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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XIII.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 9, 1893.

[No. 49.

A MOUNTAIN HERO.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

JAKE was climbing over the snow-covered mountain with a pack on his back. Jake was a stout boy with Indian blood in his veins, as you could easily have seen by his coal-black hair and eyes and his swarthy cheeks. The mountain was a spur of the Rockies. The pack contained coon skins which Jake was carrying to the small railroad town to sell.

Jake did not like the town or the people he met there. Neither did he like the railroad. It disturbed him with its roar and its quickness. Feet to go on were good enough and fast enough for him. He would rather, too, that the people kept away—these white people. They, too, were so quick—quick when there was no hunting or trapping on hand to make it necessary to move in a hurry. There were so many of them, too. They kept coming and coming, bringing with them such strange ways that it made him dizzy to think of them.

He did not object much to the missionaries who had come out among the earliest settlers. They were quieter and their talk was quiet. He did not trouble himself much about what they said either, although he had heard more of it than most boys of his like had heard.

This had happened one night when his mother was dying. She was the daughter of an Indian chief whose wife was one of the earliest white women who had penetrated so far into the wilds. Jake had sat beside his mother in the corner of the hut which the Government had built for them, and heard the missionary in low tones speak words of comfort.

She had listened as one who listens to a message of life, and Jake had always felt grateful to all missionaries, as he recalled the look of peace with which she had closed her weary eyes.

As Jake now entered the village for the first time in weeks it was easy to see that a great change had come over it. A branch road had come in, but he did not know that that was the reason of the new buildings lightly and hastily put up, nor of the number of new-looking people on the streets; women wrapped in furs, with faces even whiter than the white-faced men; children, too, with such golden looks as he had never before seen. Everything was lively and very strange, and Jake felt more and more that he did not like these strangers.

"There's a queer coot."

Two boys of his own age eyed Jake with interest as he passed down the street.

"I suppose we shall see plenty of that sort," said the other.

"Look at his leggings. Look at his snow-shoes." Jake was by this time carrying the latter through the well-tracked streets.

"And see that bundle of skins. I wonder if he got them himself."

"Like as not. I'd like to ask him."

"Oh, I wouldn't. He's such a scowly looking chap. Looks as if he'd as soon shoot you or me down as any other game."

Jake was indeed scowling. He had taken in but few of the words, but he knew they were speaking of him, and he resented the curious glances and the smiles. He hated them. Why could they not have stayed where they belonged, in the far-away country he had heard of, in which all the people were white like them?

that poor chap for his skins?—fine ones, too, they are. Don't you let him fleece you that way," to Jake.

Jake turned sharply as the new voice struck clearly into the conversation. It was that of one of the two boys he had passed.

"Mind what I say," went on the boy,

The man scowled ominously as Jake followed the boys.

"Where did you get them?" asked Arthur Lee, gazing with increased interest at the bundle of skins.

"Up—over there;" the boy made a sweep of his arm towards the surrounding hills.

"Did you shoot them all yourself?"

"Not shoot—trap."

"He trapped them. Say, Dick," turning to his companion, "wouldn't it be jolly to see some of that kind of work?"

"You come with me—I show," said the dark boy, greatly pleased with their interest in his pursuits.

"Do you trap anything else?"

"Trap or shoot, wolf, otter, deer, sometimes bear."

"Let's try it, Art!" exclaimed Dick, with great enthusiasm. "It's the first chance you and I have had at such sports. What's the good of coming to an out-of-all-creation country like this, if you don't find some fun? Yes, we'll come," to the boy. "Show us where to meet you. We've got snow-shoes. Look, Art, at these shoes of his. I suppose they are samples of high art in such lines."

As the afternoon waned Jake turned his face for his tramp over the mountains, with the slow beatings of his heart quickened by many a new thought. It was not so bad, after all, this hum of busy life in which such as he could find fair dealing. He liked the business-like way with which the fur dealer paid him twice as much for his skins as he had ever before received. And his whole nature warmed towards the white-faced, fair-haired strangers who had stood up for him when he was about to be wronged. He had told them where to meet him, and he would give them a lively taste of the wild sport in which he took delight.

"Here! Stop a minute!"

Jake had descended to cross a deep ravine when he heard the voice which well matched the surly face of Burk, the would-be fur dealer. He was one of the worst specimens of the adventurous characters which drift into a new country.

"Come this way. No, I ain't goin' to take it out o' your hide about them skins; though I might—you, a fellow that's had dealin's with me these two or three year back! But it ain't that. Come up to the top, here."

A climb through the snow brought them to an eminence from which could be had an extensive view of the valley below, with the town on the hillside. Directly below them, at the foot of an almost perpendicular cliff, ran the railroad. Two or three men of Burk's sort waited near.

"Look down there," said Burk. "The train that comes in before sunrise the day after to-morrow is to bring in a pile of money. We're goin' to stop that train. Look a' this heap o' stones and gravel, with this big boulder just fixed so a good shove'll send it down. You're to be here just fore it's light, and listen till you hear the train, and then you're to give the shove. Nobody'll ever know but it come down of itself."

