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## 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 wonderful interest and has very striking illustrations of the 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 striking than those of Rameses 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 foreground 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 characteristic feature of Egyptian 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 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. They were good and kind, for they read the Holy Bible and tried to live according to itas teachings,


such as God commames hi: children nevor to do.

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

At the time our little general drove the enemy from the field the poor Waldenses Were in grait trouble, An army had been

And because they did this wicked men 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 dceds,
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 naster 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 in 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 ar mies stopped to rest, the Waldenses on the heights above their enemies.

All at once great shouts of laughter rise on the air. What could it, mean?

The good Wuldenses, on their knees, were praying to God to he!p them drive their enemies away. Looking up from below the wicked solders 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 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 from 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 sul diers, too brave to pray to the God of battles, frightened 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, 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 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 them.
Ah! how the men and
be sure, but which were safer than the pretty valley homes, when once the great finy should appe:
Tho men all mu..
homes and families.
On came the army, climbing the steep mountain paths, up which the poor hunted people hat gone. It was hard to see the fierce soldiers coming so near the hiding places of the women and childien; but what could the Waldenses do? They had no arms but the sling and croan-bow, 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.

Is trying to make a boy understand what conscience is, a teacher finally asked "What inakes you feel uncomfortable after, you have done wrong?" "The switch," foelingly repitied the boy.

## The Loom of Life.

Aus diay, all night, I can hefr thit jar Of the loom of life, and neatit and far
It thrills with its deep and mittled sonnd As tireless the wheels go always round.

Busily, ceaselessly goes the loom, Tn the light of day and niidnight gloom, The wheels are turning eutly and late, Click, clack ! there's a thread of love wove in Click, clack ! another of wrons and sin. What a checkered thing this life will be

Time, with a face like mystery,
And hands as busy as hands can be,
Sits at the loom with hands outspread To catth in its meshes each silken thread.
When shall this wonderful web be done? In a thousand years, perhaps in one, OH to Hiorrow. Why knoweth? Not you or I?
But the wheels turn on and the shuttles fly.

Ah, bad-eyed weavers : the years are slow, and some day the last thread shall be wov God grant it be love instead of sin.
Are we spinners of wool in this life-wed-
Do we furnish the weaver thread each day?
It were better, theh, 0 my friend, to spin
A heautiful thread than a thread of sin!

## OUR PERIODIGALS

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The beat, the cheapest, the uost eltertaining, the
indot popidiar.


## Pleasant Hours:

A PÁPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLIK
Rev. W. H. WITHHOW, U.D.; Editor.

## TORONTO, JANUARY 81, 1803.

## GOOD SUNDAY RGEOOL BOOHE.

It is always a pleasure to get a pared of the Sunday-school books isstiel by the London, England. They are sute to be London, Engliand. They ire sute to be illustrated, and, what is more important, they are sure to be instinct with ath If tensely religions spirit, and with loyalty to
the doctrines and usages of Methedisth: In the case of sereral of those befure tus theÿ are also saturated, through and through, with sound temperance principles.

One of these books is "For John's Sake," and other stories, by Annie Frances Perrim. The longer story which gives its nape to the
"How the Foe Crept ha," and others, show the evils of so-called "t moderate " drinking, and the good results reached by. Bands of Hopeand other means of reformation. Some of these aletehes are very graphic and even
tragic, yet the author assures us that the tragic, yet the author assures us that the
darkest pictures are minutely faithful to darkest pietures are minutely faithful to
life, and that the saddest incidents related occurred under the persmal observation or within the knowledge of the writer.
"Beyond the Boundary," by

Perrett, author of "Ben Owen," and other atorids, also deals with the thithk demon in Some of his most dreidful mañifestations. We have more than enough of drunkemess in this eountry; but there it one seene pibtured in one of the striking engravings of this bobik that we seldom see, that is, a respectably dressed woman eome, with stag gering gait, out of the public hotse. Over and aver again we have been shocked at seeing invthers with their clildren, soutetimes with babes in thieir arms. clrinking at the public bars in London, Liverpool, Glas: gre public bars in London, Ediverporgh. 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, <br> Weary, and worin, and sad, Aud he has made ine glad."

