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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, MAY 21, 1898.

[No. 21.]

Victoria, Our Beloved Queen.

Old England calls upon her sons
To honour England's Queen;
Her sons respond, and daughters, too,
To keep her memory green.
With loyal heart and ready hand
The Empire's children stand,
Prepared to do, prepared to die,
For Queen and native land.

For sixty years our country's flag
Hath borne o'er earth and main
The name of Empress-Queen beloved,
With neither spot nor stain.
Long may it bear Victoria's name,
Long o'er us may she reign;
And for our Empire broad and grand
May she new honour gain.

Upon our Queen, our country, flag,
God's blessing ever rest;
With peace and plenty everywhere
Her people's homes be blest.
God save the Queen, her people pray,
From hearts sincere and free;
God save our loved Victoria,
And crown her jubilee.

THE QUEEN AND THE SICK CHILD.

Three or four years ago Her Majesty the Queen came to open a new wing of the London Hospital. For some days previously nothing else was talked about in the papers and on the streets, but Her Majesty's intended visit. There was a little orphan child lying in one of the wards of the hospital, and she too had heard that the Queen was coming. She said to the nurse, "Do you think the Queen will come and see me?"

"I am afraid not, darling," said the nurse; "she will have so many people to see, and so much to do."
"But I should so much like to see her," pleaded the little patient; "I should be so much better if I saw her;" and day after day the poor child was expressing her anxiety to see Her Majesty.

When the Queen came the governor told Her Majesty, and the Queen, with her large, kindly heart and motherly instinct, said; "I should like to see that dear child; would you just take me to the ward?" and Queen Victoria was conducted to the bedside of the orphan girl.

The little thing thought it was one of the women come in the crowd to see the opening of the hospital, and said: "Do you think the Queen will come and see me? I should like to see the Queen."
"I am the Queen," said her visitor. "I heard you were anxious to see me. I



QUEEN VICTORIA.

hope you will be so much better now;" and she stroked down her fevered, wasted, pale brow, gave some money to the nurse to get some nice things for the child, and went her way.

The child said, "I am ever so much better now that I have seen the Queen." A greater than the Queen is always near to praying souls, even the King of kings; and we would all be much better if by faith we realized his presence.

A LITTLE MISSIONARY.

The following testimony was given by a convert in a recent meeting: "Last night when I was about to retire my little three-year-old girl who happened to be awake, said to me: 'Papa, don't you say your prayers?' I told her lightly that mamma did the praying for both of us. Presently the little one said: 'Papa, don't you know how to pray?' I said, thoughtlessly, 'No.' In a moment she was by my bedside, saying:

'Poor papa, I will teach you how to pray.' Despite all my excuses she would not sleep until I arose, and kneeling by her side, repeated after her, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' Then my little girl went back to bed, and in a few moments was in the land of dreams. I didn't sleep last night. God had spoken to me through my baby girl, and I felt that if I died before I waked, my soul was lost. All this day I have been miserable, but to-night I have found peace. I expect to pray that little prayer with my child to-night, and like her, to 'lay me down to sleep,' knowing that living or dying, I am the Lord's. Truly, 'a little child shall lead them.'"

A rich, but parsimonious old gentleman, on being taken to task for his uncharitableness, said: "True, I don't give much, but if you only knew how it hurts when I give anything, you wouldn't wonder."

THE LAST SUPPER.

We present herewith a copy of the wonderful bas-relief by the self-taught English artist, George Tinworth, of whom we recently gave a short account in this paper. This picture of "The Last Supper," while it will not compare with Leonardo da Vinci's wonderful group, is still profoundly impressive. It is at the moment when our Lord utters the words, "One of you shall betray me, and they were exceeding sorrowful, and began, every one of them, to say unto him, 'Lord, is it I?'" The eager remonstrance is well shown in the action of the figures. The gentle heart of John cannot endure the thought and hides his face on his Lord's shoulder, while Judas clutches his bag, and seems to meditate his deed of arch-treachery.

"HE TOOK THE CUP, AND GAVE THANKS."

(Matt. 26. 27.)

BY CAROLINE L. SMITH.

But wherefore thanks? The hour draws nigh
Of keenest agony;
The Father turns his face away,
The Lamb of God must die!

He breaks the bread and blesses it,
"This is my body," "eat it;"
How soon the cruel nails will bruise
Those sacred hands and feet!

