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Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 21, 1893.

[No. 3.

ON THE EANKS OF THE NILE.

THE land of Egypt is a strange blending of the present and the past. Overhead stretches the telegraph wire, along the river lies the railway and on its bosom "walks the water like a thing of life" the well-equipped steamboat—the products of the latest civilization—while on either sides

stand, in bold relief against the sky, ruins of ancient temples which date back many of them four thousand years. It is a land of won-derful interest and has very striking illustrations of the fulfilment of Holy Scripture. fulfilment of Holy Scripture. I saw at Karnak an obelisk erected to the memory of Queen Hatasu by her father, which was 108 feet high, cut out of a single shaft. This Queen Hatasu was the daughter of Pharaoh who drew Moses out of the bulrushes of the Nile.

No monuments in Egypt are more common or more

are more common or more striking than those of Rame-ses the Great, the Pharaoh of the oppression. He is almost always represented sitting like the large figure on the upper right-hand side of the cut with his hands upon his knees, and with an expression of peace, yet of power and confidence, on his face.

The strange and fluffylooking plants in the fore-ground are the famous papyrus plants from whose name comes our word "paper," because from its pith-like substance a sort of paper was manufactured.
One of those papyrus rolls
has been discovered containing the oldest mauscript
of the Book of Jeremiah that is known to exist. The strange-looking, long-legged, long-necked birds in the foreground are a character-istic feature of Egyptian landscape landscape.

LITTLE GENERAL ANTOINE.

A small general was Antoine, with his short legs and round rosy cheeks! If you could see his picture, just as he looked when he drove the enemy from their hard-won position, you would say, "O, that is only

hard-won position, you would say, "O, that is only a little boy! How could he be a general?"
Wait until you have heard my story.
Antoine lived more than 300 years ago. His home was in one of the lovely valleys of the Alps. It was a happy home, though Antoine lived in unhappy times, when men were very cruel, and thought nothing of killing one another.
Antoine's people were not like this.

Antoine's people were not like this. They were good and kind, for they read the Holy Bible and tried to live according to its teachings.

And because they did this wicked men hated them, and tried to drive them from the face of the earth.

They said—the wicked men-that these good men were heretics; that they did not believe and teach the right things about God and the Church and holy things. And then they tried to show how good their own belief was by doing wicked and cruel deeds,

sent into the mountains to force them to go to the mass like good Catholics, and to own the Pope of Rome as their lord and master. This they could not do, for they had to be true to their heavenly Lord and Master.

So all the old and sick, with the women and children, were taken to the safe places the mountains-great dens and caves, which did not always prove safe places, to

they were but few, while the soldiers were many

But they had brave hearts, and fought nobly, going all the time higher and higher up among the lofty mountains.

Night came on, and, tired out, both armies stopped to rest, the Waldenses on the

heights above their enemies.

All at once great shouts of laughter rese

What could it on the air.

mean? The good Waldenses, on their knees, were praying to God to help them drive their enemies away. Looking up from below the wicked soldiers saw and

mocked them for their faith in God.

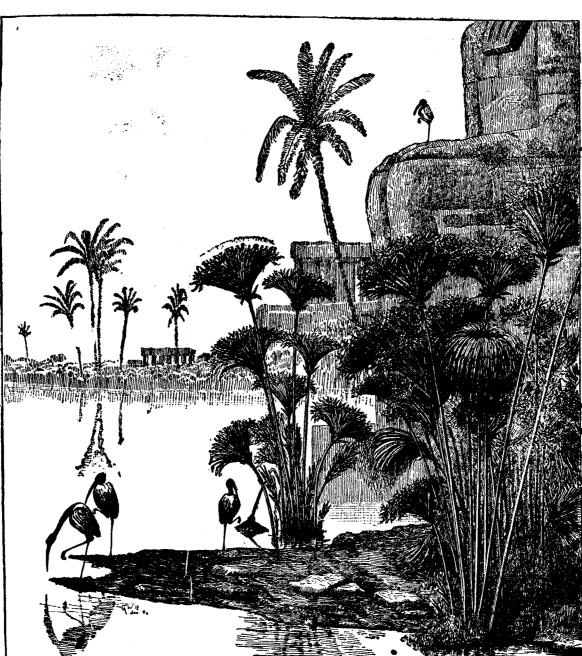
Does God hear, and will he help? Hark! the laughter dies away Loud and clear on the still air sounds the rub-a-dub-dub of a drum! The soldiers look up. No; it is not from above, where the solders look up. No; it is not from above, where the Waldenses are still on their knees, asking help from God. The sound comes from one of the side valleys, and the frightened soldiers fancy that a band of men are ready to rush upon them some hidden path on that side.

Quickly they seized their arms to meet the new foe. The Waldenses above heard the stir, and hastily seized their arms and rushed down the hill, thinking the soldiers were coming up to attack them. But these brave soldiers, too brave to pray to the God of battles, fright-ened by the noise of a single drum, threw away their arms and ran, chased by the Waldenses, and losing in a half-hour the good position it had cost them a

whole day's fighting to gain.
But where was the little general all this time?

