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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, MAY 8, 1897.

No. 19.

A Little Girl's Wish.

"Mayn't I be a boy?" said our Mary,
The tears in her great eyes of blue,
"I'm only a wee little lassie,
There's nothing a woman can do.

"'Tis so, I heard Cousin John say so,
He's home from a great college, too;
He said so, just now, in the parlour,
'There's nothing a woman can do.'

"My wee little lassie, my darling,"
Said I, putting back her soft hair,
"I want you, my dear little maiden,
To smooth away all mother's care.

"Is there nothing you can do, my
darling?
What was that 'pa' said last night?
My own little sunbeam has been here
I know, for the room is so bright."

"And there is a secret, my Mary,
Perhaps you may learn it some day—
The hand that is willing and loving
Will do the most work on the way.

In the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and
here was buried at last the fiery heart
of Bruce. I sat in Sir Walter's favourite
seat, and gazed where "the darkened
roof rose high aloof," and on the lovely
eastern oriel with its slender shafts of
foliaged tracery, of which he sings,

"Thou would'st have thought some fairy's
hand
Twixt poplars straight, the osier wand
In many a freakish knot had twined;
Then framed a spell when the work
was done,
And changed the willow wreaths to
stone."

Was ever ruin so sad and fair? I
lingered for hours in the legend-haunted
spot, and then walked along the green
Tweed side to Abbotsford, where still
wields his spell a mightier wizard than
even Michael Scott. It is a large and
rambling house with fantastic, yet pic-
turesque groups of chimneys, gables and
turrets. Over the door is the pious
legend,

"Can't a feller smoko a pipe and be-
long to de church?"

"Well, yes, he may belong to de
church buildin', but neber to de church
triumphant."

"I should like to know how you make
dat out?"

"Well, brudder, look at it in dis way:
how would you look walkin' de golden
streets ob de New Jerusalem wid dat ole
pipe in you mouf?"

"I would jus' snatch it out berry
quick."

"Yes, but what would you do wid it?
You could not find any place to frow it
out ob sight; no place to hide it; no way
to get rid ob it. You have been gibbon
a nice, white garment to put on, and
dare aint any pocket in it to put de ole
pipe, so you will hab to hide it in yo'
hand."

"I say, Brudder Jones, you are gettin'
a feller in a bad fix wid de ole pipe, de
way you am puttin' it."

"But dat ain't all, by-and-bye you will
want a smoke, and you will walk de

wrong thing about dem. for de Word
says, 'Let him dat is filthy be filthy still,
and let him dat is holy be holy still,' so
you see you will be jus' what you are
when you fotch up in dis worl'; so if you
lub to use de debbil's colone, you will
hab to go whers de brimstone kinder
kills de smell; you neber, neber can get
in de golden city, habin' on yo' de smell
ob 'Dat Ole Pipe.'

TELL IT TO OTHERS.

A professor in one of our principal col-
leges was noted among his fellow-
teachers for his habit of addressing pri-
vately the young men in his care upon
the subject of their personal relations to
Christ.

"Do they not resent your appeals as
an impertinence?" asked a friend.

"No," was the reply. "Nothing is of
such interest to any man as his own
soul and its condition. He will never
resent words of warning or comfort if
they are prompted by genuine feeling."



ABBOTSFORD.

"And the work that is sweetest and
dearest,
The work that so many ne'er do,
The great work of making folks happy,
Can be done by a lassie like you!"

ABBOTSFORD.

One of the most interesting visits the
Editor of Pleasant Hours made in Scot-
land was that to Melrose Abbey and the
home of Sir Walter Scott.

The old Abbey, dating from 1136, is
one of the finest relics of Gothic archi-
tecture extant. The image-breaking
zeal of the Reformers and the cannon
of Cromwell have left only a picturesque
ruin. It was quite pathetic to see the
roofless aisles, the broken windows, the
crumbling columns, and the grass-grown
chancel where once the cowed brother-
hood chanted their matins and even-
song. The battered saints looked down
reproachfully from their ivied niches,
and the emgies of the knights seemed to
keep watch over the tombs, where,
through the long ages, their bodies
"await the resurrection." I noticed the
touching inscription, "Cvm Venit Iesvs
Cessabit Vmbra"—"When Jesus comes
the darkness shall fly away." Here is
the tomb of the arch-wizard Michael
Scott, whose awful apparition is recorded

"By night, by day, remember aye, ye
goodness of ye Lord,
And thank his name whose glorious
fame is spread throughout ye
world."

The house is full of old armour—
targes and claymores, helmets and
hauberk; antique furniture and relics—
the keys of the Tolbooth, Queen Mary's
cross and purse, historic portraits, and
the like. Of especial interest was the
stately library, and the small writing
room, with the desk and books just as
the master left them, and the effigy of
faithful Maida. Then I stood with
hushed spirit in the room in which he
died, and through the open window
heard the murmur of the distant Tweed,
which in life he loved so well. I was
ferried over the brawling stream by a
stout-armed damsel with a pleasant face
and strong Scottish accent, and was soon
whirled by rail back to Auld Reekie
again.

"DAT OLE PIPE."

"I say, brudder, I thought you be-
longed to de church?"

"So I does."

