and have their dinner and supper ready for them when they came up. In this way Frank would get a perfect view of the whole business of river driving, and he was in high feather as they made a start on a beautiful morning in early May, with the sun shining brightly, the air soft and balmy, and the river reflecting the blue of the unclouded heavens.

"Now take good care of Baptiste and the grub," said Johnston, with a smile, as he pushed the boat in which Frank was sitting off into the stream. "If you let anything happen to them, Frank, I don't know what we'll do to you."

"I'll do my best, sir," replied Frank, smiling back. "The boat won't upset if I can help it, and as Baptiste can't swim, he'll do his best to be careful too; won't you, Baptiste?"

"Vraiment, mon cher," cried Baptiste. "If we upset—poor Baptiste! zat will be the last of him." And he shrugged his fat shoulders and made a serio-comic grimace that set everybody laughing.

If the Kippewa, through all its course, had been as deep and free from obstructions as it was opposite the lumber camp, the river drivers would have had an easy time of it, getting their wooden flock to market. But none of the rivers in this part of the country go quietly on their way from source to outlet. Falls and rapids

are of frequent occurrence, and it is these which add difficulty and danger to the lumberman's work. Carrying pike poles and cant hooks, the former being simply long tough ash poles with a sharp spike on the business end, and the latter shorter stouter poles, something like the handle of a shovel, with a curious curved iron attachment that took a firm grip of a log and enabled the worker to roll its lazy bulk over and over in the direction he desired, with these weapons taking the place of the axe and saw, the men set off on their journey down the river side, two of the boats going ahead, and two bringing up the rear.

Frank felt in great spirits. He was thoroughly expert in the management of a *bonne*, and the voyage down the river in this lovely spring weather could be only continued enjoyment, especially as beyond steering the boat he had nothing to do, and it would be practically one long holiday. There were nearly twenty thousand logs to be guided, coaxed, rolled, and shoved for one hundred miles or more through sullen pools, sleeping reaches, turbulent rapids, and roaring falls, where, as if they were living things, they would seem to exhaust every possible means of delay. The way in which they would stick at some critical point and pile one upon another, until the whole river was blocked, defies description; and one seeing the spectacle for the first time might well be pardoned, if he were to be positive that their could be no way of bringing order out of so hopeless a confusion, and releasing the tangled obstructed mass.

For the first few days, matters went very smoothly, the river being deep and swift and the logs giving little trouble. Of course, numbers of them were continually standing on the banks, but the watchful drivers soon spied them out, and with a push of the pike pole, or drag of the cant hook, sent them floating off again on their journey. At mid-day all the men would gather about Baptiste's kettles and dispose of a hearty dinner, and then again at night they would leave the logs to look after themselves while they ate their supper and talked, and then lay down to rest their weary bodies. But this condition of things was too good to last. In due time the difficulties began to show themselves, and then Frank saw the most exciting and dangerous phase of a lumberman's life—a part of it with which when he grew older he must himself become familiar if he would be master of the whole business, as it was his ambition to be.

The great army of logs, forging onward slowly or swiftly, according to the force of the current, would come to a point where the stream narrowed and jagged rocks thrust their unwelcome heads above the surface. The vanguard of the army, perhaps, passing either to right or left of the rocks, would go on its way unchecked. But when the main body came up, and the whole stream was full of dripping logs, some clumsy tree trunk going down broadside first would bring up short against the rock. As quickly as a crowd will gather in a city street, the other logs would cluster about the one that obstructed their passage. There would be no stopping the onrush. In less time than it takes to describe it, a hundred logs would be jostling one another in the current, and every minute the confusion would increase, until ere long the disordered mass would stretch from shore to shore, the whole stream would be blocked up, and the event most dreaded by the river driver would have taken place: to wit, a log jam.

The worst place that Johnston had to encounter in getting his drive of logs to the river was at the Black Rapids, and never will Frank forget the thrilling excitement of that experience. These rapids were the terror of the Kippewa lumberman. They were situated in the swiftest part of the river, and if nature had in cold blood tried her utmost to give the despoilers of her forest a hard nut to crack she could scarcely have succeeded better. The boiling current was divided into two portions by a jagged spur of rock that thrust itself above the surging waters, and so sure as a log came broadside against this projection it was caught and held in a firm embrace.

