

far wilder and lower than that of the Whirlers. They wore no caps, and the hair of some of them was long, like a woman's. Several of them were quite young men. They were grouped in a semi-circle, and as we came in were slowly bowing their heads backwards and forwards in time to music, uttering meanwhile a groaning expiration with every forward inclination. Gradually the rapidity of music and motion increased, while the groaning sounds became louder and louder, until, at length, amid a hideous pounding of drums, and jangling of the other instruments their heads flew backwards and forwards with fearful force, the long hair streaming out horizontally with every motion the groaning growing more and more animal-like, until, in one or two instances, a paroxysm of nervous excitement was induced, which made it necessary that they should be held. Then in a few minutes more all was quiet, and they, panting and perspiring, were coiling up their long hair and dispersing for what I presume, they thought was well-earned repose.

The old sheik at the door received a huge handful of silver from the departing spectators; and here, as in the case of the Whirlers, it was impossible not to feel that there was a good deal done for show, although these performances are carried on all the year round and not merely in the tourist season. Show or reality, it was a painful sight, strange, sad, and humiliating in the extreme, viewed in the light of nineteenth century civilization and in the light of the religion of Christ.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JUNE 18, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JUNE 26, 1898.

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD.

"Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

"Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Matt. 28, 19, 20.

We read in the topic verses for last week about Fishing with Jesus and the miracle wrought on the Sea of Galilee, and the call of the disciples to be fishers of men. We have this week the fuller commission of all his disciples by our blessed Lord, not long before he was taken up from them into heaven.

A young missionary was once speaking to the Duke of Wellington about the difficulties and dangers of his work. "Look to your marching orders," said the Duke, referring to this very commission of our Lord. If a soldier is told to storm a redoubt, that is halting shot and shell, it is his duty to do it. Hundreds of men have laid down their lives in carrying out such orders.

Jesus summons all of us to a nobler war than that of earthly arms, to a holy crusade for saving the souls of men by preaching the Gospel to every creature. We hope that some of the boys and girls, and perhaps many of them, in our schools will hear the voice of God calling them to be missionaries of the cross—it may be missionaries in

foreign lands. No higher honour, no greater reward can any man or woman have in this world. Listen to the promise of Jesus "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." In isolation and loneliness, in far and foreign lands, the missionary has this consolation. He is not alone, for God is with him.

FORGIVE MUCH.

BY JEAN SUTHERLAND REESE.

"Very well," said the head of the firm looking over the top of his glasses at the erect figure of the boy in front of his desk. "References all satisfactory. Will engage you from to-morrow morning as office boy. Be round early now, and keep up to time."

He made a motion with his hand towards the door, but the boy lingered, twirling his well-worn cap in his hand.

"Please, sir," he said at length, "I've a dog, a real clever little chap. Mother's out washing all day, and I don't know where to leave him. He follows me round everywhere, and if I should turn him out by himself he might get lost. Would you mind, sir, if he sat in the entry while I was inside?"

It was a novel request for the new office boy to make, and the head of the firm frowned, but fortunately for the boy he was fond of dogs.

"Have you got the animal with you?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," was the eager answer, "right outside sir."

He followed the boy out through the front office where three clerks were sitting writing busily.

The dog, a small Scotch terrier, was lying on the pavement, his bright eyes fixed on the door, patiently waiting for his master to come.

"He's not bad, not bad at all," said the head of the firm, surveying him critically. "You wouldn't want to sell him, now?"

"Please, sir," said the boy, flushing, "I'd a deal rather have Mop than the money he'd bring."

Well, well," said the old gentleman, somewhat touched at the boy's evident devotion to his little favourite, "keep the dog and bring him every morning if he gives no trouble."

And so the matter was settled. How proud and happy Mop and his master felt as they ran home through the streets of the city that afternoon, to think that they had obtained the coveted position.

"I wonder, Mop," said the boy, "what Jim Elder will say when he hears of it. I guess he wanted the position most as bad as we did." And Mop wagged his tail as if to say he was glad they had been the successful candidates.

Suddenly the tall, ungainly figure of the subject of their thoughts loomed up before them with a dark scowl on his face.

"I say you, Nat Meadows," he commenced. "So I hear you've sneaked into that place. You knew I wanted it, and it was mighty mean—that's all I have to say. Everywhere, in school and out of it, you are always getting in my way."

He spoke with a mixture of despair and passion that was pitiful to see.

