

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 18, 1893.

[No. 7.]

LIFE SAVING.

ONE of the noblest Government institutions is the Life-preserving Service. These stations are located in suitable places near the coast of oceans or lakes, to be of service to vessels in distress, either by storm or fire. At these stations the life-boats are kept, and all the arrangements for sending out help.

When a vessel falls into danger, a signal of distress is given, and at once the men at the station prepare for work, just as earnestly as the firemen do in our cities, when a signal for fire is given. They do not employ horses, but they pull a sort of two-wheeled cart near the bank. On this, are heavy coils of rope and a mortar or short cannon. This is loaded, and with it they shoot out a line of rope, over the vessel. First a small-sized rope is sent; at once the men in the vessel draw in the rope, and as they draw it in, the men on shore attach a heavier rope, on which to carry the life-car. Our first picture shows them firing the life-line, as it is called, over the vessel. Though this is only a small rope, it is welcomed, as a precious means of life, and in receiving the first offer of help, more comes.

In 1877 a vessel fell into danger, and when signal was made to them they gave no answer. Then the life-line was sent out, yet they seemed not to notice it. Night

approached, when the earnest men on shore succeeded in getting a reply, asking for a life-boat. At once they were told to "Haul on the rope." This they did. It was found that the vessel was a Norwegian barque, and perhaps at first they might have thought on a foreign shore, they could not ask for help. Hours had passed because they did not understand the plan. Had they not yielded to ask for help, and so enabled the men on shore to instruct them, in a short time all would have been lost. How many souls are acting much in the same way about salvation! They say they

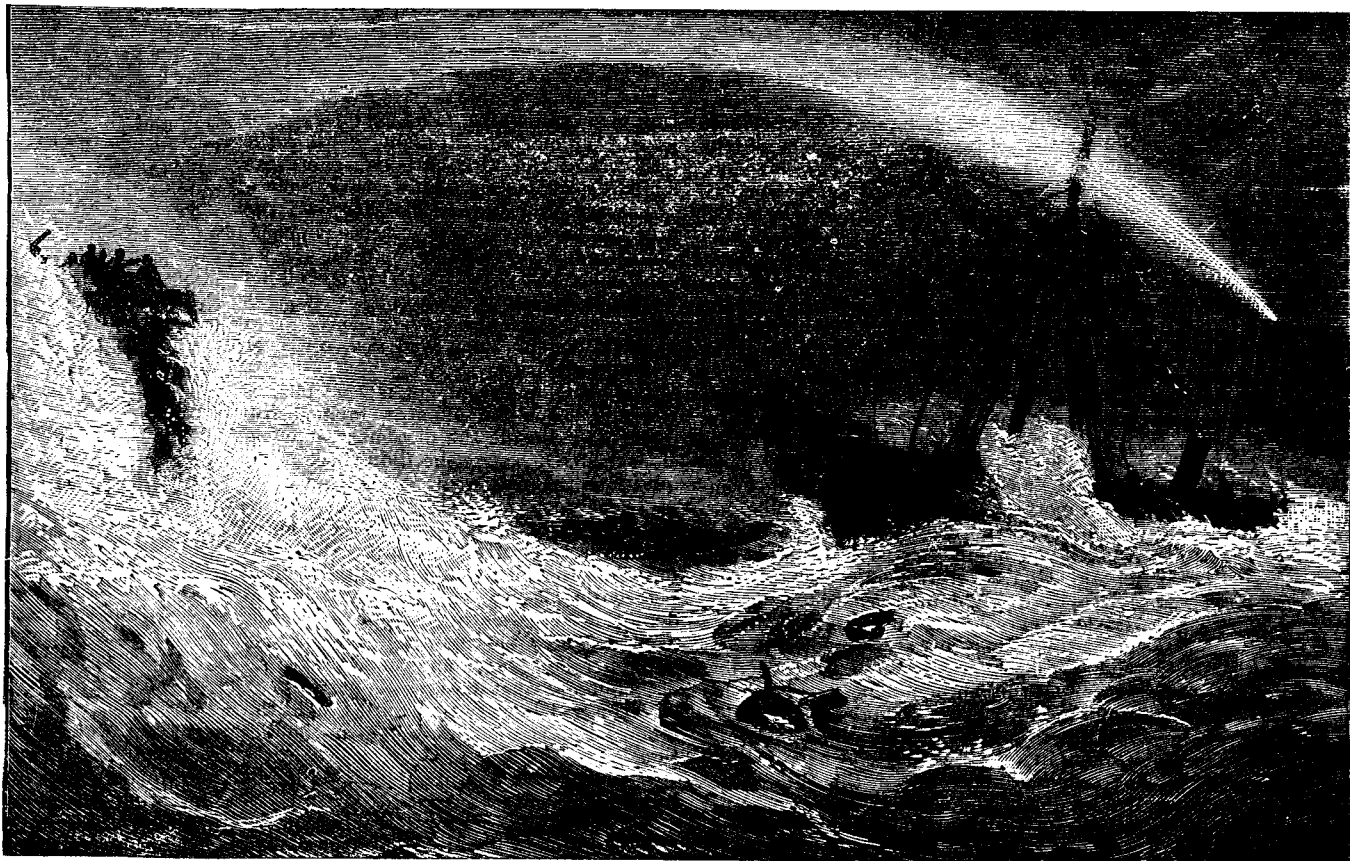
do not understand how Christ's suffering can atone for their sin, or there are so many things in the Bible that they do not understand, and so they do not heed the life-line exhortation floating over them, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Praise the Lord! some will cry out for help whether they fully understand every detail or not, and are saved.