"Dearamotuch, and Other Stories," by Annie M. Young, is a series of short stories by in accoinplished writer for children. a Ohristmas flavour, suitable for this quite soh:
"The Sixpence that Multiplied," has its important lessons about money and its
rixht uses right uses.
"In the Shepherd's Arms," is one of
touehfing pathos, and all of thiem give in-
terestive pathos, and all of them give in
The following are child life.
foturng are smaller book suitable
"That Odd Little Pair ; or, the SAyings Wid Dohngs of Molly and Larry:" "The for Hoys and Gitls," by William A. Foeter. Mi. Foster is Well known in conisection wlth Dr. Stephenson's Chilliren's Home and lts publications. This charnitg littio book with its striking pictures of the talking and walking half-erown, and other elever sketehes will be fead with interest by the yourig folls.
The stoiy off
The gtoiy of "The Haby's Hand," and how it led to the reforlination of the baly's father, is a sillendid illustra ion of the geripture; "and a little child shall lead them.'
"Ned's Helpers" and other short ternpetatiee stoties, will be most helphid in otilOuir Bots and Clitls, ${ }^{2}$ fote
the antual voluttie of the 1892. Thin is the anhua woluntie of the young foin' phper of the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday: selied Undii, Whose visits have been
reetived with sudh plotsury by many

 and wholesomie reading. A stiliking feature
 W. U. Simplion, ath a series of very thete tie pietures illustrating the Sunday - achool Lessons for the yeir. The drawlitg is of very superior inerlt.
We cordially reemment the problications Th the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday-School in their ehatrueter.

## Ontiva dabin boy.

A bie bittie was being fought between Nithorvugh Was the Einglisli Admitral, and Hie materg of his ship had been shot and and almost diretely wheti the fighting began lil sitite of the greatest cate aind the gath splendida britery, Sir Johin saw the most Hughlish aillors binist be beatew that the could get hulp. There were ai few shit onime distantes off to the right, buit ships Were to ate as a reserve, nind would not enter intos the battle withoud would nob from him. Sir John stood a moment arid wondered how the message could be sent It was not possible to signal; there was only one wiy -the message nust be car ried.
Sir Johin wrote his order telling the captain of the reserve to come and help him at
once; then lie called aloudd $f$ ain once; then he called aloud for any one
who was willing to be the inessenger Think of the scene the messenger. you will understand what a brond then was needed to carry that note. Below was the sea; ;above, afound, in it there rathed a heavy shower of bullets. The long swim woild be triying eniough, but to swiin with the chance of being shot to swery second the chance of being shot every second
forward at their admiral's call, rondy to
risk their lipes for their country's
They were all grown un rys good:
must have stared lin wonder as one of they abin boys, Cloudesley Shovel, stid of the "I can swim, sir ; and if I am sta hatl be missed less than anyone else."
After a moment's hesitation thie. his teeth and sprany overbo put it between his tgeth and springy overboard. How the seeni! He reached theng as ho tould bee seen! He reached the rëserve ship in w, a victory they went into attion at
When the san was setting English. Shovel stood once more upun the deek of sip, and received his hearti"I shall
of yout own," he said. The Admi',
brave cabin boy became Sir Clue, for the Shovel, one of the greatest Britidesley mirals.

## A FATAL ERROR.

Dr. N. S. Davis, an ex-president of an International Medical Congress, and for
forty years an active practicions or cago, says:

There is no greater or more destructive error existing in the public mind than the
belief that the use of fermented and dill drinks does no harn so lonted and distilled intoxicate. 'It is not the temg as they do not the abuse of alcoholic drinks that de use, but is the often repeated popular phrases harm,' bodiles tho error which hel phrase that em. than 100,000 persons of helps to rob more years of life in the United Stue to twenty the gradual development of cates, through ural diseases, induced by chronic strucbeer, ale, wine, or distilled the daily use of tities so moderate as at no timits in quanintoxication. No more true to produce retnark was made in the noted discussion int ne by Dr. Georgogical Society than in drunkard there are fifty y, that 'for every from the effects of alcobol iners who suffer another.'"