"Den why are you suckin' dat old
pipe?"

golden streets tryin' to find a place to
hide, so you can smoke; and de streets
ob dat city is 'bout fifteen hundred miles
long, and if you should get to de end ob
de street you would fotch up again de
wall dat is made of jasper, and so high
you can't cllime ober, and no hole in de
wall to stick you head for a smoke, and
you will want a smoke so bad you will
almost make up you mind to smoke
right in de golden city. Den you will
begin to think ob gettin' a match to
light de ole pipe; and den it will come
ober you all ob a sudden dat dare aint
no matches in yo' new close. Den you
would wish you was back in dis ole worl'
again, wid de old close, wid de matches,
and de ole pipe, so you could take some
comfut."

"I say, Brudder Jones, I can't stand
dat. I can't afford to lose dem golden
streets for de ole pipe, so here it goes,
de pipe, de tobacco, de matches, and all."

"Dat is de right way. If you was
goin' to a weddin', where would you fix
up?"

"I would fix up at home, ob course."

"Jus' so. Now, if you 'spect to go to
heaben you must get ready down here,
for de church triumphant is de folks dat
triumph ober all dare sins, by de help ob
de Lord; ober all dare nasty habits, and
lib just as pure as possible, and hab no

"When I was a young man," he added,
"I felt as you do. My wife's cousin, a
young fellow not yet of age, lived in our
house for six months. My dread ob
meddling was such that I never asked
him to be present at family worship, or
spoke to him on the subject of religion.
He fell into the company of a wild set,
and was rapidly going to the bad. When
I reasoned with him, I spoke of Christ.

"Do you call yourself a Christian?"
he asked, assuming an astonished look.

"I hope so," I replied.

"But you are not. If you were, He
must be your best friend. Yet I have
lived in your house for six months and
you have never once named his name to
me. No, he is nothing to you."

"I have never forgotten the rebuke."

The superintendent of London police
told an American visitor to Scotland
Yark lately that when a noted criminal
was visited before his execution by a
clergyman, he listened to the story of
Jesus and his suffering upon the cross in
silence and then, springing to his feet,
said, "Is this true? He came to save
men like me?"

"Yes," replied the visitor.

"And you sit here quietly! If I be-
lieved that story and were free I would
walk barefoot over the world, but I
would tell it to every living man!"

May.

BY R. DECATOR SMITH, JR.

A breeze blown out of Paradise,
Kisses the apple boughs;
The dancing shadow's strange device
With life endows.

And it is faintly musical—
Sing, echoes, soft and long!
Come, little birds, and listen all,
Your lesson song!

'Tis subtle-scented with the sigh
Blown from a wild rose spray;
Spring's dearest daughter passes by,
Delicate May.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MAY 8, 1897.

THE PERSONAL LABOURS OF JOHN WESLEY.

BY REV. WILLIAM McDONALD, D.D.

From the time when John Wesley "felt his heart strangely warmed" at the meeting at Aldersgate Chapel until he "ceased at once to work and live," there was no break in the chain of his efforts. He seemed equally at home with the Newgate felon, the Kingswood and Cornwall miners, the Moorfield mobs, and the St. John's and St. Ives' aristocracy, for his sole mission in all these places was "to seek the wandering souls of men." The labours of Mr. Wesley—in preaching as an evangelist, in his literary labours, or in the special oversight of his immense flock, including ministers and people—are quite unparalleled in modern times. It was the marvel of the last century, and seems a still greater marvel as the years go by.

When expelled from all the pulpits of the Established Church, of which he was a worthy member, and not knowing where to go or what to do, he took counsel of Whitefield, who had already broken the ice at Bristol, "with a mountain for his pulpit and the broad heavens for a sounding-board." They resolved to go where Providence directed. And here the war began. Wesley seemed borne as on the wings of the wind. He was seen and heard in all parts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. And as he went he sang:

"No cross I shun, I fear no shame.
All hail reproach, and welcome pain,
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain!"

And for fifty-four years the war continued, until he was not, for God took him.

His travels during that period were immense, amounting to about 290,000 miles, or about twelve times the circumference of the globe, making about 5,000 miles a year.

During these years of travel Mr. Wesley preached not less than twenty sermons a week, and often many more. Most of these sermons were preached in the open air, and often amid showers of brickbats, rotten eggs, and personal violence calculated to test the strongest nerves. A Baptist minister recently celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his pastorate. It was announced, as an unusual fact, that he had preached, on an average, three sermons a week during the fifty years. But John Wesley

preached, on an average, for fifty-four years, three sermons a day. The Baptist clergyman had preached during the time a little over 8,000 sermons. Mr. Wesley preached, in fifty-four years, more than 44,000 sermons. This did not include numberless addresses and exhortations on a great variety of occasions. Think of a minister in these times preaching, on an average, two sermons each week day and three each Sabbath for fifty-four years, and you will get some idea of John Wesley's labours in the simple matter of preaching.

But could he find time to do anything else? Let us see.

For many years he was editor of The Arminian Magazine, a periodical of fifty-six pages—the work of one man in these times.

He wrote and published a commentary on the whole Bible, in four large volumes.

He compiled and published a dictionary of the English language—no small undertaking.

He wrote and published a work of five volumes on natural philosophy.

