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# PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, JUNE 15, 1895.

[No. 24.

## "I Will Be a Helper."

BY MRS. ANDERSON.

I MAY not die for Jesus  
As many children died,  
When those who found their Saviour  
Lost everything beside;  
But I can live for Jesus  
With holy deed and word,  
And as a true confessor  
May glorify the Lord.

I cannot be an angel,  
To wait before the throne,  
And at God's word fly swiftly,  
His mandates to make known;  
But God has noble errands  
A child can do aright,  
And I may gladly serve him,  
A messenger of light.

I may not bear the Gospel  
Across the ocean blue,  
But as a little helper  
May succour those who do.  
Full many a drooping banner  
Light breezes have unfurled,  
And pennons, blest by Jesus,  
Oft help to move the world.

## CHINESE PAGODAS.

ALMOST as many pagodas may be seen in some parts of China as there are churches in the populous parts of Canada. These buildings were put up many years ago, and are made very strong, of brick or stone and sometimes of more costly material. Some of them contain idols and are inhabited by priests, but many have nothing in them, unless bats and bugs.

Some of these pagodas are very beautiful buildings, decorated with carving and ornaments, and have numerous little bells hanging from them. There is a great deal of superstition about these buildings among the Chinese. It is thought that they have great power to prevent evil influences and are even able to protect a city from the attacks of armies. This belief has been so strong in some places that armies when they intended to capture a city would first destroy the pagoda.

## SOME CHINESE CUSTOMS.

The ninth month in China is the end of autumn, and on the ninth day of the month the Chinese go to the highest bit of ground or the loftiest roofs within their reach and employ their time in flying kites.

Punishments for offences of a comparatively light nature are inflicted by making the offender wear a wooden collar, or by piercing the ears with arrows to the ends of which are attached slips of paper on which are inscribed the crimes of the culprit. Frequently the criminals, bearing these signs of their disgrace, are paraded up and down the street, and they are sometimes flogged through the street, preceded by a herald who announces the crimes for which they are thus punished.

The Chinese wear nothing that is tight-fitting. The usual dress in summer of a coolie is a loose-fitting pair of cotton trousers and an equally loose jacket, and in winter he wears quilted cotton clothes. The wealthier classes wear garments of silk, linen, and silk gauze in the summer, and woollen or fur clothes in the winter. They will also wear long tunics coming down to the ankles, with long, full sleeves, and with a belt at the waist. The dress of the women is very similar to that of the men.

The men have the head shaven, except the crown, where the hair is allowed to grow to its full length. The hair is carefully plaited, and falls down the back, forming the "queue," commonly known as the "pigtail." As a general rule the

head is shaved about once in ten days, and as it is impossible for a man to shave his own head, the barber's trade is a large and flourishing one. It is carried on in shops, and by itinerant barbers in the streets while the wealthy summon the barbers to their houses.

When the Chinese wish to describe a person who pretends to be very brave and makes a great parade in order to show his courage, they say that "he is cutting off a lion's head with a battle axe." A coward who boasts of his courage they call "a paper tiger." They compare a person who pretends to be what he is not to a fox who tries to look as noble and strong as a tiger. If a person is ignorant of books, they will say: "Turn him upside down, but not a drop of ink will come out of him."

countries like China there are tigers and serpents, and other dangerous beasts.

Well, in South China there are many tigers, and they do sometimes kill people. But the danger I mean is not from tigers.

What I mean is that your father and mother, if they were heathens, would very likely have killed you, or else thrown you out to starve and die. A great many little girls are killed in China by their own parents every year.

The boys are not killed in this way. When their parents are poor they think it very nice to have a boy baby, because, when he grows a little bigger, he will help to gather wood and dry grass to light the fires, will lead the oxen out to eat, and when he gets stronger will work in the fields, and buy and sell, and earn money.

They do not know that God has forbidden murder, and that the Lord Jesus loves little children, but in a heathen home even the love of a father and mother is not known as we know it here.

