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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 28, 1893.

[No. 4

AMONG ICEBERGS.

AMONG the perils encountered by ships sailing in the north Atlantic Ocean is that of running into the great floating masses of ice, called icebergs. In the northern regions where it is very cold, great mountains of ice form in the winter season, and when the spring draws near and the weather becomes warmer, large portions of ice become loosened from the mainland and are carried southward by the currents of the ocean. Vessels in passing, even as far south as the line between New York and England, are in danger of running into them.

Our cut shows a vessel passing one of these mountains of ice during a snow-storm at night. It is having a very narrow escape, but fortunately the berg was discovered in time to put on a full head of steam, and, by running the vessel as fast as possible, she passed just as the huge sea monster crashed across her stern.

There are many thrilling incidents of narrow escapes from being crushed by icebergs. We will relate a few. We will first quote from Dr. Kane's Explorations in the Arctic Ocean:

"But a new enemy came in sight ahead. Directly in our way, just beyond the line of floe-ice against which we were alternately sliding and thumping, was a group of bergs. We had no power to avoid them; and the only question was, whether we were to be dashed in pieces against them, or whether they might not offer us some providential nook of refuge from the storm. But, as we neared them, we perceived that they were at some distance from the floe-edge and separated from it by an interval of open water. Our hopes rose, as the gale drove us toward this passage, and into it; and we were ready to exult, when, from some unexplained cause,—probably an eddy of the wind against the lofty ice-walls,—we lost our headway. Almost at the same moment, we saw that the bergs were not at rest; that with a momentum of their own they were bearing down upon the other ice, and that it must be our fate to be crushed between the two.

"Just then, a broad scone-piece or low water-washed berg came driving up from the southward. The thought flashed upon me of one of our escapes in Melville Bay; and as the scone moved rapidly close alongside us, McGary managed to plant an anchor on its slope and hold on to it by a

whale-line. It was an anxious moment. Our noble tow-horse, whiter than the pale horse that seemed to be pursuing us, hauled us bravely on, the spray dashing over his windward flanks, and his forehead ploughing up the lesser ice as if in scorn. The bergs encroached upon us as we advanced: our channel narrowed to a width of perhaps forty feet: we braced the yards to clear the impending ice-walls. We passed clear; but it was a close shave,—so

close that our port quarter-boat would have been crushed if we had not taken it in from the davits,—and found ourselves under the lee of a berg, in a comparatively open lead. Never did heart-tried men acknowledge with more gratitude their merciful deliverance from a wretched death."

A thrilling adventure with an iceberg is related of a vessel on its way from Australia to Liverpool, England.



AMONG ICEBERGS.

"It was about midnight, and we were running at eleven knots an hour. We had been sailing for eighteen days, and had on board a cargo of wool and gold. Our ship, the *Indian*, a three master, was apparently well manned and officered. We had experienced much gloomy weather, for some days past, and the fog made it impossible to take observations, and it was plainly to be seen that officers and crew were anxious.

"There were but three ladies among the passengers, and these were persons of wealth and refinement. They were possessed of a cheerful and pious turn of mind, and read their Bibles from time to time, conversing pleasantly; although the continued gloom and the uneasy motion of the vessel were anything but conducive to study or the pleasant interchange of thought.

"Our ship was a large one and strongly built; and in this there was much to solace us. Sturdy as her timbers were, however, they were now beginning to groan audibly, and as the wind had been freshening since night had set in, those with indifferent sea-legs were constrained to keep below.

"About midnight, then, and while we were running at the speed already mentioned, we were aroused by a violent shock, succeeded by the crash of falling spars, and a grinding sound along our starboard side. We hurried on some clothes and got to the poopdeck, when a dismal sight presented itself. The ship was lying broadside on to an immense iceberg, which towered like a mountain over our heads. All her spars and sails above the lower masts were gone over the starboard side. The foremast was also broken close to the deck, and hanging at an angle, still held by the rigging. The mainyard was hanging broken over the side, and only the mizzenmast perfect. The mizzen topmast was standing, the top-sail yard hanging from it broken in the slings. The bowsprit hung broken alongside, and the ship, a short

time before bounding along under studding sails and everything set to royals, was now a complete wreck. The night was dark and rainy, with strong northwest breeze. We saw that the port life-boat had been lowered, and no one was at the wheel, nor could we see any officer or sailor on the poop; and we soon discovered that the captain, the first mate, and most of the seamen had deserted the ship. Those remaining encouraging one another, we

divided our numbers. Some took charge of the wheel and remaining sails; others set about clearing off the ice which lay in masses on the decks.

