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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

TILLY'S TEMPERANCE CRUSADE

THE Hon. Thomas Bowie was taking tea at the Wilson's before delivering his famous temperance lecture at Raymond's Hall. Early tea was served out on the little side-porch, where the vine ropes swayed softly in the breeze and the mignonette perfumed the air.

He told them story after story of the drunkards reformed by the prayers and efforts of temperance societies, of mothers and wives, and even of little children.

"Not till every private in the ranks of the great temperance cause goes to the fight," said the Hon. Thomas Bowie, enthusiastically, "can we have hope to rout the enemy. But the weakest hand can wield the sword; even this little maid" (here the gentleman turned so suddenly to Tilly, sitting on the top step, that she nearly fell off into the mignonette bed)—"even little Tilly here might have some soul from the drink-devil."

Tilly was too much startled to make any answer, and the gentleman went on with his talk, forgetting all about the little girl. But Tilly felt very anxious and unhappy: if she only knew what she could do to help the cause!

The family went off to the lecture, and cook Nora promised to take care of Tilly. The little girl sat out in the back yard at the kitchen bench, waiting for Nora chatting with a visiting neighbour.

"It's meself as wad loike to hear the gentleman spake the noight," said Nora; "'tis a pretty-spaking gentleman, I can tell ye, and with a fine eye."

"It may be so," answered her companion, who was not Irish; "but such good all his speaking is goin' to do those poor wretches drinkin' now at Smoot's! I saw Bill Cross smash down that way as I came over, and leavin' no supper at home, all be bound." Then they talked about their other neighbours.

Little Tilly took a sudden resolve; not a wise one, for wisdom does not grow in little heads, but a brave and earnest one, and therefore overruled for good.

Away she slipped from careless Nora's side, and in a few minutes stood, flushed and trembling, in her pretty white company dress at the door of Smoot's saloon. A light summer shower had begun to fall, and its crystal drops glistened on her bright hair and bare arms and neck.

"Bill," she said eagerly, "come out here a minute." The astonished cabman, who knew the little lady well, came out to the doorstep. "Stoop down, Bill, I want to whisper something."

The man bent his ear to her lips. "Bill," she whispered, "if you'll go to see the gentleman at Rayman's Hall tonight, I'll give you my wax doll that opens and shuts its eyes. Please, Bill, and then you won't want to get drunk any more."

Bill snatched her up in his arms and carried her home through the dusk. He did not go to the meeting, but he went home, and Nora says his wife has picked



TILLY'S TEMPERANCE CRUSADE.

up heart about him since; he seems to be trying so hard to keep away from Smoot's.

"God bless my little girl," said papa when he knew what Tilly had done, "and make her a noble worker in the good cause! But first of all she must take mamma into partnership in what she does."

THERE MUST BE A HEAD.

A CELEBRATED painter produced a picture, the coronation of Napoleon. It was profuse in richest draperies of crimson and purple velvets, gold laces and fringes, and so on. The artist Stuart was contemplating the painting, when some one asked him, "But what do you think of the head?" Stuart, affecting surprise, as though he had not seen it before, remarked, "Why,

the thing has a head, has it not?" In the excessive richness of the adjuncts it was quite possible to lose sight of that which was really the central object of the picture.

But the criticism is well worth remembering. It not unfrequently happens that the human form is so elaborately, so excessively, adorned that one might think the head quite lost. Akin to the remark of Stuart was that of another who, on hearing that a young man had taken his life by blowing out his brains, remarked that he must have been a good marksman, the implication being that his brain was so small that it required a good aim to hit it.

It is a good thing to have a good head, well poised and kept well in view, and to have it supplied with a brain of high order. No amount of dress, or show, or artificial manners will make up for the lack of this.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S FIRST DOLLAR.

ONE evening in the Executive chamber there were present a number of gentlemen, among them Mr. Seward. A point in the conversation suggested the thought, and Mr. Lincoln said, "Seward, you never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?"

"No," said Mr. Seward. "Well," replied Lincoln, "I was about eighteen years of age. I belonged, you know, to what they called down South the 'scrubs' (people who do not own land and slaves are nobody there). But we had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labour, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell. After much persuasion I got the consent of my mother to go, and constructed a little flatboat large enough to take the barrel or two of things we had gathered, with myself and a little bundle, down to New Orleans. A steamer was coming down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the western streams, and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, for them to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board. I was contemplating my new flatboat and wondering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any particular, when two men came down to the shore in carriages, with trunks, and, looking at the different boats, singled out mine and asked:

"Who owns this?"

"I answered somewhat modestly, 'I do.'

"'Will you,' said one of them, 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?'

"'Certainly,' I said.