## Din. CUYLER'S VIEW.

That veteran in the cause, whose hearts when youtig thid head as clear and wise art Hiet trainst thenead an irrepressible toth duyler, has just sulown, Rev. Dr. Tliendert addvocates of Temperance message to the in the Ohirstion at $W$ wis, which mpeared prajetfully heeded: Work, that should be

After forty yed
tood chuse 1 have re thatd work in the athelustons:
, foched the following dl dram shops-when for the suppression of jority of the people in any locality the mathoist effectaal method of dealing wis the rituk eutree. method of dealing with the
" 2 It agree with D. L. Moody's late deWotse than no law,' that 'a dead law is " 3 . There is too
lation to temove thuch reliance oh legis. ther is too little terrible cause. And effott to break up the drinking educatiotina need more of the old-fashioned uges. Wo stinence organizations fashioned tottal abwotk it the pulyitos, and mote stä̀sion and platifortn. Thers is not-sehools, press teftin to dilve out te is not briough moral "4. We tnuist fight thery.
life ats well as the fitcursed satome ith sbicial
s. Our 'third party' broms.
stop denouncing all temperance must Wonien who prefer to fight the drink-burse meir and
outside their regiment " 6 . Millions regiments.
" 6 . Millions of dollars are being made drunkenness,' but very litt for 'euring spent in teaching people not to drink at is Total abstinence as a prevention is at all. all the nostrums yet invented an is worth
7. God's voive invented.
grapple with the monster Church now is to pons of pledge and prayer, arguments weavotes.
"Oxward"-the gem of Sabbath-schol beauty. No school superintendiancy and without it. Send to the Mendent can do Roomi, Toronto, and the Methodist Bool Roum, Toronto, and get a eannle evpy.
Algoma Pioneer.

## 4270 oLtbes. <br> Ioros khew tut HIUS."

a great deal with ati6.girl who wa troubled blues." Whet thingoluplaint called "the she would oftep ste did not go to suit her or woods, andeb liteot away ifito the thelds and disapubinford over her little troubles fisughing fatiot lootits until her round, despair. Now this is the very picture of good ind to bo in, and should uniappy state agod by old or young should not be encourhow she bvercame one very me tell-yo
One very pleasant one vëry severe attack. mother said pleasant summer morning her
it must go to the village to day, and start early and to be very warm, I must back." "Oh let me go? Mayn't I go, too?", exclaimed Ella and Etta, in the same
breath. No, I cannot take you both," their mother. "If any one goose it said dishes and bo want Ella to woush the keeper." Ella began to scold, but did not sueceed
changing her mother got into the tetreris mind: As her dat "I am going to botry yo, she salal: day, Fhla, now to boy you sonesthing to"I think it to plense the." In lat obey I wish I it is real meati".
place;" and was forty nitest whited Elli. place;" and therr she tuiles ffọn thits old one of her old retreats turned and tan to were unes" she thouts the enjoy a "fit of
 Shat she had nothing to bép thanant, and becausen felt vexed with the thinkfit fith. but, as they were sitigiitty so siveetly, their wathey wete hapty and did shet stop until her thetter she was obliged to listen thought :" " I oughture triumphed and she
 lhapy and giy. so wheri everythitge is so what a litt done up niee, atd till got the what a little ginl cap nice, and show them to the house, and soon tommence she ran rattling among the breakfast dishes a lively
sho sang: she sang:

> These are the farmer's ginhs: W'ishing the brealfast dishes, Makiny the beds up stairs, Tra fit la ta la kit,