We perceived the boat tossing in the swell off our port beam, and apparently endeavouring to regain the ship. We shouted to the men in her to come alongside, that the ship was tight, but in the roaring of wind and waves could scarcely hear their reply, except for help. This we did all in our power to render by throwing ropes and life-buoys, but all fell short; and we suppose they had lost their oars, and we could see the seas washing over their boat, and that she was full of water. The back swell from the ice threw her to windward from us, and we lost sight of her in the fog. She was never heard of afterward; so that there can be no doubt that she and her faithless crew went to the bottom, although had they stuck manfully to their posts every soul of them would have been saved. The ship now demanded all our attention. We found she was drifting to leeward past the iceberg, the cross-jack kept aback assisting; and we had the relief soon after to see her drop clear of it, and into smoother water to leeward.

"Day now began to break, and an awful state our ship appeared to us in. She rolled like a log, and, with spar and wreck hanging over the sides, and ice and water washing about, we thought we must meet the fate of those who had taken to the boat. By the mercy of God we found she was not stove below the water line, and kept tight. We commenced clearing away the wreck, and succeeded in cutting away the main-yard and wreck from the mainmast, when the cry, 'Ice to leeward!' was raised, and we saw a huge berg looming out of the mist. We braced up the cross-jack and set the spanker, and trimmed the foresail as well as we could, then anxiously watched the ice. The good ship forged ahead with the wreck hanging to her, and cleared the ice about a hundred yards. Scarcely had she done so than the foremast fell, crushing the long-boat—the other boats were previously stove by falling spars.

"On mustering, we found that, besides Captain Brewer and Mr. Jones, the mate, fifteen sailors were gone. The ladies behaved most admirably, never losing their presence of mind or their faith in heaven—an example which excited a powerful influence over the remainder of the passengers and crew."

DRINK BILL.

In the London *Times* of February 17 there is an editorial on "The National Drink Bill," in which we are told that the amount spent in the United Kingdom for intoxicant drinks during 1891 was over seven hundred million dollars. This is an increase of \$8,750,000 over 1890, and the editorial argues that, as there has been a decrease in the more expensive drinks, "we may assume with melancholy confidence that working-class drinking has increased." It means, says the *Times*, that "down the national throat there floats enough to provide the country with two navies or two armies, with the civil service thrown in—or very nearly so. It means that the beer drunk in one year would pay the interests on the national debt for three; or that, if funded for nine years, it would pay the whole debt and leave us no more interest or annuities to pay. Or, from another point of view, it amounts to a probable fifteenth part of the whole national income; that is, everybody in England may be considered to spend six or seven per cent. of his revenue on beer, wine, and spirits taken together." The *Times* admits that there are "but very few people, except those directly interested in public houses and breweries," who do not regard this as an appalling showing; but then "there is the revenue to be considered; and we have to remember that of the money spent on drink a sum of nearly twenty-five million pounds goes back to the national coffers." The *Times* adds: "Nobody forgets this, least of all the trade, especially when it calls its friends around it, as it did at Shoreham on Monday," to denounce the opposition which had been made by the vicar as "immoral, un-English, and an unnecessary interference with respectable tradesmen, who are licensed by the state, and contribute largely to imperial and local taxation."

Useless.

BY IRENE PRIOR.

A LIFE without a motive
Is a useless thing at best,
When so many acts want doing
Which would bring us peace and rest.
It brings us pain and worry,
It brings us discontent;
It makes the world seem empty,
And all effort poorly spent.

A life without a motive,
Like a plant without a flower,
Surely ends in disappointment
At the wasting of its power.
Each life is sent for something;
That something each must find;
We know that ere we grasp it
We must work among our kind.

A life without a motive
Is a thing that can't exist,
When we try to do our duty
And bring light down through the mist
Of the lives of weary toilers,
Though discouraged, sick, and poor,
Who hopelessly seem waiting
For worse evils at their door.

A life without a motive
We will gladly cast aside
When we catch the inspiration
Of those busy lives, beside
Which all others will seem nothing
On that day when we return
Our talents, bright or rusty,
To the Master, for his own.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 28, 1893.

STANDING TREAT.

ONE of the most absurd of all foolish customs, is that of inviting a crowd of friends or strangers to walk up to the bar and "take something at my expense."

Men do not buy other things, either useful or ornamental in this way;—why should they make an exception in favour of this poisonous draught, which is the cause of most of the crimes which curse the land and which fill the community with poverty, mourning and woe.

Some one has sensibly said:—"Now, boys, if you want to be generous and treat each other, why not select some other place besides the liquor shop? Suppose as you go by the post office, you remark: 'I say, my dear fellow, come in and take some stamps!' These stamps will cost no more than drinks all round. Or go to the haberdasher's, and say: 'Boys, come in and take a box of collars.' Walk up to a grocer's, free and generous, and say: 'What kind of coffee will you have?' Why not treat to groceries by the pound as well as liquors by the glass? Or take your comrades to a cutler's, and say, 'I'll stand a good pocket-knife all round.'"

This would be thought a strange way of showing friendship, but would it not be

better than to offer to friends a maddening, poisonous, deadly draught?

Suppose a man should keep a den of rattlesnakes, and allow men to come in and be bitten at sixpence a bite? Would it be a sensible thing for a man to invite all his friends in to be bitten at his expense? Is it worth our while to turn our friends into homes into hells of trouble and distress by giving them "something to drink at my expense?" "At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

HOW TO LOVE GOD.