Antoine knew little of the horrors of war. But, just like any other boy, he did like a big noise. So when he saw a drum standing idle, he stole softly away, and, seizing the drum-sticks, began to pound with all bis began to pound with all his might. It was Antoine's drum that the soldiers heard, and which sent them flying down the mountain side, so frightened that they left their arms behind for the Waldenses to use against

Ah! how the men and women praised and blessed little Antoine. But still more did they praise and bless the good God who used the child's hand to sound the note which drove the soldiers away.



ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE.

such as God commands his children never

Antoine's friends, who lived in these beautiful valleys, were all of the Church of the Waldenses, and they had to bear a great deal of sorrow and pain on this account. But they would bear anything account. sooner than deny the Lord Jesus whom they

At the time our little general drove the enemy from the field the poor Waldenses were in great trouble. An army had been

be sure, but which were safer than the pretty valley homes, when once the great army should appear.

The men all may ready to fight for their homes and families.

On came the army, climbing the steep mountain paths, up which the poor hunted people had gone. It was hard to see the fierce soldiers coming so near the hiding places of the women and children; but what could the Waldenses do? They had no arms but the sling and cross-bow, and

In trying to make a boy understand what conscience is, a teacher finally asked. "What makes you feel uncomfortable after you have done wrong?" "The switch," feelingly replied the Boy.

The Loom of Life.

ALL day, all night, I can hear the jar Of the loom of life, and near and far It thrills with its deep and muffled sound, As tireless the wheels go always round.

Busily, ceaselessly goes the loom, In the light of day and midnight gloom, The wheels are turning early and late, And the woof is wound in the warp of fate.

Click, clack! there's a thread of love wove in; Click, clack! another of wrong and sin. What a checkered thing this life will be When we see it unrolled in eternity!

Time, with a face like mystery And hands as busy as hands can be, Sits at the loom with hands outspre To catch in its meshes each silken thread.

When shall this wonderful web be done? In a thousand years, perhaps in one, Of to-morrow. Who knoweth? Not you or I? But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly

Ah, sad-eyed weavers! the years are slow, But each one is nearer to the end, I know; And some day the last thread shall be woven

God grant it be love instead of sin.

Are we spinners of wool in this life-wed-

say,
Do we furnish the weaver a thread each day?
It were better, then, O my friend, to spin
A beautiful thread than a thread of sin!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 21, 1893.

GOOD SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.

It is always a pleasure to get a parcel of the Sunday-school books issued by the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday-school Union, London, England. They are sure to be handsomely printed and well bound and illustrated, and, what is more important, they are sure to be instinct with an interestly religious spirit, and with legalty to tensely religious spirit, and with loyalty to the doctrines and usages of Methodism. In the case of several of those before us, they are also saturated, through and through, with sound temperance prin-

one of these books is "For John's Sake," and other stories, by Annie Frances Perrim. The longer story which gives its name to the book, a shorter one entitled, "How the Foe Crept In," and others, show the evils of so-called "moderate" drinking, and the good results reached by Bainds of and the good results reached by Bands of Hope and other means of reformation. Some of these sketches are very graphic and even tragic, yet the author assures us that the darkest pictures are minutely faithful to life, and that the saddest incidents related occurred under the personal observation or

within the knowledge of the writer.

"Beyond the Boundary," by Jenny

Perrett, author of "Ben Owen," and other stories, also deals with the drink demon in some of his most dreadful manifestations. We have more than enough of drunkenness in this country, but there it one scene ple-tured in one of the striking engravings of this book that we seldom see, that is, a respectably dressed woman come, with staggering gait, out of the public house. and over again we have been shocked at seeing mothers with their children, sometimes with babes in their arms, drinking at the public bars in London, Liverpool, Glasgow and Edinburgh. The tale is not all sad. It is one of trial and temptation, but also of victory won. The happy result is told in these words—

"I came to Jesus as I was, Weary, and worn, and sad, I found in him a resting-place And he has made me glad."

"Staramouch, and Other Stories," by Annie M. Young, is a series of short stories by an accomplished writer for children. The one on "Herald Angels," has quite a Christmas flavour, suitable for this sea-

"The Sixpence that Multiplied," has its important lessons about money and its right uses.

"In the Shepherd's Arms," is one of touching pathos, and all of them give interesting sketches of child life.

The following are smaller books suitable

The following are for primary classes:—
That Odd Little Pair; or, the Sayings and Doings of Molly and Larry:
Wonderful Half-Crown, and Other Stories for Hoys and Girls," by William A. Foster. for Boys and Girls," by William A. Foster.
Mr. Foster is well known in conficction
with Dr. Stephenson's Children's Home with Dr. Stephenson's Children's Home and its publications. This charming little book with its striking pictures of the talking and walking half-crown, and other clever sketches will be read with interest by the young folk.

The story of "The Baby's Hand," and how it led to the reformation of the baby's father, is a splendid illustration of the Scripture, "and a little child shall lead them."

em. "Ned's Helper," and other short temperance stories, will be most helpful in oul-

perance stories, will be most helpful in oultivating temperance sentiments.

