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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 11, 1893.

[No. 10.]

## SNOW-SHOES.

FOR travelling in deep snow, the snow-shoe, either as manufactured by the Indian or as made in some foreign countries, has become with its owner almost a necessity, and its use in snow-shoeing sports, even in our own country, is gaining in popularity every year. It may be that some of our readers have never seen so much as the picture of snow-shoes, while others have sported with them many an hour over the drifted fields. In either case, we think you will be interested in some things about them, gathered from a late number of *Harper's Young People*. The writer says:

"Three things have the 'red children of the forest' given to the white children of the cities which are so perfect in their way that it is hardly possible there will ever be an invention filed in the pigeon-holes of the Patent-office at Washington that will surpass them. The canoe for shallow water and what might be called cross-country navigation, the toboggan, and the snow-shoe for deep snow, seem to be the very crown of human ingenuity, even though they are only the devices of ignorant Indians. One cannot help a feeling of hearty admiration when looking at them, and noting how perfectly they fulfil the purpose for which they were designed, and are at the same time as light, graceful, and artistic in form and fashion as the most finished work of highly civilized folk.

"To the Indian, the canoe, snow-shoe, and toboggan were quite as important implements as the spade, the plough, and the rake are to the farmer. Without them he could not in winter-time have roamed the snow-buried forests, whose recesses supplied his table, or voyaged in the summer-time upon the broad rivers and swift-running streams, whose bountiful waters furnished him their ready toll of fish. His white brother has in adopting them put them to a different use. He had no particular need for them in his work, but he was quick to see how they would help him in his play, and ere long they had all three become favourite means of sport and recreation.

"In the States and in Canada the shoes are made in many shapes and of many sizes, ranging from two to six feet in length, and from ten to twenty inches in breadth. This is how they make a shoe of three feet six inches, which is a fair average size: A piece of light ash about half an inch thick, and at least ninety inches in length, is bent to a long oval until the two ends touch, when they are lashed strongly together with catgut. Two strips of tough wood about an inch broad are then fitted across this frame, one being placed about five inches from the curving top, the other some twenty inches from the tapering end. The object of these strips is to give both strength and spring to the shoe. The three sections into which the interior of the frame

has thus been divided are then woven across with catgut, each having a different degree of fineness in the mesh, the top section being very fine, the middle section, upon which almost the whole strain comes, coarse and strong, and the end section a medium grade between the other two. The gut in the middle section is wound right around the frame-work for the sake of greater strength, but in the other two is threaded through holes bored at intervals of an inch or so. Just behind the front

## THE OCTOPUS.

I SUPPOSE most boys have enjoyed great sport in fishing. Perhaps you have watched them nibble at your hook and dodge away at some alarm, turning their sleek, shining sides to the sun, and no doubt you have envied them for their skill in swimming.

It is not about such fish, however, that we are to write. There are many kinds of fish, not only of those caught by the hook, but there are what are called shell-fish.

Naturalists divide mollusks into three classes. In the first and lowest are found the oyster, the clam, etc. In the second, snails, periwinkles, conches, and most of the beautiful shells so highly prized for collections. The third and highest class includes two orders called *Tetrabranchiata* and *Dibranchiata* (you need not pronounce these words if you do not want to do so). The first means four gills and the other two gills. To the first of these orders belongs the pearly nautilus, which has a most splendid shell or house in which he dwells and which he carries about with him. Now, to the other order belongs the cuttle-fish, of which there are two kinds, or *genera*, and many species, or varieties differing slightly in appearance.

The octopus represents the first *genus*, or kind, and the *sepia*, or true cuttle-fish, the other.

The octopus is so named because it has eight arms, or legs, whichever you choose to call them. The true cuttle-fish has, in addition to these eight, two others which are much longer. These arms are covered with little suckers, by which the animal can seize its food, etc.; and as they are arranged around the head, it walks with the head downward.

A very remarkable feature of this singular being is the "funnel," which is a tube near the head through which it forces water and thus propels itself along. It has also the power to secrete a black liquid like ink (the word *sepia* means ink) and to throw this out to darken the water around it. It is believed that this is done to defend itself from its enemies, of which it finds many in the blue waters of the briny deep.

The *sepia*, or true cuttle-fish, has no shell on the outside of its body, but has one inside, which is the "cuttle-bone" we feed to canary-birds. It is not a true bone, but really a shell like that of the oyster.

All of these shell-fish are older inhabitants of the world, so to speak, than the higher forms of animals; that is, their near relatives have been found in the oldest rocks.

A very interesting fact with which we will close this sketch, is that the ink of these cuttle-fish has been found so perfectly preserved that it was used to make drawings of the animal although thousands and perhaps millions of years old.—*Our Morning Guide*.

THE great mass of idlers, thieves, paupers, vagabonds, and criminals that fill our penitentiaries and alms-houses have come to be what they are from wrong conduct and wrong habits in youth, as, on the other hand, those who make the great and useful men of the community are those who began right courses in their early days.