Johnston thoroughly understood this, and had taken every care to prevent a jam occurring, and if it had been possible for him to do what was in his mind—namely, to land upon the troublesome rock, and

with his pike pole push back again into the current every log that threatened to stick—the whole drive would have slipped safely by. He did make a gallant attempt to carry this out, putting four of the best oarsmen into Frank's boat, and trying again and again to force his way through the fierce current to the rock, while Frank watched him with breathless interest from the bank. But, strain and tug as the oarsmen might, the eddying, whirling stream was too strong for them, and swept them past the rock again and again until at length the foreman had to give up his design as impracticable.

It was exciting work, and Frank longed very much to be in the boat, but Johnston, indulgent as he was toward his favourite, refused him this time.

"No, no, Frank; I couldn't think of it," he said, decidedly. "It's too risky a business. The *bonne* might be smashed any time, and if it did we'd run a poor chance of getting out of these rapids. More than one good man has gone to his death here."

"Have there been men killed in these rapids?" Frank asked, with a look of profound concern at his big friend, who was taking such risks. "The poor fellows! What a dreadful death! They must have been dashed against the rocks. Surely, you won't try it again, will you?" For it was dinner time, and all hands were taking a welcome rest before resuming the toils of the day.

Johnston thoroughly understood and appreciated the boy's anxiety in his behalf, and there was a look of wonderful tenderness in his eyes as he answered him.

"I must try it once more, Frank; for if I can only get out to that rock there'll be no jam this day. But don't you worry. I've taken bigger risks and come out all right."

So he made one more attempt, while Frank watched every movement of the boat, praying earnestly for its preservation. Again he failed, and the *bonne* returned to the bank unharmed. But hardly had the weary men thrown themselves down for a brief spell of rest than what they all so dreaded happened. One of the logs, getting into a cross eddy, rolled broadside against the rock. It was caught and held fast. Another and another charged against it and stayed there. The main body of the drive was now passing down, and every moment the jam increased in size. Soon it would fill the whole stream. Yet the lumbermen were powerless to prevent its growth. They could do nothing until it had so checked the current that it would be possible to make a way over to its centre.

So soon as this took place, Johnston, accompanied by three of his best men, armed with axes and cant hooks, leaping from log to log with the sure agility only lumbermen could show, succeeded in reaching the heart of the jam, and at once proceeded to attack it with tremendous energy. One log after another was detached from the disordered mass and sent whirling off down stream, until at the end of an hour's arduous exertion the keystone—that is, the log that had caused all the trouble—was found.

"Now, my boys," said Johnston to his men, "get ashore as quick as you can. I'll stay and cut out the keystone."

The men demurred for a moment. They were reluctant to leave their chief alone in a position of such extreme peril. But he commanded them to go.

"There's only one man wanted," he said, "and I'll do it myself. It's no use you risking your lives too."

So the men obeyed, and returned to the bank to join the group watching Johnston's movements with intense anxiety. They all knew as well as he did the exceeding peril of his position, and not one of them would breathe freely until he had accomplished his task, and found his way safely back to the shore.

(To be continued.)

## LITTLE MEN.

THE ants are little people, but they are exceeding wise. People that want size must make up for it by sagacity. A short man up in a tree is really taller than the tallest man who only stands on the ground. Happily for little men, the giants have seldom any great wit. Bigness is not greatness, and smallness is in itself no blessing, though it may be the occasion of a man's winning one.



THE STONE OF WITNESS.

## THE STONE OF WITNESS.

JOSHUA was a great man in Israel. The Lord greatly honoured and blessed him, because he was true to him when nearly all the nation were unfaithful. When the twelve spies were sent into the land of Canaan to view the country, ten of them brought back an evil report, because the land was so full of inhabitants, and their cities were surrounded with such high and strong walls, that they feared they could not drive their enemies out of the country; but Joshua and Caleb believed that the Lord could do what he had promised to do, and give them possession of the country, and he told the people to be of good courage and go over and possess the promised land; but they were full of doubts, and did not believe what God had promised, and refused to go over. The Lord was displeased with them on this account, and said that only Joshua, Caleb, and the children that were too young to understand what they were doing, should go over into the promised land.