He wrote and published a work of four volumes on ecclesiastical history.

He wrote and published comprehensive histories of England and Rome.

He wrote grammars of the Hebrew, Latin, Greek, French, and English languages.

He wrote, abridged, revised, and published a library of fifty volumes, known as the "Christian Library," and some time after he re-read, revised, corrected and published the whole in thirty large volumes. This library contains one of the richest collections found in the English language.

He wrote a good-sized work on electricity.

He prepared and published for the common people three works on medicine. He published six volumes of church music.

His poetical works, in connection with his brother Charles, amounted to not much less than forty volumes. Charles wrote most of them, but they passed under the keen revision of John, without which we doubt if Charles Wesley's hymns would have been what they are—the most beautiful and soul-inspiring to be found in the English language.

In addition to these multiplied publications, we have seven large volumes, including sermons, journals, letters, and controversial papers, known as Wesley's Works. It is claimed that Mr. Wesley's works, including abridgments and translations, amounted to at least two hundred volumes. It is difficult to understand how a man could have found time to have accomplished so much literary labour while perpetually on the wing.

In addition to all this, Wesley was a pastor, and did more real pastoral work than nine-tenths of the pastors of these times. One has only to read his journals to be convinced of this. For a time he visited all the class and band meetings, and had special charge of the select societies. He appointed all the class and band leaders, stationed all his preachers, and had a general oversight of the many thousands of his followers.

It would seem that in either his travels, his preaching, his literary labours, or in the supervision of his flock, he has seldom if ever had an equal and never a superior. It does not seem too much to say that among "uninspired men" a more extraordinary character than John Wesley never lived.

How was he able to accomplish so much labour? The answer is, that he improved every moment of every day. Mr. Fletcher, who was for some time his travelling companion, says of him: "His diligence is matchless. Though oppressed with the weight of seventy years and the care of 30,000 souls, he shames still, by his unabating zeal and immense labours, all the young ministers of England, perhaps of Christendom. He has frequently blown the Gospel trumpet and rode twenty miles before most of the professors who despise his labours have left their downy pillows. As he begins the day, the week, the year, so he concludes them, still intent upon extensive service for the glory of the Redeemer and the good of souls."

From four o'clock in the morning until ten at night every moment was fully occupied in loving efforts to save the lost; and he never lost ten minutes from wakefulness at night, as he himself affirmed. His motto was, "Always in haste, but never in a hurry." "Leisure and I have taken leave of each other." "Ten thousand cares are no more to me than ten thousand hairs on my head." "I am never weary with writing, preaching, or travelling"—are a few utterances of this remarkable man. And in the midst of all this wonderful activity he says: "I enjoy more hours of private retirement than any man in England."

Mr. Wesley spent no more time in any one place than was strictly necessary.

He had no time to fritter away in mere social calls, spending an hour here and there in small talk and unprofitable conversation. He had no time to spend in social parties—a practice too common among ministers in these times. With him moments were golden. He prized time more than the miser prizes his gold. He believed that "time mispent is suicide, where more than blood is spilt."

Mr. Wesley believed in, and employed, the press beyond most men of his time. He made it one of the strong arms of his service. He knew that his voice would soon be hushed in the tomb, but what he left in cold type would live through the ages.

Mr. Wesley went to his work joyfully trusting in God. And while pulpit, press, stage and mob hurled their thunderbolts at the head of the unhonoured evangelist, he went on singing,—

"Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of thy wing."

He arose like the lark, travelled with the sun, preached like a divinely commissioned angel, claimed the world for his parish, and died shouting, "The best of all is, God is with us." And when the smoke of battle had passed, his monument was found among the most honoured in England's most sacred Abbey. His like we shall never see again.—Zion's Herald.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

It was a very stormy evening. The rain came down in torrents. The wind blew around the house and whistled down the chimney and almost made the children shiver as they clustered about the fire. Amy went to the window and peered out, but there was only blackness outside. If it had not been dark she might have seen multitudes of leaves falling from the trees to the ground, and ever so many wet and dripping things. As it was she had no view at all, so she went back to the fire, making the somewhat pointed remark, "This would be a good night for a story."

The other children applauded as though she had said something quite brilliant, and the story-teller, who had seemed to be reading, though she heard what was going on, laid down her newspaper and her spectacles.

"This evening reminds me," said she, "of something that happened on such a night as this, a great many years ago. On that evening a certain boy named Eddie, who lived in the city of New York, had a very narrow escape. His father and mother were very fond of their children, and besides, they were able to give them many pleasures that others were without. Yet Eddie was not always satisfied with these, and sometimes he indulged in things that were forbidden. You see he had fallen into this habit when he was a little boy, and he had not altogether outgrown it, although he had come to be quite large and ought to have been wiser.

"There was a young man named Clarence Strong, who owned a boat which he was accustomed to sail on the Hudson River. Eddie had been particularly cautioned against going out with him on account of the danger, and it was taken for granted that the boy would mind.