SNOW-SHOES.

cross-bar an opening about four inches square is left in the gut netting, in order to allow free play for the toes in lifting the foot at each step. Both wood and gut must be thoroughly seasoned, or else the one will warp, and the other stretch and sag until the shoe is altogether useless.

"Simple as the snow-shoe is, I would not advise any one to try to make a pair for himself. Only the Indians can do this really well, and even in Canada, where snow-shoeing is a national winter sport, the vast majority of shoes are put together by dusky hands."

These include such as clams, snails, oysters, and many other forms of water-animals so unlike the common fish that you could hardly see why they should be called fish at all. One of these odd citizens of the sea is the cuttle-fish, and is called the octopus.

Before describing this singular animal, let us learn where he stands in the great animal kingdom. One of the divisions of this kingdom is called *Mollusca*—a word that means *soft*—because they all have soft bodies, although they sometime have very hard shells.

## We Shall Win!

BY W. H. BONNER.

Who can tell, who can tell,  
Half the sorrow caused by drink?  
Many whom we loved so well  
Were brought by it to ruin's brink.

## CHORUS.

Then march boldly forward to meet the foe,  
Fearlessly, hopefully, we will go;  
March boldly forward to meet the foe,  
Fearlessly, hopefully, we will go,  
For right is might, and we shall win.

Hear ye not the widow's wail?  
Drink has laid her loved ones low;  
Weeping wives and children pale,  
Have felt the stern destroyer's blow.

Oh, what grief! Oh, what crime!  
Caused by this, our country's foe!  
Surely, brothers, it is time  
That we should rise to lay him low!

Hesitating, can ye stay  
Ere ye join our hopeful band?  
Thousands groaning 'neath the sway  
Of this dread tyrant in our land.

Tell us not ye nought can do;  
All may render us some aid;  
Aged ones and children, too,  
Can join us in this grand crusade.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MARCH 11, 1893.

## A BRILLIANT INTELLECT THAT WAS DESTROYED BY DRINK.

BY REV. B. F. BEAZELL.

MORE tragic in its ending than common, it was but the same old story. Some weeks before she sent for me. I had never met her, but they lived near my church. The children were in the Sunday-school, and she felt she must make appeal to some one. With streaming eyes and choking voice she told of their bright outset in life, of the gradual yielding to temptation, and then of the present shame and distress.

Some twenty-five years ago he came to this country, a bright young theological graduate. He was soon in the pastorate of the strongest church of his denomination in the city. A splendid structure was soon built, and there was a rapid increase in numbers. He was very companionable and eloquent. They called him the German Beecher. He was petted and flattered. Makers and sellers, as well as social drinkers of liquors, were members of his church. He was asked and expected to drink with them. Soon the demon of thirst was aroused. Sometimes he was jolly then hilarious. Occasionally he drank to excess. Then they began to be ashamed of a pastor who could not drink with them and yet remain sober. He was forced to resign. But after a little sobering up, and assur-

ances that he could now stand firm, he easily entered the pastorate of another church in the same city.

Prosperity again came, another church was built, and the old time popularity revived. But the same drink customs continued, and soon the old appetite ruled. Again the shame of his people forced him from the pulpit: but, as he retained his credentials as a minister, and was naturally a man of much social power, he was still in current demand for funerals, baptisms, marriages and various semi-religious and social occasions. Instead of coming to his house, they would stop at the nearest saloon and send for him, and ask him to drink with them, while arranging with him for these services.

Why did this wife tell me all this and much more? Poor soul! She hoped the worst was passed. She thought, or wanted to think, that he had been standing firm for a time, and that I could aid him in securing another charge. But the tragic end was not far off. Only a few weeks later, near Saturday midnight, after eating and drinking with a boon companion, he returned and sat in his own doorway, put to his brain the revolver he had bought that day, and so added to the sin of drunkenness the crime of suicide.

After the funeral I sat for a little while with her and her worse than orphan children in the ashes of wretchedness.

There was an awful significance in this flash of indignation from her lips:

"Just think of it! The choicest flowers at his funeral were brought by the very bloodhounds that dragged him to his death!"

## A TYPICAL CANADIAN.

MR. H. A. MASSEY, the well-known Toronto manufacturer, is a typical prosperous Canadian. He was a farmer's son near Cobourg, who began life with little more than his bare hands, but by prudence, temperance, and industry has accumulated a fortune. His agricultural implements are now on sale and in pretty general use not only in Manitoba, but also in New Zealand and Australia. In both those distant countries the Massey Company is represented by well-established agencies. He seems now resolving to become his own executor. Last year he donated \$40,000 in cash towards the endowment of Victoria College, and since he gave \$20,000 in aid of the new Methodist University at Winnipeg. It is now intimated that this is "only a beginning of his liberality." He is reported to have set apart \$40,000 for the establishment of a well-equipped mission hall in the heart of Toronto. He is also proposing to erect a large music hall in the centre of the city, which will no doubt be a people's music hall, to a large extent. Years ago he had a fine hall, with free library and reading-room, fitted up for the benefit of his many employees at the works in the west end of the city.