"I was very glad to have the opportunity of earning something. I supposed that each of them would give me two or three bits. The trunks were put on my flatboat, and the passengers seated themselves on the trunks, and I sculled them out to the steamer. They got on board, and I lifted their heavy trunks and put them on deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out that they had forgotten to pay me. Each of them took from his pocket a silver half dollar and threw it on the floor of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money.

"Gentlemen, you may think it a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me like a trifle; but it was a most important incident of my life. I could scarcely credit that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time on."—*Springfield Union*

"CAN you give a sentence illustrating the difference between mind and matter?"

"Yes, sir! When I don't mind pretty soon they's sunthin' th' matter!"

Give the Little Boys a Chance.

Here we are! Don't leave us out,
Just be wise we're little boys!
Though we're not so bold and stout,
In the world we make a noise.
You're a year or two ahead,
But we step by step advance:
All the world's before you spread—
Give the boys a chance!

Never slight us in our play—
You were once as small as we;
As it is long like you some day,
Then, perhaps, our power you'll see.
We will meet you when we're grown,
With a wave and a friendly grin,
Don't think all the while you're grown,
Give the boys a chance!

Little hands will soon be strong
For the work that we must do;
Little lips will sing their song
When those early days are through.
So, you big boys, if we're small
On our toes you needn't dance,
There is room enough for all—
Give the boys a chance!

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MAY 7, 1892.

CRIME BREEDERS.

BY A. COMSTOCK.

THE twenty million of youth to-day in this land are fertile fields in the very seed-time or receptive stage of life. Intemperance, gambling fiends, and worse than all else, the publishers of a corrupt literature and dealers in indecent and immoral articles are intent upon destroying the prospective harvest of pure manhood and womanhood. They would choke out sobriety, honesty and purity, and smother future hopes and lofty ambitions in the hearts of the rising generation by their seed-sowing of worse than weeds and tares.

How few there are who realize that as we sow, so must we reap! This is exemplified in every field that is tilled by the farmer's hands. Of the land of seed he sows, of that kind he reaps his harvest. The millions of youth in our land to-day are in the plastic, or seed-sowing stage—the springtime of life. The germ of life is being developed and growing up, is hastening on quickly to the harvest in each of these youthful lives. But what a seed-sowing from rum, gambling and lust! What a harvest must soon be realized by this nation. If we could realize how the future usefulness of the rising generation is being curtailed; how the welfare of Church and State is being constantly discounted; if we could know what the harvest would be in the lives of each victim crazed by the social cup, or dazzled by the gambler's luck, or whose imagination is defiled by the tainted pages of much of the

literature of the present day, we should mourn, indeed, for the future of our land.

Thank God there are some who realize this danger and are taking precautions against it. All honour to the brave men and women who have counted no self-denial or price too great to be made, or paid, in order to establish sobriety, temperance, honesty and moral purity in the land.

It is for each one of us to stand firm and loyal in the place where duty calls us, discharging our duty as unto God and not unto man, and to his great name be all this praise now and forever more! Amen.

THE INDIAN BOY'S REVENGE.

SEVERAL years ago Mr. Kay was in the northern part of California, near the Trinity River. He and his party had been trudging a long, long way that day, and were very tired and hungry. They came at last upon a camp of Indians on the river's bank, who were busy drying the fine salmon they had caught there. These fish looked so good and tempting, that the white men wanted to taste them, and ventured to ask if they could have but one. My friend did not expect to buy the fish with money, as we do when we go to market, but he had brought some pretty beads with him, which often please the Indians better, as it is not easy for them to get such things, living as they do away off among the wild forests and mountains of our great country. But these Indians seemed cross and selfish, and would not let the white men have their fish at all. They have been so badly treated by their pale brothers, that it is no wonder they feel hateful and want nothing to do with them oftentimes.

There was one, however, who cast a longing look at the beads, as if he was sorry not to get any for his squaw in the wigwam close by, and this gave Mr. Kay a bright thought. Holding up the string of beads again, he pointed to them and then to the fish and the river, saying in Chinook (a sort of Indian language), "You get us a fresh fish out of the water, and you shall have these beads." Snatching up his gig and spear, with which they catch these great fish, he was off in a moment to get it. Another Indian, standing by, seemed anxious to do the same, and Mr. Kay told him to follow and he should have some beads too.

After the two men were out of sight, a little Indian boy stole softly up and looked so wistfully at the pretty beads lying there, that Mr. Kay bade him go and get a fish too, and he would pay him in the same way. The boy gave a spring of joy, and was gone like a flash toward the stream, in another direction taken by the men, as they would have been displeased with him if they knew he was fishing too.

It was not long before the two men came back, each with a large fish, for which they got their string of beads. Soon the boy was seen also, running up the bank with a proud, happy face, lifting high his fine fish to show what he had done, and perhaps thinking of the dear little Indian girl who would be very glad to get the beads he had earned so nobly.