It was armers girls."
and put things to right to sweep, dust, veref and had just figithed but she perse
"Oh, 1 mates so glad ruming in sayifig ath going to stay gll thy you at hoine
They had a merry afternoon.
mother and sister caue time, and when the Eaces greeted them at home, two happy Ella saw the opproving smile ofor. When and the bice trings she smile of hor mbther She was very fhap she had brought her, would never murth; and thought she But she lider murnur again-no never

## WE HAVEMT GOT A GOD AT MY PAPA'S HOÜSE."

Ather wiste boy, three years old, whos in the dwelling of a siont several months was taught the sinple cleumily, where he clements of diviue
The gbod seed fell into good and tender solf, and the child learnod to note the Christjat dwelling a prayerless and in was contersing with One day, as somte one the greft and with the little fellow about 'We haven't good God, the child said
Alas ! how got any God at patis's house Alas! how many such hotheas in's house. in our world and land - houses where are God no prayer, no praise, no where there God! And what homes tho worship, no children; aye, ahd formes they are fo:
How nure is the ture atho worldiness of a than the cold, Belfish Said an ungodly man horte.
near to heaven, and prolub inever was so be again, as when I probably never shall house of Ebenezer Bront a day in the man, who guided his hous," a godly. Seotch of the Lord. To such ho
and the truabled for consolutione for rest, of Peace is there for consolation. The Son and may ours ever be bsed bo swoh hortes

The Chore-bty of Canp Kippewa.
A Canadian Story.
BY J. MaCDONALD OXLEY.
CHAPTER III.
OFY TO THE WOODS.
Septembet, the finest of all the months in the Canadian calendar, was at hand, as the suinac and the inaple took evident delight in telling by their lovely tints of red and gold, and the hot enervating breath of summer had ytelled to the inspiring cool-
ness of early autumn. The village of ness of early autumn. The village of and bustle. Preparations for the were being made on all sides. During the course of thenext two weeks ber of inten would bo leaving their
indines for thelumbef camps, and of conversation in all circles was the fascinating and ronuatitic occu-
pation in thich they were engaged.

## 




Non was more busy than Mrs. King-chore-boy, his equipment should be as comfortable and complete as though hè were going to be a foreman. She know tions about sending the thermometer a way down, thirty or forty degrees below zero, in those far-away forest depths, and whatever other hardships Frank niight be ealled upon to endure, it was very well settled hack of warm clothing. Accordingly the onitting-needles and sewing-needles had been plied industriously from the day his going into the woods was decided upon, and now that the time for departure drew near,
the result was to be seeii in a chest filled with such thick warm stockings, shirts, itttens, and comforters, besides a good out lit of other clothing, that Frank, looking
them over with a keen appreciation of their them over with a keen appreciation of their
inerits and of the loving skill they evilenoed, turned to his mother, saying, with grateful smile

Why, mother, you've fitted me out as "hough I were going to the North Pole.
'You'll need then all, my dear, before the winter's over," said Mrs. Kingston, the tearis rising in her eyes, as involunfarily she
thoutht of how the cruel cold had taken thoutht of how the cruel cold had taken ful boy before her. "Your dear father never thought I provided too many warm things for him.
Frank was in great spirits. He had resigned his clerkship at siquire Eagleson's, inueh to that worthy merchant's reg! et.
The squire looked upon himas a very frolish fellow to give up a position in lisis store, learning hasiness ways, in order to go "Walivanting off to the woods," where his
good writing and correct figuring would be good writing a
brank said nothing about his decided objections to the squire's ideas of business

With stating respectfully his strong prefer-
ence for out-door life, and lris intertion to make lumbering his occupation, as it had been his father's befure him.
"Well, well, my lad," said the squire, when he siw there was no moving liim, glad enough to cone back to me in the spring. One winter in the camps will be all you'll want."
Frank loft the sfluire, saying to hinself she went out trom the store :
If get sick of the camp and want a situation in the spring, this is not the upon that, siquire Eagleson; many thanks to you, all the same.
Mr. stewart was going up to the depot, he tirst week in scptember, to get matters in refdiness for the then who would follow him a week later, and mach to Frank satisfaction he announced that be ready in ime. 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 antich with much sinking of heart by her.