"One day Eddie did not come home after school as he was expected to do. His mother watched for him from the window and wondered why he didn't appear. His brothers came in one after the other and each one inquired, 'Where is Eddie?' but no one could answer the question. The twilight fell and supper-time arrived, but still no Eddie. 'What can delay him?' asked the father, anxiously, as they sat down to the table, but the only response was a troubled look on the mother's face. After supper the other boys were sent out to look for their missing brother. An hour later they came in with the report that some of his playmates had seen him talking with Clarence Strong. They added that it was raining heavily and that the wind was high. Nothing more than this was needed to make the whole family exceedingly anxious, for they feared what proved to be the truth, that Eddie had gone out on the river with Clarence, and that they had encountered the storm.

"There was nothing to do but to sit and wait. Yes, there was one thing more, they could pray. The father led them all in a petition for the safety of the erring one, and He who rules the winds and waves answered the prayer. Late in the evening Eddie appeared drenched to the skin and shivering with cold.

"My son, my son, how glad I am to see you!" exclaimed his mother; "where have you been?" Eddie penitently confessed that he had gone out on the water with Clarence. He said that after the

storm arose the boat became unmanageable and they were very near drowning; but somehow, he didn't really know how, they succeeded in getting back to the city.

"The boy was dried and warmed and sent to bed, where he was obliged to lie all of the next day. He said that he was very sorry for his disobedience, and I think he was, for I do not remember that he ever did anything of the sort again."

"Mustn't he have felt terrible when he was out on the water?" asked Amy. "Yes, indeed," was the reply; "and I think the worst part must have been the knowledge that he got himself into danger through his own fault."

The young listeners sat in silence for nearly half a minute. Then Freddie said, "I will mind, even when I'm as big as a man."

The story-teller kissed him and called him a good boy. Then she went back to her spectacles and her newspaper, and the children played a quiet game until bedtime.—Cousin Lols, in the Christian Intelligencer.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

MAY 16, 1897.

Samuel sent to reprove Saul.—1 Samuel 15. 12-23.

OCCASION OF THE REPROOF.

Disobedience always leads to bad results. Saul had been elevated to the highest position in the land, and this should have taught him his obligation to Jehovah. Persons in prosperity do not always acknowledge the hand from whence all their blessings come. Saul was commanded to slay not only the Amalekites, but also their king, Agag. Though painful it might be to perform the duty, he should not have hesitated when he knew that in thus acting he was executing the divine will.

SAUL'S EXCUSE.

Verse 13. Saul said he "had performed the divine command." This was a direct falsehood, of which Saul was not ignorant. Probably he thought to deceive Saul, but his sin found him out. "A lie sticks," as a little boy once said. Saul professed to have kept the best of the sheep to offer in sacrifice to God. To obey is better than to sacrifice. Always do that which you know to be right. Do not be like Saul, as he sought to blame the people. Verse 21.

SAMUEL'S FAITHFULNESS.

Though Saul was king, Samuel did not manifest any fear in reproving him for neglect of duty. All those in authority should be equally fearless. If those in influential positions would act in a similar manner, they would be a terror to evil-doers. There is no more noble character mentioned in the Old Testament than Samuel. His course through life, from the time he heard the voice of God, while he was yet a child, until he left the world, is worthy of the most careful study of all classes, more especially those who are ambitious to be prominent men in all the affairs of life. Read carefully 1 Samuel 12. 3. We would be glad if all our young people, more especially the young men and boys, would commit this passage to memory.

SAMUEL NOT AFRAID.

Verse 16. Though Saul was king, and Samuel knew how that he might put him to death, he stands up boldly and delivered the message of God. Here is an example for all Christians. Never be afraid to do right, no matter what may be the consequences.

SAUL'S CHANGED CONDUCT.

Verse 17. Saul was all right when he was humble and little in his own sight. He was another illustration of the truth of the wise man's saying, "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall." Let all our youthful readers guard against the sin of pride. Do not be proud of anything, or you will be sure to fall into condemnation.

Drunkenness decreases nearly three per cent. per annum in London. This is hopeful. It is also reported that "excessive drinking" among the wealthier classes in Great Britain is disappearing. Another statistical fact which is given in the same line is, that the "prison population" in England has fallen off in late years, and that some of the prisons of Great Britain are empty. To us, these items seem to be linked together closely, and in the way of effect and cause. When there are fewer saloons in our country, there will be more empty prisons.—Presbyterian.

The Gale.

Merrily gathered the holiday crowds
On the shores of the calm blue sea,
And in indolent pleasure they watched
The waves,
As they stole to their feet with glee.
The sunbeams danced, and the waters
played,
And the world was full of song,
And the breeze was like a soft caross
As it gently moved along.

And then—what spirit of wrath got loose
From its dreary hiding-place?
The wind arose in a furious rage,
And engaged in maddest chase!
Over the waters they rushed and roared
Until they in anger rose,
And a terrible conflict was on the sea
Between mighty, deadly foes.

The huge waves leaped on the sullen
shore,
And the waters filled the street,
There was little of Sabbath calm that
day
Where the land and the ocean meet;
For the winds were screaming as if in
pain,
And the billows thundered loud,
And the holiday keepers stood to watch
In an anxious, frightened crowd.

Alas, for the vessels tossed about
On the hungry, angry sea!
Oh, what can the power of the strongest
men
In the great wind-tempest be?
The hearts of men in their perilled ships
Grew weak before the waves,
And they groaned as they thought of
their happy homes
And the awful deep-sea graves.