He takes the cup; come, "drink ye all,"
"For many" this "is shed;"
"This is my blood"—O ne'er before
Has guest such banquet spread!

Still giving thanks that he may bear
For us a heavier woe
Than human thought can e'er conceive,
His blood will gladly flow.

Thanks for thine anguish, dearest Lord,
In that mysterious hour,
When thou, the sinless One, must feel
The curse of sin's fell power!

O melt our souls with living fire!
Kindle our tongues to sing
The glory of our suffering Lamb,
Our Saviour, Priest, and King!

An offering without recall
Our grateful hearts be given
To him who giveth thanks to die
That we may live in heaven!

—Christian Advocate.



THE LAST SUPPER.

To a Sparrow.

BY CHARLES H. CHANDALL.

Poor, lonely, little fluffy thing,
A gray wite in the cold and sleet,
With glossy head and folded wing,
Soft cuddling down upon your feet!

You know not if the morrow's sun
May find you frozen on that bough,
And don't you wonder, pretty one,
Where your next meal is waiting now?

Gaily you chirp and dodge the storm,
And turn your head and preen your
wing,
Strange that from such a tiny form
So large a lesson there should spring

I, who, well sheltered, often pine;
I, who sometimes have food to spare,
Am fain to join my fate with thine,
If I might in thy spirit share.

Brave little bird! I thank you now
For the new courage I have found,
As I remembered such as thou
Fall not unnoticed to the ground.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MAY 21, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

MAY 29, 1898.

OUR SINS, AND HOW TO BE FORGIVEN.

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.—1 John 1-9.

I acknowledge my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin.—Psalm 32, 5.

There is a danger nowadays of regarding sin as a little thing, as something to be winked at or overlooked. It is not so regarded in the Word of God. It is described as the abominable thing which God hates; that upon which he cannot look with the least degree of allowance; that which rises up between our souls and God; that which separates us from him by an impassable gulf, unless we obtain the forgiveness of our sins.

It will never do for us to try and lessen this evil, or to hide our sins from God or from ourselves. The only way to obtain their forgiveness is to feel how sinful they are, to confess them to God and to man, to seek pardon and forgiveness for them. It is not enough that he that stole shall steal no more. We must be like Zaccheus, who said, "If I have defrauded any man, I will restore unto him fourfold."

We must make the best amends also for the wrong we have done, and, having done this, we may come with boldness and confidence to our loving Father in Heaven, "who is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

To obtain this forgiveness we must forgive those who have injured us—and forgive not merely seven times, but seventy times seven.

"For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your Heavenly Father will also forgive you; but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE OLD WOMAN.

One day last autumn an old woman, while busily engaged in picking up firewood in the woods adjoining Mar Lodge, became aware of a lady, quite young as she thought, beckoning her to approach. With true Scottish indifference she, however, hesitated to do so, for "I juist thought it wud be the Duchess o' Fife," the old lady explained, "and I was thinking she might as weel come to me as I to her." This, indeed, the young lady—who, as it happened, was not the Duchess, but the Princess of Wales herself—soon did. Her Royal Highness was the first to commence the conversation by the somewhat characteristic inquiry: "Do you think I look like a grandmother?" "Deed no, I thought ye was her," was the old woman's reply, pointing to the Duchess of Fife, who at that moment joined her mother. The Princess, smiling at this artless tribute to her still wonderfully youthful appearance, after a little further conversation took out her purse and offered a piece of silver to the old woman. This was gladly accepted, for Mrs. McB., although widely known in Braemar as a decent old body, is not abundantly blessed with this world's goods. But, alas, when she essayed to put away the coin the pocket, which proved refractory, as pockets will, had twisted round somehow and, in fact, could not be found.

With a charming courtesy the Princess assisted her humble acquaintance to find it and then lifted the bundle of sticks, which had been placed for a moment on the ground, on to the old woman's shoulders and with a cheery "Good-day," accompanied by a bright nod and smile, left her. Perhaps the best part of this story was the remark of the old lady, who, by the way, was not in the least overcome by the condescension of royalty: "The Princess was real helpful and bonnie like."

FROM "THE OLD WAR HORSE" IN "BLACK BEAUTY."

"But what about the fighting?" said I. "Was not that worse than anything else?"