Just then a strange thought came into Mr. Kay's head, for which he said he was always ashamed. He had often heard that the heart of an Indian was only bad—that the only good Indians were those who were dead. He wondered what this boy would do if he said he did not want the fish now, and so he could not have the beads. It would have made a white boy very angry. How would this untaught heathen child act? He would try and see.

As he sat there upon a rock, resting beside the beautiful river, he drew a long face when the boy came rushing up to him, and, with a jerk of his head, said, "Be off with your fish. We have enough already without it." If the boy had been struck with a stone he would not have looked more pained and frightened. In an instant the brightness was gone from his eyes, and there seemed to be no life in him, he was so stunned with the unkindness and disappointment. After awhile, without a word, he turned slowly and sadly away toward the river, dragging the fish along behind him in the dirt, which a few moments before he had held aloft so proudly.

As if he could not believe the white man could be so false, he turned to look at him again. What was it that he saw? Down dropped the fish at his feet, and the fleet-footed boy was flying away up the bank toward Mr. Kay, giving him such a hard and sudden blow that he thought he had been shot with an arrow, perhaps, as he started up from his seat to feel himself all over to find out how and where he was hurt. Was this the Indian boy's revenge? If it was it only served him right, for he ought to have known better than to try his temper so severely. But the boy is pulling him up the bank still further, earnestly beckoning him to follow him up the hillside away from the river, and he quickly does so, wondering what it all means.

The boy then pointed down to the spot where he had been sitting, and there was a deadly rattlesnake, coiled up behind the rock, just ready to spring upon him had he stayed a moment longer. With manly tears of shame and gratitude, Mr. Kay looked at the noble boy beside him, finding no words to express his feelings. But he must in some way show his appreciation of the boy's conduct. How should it be? He should have more than his string of beads anyhow. Feeling in his pocket, my friend found there his silver pocket-comb, which he knew would be a wonderful prize to the Indian, who takes so much pride in his long, black hair. This he handed to the child, who caught it eagerly, and, like a breath of wind, vanished over the brow of the hill and was seen no more.—*Christian Observer.*

THE DYING CHILD.

Mrs. B.— sat near a scanty pallet, on which was extended the suffering little Freddy, her bright and beautiful boy, reduced to skin and bone. His large mysterious eyes were turned upward, watching the fitting of leaves and the filaments of sunshine that peered through the foliage of the multicaulis. An infant, about a month old, meagre, weary of its existence, lay on her bosom, and she in vain trying to charm it to repose.

"Mamma," said Freddy, reaching out his waxen hand, "take me to your bosom."

"Yes, love, soon as Maria is still."

"Mamma, if God had not sent us that little cross baby, you could love me, and nurse me as you did when I was sick in Cincinnati. My throat is hot, mamma. I wish I had drink in a tumbler—glass tumbler, mamma, and I could look through it."

"Dear, you shall have a tumbler," cried Mrs. B.—, her lip trembling with emotion and a wild fire in her eyes.

"Yes, mamma, one cold drink in a tumbler, and your poor little Freddie would fly up, up there where that little bird sits. Will papa come to-night and get us bread? You said he would. Will he get me a tumbler of water? No, mamma, he will be drunk. Nobody ever gets drunk in heaven, mamma!"

"No, no, my son, my angel."

"No one says cross words, mamma?"

"No, bless your sweet tongue."

"And there is nice cold water there, and silver cups?"

"Oh, yes, my child, a fountain of living waters."

"And it never gets dark there?"

"Never, never;" and the tears fell in streams down the mother's pale cheek.

"And nobody gets sick and dies?"

"No, my love."

"If they were to, God would let the angels bring them water, I know he would, from the big fountain. O mamma, don't cry. Do people cry in heaven?"

"Oh, no, sweet one; God wipes away all tears," replied the weeping mother.

"And the angels kiss them off, I s'pose? But tell me, mamma, will he come there?"

"Who, my son?"

"You know, mamma—papa."

"Hush, Freddy, dear, lie still; you worry yourself."

"Oh, my throat. Dear me, if I only had a little water in a tumbler, mamma; just one little mouthful."

"You shall have it;" and, as the mother said this, the poor child passed away into the arms of him who shall evermore give it of the bright waters of everlasting life.

A LIGHTER HEART.

How often do we feel poor because we have no money to give when we wish to help one we know to be in need; but we should never lose sight of the fact that there are cases where smiles and sweet words go farther than silver or gold. It is related that an old woman with a bundle in her hand was seen to walk down the street, and at last to seat herself upon the steps of an unused church. The children just drifting from school, looked at her curiously. Her garments were neat, though threadbare; but her wrinkled face held a painful tale of suffering, and her eyes seemed to look almost appealingly to the little ones as they drew near. It was thus that attracted a group of little ones, the oldest about nine. They all stood in a row in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. The smile brightened, lingered, and then suddenly faded; and a corner of the old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear. Then the eldest stepped forward and said:

"Are you sorry because you have not got any children?"

