



FLAG MAST OF THE SHIP  
"VICTORY."

The above cut shows a part of the mast of the ship Victory, the flag-ship of the gallant Nelson at the world-famous battle of Trafalgar. The hole made through the mast by a cannon ball will be observed, also the bust of the great sailor above. He sleeps his last sleep beneath the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, but he lives in the heart of the nation forever.

#### THE SLOTH.

I never see a live Sloth without feeling sorry for it; for truly they all deserve sympathy, and plenty of it. Had I been born a Sloth, I would want to sue Nature, or in some way collect damages. Take Hoffman's Sloth for example. It is one of the largest of them all, but it is too weak and helpless to be put into such a wicked and dangerous world as this has now become. Its countenance is a picture of innocent stupidity, and as it looks at you, its dull eyes and expressionless face say to you, as plainly as words, "Pity me! I cannot fight—I cannot run away. I have no defensive armour, no spines, nor anything worth mentioning. I am too big to live in a burrow, and, even if I were not, I have none, nor the tools with which to make one. I am at the mercy of everything and everybody. Why is this thus? Why am I here?"

I give it up. This creature is a riddle that I cannot read. Being only a short-sighted mortal, it seems to me that the Sloth should have been better equipped for the battle of life, or else left out of it altogether.

The Sloth lives, moves, and has his being by hanging underneath the smaller limbs of trees, and eating leaves and fruit. He is the slowest animal on record, and for speed in travelling a long journey, say from one side of a tree-top to the other, the tortoise is a lightning express in comparison. It takes a good field-glass to enable you to see him move. His hair is coarse, wavy, and precisely the colour of gray moss, or rough bark, although sometimes it supports a minute vegetable organism which gives it an olive-green hue. His feet are simply four hooks, by which he hangs himself very comfortably when feeding in the upper story of a forest, but in walking on the ground they are worse than useless. But the Sloth has no use for the ground, and never goes near it of his own accord.

#### THE BLIND GIRL'S GRATITUDE.

One pleasant summer day a feeble little blind girl was sitting in the shade of a large tree listening to the songs of the birds as they hopped from bough to bough. A fresh breeze rustled the leaves, fanned her brow, and strengthened her, and the violets exhaled their fragrance around her. While she sat silently on the soft grassy bank enjoying all the loveliness around her, tears filled her eyes; she was really weeping, though it was evident that she was not troubled. Her tender heart was full of thankfulness.

Clasping her little hands together, the child raised her poor sightless eyes to the sky and said softly, "Dear Father up in heaven, I thank thee for having made the little birds that sing to me, the flowers that send forth their fragrance, and the summer breezes that refresh me. Dear Heavenly Father, how good thou art to me, how thou dost bless me!"

The prayer was short and simple, but it reached the heart of God, and there was another who heard it. A thoughtless young girl was passing the tree, and hearing the weak voice, turned to see the blind, feeble child who was so sweetly and artlessly thanking God for his gifts and blessings. Her heart was touched and she reproached herself.

From her very birth she had received great and numerous gifts, but she had never thought of thanking the Lord or felt the slightest gratitude to him. She was now thoroughly ashamed in the presence of this afflicted child, who lacked so many things to enable her to enjoy life as she should, and yet was so grateful.

Repentance seized the young girl, and when she reached home she clasped her hands and prayed that her Master and Saviour would forgive her ingratitude.

From that time she daily sought her Heavenly Father, thanked him, and prayed that she might be permitted to render him some little service. At each communion with him she obtained fresh strength and received the blessing of doing many a little act in his service.

The blind child's gratitude became a blessing and bore fruit of which she had not thought. Always thank your Heavenly Father for everything, in the name of your Saviour, Jesus Christ.

#### LESSON NOTES.

##### SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

##### SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JUNE 28.

##### GOLDEN TEXT.

Repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations.—Luke 24. 47.

##### LESSON HYMN.

What grace, O Lord, and beauty shone  
Around thy steps below!  
What patient love was seen in all  
Thy life and death of woe!

Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,  
Thy friends unfaithful prove;  
Unwearied in forgiveness still,  
Thy heart could only love.

O give us hearts to love like thee,  
Like thee, O Lord, to grieve  
Far more for others' sins, than all  
The wrongs that we receive.

##### THE LESSONS OF THE QUARTER.

TITLES AND GOLDEN TEXTS.

1. The R. of C.—He is not here, but—
2. P. of the G. S.—Come; for all—
3. The L. F.—There is joy in the—
4. The R. M. and L.—Ye cannot serve—
5. F.—Increase our faith—
6. L. on P.—The publican, standing—
7. P. of the P.—He that is faithful—
8. J. T. in the T.—The stone which—
9. D. of J. F.—Heaven and earth—
10. W. to the D.—Let this mind be in—
11. J. C.—Christ died for our sins—

12. The R. L.—The Lord is risen—
13. R.—Repentance and remission—

##### DAY BY DAY WORK.

Monday.—Read Luke 15. 11-24. The Lost Found, and also the titles of all the Lessons of the Quarter.