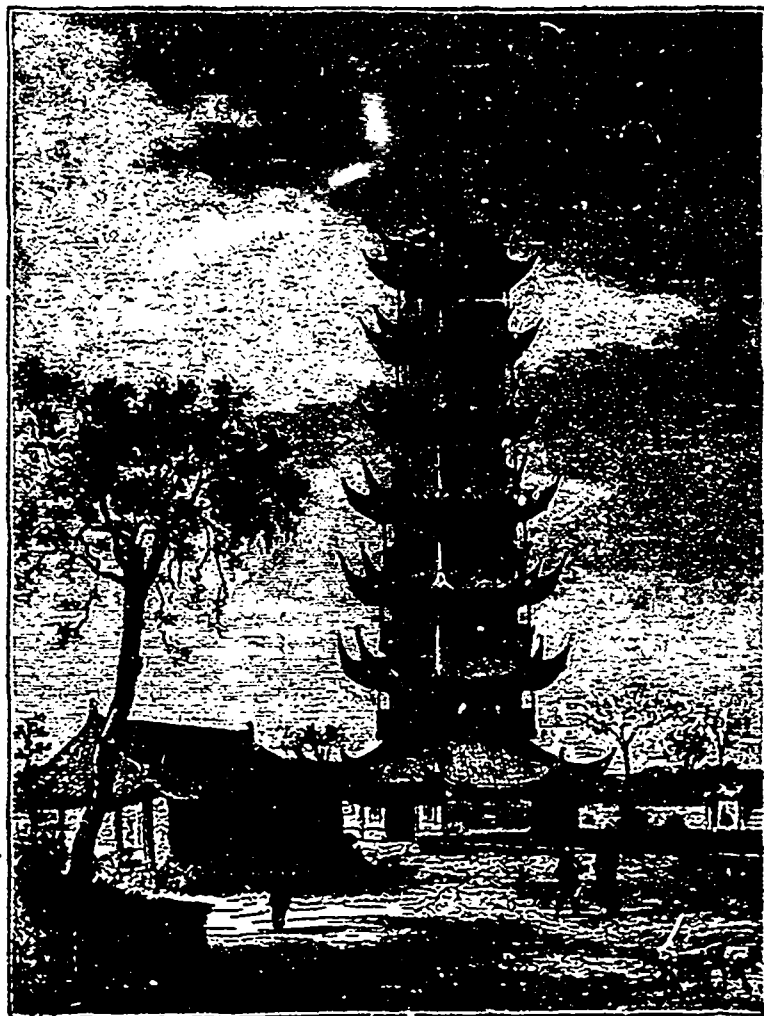
If a girl's life is spared, her parents will learn, even in China, to love her and her brothers too, but they care less to make her happy, and she will have a great deal of hard work to do.

It is not good for anyone to be idle, and hard work is no hardship; but a girl in China is not sent to school, she is not taught to read and write, and she gets none of the loving care which makes the happiness of your lives. The boys, too, have hard work, and many of them never go to school. Above all, neither boys nor girls ever hear the sweet words and the wonderful stories of the Bible.

The only religion they are taught is to go sometimes to the temples of the idols, and kneel before ugly images of wood and plaster, or to burn sticks of incense at the door of their own house, or at the graves of their grandparents.

There is nothing to teach them the wonderful love of God, and they grow up believing that the woods and hills, the houses and streets, are full of bad spirits and ghosts who can hurt them in many ways; and that there is no one who is good enough and strong enough to take care of them. They learn to tell lies, and use bad and ugly language, to fight, and cheat, and gamble.

That is how you would have grown up if you had been born in China. And if there were no missionaries, all these bad and sad things, and a great many more, would go on year after year. — *Messenger.*



A CHINESE PAGODA.

## WHAT I WOULD SEE IN CHINA.

BY REV. JOHN G. GIBSON, OF SWATOW.

You are banded together to help in mission work, and I hope you will always remember that that means taking part in the work of Christ himself.

You in this country cannot know what need there is in other lands for the work of missions.

Do you know what it would be like to be there?

If you had been born in China some years ago, your parents would most likely have been heathens. What does that mean? It means a great deal that I cannot explain to you.