"Well," said he, "I hardly know; we always liked to hear the trumpet sound, and to be called out, and were impatient to start off, though sometimes we had to stand for hours, waiting for the word of command; I believe so long as we felt our rider firm in the saddle, and his hand steady on the bridle, not one of us gave way to fear, not even when the terrible bombshells whirled through the air and burst into a thousand pieces.

"I, with my noble master, went into many actions together without a wound; and though I saw horses shot down with bullets, pierced through with lances, and gashed with fearful sabre-cuts; though we left them dead on the field, or dying in the agony of their wounds, I don't think I feared for myself. My master's cheery voice, as he encouraged his men, made me feel as if he and I could not be killed. I had such perfect trust in him that whilst he was guiding me I was ready to charge up to the cannon's mouth. I saw many brave men cut down, many fall wounded from their saddles. I have heard the cries and groans of the dying, I have cantered over ground slippery with blood, and frequently had to turn aside to avoid trampling on wounded man or horse, but, until one dreadful day, I had never felt terror; that day I shall never forget."

Here old Captain paused for a while and drew a long breath; I waited, and he went on.

"It was one autumn morning, and, as usual an hour before daybreak our cavalry had turned out, ready caparisoned for the day's work, whether it might be fighting or waiting. The men stood by their horses waiting, ready for orders. As the light increased, there seemed to be some excitement among the officers; and before the day was well begun we heard the firing of the enemy's guns.

"Then one of the officers rode up and gave the word for the men to mount, and in a second every man was in his saddle, and every horse stood expecting the touch of the rein, or the pressure of his rider's heels, all animated, all eager; but still we had been trained so well that, except for the clamping of our bits, and the restive tossing of our heads from time to time, it could not be said that we stirred.

"My dear master and I were at the head of the line, and as all sat motionless and watchful, he took a little stray lock of my mane which had turned over on the wrong side, laid it over on the right, and smoothed it down with his hand; then patting my neck, he said,

"We shall have a day of it to-day, Bayard, my beauty; but we'll do our duty as we have done." He stroked my neck that morning more, I think, than he had ever done before, quietly on and on, as if he were thinking of something else. I loved to feel his hand on my neck, and arched my crest proudly and happily, but I stood very still, for I knew all his moods, and when he liked me to be quiet, and when gay.

"I cannot tell all that happened on that day, but I will tell of the last charge that we made together, it was across a valley right in front of the enemy's cannon. By this time we were well used to the roar of heavy guns, the rattle of musket fire, and the flying of shot near us; but never had I been under such a fire as we rode through on that day. From the right, from the left, and from the front, shot and shell poured in upon us. Many a brave man went down, many a horse fell, flinging his rider to the earth; many a horse without a rider ran wildly out of the ranks; then, terrified at being alone, with no hand to guide him, came pressing in amongst his old companions, to gallop with them to the charge.

"Fearful as it was, no one stopped, no one turned back. Every moment the ranks were thinned, but as our comrades fell, we closed in to keep them together; and instead of being shaken or staggered in our pace, our gallop became faster and faster as we neared the cannon, all clouded in white smoke, while the red fire flashed through it.

"My master, my dear master, was cheering on his comrades with his right arm raised on high, when one of the balls whizzing close to my head, struck him. I felt him stagger with the shock, though he uttered no cry; I tried to check my speed, but the sword dropped from his right hand, the rein fell loose from the left, and, sinking backward from the saddle, he fell to the earth; the other riders swept past us, and by the force of their charge I was driven from the spot where he fell.

"I wanted to keep my place by his side, and not leave him under that rush of horses' feet, but it was in vain; and now without a master or a friend, I was alone on that great slaughter ground; then fear took hold on me, and I trembled as I had never trembled before; and I, too, as I had seen other horses do, tried to join in the ranks and gallop with them; but I was beaten off by the swords of the soldiers. Just then, a soldier whose horse had been killed under him, caught at my bridle and mounted me; and with this new master I was again going forward; but our gallant company was cruelly overpowered, and those who remained alive after the fierce fight for the guns, came galloping back over the same ground. Some of the horses had been so badly wounded that they could scarcely move from the loss of blood; other noble creatures were trying on three legs to drag themselves along, and others were struggling to rise on their fore feet, when their hind legs had been shattered by shot. Their groans were pitious to hear, and the beseeching look in their eyes as those who escaped passed by, and left them to their fate, I shall never forget. After the battle the wounded men were brought in, and the dead were buried.