Somewhere near to the changeful sea
There were lifeboats stowed away,
And the holiday children had paused
sometimes
In the midst of their merry play
To peep within at the treasure-trove,
And the curious ropes and oars,
And to listen to tales of the brave, brave
crew
That live on our island shores.

But now there's a cry for the lifeboat
men,
And a strong, determined shout
Summons all from their quiet homes,
And the gallant boats go out!
What is stronger than wind and storm?
Duty, and love, and right,
And the prayer, God speed the life-boat
men,
And bring them home to-night.

Ah, many a thankful song goes up
From lips that the gale had stilled,
If never a lifeboat crew had gone
To do as their brave hearts willed!
God bless and prosper the noble band,
And may health and joy be given
To the toilers who risk their lives for
the rest,
And the guerdons of earth and heaven.

“Probable Sons.”

CHAPTER II.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

Sir Edward Wentworth was, as he expressed it, a “confirmed bachelor,” and though during the autumn months he was quite willing to fill his house with his London friends, he was better pleased to live the greater part of the year in seclusion, occupying himself with looking after his estate and writing articles for several of the leading reviews of the day.

The advent of his small niece was indeed a great trial to him, but, with his characteristic thoroughness, he determined that he would make the necessary arrangements for her comfort. Accordingly he had a long interview with her nurse the following morning. It proved to be satisfactory. The nurse was a staid, elderly woman, who assured him she was accustomed to the sole charge of the child, and would keep her entirely under her own control.

“I expect you would like her to be sent down to you in the evening—at dessert, perhaps, sir?” she inquired.

Sir Edward pulled the ends of his moustache dubiously. “Is it necessary? I thought children ought to be in bed at that time.”

“Of course it shall be as you like, sir. You do not dine so late as some do. I thought you would expect to see her once in the day.”

After a little hesitation Sir Edward gave his permission; and when he found that Milly neither screamed nor snatched for the fruit on the table, and did not herself engross the whole conversation, he became quite reconciled to the little white figure stealing in and occupying

the chair that was always placed at his left-hand side for her.

Beyond this he saw very little of her whilst his guests were with him, but afterward, when they had all left him, and he relapsed into his ordinary life, he was constantly coming across her. Sometimes he would find her in the stables, her arms round the stable cat, and the grooms holding a voluble conversation with her, or amongst the cows at the bottom of the paddock, or feeding the pigs and fowls in the poultry yard. Generally she was attended by Fritz, a beautiful collic, who had, with the fickleness of his nature, transferred his affection from his master to her, and though uncertain in temper towards most, was never anything but amiable when with the little girl.

Her uncle's form approaching was quite a sufficient hint to her to make herself scarce; she would generally anticipate the usual formula: “Now, run away, child, to nurse,” by slinging out cheerfully: “I am just off, uncle,” and by the time he had reached the spot where she was standing, the little figure would be running off in the distance, Fritz close at her heels.

One afternoon Sir Edward was returning from a stroll up the avenue, when he saw the child at play amongst the trees, and for a moment he paused and watched her. She appeared to be very busy with a doll wrapped in a fur rug which she carefully deposited at the foot of the tree; then for some minutes she and Fritz seemed to be having a kind of game of hide-and-seek with one another, until she pushed him into a bush and commanded him to stay there. Suddenly dog and child darted at each other, and then, to Sir Edward's amazement, he saw his little niece seize Fritz by the throat and bring him to the ground. When both were rolling over one another, and Fritz's short, sharp barks became rather indignant in tone, as he vainly tried to escape from the little hands so tightly round him, Sir Edward thought it high time to interfere.

“Millicent,” he called out sharply, “come to me at once; what are you doing?”

In an instant Milly was upon her feet, and lifting a hot flushed little face to his, she placed herself in her favourite attitude when in his presence: her hands clasped behind her back, and feet closely planted together.

“Don't you think Fritz might bite if you are so rough with him? Were you trying to choke him?” demanded her uncle.

“Yes,” she responded, breathless from her late exertions, “I was trying to kill him! He's a bear, and that's my lamb, and I am David; that's all.”

A child's games were beyond Sir Edward's comprehension. He looked down upon her with a knitted brow.

She continued,—
“You see, he has to do for both, a bear and a lion, for they both came, and they both tried to get the lamb. Nurse was the lion one day, but she is too big; I can't knock her down, though I try hard.”

“I will not have Fritz knocked down in that fashion; he might hurt you,” said Sir Edward sternly.

Milly looked sorrowful; then, brightening up, she asked,—

“But I may kill Goliath, mayn't I? Do you know, that is one of my games. See, I'm David, and you see that big old tree standing by itself? That's Goliath. He is looking at me now. Do you see where his eyes come? Just up there in those first branches. When it's windy he shakes his head at me fearful! He's a wicked, wicked old thing, and he thinks no one can knock him down. Do you remember about him, uncle?”

Sir Edward was becoming slightly interested. He leant against a tree and took out a cigar.

“No, I don't think I do,” he said.
“Don't you remember? He stood up so proud, and called out: ‘Choose a man to come and fight me.’ He's saying that to me now. I'm David, you know, and I'm going. Just wait a moment till I'm ready.”