"I can't say I'm sorry I got the place," said Nat, gently, "but I wish you had one too, Jim."

"Oh, it's all very well for you to say that," said the boy. "Get out of my way," and he gave the inquisitive Mop a kick with his foot, and was off the next instant down a side street. Mop pursued him, barking furiously, but Nat called him back, and they went home quite soberly together.

The next morning Nat commenced his work, and very soon had become a great favourite with the clerks, as well as with the head of the firm. He was always conscientious, prompt and obliging, and full of a certain bright humour that brought freshness and life into the quiet office. Mop, instead of being a trouble, was a great amusement, and the young men taught him a number of tricks, of which he was very proud. Sometimes they noticed a shade of anxiety and trouble on Nat's bright face, but they did not know that on the boy's way home at night he was often subject to petty persecutions that he found it hard to bear. One morning he burst into the office with flashing eyes and the tears running down his face. The clerks looked up in consternation.

"What is the matter?" one of them asked, anxiously.

"Jim Elder's killed my dog," cried Nat, passionately. "I could stand anything he did to me but Mop." He stopped—it seemed as if he could not go on.

"What a shame how did he do it?" asked his sympathizing and indignant listeners.

"Threw a stone at him, and it hit him

in the head," said Nat in a smothered tone. "When I took him up he was quite dead."

"Where is the wretched boy?" they asked, with righteous indignation.

"He cut and run while I was seeing to Mop," said Nat, dejectedly. "Oh, there is no use talking any more about it."

The boy went around for the next few days as if he had lost a near and a dear friend, and they all felt profoundly sorry for him. On his way home in the evening Nat looked in vain for the destroyer of his dog, intending to take summary vengeance on him, but nowhere did he see him.

"I guess he knows enough to keep out of my way," he thought gloomily. "Oh, Mop, Mop, how I miss you!"

Not long afterwards a messenger boy came into the office with a note directed to Master Nat Meadows, from one of the nurses in B—Hospital.

"There is a boy in my ward," the note ran, "very ill with a kind of low fever. He says he has done you an injury, and cannot rest until he sees you. Will you come to him?"

"It must be Jim Elder," thought Nat, "and I don't want to go."

All his life Nat had been taught by his honest, hard-working mother to listen to the voice of conscience, and do always what was right, yet it was hard to put down anger, and the sense of injury and injustice done to himself and to his companion Mop. But the next afternoon he walked slowly up to the hospital, and with a hesitating hand pulled the iron door-bell. In one of the upper wards he was met by the nurse who had written to him, and was taken to the end of the room where Jim Elder lay tossing to and fro.

As soon as the sick boy saw Nat he sat up in bed, strong with fever, and held out his hand. "Nat," he said, "I want to hear you say that you forgive me. I've been awful jealous, and mean as could be to you, and then I killed Mop; I am sorry. Every night it seemed as if you came and stood beside my bed, and I can't get any sleep."

The boy sank back on his pillow exhausted, with his bright eyes fixed on Nat, who was not looking at Jim, but at a spot in the carpet; and a tumult was surging within him. The one who had done him more injury than anyone else in his life lay before him. He was afraid he could not say from his heart that he fully forgave him for wantonly killing his little favourite. No, the words choked him. At length he raised his eyes. The victory was half won, but only half. "I am sorry you're sick, Jim," he said, drawing a long breath.

"Say you forgive me," whispered the sick boy, but still Nat was silent.

Over the bed hung a coloured text, at which Nat looked vaguely for a minute without taking in its meaning. "Forgive and ye shall be forgiven," he repeated to himself. Suddenly his face flushed and he grasped his cap with a convulsive movement. The words which seemed written all over the wall in letters of light entered his heart. Could he ever pray, "Forgive us our trespasses," unless he freely forgave his prostrate enemy? Ah, no, never. How bitter and hard he had been, and a great wave of contrition swept over him. The battle was won at last, but not in his own unaided strength. "Jim," he said, "I do forgive you, for Mop, for everything," and, breaking down with a sob, he left the room. Every visitor's day after that saw a bright, dark-eyed boy sitting beside the now convalescent Jim, talking, reading to him and filling that little corner of the ward with sunshine. When the sick boy was able to leave the hospital he found a place open to him. He did not know that Nat had gone to one of the clerks in his office and that it was through his intercession with the head of the firm that the place had been secured. But he guessed that Nat was the mainspring of his good fortune, and it touched him to the quick.