"Our Boys and Girls," for 1899. This is the annual volume of the young folk's paper of the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday-School Union, whose visits have been received with such pleasure by many thousands of boys and girls during the year. It abounds in instructive pictures and wholesome reading. A striking feature thousands of boys and girls during the year. It abounds in instructive pictures and wholesome reading. A striking feature of the year has been the Hindoo fables, prepared for English readers by the late W. O. Simpson, and a series of very artistic pictures illustrating the Sunday-School Lessons for the year. The drawing is of very superior merit.

We cordially recommend the publications of the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday-School Union to all our schools as unquestionable in their character.

ONLY A CABIN BOY.

A sin battle was being fought between the English and Dutch navies, Sir John Narlandigh was the English Admiral, and the masts of his ship had been shot away almost directly when the fighting began. In spite of the greatest care and the most admirals bravery. Sir John saw that the In spite of the greatest care and the most splendid bravery, Sir John saw that the English sallors must be beaten unless he could get help. There were a few ships some distance off to the right, but they were to act as a reserve, and would not enter into the battle without a message from him. Sir John stood a moment and wondered how the message could be sent. It was not possible to signal; there was only one way—the message must be carried.

Sir John wrote his order telling the captain of the reserve to come and help him at once; then he called aloud for any one who was willing to be the messenger.

Think of the scene a moment and then you will understand what a brave heart was needed to carry that note. Below was the sea; above, around, in it there rained a heavy shower of bullets. The long swim the sea; above, around, in it there rained a heavy shower of bullets. The long swim would be trying enough, but to swim with the chance of being shot every second seemed terrible. Yet many sailors came

forward at their admiral's call, ready to risk their lives for their country's good

risk their lives for their country's good.
They were all grown up men, and they must have stared in wonder as one of the cabin boys, Cloudesley Shovel, said a "I can swim, sir; and if I am shot I shall be missed less than anyone else."

After a mount's bacitation the

After a moment's hesitation the paper was handed to the boy, who put it between was named to the boy, who put it between his teeth and sprang overboard. How the men watched him as long as he could be seen! He reached the reserve ship in safety, and, as they went into action at once, a victory was gained by the English.

When the sun was setting Cloudesless

When the sun was setting Cloudesley Shovel stood once more upon the deck of the Admiral's ship, and received his hearti-

"I shall live to see you have a flagship of your own," he said.

The Admiral's words came true, for the brave cabin boy became Sir Cloudesley Shovel, one of the greatest British admirals.

A FATAL ERROR.

Dr. N. S. Davis, an ex-president of an International Medical Congress, and for forty years an active practitioner of Chi-

cago, says:

"There is no greater or more destructive in the public mind than the error existing in the public mind than the belief that the use of fermented and distilled drinks does no harm so long as they do not intoxicate. It is not the temperate use, but the abuse of alcoholic drinks that does harm, the abuse of alcoholic drinks that does harm, is the often repeated popular phrase that embodies the error which helps to rob more than 100,000 persons of from five to twenty years of life in the United States, through the gradual development of chronic structural diseases, induced by the daily use of beer, ale, wine, or distilled spirits in quantities so moderate as at no time to produce beer, are, write, or trisumed spirits in quantities so moderate as at no time to produce intoxication. No more true or important remark was made in the noted discussion in remark was made in the noted discussion in the London Pathological Society than the one by Dr. George Harley, that 'for every drunkard there are fifty others who suffer the effects of slephol in one form and from the effects of alcohol in one form and

DR. CUYLER'S VIEW.

That veteran in the cause, whose heart is as young and head as clear and wise as is as young and near as crear and wise as when he commenced an irrepressible confict against the salcon, Rev. Dr. Theodore thet against the saison, Rev. Dr. Theodore Cuyler, has just wiften a message to the advocates of Temperance, which appeared in the Christian at Work, that should be prayerfully heeded:

After forty years of hard work in the good cause I have reached the following

"1. Stringent law for the suppression of all dram shops—when backed up by the majority of the people in any locality—is the most effectual method of dealing with the

drink curse.
"2. I agree with D. L. Moody's late de-claration at Edinburgh that 'a dead law is

worse than no law.'

"3. There is too much reliance on legislation to remove the terrible cause. And there is too little moral and educational effort to break up the drinking usages. We need more of the old-fashioned total abtheed more or the ord-rasmoned work abstractions, and more shason work in the pulpits, Sunday-schools, press and platform. There is not enough moral

work in the pulpits, Sunday-schools, press and platform. There is not enough moral steam to drive our machinery.

'4. We must fight the battle itt social life as well as the accursed saloons.

'5. Our 'third party' brethern must stop denouncing all temperance men and women who prefer to fight the drink-turse outside their regiments.

outside their regiments.

"6. Millions of dollars are being made by medicines and nostrums for 'curing drunkenness,' but very little money is spent in teaching people not to drink at all. Total abstinence as a prevention is worth all the nostrums yet invented.

"7. God's voice to his Church now is to grapple with the monster, with the weapons of pledge and prayer, arguments and

'ONWARD"—the gem of Sabbath-school papers—is increasing in brilliancy and beauty. No school superintendent can de without it. Send to the Methodist Book Room, Toronto, and get a sample copy.—

"THE BLUES."