But if you are a girl, it means that your life would have been in danger when you were a little baby.

Perhaps you think I mean that in far-off

But a girl cannot work in the fields. She will eat as much as her brothers, and not be nearly so useful. If they keep her, or, as they say, if they feed her, till she is sixteen or eighteen years old, they can sell her to be the wife of a boy in another family.

The Chinese generally marry very young, and the fathers and mothers choose the husbands and wives. But very often they think it is too much trouble to take care of a little girl till she is old enough to marry, and it costs too much money to give her food and clothes for so many years. So they sell her to another family, to be fed and cared for till she grows up and can become the wife of one of the boys in that family. But if one or two girls are already in a family, another little sister is thought to be too many, and her father and mother kill her, or throw her out to die.

## A SICK BOY'S REQUEST.

Now working for Christ in Liberia is a young man named Walters, who tells in the *Spirit of Missions* a touching story of his boyhood. He was one of Bishop Penick's boys in the school at Cape Mount, Liberia, when one of the numerous tribal wars across the frontier broke out. Several fugitives took refuge in the school, and among them a boy who had been badly hurt and was half starved. Walters took care of the lad and did all he could for him; but he says: "He grew worse and worse; but, boy as I was, I never suspected anything serious. But one evening he sent for me, and, after thanking me profusely for what I had done for him, with tears in his eyes and faltering voice, he said: 'Joe, I am going to die, and I want you to pray for me.' Judge of my surprise and confusion, since I was not a Christian, and hence did not know how to point a dying heathen boy to 'the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.' I tried to persuade him that he was getting better, and that this was only a sickly frenzy which would wear off after a good night's sleep. But to no purpose. He assured me that he was about to die, and begged me to kneel down by his bed and pray for him. I finally consented, knelt down by his bed, and said the Lord's Prayer. He thanked me heartily, and asked if I would still grant one last petition. I consented. He said: 'My last request is that you will give me a prayer to die with.' After hesitating, I told him to say: 'Komba Im boule' (Lord, forgive me).

"I left him, thinking that after a good sleep he would better by morning. But about four o'clock next morning I was awakened and told that he had just died, and that he died repeating: 'Komba Im boule.'

"Since then I have been to the United States to learn how to be a missionary, and am now, I trust, better qualified to point a seeking soul to Christ."

**"Sound, Sound the Truth Abroad."**

SOUND, sound the truth abroad,  
Bear ye the word of God  
Through the wide world;  
Tell what our Lord has done,  
Tell how the day is won,  
And from his lofty throne  
Satan is hurled.

Far over sea and land,  
'Tis our Lord's own command,  
Bear ye his name;  
Bear it to every shore;  
Regions unknown explore;  
Enter at every door;  
Silence is shame.

Speed on the wings of love;  
Jesus, who reigns above,  
Bids us to fly;  
They who his message bear  
Should neither doubt nor fear;  
He will their friend appear;  
He will be nigh.

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 15, 1895.

**THE CHINESE FIRE GOD FESTIVAL.**

A MISSIONARY in China writes: "I am in a market village in China, and to-day it is thronged with people in honour of 'Ho Sheng pu sah,' which means 'the fire god.' To enter the village from the river we climb a steep bank, and going up the narrow path with us are men carrying many different things slung across their shoulders, as rice, water, fruit, and such like needful articles. We enter the little gateway, which is quite prettily decorated with varied kinds of paper cut into fancy shapes, and then we are upon the main street—and such a street! narrow, close, and dirty.

"But how pretty everything looks! Overhead the street is covered with calico stretched on bamboo frames, giving the place just the appearance of a long gallery with all kinds of decorations hanging across the way. Paper lanterns, large paper insects, paper bridges constructed from one side of the street to the other, all hung just above the heads of the passers-by. It looks like the fairy streets we used to dream about when mother told us stories around the winter fire long ago.