"I—I had children once, but they are all dead," whispered the old woman, a shiver rising in her throat.

"I am awfully sorry," said the little girl, as her own chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers here, but I've only got two; and don't believe I'd like to span one."

"God bless you, child—bless you for ever!" sobbed the old woman; and for a full moment her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child; "you may kiss us all once; and if little Ben isn't afraid you may kiss him four times; for he is just as sweet as candy."

Pedestrians who saw the three well-dressed children put their arms around the strange old woman's neck and kiss her were greatly puzzled. They did not know the hearts of the children, and they did not hear the old woman's words as she rose to go. "O children, I am only a poor old woman, believing I'd nothing to live for, but you have given me a lighter heart than I've had for ten long years."

HOW HE BEGAN.

A good many of the boys who read these pages will soon be "earning their way" in the world, if they are not already doing so. Here is a word to encourage them:

Just above the wharves of Glasgow, on the banks of the Clyde, there once lived a factory boy whom I will call David. At the age of ten he entered the cotton factory, a "piecer."

He was employed from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night. His parents were very poor, and he well knew that he must be a boyhood of very hard labour.

But then and there in that buzzing factory, he resolved that he would obtain an education and become an intelligent and useful man. With his very first week's wages he purchased Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin."

He then entered an evening school which met between the hours of eight and ten. He paid the expenses of his instruction out of his own hard earnings.

At the age of sixteen he could read Virgil and Horace as readily as the pupils of the English grammar schools.

He next began a course of self-instruction. He had been advanced in the factory from a piecer to a spinning-jenny.

He brought his books to the factory, and placing one of them in the "jenny," was the lesson before him, he divided his attention between the running of the spindle and the rudiments of knowledge.

He entered Glasgow University. He knew that he must work his way; but he also knew the power of resolution, and he was willing to make almost any sacrifice gain the end.

He worked at cotton spinning in the summer, lived frugally and applied his savings to his college studies in the winter.

He completed the allotted course, and he also was able to say, with praiseworthy pride, "I never had a farthing that I did not earn."

That boy was Dr. David Livingstone.



"THE SHIP'S PET."

THE SLAVE CHASE.

BY SYDNEY WATSON.

Author of "Wops the Waif," "Run Down," etc.

CHAPTER V.

A STERN CHASE.

ALL this time Lieutenant Vincent passed in and out among officers and men a changed man, but not a new man in Christ Jesus. He had suddenly developed from an open-rofligate, fast-living sinner to a cold, hard, self-righteous sinner.

Had the lesson of the storm been lost on him? Was it so, that the educated, refined, cultured, reasoning man had missed God's lesson, while the illiterate and poor common sailors, who peered the lower deck, saw God, and heard his voice, and knew his path even in the sea?

Yes, even so: "Nothing blinds a man more than self-righteousness," had to be the confession of Ralph Vincent when, weeks afterwards, he saw himself as God saw him.

This case puzzled the two Christian sailors. The feeling of caste between men and officers kept them from addressing him personally. They felt he was not "right" with God, and that he was either seeking peace, or had wrapped himself in a false peace.

On the Sunday morning following the squall the usual captain's inspection had been carried out, the hands, in white duck trousers, white drill frocks, and white caps, had been duly dismissed. The order had passed along the decks, "Rig church."

The men passed to and fro rapidly, carrying the stools onto the upper deck to form that quaint, but picturesque, sight, "Church at sea." There was no sense of reverence among them, the merry joke and light jest freely passing round.

"I say chums," said Jenkins, as, with a stool under his arm, he paused at a little group of men, "are you a good hand at riddles? If so, guess this: What is the difference between me and this moss stool?"

A hearty laugh went round, and they cried, "We give it up."

"Why, the stool has to be carried to church, and I have to be driven!"

This was the signal for renewed mirth; but by this time all is arranged on the quarter deck for service. The pulpit is fixed, covered with an immense union-jack; the books are placed on the stand; the bell tolls as it would in some quiet English parish. The men muster aft and fill the seats; the officers take the chairs arranged in the rear of the pulpit. The bell ceases, and, escorted by the ship's schoolmaster, who acts as clerk, the chaplain takes his place.

Opening his prayer book, he reads, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him

return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him: and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." And thus, step by step, the service proceeds till they commence presently to sing, "I will arise and go to my Father."

There is something rich in the swell of this body of men's bass voices, and they are just repeating the refrain, "I will arise," when a voice, loud and clear, rings out from aloft, from the mast-head, where, seated upon the cross-trees, the lookout man watches.

"Deck ahoy!"
"Well," cried the officer of the watch, "what is it?"
"Dhow in sight, sir."
"Where away?"
"Just off the starboard bow, but she's a good many miles off, sir."