"Do you know what they fought about?" said I.

"No," he said, "that is more than a horse can understand, but the enemy must have been awfully wicked people, if it was right to go all that way over the sea on purpose to kill them."

PRINCESS VICTORIA.

THE SIMPLE LIFE OF ENGLAND'S QUEEN IN HER CHILDHOOD DAYS.

James Cassidy has written for the July St. Nicholas an article on the "Girlhood Days of England's Queen," in the course of which he says:

There was an occupation in which the wee woman of seven years, wearing a simple white gown and large straw hat, was frequently seen engaged. It was watering the garden plants. One of those who saw her said that as he sometimes watched her intently at work, he wondered which would get the most water, the plants or her own little feet!

The Princess was an early riser, getting up at seven, frequently earlier in the summer, and breakfasting at eight o'clock. Her breakfast was just such as any well-cared-for little girl, who was not a princess, might be expected to enjoy; bread-and-milk and fruit, placed on a small table by her mother's side.

When breakfast was finished the little Princess went for a walk or a drive, while her half-sister, Feodore, her almost constant companion, studied with her governess. From ten to twelve the

Duchess instructed 'Drina, after which she was at liberty to wander at will through the rooms, or to play with her many costly toys.

Two o'clock was the dinner-hour of the Princess, though the luncheon-hour of the Duchess. Plain food, nicely cooked, was placed before the little girl; and she did it justice, for she was healthy and strong, and enjoyed her meals. After dinner she received assistance in her studies till four o'clock, when she was taken by her mother to visit a friend, or perhaps to walk or drive, or she was permitted to ride a donkey in the gardens.

At the dinner-hour of the Duchess her little girl supped, seated next to her mother. Then came a romp with her nurse, Mrs. Brock. By the time the romp was finished the house-party would be at their dessert, and then the Princess would be called in to join them.

Nine o'clock was bedtime, and she never prolonged her day beyond that hour. No matter whether she was at home or at the house of a friend, "nine o'clock bedtime was rigidly enforced." Her little bed was placed beside her mother's larger bed, so that by day and night mother and daughter were never far apart.

Regular study, regular exercise, simple food, and plenty of time out of doors, plenty of play and plenty of sleep, distinguished the up-bringing of England's future Queen.

THE "DOLLS' HOSPITAL."

A sign hanging from a second-story window in New York city reads that way, and the physician in charge is a cheery little German woman, wife of a man who made dolls in Saxony. "Putting a finger on," and "waxing a face over," are the two most difficult operations in doll surgery. She treats fractures and wounds of every description, and importers who send dolls, damaged in transportation, are very particular that dolly's new head, hand, or hair shall match the rest of her; but children are her most numerous and also her most exacting patrons—especially in the matter of heads. "The children know their little dolls," says the doll-mender, "and love them very dearly. When they grow old, and scratched, and broken, the little one can't forget that they were once rosy, and whole, and beautiful. Oh, no! It isn't that my heads are not pretty. They are not compared with the old head, but with the old head as it was when the doll was found in the Christmas stocking. That is the dolly they want again. The sign is a great help to me in my business. It brings work from the children. It makes playing with the dolls more real, you see, to have a 'hospital' to take them to. Very fine fun it is for the children, as you would know if you could see them come here, playing all the while that the doll is in a dangerous state, and needs most careful attention. I play at the same thing with them, sometimes; it's good for business, and then it is fun for me, too." Touching incidents occur when little mothers bring children so hopelessly maimed that restoration is impossible, and yet so tenderly loved that it is hard to advise burial in the waste-can.

JAPANESE CHILDREN.

"A Joyous heart is always pure," say the Japanese, and they encourage and take part in the amusements of their little ones with a zest that shows their belief. The Japanese are naturally a gentle and childlike race, fond of gaiety, while brave and chivalrous in action and earnest in study. The boys and girls while at play romp, laugh, and shout, and have a "royal good time," but travellers say they do not see among them quarrels nor angry words and gestures. Score this to the credit of our dark-eyed little cousins in the land of the "sun's source."

They have the advantage of being loosely and warmly dressed, and of being out a great deal in the open air. In their homes there is but little furniture to tumble over, and there are few useless ornaments which they are told "not to touch."—From "The Little Japanese at Home," by Ida Tigner Hodnett, in the April St. Nicholas.