Jake stood still with a scowl.



A MOUNTAIN HERO.

A few minutes later he stood with his skins before an ill-looking fellow who gazed out at him from a rudely built stall. A short dispute followed his offering of his wares, Jake appearing very far from pleased with the price offered.

"Too little, too little," he repeated, shaking his head.

"I tell you it's all they're worth and all you'll get."

"Stop, there! Is that all you're offering

with increasing energy. "If he won't pay you a fair price you go with me and I'll see that you get it. And," he continued, with a nod at the man, "my father's coming to town day after to-morrow, and if you don't look out you'll answer for your swindling."

Jake was not much given to smiling, but something very like a smile lit up his eyes as, after his first slow stare of inquiry, he gathered what was meant by the interruption.



THE DARK CONTINENT.

OUR engraving shows the great continent of Africa. It is black as midnight, and with six hundred tribes there that live and die without Christ. The word of God has only been translated into thirty-five of the six hundred languages, and there are yet five hundred and sixty-five tribes who have never yet seen a single word of Scripture in their own tongue. To the northward of this great land stretches out the dark Sudan, the darkest, the blackest spot on the face of the earth to-day, extending east and west almost four thousand miles, and north and south nearly a thousand miles, containing more people than all those who live in our own continent—90,000,000 of them there to-day. And while explorers have crossed it, surrounded Lake Tchad, and sailed up the Niger, and down the Nile, written great books about the land and the people, yet in this year of our Lord 1893, never yet has a messenger of the Gospel placed his foot upon that soil.

We talk much of the fallen ones of our great cities, but I would have you gaze for a little while on the heathen world where they have never heard so much as a whisper of the name of Jesus, he who came to save them as well as us from sin. It has been our hope that God might lead out from our work here a great army of young men and women who will not count their own lives dear unto themselves, but will gladly sail away to the dark places of the earth to preach Jesus Christ. And although we are at the very starting point of service, fifteen of those who have been identified with our work have either already crossed the sea, or are now upon the sea going to their life's work. So we trust the Lord will indeed use the World's Gospel Union in carrying the blessed news of salvation to those over yonder that watch for the morning that has never dawned, that wait for the messengers that so far have never come, and die, and go on to eternal doom not knowing of the love that prompted God to give his only begotten Son for them.

Some time ago a missionary went from the mouth of the Niger up northward into the gloom of the midnight blackness, and there he found an old chief who had never heard anything about the Gospel, never been able to look up to God and say, "Father." This missionary told him the wonderful story, and it came with just as much sweetness to the old chief as it came to you or to me. As he caught a little glimpse of the love of God, he wanted to have the missionary stay and tell his people about it, but the missionary said he must go back very soon to the mission house, but before he would let him return he made him promise that a missionary should come and settle there among his people and tell them not only once but many times of the love of Christ. So the old chief accompanied the missionary to the river and saw him sail away to the southward, and then he began his long waiting, not for a day, but for weeks and months, till a year had gone by, and no missionary came; and then two years went by, and there was no missionary, and three and four years and five years, and over and over again the old chief used to go the bank of the river and look to see if some herald of the Gospel was not coming to tell his people again of the love of

God. But more than five years went by and there was no missionary. Ten years had passed, a long, long time to wait. Those that were little boys when the missionary was there had grown up to be young men; and those that were young men had grown

to be middle-aged men; and the young girls had grown to young womenhood, and some of those that were hale and hearty

when the missionary was there had grown to be aged and walked with trembling steps. Still the old chief watched for the fulfilment of the promise. Fifteen years went by and no missionary, and the time came for the old chief to die; the light was fading from his eyes, and they gathered about him, watching his life ebb away, and if you had been there you might have heard the pounding of the drums, and the shrieking of many of his people as they tried to drive away the devils lest they should come in and harm his spirit as it left his body. Already his messengers had been sent out to mark here a wife and there a wife, and these women were to be killed as soon as the chief was dead, lest his spirit should be lonesome in the other land. At the last moment the old man raised himself up; his lips parted, and he said, "The white man has forgotten his promise," and he fell back and was dead.

JUNIOR



W. H. WITHROW, Secretary for Canada.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

DECEMBER 17, 1893.

Junior Epworth League.

JESUS IN HEAVEN.—Heb. 7. 25; 9. 24; 8. 1, 2; 6. 20; 4. 14-16; Isa. 53. 3, 4; 63. 1; John 10. 23, 29; Heb. 7. 25.

Junior E. L. of C. E.

HOW DOES CHRIST HELP YOU TO BE PATIENT?—1. Pet. 2. 20-24; Rev. 1. 9.

THE LEAGUE AND MISSIONS.

To enlist every member of his kingdom in the world's redemption is a part of God's plan. This is one of the most important lessons taught by Pentecost "old men," "servants," "handmaidens," "your sons and your daughters," "your young men," reads the word. All these were included in that epitome of the Church's possibility.