As the men on the vessel drew in the rope a life-car soon reached them, and was filled with passengers, and shut up water-tight, and drawn back to land in safety. Thus all the precious lives were saved. Our next picture shows the life-car as it

for new life. No praise is expected by those who led these souls to God. No thought of the many entreaties and prayers, but a general rejoicing, over the salvation of souls. Every young Christian, or old, may engage in the work of rescuing souls from eternal death, and this is more important than saving the body.

"Do not look upon signing the pledge as doing away with your liberty; it is signing your emancipation act, freedom from the want of personal liberty of the poor being who cannot break from his liquor habits."
—Wilbur Crafts.



FIRING THE LIFE-LINE OVER THE VESSEL.

returns from its journey to the ones in danger. It looks too small, but it can hold a lot of people, and protect them from danger.

What rejoicing and thanksgiving there must have been, when the life-car was landed on shore and opened, and the dear ones taken out in perfect safety!

Baby is the first lifted out, and then one after another, until they all stand out of danger. The old vessel must go down, but they are safe. The storm may rage, but they are out of its reach. The men who laboured to send them this means of escape forget their labour, and rejoice to know the crew are saved.

Thus, redeemed souls rejoice to be free from the wrath which hung over them, forgetting the old haunts of sin which so lately bound them, now giving praise to God



PULLING THE LIFE-CAR TO SHORE.



OPENING THE LIFE CAR.

The Old Cider Mill.

BY MATHER D. KIMBALL.

PEARS to me I see it yit—
That old cider mill whar we
Uster santer reggerly
Arter school, us boys to git
Yaller apple juice, fresh squeezed!
Drinked jest oceans of we pleased.
Ev'ry boy could git his fill,
Down to Bunker's cider mill.

Seems like only yisterday
Me 'nd Hank 'nd Silas Clark,
Way down suller in the dark,
Found a bar'l stowed away.
Bored a hole through, jist for fun,
'Nd to let the cider run,
So 's that we could git our fill
Down to Bunker's cider mill.

On the soft side of a plank,
We jist lay thar on the groun',
Let the cider trickle down
Our gullets—me 'nd Si, 'nd Hank.
One would drink 'nd two stand guard—
Didn't s'pose the stuff was hard,
'Till we'd more'n got our fill,
Down to Bunker's cider mill.

Mill has long sence gone to rot,
Roof 'nd rafting tumbled through.
'Si, he's gone to ruin too.
'Nd Hank, he's jist a whiskey sot.
Cider first, then wine 'nd beer,
Gin 'nd rum 'nd whiskey clear.
That's the way they went down hill—
Down from Bunker's cider mill.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 18, 1893.

DON'T SCRATCH IT!

BY REV. W. TINDALL.

I PURCHASED for use in my pew one of the nicest hymn-books published; morocco, gilt-edges, with my name lettered on the cover with gold, intending to keep it beautiful as new to the end of my life. But, alas! the beauty of this expensive book was spoiled by some thoughtless person, perhaps a boy in the Sunday-school; more likely a child scratching it.

What a pity! But the damage was done in thoughtlessness, without intending any harm, yet the beauty of that book can never be restored. Yet there is something worse than a boy may easily do. He may scratch his character. The boy who lingers about the street corners or at a saloon in the evenings, and listens to witty sayings, smart jokes, obscene songs and blasphemy, gets the delicate edge of his conscience badly scratched. If he continues long "standing in the way of sinners or sitting in the seat of the scornful," the scratch will become so deep that he will never be able to restore that conscience in its innocence—the ugly scratches will remain in memory until the end of his life.

A bad companion will scratch your

conscience. You will become like him, coarser, more sinful and degraded, until all the beautiful foil of purity is rubbed off. The Bible says, "the companions of fools shall be destroyed."

A bad book will leave terrible scratches upon your moral nature. Impure images will be traced far more enduring than the work of the portrait artist. The impure thoughts suggested by these books will lead to vicious acts, and the boy may be ruined. No one can touch pitch and not be defiled.