She darted away to where her doll was, and soon returned with a tiny calico bag, which she opened very carefully and disclosed to her uncle's puzzled gaze five round stones.

“You see,” she went on, “it's a pity I haven't a sling, but Tom in the stable says he will make me a catty-pot; that's a lovely sling, he says, which would kill anything. But it's all right; I pretend I have a sling, you know. Now you wait here; I'm going to meet him. I'm not a bit afraid, though he looks so big, because I'm David wasn't, you know. God helped him. Now, Goliath, I'm ready!”

Sir Edward looked on in some amusement as Milly stepped out with regular even steps until she was about twenty feet from the tree, then suddenly stopped.

“I hear what you say, Goliath. You say you'll give my body to be pecked at and eaten by the birds; but you won't do that, for I am coming, and I am going to kill you.”

And then with all her strength the child flung her stones one by one at the tree, pausing for some moments when she had done so.

“He's quite dead, uncle,” she said calmly, as she retraced her steps and stood before Sir Edward, again looking up at him with those earnest eyes of hers, “quite dead; and if I had a sword I would play at cutting off his head. I suppose you wouldn't lend me your sword hanging up in the hall, would you?”

“Most certainly not,” was the quick reply; then taking his cigar from his mouth, Sir Edward asked: “And does all your play consist in killing people?”

“I only try to kill the bear and lion and Goliath, because they're so wicked and so strong.”

Milly continued,—
“This is such a lovely place to play in—trees are so nice to have games with. Shall I tell you some more? You see that little tree over there? That's where I sit when I'm the probable son, and when I've sat there a long time and been very miserable, and eaten some of the beech nuts that do for husks, then suddenly I think I will go home to my father. It's rather a long walk, but I get happier and happier as I go, and I get to walk very quick at last, and then I run when I see my father. Do you see that nice big old tree right up there with the red leaves, uncle? That's him, and I run up and say, ‘Father, I have sinned; I am not fit to come back, but I am so sorry that I left you,’ and then I just bug him and kiss him; and, do you know, I feel he hugs and kisses me back. He does in the story, you know. And then I have a nice little feast all ready, I got some biscuits from nurse, and a little jam, and some sugar and water, and I sit down and feel so happy to think I'm not the probable son any more, and haven't got to eat husks or be with the pigs. Don't you think that's a beautiful game, uncle?”

“Do you get all your games from the Bible?” inquired Sir Edward. “I somehow think it is not quite correct,” and he looked very dubiously at his little niece as he spoke.

“Well,” said Milly, the earnest look coming into her eyes again, “I love the Bible so much, you see. Nurse tells me the stories ever so often, and I know lots and lots of them. But I like the probable son quite the best. Do you like it?”

Sir Edward replaced his cigar in his mouth, and strolled on without a reply. His little niece's words awakened very uncomfortable feelings within his heart. Years before he had known and loved his Bible well. He had been active in Christian work, and had borne many a scoff and jeer from his companions when at Oxford, for being “pious,” as they termed it. But there came a time when coldness crept into his Christianity, and worldly ambition and desires filled his soul; gradually he wandered farther and farther away from the right path, and when he came into his property he took possession of it with no other aim and object in life than to enjoy himself in his own way and to totally ignore both the past and future. Beyond going to church once on Sunday, he made no profession of religion, but that custom he conformed to most regularly, and the vicar of the parish had nothing to complain of in the way in which his appeals for charity were met by the squire.

It is needless to say that Sir Edward was not a happy man; there were times when he could not bear his own thoughts and the solitude of his position, and at such times there was a hasty departure for town, and some weeks of club life ensued, after which he would return to his home, and engross himself in both his literary and country occupations with fresh vigour.

(To be continued.)

BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Bernardo del Carpio is a semi-mythical hero of Spain, who lived in the ninth century. Tradition says that he commanded the army which defeated Roland at Roncesvalles; and he also earned great fame in the Moorish campaign. His father, the Count de Salidana, being imprisoned, he sought his release, and Mrs. Hemans's lines, familiar to all schoolboys of a generation ago, tells the story of the king's treachery. The Spanish legends do not represent Bernardo as tamely submitting to indignity as Mrs. Hemans declares in her last lines, for, according to them, he raised the standard of revolt and was in re-

bellion during the rest of his life. Ballads dealing with his achievements have been written by Lope de Vega in Spanish and by J. G. Lockhart in English.

The warrior bowed his crested head,
And tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free
His long imprisoned sire:
“I bring thee here my fortress keys,
I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my legs, my lord,
O break my father's chain!”

“Rise, rise! even now thy father comes,
A ransom'd man this day;
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I
Will meet him on his way.”
Then lightly rose that loyal son,
And bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest,
His charger's foaming speed.

And, lo! from far, as on they press'd
There came a glittering band,
With one that mid them stately rode,
As a leader in the land:
“Now, haste, Bernardo, haste! for there,
In very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart
Hath yearn'd so long to see.”

His dark eye flash'd, his proud breast
heaved,
His cheek's hue came and went;
He reach'd that gray-haired chieftain's
side,
And there, dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent,
His father's hand he took—
What was it in his touch that all
His fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing
It dropped from his like lead—
He dropp'd up to the face above—
The face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er that noble brow—
The brow was fix'd and white;
He met at last his father's eyes—
But in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang and
gazed;
But who can paint that gaze?
It hush'd their very hearts, who saw
Its horror and amaze;
They might have chain'd him, as before
That stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm
And from his lips the blood!