IN a beautiful New England village, a boy about ten years old lay very sick, drawing near to death and very sad. He was a joint heir, with an only brother, to a great estate, and the inheritance was just about coming into his possession; but it was not the loss of this that made him sad. He was a dying boy, and his heart longed for a treasure which he knew had never been his, and which was worth more to him now than all the gold of all the Western mines.

He was very dear to the one who writes about him now, and during the last week of his life I was with him in the house of his guardian where he died. One day I came into his room, the windows of which overlooked a beautiful meadow, over which the noon wind was gently playing, but the sight of which seemed to have no charm for him, took his hand, and looked into his troubled face, asked him what made him so sad.

"Uncle," said he, "I want to love God. Won't you tell me how to love God?"

I cannot describe the piteous tones in which he said these words, and the look of trouble which he gave me. I said to him:

"My boy, you must trust God first, and then you will love him without trying to at all."

With a surprised look he exclaimed: "What did you say?"

I repeated the exact words again, and I shall never forget how his large hazel eyes opened on me and his cheek flushed as he slowly said:

"Well, I never knew that before. I always thought that I must love God first before I had any right to trust him."

"No, my dear boy," I answered, "God wants us to trust him; that is what the Lord Jesus always asks us to do first of all, and he knows that as soon as we trust him, we shall begin to love him. This is the way to love God, to put your trust in him, first of all."

Then I spoke to him of the Lord Jesus, and how God sent him that we might believe in him, and how, all through his life, he tried to win the trust of men; how grieved he was when men would not believe in him, and how every one who believed came to love without trying to love at all. He drank in the truth, simply saying, "I will trust Jesus now," without an effort put his young soul in Christ's hands that very hour, and so he came into the peace of God which passeth understanding, and lived in it calmly and sweetly to the end. None of all the loving friends who watched over him during the remaining weeks of his life doubted that the dear boy had learned to love God without trying to, and that dying he went to him whom, not having seen, he had loved.

THE KING OF BIRDS.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

THIS is the name by which the eagle is everywhere known: not only its large size, but its great strength and fierce and savage nature give it an undisputed sway over all the other birds of the air. The "Bird of Washington," as our American eagle is sometimes called, is the largest of several varieties; and the sea-eagle, a famous fisher, is also a very formidable-looking bird.

As an eagle will fly over a hundred miles in an hour, and its body is as large as that of a goose, it needs immense wings to support it, and these pinions, when spread, measure from seven to ten feet across. A single blow of these great wings will often kill its prey at once.

But the most dreadful thing about the eagle is its strong, hooked beak, which has a very cruel expression, as it well may have; for, with its beak, as well as with its terrible talons, the fierce bird destroys almost every living thing that it attacks. Lambs and wild goats and deer are its favourite prey, and when too large to carry off, they are killed and devoured on the spot. After circling in the air over its victim, the eagle will descend with a sudden swoop and bury its claws in the animal's back. In catching the deer, the great bird pounces down and fixes its talons in the poor animal's flesh, flapping at the same time with its terrible wings.

The eagle has even been known to carry off small children—which is very terrible—and take them to its nest to be devoured by its young. Hence that dreadful warning to disobedient children in the book of Proverbs which says: "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

An eagle's nest is usually perched up on some mountain-crag or in a very high tree, and it seems a very rough home for tender young birds. It is very large, however, and is made of great sticks covered with a layer of rushes and a layer of heath, then eagle. But there is always plenty to eat, and this is why the nest is made so large, although a large stone near by is sometimes used as a storehouse, too.

A gentleman visiting in Scotland was taken to see one of these nest-ladders, where several kinds of birds, kids, fawns, lambs, rats and mice were often to be found together. The owner of the estate said that his servants so see what the eagles could spare, just as if they had been human neighbours, but with this difference, that it was taken without the asking. However, shown their objections if they had any, perhaps it was all right. When the things were taken away from the stone shelf or nest itself—the eagles just got another supply.

Our North American Indians have always venerated the eagle because of his possessing those qualities which they esteem above all others: "unwearied perseverance, activity, watchfulness, undaunted courage, and, lastly, patience in suffering privations." May not we, too, learn something from this "Bird of Washington?"

AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

It is undoubtedly true, that occasionally "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The New York *World* gives an instance that illustrates the truth of the proverb. A newsboy took the Sixth Avenue elevated cars at Park Place, and sliding into one of the cross seats fell asleep. At Grand Street two young women entered the car, and took the seats opposite the lad.

The boy's feet were bare, and his hat had fallen off. Presently the younger girl leaned over and placed her muff under the little fellow's dirty cheek. An old gentleman in the next seat who had seen the kind act smiled, and without saying anything, held out a quarter, with a nod toward the boy.

The girl understood what he meant, hesitated a moment, blushed a little, and then reached for it.