Francis W. Bird, the "Sage of Galpole," once went to see Dr. S. G. Howe, and found him with his feet swathed in flannels and extended on a chair. "Howe, what is the matter?" "I have the gout," said Howe. "You have the gout—such a temperance man as you?" "Yes, Bird, my ancestors drank wine, and I have to foot the bill!"



With the Whale Fishers.

BY M. R. WARD.

CHAPTER III.

STORMS AND PERILS.

The Walrus held steadily on her course with a fair wind, and as Arthur went early on deck the next morning to witness a glorious sunrise, he was quite prepared to express his pleasure in seafaring life.

"Ah, ah, doctor, fine sailing now, but wait till we've left the Pentland behind us; we shall get a different sea-board then, likely enough," replied the old captain, with a merry chuckle; intending to prepare his young voyager for what might shortly be before him. "You'll have to find your sea-legs then, doctor, if you have them in stock, there's not a doubt."

Arthur laughed heartily at these preparatory hints, and as he cast an admiring glance on the glorious uprising before him, and was proceeding to take a few steps up the rigging for a better view, as he thought, he was interrupted by—

"Nay, nay, doctor; I don't think you'll gain much up there; and moreover; I can't quite sanction that step until you've got better accustomed to our roll on board. Many a young life goes, for want of caution at first; and how should I answer to that mother of yours if we had any mishap?"

Arthur suffered himself to be withheld by the kindly old captain, who continued,—

"A day or two more, and you shall try your hand when we're in harbour; for with this fair wind we shall sight Lerwick before sundown to-morrow."

Arthur was deeply touched by this kind interference in connection with the mention of his mother, and for the moment home scenes were around him once more.

"Fine playmates there," called out the captain hastily, directing Arthur's attention to a number of porpoises gambolling to leeward of the vessel.

"That tells we may have a squall yet, before we reach port. You'll get to know our signs in time, doctor; and when those gentlemen are out on a 'speer,' we know what to expect before long."

This prognostic was not long in being verified, for as night fell, the stiff breeze became a gale, with a tumbling sea, and under spare canvas the vessel held her course, pitching and plunging as the winds of heaven seemed to blow from two or three points at once. It was a new experience to the young landsman, who still happily suffered nothing from the motion; and, partly sheltered in midships, he remained on deck watching the scenes until gathering darkness hid the wild waste of waters.

"Well, we've got a 'roller,' you see," said the captain, drawing near Arthur's shelter. "But we've made all snug up aloft, and our good ship sits it bravely; so take it easy, and let me advise you to make yourself snug below."

Arthur remembered it was near the hour of the "trying-time," agreed upon, that hour when all were to meet

at the one mercy-seat and send up their united petitions—a blessed bond of union between sea and land.

With some difficulty he made his way below, and the thundering shock of the waves as they struck the weather side of the ship, making her "reel and stagger," gave a grand significance to the words of the 107th Psalm, read for the evening portion. The voyager knew well that other hearts were linked with his at this hour in sweet unison of prayer and praise, and full of these thoughts he scarcely noticed the wild confusion of the storm.

"The Lord sitteth upon the floods; yea, the Lord sitteth king forever." Had he not just read this with a delightful sense of security in the arm of the mighty God encircling all his people everywhere?

A tremendous squall just then struck the vessel, with a sea that almost threw her on her beam ends, and Arthur's meditations were interrupted by being flung from his seat across the cabin. Making his way to the door, he was encountered by the captain's cheery voice.

"Well, doctor, hope there are no bones broken here; but we've got it in style now, and it won't be over just yet, I rather think. Sorry we can't join you down here; but it's every man to his post, and a sharp look-out on deck such nights as these. She rides it well, however, and there's a King above the water-

floods, isn't that it?" he added significantly, as he turned to go on deck again, hardly waiting to hear Arthur's hearty rejoinder.

The captain's stirring remark rang like a sweet chime in the young man's hearing. They were one in heart and hope; and while the captain watched on deck, he could be the intercessor below.

Sleep was not to be thought of, for the storm still raged, and another furious blast struck the vessel, with a sea that swept completely over her.

"Hold on!" shouted the captain through his trumpet, as he saw by the glimmer of the starlight a tremendous "roller" approaching, and warned those on deck.