The evening previous mother and son had a long talk together; itr the course of which she impressed upon the disguise of his portance of his making no disguise of his religious principles.
'You'll be the youngest in the camp, perhaps, Frank darling, and it will, no Bible and say your prayors, as you've always done here at home. But the braver you are about it at the first, the easiet it'll be in the end. Take your stand at the very
start. Let the shanty men see that you're not afraid to confess yourself a Clristian, and rough and wicked as they may be, never fear but they'll respect you for it.'
Mrs. Kingston spoke with an carnestFrank's heart He had perfect faith in his mother. In his eyes she was without fault or failing, and ho 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 shruwd sense contirmed the wisdom of her words.
There could be no half-way position for him at the lumber camp; no halfhearted serving of God would be of any use there. He must take Caleb for his
pattern, and follow the Lord wholly. His pattern, and follow the Lord wholly. his voice was low, as ho answered
' I know it, mother. It won't be easy, but I'm not afraid. I'll begin fatt and let the others know just where I stand, and they may say of do what they like."
Mrs. Kingston needed no further assurance to make her mind quite easy upon this point, and she took tio small comfort from he thought that, faitliful and consistent despite the many trials and tempitations inseparable from bis new sphere of life, he could hardly fail to exercise sotne good influence upon those about lini, atid perhaps prove a verydecided fower for good among the rough men of the lumber camp.
The day of departure dawned clear and bright; the air was cool and bracing, the ground glistened with the hehvy nutimn drink up, and the village was not fainly astir for the day when Mr. Stewaft drove up to Mris. Kingston's door for his young passenger. He was not kept long wait hour beforehand, and all that lemained to be done was to biil 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 font to feel keenly the parting with his mother, and he bustled about very vigorously, stowing away his things in the back of the whirson, as the best way of keepinig himself under control. He had a grod dual of luggage for a boy. tight with warm clothing, then another box heary with cake, preserves, Mokles, and vary the monotony of shanty fare ; then a big bundle containing a wool mattress, pilow, two pairs of heary blankets and a
thick conforter, to insure his sleep being undisturbed by Jack Frost; and finally, a narrow box made by his own father to carry
the light rifte that always accompanied him,
together with a plentiful supply of ammunition. In this box Frunk was jarticularly interested, fur he had leaned to hande and loeked forward to acconghishing great things with it when he got intu the woods.
Mrr. Stewart latughed when he saw all that Frank was taking with Pim.

I guess you'll be the swell of the camp, and make alf the other fellows wish they had a mother to fit them out. It's a fortunate thing my waggou's roomy, or we'd have to leave solue of your stuti to come up by
one the teams," said he.
Mrs. Kingston was about to make some apologies for the size of Frank's outtit, but Mr. Stewart stopped hor.
lt's all right, Mrs. Kingston. The lad might just as well be comfortable as not. He'll have plenty of roughing it, anyway. And how we're got it all on board, we
st 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, ouring herself away from him, rushed up the steps, as if she dared not trust herself any fonger. 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 turmed the cor her, Frank, louking 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 hims away.
Mr. Stewart took much pride in his turnout, and with good reason; for there was not a finer pair of horses in Caluntet than those that were now trotting along before him, as if the well-filled waggoin to whict they were attached was no impediment whatever. His work required him to be much upon the road in all seasons, and
he considered it well worth his while to faake the business of driving about as pleasant as possible. The horses were irongreys, beautifully matched in size, shape, 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 there were many shouts of "Good-bye, Frank," and "Good luck to you," from Frank's destination, and there were none that did nut wish him well, whatever might that did nut wish him well, whatever might be their opinion of the wisdom of his ac-
tion. In responding to these expressions of good-will, Trank 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, lie had quite regained his ustomary good spirits and was ready te 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, scauning his companiong closely.