Mr. Massey is a life-long temperance man, and doubtless owes much of his success to that fact. He has also encouraged the men and boys in his employ to become total abstainers. Notwithstanding these precautions, he once informed the writer that his annual losses in business, because of the existence of the liquor traffic at all, probably amounted to some thousands of dollars every year. No man, however temperate himself, can employ many men and do business with many men without almost constant losses because others drink. The entire business community is effected by the existence of the drink traffic. The "statesman" who has not become well aware of that fact can certainly lay small claims to an actual knowledge of political economy.—*Exc.*

## A BOY'S MANNER.

"His manner is worth a hundred thousand dollars to him!" That is what one of the chief men of the nation lately said about a boy. "It wouldn't be worth so much to one who meant to be a farmer, or who had no opportunities, but to a young college student with ambitions it is worth at least a hundred thousand."

The boy was a distant relative of the man, and had been brought up by careful parents in a far-off city. Among other things he had been taught to be friendly

and to think of other persons before himself. The boy was on a visit in the town where the man lived. They met on the street, and the younger, recognizing the elder, promptly went to his side and spoke to him in his cordial, happy, yet respectful way. Of course the man was pleased, and knew that anybody would have been pleased. The sentence above was the outcome of it. A little later the boy came into the room just as the man was struggling into his overcoat. The boy hurried to him, pulled it up at the collar, and drew down the wrinkled coat beneath. He would have done it for any man, the haughtiest or the poorest.

Do not misunderstand, boys. You may be truly unselfish and yet not have this boy's prize. You may wish to do things for others and yet feel that you do not know how. The only way to learn is to try; to hesitate for no feeling of bashfulness or awkwardness, but to put in direct and instantaneous practice whatever kind, helpful thoughts occur to you.—*Congregationalist.*

## LETTER FROM JAPAN.

TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF CANADA.

I AM going to tell you an incident or two about one of our Sunday-school boys here, but will first tell you a little about the place in which I live. I live in Kofu, a good-sized town of about 30,000 people, distant some ninety miles from Tokyo, the great city of Japan.

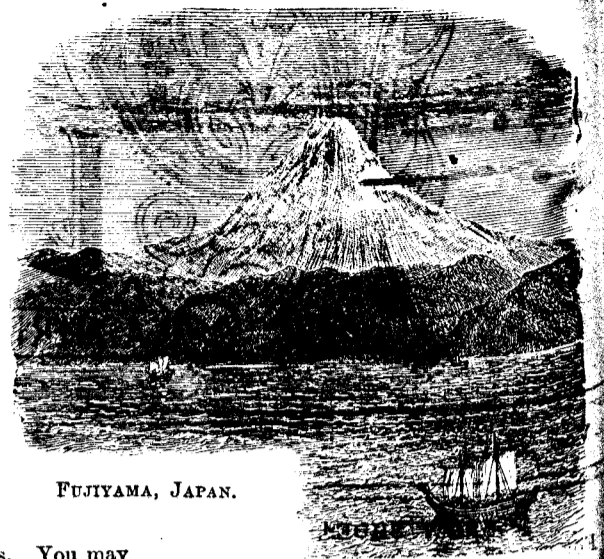
The journey to Kofu takes you through beautiful scenery. For part of the way, the road winds in and out through high mountains. But you cannot go by train; and sometimes when the roads are bad, and you have to ride over them in the rough kind of stage called *basha*, the journey is very hard and trying.

When you go to Tokyo from Kofu, you may go by the Fuji River, named from the great Fuji Mountain near which it flows. It has a very strong current, with many rapids. You get into a low, flat boat called a *sampan*, and in six or seven hours you cover a distance of some forty-five miles, and it takes about four days for those men to haul the same boats up the river. They bring back a great deal of freight in the boats, hauling them up the river with ropes, with about four sailors to a boat, and some of the sailors are only mere boys. It is very hard work, for they often have to wade through the water.

Kofu itself is in a large plain surrounded by mountains. Whichever way you look, you will see mountains. Towering away above the others is Fuji, with its cone-like peak, now covered with a cap of snow, while down in our plain there is no snow at all.

We have one church, a nice building with gray-plastered walls, and tin shutters to keep the fire out in case of a conflagration. In the church we have Sunday-school every Sunday afternoon. It would seem very strange to you. You could not understand a word that was said; most of the tunes would be familiar, but not the words. The order of the service is very much like that of the Sunday-schools at home, and the boys and girls sit on seats as you do.

But their dresses are not like yours, and the way in which some of the girls fasten up and decorate their hair is very different from the simple braids in which many of the girls at home dress their hair. You would feel sorry for those of the children who in this cold weather have no stockings. The stockings are short and made of white cotton, with a separate place for the big toe; and to their wooden shoes, which are really only soles, there are two straps, which fasten into the sole at a point between the big toe and the others, and by means of these they keep the shoes on. When they get to the church, they take their shoes off, and leave them in the vestibule. There is always a shoe box to hold them.