A wise and popular English minister said, "Never open the pages or look upon an impure book. Once when a lad I was standing on the corner of a street in a city, when a young man placed a book in my hand, saying, you may read this fifteen minutes until I return. He returned in a few minutes. I closed the book and handed it back to him. That was forty years ago, but that fifteen minutes' reading left traces upon my mind which were never fully effaced." Raising his right hand he said, "I would suffer the loss of that arm if I could forget what I read in that book."

If some fiends in human form were to obtain the address of thousands of the young men and women of our fair land, and under cover of envelopes were to enclose small squares of linen which had been worn by persons when suffering from the cholera, a cry of horror would almost reach the heavens, and the villain if discovered would be "chased out of the world." Yet there are fiends who through the mails are clandestinely circulating the most poisonous literature, under yellow covered fiction; and books and pamphlets of a demoralizing character, exciting the worst passions of humanity, fall into the hands of the beautiful, the innocent and unsuspecting, and the fruit appears in the criminal reports which astonish the public.

Do not scratch your reputation, for even though you might be spared to repent and obtain God's forgiveness, yet the evil effects of wrong-doing are hard to wipe out. David the great king of Israel committed a great sin. He afterwards repented in dust and ashes, and was restored by pardoning grace, yet this sinful conduct tarnished his reputation; gave occasion to wicked men in his day to reproach the cause of God, and scoffers in all succeeding ages have sneered at religion on account of this one act of wrong-doing, and rivers of tears could not wash out or wipe away that one stain in David's reputation. "Keep thine heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

WALKERTON, ONT.

A CANADIAN ALLIGATOR.

A RECENT number of the *Canadian Manufacturer* gives an illustration of a steam warping tug invented by Messrs. West & Peachy, Simcoe, Ont., and patented in Canada and the United States. It is described as being a steam boat and steam winch combined. The engine can be thrown in gear to drive the paddle-wheels, or to drive the cable drum, which has a capacity to hold a mile of wire cable. The hull is scow shaped, built very strong. On the bottom of the boat are two runners shod with iron, and part of the bottom, and the bow is protected by iron boiler plate. The boiler is pivoted in its longitudinal centre, and has a screw at the forward end by which it may be kept level when the boat is going up or down hill in crossing a portage. In warping, the bow of the boat may be run up to the boom of logs and the end of the cable made fast to it. The cable is payed out, when anchorage is made to a tree on the bank or otherwise, when the cable is wound in, the raft moving but the boat remaining still. Or an end of the cable may be anchored and the boat backed up to the boom, paying out the cable and having connected with the boom, both boat and boom may be hauled by means of the drum up the anchorage. The boat has power under favourable circumstances to move a boom containing 60,000 logs.

In crossing portages from one body of water to another, it is not necessary to make a level road for the boat to move over. All that is required is to place logs and green skids across under the runners to keep the shoeing from contact with the ground. Attached to the bow of the boat,

near the bottom, is a heavy chain to which is attached a pulley block, and another similar block is attached to a convenient tree. The cable is then rove through these, one end being attached to the bow chain and the other on the drum. By the winding of the drum the boat is drawn along over the land at the rate of a mile or more a day. This Canadian alligator can be made to climb hills and go through swamps and woods, and up small streams. After warping down a boom of logs it will return with the empty boom, doing the work cheaply with great saving in time and labour. It may also be made to take supplies to lumber camps, to tow scows, and to transport horses, waggons and provender.

A number of these machines are now in practical use, both in Canada and also in Michigan, as testified to in letters to Messrs. West & Peachey.

MY QUESTION BOX.

BY H. L. P.

WE have in our home a self-winding, self-adjusting, combination music and question box—that walks, talks, and never runs down from morning till night. Ours is the only one of the kind, although there are similar machines in many other homes, and every proprietor thinks her own the greatest marvel. We have had our music-question box, or talking machine, as we sometimes call her (you know talking machines are *always feminine*), just eight years, and she has never once been entirely out of tune, and scarcely ever laid up for repairs.

The question attachment is what puzzles me, and sends me off at a tangent frequently to consult the dictionary or encyclopædia. Of course she didn't ask many questions the first year, but she has made up for it since then. If she lives and absorbs for eight more years she will be as good as a book of reference, for she never forgets. Indeed I would not like to compete with her now in an examination on definition of words in common use. For example, the other morning early she was doing her home-work and called to me:

"Mamma, what does *resting* mean?"

"You will have to wait until I light the lamp, for it is too dark to see in the dictionary."

"Never mind, I'm in a hurry. I'll put it down *getting over tiredness*."

Only yesterday she was reading in the *Globe*, and found *there* in that paper spelled *their*. Proof-readers had better look out!

