

grandpa took a long iron dipper and gently lifted out the can all coated with the lime.

He rinsed it off, then opened it, and took out the nice white eggs, and, when they broke them at lunch, they found them cooked just exactly right.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 1, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

OCTOBER 9, 1898.

SOME PSALMS THE JUNIORS SHOULD KNOW.

A psalm of praise.—Psalm 100.

This one hundredth psalm has been a great favourite with the Church of God in every age. It has been translated into almost every language, and several versions of it into the English tongue. It is marked, like most of the Psalms, by the spirit of joy and gladness.

One of the versions in our Methodist hymn-book fails to give it its proper meaning. It reads, "Him serve with fear, his praise forthtell." The author of that hymn wrote, "Him serve with mirth," but some pious soul thought that was not the right word to use in a Christian hymn and so it was changed to fear. The words of the Scripture are, "Serve the Lord with gladness: come before his presence with singing,"—with holy mirth and sacred joy. The version of this hymn given in our Canadian Hymnal, retains the proper word and conveys the proper meaning.

"If you read the Psalms of David," says Lord Bacon, "you will find more hearse-like airs than carols." Lord Bacon was mistaken. If he had known his Bible better he would have been a better man. These Psalms, for the most part, are one continuous outburst of praise. They get more jubilant and glad some to the very close, and the last seven are called the Great Hallel, or hymn of praise, which our Saviour and his disciples sang on the very night of his betrayal and denial, the very night of the agony of Gethsemane, and of the judgment of Pilate's Hall. The ground of this gladness we should ever cherish is given in the last verse of the Psalm: "For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting, and his truth endureth to all generations."

HOW THE "BIRKENHEAD" WENT DOWN.

We had been speaking of one of our village youths who had just been discharged from the mill where he worked.

"Eh!" his mother had said, when questioned as to the reason. "Eh! he's that high-spirited, is our John! He wanna be ordered about by no one, that lad."

"She actually spoke of it as if she were proud of it!" cried one of our number, when we were discussing it that evening.

"She really seemed to think that it showed a superior character because her John (who was the most disobedient boy in the village when he was at school) would not obey his proper orders."

Uncle John tugged at his long military

moustache. "Better send him into the navy," growled he. "He'd soon find out the difference there between real self-respect and manliness and pig-headed obstinacy and conceit."

Uncle John relapsed into silence—but a moment afterward broke out again.

"High-spirited," forsooth! then, according to that, I suppose that some of the brave fellows who have marched to the front, and been cut to pieces, or who have gone to the bottom of the sea—like those fine men in the Birkenhead—simply because they were 'ordered' to, were muffs and milkops! Did you ever hear what the Duke of Wellington said of those Birkenhead heroes a little while before he died?"

None of us had heard it, and, in fact—although every one knew that the mere mention of the good ship Birkenhead always calls up the idea of heroism—we were all glad when Uncle John offered to refresh our memories and tell us the tale again. We drew our little circle closer about him and he began:

Well, it was at the end of February, in 1852, that it happened. The Birkenhead was a war steamer used as a transport. She had on board detachments from the Seventy-fourth, Twelfth and Ninety-first regiments, 124 women and children, the wives and little ones of the soldiers, and 132 men of her own crew, in all about 630 persons. She was going at a good pace and the waves were running high, and when—in the middle of the night—she struck on some sunken rocks off the African coast, it took but a short time to make a complete wreck of her. A large number of men were placed at the pumps—some were ordered to throw the horses overboard, poor brutes!—and others got the small boats ready. Lieut.-Col. Seaton, as soon as the disaster was realized, had placed his men at the service of the ship's commander, and every one of them obeyed orders as instantly and as quietly as if a hard death were not awaiting him at any moment. They could not get at the largest boat, but the cutter and two small ones were filled with the women and children and started off.

There were two other boats, but they met with almost immediate destruction—one being capsized and the other stove in by the ship's funnel, which came down very shortly after she had struck.