It was not a moment too soon, for the mountainous wave came down swoop on the vessel and wrenched the tiller from the hand of the steersman, which in its back stroke broke the arm of the poor fellow as he was swept from the wheel. Holding on by a line, the captain just saved him as he was going overboard, and a narrower escape could hardly have been.

"God be thanked!" ejaculated the captain, as he seized the man, and the ship partly righted herself from under the mighty pressure of the wave, while a glance "forward" told him his good watch were all safe.

In another moment the second mate had sprung to the wheel and was bringing round the vessel to her course, while with firm grasp the captain sought to convey the bruised and injured man below.

"Help, ahoy!" he shouted with trumpet voice down the stairway, thus summoning the young doctor, whom the last tremendous shock had again flung precipitately across the cabin, just as he was thinking with concern of those on deck.

"Here's your first patient, doctor, and thank God we're here!" said the captain, as he delivered over the man, and returned instantly to his post on deck.

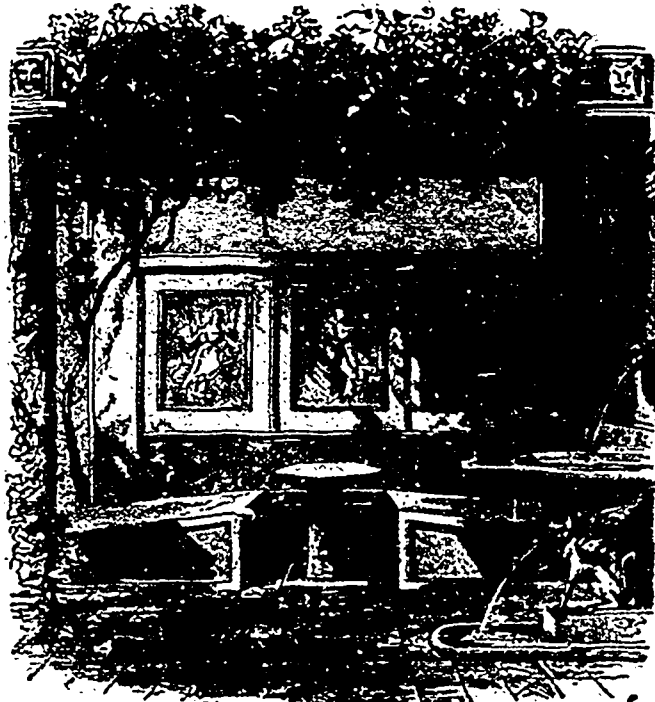
It was the first mate, a Christian man and an able seaman, who had thus narrowly escaped death; and a greater loss to himself and his ship the good captain could not have been threatened with. Thus his heartfelt "Thank God we're here!" was no empty exclamation of the moment.

Arthur's ready aid soon accomplished all that was possible for his patient, and their joint thanksgivings went up to him who had thus delivered from the "many waters."

The hours of that troublous night passed away, and with day dawn there came a lull in the raging blast, which gradually calmed down.

There was not a soul on board the Walrus but knew there had been peril, and while the godly part of her crew, each one for himself, sent up thanksgivings, it was a part of the good captain's plan to allow no such occurrence to pass without a public acknowledgment of the mercy received, such as might dispose even the godless ones among his company to own and recognize the delivering Hand.

Thus when noontide found the vessel holding on her way under a moderate breeze, and the damage wrought by the storm had been cleared away, all hands but the "look-out" were assembled, and in clear tones were read forth the words,—



ROMAN TAELINTUM.

"He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.

"Then are they glad because they be quiet; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven."

And again,—
"Thy vows are upon me, O God; I will render praises unto thee.

"For thou hast delivered my soul from death; wilt not thou deliver my feet from falling, that I may walk before God in the light of the living?"

How grandly true and appropriate

every word appeared to the godly in the company! while many another seemed impressed for the time. And when reverting again to the former Psalm the words were—"Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!" there was audible and hearty response from almost every man present, and every head was uncovered as prayer and thanksgiving ascended in simple words which all could follow.

"I tell you what, Jack, our doctor is more than half a parson, and a good one, too," was the remark of one of the thoughtless men, as the little service ended; and from that day forward there was free access for the young doctor among all of them.

"Land ahead!" was heard from the "look-out" as the noon-day meal followed, and before nightfall the Walrus was moored safely in harbour.

(To be continued.)

A KITE-FLYING FESTIVAL.