Two or three years ago she came running in from the yard and asked:

"Did you say, mamma, that a *million* a month in *China* are *dying without God*?"

This poem had been read and discussed in her hearing, and had evidently impressed her.

"Yes, my dear, that is what we are told."

"Well, I am awful sorry, but a man just gave me five cents to buy candy; can't I go down to the grocery right away?"

"I wouldn't spend it all if I were you. I would put two or three cents in the mite box; I think then the candies would taste better."

She hesitated a moment, evidently weighing carefully the question of loss and gain, and then said, triumphantly:

"I'll tell you what I'll do, mamma. I'll put five cents of *your* money in the mite box, and that will do just *exactly* as well."

PICTON, ONT.

IF I WERE A GIRL.

BY MRS. JENNESS MILLER.

I WOULD take care of my health by living out doors as much as possible, and taking long walks in the sunshine. English girls understand how necessary this is for good complexions and cheerful spirits. Wear simple clothing, that you may climb mountains and breathe freely.

I would secure the best education. Go to college by all means, if it is possible. Read good books, and thereby become intelligent.

I would cultivate cheerfulness. Discontent soon shows itself in the face. If you have some disappointments, so have others. If you are cramped for money, be thankful that your lot is no worse than it is. Learn to make the best of things. An unhappy

woman is a perpetual cloud in a home. A fretful girl has few friends, and the number lessens year by year.

I would say kind things of others, especially of the girls. A girl who makes unkind remarks about other girls would better be avoided by young men. She would not make an agreeable companion for life.

I would learn how to be self-supporting. Especially in this country, where fortune change, it is wise for a woman to be able to care for herself. Helpless women are not a comfort to others, and usually are not to themselves.

I would try to be polite everywhere. True courtesy is more winsome than a pretty face or fine dress. Loud talk or loud dress does not betoken the lady. Be appreciative and sympathetic, and you have two keys which will unlock almost all hearts.

I would learn self control. To know when to speak and when to be silent, to have hateful things said about you and be able to answer pleasantly, to have people confide in you and be wise enough to keep it locked up in your heart, to be in poverty and not be soured by it, to meet temptation and be strong before it, to be strong enough to perform any labour or duty which needs to be done—all this shows a noble mastery over self.

I would be punctual. Being late at meals, late at church or late in meeting engagements makes unnecessary friction in families. If we are willing to lose valuable time, we have no right to make others lose it.

The Golden Rule, of doing unto others as we would that they should do unto us, is especially applicable here.

The Chore-boy of Camp Kippewa.

A Canadian Story.

BY J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

CHAPTER VII.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

FRANK was very happy, now that the way had been so opportunely opened for him to take part in the whole round of lumbering operations. He waited with impatience the coming of noon and the rush of hungry men to their hearty dinner, because it was the signal for his release from chore-boy work and promotion to the more honourable position of assistant-teamster. The long afternoons out in the cold, crisp air, amid the thud of well-aimed axes, the crash of falling trees, the shouts of busy men, and all the other noisy incidents of the war they were waging against the forest, were precisely what his heart had craved so long, and he felt clearer than ever in his mind that lumbering was the life for him.

After he had been a week at his new employment, Con Murphy, the big teamster to whom he had been assigned by the foreman, with the injunction to "be easy on the lad, and give him plenty of time to get handy," was heard to say in public:

"Faith, an' he's a broth of a boy, I can tell you; and I wouldn't give him for half a dozen of those *parlez vous* Frenchies like the chap whose place he took—indeed that I wouldn't."

Which, coming to Damase's ears, added further fuel to the fire of jealousy and hate that was burning within this half-savage creature's breast. So fierce indeed were Damase's feelings that he could not keep them concealed, and more than once of the shantymen took occasion to drop a word of warning into Frank's ear about him.

"You'd better keep a sharp eye on that chap, Damase, Frank," they would say. "He's an ugly customer, and he seems to have got it in for you."

Frank on his part was by no means disposed to laugh at or neglect these kindly warnings. Indeed, he fully intended repeating them to Johnston at the first opportunity. But the days slipped by without a favourable chance presenting itself, and Damase's wild thirst for the revenge which he thought was merited came perilously near a dreadful satisfaction.

February had come, and supplies at the shanty were running low, so that Foreman Johnston deemed it necessary to pay a visit to the depot to see about having a fresh stock sent out. The first that Frank knew of his intention was the night before he started. He had gone into the foreman's little room as usual to read his Bible and pray, and having finished was about to slip quietly out, Johnston having apparently been quite unobservant of his presence, when he was asked:

"How would you like to go over to the depot with me to-morrow?"

How would he like! Such a question to ask of a boy, when it meant a twenty-five mile drive and a whole day's holiday after months of steady work at the camp!