FUJIYAMA, JAPAN.

We are starting other Sunday-schools here and there in private houses throughout the city. In these the children just sit on the floor, which is covered with woven straw, well-padded underneath. The first new Sunday-school we opened up was in the home of a Mr. Yamauchi. In the family there is a little four-year-old boy named Takashi. This little boy attends the church Sunday-school. Recently there was a large fire near his home, and father and mothers and sisters were busy gathering up their things and removing them for safety elsewhere, so little Takashi was left all alone in the room. Presently his mother returned and little Takashi said to her, "We won't be burned up, for I have prayed many times to God." The other children prayed, too, and God heard their prayer, for though the fire came very near them, it never touched their house.

The same little boy said when some one told a lie, "You mustn't tell lies. God knows."

On the first Sunday the new school was opened; after it was over, he was overheard saying to another little one: "It was a good thing for you to be taught something to benefit you." It was through Mine, the eldest sister's, going to Sunday-school, that the mother was led in the first place to go to church, and then at last the whole family, and other relations too, became Christians. Thus you see, Sabbath-school children have a great influence, and if they truly love God, they may be the means of bringing their parents, their brothers and sisters, and other friends, to the Saviour.

It will very soon be Christmas now and we will have a Christmas-tree in the church. There are not very many Christians, and they do not keep Christmas in their homes, and give presents to each other as in Canada. But they have a Christmas-tree in the church, and the Japanese can make their tree look very pretty, for they have so many bright coloured toys to put on it. Everybody who goes gets a present. The Sunday-school children give an entertaining ment, and all have a good time. It is the happiest time of the year.

And now I wish you each and all a Happy New Year, and trust you will make it truly happy by giving your hearts to Jesus and loving him who died that he might help and bless you.

E. A. PRESTON.

Kofu, Japan.

## A LIFE SERMON.

A MISSIONARY in India was so feeble mentally that he could not learn the language. After some years, he asked to be recalled, frankly saying that he had not sufficient intellect for the work. A dozen missionaries, however, petitioned his board not to grant his request, saying that his goodness gave him a wider influence among the heathen than any other missionary at the station. A convert, when asked, "What is it to be a Christian?" replied, "It is to be like Mr. ———," naming the good missionary. He was kept in India until he never preached a sermon; but when he died, hundreds of heathen, as well as many Christians, mourned him and testified to his holy life and character.—*North American Christian Advocate.*



## The Chore-boy of Camp Kippewa.

## A Canadian Story.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

## CHAPTER X.

## A HUNTING TRIP.

THE hold of winter had begun to relax ere Johnston was able to fully resume his work, and, a good deal of time having been lost through his accident, every effort had to be exerted to make it up ere the warm sunshine should put an end to the winter's work. Frank was looking forward eagerly to the day when they should break camp, for, to tell the truth, he felt that he had had quite enough of it for one season, and he was longing to be back to Calumet and enjoying the comforts of home once more. He was not exactly homesick. You would have very much offended him by hinting at that. He was simply tired of the monotony of camp fare and camp life, and anxious to return to civilization. So he counted the days that must pass before the order to break camp would come, and felt very light of heart when the sun shone warm and correspondingly down-cast when the thermometer sank below zero, as it was still liable to do.

"Striving" was the order of the day at the lumber-camp—that is, the different gangs of choppers and sawyers and teamsters vied with each other as to which could chop, saw, and haul the most logs in a day. The amount of work they could accomplish when thus striving might astonish Mr. Gladstone himself, from eighty to one hundred logs felled and trimmed being the day's work of two men. Frank was deeply interested in this competition, and enjoying the fullest confidence of the men, he was unanimously appointed scorer, keeping each gang's "tally" in a book, and reporting the results to the foreman, who heartily encouraged the rivalry among his men; for the harder they worked the better would be the showing for the season, and he was anxious not to lose the reputation he had won of turning out more logs at his shanty than did any other foreman on the Kippewa.

As the weeks passed and March gave way to April, and April drew toward its close, the lumbermen's work grew more and more arduous, but they kept at it bravely until at last, near the end of April, the snow became so soft in the woods and the roads so bad that no more hauling could be done, and the whole attention of the camp was then given to getting the logs, that had been gathered at the riverside all through the winter, out upon the ice, so that they might be sure to be carried off by the spring floods. This work did not require all hands, and Johnston now saw the way clear to giving Frank a treat that he had long had in mind for him, but had said nothing about. They were having their usual chat together before going to bed, when the foreman said:

"Is there any thing you would like to do before we break up camp?"

Frank did not at first see the drift of the question, and looking at Johnston with a puzzled sort of expression replied, questioningly:

"I don't know. I've had a very good time here."