"Now," said Uncle John, bringing his fist down upon the table with an emphatic thump which made us start; "now, I'd like to know what would have become of those women and children who got safely off, if there had been on board a few of those 'high-spirited' fellows—like the factory lad—who refused to obey orders. I can tell you this, a man who has any such notion as that fixed in his head, though he may obey his officers under ordinary circumstances—should he become a soldier—ten to one will not do so when it comes to such a case as this.

"But these men—what did they do? When the boats had been got off, they were drawn up on the planks of that sinking ship and stood there without a murmur, watching the departure of the boats which were leaving them to almost certain death. The vessel broke in half almost at once, and then the ship's commander sang out, 'Every man who can swim, jump overboard and make for the boats!' but—now comes the finest part of the story. Col. Seaton and his officers spoke to their men, telling them that if they were to do it, in all likelihood the boats containing the women and children would be swamped—and every man there—except perhaps three—stood in his place and never moved. There were many young soldiers among them—men filled with the strength and love of life—but when Col. Seaton gave the word of command, 'Stand still and die like men!'—they did it! Four hundred and fifty-four men went down with that ship into the black waves—quiet, steady, never questioning their orders. It has been said that they were all singing a national anthem as the waves engulfed them, but a descendant of Col. Seaton's wrote to the papers not long since to deny it. He says that there was no theatrical effect at all, only perfect order and absolute silence. As the Duke of Wellington said of them in a speech to which I first referred: 'I need not tell you that these soldiers as little dreamed of doing a great act as of escaping punishment—their business was to go to the bottom, and they went. They were obedient unto death.'

"When daylight came the small boats which had been beating about all night, unable to land (the shore was some two miles off) because of the heavy surf, were picked up by a schooner, and thirty or forty men were afterward taken from the masts of the wreck. Some of the men and horses that swam for shore were successful in reaching it, but others

were eaten by the sharks. Only 192 out of the entire number on the ship were saved. Of course all the world rang with the tale soon, and the King of Prussia gave orders that it should be read out at the head of every company in his army. The thunders of cheers that followed the reading showed what value men—real men—place upon obedience and discipline.

"Of this I am certain," said Uncle John, finishing his story. "I'd rather form my ideas of proper pride and manliness on such men as those Birkenhead heroes, whose pride was in obeying orders, not in disobeying them, than on the notions of some conceited young prig who plumes himself on the fact that he's nobody's slave, and won't be ordered about by any man that steps!"

"A MODERN JOSEPH."

A Scotch paper tells a dream and its interpretation, which in truthfulness will rank with Joseph's famous explanation.

A labourer of the Dundee harbour lately told his wife, on awakening, a curious dream which he had during the night. He dreamed that he saw coming towards him, in order, four rats. The first was very fat, and was followed by two lean rats, the rear one being blind. The dreamer was greatly perplexed as to what might follow, as it had been understood that to dream of rats denotes coming calamity. He appealed to his wife concerning this, but she, poor woman, could not give him his answer. His son, a sharp lad, who heard his father tell the story, volunteered to be the interpreter.

"The fat rat," he said, "is the man who keeps the public-house that ye gang till sae often, and the twa lean anes are me and my mither, and the blind ane is yerself, father."

Who can give a better answer than that?—Sent by Z. Bond, Barrie, Ont.

A SEA YARN.

BY BISHOP WARREN.

I hope to interest the boys and girls of the land-locked Herald by the following incident: On May 6 the good steamship Orcana was advertised to leave Montevideo for Liverpool. So we went aboard. Now this ship is 400 feet long. The captain's bridge, where he stands to direct all movements, is thirty-five feet above the water, and the keel is twenty-three feet below. She carries 4,800 tons of freight and 100 or 200 passengers, more or less. It would take a train of cars over a mile and a half long to bring freight for one load—240 cars.

But on the night of the 6th a pampero, or great wind, was promised by the signal service and we did not start till morning. Just before we left a ship near by rocked so hard that she snapped her topmasts off.

We ran down the river, which is eighty miles wide, to the south-east in the teeth of the gale, and when we ought to have turned north-east about eleven o'clock the captain judged it still to be best to face his peril and keep bows on to the wind and waves. It was out of our course, but it meant safety and comparative quiet from fearful rolling. I have been on ships where the trunks all night long dropped from the upper side of the state-rooms to the lower, which side immediately became the upper side and dropped the trunks the other way. It was a perpetual tobogganing without the trouble of climbing up hill.