"I should be delighted, sir," replied Frank, as promptly as he could get the words out.

"Very well, then; you can come along with me. We'll start right after breakfast. Baptiste will have to look after himself for one day," said the foreman. And with a fervent "Thank you, sir," Frank went off, his face wreathed with smiles and his heart throbbing with joy at the prospect before him.

So eager was he that it did not need Johnston's shout of "Turn out, lads, turn out!" to waken him next morning, for he was wide awake already, and he tumbled into his clothes with quite unusual alacrity. So soon as breakfast was over, the foreman had one of the best horses in the stable harnessed to his "jumper," as the low, strong, comfortable wooden sleigh that is alone able to cope with the rough forest roads is called; abundance of thick warm buffalo-ropes were provided; and then he and Frank tucked themselves in tightly, and they set out on their long drive to the depot.

The mercury stood at twenty degrees below zero when they started, but they did not mind that. Not a breath of wind stirred the clear cold air. The sun soon rose into the blue vault above them, and shone down upon the vast expanse of snow about them with a vigour that made their eyes blink. The horse was a fine animal, and, having been off duty for a few days previous, was full of speed and spirit, and they glided over the well-beaten portion of the road at a dashing pace. But when they came to the part over which there had been little travel all winter long, the going was too heavy for much speed, and often the horse could not do more than walk.

This seemed to Frank just the opportunity for which he had been waiting, to tell the foreman about Damase and his threats of revenge. At first Johnston was disposed to make light of the matter, but when Frank told him what he had himself observed, as well as what had been reported to him by the others, the foreman was sufficiently impressed to say:

"The rascal wants some looking after, that's clear. He's a worthless fellow, anyway, and I'm mighty sorry I ever let him into my gang. I think the best thing will be to drop him as soon as I get back, or he may make some trouble for us. I'm glad you told me this, Frank. I won't forget it."

At the depot they found Alec Stewart, just returned from a tour of inspection of the different camps, and full of hearty welcome. He was very glad to see Frank.

"Ah! ha! my boy," he cried, slapping him vigorously on the back. "I needn't ask you how you are. Your looks answer for you. Why, you must weigh ten pounds more than when I last saw you. Well, what do you think of lumbering now, and how does Mr. Johnston treat you? They tell me," looking at the foreman with a sly smile, "that he's a mighty stiff boss. Is that the way you find him?"

Frank was ready enough to answer all his friend's questions, and to assure him that the foreman treated him like a kind father, and that he himself was fonder of lumbering than ever. Both he and Johnston had famous appetites for the bountiful dinner that was soon spread before them, and, the resources of the depot permitting of a much more extensive bill of fare than was possible at the shanty, he felt in duty bound to apologize for the avidity with which he attacked the juicy roast of beef, the pearly potatoes, the toothsome pudding, and the other dainties that, after months of pork and beans, tasted like ambrosia.



DRAWING LOGS ON THE ICE.

The superintendent and the foreman had much to say to one another which did not concern Frank, and so while they talked business he roamed about the place, enjoying the freedom from work and chatting with the men at the barn, telling them some of his experiences and being told some of theirs in return. Happening to mention Damase Deschenaux, one of the men at once exclaimed:

"That's a first-class scoundrel! It beats me to understand why Johnston has him in his gang. He's sure to raise trouble wherever he goes."

Frank felt tempted to tell how Damase had "raised trouble" with him, but thought he would better not, and the talk soon turned in another direction.

The afternoon was waning before Johnston prepared to start on the return journey, and Mr. Stewart tried hard to persuade him to stay for the night—an invitation that Frank devoutly hoped would be accepted. But the big foreman would not hear of it.

"No, no," said he, in his decided way, "I must get back to the shanty. There's been only half a day's work done to-day, I'll warrant you, because I wasn't on hand to keep the fellows at it. Why, they'll lie abed till mid-day to-morrow if I am not there to rouse them out of their bunks."

Whatever Johnston said he stuck to, so there was no use in argument, and shortly after four o'clock he and Frank tucked themselves snugly into the jumper again and drove away from the depot, Stewart shouting after them:

"If you change your mind after you've gone a couple of miles, don't feel delicate about coming back. I won't laugh at you."

Johnston's only answer was a grim smile and a crack of the whip over the horse's hindquarters that sent him off at full gallop, the snow flying in clouds from his plunging feet into the faces of his passengers. The hours crept by as the sleigh made its slow way over the heavy road, and Frank, as might be expected after the big dinner he had eaten, began to feel very sleepy. There was no reason why he should not yield to the seductive influence of the drowsy god; so, sinking down low into the seat and drawing the buffalo-robe up over his head, he soon was lost to sight and sense. While he slept the night fell, and they were still many miles from home. The cold was great, but not a breath of wind stirred the intense stillness. The stars shone out like flashing diamonds set in lapis-lazuli. Silence reigned supreme, save as it was intruded upon by the heavy breathing of the frost-flaked horse and the crunching of the runners through the crisp snow.