The next man who had seen the act and enjoyed it, just as silently offered the girl a dime, to be used for the same purpose. A moment later a woman across the aisle held out some pennies, and before she knew it, the girl, with flaming cheeks, was offered money from every passenger in that end of the car, each smiling and enjoying the little episode.

The young girl quietly slid the amount into the sleeping boy's pocket, removed her muff gently from under his head without arousing him, and soon after rose to leave the car at Twenty-third street. As she did this, she included all the passengers in a pretty little inclination of the head, that seemed full of thanks, and the possession of a common secret. It was a very pretty little incident, and will not soon be forgotten by those who saw it.

A New Leaf.

He came to my desk with a quivering lip—
The lesson was done—
“Dear teacher, I want a new leaf,” he said,
“I have spoiled this one.”
In place of the leaf, so stained and blotted,
I gave him a new one all unspotted,
And into his sad eyes smiled—
“Do better, now, my child.”

I went to the throne with quivering soul—
The old year was gone—
“Dear father, hast thou a new leaf for me?
I have spoiled this one.”
I took the old leaf, stained and blotted,
I gave me a new one, all unspotted,
And into my sad heart smiled—
“Do better, now, my child.”

The Chore-boy of Camp Kippewa.

A Canadian Story.

BY J. MAGDONALD OXLEY.

CHAPTER IV.

THE BUILDING OF THE SHANTY.

FRANK looked about him with quick curiosity, expecting to see some of the men in whose society he was to spend the winter. But there were only the farm-hands lounging listlessly about, their day's work being over, and they had nothing to do except to smoke their pipes and wait for nightfall, when they would lounge off to bed.

The shantymen had not yet arrived, Mr. Stewart always making a point of being at the depot some days in advance of them, in order to have plenty of time to prepare his plans for the winter campaign. Noting Frank's inquiring look, he laughed and said:

“Oh, there are none of them here yet. We're the first on the field, but by the end of the week there'll be more than a hundred men here.”

A day or two later the first batch made their appearance, coming up by their heavy teams that they would take with them into the woods, and each day brought a fresh contingent, until by the time Mr. Stewart had mentioned the farm fairly swarmed with them, and it became necessary for this human hive to imitate the bees and send off its superfluous inhabitants about delay.

They were a rough, noisy, strange-looking lot of men, and Frank, whose acquaintance with the shantymen had been limited to seeing them in small groups as they passed through Calumet in the autumn and spring, on their way to and from the camps, meeting them now for the first time in such large numbers could not help some inward shrinking of soul, as he noted their uncouth ways and listened to their oath-besprinkled talk. They were “all sorts and conditions of men”—habitants who could not speak a word of English, and Irishmen who could not speak a word of French; shrewd Scotchmen, chary of tongue and reserved of manner, and loquacious half-breeds ready for song, or story, or fight, according to the humour of the moment. Here and there were dusky skins and prominent features that betrayed a close connection with the aboriginal owners of this continent. Almost all had come from the big saw-mills away down the river, or from some other equally arduous employment, and were glad of the chance of a few days' respite from work while Mr. Stewart was dividing them up and making the necessary arrangements for the winter's work.

Frank mingled freely with them, scraping acquaintance with those who seemed disposed to be friendly, and whenever he came across one with an honest, pleasant, prepossessing face, hoping very much that he would be a member of his gang. He was much impressed by the fact that he was identically the youngest member of the gathering, and did not fail to notice the sometimes curious, sometimes contemptuous looks with which he was regarded by the fresh arrivals.

In the course of a few days matters were pretty well straightened out at the depot, and the gangs of men began to leave for the different camps. Mr. Stewart had promised Frank that he would take care to put him under a foreman who would treat him well, and when one evening he was called into the office and introduced to a

tall, powerful, grave-looking man, with heavy brown beard and deep voice, Mr. Stewart said:

“Here is Frank Kingston, Dan; Jack's only son, you know. He's set his heart on lumbering, and I'm going to let him try it for a winter.”

Frank scrutinized the man called Dan very closely as Mr. Stewart continued:

“I'm going to send him up to Kippewa camp with you, Dan. There's nobody'll look after him better than you will, for I know you thought a big sight of his father, and for his sake, as well as mine, you'll see that nothing happens to the lad.”

Dan Johnston's face relaxed into a smile that showed there were rich depths of good nature beneath his rather stern exterior, for he was pleased at the compliment implied in the superintendent's words, and, stretching out a mighty hand to Frank, he laid it on his shoulder in a kindly way, saying:

“He seems a likely lad, Mr. Stewart, and a chip off the old block, if I'm not mistaken. I'll be right glad to have him with me. But what kind of work is he to go at. He seems rather light for chopping, doesn't he?”

Mr. Stewart gave a quizzical sort of glance at Frank, as he replied:

“Well, you see, Dan, I think, myself, he is too light for chopping, so I told him he'd have to be chore-boy for this winter, anyway.”