Nat forgave much, and found great joy in doing it; peace of conscience, a chance to help another back to health and useful labour, and bound to his side by ties of gratitude and love a life-long friend.

TEACHING MR. GLADSTONE HOW TO USE AN AXE.

As Mr. Gladstone was felling a tree near the road once an old man came up, and, after looking critically at him for a time, said, "Owd mon, let me have owt of that axe." It was at once handed to him, and he chopped away for some time and stopped, saying, "That's the way to use an axe. I've been used a good deal to this sort of a job, thou knows." A few days after he learned whom he had been speaking to and hastened to apologize for his rudeness. "No apology is needed," said the amused statesman.

PUSHING THE CART.

Some years ago a man, while going to Tinkersdale with his load one day, was spoken to by a stranger, who chatted pleasantly with him and asked him how much he got for carrying each ton of iron. "Six and sixpence," replied the carter. "How much have you on the cart?" "About a ton and a half." "And what do you pay for toll-gates?" "Eighteenpence." "How much does it cost to keep the mare?" "Thirteen shillings a week." Soon they got to the foot of the Mill Hill. "How are you going to get up this hill?" asked the stranger. "Oh, I mun get me shuder and push up here." "I'll help you a bit," said the other, and at once put his shoulder to the cart and pushed up the hill well. As they reached the top the carter said: "You an me's been as good as a chain horse." "Well, well," replied the stranger, "I don't know how the horse's legs are, but mine ache very much indeed. I suppose you can manage now?" "Yes, thank you," and with a "good-day" they parted. As soon as the stranger had gone a tradesman, coming up the hill after them, asked the carter if he knew who had been helping him. "No; he's a stranger to me." "That was Mr. Gladstone," said the tradesman. "Mr. Gladstone! I don't know what he'll think o' me, then, for I never sir'd him, nor nothin'. I thought he was some farmer."

A WILLING LEARNER.

Mr. Gladstone had got, one day, a rope tied to a tree at which he had been chopping for some time, when an old carter driving past pulled up. "I say, owd man," he called out, "thou hasn't got that rope tied right." "Haven't I?" said Mr. Gladstone. "No, thou hasn't." The carter then pointed out the mistake and helped to put it right. He was thanked for his assistance and drove on. The next day, being in Hawarden, he met his brother, who told him he'd done a fine thing, and he might depend upon it his name would be in the papers. "Why, what have I done?" "Done? Why, you 'thee'd' and 'thou'd' Mr. Gladstone yesterday when he was cutting that tree down." "Was that Mr. Gladstone? I thought it was the owd woodman; but the fust time I sees him I'll beg his pardon," said the carter, fearful that he had committed some great offence. In a few days his opportunity came, and he began to beg pardon, as he did not know who he had been speaking to. "No apology is required," said Mr. Gladstone; "I was much obliged for your information, and am always willing to learn."

DAILY LIFE.

The daily routine of Mr. Gladstone's life at Hawarden is well known—the early walk to church before breakfast; the morning devoted chiefly to literary work and the severer kinds of business and study; half an hour or an hour for reading and writing after luncheon; the afternoon walk or visit or tree-cutting; correspondence and reading after a cup of tea until dinner-time. As a rule Mr. Gladstone read after dinner until about 11.15.

SAVING A SERVANT'S SON.

Many interesting stories have been related of Mr. Gladstone's kindness of heart, but none of them more clearly shows his nobleness of character than the following: "In Mr. Gladstone's household at Hawarden was an old woman servant who had a son inclined to go wrong. The mother remonstrated and advised her boy, but all to no purpose; he seemed determined on a headlong course to ruin. At last the mother, in her desperation, caught the idea that if she could persuade the Premier to take him in hand perhaps the prodigal might be reclaimed. "Screwing her courage to the sticking point"—for what will a mother not do for a child?—she approached her master and, in trembling tones, preferred her request. Mr. Gladstone responded at once; and, though the affairs of the greatest kingdom in the world pressed heavily upon him, with genuine simplicity of character he had the lad sent to his study, when he spoke tender words of advice and remonstrance and eventually kept down and prayed to God to help him in the work of reformation and redemption. This kindly action was effectual and the lad was saved.

Truths are roots of duties. A rootless duty, one that has no truth below it out of which it grows, has no life and will have no growth.