Johnston felt glad when they breasted the hill on the other side of which was Deep Gully, crossed by a rude corduroy bridge; for that bridge was just five miles from the camp, and another hour, at the farthest, would bring them to the end of their journey.

When the top of the hill was reached, the foreman gathered up the reins, called

upon the horse to quicken his pace, and away they went down the slope at a tearing gallop.

Deep Gully well deserved the name that had been given it when the road was made. A turbulent torrent among the hills had in the course of time eaten a way for itself which, although very narrow, made up for its lack of breadth by a great degree of depth. It was a rather picturesque place in summer time, with abundant foliage softened its steep sides, but in winter, when it seemed more like a crevasse in a glacier than anything else, there was no charm about it. The bridge that crossed it was a very simple affair, consisting merely of two long stringers laid six feet apart, and covered with flattened timbers.

Upon this slight structure the jumper descended with a bump that woke Frank from his pleasant nap, and, putting aside the buffalo-robe, he sat up in the sleigh to gather his wits. It was well he did, for if ever he needed them it was at that moment. Almost simultaneous with the thud of the horse's feet upon the bridge there came a crash, a sound of rending timbers, the bridge quivered like a ship struck by a mighty billow, and the next instant drooped into the chasm below, bearing with it a man, and boy, and horse, and sleigh!

Full thirty feet they fell; the bridge, which had given way at one end only, hurling them from it so that they landed at the bottom of Deep Gully in a confused heap, yet happily free from entanglement with its timbers. So soon as he felt himself falling, Frank threw aside the robes and made ready to spring, but Johnston instinctively held on to the reins, with the result that, being suddenly dragged forward by the frantic plunging of the terrified animal, he received a kick in the forehead that rendered him insensible, and would have dashed his brains out but for the thick fur cap he wore, while the jumper, turning over upon him, wrenched his leg so as to render him completely helpless.

Frank was more fortunate. His timely spring, aided by the impetus of their descent, carried him clear of the horse and sleigh, and sent him headlong into a deep drift that filled a hollow at the gully's bottom. The snow bank opened its arms to receive him, and buried him to the hips. The first shock completely deprived him of breath, and almost of his senses too. But beyond that he received no injury, and was soon struggling with all his might to free himself from the snow that held him captive. This proved to be no easy task. He was pretty firmly embedded, and at first it seemed as though his efforts at release only made his position worse.

"This is a fine fix to be in!" said he to himself. "Buried in a snow drift, and dear knows what's happened to Mr. Johnston."

He had been hoping that the foreman would come to his assistance, but, getting no reply to his shouts, he began to fear lest his companion might be unable to

render any help. Perhaps, indeed, he might be dead! The thought roused him to still greater exertions, and at last by a heroic effort he succeeded in turning a kind of somersault in his cold prison, which had the happy result of putting his head where his heels had been. To scramble out altogether was then an easy job, and in another instant he was beside the sleigh.

His first thought was that his worst fears were realized. Certainly the sight was one that might have filled a stouter heart with chill alarm. The horse had fallen into a deep drift, which covered him to the shoulders, and rendered him utterly helpless, entangled as he was with the harness and the overturned jumper. He had evidently, like Frank, been struggling violently to free himself, but, finding it useless, had for a time ceased his efforts, and stood wild-eyed and panting, the picture of animal terror. On seeing Frank, he made another frantic plunge or two, looking at the boy with an expression of agonized appeal, as though he would say: "Oh, help me out of this dreadful place!"

And glad would Frank have been to respond to the best of his ability. But the poor horse could not be considered first. Half under the sleigh, half-buried in the snow, lay the big foreman, to all appearance dead, the blood flowing freely from an ugly gash in his forehead, where the fur cap had failed to protect him entirely from the horse's hoof.

Frank sprang to his side, and with a tremendous effort turned him over upon his back, and, getting out his handkerchief, wiped the blood away from his face. As he did so, the first awful thought of death gave way to a feeling of hope. White and still as Johnston lay, his face was warm, and he was surely breathing a little. Seizing a handful of snow, Frank pressed it to the foreman's forehead, and cried to him as though he were asleep.

"Mr. Johnston, Mr. Johnston! What's the matter with you? Tell me, won't you?"

For some minutes there was no sign of response. Then the injured man stirred, gave a deep sigh, followed by a groan, opened his eyes with a look of dazed bewilderment, and put his hands up to his head, which was evidently giving him intense pain.

"Oh, Mr. Johnston, I'm so glad! I was afraid you were dead," exclaimed Frank. "Can't I help you to get up?"