“Father!” at length he murmured low
And wept like childhood then;
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen
The tears of warlike men!
He thought on all his glorious hopes—
On all his high renown,
He flung the falchion from his side,
And in the dust sat down.

And covering with his steel-gloved hand
His darkly mournful brow,
“No more, there is no more,” he said,
“To lift the sword for now.
My king is false, my hope betray'd,
My father—oh! the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness
Are pass'd away from earth.”

“I thought to stand where banners
waved,
My sire, beside thee yet;
I would that there on Spain's free soil
Our kindred blood had met;
Thou would'st have known my spirit
then,
For thee my fields were won;
But thou hast perish'd in thy chains,
As if thou hadst no son.”

Then starting from the ground once
more,
He seized the monarch's rein,
Amid the pale and withered looks
Of all the courtier train;
And with a fierce o'ormastering grasp,
The rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face—
The king before the dead!

“Come I not here upon thy pledge,
My father's hand to kiss?
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king,
And tell me what is this?
The look, the voice, the heart I sought—
Give answer, where are they?
If thou would'st clear thy perjured soul,
Put life in this cold clay!

“Into these glassy eyes put light—
Be still, keep down thine ire,
Bid these cold lips a blessing speak!
This earth is not my sire!
Give me back him for whom I strove,
For whom my blood was shed!—
Thou canst not—and a king! His dust
Be mountains on thy head!”

He loosed the reins, his slack hand fell!
Upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look—
Then turn'd from that sad place!
His hope was crush'd, his after fate
Untold in martial strain,—
His banner led the spears no more
Among the hills of Spain!

The Bird's Calendar.

BY FLORENCE TYLER.

MAY.

Six poplar trees in golden green
Stand up the sweet May snow between—
The snow of plum and pear tree bloom:
And I, looking down from my little room,
Called to the bird on the bough. "What
cheer?"
And he pipes for answer: "The spring
is here."

JUNE.

A month goes by with its sun and rain,
And a rosebud taps at my window pane:
I see in the garden down below,
The tall white lilies, a stately row;
The birds are pecking the cherries red.
"Summer is sweet," the robins said.

OCTOBER.

Again I look from my casement down;
The leaves are changing to red and
brown;

As overhead, through a sky of gray,
The swallows are flying far away.
"Whither away, sweet birds?" I cry;
"Autumn is come," they make reply.

DECEMBER.

Keenly, coldly, the north winds blow;
Silently falls the pure white snow,
Of birds and blossoms am I bereft,
One brave, bright robin alone is left,
And he taps and chirps at my window-
pane—

"Take heart, the spring will return
again."

YOUNG PEOPLE OF EGYPT.

BY J. E. BADDOUR.

The privileges and modes of life enjoyed by young people of both sexes in this country are unimaginable and inconceivable to the young people of Egypt. Surely they are to be pitied for that life which is void of all joy and happiness, but how strange it sounds when I say that they are satisfied with it, and will never change it so long as they are strict believers in the Mohammedan religion, which permeates all their modes of life and makes them mere slaves, following blindly, but strictly, the supposed example of their prophet, Mohammed.

Mohammed know no foreign language, therefore it is a sin to the strict believer to study a foreign tongue or allow his son to master any language but the revealed one of their sacred Koran—the language of God and the angels in heaven, according to the Moslem belief.

Mohammed used no fork or knife, and hence the Moslem indulges in his meals using his fingers, dipping them freely, now into a semi-fluid dish, and then into another of a thicker consistency, conveying their contents to his mouth in a manner curious to behold. In fine, there is nothing that a Moslem does unless it has a precedent in the life of the Prophet or his caliphs, which instructs him in the ways he is to follow from the time he is born till his death.

When a child is born, certain ceremonies must be observed in regard to him. He is taken by a man who shouts in his ear "the call to prayer," which is believed to guard the child from the influence of the "jin," or devil, of whom the Mohammedans are constantly in terror; and very often they desert their houses from the supposition that they are haunted by this terrible "jin."

When the boy attains his second year his head is shaven, leaving only a small tuft at the crown of it. This custom is also prevalent among the older people, who shave the entire head, excepting this tuft and the moustache. It is for a well-founded reason that this tuft is left there untouched, and that is, if the Moslem should fall into the hands of an infidel (all but Moslems are hated infidels) and be slain, the infidel might cut off the head of his victim, and, finding no hair by which to hold it, put his impure hand into the mouth in order to carry it, thus polluting the sacred head of the "believer."

When the boy is able to walk, he is frequently seen playing in the streets, carrying about him all sorts of amulets, blue stones, relics of saints and texts from the Koran enveloped in skin cases. All these are to guard and protect him from injury of every kind, and from the "evil eye" particularly.