Then, in the quick, sharp tones so usual to naval officers of these times, the officer shouted,

"Boatswain's mate! Pipe down church." In a few moments all vestige of church was gone, and officers and men were full of intensest excitement. Their first dhow in sight! Every stitch of canvas was set, everything done to drive the vessel in swift pursuit.

"A stern chase is a long chase." The dhow had some miles' start, and, in common with that class of vessel, was built and rigged to sail like a witch, as sailors say. Hour after hour passed before they seemed to gain upon her at all, but at last she can be just seen from the deck, and now a new impulse is given to the excitement.

Then, about the middle of the afternoon, a captain's order is issued that all hands are to have an early tea, so that the coppers may be filled with fresh water, ready to wash the slaves when taken from the dhow.

At half-past four the captain thought they were within shot range and ordered the bow-chaser to be loaded with blank cartridge.

Very deafening was the sound of that blank fire amid the stillness of the tropical afternoon, and very anxious the glances of all who watched the dhow's movements, to see if she would shorten sail, or come round, but she still held her way.

After half-an-hour, which seemed to the excited men treble the time, the order was given to load with shot, and Sam Harper, who was a seaman gunner, and considered the very best shot in the ship, was asked if he thought he could take her mast out. This he seemed quite confident of doing. They were now fast gaining on the slaver.

Sam proceeded to train and lay the gun. Then, with his sharp little eye laid along the sights, while his left hand directed the movements of the gun's crew, with a sudden shout of, "Stand clear," at which every man sprang clear of the gun, he pulled the trigger line, and with wild, fierce hiss and whiz, and volumes of smoke, which belched forth amid the deafening explosion, the shot went forth on its deadly mission.

For a moment or two nothing could be seen or heard. Everyone waited for the smoke to clear, everyone was silent with expectancy; then, as the wreaths of smoke slowly rolled aside, a deafening cheer rose simultaneously from every throat. The mast of the dhow had gone by the board, literally shattered, about four feet from the deck.

"Well done, Harper," exclaimed Lieutenant Vincent, "that was a splendid shot," but before Harper could reply the captain was speaking.

"Lieutenant Vincent!"
"Yes, sir."
"Get the first, second, and third cutters ready for lowering; let the crew put on sword belts, and take their swords and revolvers; let the hands stand by ready to shorten sail."

"Yes, sir," and then, putting all these orders into execution, Lieutenant Vincent prepared himself to board the dhow.

Now, as they neared the slaver, they could smell her, and wildest joy as well as

excitement spread among the men, as they thought of a goodly slice of luck, in the form of prize money.

"My word, chums," said Jenkins, "she must be full of slaves, can't you smell 'em, poor nigs?" Then, as it he was already handling the slave's crew, he chuckled as he said, "All right, my beauties, we'll give you 'what cheer' when we get alongside." I guess you'll all be sorry you came out with your dear darkey brothers for this werry delightful yachting cruise."

The dhow was a large one, and as the boats drew near it became evident there would be a stubborn resistance. The Arabs and half breeds, a score in all, were bent on mischief. Mad with rage at being foiled in their enterprise, expecting nothing but death at the hands of their captors, they resolved to sell their lives at a dear rate. Wild to think that the hated English would actually get more as prize money than they would ever have realized, they were determined to spite and balk their "English tyrants" of at least some of the prize.

With this idea they commenced, in cold-blooded eagerness, to haul them overboard. The repeated splash, as body after body was thus despatched, soon attracted the attention of the crews, both of the vessel and of the boats, and if anything could have roused their fury, this last awful sight had surely done it. Regardless of all discipline, they sent up a terrible yell of execration, and, filled with furious eagerness, they bent to their oars, and were speedily alongside the dhow, thirsting for vengeance.

The greatest care and skill were now needed to save the lives of the impatient crew. The huge sail and dismantled mast, which hung over the side, hampered the dhow's movements, and completely hid the boats from the Arabs. Taking advantage of this, Lieutenant Vincent held a few moments' quiet consultation with the cock swains, and planned the attack. He, with his boat, would attack and board at the stern of the dhow; one of the other boats at the bow; a third, slipping between the dragging sail on the opposite quarter, just where it belied by the breeze, would thus completely surround the "villainous hold of hell."

All this was but the work of a few moments; and, as they approached the dhow's sides, suddenly the dark, swarthy, evil faces of the Arabs and half-breeds appeared above her gunwale, and a volley, but a badly-aimed one, was directed against two of the boats. Badly aimed, however, as it was, three shots took effect. Lieutenant Vincent's left hand was completely disabled, and, for a moment, the sickening pain made him reel; but, binding his handkerchief hastily around it, he cheered on the men with a new desperation visible in face and voice. One poor fellow was badly hurt in the other boat, and dropped to the bottom; while Jenkins was fairly mad—for a shot had inflicted just a slight flesh wound upon the shoulder—grinding his teeth in rage and pain.