Not fitteh fear of that, Mr. Stewart,' answered Frank firmly. "Calumet won't seed me gatain until next apring. Whether I like the lumbering or not, I'm going to stick out the winter, anyway; you see if
'I haven't inuch 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 fight your own way, you know. I shan't be around much, ath the other men will all be strangers at first, but just you do what you know and feel to be right, with out nininding 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 luts of grit, and it won't take you long to get used to it.
Frank listened attentively to Mr. Ntew art's kindly, semsible advice, and had many questions to ask lim as the speedy horses b.re them farther and farther away from Calumet. The farms, which at first; had followed one another in cluse 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 woode, not
the stately "forest primeval" lut th scrubly "second growth," from which those who luave never been into the heart of the leafy wilderness cair form but a poor conception

## can attain

About midday they halted at a lonaly log house which served as a sort of inat, or resting place, the proprietor finding com pensation for the dreariness of the situa tion in the large profit derived from al illegal, but thriving tratic in liquor. A more unkenapt, unattractive establishonent could hardly be imagiked, and if rumour was to be relied upen, it had good reason to be haunted by more than one untimely host.

A wretefted den before the door "I wouldn't think of stopping here for a moment but for the herseg. Dut we may as well ge ith ard see if o
The horsue having been ytonded so, they entered the house, Where they fund Pierre, the proprietor, dozing on his bar, a bloated, blear-eyed oreaturs, whe evidently would have much proferred making thom drunk with his vile whiskey to preparing them any pretence for a dinner. But they firmly declined his liquor, so inuttering anintelligibly to himself, he shambled of to obey their behests. After some delay they succeded in getting a miserable meal of some kind, and then, the horser 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 sundown, they arrived at the depot, wh
the first stage of their joufrioy einded.
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 dif ferent distances in the deptlis of the forest that stretched away interminably north, south, east, west, were supplicd with all that was necessary for their maintenanoe.
Besides the ordinary farm buildings, there was another which sersed as a sort of a shop, or warehouse, being filled with a stock of axes, saws, blankets, bowts, beef, pork, tea, sugar, molasses, four, and so orth for the use of the lmmermen. This was Mr. Stewart's headquarters, and as the ired hoises drew up betore 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 matnin

## (To be continuted.)

## 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
eatch the trains that would take them from busy, suroky 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 gentlemin, at the sound of the plantive voice, "Buy a box, please,
sir?" stopped a moment. "No, I don't watit any," he said, and was passing on when the hungry look of the poor child arrested him, and he remenbered a bag of biscuits which his little daughter had given him that morning for his luncheon, but which ho had been toto busy to eat. So he took them out of his pocket, and gave them to her, stying, "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 bemd her eyes full of tears, and he heard her niy 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 apoken to that poot child? Perhips it was the Dear chidhen,-you who live in happy homes, and lave sunn smiles and loving words given you all day long,-will you nut hink sonnetmes of those proor hitllo have no more to give them, oblemed give them kind words.


Thr Fagle gainw much undeserved honour in the imaginations of the people. It is a large and splendid-looking bird, but it known to be put coward, and has been known to be put to tlight 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 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 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 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 young are able to fly they are forced out of the nest and compelled to look out for them-
selves. The eagle is long-lived, cases beselves. The eagle is long-lived, cases be-
ing known where an eagle lived for over a ing known where an eagle lived for over a
century. 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.
hiraml after the captivity.
B.O. 519.] LESSON $V$. [Jan. 29. THE BPIRTT OF THR LORD,
Zeob. 41-10.] [Memory verses, 5-7. Goldin Text.
Yet by might, nor by power, but by my
Spirit adith the Lord of hosts.-Zech. 4. 6. Odtline.

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

Tine.-About B.C. 519.
Praon.-Zechariah reaided in Jerusalem. The lemon yeoountan wision which earme to him fis that tury.

