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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 21, 1893.

[No. 3.]

ON THE BANKS 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 side 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 fluffy-looking 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 manuscript 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 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 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 armies stopped to rest, the Waldenses on the heights above their enemies.

All at once great shouts of laughter rose on the air. What could it 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 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 soldiers, 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 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 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 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.

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.



ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE.

such as God commands his children never to do.

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 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 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 made 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

The Chore-boy of Camp Kippewa.

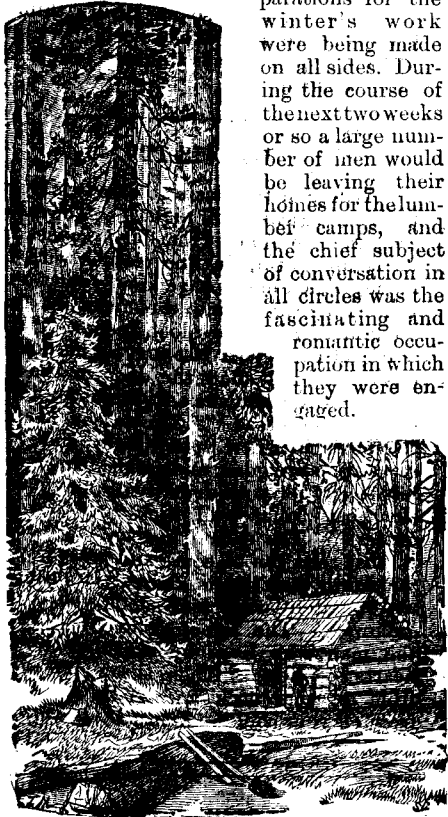
A Canadian Story.

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 Calumet fairly bubbled over with business and bustle. Preparations for the winter's work were being made on all sides. During the course of the next two weeks or so a large number of men would be leaving their homes for the lumber camps, and the chief subject of conversation in all circles was the fascinating and romantic occupation in which they were engaged.



PART OF LOGGING CAMP.

No one was more busy than Mrs. Kingston. 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 knew very well that Jack Frost has no compunctions about sending the thermometer away down, thirty or forty degrees below zero, in those far-away forest depths, and whatever other hardships Frank might 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 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 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 from her the father of the bright, hopeful 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 Squire Eagleson's, much 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 of no account.

Frank said nothing about his decided objections to the squire's ideas of business ways and methods, but contented himself

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 glad 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 himself 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 upon that, Squire Eagleson; many thanks 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 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've always 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 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 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 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 assurance to make her mind quite easy upon this point, and she took no small comfort 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 influence 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 air 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 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," 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 pillow, two pairs of heavy blankets and a thick comforter, to insure his sleep being undisturbed by Jack Frost; and finally, a 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."

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 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 impediment 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 iron-greys, 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 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 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 remarks.

"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 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 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, without 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 get used to it."

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 Calumet. The farms, which at first, had 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 conception of the grandeur to which trees can attain.

About midday they halted at a lonely log house which served as a sort of inn, or resting place, the proprietor finding compensation for the dreariness 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 ghost.

"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 eat."

The horses having been attended to, they entered the house, where they found Pierre, the proprietor, dozing on his bar, a bloated, bear-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 liquor, so muttering unintelligibly to himself, he shambled off to obey their behests. After some delay they succeeded 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."

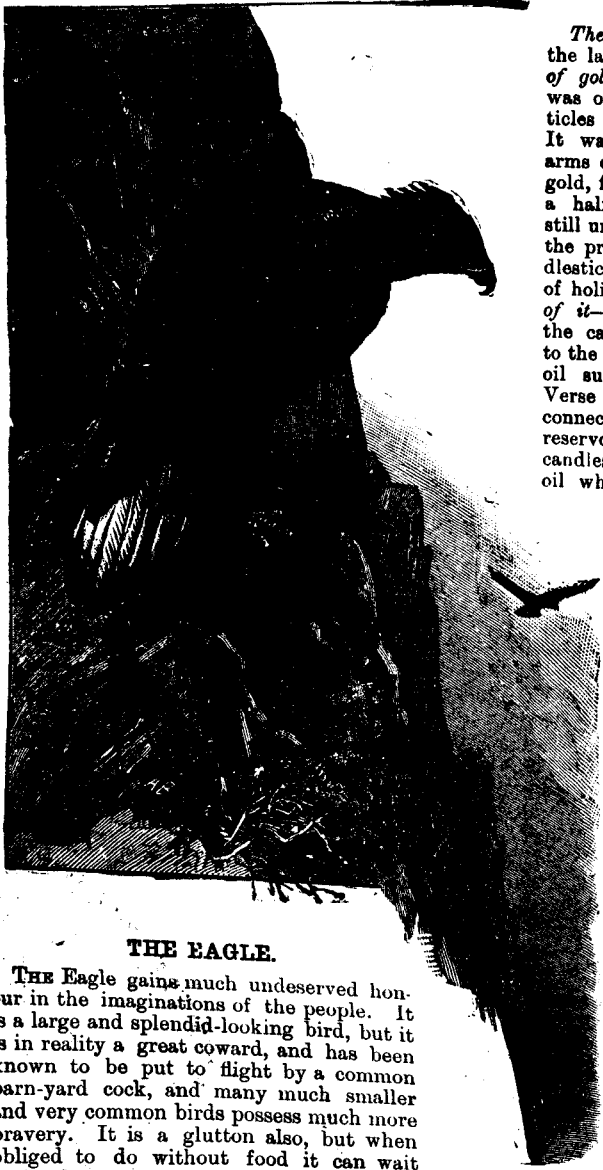
(To be continued.)

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 catch 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 the plaintive voice, "Buy a box, please, sir?" stopped a moment. "No, I don't 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 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 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? and 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 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 unerring 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.

B.C. 519.] LESSON V. [Jan. 29.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD.

Zech. 4:1-10.] [Memory verses, 5-7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit saith the Lord of hosts.—Zech. 4: 6.

OUTLINE.

1. Vision, v. 1-5.
2. 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 city.

EXPLANATIONS.

The angel—He who explained the last vision. **A candlestick all of gold**—The golden candlestick was 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 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 without the aid of men, so the success of the temple builders depended upon God's invisible support.

Headstone—The cornerstone, 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 hands of Zerubbabel, an evidence of work in progress. **Those seven**—The eyes of the Lord. (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 be flattened 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 of God.

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 MASTER'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 bruised. 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 gain

By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished hills that we hourly meet.

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 night
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 Baltham, 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 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 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 fisherman's life 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."

"Nobody was drowned, I know," said little Norman, "because Bill is here telling his tale, and his father and his cousin are standing on the beach yonder now, and 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;

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 Christ is alive to-day, and hears men pray in *The Beauty* as sure as he heard sinking Peter pray, and saves them too. We are safe, boys!'"

"Did you get to land then?" asked Kathleen.

"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 loaf at ease while you toil from morning till night?" The saloon keeper. "Who is it that buys houses and 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 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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