After waiting forty years, Joshua led Israel through the river Jordan into the promised land. God divided the waters of the Jordan and led them through dry shod. A little while after, they compassed the city of Jericho seven days, then blew their trumpets and shouted, and the walls fell down. This proved that Joshua was right when he believed that God would give them possession of the country, even though the cities were walled, and the people were very numerous and strong. Joshua did all he could to keep the country from worshipping idols; but some of them brought idols of the heathen countries round, and worshipped them in their houses.

Just before Joshua died, he assembled all of the people together, with the priests and officers, and rehearsed before them all the dealings of God with them. He then asked them to choose whether they would serve the Lord, or serve idols. He set them the example by saying: "As

for me and my house, we will serve the Lord," and the people answered saying, that they too would serve the Lord, and that their idols should all be destroyed. Joshua said to them, "Ye are witnesses of your own words, and they acknowledged that they were witnesses."

Joshua then made a covenant with the people, and wrote the words of the covenant in a book of the law, and took a great stone and set it up near the sanctuary, and said, "Behold this stone shall be a witness unto us; for it hath heard all the words of the Lord which he spake unto us; it shall be therefore a witness unto you, lest ye deny your God."—Joshua xxiv. 27.

The reason why Joshua set up this stone was that they might remember their covenant. If they were tempted to forget it and serve other gods, when they looked upon that stone they would be reminded of the covenant they had made. Joshua knew that he would die in a short time, as he was then 110 years old, and he desired to leave something to remind them of his faithful teachings.

We do not need a stone to remind us of our duty, for we have the Bible which we can read at our homes, and learn the way of life, and be reminded of our duty to God. We should not forget to read it often, and heed its faithful teachings.

## SPECIAL MEETINGS.

DURING the special revival season I think it would be well to hold some extra Junior meetings for singing, testimony, and prayer. The regular weekly meeting should, of course, be made unusually direct and earnest. Then it would be well to have two or three meetings during the week at the close of the day-school. When the Sunday-school is held on Sabbath afternoon, a short meeting might be held at its close.

The Juniors can help in the revival by being present as often as their parents think it is proper for them to go. They

can join heartily in the singing, and give a sentence testimony. They can distribute printed notices, and invite their parents and friends to attend the meetings. They can pray earnestly for God's blessing on the services. I have no doubt that many of our girls and boys will do as great service for the Lord as the girl rendered to Naaman the leper. Have you ever read about her?

## Do You Wear Them?

GOTTLIEB SCHMITZ, so the Germans say, Invented some glasses one summer day, Of a wondrous pattern, unknown before; They were aids to sight, as in days of yore, But the strangest thing, and you'll find when it was queer, Enabled their owner to think and to hear!

To think and to hear and to see; but, alas! Some fatal spell had imbued the glass; Its lines were warped; 'neath the circling blue Distorted images met his view, And the sounds that he heard, whether mirth or joy, Were blended with sorrow, like base alloy.

Nothing was beautiful, quite, it seemed; The very sunset that flashed and gleamed On the western hill-top was out of line; In the moaning music of wind and pine, And e'en in the song of the happiest bird, Were chilling discords that Gottlieb heard.

And, saddest of all, it transformed his mind: He was harsh in his judgment of all mankind, To truth and beauty each day more blind, Till he broke the glasses in sudden ire, But vision no longer would change at desire; The magic lens he had worn too long— Each line was deflected, each angle wrong; And dissonant still was the lark's glad song.

Is the story a true one? I cannot say. I only know, should you come our way, In street or market you'd surely find Legions of men who are deaf and blind To the light and beauty and love and joy Of unselfish lives. And there's many a boy, And, I'm loath to confess, but I fear, some lassies, Unconsciously looking through Gottlieb's glasses.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

## ISRAEL AFTER THE CAPTIVITY.

## FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.

MARCH 26.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.—Psalm 119. 105.