Explanations.
The angel-He who explained the last vision. A candlestick all of gold-The golden candlestick Was one of the most notable ar ticles 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 dhe prophet sees the golden canof holies 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 oil supply. It was a vessel of oil supply. Two olive treesconnected directly these trees connected directly with the oil candlestick which surmounted the oil which flowed supplied it with Now by might-As the the Not by might-As the
candlestick was fed by candlestick was fed by
invisible supplies withinvisible supplies with-
out the aid of men, so out the aid of men, so
the success of the temple the success of the temple
builders depended upon God's invisible support. God's invisible support.
Headstone - The copeHeadstone - The cope-
stone, or crowning piece, stone, or crowning piece,
placed on the summit of the building. Gummit of the building. Grace,
grace unto it-This is prayer for God's beneprayer for God's bene-
diction. The plummet -The plumb-line in the Thands of Zerubbabel, an hands of Zerubbabel, an evidence of work in pro-
gress. Those sevenThe eyes of the Lord. (See the last lesson.) God's omniscient eye watched carefully the Run to and fro-Ther. is nothing unseen by God.
nothing unseen by Practioal Teadingas. Where in this lesson That obstacles are nothing in God's way? ? That the weak are mighty by God's aid ?

## The Lesson Catechism.

## 1. What did the angel show

'The golden candlestick of the Zechariah What did the angel say was the meaning 2 . the vision? Golden Text-"Not by might nor by power," etc. 3. How should the grest mountain flatten before Zerubbabel? "Into a plain." 4. Who laid the foundation of this the Lord say of "Zerubbabel." 5. What did the Lord say of him? "His hand shall also
finish it." inish it.
of God
Catrchism Qukstion.
In what other ways did he show this ?
By the heavenly wisdom, the authority, Luke 4. 22. - And all his teaching.
Luke 4. 22.- And all bare him witness, and wondered at the worde of grace which proJohn 7 of his mouth
John 7. 46. -Never man so npake.

## HOW A DOG SAVED ITS MASTER'S LIFE.

It appears that a monk of the Grande Chartreuse, when returning to his monas tery, 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 delighted, he led them to the place where his master had fallen. He then began to
bark, and his master, who had fortunetely 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, From the build the ladder by which we ri And we mount to the summit vaultel skies,

I count this thing to be grandly true,
Lifting the soul from step toward God, To a purer air and a broa common sod

We rise by the things that are under feet
By what
By what we have mastered of greed and
By gain
And the vanqueposed and the passion slain meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
light; morning calls us to life and
But our ;
night 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 atill cling to the heavy clay.
Winge for the angels, but feet for the men,
We may borrow the winge to find the wa
We may hope and aspire and resolve and
Bat our fee
I. asked him if he thought we were in any and none but, ay, lad,' he said, 'we are, Pull hard, all of sailor's God can save us. he said, 'and whou, 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 So we all said heard my father heave a sort of sigh; and he said, 'Folks may say what they like, lads, against religion, but I say Jesus Christ is alive to-day, and hears men pray in 1 Beauty as sure as he heard sinking Pet pray, and saves them too. We are safe,
"Did you get to land then?" asked Kathleen.
"Ay, ay, we did; and right glad my watcer was to see us, for she had been been God when we think so we always think of " Wen we think of the storm."
little Norman 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 moner 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 poisonof your wife when she the door in the face cent loaf of bread?" The salit for a five"Who is it, when your saloon keeper. reputation are gone, and you have and your left to pay for your drint you have no friend the coat collar and kick wouke you by gutter?" The saloon keeper "Wou into the it that robs you of senserer. "Who is you lower than beasts, drive reason, puts and penitentiaries, and drives you into jails gallows?" The salond sends. you to the the man who saloon keeper. "Is he hearts?" who lives by crushing humari from off your. "Then throw his chain from off your neck, and shake his chateh from off your soul."-Zion's Watchman.

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