

## The Sabbath.

BY GUSSIE PACKARD DUBOIS.

SWEET day of rest and quiet,  
Thy morning hours of calm  
Fall on the week's loud riot  
Like tender, healing balm.

Thy noonday joy and blessing  
Enwrap each heart with peace  
That comes, its sin confessing  
And longing for release.

Thy evening hours descending,  
A golden setting seem,  
Wherein the day's beams blending  
Like some rare jewel gleam.

The weary weeks dividing,  
Thou shinest, blessed day,  
The way-worn traveller guiding,  
And lighting up his way.

Fair type of hope and heaven,  
Oh, let thy sacred ray  
Illuminate all the seven  
Till time shall pass away.

heart is broken and contrite; and though Satan does all he can to crush the seed, it grows upward still, and bears fruit to God's glory.

And then the seed multiplies. You see the farmer taking out a sack of wheat to sow in his field: it is not much to cover such a large piece of ground, and it has to be drilled in carefully and made the best of. But go out again in August and see the field waving with yellow corn, and as the reapers come and gather in the heavy sheaves, you find that the sack of seed has multiplied. Each little grain has produced twenty or thirty more grains, and often in Palestine the increase is sixty or a hundred-fold.

It is just the same with the Gospel seed. The seed that sprang up in Bethlehem shall wave over Arctic snows and desert sands. "There shall be a handful of corn in the earth on the top of the mountains: the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon."

## THE SEED SPRINGING UP.

This parable tells us something about seed, and how it grows in the earth. First of all, the farmer sows it. We saw that poor man just now throwing his seed hither and thither, but so carefully, lest any of it should be lost. But what can he do next? It is out of his sight, but not out of his mind. It would be very interesting, no doubt, if he could watch the little grain, step by step, as it grows up—if he could see the skin burst and the tiny root peep out, and send its suckers downward into the earth, and the infant blade begin at the same time to shoot upwards. But all this is hidden. He comes out now and then, and looks about anxiously to see if any corn is coming up, but he can't do anything. He would be a very foolish man to rake up the seed, to see how it was getting on. No! there it must be left, covered up in the warm earth, while the farmer goes about his other work and waits in patience. "He sleeps and rises, night and day," and all the time the seed is growing up in secret: but he cannot see it, and cannot know whether it is growing or not.

Just like this Gospel seed is buried, and the sower cannot see it. The minister cannot look into the hearer's heart: he will watch for the green blade, and rejoice like the husbandman when he sees the field covered with a carpet of green, but meanwhile he must wait patiently.

There is something that the farmer can do after the seed is sown. Of course he will harrow the ground, and drain it, to let the wet off, and set a boy to keep the birds away. He will gather out the stones from the field, and pull up the weeds, and keep up the fences. He would be sure to stop anybody who came digging in his field now, or galloping over it. And so the minister may preach, and warn, and exhort again and again, but he can do no more. Neither of these sowers can make the seed grow; and it does happen sometimes, after all their trouble and all their anxiety, that the crop turns out a failure.

## AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

THE depth of the sea presents an interesting problem. If the surface of the sea were lowered six thousand feet (one thousand fathoms), the width of the Atlantic and Pacific opposite the United States and South America would not be materially lessened, but a continent larger than Africa would appear about the South Pole, while North America would be connected with the British Isles and Europe through Greenland and Ireland, and with Asia in the region of Behring Strait by broad plains inclosing a land-locked Arctic Ocean about as large as the Mediterranean Sea.

If the sea were lowered two and a half miles (thirteen thousand two hundred feet), Asia, Australia, South America, and Africa would be connected with a greatly enlarged Antarctic continent, thus separating the basins of the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans.

The Atlantic would be divided into an eastern and western basin by a narrow strip of land extending southward from Ireland to the latitude of Cape of Good Hope, while the Pacific would be separated into a large northern and a smaller southern basin by a narrow land connection between northern Chili and the East Indies. Even thus reduced, the sea would still cover more than half the earth's

surface. If the sea were lowered another mile, however (or eighteen thousand four hundred and eighty feet), the ocean as such would disappear, and be represented by a great sea in the northern Pacific, a smaller one in the southern Atlantic, and several small pools between the Americas and Africa.

The sea is comparatively shallow between Newfoundland and Ireland, and the bottom is called "the telegraphic plateau," because several telegraphic cables are now laid upon it.

Most of the Mediterranean is over a mile deep, but if its surface were lowered only eight hundred feet it would be separated from the Atlantic at the Strait of Gibraltar, and divided into two seas by a land connection between Sicily and the African coast of Tunis.

The Atlantic, we are told, if drained, would be a vast, gently undulating plain, with a swell or plateau in the middle, running parallel with our coast. Another plateau connects this central one with the north-east coast of South America.

The Atlantic is thus divided into three great basins, no longer "unfathomed depths." The tops of these sea plateaus are two miles below a sailing ship, and the deepest places of the basins almost five miles.

These plateaus are whitened for thousands of miles by a tiny, creamy species of shell lying as thickly on their sides as frost crystals on a snow bank. The deepest parts are red in colour, strewn with volcanic and meteoric particles and the deeply incrustated bones of whales, sharks, and other sea monsters.

Through the black and silent water of those abysses, in which the only light is afforded by phosphorescent animals, vegetable life is nearly absent, while animal life is scanty and is confined to a comparatively few strange species which may have been common near the surface in former geological ages, but are now seldom, if ever, seen in the upper currents.

## HOW TO DETERMINE DISTANCE AT SEA.

The rules for determining the distance of objects seen at sea are very simple, and should be known by all. Suppose that the eye of the observer is eighteen feet above the level of the ocean. In that case we double eighteen, which gives us thirty-six, the square root of which is six. Therefore, the horizon lies at a distance of six miles when the observer sees it from an elevation of eighteen feet.