1. Repeat from memory all the Golden Texts, all the Titles, and all the Outlines. If you cannot, learn them at once. The teacher and superintendent should rigidly require so much.

2. Recall the kings of Persia who figure in the lessons of the quarter, and indicate what each did, and the lessons in which he is mentioned: Cyrus, Darius Hystaspes, Ahasuerus (of Esther), and Artaxerxes Longimanus.

3. From the prophecies and narratives of the lessons, select five great pivotal events. Two of them have to do with building, one is a long journey, one involves a scene in a royal palace, one is a work of reform.

4. Give the leading characteristic of Ezra, of Nehemiah, of Zerubbabel, of Haggai, of Mordecai, of Esther.

5. Complete the following pictures:

A youth receiving a wise king's instructions.  
An old man encouraging a crowd of weary workers.  
A labourer with a hod on his left shoulder and a sword in his right hand.  
A wooden pulpit, with a man in it.  
A Persian courtier kneeling before the true God.

The slaughter of hundreds of bullocks, rams, and lambs for sacrifice.

A richly laden caravan journeying westward.  
A company of priests and Levites praising God with trumpets and cymbals.  
The golden candlestick.

A dream about Satan.  
A beautiful girl timidly entering a royal court.

An indignant governor threatening law-breakers.

6. Read over afresh all the Practical Teachings, and commit to memory those that touch your own life.

7. What was the name of the wicked man whose conspiracy Esther defeated?

8. What was the name of the palace of the Persian king?

9. Who completed the erection of the second temple?

10. Was Nehemiah a priest?

11. What did the men do who clustered around Ezra during the reading of the law?

12. What is the earliest mention of the Sabbath-day in the Bible? When and how was it made an institution of the Hebrew nation? Did the heathen nations around Judah keep the Sabbath? What special promise was made by one of the prophets to the conscientious Sabbath-keeper? Did our Lord keep the Sabbath? What did he say concerning it? What did Paul say concerning the keeping of the special days? What event probably caused the change of Sabbath-keeping from the seventh to the first day of the week? Wherein does the Christian ideal of the Sabbath differ from that of Nehemiah?

## WHO WAS HE?

BY PANSY.

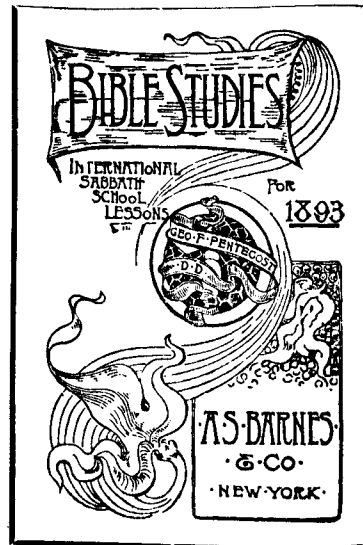
SEE if you can guess who he was. He was one of the very first foreign missionaries. He did not have to go more than two hundred miles, nor did he have to sail. He did not go of his own accord. He was not ordained as missionaries are now-a-days. He was not married when he started. Afterwards he married one of the natives. She was a high-caste lady. Her name began with A. He had two sons. Their names began with M and E.

He never went back home—as missionaries now-a-days do every ten years—but his father and his old friends and neighbours came to him to dine with him, and buy wheat of him.

If it had not been for him, it looks as though the whole world would have starved to death.

The society that sent him out did not like him overmuch, and sent him on a mission to get rid of him. It was so strange in a few years every member of that society paid him a visit.

And, now, who was this man?



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## Press Opinions.

"The method of these studies, which is topical, not textual, is exceedingly helpful to the teacher, presenting the lesson before him as a whole, and then dividing it into its essential parts, enabling him to get that firm grasp upon it which is all important to him who would teach clearly and forcibly.—Christian Inquirer.

Dr. Pentecost's concise, vigorous style, clear insight and wide experience, are brought to bear in these studies in such a way that every lesson is placed in a new, interesting and helpful light before each teacher and scholar.—Christian at Work.

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