We had taken on 400 sheep, and they stood, when they could, on the forward deck. This deck was 103 feet long and eight feet above the water. At the front end was another deck raised eight feet, and covering the fore-castle. At 9.30 o'clock a great wave broke in front of the ship and came pouring over the fore-castle deck, deluged the deck below, and swept the poor sheep before it resistlessly. At the stern end of this lower deck rose three stories of cabins, dining saloon, etc., and above that the captain's bridge. Over all this poured a torrent of water and sheep, sweeping away every one except a scant seventy which had taken refuge under the forward deck. The poor shepherd wept the next morning when he saw the pitiable remnant of his flock, and the sheep were too scared to eat, and so more died of fright and cold all the next day. In this wild rush of water a hardwood ladder fastened with irons was torn away and a hardwood plank fifteen feet long and six inches wide, held in its place by fourteen iron bolts, was torn up and carried away. Of course, no man could have withstood such tremendous weight and rush of water. But ships are constructed so that men need not be exposed. They can stay on the

inside and let the wild waters roar at a rush.

At four o'clock the next morning the wind had so blown itself out that we wheeled to our north-east course. That cold wind followed us for three or four days. How glad we would be for some of it now, with a blazing sun and the hot breath of the equator withering away our very substance! But they are putting up a swimming tank on the deck swept clear of sheep. It is over five feet deep, and that small ocean promises us great comfort.

Our propeller makes a revolution every second of the long voyage, and drives us thirteen knots an hour. To do this requires over eighty-three tons of coal per day. We could make ten knots per hour with thirty-three tons of coal a day. So the extra fifty tons only give us three knots of extra speed. To go ten knots an hour requires the removal of one furrow of water twenty-three feet deep and fifty-four feet wide. To go twice as fast requires the removal of twice as much water and twice as quick. Hence great speed means far greater power. There are steamers which burn 500 tons of coal a day. Two pounds of coal will exert a horse-power for an hour. On some of the slower ships on long voyages a piece of coal that weighs the same as a silver dollar will move a ton's weight a mile.

Ted's Experiment.

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON.

He was such an ill-used boy—
Oh, such an abused boy!
He really did feel, in the depths of his heart,

That, could he not cure it,
He could not endure it,
And his mind was made up from his home to depart.

His brothers were selfish,
And "close" as a shell-fish,
Whenever they had any candy or fruit;
His sisters would never
(That is, hardly ever),
Give up their opinions in any dispute.

His father and mother
Were worse than each other
At keeping a fellow from having good times;
Why, should you believe him,
The things that did grieve him
Could never be told in a reamful of rhymes!

Well, one day his brother
Did something or other
So trying that really 'twas too much to bear;
And he vowed in high dudgeon
He'd pack up and trudge on,
Some place to discover where boys could play fair.

But, ah! his decision
Was met by derision
From brothers and sisters. "You'll never be missed!"
They cried in a chorus;
"No longer you'll bore us!"
Which astonished him so that he grew very whist.

For he thought there'd be woe
When he said he would go,
And all this hilarity caused him much pain;
And he stood looking down
In a study quite brown
Till a brilliant idea popped into his brain!

"I'll begin this same day,
And I'll give up my way
To my brothers and sisters a week—
more or less;
I'll obey in a trice,
And then (won't it be nice?)
When I go there'll be weeping and walling,
I guess!"

All who heard that boy speak
During all the next week
Could hardly believe 'twas himself that they heard;
And his father and mother
Gazed hard at each other
When he cheerfully heeded their very first word.

His brothers divided
With him, and decided
That something amazing had happened to Ted;
While his sisters—dear me!
'Twas amazing to see
How they prized his opinions in all that was said.

And—quite needless to say—
He did not run away;
(Indefinitely he his trip will defer.)
For he found to his joy—
This most fortunate boy—
What agreeable people his relatives were?

—Zion's Herald.