Turning upon his shoulder, the foreman made an effort to raise himself, but at once sank back with a groan.

"I'm sore hurt, my lad," he said; "I can't stir. You'll have to get help."

And so great was his suffering that he well-nigh lost consciousness again.

Frank tried his best to lift him away from the sleigh, but found the task altogether beyond his young strength in that deep snow, and had to give it up as hopeless. Certainly he was in a most trying situation for a mere boy—fully five miles from the shanty, with an almost untravelled road between that must be traversed by him alone while the injured man would lie helpless in the snow until his return. Little wonder if he felt in sore perplexity as to what should be done, and how he should act under the circumstances.

(To be continued.)

FIVE KINDS OF PENNIES.

A boy who had a pocket full of coppers dropped one into a missionary box, laughing as he did so. He had no thought in his heart about Jesus or the heathen. Was his penny not as light as tin?

Another boy put in a penny, and looked around to see if anybody was praising him. His was the brass penny; not the gift of a lowly heart, but of a proud spirit.

A third boy gave a penny, saying to himself: "I suppose I must because others do." That was an iron penny. It was the gift of a cold, selfish boy.

A fourth boy dropped his penny into the box. His heart said: "Poor heathen! I am sorry they are so poor, so ignorant, and so miserable." That was a silver penny, the gift of a heart full of pity.

But there was one scholar who gave his, saying: "For thy sake, Lord Jesus. Oh, let the heathen hear of thee, the Saviour of mankind!" That was a golden penny, because it was the gift of faith and love.



TO THE RESCUE.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

ISRAEL AFTER THE CAPTIVITY.

LESSON IX.—FEBRUARY 26.

READING THE LAW.

Neh. 8. 1-12.] [Memory verses, 5, 6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.—Psalm 119. 18.

OUTLINE.

1. Reading the Word, ver. 1-6
2. Teaching the Word, ver. 7, 8.
3. Receiving the Word, ver. 9-12.

TIME.—About B.C. 445. In the month of October.

PLACE.—Jerusalem.

CONNECTING LINKS.

In fifty-two days the wall is finished; and at the first opportunity the population of the city and the surrounding country gathers in a city square to hear the reading of the law.

EXPLANATIONS.

“Street . . . before the water-gate”—An area in the south-eastern part of the city, south of the temple. “Book of the law”—The Old Testament Scriptures. “Pulpit of wood”—A “tower of wood” is a better rendering. A raised platform built in the street, where the speaker could stand and be plainly seen. “Lifting up their hands”—With their hands raised toward heaven, palms upward and faces upward. “Gave the sense”—They explained and expounded the law as it was read, so that all could understand. The old Hebrew in which Ezra read was obsolete, and these Levites rendered it into the popular dialect. Verse 10 is an ideal programme for all thanksgiving occasions. “Mirth”—Should be rejoicing.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson have we a good example—

1. For Sunday-school scholars?
2. For Sunday-school teachers?
3. For all of God's people?

HOME WORK FOR YOUNG BEREANS.

What great men re-arranged the Old Testament Scriptures?

How were the Scriptures written in those days? What sort of type? What sort of paper? Any peculiarities that you can think of?

What was the difference between the priests and the Levites?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the people ask Ezra to do? “To read the book of the law of Moses.”
2. On what did he stand? “On a pulpit of wood.”
3. How did he read? “Distinctly, giving the sense.”
4. What did he tell them? “Not to weep.”
5. Why? “For the joy of the Lord is your strength.”
6. What is the Golden Text? “Open thou mine eyes,” etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The authority of Holy Scripture.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is his warning to them? That his word shall condemn them at the last day.

John 12. 48.—He that rejecteth me, and receiveth not my sayings, hath one that judgeth him; the word that I spake, the same shall judge him in the last day.

THE PEARL RING.

A LITTLE rap at the door, and at Aunt Mary's invitation, a bright face was thrust in, and a merry voice said:

“Good morning, auntie, I came for my birthday kiss and good wishes.”

“Oh, yes, my little Lucia, I was just waiting for you. Here is your kiss, and with it accept my warmest wishes for to-day, and for every future birthday of your life. Thirteen to-day, are you not?”

“Yes, auntie; am I not getting old?”

“Not exactly ‘old,’ dear; yet when one enters her teens, time seems to fly faster, and birthdays to come quicker. Here is a little keepsake for you dear, to commemorate the advent of this day.”

“Oh, auntie, how beautiful! How can I thank you for this lovely ring? How I have longed for a pearl ring. How large, soft and pure the pearl is; and how lovely the setting! Dear auntie, I shall love to wear this ring for your sake, and it will always be such a sweet reminder of you.”