A look of surprise came over Johnston's face, and more to himself than the others he muttered, in a low tone:

“Chore-boy, eh? Jack Kingston's son a chore-boy!” Then, turning to Frank, he said aloud: “All right, my boy. There's nothing like beginning at the bottom if you want to learn the whole business. You must make up your mind to put in a pretty hard time; but I'll see you have fair play, anyway.”

As Frank looked at the rugged, honest, determined face, and the stalwart frame, he felt thoroughly satisfied that in Dan Johnston he had a friend in whom he could place perfect confidence, and that Mr. Stewart's promise had been fully kept. The foreman then became quite sociable, and asked him many questions about his mother, and his life in Calumet, and his plans for the future, so that before they parted for the night Frank felt as if they were quite old friends instead of recent acquaintances.

The following morning Johnston was bestirring himself bright and early getting his men and stores together, and before noon a start was made for the Kippewa River, on whose southern bank a site had already been selected for the lumber camp which would be the centre of his operations for the winter. Johnston's gang numbered forty men all told, himself included, and they were in high spirits as they set out for their destination. The stores and tools were, of course, transported by waggon, but the men had to go on foot, and, with fifteen miles of a rough forest road to cover before sundown, they struck a brisk pace as, in two and threes and quartettes, they marched noisily along the dusty road.

“You stay by me, Frank,” said the foreman, “and if your young legs happen to go back on you, you can have a lift on one of the teams until you're rested.”

Frank felt in such fine trim that, although he fully appreciated his big friend's thoughtfulness, he was rash enough to think he would not require to avail himself of it; but the next five miles showed him his mistake, and at the end of them he was very glad to jump upon one of the teams that happened to be passing, and in this way hastened over a good part of the remainder of the tramp.

As the odd-looking gang pushed forward steadily, if not in exactly martial order, Frank had a good opportunity of inspecting its members and making in his own mind an estimate of their probable good or bad qualities as companions. In this he was much assisted by the foreman, who, in reply to his questions, gave him helpful bits of information about the different ones that attracted his attention. Fully one-half of the gang were French Canadians, dark-complexioned, black-haired, bright-eyed men, full of life and talk, their tongues going unceasingly as they plodded along in sociable groups. Of the remainder some were Scotch, others Irish, the rest English. Upon the whole, they were quite a promi-

ing-looking lot of men; indeed, Johnston took very good care to have as little “poor stuff” as possible in his gang; for he had long held the reputation of turning out more logs at his camp than were cut at any other on the same “limits;” and this well-deserved fame he cherished very dearly.

Darkness was coming on apace when at last a glad shout from the foremost group announced that the end of the journey was near, and in a few minutes more the whole band of tired men were resting their wearied limbs on the bank of the river near which the shanty was to be erected at once. The teams had arrived some time before them, and two large tents had been put up as temporary shelter, while brightly-burning fires and the appetizing sizzle of frying bacon joined with the wholesome aroma of hot tea to make glad the hearts of the dusty, hungry pedestrians.

Frank enjoyed his open-air tea immensely. It was his first taste of real lumberman's life, and was undoubtedly a pleasant introduction to it; for the hard work would not begin until the morrow, and in the meantime everybody was still a-holidaying. So refreshing was the evening meal that, tired as all no doubt felt from their long tramp, they soon forgot it sufficiently to spend an hour or more in song and chorus that made the vast forest aisles re-echo with rough melody before they sank into the silence of slumber for the night.

At daybreak next morning Dan Johnston's stentorian voice aroused the sleepers, and Frank could hardly believe that he had taken more than twice forty winks at the most before the stirring shout of “Turn out! Turn out! The work's waiting!” broke into his dreams and recalled him to life's realities. The morning was gray and chilly, the men looked sleepy and out of humour, and Johnston himself had a stern, distant manner, or seemed to have, as after a wash at the river bank Frank approached him and reported himself for duty.

“Will you please to tell me what is to be my work, Mr. Johnston?” said he, in quite a timid tone; for somehow or other there seemed to be a change in the atmosphere.

The foreman's face relaxed a little as he turned to answer him.

“You want to be set to work, eh? Well, that won't take long.” And, looking around among the moving men until he found the one he wanted, he raised his voice and called:

“Hi, there, Baptiste! Come here a moment.”

In response to the summons a short, stout, smooth-faced, and decidedly good-natured looking Frenchman, who had been busy at one of the fires, came over to the foreman.

“See here, Baptiste; this lad's to be your chore-boy this winter, and I don't want you to be too hard on him—save? Let him have plenty of work, but not more than his share.”

Baptiste examined Frank's sturdy figure with much the same smile of approval that he might bestow upon a fine capon that he was preparing for the pot, and murmured out something like:

“Bien, m'sieur.” I shall be easy wid him if ee's a good boy.”

The foreman then said to Frank:

“There, Frank; go with Baptiste, and he'll give you work enough.”

So Frank went dutifully off with the Frenchman.