I once knew a little girl who was troubled a great deal with a complaint called "the blues." When things did not go to suit her she would often steel away into the fields or woods, and incord over her little troubles and disappointments until her round, or woods, and broad over her little troubles and disappointments until her round, laughing face looked the very picture of despair. Now this is a very unhappy state of mind to be in, and should not be encouraged by old or young. Let me tell you how she overcame one very severe attack.

One very pleasant summer morning her

One very pleasant summer morning her mother said:

mother said:
"I must go to the village to-day, and as it is going to be very warm, I must start early and leave my work until I get

"Oh let me go? Mayn't I go, two?"
exclaimed Ella and Etta, in the same

breath.
"No, I cannot take you both," said "No, I cannot take you both," said their mother. "If any one goes it must be Etta, for I want Ella to wash the dishes and be hiy nice little house-keeper."

Ella began to scold, but did not succeed in changing her mother's mind. As her mother got into the carriage, she said:

"I am going to buy you something to-

mother got into the carriage, she said:

"I am going to buy you something today, Ella; now be a good girl and obey
me if you wish to please the."

"I think it is real mean!" whined Ella.
"I wish I was forty miles from this old
place;" and then she turned and in to
one of her old retreats to enjoy a "fit of
the blues." She thought that her parents
were unkind, her home unpleasant, and
that she had nothing to be thankfull for.
She even felt vexed with the little birds,
because they were singing so sweetly, because they were singing so, sweetly, but, as they were happy and did not stop their warbling, she was obliged to listen until her better hature triumphed and she thought: "I mount to he astronom of mythought: "I ought to be aslidued of my thought: "I ought to be aslianced of my-self for acting so when everything is so happy and gay. I guess I will get the work all done up nice; and show them what a little girl can do." Away she ran to the house, and soon commenced a lively rattling among the breakfast dishes, while rattling among the breakfast dishes, while

"These are the farmer's girls:
Washing the breakfast dishes,
Making the beds up stairs,
Tra ka la la la la,
These are the farmer's girls."

It was a long, hard job to sweep, dust, and put things to rights, but she persevered and had just finished when one of her school was a same of the school was a same of th her schoolmates came running in saying :

"Oh, I am so glad you are at home. I am going to stay all the afternoon."

They had a merry time, and when the mother and sister came home, two happy faces greeted them at the door. When Ella saw the approving smile of her mother and the nice things she had brought her, she was very happy; and thought she would never murmur again—no never!

"WE HAVEN'T GOT A GOD AT MY PAPA'S HOUSE."

A LITTLE boy, three years old, whose father was irreligious, spent several months in the dwelling of a godly family, where he was taught the simple elements of divine.

truth.

The good seed fell into good and tender soil, and the child learned to note the difference between a prayerless and a Christiah dwelling. One day, as some one was conversing with the little fellow about the great and good God, the child said "We haven't got any God at papa's house."

Alas! how many such houses there are

Alas! how many such houses there are in our world and land houses where there is no prayer, no praise, no worship, no God! And what homes they are for thildren; aye, and for men and women too. How much better is the pure atmosphere of Christian love than the cold, selfish worldliness of a modless home.

worldliness of a godless home.

Said an ungodly man, "I never was so near to heaven, and probably never shall be again, as when I spent a day in the house of Ebenezer Brown," a godly Scotchman, who guided his household in the fear of the Lord. of the Lord.

To such homes the weary come for rest, and the troubled for consolation. The Son of Peace is there. Blessed be such homes and may ours ever be of this number.

The Chore-boy of Camp Kippewa.

A Canadian Story.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

CHAPTER III.

OFF TO THE WOODS.

SEPTEMBER, the finest of all the months in the Canadian calendar, was at hand, as the sumac and the maple took evident delight in telling by their lovely tints of red and gold, and the hot enervating breath of summer had yielded to the inspiring coolness of early autumn. The village of ness of early autumn. The village of Calumet fairly bubbled over with business



PART OF LOGGING CAMP.

No one was more busy than Mrs. King-Even if her son was to be only a ston. Even if her son was to be only a chore-boy, his equipment should be as comfortable and complete as though he were going to be a foreman. She know very well that Jack Frost has no compune tions about sending the thermometer away tions about sending the thermometer away down, thirty or forty degrees below zero, in those far-away forest depths, and whatever other hardships Frank niight be called upon to endure, it was very well settled in her mind that he should not suffer for lack of warm clothing. Accordingly the knitting-needles and sewing-needles had been plied industriously from the day his going into the woods was decided upon and going into the woods was decided upon, and now that the time for departure drew near. the result was to be seen in a chest filled with such thick warm stockings, shirts, mittens, and comforters, besides a good outfit of other clothing, that Frank, looking them over with a keen appreciation of their merits and of the loving skill they evidenced, turned to his mother, saying, with a grateful smile:

Why, mother, you've fitted me out as

"Why, mother, you've fitted me out as though I were going to the North Pole."
"You'll need them all, my dear, before the winter's over," said Mrs. Kingston, the tears rising in her eyes, as involuntarily she thought of how the cruel cold had taken front her the father of the bright, hopeful boy before her. "Your dear father never thought I provided too many warm things for him." things for him.'