For a brief moment all was suspense, for the heads of the Arabs had once more disappeared below their low gunwale. Then the clear voice of Vincent was heard—"Board the dhow! Keep cool; and stick to them, lads."

A wild rush was then made for her sides, and coming as it did from so many points at once, for a moment seemed to bewilder the dhow's crew.

Then the scene baffled description. The men of the *Bluster* had the advantage of the Arabs, since they had revolvers, and short carbines and swords; while the others were armed with the long Arab rifle, so difficult to use in a hand-to-hand fight. But they had their long knives, and these they used fiercely, and with awful effect. Several of the *Bluster's* men lay severely wounded. Already eleven of the dhow's crew were either dead or dying, and yet the remnant fought like tigers.

Jenkins, desperate with his wound, and the excitement of the attack, seemed more like a wild animal who had tasted blood, than the jocular, fun-loving fellow he generally appeared.

Reinforcements had now come from the ship, since the fight was seen to be so desperate, and in a few moments the remainder of the dhow's crew were secured.

The wounded men of the *Bluster* were

carefully transported to the ship for minute attention, while the lot of the dhow was brought alongside, and lashed securely, ready for the transhipping of the poor slaves.

The junior officers of the vessel, who had before been so thrilled with the stories of Cooper on that eventful day in the gun room—and who, on board the *Bluster*, had impatiently watched the result of the boarding and attack, could hardly restrain their furious indignation at the least thirsty, cruel atrocity of the Arabs upon the poor slaves, as the remnant of the former, hand-cuffed or bound, were brought on board. These were soon deposited in low iron cages; and then came the work of clearing the slave decks of their awful freight.

Some of the hatches had been removed by the Arabs to fetch up the feeble slaves upon whom they had wreaked such an awful vengeance, and now, as the remainder were removed, what an awful sight was displayed!

The dhow had been nearly a month at sea, as was afterwards ascertained, during the whole of the time this living mass of negroes, men and women, together with a score of children, had been prisoners below. Fastened securely to the slave deck with leg irons, they had sat, or lain, festering in dirt and vermin.

Reef had been served out in small quantities twice a day, but they were awfully lean, and gaunt, and weak, and as the sailors, with rough, but tender touch, lifted their nude bodies from the accumulated filth, and saw their terrible flesh sores, more than one of these rough seamen wept like children. The moans of the weakest, together with the groans of the strongest slaves, would move the coldest and hardest heart. But the work went steadily on till past eight o'clock, and so all were carefully housed and fed on the ship that had brought them salvation.

In less than ten days the vessel had made good her passage, and landed the freed slaves, nearly all of whom were now in good health, clean, and smiling. One chabby little fellow, about five years old, who was either an orphan, or had been torn from his parents' shore, and to whom all the sailors had taken a great fancy, with the captain's consent, was kept on board as "ship's pet."

(To be continued.)

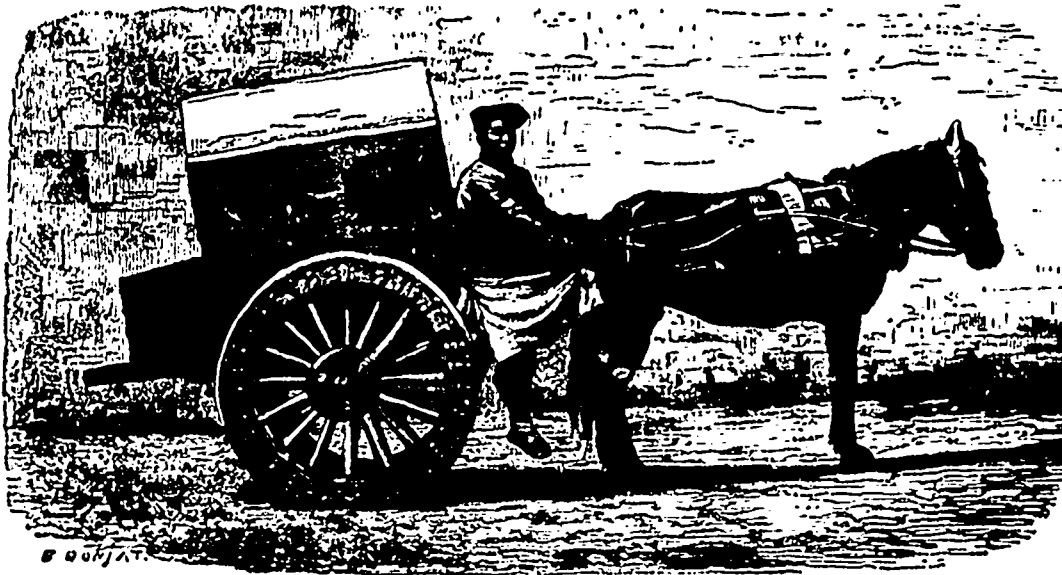
THE POWER OF GENTLENESS.