He soon found out what his work was to be. Baptiste was cook, and he was his assistant, not so much in the actual cooking, for Baptiste looked after that himself, but in the scouring of the pots and pans, the keeping up of the fires, the setting out of the food, and such other supplementary duties. Not very dignified or inspiring employment, certainly, especially for a boy “with a turn for books and figures.” But Frank had come to the camp prepared to undertake, without a murmur, any work within his powers that might be given him, and he now went quietly and steadily at what was required of him.

As soon as breakfast was dispatched, Johnston called the men together to give them directions about the building of the shanty, which was the first thing of all to be done, and having divided them up into parties, to each of which a different task was assigned, he set them at work without delay.

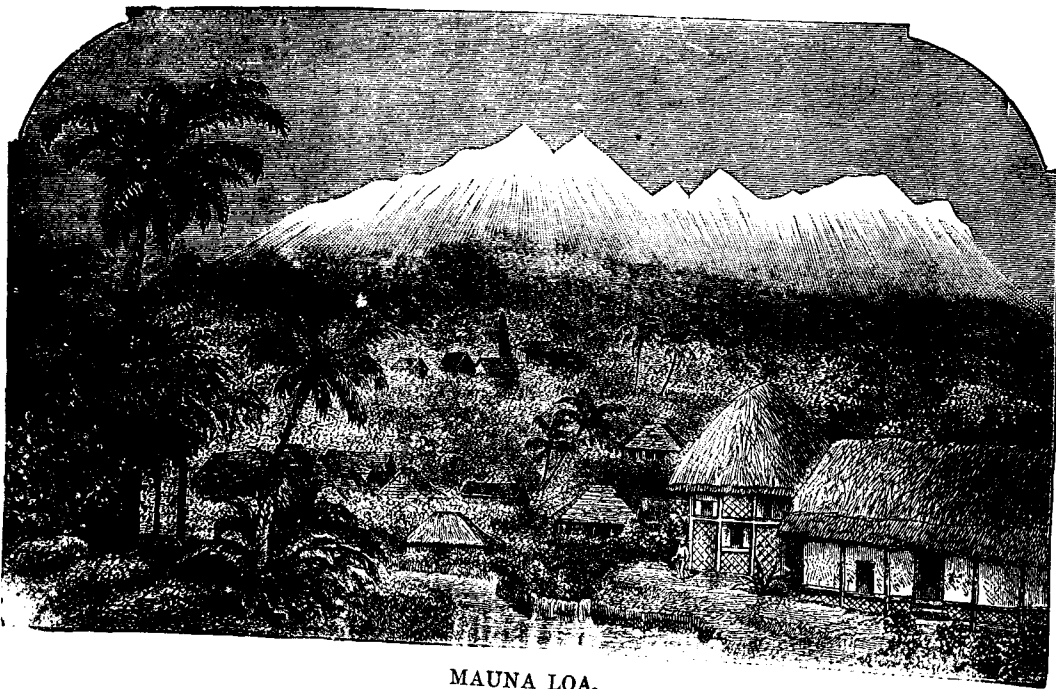
Frank was very glad that attention to his duties would not prevent his watching the others at theirs; for what could be more interesting than to study every stage of the erection of the building that was to be their shelter and home during the long winter months now rapidly approaching? It was a first experience for him, and nothing escaped his vigilant eye. This is the way he described the building of the shanty to his mother on his return to Calumet:

“You see, mother, everybody except Baptiste and myself took a hand, and just worked like beavers. I wish you could have seen the men. And Mr. Johnston—why, he was in two places at once most of the time, or at least seemed to be! It was grand fun watching them. The first thing they did was to cut down a lot of trees: splendid big fellows, that would make the trees round here look pretty small, I can tell you. Then they chopped off all the branches and cut up the trunks into the lengths that suited, and laid them one on top of the other until they made a wall about as high as Mr. Johnston, or perhaps higher, in the shape of one big roof forty feet long by thirty feet wide, Mr. Johnston said. It looked very funny then, just like a huge pigpen, with no windows and only one door—on the side that faced the river. Next day they laid long timbers across the top of the wall, resting them in the middle on four great posts they called ‘scoop-bearers.’ Funny name, isn't it? But they called them that because they bear the ‘scoops’ that make the roof; and a grand roof it is, I tell you. The scoops are small logs hollowed out on one side and flat on the other, and they lay them on the cross timbers in such a way that the edges of one fit into the hollows of two others, so that the rain hasn't a chance to get in, no matter how hard it tries. Next thing they make the floor; and that wasn't a hard job, for they just made logs flat on two sides and laid them on the ground, so that it was a pretty rough sort of floor. All the cracks were stuffed tight with moss and mud, and a big bank of earth thrown up around the bottom of the wall to keep the draught out.