"Well, but can you think of anything you would like to do before you go back to Calumet?" persisted the foreman. "I'm asking you because there'll not be enough work to go round next week, and you can have a bit of holiday. Now, isn't there something you would like to have a taste of while you have the chance?" And as he spoke his eyes were directed toward the wall at the head of his bed, where hung his rifle, powder-flask, and hunting knife. Frank caught his meaning at once.

"Oh, I see what you are driving at now!" he exclaimed. "You want to know if I wouldn't like to go out hunting."

"Right you are," said Johnston. "Would you?"

"Would I?" cried Frank. "Would a duck swim? Just try me, that's all."

"Well, I do intend to try you," returned Johnston. "The firm have some

limits, over there near the foot of the mountain, that they want me to prospect before I go back, and pick out the best place for a camp. I've been trying to make out to go over there all winter, but getting hurt upset my plans, and I've not had a chance until now. So I'm thinking of making a start to-morrow. There's nothing much else to do except to finish getting the logs on the ice, and I can trust the men to see to that, and, no odds what kind of weather we have, the ice can't start for a week at least. So if you would like to come along with me and take your rifle, you may get a chance to have a shot at something before we get back. Does that suit you?"

This proposition suited Frank admirably. A week in the woods in Johnston's company could not fail to be a week of delight, and he thanked the foreman in his warmest words for offering to take him on his prospecting tour.

The following morning they set off, the party consisting of four—namely, the foreman, Frank, Laberge, who accompanied them as cook, and another man named Booth as a sort of assistant. The snow still lay deep enough to render snowshoes necessary, and while Johnston and Frank carried their rifles, Laberge and Booth drew behind them a toboggan, upon which was packed a small tent and an abundant supply of provisions. Their route led straight into the heart of the vast, and so far little-explored, forest, and away from the river beside whose bank they had been living all winter. It was Johnston's purpose to penetrate to the foot of the mountain range that rose into sight nearly thirty miles away, and then work backward by a different route, noting carefully the lay of the land, the course of the streams, and the best bunches of timber, so as to make sure in selecting a site for the future camp in the very best locality.

He was evidently in excellent spirits himself at the prospect of a week's holiday, for such it would really be, and, all trace of his injury having entirely disappeared, there was no drawback to the energy with which he led his little expedition into the forest where they would be buried for the rest of the week.

The weather was as fine as heart could wish. All day the sun shone brightly, and even at night the temperature never got anywhere near zero, so that with a buffalo robe under you and a couple of good blankets over you it was possible to sleep quite comfortably in a canvas tent.

"I can't promise you much in the way of game, Frank," said Johnston, as the two tramped along side by side. "It is too late in the season; but the bears must be out of their dens by this time, and if we see one we'll do our best to get his skin for you to take home."

The idea of bringing a big bear skin home as a trophy of his first real hunting expedition pleased Frank mightily, and his eyes flashed as he grasped his rifle in a way that would in itself have been sufficient warning to bruin, could he only have seen it, to keep well out of the way of so doughty an assailant.

"I'd like immensely to have a shot at a bear, sir," he replied. "So I do hope we shall see one."

"You must be precious careful, though, Frank," said Johnston, "for they're generally in mighty bad humour at this time of the year, and you need to get your work in quick, or they may make short work of you."

Various kinds of game were seen during the next day or two, and Frank had many a shot. But Johnston seldom fired, preferring to let Frank have all the fun, as he said. One afternoon just before they went into camp the keen eyes of Laberge detected something among the branches of a pine a little distance to the right of their path which caused his face to glow with excitement as he pointed eagerly to it, and exclaimed:

"Voila! A lucifée—shoot him, quick!"

They all turned in the direction he pointed out, and there, sure enough, was a dark mass in the fork of the tree that, as they hastened toward it, resolved itself into a fierce-looking creature, full four times the size of an ordinary cat, which, instead of showing any fear at their approach, bristled up its back and uttered a deep, angry snarl that spoke volumes for its courage.

"Now then, Frank," said Johnston, "take first shot and see if you can fetch the brute down."

Trembling with excitement, Frank threw up his rifle, did his best to steady himself, took aim at the bewhiskered muzzle of the lynx, and pulled the trigger. The sharp crack of the rifle was followed by an ear-piercing shriek of mingled pain and rage, and the next instant the wounded creature launched forth into the air toward the hunters. Frank's nervousness, natural enough under the circumstances, had caused him to miss his mark a little, and the bullet, instead of piercing the "lucifée's" brain, had only stung him sorely in the shoulder.

But as quick as were his movements, Johnston was still quicker, and the moment its feet touched the snow, ere it could gather itself for another spring, his rifle cracked, and a bullet put an end to his career.

"Just as well you weren't by yourself, Frank; hey?" said he, with a smile of satisfaction at the accuracy of his shot. "This chap would have been an ugly customer at close quarters, and," turning the body over to find where the first bullet had hit, "you see you hardly winged him."

Frank blushed furiously and looked very much ashamed of himself for not being a better marksman, but the foreman cheered him up by assuring that he had really done very well in hitting the animal at all at that distance.