Frank was in great spirits. He had resigned his clerkship at Squire Eagleson's, inuch to that worthy merchant's regret. The squire looked upon him as a very foolish fellow to give up a position in his store, where he had such good opportunities of learning business ways, in order to go "galivanting off to the woods," where his good writing and correct figuring would be

with stating respectfully his strong preference for out-door life, and his intention to make lumbering his occupation, as it had been his father's before him.

"Well, well, my lad," said the squire, when he saw there was no moving him, have your own way. I reckon you'll be enough to come back to me in the spring. One winter in the camps will be all you'll want."

Frank left the squire, saying to hinself

as he went out from the store :

"If I do get sick of the camp and want a situation in the spring, this is not the place I'll come to for it; you can depend

to you, all the same."

Mr. Stewart was going up to the depot, the first week in September, to get matters in readiness for the men who would follow him a week later, and much to Frank's satisfaction he announced that he would take him along if he could be ready in time. Thanks to Mrs. Kingston's being of the fore-handed kind, nothing was lacking in her son's preparations, and the day of departure was anticipated with great eagerness by him, and with much sinking of heart by her.

The evening previous mother and son had The evening previous mother and son had a long talk together, in the course of which she impressed upon him the absolute importance of his making no disguise of his religious principles.

"You'll be the youngest in the camp, perhaps, Frank darling, and it will, no doubt, be very hard for you to read your Bible and say your prayers, as you're al-

Bible and say your prayers, as you've always done here at home. But the braver ways done here at home. But the braver you are about it at the first, the easier it'll be in the end. Take your stand at the very start. Let the shanty men see that you're start. Let the shanty men see that you're not afraid to confess yourself a Christian, and rough and wicked as they may be, never fear but they'll respect you for it."

Mrs. Kingston spoke with an earnestness and emphasis that went straight to Frank's heart. He had perfect faith in his

Frank's heart. He had perfect faith in his mother. In his eyes she was without fault or failing, and he knew very well that she was asking nothing of him that she was not altogether ready to do herself, were she put in his place. Not only so.. His own shrewd sense confirmed the wisdom of her words. There could be no half-way position for him at the lumber camp; no half-hearted serving of God would be of any use there. He must take Caleb for his pattern, and follow the Lord wholly. His voice was low, but full of quiet determination as he answerfed!

voice was low, but this of quiet determina-tion, as he answered:

"I know it, mother. It won't be easy, but I'm not afraid. I'll begin fair and let the others know just where I stand, and they may say or do what they like."

Mrs. Kingston needed no further assur-

ance to make her mind quite easy upon this point, and she took to small confort from the thought that, faithful and consistent as she felt so confident Frank would be, despite the many trials and temptations inseparable from his new sphere of life, he could hardly fail to exercise some good in-fluence upon those about him, and perhaps prove a very decided power for good among the rough men of the lumber camp.

The day of departure dawned clear and bright; the sir was cool and bracing, the ground glistened with the heavy autumn dew that the sun had not yet had time to drink up, and the village was not fairly astir for the day when Mr. Stewart drove up to Mrs. Kingston's door for his young up to Mrs. Kingston's door for his young passenger. He was not kept long waiting, for Frank had been ready fully half an hour beforehand, and all that remained to be done was to bid his mother "good-bye," be done was to bid his mother "good-bye," until he should return with the spring floods. Overflowing with joy as he was at the realization of his desire, yet he was too fond a son not to feel keenly the parting with his mother, and he bustled about very vigorously, stowing away his things in the back of the waggon, as the best way of keeping himself under control.

He had a good deal of luggage for a boy. First of all, there was his chest packed tight with warm clothing, then another box heavy with cake, preserves, pickles, and other home-made dainties, wherewith to vary the monotony of shanty fare; then a big bundle containing a wool mattress, a pllow, two pairs of heavy blankets and a thick comforter, to insure his sleep being Frank said nothing about his decided objections to the squire's ideas of business narrow box made by his own father to carry the light rifle that always accompanied him,

together with a plentiful supply of ammunition. In this box Frank was particularly interested, for he had learned to handle this rifle pretty well during the summer, and looked forward to accomplishing great things with it when he got into the woods.

Mr. Stewart laughed when he saw all that Frank was taking with him.
"I guess you'll be the swell of the camp,

and make all the other fellows wish they had a mother to fit them out. It's a fortunate thing my waggon's roomy, or we'd have to leave some of your stuff to come up by one of the teams," said he.

Mrs. Kingston was about to make some apologies for the size of Frank's outfit, but

Mr. Stewart stopped her.
"It's all right, Mrs. Kingston. The lad might just as well be comfortable as not. He'll have plenty of roughing it, anyway. And now we've got it all on board, we must be starting."

must be starting."