“But you should have seen the beds—or bunks, as they call them, for the men. I don't believe you could ever sleep on them. They were nothing but board platforms all around three sides of the room, built on a slant so that your head was higher than your feet; so you see I'd have had nothing better than the soft side of a plank for a mattress if you hadn't fitted me out with one. And when the other fellows saw how snug I was they vowed they'd have a soft bed too; so what do you think they did? They gathered an immense quantity of hemlock branches—little soft ones, you know—and spread them thick over the boards, and then they laid blankets over that and made a really fine mattress for all. So that, you see, I quite set the fashion. The last thing to be made was the fireplace, which has the very queer name of ‘camboose,’ and is queerer than its name. It is right in the middle of the room, not at one end, and is as big as a small room by itself. First of all, a great bank of stones and sand is laid on the floor, kept together by boards at the edges. Then a large square hole is cut in the roof above, and a wooden chimney built on the top of it, and then at two of the corners cranes to hold the pots are fixed, and the camboose is complete. And oh, mother, such roaring big fires as were always going in it after the cold came—all night long, you know; and sometimes I had to stay awake to keep the fire from going out, which wasn't much fun; but, of course, I had to take my turn. So now, mother, you ought to have a pretty good idea of what our shanty was like, for besides a table and our chests there was nothing much else in it to describe.”

Such were Frank Kingston's surroundings as he entered upon the humble and labourious duties of chore-boy in Camp Kippewa, not attempting to conceal from himself that he would much rather be a chopper, or teamster, or road maker, but with his mind fully fixed upon doing his work, however ungenial it might be, cheerfully and faithfully for one winter at least, feeling confident that if he did he would not be chore-boy for long, but would in due time be promoted to some more dignified and attractive position.

(To be continued.)



MAUNA LOA.

MAUNA LOA.

THE Sandwich Islands contain the largest volcanoes, both active and quiet, in the world. The two most lofty mountains are Mauna Kea and Mauna Loa, each of which is fourteen thousand feet in height. Kilauea, on the latter mountain, is the largest active volcano in the world, having an oval-shaped crater nine miles in circumference. In this immense cauldron is a red sea of lava, always in a state of fusion. At intervals the lava is thrown to a great height, and rolls in rivers down the mountain sides. Except at these intervals the mountain is covered with perpetual snow. It is in the centre of Hawaii, the largest island of the group. Near to it is the native village of Waiohinu, which is in a forest of orange, fig and guava trees.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

B.C. 515.] LESSON VI. [Feb. 5.]

DEDICATING THE TEMPLE.

Ezra 6. 14-22.] [Memory verses, 21, 22.]

GOLDEN TEXT.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord.—Psa. 122. 1.

OUTLINE.

1. A dedicated house, v. 14-18.
2. A dedicated people, v. 19-22.

TIME.—B.C. 515. From four to six years after the delivery of the prophetic messages of Lessons III., IV., and V.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.

As we have already seen, the walls of the temple stood unfinished for twelve or fourteen years. This lesson gives the history of what the three preceding lessons were the prophecy.

EXPLANATIONS.

Elders of the Jews—Chief of clans. "The chiefs of the fathers" According to the commandments—God, through the prophets, had commanded the erection of the temple. Cyrus had authorized the beginning of the work; Darius had ordered its completion; and both these kings had made liberal gifts toward it. The Artaxerxes here mentioned had not yet ascended the throne, but years afterward he gave commandment to beautify the house of the Lord, and his name is here united with the others. *Adar*—The Hebrew month made up of the end of March and the beginning of April. It was now twenty-one years since the foundation was laid, and four years since the work was begun again with vigour. *Children of the captivity*—Sons of the men who had been transported to Chaldea. *Kept the dedication* . . . with joy—The old men who had wept when the foundation was laid must have been all dead now. *Divisions* . . . courses—David had grouped the priests into twenty-four sections for duties, each section to have charge of the temple service for a week; and a

somewhat similar rule was made in regard to the Levites. *Written in the Book of Moses*—This detail is not in any Book of Moses, but the ordinance on which it was based is there to be found. *The first month*—Nisan, which followed immediately after Adar. *Purified together*—Made themselves ceremonially clean; went through a "form;" their doing so at this juncture indicated the sincerity of their worship. *The filthiness of the heathen*—Heathen idolatry was steeped in moral impurity. *The king of Assyria*—The Assyrian kingdom had been extinct for years, but the Persian Empire covered the same territory, and doubtless the old name was retained in popular language.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

What illustrations have we in this lesson of—

A heart-temple dedicated to God's service?
A heart-service according to God's law?
A heart purified and joyous in God's worship?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How did the elders of the Jews succeed in their efforts to rebuild the temple? "God prospered them." 2. When the house of God was finished, what did the restored captives do? "They dedicated it with joy." 3. What regulations did they follow in the dedicatory services? "Those found in the Book of Moses." 4. What did they shun in their personal behaviour? "The filthiness of the heathen of the land." 5. What is the Golden Text? "I was glad when they said," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The worship of God. Verse 14.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

And what was the last and greatest proof? His rising from the dead, as he himself foretold.

Acts 2. 32.—This Jesus did God raise up, whereof we are all witnesses.
Matthew 16. 21; 1 Cor. 15. 14, 20.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

"I SEE," he observed, walking into the sanctum, "that you need the services of a leader writer on your paper."