“And yet, my dear child, when your eyes rest upon it, rather than think of me, I want you to think of that ‘Pearl of great price,’ and question yourself, ‘Do I possess it?’ Jesus is this pearl, of such unspeakable brightness and glory, of such inestimable value, that the paltry wealth of earth is nothing in comparison. The world is seeking ‘goodly pearls,’ yet lives are spent gathering counterfeits, while this one precious pearl is offered without money and without price.”

The Story of Grumble Tone.

THERE was a boy named Grumble Tone, who ran away to sea. “I'm sick of things on land,” he said; “as sick as I can be! A life upon the bounding wave will suit a led like me!”

The seething ocean billows failed to stimulate his mirth, For he did not like the vessel, nor the dizzy, rolling berth, And he thought the sea was almost as unpleasant as the earth.

He wandered into foreign lands, he saw each wondrous sight, But nothing that he heard or saw seemed just exactly right; And so he journeyed on an on, still seeking for delight.

He talked with kings and ladies fair; he dined in courts they say; But always found the people dull, and longed to get away To search for that mysterious land where he should like to stay.

He wandered over all the world, his hair grew white as snow, He reached that final bourne at last where all of us must go, But never found the land he sought. The reason would you know?

The reason was that north or south, where'er his steps were bent, On land or sea, in court or hall, he found but discontent; For he took his disposition with him everywhere he went.

—N. W. Christian Advocate.

A CUP OF COFFEE.

A VESSEL had just come from the other side of the world. “Wild Jim,” as he was called, was going to return to his old Devonshire home.

“You'll astonish the natives a bit,” was the good-bye his comrades gave him, as handsome Jim, with his cap on one side, went up the street of Southampton.

He had not gone far on his way to the station, when a bright-looking shop, with a lot of tempting bottles in the window, caught his eye. A jolly landlord standing by his door cried, “Hullo, my brave British tar! welcome back to Mother Earth! Come and have a glass for your safe return!”

“Wild Jim,” always ready for a glass, turned in. He sat on hour after hour till his pocket-money was spent, and his head was aching, and he did not know what he was saying. All at once he became aware of the landlord's heavy hands on his shoulders, and a shocked voice saying, “No, no! this is a respectable house. Never allow too much to be drunk on the premises.” And then he was shoved off into the street, and a policeman gave a knowing wink to the landlord.

“Just in time,” he whispered; “the superintendent is coming round. I'll get him into the field outside; he'll soon come to.”

But Jim was more “to” than they knew; and he felt in his pocket, and found that out of all his money he was going to take to his parents only 2s. 6d. was left. He waited till he was all but sober, and then he retraced his way, as he thought to the station; but somehow the way was not very clear, and he found himself before another bar.

He threw down his 2s. 6d. for “a glass of half-and-half, and make it stiff.”

The woman's answer was, “We have not your half-and-half. Will you try ours, hot or cold?”

“A jorum of something hot!” he cried, wondering what spirits she would give him.

“Are you Devonshire?” she said with a ready tact.

“To be sure I am! to my backbone.” “Then would you like some Devonshire Cream?”

“Aye! that I would! It's many a day since Devonshire Cream and I have met.” And then he sat down and enjoyed the first cup of coffee he had had for many a long day. When he had finished he pushed his half-crown across the counter, but to his intense astonishment the woman gave him back 2s. 5d.

“Wall, you will soon have to give up

shop if you give away things in this fashion!” he cried.

And then he sat down again; and this time the hours went by, but how differently from the sad morning.

Instead of going to his old Devonshire home, he went back first to his ship-mates to try and induce them to join the “new-fangled public.”

And when he went back to his parents and his old village, “Wild Jim's” name was changed to “Sober Jim.” He became a temperance man, “All along,” he would say, “under God, and those kind words of that woman and my first cop of coffee.”

COLUMBUS AND TOBACCO.

WHEN Columbus discovered the island of Cuba in 1492, smoking was first made known to the civilized world. The sailors, when sent out to explore the island, returned and declared that “the natives carried with them lighted firebrands and puffed smoke from their mouths and noses,” which they supposed to be the way the savages had of perfuming themselves. They also said they “saw the native savages twist large leaves together and smoke like devils.” So wonderfully impressed were the sailors with what they witnessed that they repeated the story everywhere, tried the effect of the habit upon themselves, and were the means of spreading abroad over the world the most useless and expensive, not to say dirty and hurtful, custom known among men. In China, Japan, Persia and other portions of the East the habit soon became general, and all Europe speedily joined in giving it universal popularity. Strong drink excepted, no other commodity has so degraded the taste of man. He smokes the weed, and chews the weed, and snuffs the weed. He cares little for its deleterious effect upon his own body, and nothing for its offensive influence upon others. At work or play, at home or abroad, by night and day, he places himself under the sedative influences of the famed narcotic. Will it be so in four hundred years from now?

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