The moment Mrs. Kingston dreaded had now come. Throwing her arms around Frank's neck, she clasped him passionately to her heart, again and again, and then, tearing herself away from him, rushed up the steps, as if she dared not trust herself any longer. Gulping down the big lump that rose into his throat, Frank sprang up beside Mr. Stewart, and the next moment they were off. But before they turned the corwere off. But before they turned the corner, Frank, looking back, caught sight of his mother standing in the doorway, and taking off his cap he gave her a farewell salute, calling out rather huskily his last "good-bye," as the swiftly-moving waggon bore him away.

Mr. Stewart took much pride in his

turnout, and with good reason; for there was not a finer pair of horses in Calumet than those that were now trotting along before him, as if the well-filled waggon to which they were attached was no impedi-ment whatever. His work required him to ment whatever. His work required him to be much upon the road in all seasons, and he considered it well worth his while to make the business of driving about as pleasant as possible. The horses were irongreys, beautifully matched in size, shape, and speed; the harness sparkled with bright brass mounting, and the waggon, a kind of express, with specially strong springs and comfortable seat, had abundant room for passengers and luggage.

As they rattled along the village street

As they rattled along the village street there were many shouts of "Good-bye, Frank," and "Good luck to you," from shop and sidewalk; for everybody knew Frank's destination, and there were none that did not wish him wall whatever might that did not wish him well, whatever might be their opinion of the wisdom of his action. In responding to these expressions of good-will, Frank found timely relief for the feelings stirred by the parting with his mother, and before the impatient greys had breasted the hill, which began where the village ended, he had quite regained his customary good spirits and was ready to reply brightly enough to Mr. Stewart's

"Well, Frank, you've put your hand to the plough now, as the Scripture says, and you mustn't turn back on any account, or

all the village will be laughing at you," he said, scanning his companion closely.

"Not much fear of that, Mr. Stewart," answered Frank firmly.

"Calumet won't answered Frank firmly. "Calumet won't see me again until next spring. Whether I like the lumbering or not, I'm going to stick out the winter, anyway; you see if I

don't."

"I haven't much fear of you, my boy," returned Mr Stewart, "even if you do find shanty life a good deal rougher than you may have imagined. You'll have to awn way, you know. I shan't fight your own way, you know. I shan't be around much, and the other men will all be strangers at first, but just you do what you know and feel to be right, with-out minding the others, and they won't bother you long, but will respect you for having a conscience and the pluck to obey it. As for your work, it'll seem pretty heavy and hard at the start, but you've got lots of grit, and it won't take you long to

Frank listened attentively to Mr. Stewart's kindly, sensible advice, and had many questions to ask him as the speedy horses bore them farther and farther away from The farms, which at first, had Calumet. followed one another in close succession grew more widely apart, and finally ended altogether before many miles of the dusty road had been covered, and thenceforward their way ran through unbroken woods, not

the stately "forest primeval" but the scrubby "second growth," from which those who have never been into the heart of the leafy wilderness can form but a poor from which conception of the grandeur to which trees can attain.

About midday they halted at a lonely log house which served as a sort of ina, or resting place, the proprietor finding com-pensation for the dreamness of the situation in the large profit derived from an illegal, but thriving traffic in liquor. A more unkempt, unattractive establishment could hardly be imagined, and if rumour was to be relied upon, it had good reason to be haunted by more than one untimely

"A wretched den!" said Mr. Stewart, as he drew up before the door. "I wouldn't think of stopping here for a moment but for the horses. But we may as well go in and see if old Pierre can get us a decent bite to est."

The horses having been attended to, they entered the house, where they found Pierre, the preprietor, dozing on his bar, a bloated, blear-eyed creature, who evidently would have much preferred making them drunk with his vile whiskey to preparing them any pretence for a dinner. But they firmly declined his liquer so muttering maintal. declined his liquor, so muttering unintelligibly to himself, he shambled off to obey their behests. After some delay they such ceeded in getting a miserable meal of some kind, and then, the horses being sufficiently rested, they set off once more at a good pace, not halting again until, just before sundown, they arrived at the depot, where the first stage of their journey ended.

This was simply a large farm set in the middle of a wilderness of trees, and forming a centre from which some half dozen shanties, or lumber camps, placed at different distances in the depths of the forest that stretched away interminably north, south, east, west, were supplied with all that was necessary for their maintenance. Besides the ordinary farm buildings, there was another which served as a sort of a shop, or warehouse, being filled with a stock of axes, saws, blankets, boots, beef, pork, tea, sugar, molasses, flour, and so forth, for the use of the lumbermen. This was Mr. Stewart's headquarters, and as the tired horses drew up before the door he tossed the reins over their backs,

saying:
"Here we are, Frank. You'll stay here until your gang is made up. To-morrow morning I'll introduce you to some of your mates."

(To be continued.)

KIND WORDS.