"That position has been filled, sir," was the reply.

He sighed.
"I notice, also," he went on, "that you advertise for a person to address envelopes. Is that position still open?"

"It is."
"Then I'll take it."

This conversation is chronicled in a comic weekly, and is supposed to illustrate the fall from the sublime to the ridiculous; but it shows something else, that the writer never thought of. It shows the spirit of common sense.

Senator Stanford once remarked that he remembered the days of '49 in California, when any man could make four dollars a day, and yet there was a beggar on every corner. Their invariable excuse, when they deigned to give any, was that there was no work at their trade. At the present day there are people in every community who are on the way to starvation, or the

life of a tramp, because what they can find to do does not suit them.

The boy with the right spirit and the boy with the wrong spirit come into competition every day. A merchant advertises for a boy to help on the books, and gets him. In comes another boy, and when informed that the vacancy is filled walks out with his chin in the air. A third boy, on receiving the same answer, applies for a place as errand boy. Ten to one he gets it, and is soon promoted to a clerkship.

In the early days of Bismarck, now the capital of North Dakota, a city ordinance was passed requiring brick chimneys to be built, but there was not a bricklayer in the place; but the chimneys were built by two painters, one plumber, and a carpenter, who

would work at anything, rather than beg. This is the right spirit—the willingness to take anything rather than nothing. Success in life depends largely upon adaptability, and it is almost an axiom that the man who looks for something may not find it, but the man who will do anything can always find something.—*Youth's Companion*.

A Strike.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

HUSHED the hammer and mallet,
Hushed the pick and the drill;
The work and the wage of the quarries
Stopped by a word at will.
Men with a grim decision
Written on lip and brow;
Yesterday, all was action,
Silence and waiting now.

Vessels lying at anchor,
Loaded with stone rough-hewn;
Silence brooding above them,
Silence, with curses strewn.
The strong arm limp and nerveless,
The full purse like the lean;
Somewhere, God knows, a blunder,
As the angels watch unseen.

The angels watch and wonder,
And the woman who feels them near,
Ponders the strange condition
With pulses that throb with fear.
The wrong and the right about it
Are strangely mixed in her mind,
For she rests her faith on the God above,
And not on a fate unkind.

And over and over she murmurs,
Pondering late and soon,
The terrible strike, it must fall alike
On the babes whom the mothers croon,
And on women heavy-hearted,
From the hearth who never roam;
Whatever the men do, surely,
It's hard on the women at home.

Women who face the future,
And hearken to phrases glib,
With the thought of an empty cupboard,
And a moan from the baby's crib.
Oh! the tools of labour, idle,
And rusting in desolate shops,
Mean grief to the women and children,
From the day that the hammer drops.

A FRESH-WATER SPRING IN THE ATLANTIC.

ONE of the most remarkable displays of nature may be seen on the Atlantic coast, eighteen miles south of St. Augustine. Off Matanzas Inlet, and three miles from shore a mammoth fresh-water spring gurgles up from the depth of the ocean with such force and volume as to attract the attention of all who come in its immediate vicinity. This fountain is large, bold, and turbulent. It is noticeable to fishermen and others passing in small boats along near the shore. For many years this wonderful and mysterious freak of nature has been known to the people of St. Augustine and those living along the shore, and some of the superstitious ones have been taught to regard it

with a kind of reverential awe, or holy horror, as the abode of supernatural influences. When the waters of the ocean in its vicinity are otherwise calm and tranquil, the up-heaving and troubled appearance of the water shows unmistakable evidences of internal commotions. An area of about half an acre shows this troubled appearance—something similar to the boiling of a washerwoman's kettle. Six or eight years ago Commodore Hitchcock, of the United States Coast Survey, was passing this place, and his attention was directed to the spring by the up-heavings of the water, which threw his ship from her course as she entered the spring. His curiosity becoming excited by this circumstance, he set to work to examine its surroundings, and found six fathoms of water everywhere in the vicinity, while the spring itself was almost fathomless.

WORK AWAY.

JIM was a poor little newsboy. He wanted to buy a cake for his little sister because it was her birthday. But if he sold all his papers, he would not have any money to spare; his mother needed it, for she was poor.

"I wish I could raise three cents extra," he said to Will, his little comrade.

"Work away, then," answered Will, and ran off crying his papers.

Jim ran off shouting his also. He sold a good many of them; and when he was tired, Will's words, "Work away," would come back to him, and he would go on again.

It was beginning to grow dark when he went into a horse-car. All the people in it had papers or shook their heads at him except one young lady. She looked at the little boy and bought a paper of him. It cost one cent. She handed him a five-cent piece. Jim was going to give her the change when she smiled at him and said:—"The rest is for you."

Then he ran to buy the little frosted cake for his sister. Kitty gave him some of it, and as they were eating it he said:—"I wish that lady knew."

And then he thought how glad he was that he had "worked away" instead of giving up.

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