"You only want a little practice, my boy," said he. "You have plenty of pluck; there's no mistake about that."

The lynx had a fine skin, which Laberge deftly removed, and it was given to Frank because he had fired the first shot at it, so that he would not go back to Calumet without at least one hunting trophy on the strength of which he might do a little boasting.

Further and further into the forest the little party pierced their way, not following any direct line, but making detours to right and left, in order that the country might be thoroughly inspected. As they neared the mountains the trees diminished in size and the streams shrank until at the end of their journey the first were too small to pay for cutting, and the second too shallow to be any good for floating. With no little difficulty they ascended a shoulder of the mountain range, in order to get a look over all the adjoining country, and then, Johnston having made up his mind as to the location of the best bunches of timber and the most convenient site for the projected lumber camp, the object of the expedition was accomplished, and they were at liberty to return to the shanty. But before they could do this they were destined to have an adventure that came perilously near taking away from them the youngest of their number.

It was the afternoon before they struck camp on the return journey. The foreman was sitting by the tent mending one of his snowshoes, which had been damaged tramping through the bush, Booth was busy cutting firewood, and Laberge making preparations for the evening meal. Having nothing else to do, Frank picked up his rifle and sauntered off toward the mountain side, with no very clear idea as to anything more than to kill a little time. Whistling cheerfully one of the many sacred melodies he knew and loved, he made his way over the snow, being soon lost to sight from the camp, Johnston calling after him just before he disappeared:

"Take care of yourself, my boy, and don't go too far."

To which Frank responded with a smiling, "All right, sir."

At the distance of about a quarter of a mile from the camp he noticed a sort of rift in the mountain, where the rocks were bare and exposed, and at the end of this rift a dark aperture was visible, which at once attracted his attention.

The boy that could come across a cave without being filled with a burning curiosity to take a peep in and, if possible, explore its interior would have to be a very dull fellow, and Frank certainly was not of that kind. This dark aperture was no doubt the mouth of a cave of some sort, and he determined to inspect it. When he got within about fifteen yards, he noticed what he had not seen before, that there was a well-defined track leading from the cave to the underbrush to the right, which had evidently been made by some large

animal, and with somewhat of a start, Frank immediately thought of a bear.

Now, of course, under the circumstances, there was but one thing for him to do if he wished to illustrate his common sense, and that was to hurry back to the tent as fast as possible for reinforcements. Ordinarily, he would have done so at once, but this time he was still smarting a bit at his poor marksmanship in the case of the "lucifée," and the sight of the track in the snow suggested the idea of winning a reputation for himself by killing a bear without any assistance from the others. It was a rash and foolish notion, but then boys will be boys.

Moving forward cautiously, he approached within ten yards of the cave and then halted again, bringing his rifle forward so as to be ready to fire at a moment's notice. Bending down until his eyes were on a level with the opening, he tried hard to peer into its depths, but the darkness was too deep to pierce, and he could not make out anything. Then he bethought him of another expedient. Picking up a lump of snow, he pressed it into a ball and threw it into the cave, at the same time shouting out:

"Halloo there! Anybody inside?" A proceeding that capped the climax of his rashness and produced quite as sensational a result as he could possibly have desired, for the next moment a deep angry roar issued from the rocky retreat, and a fiery pair of eyes gleamed out from its shadows. The critical moment had come, and, taking him a little below the shining orbs, so as to make sure of hitting, Frank pulled the trigger. The report of the rifle and the roar of the bear followed close upon one another, awaking the echoes of the adjoining heights and then came a moment's silence, broken the next instant by a cry of alarm from Frank, for the bear, instead of writhing in the agonies of death, was charging down upon him with open mouth! Once more he had missed his mark and only wounded when he should have killed.

There was but one thing for him to do—to flee for his life. And, uttering a shout of "Help! help!" with all the strength of his lungs, he threw down his rifle and started for the tent at the top of his speed.

It was well for him that the snow still lay deep upon the ground and that he was so expert in the use of his snowshoes, for while the bear wallowed heavily in the drifts he flew lightly over them, so that for a time the furious creature lost ground rather than gained upon him. For a hundred yards the boy and bear raced through the forest, Frank continuing his cries for help while he ran. Looking back for an instant, he saw that the bear had not yet drawn any nearer, and, terrified as he was, the thought flashed into his mind that if the brute followed him all the way to the camp he would soon be dispatched by the men, and then he, Frank, would be entitled to some credit for thus bringing him to execution.

On sped the two in their race for life, the boy skimming swiftly over the soft snow, the bear ploughing his way madly through it until more than half the distance to the camp had been accomplished. If Johnston had heard the report of the rifle and Frank's wild cries for help, he should be coming into sight, and with intense anxiety Frank looked ahead in hopes of seeing him emerge from the trees which clustered thickly in that direction. But there was no sign of him yet, and, shouting again as loudly as he could, the boy pressed strenuously forward. There was greater need for exertion than ever, for he had reached a spot where the snow was not very deep and had been firmly packed by the wind, so that the bear's broad feet sank but little in it, and his rate of speed unobviously increased. So close was the fierce creature coming that Frank could hear his paws pattering on the snow and his deep panting breath.