Tuesday.—Read Luke 18. 9-17. Lessons in Prayer, and also the Golden Texts of the Quarter.

Wednesday.—Read Luke 19. 11-27. Parable of the Pounds.

Thursday.—Read Luke 20. 9-19. Jesus Teaching in the Temple, and also study the Questions on Lessons I, II, III.

Friday.—Read Luke 22. 24-37. Warning to the Disciples, and also study the Questions on Lessons IV, V, VI.

Saturday.—Read Luke 23. 33-46. Jesus Crucified, and also study the Questions on Lessons VII, VIII, IX.

Sunday.—Read Luke 24. 36-53. The Risen Lord, and also study the Questions on Lessons X, XI, XII.

##### Over the Tubs.

BY ROBERT C. TONGUE.

Up from the laundry, all day long,  
Comes the croon of a little song;  
Low and plaintive its measures seem  
To rise and melt with the wreaths of steam.

Mrs. McGill in the mist below,  
Heaping the linen, snow on snow,  
Sings at her task as the moments fly;  
Still as the busy hours go by,  
Mrs. McGill, over the tubs,  
Scrubs and washes, washes and scrubs.

Bare are her strong arms, rough and red  
Her hands, with striving for daily bread.  
While she works in the steam and foam,  
Thoughts of the "childer" left at home,  
Come to cheer her, till, after all,  
The day seems short and the washing small;

For mother-love, with tender spell,  
Is working its ceaseless miracle;  
While Mrs. McGill, over the tubs,  
Scrubs and washes, washes and scrubs.

Down through the areaway there floats  
The cry of the newsboy, strident notes  
Telling how on a field of fame  
A warrior won him a hero's name;  
The sailors clung to a reeling deck,  
And served the gens of a shattered wreck;

A hero mounted the ladder tall,  
And plucked a life from the flaming wall;  
While Mrs. McGill, over the tubs,  
Scrubs and washes, washes and scrubs.

Six o'clock! And the music swells  
Loud from the throats of a thousand bells;  
So, at last, when the shadows fall,  
She draws about her a faded shawl,  
While sweet content in the rough, worn  
face,

Kindles a brighter than beauty's grace.  
Home she hastes, where, the long day  
through,

The little ones watched and waited, too,  
While Mrs. McGill, over the tubs,  
Scrubs and washes, washes and scrubs.

Mrs. McGill, your humble name  
Has no place in the rolls of fame.  
Little it matters to such as you;  
Brief the page is, the names are few.  
Still I know that your faithful love  
Finds a place in the scroll above.  
So, when my heart grows weak and faint,  
This is the thought that stops complaint:  
Mrs. McGill, over the tubs,  
Scrubs and washes, washes and scrubs.  
—Youth's Companion.

##### A MOUNTAIN PREACHER'S ILLUSTRATION.

Like any other unlearned people, these mountaineers like illustrations drawn from things with which they are familiar.

A group of young men were assembled near where there had been preaching one Sabbath, when the following dialogue occurred:

"See here, John, why didn't ye bring up my rifle when ye came to preaching?"  
"Well, Sam, I loved 'twan't right to bring it up on Sabbath. I might see a varmint on the road and git a shootin' and forgit it was Sabbath."

"Huh! there's no use being so awfully particular as all that. I think it's all right to do little turps of a Sabbath;

even a little shootin' won't hurt, if ye happen to see game."

The discussion was joined in on either side by those around, and it was finally decided to leave it to the preacher.

"Look yer, boys," said he, "s'posin' a man comes along here with seven hand-some gray horses, a-ridin' one and the others a-follerin'. You all like a pretty beast, and you look 'em all over. You can't see that one is better than another. They are all as pretty critters as ever were seen among these mountains, though there will be differences in horses, boys. When you come to know 'em no two is alike. Well, that man says, 'Here, boys, I'll jest give ye six of these beasts for your own,' and he gits on the other and rides off. I s'pose now you'd mount yer horses and ride after him, and make him give ye the other horse, or at least make him let you keep it till yer craps was all in."

"No; we ain't so ornery mean as all that, preacher."

"Well, thar, can't ye let the Lord's day alone?"  
A blank look at the preacher and at each other; then Sam spoke out:  
"You've treed us, preacher. John, I'm right glad you didn't bring that gun."

##### This Canada of Ours.

Let other tongues in older lands  
Loud vaunt their claims to glory,  
And chant in triumph of the past,  
Content to live in story.  
Tho' boasting no baronial halls,  
Nor ivy-crested towers,  
What past can match her glorious youth.  
This Canada of ours?

We love those far-off ocean Isles,  
Where Britain's monarch reigns;  
We'll ne'er forget the good old blood  
That courses through our veins;  
Proud Scotia's fame, old Erin's name,  
And haughty Albion's powers,  
Reflect that matchless lustre on  
This Canada of ours.

May our Dominion flourish then,  
A goodly land and free,  
Where Celt and Saxon, hand in hand,  
Hold sway from sea to sea;  
Strong arms shall guard our cherished homes,  
When darkest danger lowers,  
And with our life-blood we'll defend  
This Canada of ours.

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