"To-morrow they are going to carry the idol out in procession. Four men will bear him on their shoulders, and many others in showy robes will beat gongs, and let off firecrackers, and make a great fuss generally. Poor, poor people! they are to be pitied, though sometimes it is difficult to keep from despising their folly; but they are blind, and do not see. They often say, 'Well, you have your God on your side, and we have our idols on this side; it is pretty much the same, the meaning is all one.' I often think that when the Chinese are converted, if they serve God as earnestly as they follow the idols, what splendid Christians they will be, far ahead of us!"

**THE BOYS OF CHINA.**

WHAT a fuss there is when a little boy is born! When about four or five years of age the boy goes to school. This is truly a grand day for all the family. The happy father, at an early hour, followed by the good wishes of all his friends, starts with his little son for the school. He takes with him what the Chinese call "the four precious things," which are paper, ink slab, a cake of ink, and some pens. He also takes the necessary books, and a present for the schoolmaster.

Upon arriving at the school the little boy, dressed in his best clothes, has to prostrate himself before his new master, and then worship before a tablet upon which the name of Confucius is inscribed. Clever boys stay at school until they are old enough to go in for the government competitive examinations.

Many boys, after a few years at school, are apprenticed to some business, but to become a scholar is the ambition of every Chinese boy. Chinese boys are very much like English boys, ever on the watch for an opportunity to play tricks. Every boy has the hair on the front part of his head shaved off, but the hair on the back part of his head is allowed to grow very long, and is braided into a tail. We always know a Chinese boy or man by his long plait. And what a constant temptation a boy's plait is to all his young friends in the

rich and recover from disease. In the case of believing in Jesus, there are no benefits of this kind." The people have no idea of a religion whose aim is to free from sin and make men pure.

Though the Chinese are good scholars and have many books, they are as superstitious as the lowest savages. They believe in ghosts and evil spirits, and one of their singular notions is that these evil spirits go in straight lines, and hence they make their streets crooked so as to confuse and keep off the bad spirits. They also believe in an oracle by which they can foretell their fate. The picture below represents a person consulting this oracle before a priest. While incense is burning and crackers are fired off, to keep the god awake and attentive, the inquirer shakes a cup in which are placed strips of wood with some written words upon them, and from the strips that fall upon the ground he learns his fate.

**DIFFICULT BUT NOT IMPOSSIBLE.**—About the most difficult task that the Salvation Army has undertaken is the work of evangelizing the policemen of New York city. The scheme has excited no small measure of ridicule; but that will not at all discourage Mrs. Ballington Booth, who is the leader of this enterprise, and we shall be disappointed if she and her followers do



CHINESE WORSHIP.

school. It is so easy to tie a boy to a chair or a form by his tail, and two boys, and sometimes three, may be tied together by their plaits, without much difficulty, by a boy who is clever at playing tricks.

**CHINESE WORSHIP.**

THERE are said to be three national religions in China. One originated with Confucius, a sage who lived about six hundred years before Christ. All the Chinese reverence him, and yet a large portion of them follow another religion than the one he taught. Some are Taoists, and some Buddhists. But while these three forms of religion are professed, the people care little about any one of them. Once or twice a year each Chinaman bows and worships heaven and earth, but every day of the year and in every house in the land, worship is offered to departed ancestors. Each family keeps what are called ancestral tablets. These are boards, usually about twelve inches long by three wide, on which are written the name, rank, titles, birth and death days of each deceased member of the household. Every day, morning and evening, incense is burned and worship offered before these tablets.

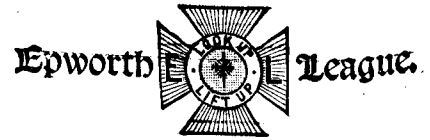
One of the saddest things about the religions of China is that none of them seem to have it for their object to make men better. A priest once said to a missionary: "Your religion does not give what the people want. When they worship they wish to know whether they can grow

not achieve a fair measure of success. A remarkable work in the evangelization of policemen has been accomplished in Toronto by Miss McDonald, whose addresses at the recent convention of Christian workers in this city created so much interest.