Oh, why did not Johnston appear? Surely he must have heard Frank's cries. Ah, there he was, just bursting through the trees into the opening with Laberge and Booth close at his heels. Frank's heart bounded with joy, and he was tempted to take a glance back to see how close the bear had got. It was not a wise thing to do, and he came nearly paying dearly for doing it, for at the same instant his snowshoes caught in each other, and before he could recover himself he fell head-long in the snow with the bear upon him.

(To be continued.)



VENETIAN GIRL.

## VENETIAN GIRL.

This is the picture of Tessa, a little Venetian girl. These little girls of Venice are very pretty with their dark brown eyes and jet black hair and bright dresses. You see, Tessa wears no hat for she is not afraid of getting sunburned although the sun is very strong where she lives, for her face is brown naturally with a lovely red tinge in her cheeks. She looks a little bit sad doesn't she? What do you suppose she is thinking about?

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

## ISRAEL AFTER THE CAPTIVITY.

B. C. 1000.] LESSON XII. [March 19.

## TIMELY ADMONITIONS.

Prov. 23. 15-23.] [Memory verses, 19-21.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.—Eph. 5. 18.

## OUTLINE.

1. True Happiness, v. 15-19.
2. Empty Pleasure, v. 20, 21.
3. True riches, v. 22, 23.

TIME.—About B. C. 1000.

## EXPLANATIONS.

“Heart” and “reins” are in the Bible used interchangeably as the seat of the deepest emotions. “Wine-bibbers”—Persons who drink excessively. “Riotous eaters of flesh”—In Palestine, animal food did not ordinarily enter into the diet of the people. It was esteemed a great luxury, and was occasionally indulged in to great excess. The poverty prevalent among the common people in the ancient East was a strong temptation to gluttony whenever opportunity came. “Drowsiness”—Laziness. “Buy the truth”—Nobody ever got truth without paying for it. Earnest search, untiring study, and years of time are the price. “Sell it not”—Never part with it at any price.

## PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- By what words does this lesson emphasize—
1. The duty of filial reverence, of content,

of eager scholarship, of fear of the Lord, of purity and temperance?

2. The hope of genuine earthly delight and heavenly reward?
3. The horror of the drunkard's fate, the glutton's fate, the shiftless person's fate?

## HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

Find monumental cases in Bible history of—

1. Wicked ingratitude to an indulgent father.
2. The search and acquisition of wisdom.
3. The evil effect of love of wine.

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. How do parents and teachers feel when young people and children act wisely and worthily? “Their hearts rejoice.” 2. With whom does Solomon caution us not to associate? “Wine-bibbers and riotous eaters.” 3. What comes to the drunkard and the glutton? “Poverty.” 4. With what does drowsiness clothe a man? “With rags.” 5. What should we buy and never sell? “Truth, wisdom, instruction, and understanding.” 6. What is the Golden Text? “Be not drunk with wine,” etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The fear of the Lord.

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

How does the Old Testament teach Christianity?

The Scriptures of the Old Testament were written by many holy men, who prophesied that the Christ was coming, and foretold, also, what he would suffer, and do, and teach.

What has our Lord said about the Books of the Old Testament?

He calls them the Scriptures, says they testify of himself, and that they will not pass away.

## BRANDIED PIES—A TRUE STORY.

A LADY writing to the *Episcopal Recorder* vouches for the truth of the following story:

One cold winter's night a reformed man, with his wife and daughter, who lived in the country, visited some friends at a distance. After spending a pleasant evening, they arose to leave, when they were urged to take some freshly baked mince-pie. After some hesitation they consented. When they were seated in the sleigh, the man turned to his wife and said, “Wife, I

am lost; that piece of pie has aroused the demon of drink in me.” He stopped his horses at the first tavern, and insisted on getting out for a drink. Of course, the wife and daughter were helpless; the second and third taverns were reached, and again the temptation was yielded to. Remonstrance was in vain. They reached home, and instead of putting away the horses he drove to the nearest tavern, and spent the rest of the night in a drunken debauch. The next morning he was found dead by the roadside. His poor suffering wife died of a broken heart, and his daughter ended her days in an insane asylum. One piece of brandied mince pie and this the result—for these are facts.

Another case was that of a young girl who had contracted the habit of drinking, but had reformed. She was to be married at a certain time if she would keep her pledge. Her mistress insisted upon her putting brandy in the mince meat. She did so. In a short time she disappeared, and some time afterward it was ascertained that she had become drunk, and in utter despair of ever being able to stand had drowned herself.

## Nothing To Do.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

I HAVE shot my arrows and spun my top,  
And bandied my last new ball,  
I trundled my hoop till I had to stop,  
And I swung till I got a fall;  
I tumbled my books all out of their shelves,  
And hunted the pictures through;  
I've flung them where they may sort themselves,  
And now I have nothing to do.