"Buy a box, please, sir?" The speaker was a little match-girl, who, on a summer's afternoon, stood at the entrance of one of the large London railway stations. She was trying to find customers among the gentlemen who were hurrying along to tatch the trains that would take them from busy, smoky London to their pleasant homes. Most of them never saw the little girl, or, if they did, took no notice of her. At length one gentleman, at the sound of want any," he said, and was passing on when the hungry look of the poor child arrested him, and he remembered a bag of biscuits which his little daughter had given him that morning for his luncheon, but which he had been too busy to eat. So he took them out of his pocket, and gave them took them out of his pocket, and gave them to her, saying, "Here, darling, here are some biscuits for you." She took them without one word of thanks, which rather surprised the gentleman, and he turned to go; but looking back he saw her standing with the biscuits still in her hand, her eyes to her full of tears, and he heard her say to herself, "he called me darling, he did!"

Don't you think that my friend went-home to his own darlings with a happier heart for the kind word he had spoken to that poor child? Perhaps it was the only one she had heard for many a day.

Dear children,—you who live in happy homes, and have sunny smiles and loving words given you all day long,—will you not think sometimes of those poor little outcasts who have no homes hand if you have no more to give them, at least give them kind words.



THE EAGLE. THE Eagle gains much undeserved honour in the imaginations of the people. It is a large and splendid-looking bird, but it is in reality a great coward, and has been known to be put to flight by a common barn-yard cock, and many much smaller and very common birds possess much more bravery. It is a glutton also, but when obliged to do without food it can wait patiently for some days and these it will patiently for some days, and then it will content itself with carrion. Its usual food consists of young fawns, racoons, hares, wild turkeys, and similar sized game. Its eyesight is very keen, and when, from a eyesight is very keen, and when, from a great height up in the air, it sees a good chance of capturing its prey with little difficulty, it makes a swoop down upon the unsuspecting animal with almost unfailing precision. It possesses great strength and is very powerful on the wing, flying sometimes for hours in a large circle, with apparently little fatigue. Its nest is built high out the reach of man in some crag or rock. It is made of sticks and the same nest will last for years. As soon as the young are able to fly they are forced out of the nest and compelled to look out for themselves. The eagle is long-lived, cases being known where an eagle lived for over a

century. Tennyson gives a bird-portrait of the eagle in the following lines:

"He clasps the crag with hooked hands; Close to the sun in lonely lands, Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

"The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls: He watches from his mountain walls, And like a thunderbolt he falls."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

ISRAEL AFTER THE CAPTIVITY.

LESSON V. B.C. 519.1

[Jan. 29.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD. Zech. 4.1-10.1 [Memory verses, 5-7]

GOLDEN TEXT.

Net by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord of hosts.—Zech. 4. 6.

OTTT.INE.

Vision, v. 1-5.
 Interpretation, v. 6-10.

TIME. -About B.C. 519. PLACE.—Zechariah resided in Jerusalem.
The lesson recounts a vision which came to him in that edg. EXPLANATIONS.

The angel-He who explained the last vision. A candlestick all of gold—The golden candlestick was one of the most notable arwas one of the most notable articles of furniture in the temple. It was a lampstand with three arms on each side, made of pure gold, five feet high and three and a half wide. The temple was still unfinished: but in this vision still unfinished: but in this vision the prophet sees the golden candlestick in its place in the holy of holies. A bowl upon the top of it—This was not a part of the candlestick, and is peculiar to the vision. It was a vessel of oil supply. Two olive trees—Verse 12 shows that these trees connected directly with the oil reservoir which surmounted the candlestick, and supplied it with oil which flowed from the tree.

Not by might—As the candlestick was fed by invisible supplies with—

candlestick was led by invisible supplies without the aid of men, so the success of the temple the success of the temple builders depended upon God's invisible support. Headstone—The copestone, or crowning piece, placed on the summit of the building. Grace, grace unto it—This is a prayer for God's benediction. The plummet—The plumb-line in the The plumb-line in the hands of Zerubbabel, an evidence of work in progress. Those seven— The eyes of the Lord, (See the last lesson.) (See the last lesson, God's omniscient eye watched carefully the building of the temple. Run to and fro—There is nothing unseen by God.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson

do we learn—
That obstacles are nothing in God's way?
That the weak are

mighty by God's aid?

That success is sure in God's cause?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the angel show Zechariah? "The golden candlestick of the temple." 2. What did the angel say was the meaning of the vision? Golden Text—"Not by might, nor by power," etc. 3. How should the great mountain flatten before Zerubbabel? "Into a plain." 4. Who laid the foundation of this second temple? "Zerubbabel." 5. What did the Lord say of him? "His hand shall also finish it."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The omniscience

CATECHISM QUESTION.

In what other ways did he show this? By the heavenly wisdom, the authority, and the graciousness of his teaching.

Luke 4. 22.—And all bare him witness, and wondered at the words of grace which proceeded out of his mouth.

John 7. 46.—Never man so spake.

HOW A DOG SAVED ITS MAS-TER'S LIFE.