It is not uncommon to witness, in the streets of Cairo, veiled women in their black, silky gowns, looking like ghosts while walking and like balloons when they are riding on donkeys' backs, with all sorts of perfumes emanating from their persons, while their children follow barefooted, dressed in girls' habits, with dirty candles in their hands and utterly neglected in regard to cleanliness, so that swarms of flies are continually on their faces and hands and in their eyes, whizzing and buzzing all around them, making their lives a burden. This



ARAB SCHOOL.

is done to guard their dear boys from the "evil eye"; and it often happens that the terrible results of these noxious flies stinging the eyes of the children is partial or total blindness.

When a boy is six or seven years old he is sent to the Maktab, or school, where a sheik takes charge of him and begins to teach him the Arabic alphabet. As soon as it is learned the texts of the Koran are given him to be memorized.

The manner in which the boys are taught to study is very peculiar. They are taught to swing their heads to the right and left while repeating these texts in a musical manner, chanting them all the while, at the same time keeping time with the swinging motion of their heads, which not infrequently collide, and thus awaken their owners to the necessity of conforming to the general swing of the class. These boys are seated on mats, with their legs tucked under them, while the sheik, sitting on a chair before them, watches, with his long stick in hand, and a cigarette perhaps, in the other, and he slouts his threats of whipping any one who "lifts his eyes from his book," as he expresses it.

The poor little boys keep repeating all day long the same text in that wearisome, swinging manner, until they get dizzy, and usually most of them fall asleep in spite of the threatening stick of the venerable sheik, who gets tired of his monotonous watch and in turn falls asleep, too. He thus gives the nimble boys a good chance to have their own way and enjoy themselves; they slip out to the streets, do every mischief they can, and come back to find their good sheik in his deep, usual slumber.

This is the fundamental education which the Moslem boys get at these Maktabs, and it is the ways of study and the perverted ideas which they obtain that stay by them and are eradicated, if at all, with great difficulty when they get to the government schools that are under English supervision, or the other schools under the American, English, or German missions.

The girl presents a different aspect altogether. When a girl is born grief

befalls that house, and often the "sad news" is kept from the mother at the time lest some evil might happen to her. Friends console the father for the misfortune which has come to him, the birth of the innocent girl being regarded hardly less than a misfortune. Among the higher classes a girl is not disliked to the extent manifested by the lower classes of people.

No education whatever is given to the females. The Moslems do not believe in educating their daughters; a female, they say, is not born to become educated and share the privileges of man.

There is no communication whatever between the two sexes, and the young men of Egypt, as well as the young women, are thus deprived of this intercourse so general in Christian countries, and so ennobling and elevating to the character of both man and woman. How long will the female sex be so degraded and maltreated, and when will man look upon her as his equal and companion in life? So long as the Moslem's religion reigns supreme in that country, will this deplorable condition of things continue. No change is possible until Christianity has a firm footing and works vigorously to form minds and renew hearts that will look with faith and reverence toward her and their Creator.—Forward.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON VII.—MAY 16.

PAUL PREACHING TO THE GENTILES.

Acts 14. 11-22. Memory verses, 21, 22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles.—Acts 13. 47.

OUTLINE.

1. False Worshippers, v. 11-13.



MOTHER: "The doctor says you've been such a good, such a very good boy, Harry, that he's going to let you get out of bed just as soon as you've taken every drop of this Cod Liver Oil!"

2. Faithful Witnesses, v. 14-18.
3. Faithful Workers, v. 19-22.
Time.—A.D. 46.
Places.—Lystra, Derbe, and Iconium,
in Asia Minor.

HOME READINGS.

M. Work at Iconium.—Acts 14. 1-7.
Tu. Paul preaching to the Gentiles.—
Acts 14. 8-18.
W. Paul preaching to the Gentiles.—
Acts 14. 19-28.
Th. God in nature.—Rom. 1. 16-23.
F. Worship God.—Rev. 19. 6-10.
S. The Lord delivered me.—2 Tim. 3.
10-17.
Su. Glorifying in suffering.—2 Cor. 11.
21-30.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. False Worshippers, v. 11-13.
What did the people say?
What new names were given to the
apostles?
What divine honours were offered
them?
Repeat our Golden Text.
2. Faithful Witnesses, v. 14-18.
What did Paul and Barnabas do?
What did they say about themselves?
What about preaching?
What had God hitherto permitted?
What evidence of his love had he
given?
What greater evidence of love has he
given? John 3. 16.
What had the apostles difficulty in
preventing?

3. Faithful Workers, v. 19-22.

What enemies came to Lystra? From
whence?How did they show their perversity?
How much did Paul suffer from human
perversity? 2 Cor. 11. 24, 25.What occurred while the disciples
stood about Paul?Who was Paul's deliverer? 2 Tim.
3. 11.

Where did Paul and Barnabas go?

What did they there do?

What journey did they then take?

What good work did they do?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we shown—

1. That wrong religious beliefs are
dangerous?

2. That public opinion is changeable?

3. That moral courage eventually wins?

Barnes (laying aside a letter)—"I'd
like t' get this 'ere feller for a hired
man." Mrs. Barnes—"Why, Josh?"
Barnes—"Cause he signs himself, 'Your
obedient servant.'"

They had been discussing the pro-
nunciation of "oleomargarine," and
finally agreed to leave it to the waiter;
but he hedged. "Sure," said he, "I
have to pronounce it 'butter,' or lose
my job."

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