It is related that a belated stranger stayed all night at a farmer's house. He noticed that a slender little girl, by her gentle ways, had a great influence in the house. She seemed to be a bringer of peace and good will to the rough ones in the household.

She had power over animals also, as the following shows. The farmer was going to town next morning, and agreed to take the stranger with him. The family came out to see them start. The farmer gathered up the reins, and with a jerk said, "Dick, go 'long!" But Dick didn't "go long." The whip cracked about the pony's ears, and he shouted, "Dick, you rascal, get up!" It availed not. Then came down the whip with a heavy hand, but the stubborn beast only shook his head slowly. A stout lad came out and seized the bridle, and pulled and yanked and kicked the rebellious pony but not a step would he move.

At this crisis a sweet voice said, "Willie, don't do so." The voice was quickly recognized. And now the magic hand was laid on the neck of the seemingly incorrigible animal, and a simple low word was spoken. Instantly the rigid muscles relaxed, and the air of stubbornness vanished. "Poor Dick," and she stroked and patted softly his neck with the child-like hand. "Now, go 'long you naughty fellow," in a half chiding, but in a tender voice, as she drew gently on the bridle. The pony turned and rubbed his nose against her arm for a moment, and started off at a cheerful trot, and there was no further trouble that day.

The stranger remarked to the farmer, "What wonderful power that hand possesses!" The reply was, "Oh, she's good. Everybody and everything loves her."



THE PEKIN CHARIOT.

THE PEKIN CHARIOT.

Now isn't this a fine, sleepy-looking old fellow? And such a queer contrivance as he has hitched to him! What is it, you wonder? Why, it is just one of the finest carriages of which you ever heard. It is the Pekin chariot.

In China, where the people are never in a hurry, they travel in all kinds of slow ways. The principal mode of travelling is by the sedan-chair. These are used in all the cities, where the streets are too narrow for other conveyances to pass. Another way is by wheel-barrow.

But some of the larger cities, especially Pekin, have these queer-looking carts called chariots. They are not only rudely built, but they are very uncomfortable. They are entirely destitute of springs; and the passenger sits cross-legged on the bed of the cart, exactly above the axle, without any support for his back. I don't believe you would like to take a ride in the Pekin chariot, big as its name sounds!

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE PSALMS AND DAVID.

B.C. 1015.] LESSON VII. [May 15.]

A SONG OF PRAISE.

Psalm 103. 1-22. Memory verses, 1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.—Psalm 103. 2.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God's mercies are infinite, and demand the highest praises in heart, in word, and in life.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

All that is within me—His whole spiritual nature. Forget not all—Remember every one; they are many, and we are liable to forget. Redeemeth—Saveth at cost to himself. Life from destruction. (1) Our life in this world; (2) our eternal life through the redemption of Christ. Satisfieth thy mouth—The soul; "mouth" as a type of all desires. Renewed like the eagle's—Made as strong and fresh and active and joyful as that of the king of birds in his prime. Slow to anger—Does not punish any sooner than he must; bears with his children. Neither will he keep his anger for ever—He will not punish his children to their destruction as he must his enemies who will not repent. As the heaven is high—The greatest conceivable height. As far, etc.—The greatest imaginable distance. He knoweth our frame For he made us, and therefore understands all about us. Grass . . . flower—Short-lived, easily destroyed. From everlasting to everlasting—The greatest conceivable duration. Them that fear him—This is the third time this limitation is given. Only such can claim the promise. Keep his covenant—To bless and save if we obey his commands.

Find in this lesson—
Some things about our need of help.

Something about the character of God. How many things are mentioned for which we should praise God.

The extent of God's mercy.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. Why should we praise God? "Because of his many mercies to us." 2. How should we praise him? "With voice and heart and life, in public and in private." 3. For what should we praise him? "For his goodness and love." 4. How great is that love? "Higher than the heavens, longer than the east is from the west, and enduring from everlasting to everlasting." 5. Who should praise the Lord? "All his works in all places of his dominion."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

21. What is regeneration, or the new birth?

It is the work of God in the soul, by the Holy Spirit, which begins the new life in Christ Jesus.

Make the tree good, and its fruit good.—Matt. 12. 33.

Wherefore if any man is in Christ, he is a new creature; the old things are passed away; behold they are become new.—2 Cor. 5. 17.

Except a man be born anew, he cannot see the kingdom of God.—John 3. 3.

ONE WOMAN IN ENGLAND.

SOME years ago, in a foreign city, horses were continually slipping on the smooth and icy pavement of a steep hill, up which loaded waggons and carts were constantly moving. Yet no one seemed to think of any better remedy than to beat and curse the animals who tugged and pulled and slipped on the hard stones.