Miss Ida Tigner Hodnett writes of "The Little Japanese at Home" in the April St. Nicholas. Miss Hodnett says:

Among the outdoor sports, one of the most popular is kite-flying, varied in many ways, and very fascinating to all. When their New Year comes, then does the sport of kite-flying give great delight to the little boys, big boys—yes, and to the grown-up boys as well. The kites are made of very tough paper on a frame of bamboo. Various shapes are made—round, oblong, oval, but generally rectangular. Sometimes fantastic shapes, representing birds, beasts, men, or children, are made. On the more ordinary shapes are painted or sketched pictures of various kinds. Pictures of beautiful women, of the heroes of ancient Japanese history, of the many species of dragon, the ideal monster, all serve to make the kites attractive. The humming kite is a favourite one, and sometimes the air is filled with the musical sounds made by a swarm of them. These kites are made with a thin piece of bamboo or whalebone stretched across, placed so as to vibrate in the wind. The vibration makes a humming noise somewhat like the sound of an aeolian harp.

AN ODOURLESS REGION.

In that country once known as the Great American Desert, embracing a portion of Texas and Arizona, there are no odours. There, luscious grapes and many other fruits grow, especially near the cross-timber country, but there is no perfume; wild flowers have no smell, and carcasses of dead animals, which in dry seasons are very plentiful, emit no odour. It was always supposed to be a treeless plain, upon which no plant could grow, or breathing thing could live, but a large part of it is now successfully cultivated, and but for the rarity of the atmosphere, causing the peculiarity I have named, and the mirages, which are even more perfect than in the Desert of Sahara, no one would look upon it as a barren country now. Another singular feature common to the desert land is that objects at a great distance appear greatly magnified. A few scraggy mesquite bushes will look like a noble forest. Stakes driven into the ground will seem like telegraph poles.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

BAD COMPANY.

"I don't see why you will not let me play with Will Hunt," said Walter Kirk, pouting. "You know he does not always mind his parents, and he smokes cigarettes, and swears," said his mother. "I know it," said Walter. "But I have been brought up better. He will not hurt me. I should think you could trust me." "Walter," said his mother, "take this glass of pure water and put just one drop of ink in it." "Oh, mother! who would have thought that one drop would blacken a whole glass so?" "Now, just put a drop of clear water in it and make it pure again." "Why, mother, you are laughing at me! Not one drop, nor a dozen, nor fifty will do that." "No, my son; and, therefore, I cannot allow one drop of Will Hunt's impure life to mingle with your careful training."

A Source of Comfort.—Summer Visitor.—"You must take lots of comfort in winter from that great fireplace." Green Mountain.—"Wal, you see we don't hev much time; I'm busy choppin' wood for it most of th' time, an' Johnny he's busy luggin' it in, an' ma she's busy puttin' it on the fire."

The Company Who Try.

BY MARGARET E. SANORTER.

Yes, I love the little winner
With the medal and the mark;
He has gained the prize he sought for,
He is joyous as a lark.
Every one will haste to praise him,
He is on the honour list—
I've a tender thought, my darlings,
For the one who tried, and missed.

One? Ah, me! they count by thousands,
Those who have not gained the race,
Though they did their best and fairest,
Striving for the winner's place.
Only few can reach the laurel;
Many see their chance slip by,
I've a tender thought, my darlings,
For the earnest band who try.

'Tis the trying that is noble,
If you're made of sterner stuff
Than the laggards who are daunted
When the bit of road is rough.
All will praise the happy winners,
But, when they have hurried by,
I've a song to cheer, my darlings,
The great company who try.

CROWNS.

BY JESSE S. GILBERT.

If Queen Victoria were compelled to wear her crown all the time, she would



THE TOMB OF DAVID.

find it a very heavy burden, and give a literal turn to Shakespeare's declaration, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." It contains more than three thousand precious stones, of which over two thousand seven hundred are diamonds. It is valued at \$1,500,000, and is kept in the Tower of London in a great iron cage, which is at all times strongly guarded, as well it may be, as it contains other valuables to the extent of \$15,000,000.

History acquaints us with many other very precious and valuable crowns, as the Iron Crown of Lombardy, the crown of the German Empire, and that of Charlemagne. The Iron Crown of Lombardy is said to contain a nail from the true cross, which is covered with gold. There is no crown, however, that can be compared to the crown that the faithful Christian will receive when Jesus comes to reign. Paul declared that a "crown of righteousness" was laid up for him, and not for him only, but for all who loved the Lord's appearing. A "crown of life" will be the reward of all who continue faithful unto the end.