**PLAIN ENUNCIATION.**

LEADERS of Junior societies and primary departments of the Sunday-school, not to say those who attempt to lead older people, will do well to ascertain if those whom they lead and teach understand what is said to them. It is probably hopeless to attempt to reform the average choir, and train its members to enunciate plainly, but there is hope that we may get the little people to sing clearly, and with understanding of the words which they use. This correctness will not be secured without taking upon the words and their meaning. Unlikely to make some such ridiculous mistake as that of a little fellow who came home and told his mother of the beautiful song he had learned in the public school, whose words he declared with emphasis were: "Pretty little elephants, in your corsets green." It was only at the expense of a visit to the school-room and an interview with the teacher that it was discovered that the words of the song were, "Pretty little elves, in your corsage green."

The old story of the boy who asked, "What is a consecrated, cross-eyed bear?" may be recalled in this connection also. Of course, it will be remembered that what the little fellow meant was the words of the beautiful song, "A consecrated cross-eyed bear."



Come, Lord Jesus.

"LORD, our longing hearts grow weary,  
Waiting for our soul's loved choice;  
Every hour seems sad and dreary,  
Till we hear thy welcome voice:  
Come, Lord Jesus!  
Come and bid our hearts rejoice.

"Thou hast promised thou wouldst take us  
To thy everlasting home;  
Greater still, that thou wouldst make us  
Sit with thee upon thy throne.  
Come, Lord Jesus!  
Come and claim us as thine own.

"Blessed Lord, behold thy promise,  
See, we hang upon thy word;  
Thou hast spoken, 'I come quickly';  
Thou hast spoken, we have heard.  
Come, Lord Jesus!  
Come, our own, our faithful Lord."

**JUNIOR LEAGUE.**

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

June 23, 1895.

THE TRUTHFUL WITNESS.—Galatians 4. 6.

The Jews were accustomed to arrogate to themselves the blessings of the Gospel and exclude all others from the covenant of mercy. God the Father excludes none but such as exclude themselves. He has provided salvation for the Gentiles as well as the Jews, though to the latter the message of salvation was first made known, but the Gentiles are fellow-heirs of the blessings provided in the Gospel. In the passage which we are now considering, God himself has placed this matter beyond the possibility of doubt, inasmuch as he gives the same assurance of their sonship both to Jews and Gentiles, hence they both call him Father, only one of them uses the word which means father, so that both Jews and Gentiles are born into the heavenly family, and are brethren in Christ Jesus. God speaks alike to both assuring them of a Father's love.

Surely none will doubt the testimony which God gives. He sends forth the Spirit of his Son into the hearts of all who believe, and without this witness all other testimonies are of no value. If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his. Sometimes persons perplex themselves about how they can know that the Holy Spirit, the third person in the Trinity, testifies as to their acceptance with God. But surely we do not doubt that that God who made man can testify to him of his adoption into the divine family. When God speaks to us we feel peace, love and joy in our hearts. We feel love to him and love to all mankind, but especially to those who are of the household of faith.

An Old Legend.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD.

The monk was praying in his cell—  
With bowed head praying sore;  
He had been praying on his knees  
For two long hours and more.

When in the midst and suddenly  
His eyes they opened wide,  
And on the ground, behold! he saw  
A man's feet him beside:

And almost to the feet came down  
A garment wove throughout;  
'Twas not like any he had seen  
In the countries round about.

His eyes he lifted tremblingly  
Until a hand they spied;  
A cut from a chisel there they saw,  
And another scar beside.

Then up they leaped the face to find;  
His heart gave one wild bound—  
One, and stood still with the awful joy:  
He had the Master found.

On his sad ear fell the convent bell—  
'Twas the hour the poor did wait:  
It was his to dole the daily bread  
That day at the convent gate.

A passion of love within him rose,  
And with duty wrestled strong;  
But the bell kept calling all the time  
With iron merciless tongue.

He gazed like a dog in the Master's eye  
He sprung to his feet in strength;  
"If I find him not when I come back,  
I shall find him the more at length."

He hid his heart and he fed the poor,  
All at the convent gate;  
Then wearily—oh, wearily!—  
Went back to be desolate.

His hand on the latch, his head bent low,  
He stood on the door-sill;  
Sad and slow he lifted the latch—  
The Master stood there still.