No one thought of a better way, except a poor old woman, who lived at the foot of the hill. It hurt her so, to see the poor horses slip and fall on the slippery pavements, that every morning, old and feeble as she was, with trembling steps she climbed the hill and emptied her ash-pan, and such ashes as she could collect from her neighbours, on the smoothest spot.

At first the teamsters paid her very little attention, but after a little they began to look for her, to appreciate her kindness, to be ashamed of their own cruelty.

The town officials heard of the old lady's work and they were ashamed too, and set to work levelling the hill and reopening the pavement. Prominent men came to know what the old woman had done, and it suggested to them an organization for doing such work as the old lady had inaugurated. All this made the teamsters so grateful, that they went among their employers and others with a subscription paper, and raised a fund which bought the old lady a comfortable annuity for life. So one poor old woman and her ash-pan not only kept the poor, overloaded horses from falling, but made every animal in the city more comfortable, improved and beautified the city itself and excited an epoch of good feeling and kindness, the end of which no one can tell.—Rev. F. M. Todd.

A Million for Missions.

BY THE REV. EDWARD B. HEATON.

Ye lands of the heathens, rejoice that the shadows

That wrapped you in death are beginning to rise!

From valleys and hilltops, from cornfields and meadows,

Break forth the glad tidings that brighten your skies.

Ye lands of the heathens, no more shall your waters

Engulf little children whom Jesus did bless;

No Christian hearts weep at your manifold slaughters,

The Morning Star shines o'er your rank wilderness.

Ye lands of the heathens, cry one to another,

The Bible is coming, with shepherds to lead.

Across the gray waters hasten many a brother;

Be gracious, old ocean! Wild winds, bid them speed!

From Africa's dark jungles, where rites fierce and gory

Are slaying their thousands whom Christ died to save;

From Asian altars, with sin foul and hoary,

Shall rise songs of triumph o'er death and the grave.

Then sing, O ye heathens, Jehovah hath spoken,

Ye isles of the ocean re-echo the strain,

"A million for missions!" this is the sure token;

From pole unto pole the Messiah shall reign.

JOE'S FIRST TEMPTATION.

DEACON JONES kept a little fish market. "Do you want a boy to help you?" asked Joe White one day. "I guess I can sell fish."

"Can you give good weight to my customers and take good care of my pennies?"

"Yes, sir," answered Joe; and forthwith he took his place in the market, weighed the fish and kept the room in order.

"A whole day for fun, fireworks and crackers to-morrow," exclaimed Joe, as he buttoned his white apron around him the day before the Fourth of July. A great trout was flung down upon the counter.

"Here's a royal trout, Joe. I caught it myself. You may have it for ten cents. Just hand over the money, for I'm in a hurry to buy my fire-crackers," said Ned Long, one of Joe's mates.

The deacon was out; but Joe had made purchases for him before, so the dime was spun across to Ned, who was off like a shot.

Just then Mrs. Martin appeared. "I want a nice trout for my dinner to-morrow. This one will do. How much is it?"

"A quarter, ma'am." And the fish was transferred to the lady's basket, and the silver piece to the money-drawer.

But here Joe paused. "Ten cents was very cheap for that fish. If I tell the dea-

con it cost fifteen cents he'll be satisfied, and I shall have five cents to invest in fire-crackers."

The deacon was pleased with Joe's bargain, and when the market closed each went his way for the night. But the nickel in Joe's pocket burned like a coal; he could not eat his supper, and was cross and unhappy. At last he could stand it no longer, and, walking rapidly, tapped on the door of Deacon Jones' cottage.

A stand was drawn out, and before the open Bible sat the old man. Joe's heart almost failed him; but he told his story, and with tears of sorrow laid the coin in the deacon's hand. Turning over the leaves of the Bible, the old man read: "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whose confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." You have my forgiveness, Joe. Now go home and confess to the Lord; but, remember, you must forsake as well as confess. And keep this little coin as long as you live, to remind you of this first temptation.—New York Mail.

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD BOY.

THE following incident, from an exchange, is very suggestive: "They all put brandy in them," said one. "They all don't. My mother has never put a drop of brandy into her mince pie since the day Bob said he could taste the brandy and it tasted good. Mother then said it was wrong, and she never would be guilty of it again. And if mother says a thing is wrong, you may be sure it is wrong; for what mother knows she knows."

"How about mince pies? Are you sure she knows how to make good pies?" and a laugh went up from the group of girls gathered around the register of the recitation-room, eating their lunch. But some of them winced a little when back were tossed these words: "If she doesn't, she knows how to make a good boy; and isn't a boy worth more than a piece of pie?"

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THE EPWORTH WHEEL OF KNOWLEDGE.

THREE GAMES IN ONE.

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