All may have the faithful Christian's crown. Is it not worth striving for? Souls that we lead to Jesus are sometimes said to be stars in the Christian's crown. A lady once dreamed that she had left this world and arrived at the gate of heaven. She saw a great number of crowns, and among them some full of shining stars. But the guiding angel



DINING IN THE EAST.—DIPPING IN A COMMON DISH.

took from among the crowns one that had in it no stars and gave it to her, at the same time showing her a very beautiful crown, flashing the light of many bright and beautiful stars, and telling her that this one had been intended for her, but that she failed to receive it because she had brought no souls to Jesus. Of course it was only a dream, but when she awoke, it made such an impression upon her, that she resolved to do more and better work for Jesus in the future. Those who turn "many to righteousness" are to shine "as the stars for ever and ever."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

**LESSON IX.—MAY 29.
THE LORD'S SUPPER.**

Matt. 26. 17-30. Memory verses, 26-28. (Read Matt. 26; Mark 14. 12-25; Luke 22. 7-20; John 13. 1-30; 1 Cor. 11. 23-34.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till he come.—1 Cor. 11. 26.

OUR LINE.

1. The Preparation, v. 17-19.
 2. The Passover Feast, v. 20-25.
 3. The Lord's Supper, v. 26-30.
- Time—Thursday, April 6, A.D. 30.
Place—In Jerusalem.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Preparation for the passover—Luke 22. 7-16.
- Tu. The Lord's Supper.—Matt. 26. 17-30.
- W. Gethsemane.—Matt. 26. 36-46.
- Th. Betrayed.—Matt. 26. 47-56.
- F. The living bread.—John 6. 47-56.

- S. Life laid down.—John 10. 11-18.
- S. Till he come.—1 Cor. 11. 23-38.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Preparation, v. 17-19.
For what Jewish feast did Jesus bid his disciples prepare?
By what other name is this feast known? Exod. 12. 11.
How many days did it last? Deut. 16. 3.
What question did the disciples ask? What answer did Jesus make?
How would they know the right man? Luke 22. 10.
What did the disciples then do?
How many disciples were sent? Mark 14. 13.
Who were these two? Luke 22. 8.
2. The Passover Feast, v. 20-25.
At what time did they eat the pass-over?
As they ate, what base act did Jesus foretell?
How were the disciples affected by this declaration?
What question did they ask?
What sign did Jesus give to indicate his betrayer?
What did he say about the betrayer?
Who then asked a question?
What was the question?
What was the reply, and what did it mean?
3. The Lord's Supper, v. 26-30.
What did Jesus then do with the bread?
What did he say to the disciples?
What did he do with the cup?
What did he say this represented?
When would he again drink wine?
What does Paul say concerning the Lord's Supper? Golden Text.
In what religious service did the disciples then engage?
To what place did they go?
Why did he go to the Mount of Olives? Luke 22. 39.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where are we taught in this lesson about—

1. The meaning of the Lord's Supper?
2. The duty of observing the Lord's Supper?
3. The spirit in which we should take the Lord's Supper?

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LESSON.

The first cut on this page shows the building on Mount Zion without the present walls of Jerusalem, in which tradition avers the last supper of our Lord with his disciples was celebrated. It is a large, plain, upper room, but there is no certainty of its being the actual place where this important event took place. The underground part of the same building is said to contain the tomb of David, whose sepulchre we read in the Scripture is with us to this day. This is more likely to be the case.

The second picture on this page shows the mode of dining in the East, dipping into a common dish. This will explain the meaning of the words of our Lord with reference to Judas, "He that dip-peth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me." Most pictures represent our Lord as seated with his disciples on chairs at a table. That is not at all likely to have been the case. The last supper is much more likely to have been celebrated as shown in the larger picture on this page. The disciples, probably, as is still the custom in the East, sat on the floor around the table. The small cut on the previous page shows how the Romans reclined on couches around a small central table.

He Didn't Really Mean It.—"Good-bye, Professor," said the sweet girl graduate; "I shall always remember you kindly, for to you I am indebted for all I know." "Say no more," replied the professor, "say no more. Such a trifle is not worthy of a thought, I assure you."



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