He said, "I have waited because my poor  
Had not to wait for thee;  
But the man who doeth my Father's work  
Is never far from me."

"They're as different as night and day!  
Temptation is no sin."  
"I don't see how that can be," said Baxter,  
"I never dreamt it was anything else. Are  
you quite sure?"  
"Positive. You can see for yourself. Did  
Christ ever sin?"  
"No."  
"Was he ever tempted?"  
"Well, sometimes."  
"No, not sometimes, always. A boy can  
be tempted every hour of the day, yet he need  
not sin. Keep that distinction in mind, Bax-  
ter; it will save you a lot of trouble. Don't  
think it's all up because you are tempted.  
Temptation is only an invitation: sin is when  
we accept it. The hang-dog sense of being a  
hopelessly bad lot, and of concluding it's no  
use trying to be any better because we are so  
often tempted, is what often turns the finest

"You write shorthand, Baxter?" resumed  
the captain. "I heard you got the prize  
there?"  
"Yes," said Baxter. "But I don't think  
I need take down what you said. Anything  
that is dead straight like that goes into a  
fellow."  
"That's not what I mean," laughed the  
captain. "But how did you win that  
prize?"  
"Practice," said Baxter. "There's nothing  
in it. It's all practice."  
"And what made you such a good oar?"  
"Who told you I pulled?"  
"The mantelpiece," said the captain,  
smiling. "Do you think I don't know the  
Junior Eight Cup when I see it?"  
"Well," blushed Baxter. "I suppose it's  
the same thing—practice. Everything seems  
practice."

the single gun—that's me. Every day almost  
I'm bowled out. Nobody knows it. I'm the  
worst fellow ever breathed." And he turned  
away his head. I suppose he expected sympa-  
thy, but for some minutes the captain made  
no reply. Then he looked at the boy almost  
sternly.

"Baxter, this will be found out."  
"What I've done?" cried the boy.  
"Possibly, very likely; but if you go on  
being bowled out it will certainly be  
known."  
"How?"  
"There are reporters at every match."  
"No, no! not in this case. It's a private  
pitch."  
"But I tell you it's all written down—  
all."  
"Where?"  
"On the scoring-sheet."  
"What scoring-sheet?"  
"Your scoring-sheet. Your character."  
"Oh!" groaned Baxter.

"Yes," continued the captain, almost  
mercilessly, "it's all there, every innings  
you play and every run you make and every  
ball you miss. There's not a mistake on  
that sheet, nor an omission. Character  
cannot lie. Character cannot be taken  
in. Character hides nothing. It forgets  
nothing."

"Oh!" said the boy, huskily, "this game  
—this game of life is terrible, terrible. I—  
I don't see how I can risk it."

"Risk what?"  
"Another innings. I can't face that  
bowling. And the past?—it's a frightful  
handicap."

"The past can be forgiven, Baxter," said  
the captain, quietly.

"Can it?" said the boy. "Thank you for  
saying that much. Then he broke out again.  
"But is there the ghost of a chance? Could I  
ever win? I might block for a bit perhaps,  
but I could never score."

"Baxter," said the captain, "I think you  
will win."

"You do?" replied the boy. "Why?"  
"First, because you are frightened; second,  
because you are in earnest; third, because  
your Captain never lost a match."

"But I can't always have you," sighed  
Baxter.

"My boy, I'm not your captain," answered  
his friend, taking him by the hand. "I could  
not help you much if I would. But you need  
a captain, Baxter. You must have one. Do  
you understand?"

It was nearly ten minutes before Baxter  
spoke. Then he uncovered his face and pressed  
his visitor's hand. "Yes," he whispered,  
"I know. I was almost funk-ing it. But I  
think I'll go in."



THE ASCENSION.—See Lesson.

BAXTER'S SECOND INNINGS.

BY

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND.

CHAPTER V.

WHY THE DEMON BOWLER WAS ALLOWED TO  
BOWL: AND HOW THE SCORING-SHEET  
WAS KEPT.

"It's a good deal blacker than I thought,"  
said Baxter. "That bowler knows his busi-  
ness. But I should like to ask a question—  
if you've finished."