The tower of Babel I built of blocks  
Came down with a crash to the floor,  
My train of cars ran over the rocks,  
I'll warrant they'll run no more;  
I've raced with Grip till I'm out of breath,  
My slate is broken in two,  
So I can't draw monkeys—I'm tired to death,  
Because I have nothing to do.

The boys have gone to the pond to fish,  
They bothered me, too, to go,  
But for fun like that I hadn't a wish,  
For I think it's mighty slow  
To sit all day at the end of a rod  
For the sake of a minnow or two,  
Or to land, at the farthest, an eel on the sod—  
I'd rather have nothing to do.

Maria has gone to the woods for flowers,  
And Lucy and Rose are away  
After berries. I'm sure they've been out for hours,  
I wonder what makes them stay?  
Ned wanted to saddle Brunette for me,  
But riding is nothing new;  
“I was thinking you would relish a canter,”  
said he,  
“Because you had nothing to do.”

I wish I was poor Jim Foster's son,  
For he seems so happy and gay,  
When his wood is chopped and his work all done,  
With his little half hour to play;  
He neither has books nor top nor ball,  
Yet he's singing the whole day through,  
But then he never is tired at all,  
Because he has something to do.

## ABOUT THE FEATHERED TRIBE.

EIGHTY thousand children in the north of England form the “Dicky-bird Society.” They are pledged to protect birds, never to destroy a nest, and to feed birds in winter.

A flock of about a hundred crows, passing over Cumminsville, Ohio, were attacked by thrice their number of English sparrows, who completely routed the big birds. Several crows were disabled, and one was found with both eyes picked out.

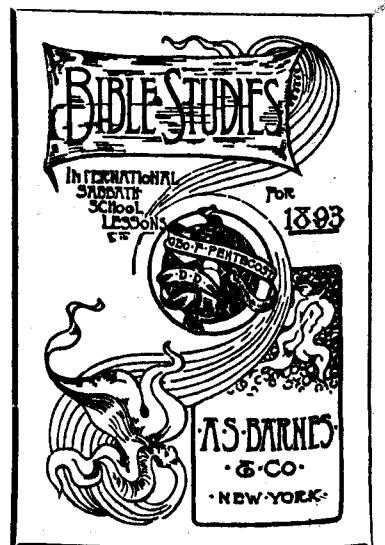
The large birds, like other large animals, are steadily going, and all may soon disappear from the earth. It is believed that the Lammergeyer, or Alpine vulture, has just become completely extinct in Switzerland, a solitary female specimen, which had dwelt on the Biotschhorn during the last twenty-five years, having at last fallen a victim to poison.

The *Boston Journal* says it is well known that birds are very sensitive to the tones of the voice, and are terrified at any loud, angry words. A lady who wished to make a bobolink stop singing, at last scolded it in a loud voice, and

then took up a scarf and shook it in rebuke at the caged bird. In a moment the bird was still, but a short time after made a fluttering about the cage. Its owner turned to the bird, and was shocked to see it fall dead. Unkind words had killed it. The *Independent* reports two similar cases to this. In one case a canary-bird, in the other a mocking-bird, died within five minutes after having been spoken to in a violent, angry tone.

Wild ducks, geese, and swans are excellent flyers as well as swimmers, and they can be recognized at a distance by their wedge-shaped flocks. In reality these birds fly in two lines, which come together in front and gradually separate toward the last of the flock, so that the general appearance of the company has the shape of a wedge. The leader flies at the point where the two lines meet; and when he becomes weary he leaves his post to his next neighbour, and falls back to the last one of the two lines. Meantime, during this change of leaders the flock keeps in perfect order. In these migrations the birds fly thousands of miles, and they build their nests in summer among the lakes and marshes of cold northern countries.

One who is in the habit of watching birds, happened one day to see an ingenious robin who was busily engaged in gathering material for a nest. At length he found an old nest fastened to a tree, and intertwined with this nest was a long string, one end of which was securely fastened, but the other floated loosely. Robin seized the string and tried to pull it out, but in vain. Again he tried, throwing his head back and giving it a vigorous jerk; still the string remained firm. After apparently thinking a minute he tried a new plan. Taking the end of the string firmly in his bill, he tumbled heavily from the limb and allowed his full weight to pull upon the coveted article. This he tried over and over again, but without avail. At last he entered the nest and diligently tugged at the fastened end of the string until he succeeded in loosening it. Was not that a lesson in perseverance worth imitating?



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## Press Opinions.

For clearness of analysis and spirituality of treatment these studies are perhaps the peer of any offered to Sunday-school teachers.—*The Assistant Pastor*.

An excellent expository volume, pervaded by the spirit of truth and light. It is intensely spiritual.—*The Canadian Methodist Quarterly*.

A careful study of these “Bible Studies” has shown that they are above the average of such works. The high literary standing of the author is itself the best guarantee as to the value of this book.—*The Evangelical*.

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