It appears that a monk of the Grande Chartreuse, when returning to his monastery, accompanied by a St. Bernard dog to which he was much attached, instead of following the highway, accidentally took a foot-path along the left bank of the river Guiers, which is at that part very steep.
Unhappily he made a false step, and fell down to the edge of the stream, where he lay unconscious and badly brusied. His dog failing to arouse him, returned to the foot-path, and tried to excite the notice of two passing shepherds, but they immediately fled, thinking from his manner that the dog was mad. Next day the faithful dog went to the monastery, and by his plaintive cries and serious gestures led the monks to believe that something was amiss, especially as he refused the food which he had been offered, under the impression that he was barking for it. Some of the monks decided to follow him, and, greatly delighted, he led them to the place where his master had fallen. He then began to bark, and his master, who had fortunately

recovered consciousness, was able to respond with a feeble cry. Of course he was speedily rescued, but was found to be severely injured. However, being at once carried to the monastery his wounds were promptly attended to, and he was soon on a fair way of recovery. His dog remained by his bedside, as constant in sickness as he was devoted and sagacious in danger.

We Build the Ladder.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound, But we build the ladder by which we rise, From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies, And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true That a noble deed is a step toward God, Lifting the soul from the common sod To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under feet, By what we have mastered of greed and

By what "...
By the pride deposed and the passion slain, and the vanquished hills that we hourly

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
When the morning calls us to life and

light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the

Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we pray, And we think that we mount the air on

wings,
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men, We may borrow the wings to find the way, We may hope and aspire and resolve and

pray, But our feet must rise or we will fall again.

Only in dreams is a ladder thrown

From the weary earth to the sapphire wall,
But the dreams depart and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.

A STORY OF THE DEEP.

LITTLE Norman Ellesmere and his sister Kathleen sat listening to young Bill Balham, whose father was a fisherman, and who himself had been for some months a

fisher lad.

"Tell us a tale, Bill, about the sea," said
Norman. So Bill sat down on the stool,
and the children sat near him.

"Now," said Bill, "you know our boat,
The Beauty, well, my father and cousin
Jim and Tom Wills and I, all went out
in her one night. It was calm and fine Jim and Tom Wills and 1, all went out in her one night. It was calm and fine when we started, and we had got a good way out and were hoping for a lot of fish, when all of a sudden the wind arose, and the darkness was as black as blackness, and The Regulty was tossed about dreedfully the darkness was as black as blackness, and The Beauty was tossed about dreadfully. We pulled as hard as we could, hoping to get back again, but it was of no use. We could not get on at all. Up and down, up and down, went the boat. Then there were lightning flashes; and when the darkness passed away we saw we were very much further from home than we thought. But the storm lasted, and my father said; 'Now boys, you must pull for your lives, or else The Beauty will be on the rock.' We all did our best, for we knew that many a poor fishermer's life. or else The Beauty will be on the rock.' We all did our best, for we knew that many we all did our best, for we knew that many a poor fisherman's life had been lost at that a poor usnerman's me had been lost at that rock, and many a boat destroyed."

"O, Bill," said Kathleen, "make haste and tell us if The Beauty was dashed on the

rock, and if anyone was drowned."

rock, and it anyone was drowned."

"Nobody was drowned, I know," said little Norman, "because Bill is here telling his tale, and his father and his cousin are Tom Wills showed me his bird this morning; so I know they were none of them drowned."

"Ay, but you are a sharp little customer to think of all that; no, we were not drowned," said Bill.

"Oh, I am so glad," said Kathleen,
"but tell us all about it, Bill."

"Well, we pulled very hard; I saw that father, who is no coward, looked anxious;

"C. W. COATES, MONTREAL.

S. F. HUES"

so I asked him if he thought we were in any so I asked him if he thought we were in any danger. 'Ay, ay, lad,' he said, 'we are, and none but the sailor's God can save us. Pull hard, all of you, as hard as you can,' he said, 'and while you are pulling say your prayers.' So Tom Wills, who is a good sort of lad, called out, 'Let us say what Peter said, it's short and powerful, "Lord, save, I perish!"' So we all said that. Well, after a very little while, I heard my father heave a sort of sigh; and he said, 'Folks may say what they like, lads, against religion, but I say Jesus Christis alive to-day, and hears men pray in T. is alive to-day, and hears men pray in T. Beauty as sure as he heard sinking Peter pray, and saves them too. We are safe, boys!"" asked

"Ay, ay, we did; and right glad my mother was to see us, for she had been watching and was troubled, but she had been praying too; so we always think of God when we think of the storm."

We should always think of him," said little Norman.

WHO IS IT?

"Who is it that loafs at ease while you toil from morning till night?" The saloon keeper. "Who is it that buys houses and is and struts in fine clothes with the lands and struts in fine clothes with the money which might have kept your family from being turned into the street and from going in rags?" The saloon keeper. "Who is it that takes your last cent for his poisonous drinks, and shuts the door in the face of your wife when she asks credit for a five-cent loaf of bread?" The saloon keeper. "Who is it, when your money and your cent loaf of bread?" The saloon keeper. "Who is it, when your money and your reputation are gone, and you have no friend left to pay for your drink, will take you by the coat collar and kick you into the gutter?" The saloon keeper. "Who is it that robs you of sense and reason, puts you lower than beasts, drives you into jails and penitentiaries, and sends you to the gallows?" The saloon keeper. "Is he the man who lives by crushing human hearts?" Yes. "Then throw his chain from off your neck, and shake his clutch from off your soul."—Zion's Watchman.

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