From a height of thirty feet (which is about that of the eye of an observer on a vessel the size of the *City of Rome*), we double the distance of the eye above sea level, which gives us sixty, the square root of which is 7.7. Hence an object may be seen at a distance of 7.7 miles from a steamer of the size just mentioned.

If the depth of the part of a distance ship's hull below the horizon is known, the distance of that ship beyond the horizon is obtained in the same way. Then, suppose the depth of the part concealed to be twelve feet: we take the square root of twice twelve, or twenty-four, giving forty-eight, showing that the ship's distance beyond the horizon is 4.9 miles. Hence if a ship is seen with twelve feet of the hull down (that is, with twelve feet of the hull invisible), the observations being taken from the deck of a steamer the size of the *City of Rome* we may correctly infer that this distance is 4.9 miles beyond the distance of the horizon (which, by the figures alone, is proved to be at a distance of 7.7 miles). We add the two sets of figures together and find that the incoming or outgoing vessel is 12.3-5 miles away.—*Golden Days*.

## HIS STORY.

"No, I won't drink with you to-day," said a drummer to several others, as they settled down in a smoking-car and passed the bottle.

"The fact is, boys, I have quit drinking; I've sworn off."

His words were greeted with shouts of laughter by the jolly crowd around him; they put the bottle under his nose and indulged in many jokes at his expense, but he refused to drink, and he was rather serious about it.

"What is the matter with you, old boy?" sang out one. "If you have sworn off

drinking, something is up; tell us what it is?"

"Well, boys, I will, although I know you'll laugh at me. But I'll tell you, all the same. I have been a drinking man all my life, ever since I was married; as you all know, I love whisky—it's as sweet in my mouth as sugar—and God only knows how I'll quit it. For seven years not a day passed over my head that I didn't have at least one drink. But I am done. Yesterday I was in Chicago. On South Clark Street a customer of mine keeps a pawnshop in connection with his other branches of business. Well, I called on him, and while I was there, a young man of not more than twenty-five, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand. Tremblingly he unwrapped it and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying:

"Give me ten cents."  
"And, boys, what do you suppose that it was? A pair of baby shoes, little things, with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn only once or twice.

"Where did you get these?" asked the pawnbroker.

"Got 'em at home," replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his bad condition. "My—my wife bought them for our baby. Give me ten cents for 'em—I want a drink."

"You had better take the shoes back to your wife; the baby will need them," said the pawnbroker.

"No, s-she won't, because she's dead. She's lying at home now—died last night."

"As he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the showcase and cried like a child.

"Boys," said the drummer, "you can laugh if you please, but I—I have a baby of my own at home, and I'll swear I'll never drink another drop."

Then he got up and went into another car. His companions glanced at each other in silence; no one laughed; the bottle disappeared, and soon each one was sitting in a seat by himself, reading a newspaper.

—*Hightstown (N.J.) Gazette*.

## THE LONGEST DAY IN THE YEAR.

How long is it?

That depends. At Spitzbergen it is very long indeed, as this comparative record will show you:

At Stockholm, Sweden, it is eighteen and one-half hours in length.

At Spitzbergen the longest day is three and one-half months.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day is sixteen and one-half hours.

At Hamburg, in Germany, and Dantzig, in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours.

At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 22 without interruption.

At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolok, Siberia, the longest day is nineteen hours, and the shortest five hours.

At Tornea, Finland, June 21 brings a day nearly twenty-two hours long, and Christmas one less than three hours in length.

At New York the longest day is about fifteen hours, and at Montreal, Canada, it is sixteen hours.

## A GRATEFUL CHILD.

SPEAKING of hospital children, a physician, in an account of his work among them says:

"One little fellow, whom I knew very well, had to have some dead bone removed from his arm. He got well, and perhaps thought I had taken a good deal of interest in him, although I was not conscious of showing him extra attention. The morning he was to leave he sent for me. When I reached his bed I bent over him. 'Well, Willie,' I said, 'we shall miss you when you are gone;' and afterward, 'Did you want to see me specially?' The little fellow reached up his hand and laid it on my shoulder, as I bent over him, and whispered, 'My mamma will never hear the last about you.' Could anyone express gratitude more beautifully?"

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MAY 5, 1894.

## GROWTH OF THE KINGDOM.

BY THE REV. T. B. BISHOP.

## II.

Some years ago an old man died at the age of one hundred and sixteen. When he was about sixteen, he heard a sermon that he never forgot. He did not think of it much at the time, and grew up without the fear of God, and lived a sinful life. But seventy-four years afterwards, when he was ninety years old, something brought to his mind the sermon that he had heard in his youth. It was fresh in his memory still, and he gave his heart to God, and for the twenty-six years more that he lived he was an earnest Christian. There was life in that seed, too.

Seed is very strong. You plant a little seed, and it shoots upward; and though it is only a tiny blade, and there are great clods of earth and stones in the way, yet it pushes past them all, and forces its way to the surface. An acorn was once dropped into the cleft of a rock. Now you might have hammered at that rock a good deal without being able to break it; you might have put a crowbar in, and all your strength would not have split the rock in two. But the acorn grew; a little sapling came up first, but year by year it grew stronger, and at last it became a stately oak, and it was so strong that the rock was burst apart. There was a little filbert, too, that fell into the hole of a millstone as it was lying on the ground, and it grew up through the hole and became a filbert tree, and by degrees it raised the heavy stone quite off the earth. You see there is strength in seed.

God's Word is seed, and it is seed that is strong and powerful. It grows up sometimes in the sinner's hard heart, and his