We have been slow, as the Lord's representatives, to reckon the "sons and daughters" and "young men" as factors in the great work committed to us. We had to a very great extent lost sight, if we did indeed ever see it, of the faith, love and power that might abide in this large class of the Lord's children. But coming to see, at least in part, what God had all along tried to make plain, we must take new recruits and inspire, enthrall and interest them.

Of course we all admit that the end of all effort upon the part of the Church is the

world's redemption. To this we consecrate our talents, our means, our sons and daughters. For this we organize. In this we find our ground for effort. The Epworth League is but a part of the divine plan for the world's salvation. It is the "sons and daughters" and "young men" in training for their place in the system planned by God the Father, given by the Son and made efficient by the Holy Ghost. Never is the fact to be lost sight of again that this contingent of the Master's cause is one of power and must be utilized. In this organization known as the League, individually by chapters, and connexionally, must the idea be kept prominent that the only reason for its perpetuity is found in the fact that a world is to be saved. With this idea ever before us, there are two ends to be sought:

1. That individual consecration and development that will make ready for God's use in any field where he may need labourers.

2. That abiding presence of the Holy Ghost that will impress the individual, and his associates, with a divine call to the Master's work. A call to preach or to undertake any extraordinary work for God is rarely found except where the "refiner's fire burns."

With these two as guiding principles for thought, prayer, instruction and operation, the League will become a workshop of the Master where, as from an anvil, he will send forth instruments made according His own pattern. Men and women fitted for the mission work at home and abroad. The League ought to be God's training school for this work. It will be if he has his way. He will make it such if we will follow his leadership. Oh, for leaders in the League who are called of God.—*Epworth Methodist.*

LESSON NOTES.

FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE EPISTLES.

A. D. 95.] **LESSON XII.** [Dec. 17.]

THE GLOIFIED SAVIOUR.

Rev. 1. 9-20. Memory verses, 17, 18.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Wherefore God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name.—Phil. 2. 9.

OUTLINE.

1. The Voice, v. 9-11.
2. The Vision, v. 12-20.

PLACE.—The Isle of Patmos.

EXPLANATIONS.

"Testimony of Jesus"—Faithful witness-bearing to the life, death, resurrection, and Messiahship of Jesus. "In the Spirit"—Transferred in affection and imagination from earth. "The Lord's day"—The first day of week, on which Jesus rose from the dead. "Alpha and Omega"—The beginning and end of the Greek alphabet—as we say, "From A to Z." "Seven golden candlesticks"—A gold candlestick with seven branches. The emblem of the old dispensation. "The Son of man"—Jesus Christ. "A garment down to the foot"—A flowing robe. "Girt about the paps"—Girdled around the breast. Here follows a symbolic description. "His hairs were white"—Not because the head of Jesus prematurely whitened. There is no historic indication of that; but because "white" and "flame" were symbols of glory. "Fine brass"—Burnished brass. "The sound of many waters"—The roar of the sea on the surf. "Seven stars"—Types of the "seven churches." "A sharp, two-edged sword"—This is a strange figure to Western ears; but we say, "cutting words," which is, after all, the same simile. "Keys of hell and death"—The realms of the dead are under Christ's control.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson do we learn—
1. That Christ is living now and forever?
2. That Christ walks among the people?
3. That Christ holds the keys of eternal life?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where was John in banishment? "The Isle of Patmos?" 2. How did Christ appear to him? "Transfigured in glory." 3. What did the stars in his right hand represent? "The churches of Christ on earth." 4. What does Christ carry? "The keys of hell and death." 5. What has God done? Golden Text: "Wherefore God hath," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The present existence of Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

Do we know any further reason why it was needful?

It was needful that our Saviour might offer a full satisfaction and atonement for the sin of man.

In the "Nineties" We Shall Win.

BY DAVID DEVOIR.

Long centuries have rolled away
While strong drink reigned supreme;
The promise of a brighter day
Seemed but a poet's dream.
Brave souls toiled on 'neath midnight skies,
And watched for morning star;
A land redeemed from drink—the prize—
Lay hopelessly afar.

CHORUS.

In the "nineties" we shall win!
In the "nineties" we shall win!
When the people have the power
Will the golden age begin.
Prohibition angel, hail!
Each slave of drink release,
And sheltered 'neath thy pure white wings,
Our land shall rest in peace.

The long night-watch is over now,
With raptured eyes we see
There sparkles on the mountain-brow
The dawn of Jubilee!
Soon, soon shall close each tempter's door,
And end the reign of wrong,
The drunkard's child will sob no more,
And sighing change to song.

Our banner proudly floats above
Crusaders true and brave,
And sisters' messages of love
Thrill o'er Atlantic's wave.
The path of triumph still we tread,
God's earth shall soon be fair,
While giant evils bow their head,
Our cause wins everywhere!

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