"I'm only beginning," said the captain;  
"but I think it's your turn. That bowling  
would take another month to tell about. I've  
only mentioned three kinds, and there's heaps  
more—sneaks for instance, and mixtures—"

"Mixtures?"

"Yes. When the bowler alternates. He'll  
send in one ball slow, the next swift, and the  
third perhaps a wide, to throw you off your  
guard—dodgy, Baxter, isn't it?"

"It's downright low," cried Baxter.

"That's just what my question was about.  
You won't be angry?"

"No," said the captain, "go ahead."

"Well," said Baxter, "I hope it's not  
swearing, or whatever you call it, but why do  
they let him play?"

"They let him play," replied the captain,  
to make a good game. Every boy who is  
worth his salt likes to play in a great match;  
and there cannot be a great match without  
him."

"I thought it a disgrace to have anything  
to do with him."

"No. It is an honour."

"An honour!"

"Yes, the greatest honour of a boy's life.  
You have heard of the wise man who 'counted  
it joy.'"

"Joy! I count it uncommon hard lines.  
It's bad enough to call it an honour, but to  
call it joy—I find it most disgustingly miser-  
able."

"Stop," said the captain, "we are at cross  
purposes. You are talking about sin. I was  
not."

"About what, then?"

"About temptation."

"But they're the same thing."

fellows into sneaks—fellows who, if they only  
knew that temptation was no sin, would hold  
up their heads and play the man. The guilt  
of doing wrong, when one does do it, is quite  
enough to stagger under without feeling the  
temptation criminal."  
"Even then," said Baxter, "I don't see  
where the honour comes in."  
"When I was at school," replied the  
captain, "I was Secretary of the Cricket  
Club. Judge of my amazement when the post  
one morning brought a challenge from the  
All England eleven. That was about the  
biggest day of my life. I suppose, though we  
did not know it then, they challenged every  
club in the kingdom, and though we modestly  
declined it, and there was not a boy in the  
eleven who did not feel an inch taller for the  
rest of the season. This challenge, Baxter, is  
considerably more honourable. Temptation is  
the greatest bowler in the world."  
"All the same, I wish I had not to play  
him," said Baxter.  
"Then you would never come to anything.  
You would be a poor weak noodle to the end  
of the chapter. A boy's only chance of  
coming to anything is when he is tempted.  
That's what makes a boy play up. How  
could you score if there were no bowling?"  
"This was certainly a conundrum, and the  
boy thought hard for a minute.

"I agree," said the captain, "everything  
—down to tying your necktie. But did you  
never think what makes a good man? No?  
Well, it's the same thing that makes a boy a  
good oar, or a good shot, or a good anything:  
it's practice. A boy who never goes to the  
gymnasium or uses the dumb-bells gets no  
muscle in his arm. A boy who never pushes  
against temptation gets no muscle in his  
character. Temptation is simply dumb-bells.  
It is really a splendid thing. The more  
practice a fellow gets the stronger he can  
become. Every ball the bowler sends in is a  
chance to score."  
"I shouldn't care about scoring," said the  
boy, "if I could only keep up my wicket."  
"Baxter," said the captain, "that's not  
cricket. I see you have never read W. G.  
Grace. When you get hold of it, turn up to  
page 222 or somewhere thereabouts—I was  
reading it last night."  
"What does he say?" asked the boy.  
"He says, 'The duty of a batsman is to  
make runs.'"  
"I wish I could," said Baxter, "That's  
just what I can't do. I'm bowled every  
time."  
"Oh, no, Baxter?"  
"It's true," replied Baxter, "I'm not going  
to be a humbug to you. I'm a bigger fool  
than Bob. That castle that was taken with

CHAPTER VI.  
BAXTER'S SECOND INNINGS.  
Extract from the Athletic Column, Weekly  
Chronicle.

But the feature of the  
match was the play of young Baxter, who  
made such an unfortunate spill last Saturday.  
It was clear that he meant to retrieve himself  
in the Second Innings, for he was in such form  
—at least after the first over—that the bowler  
could make nothing of him. He began by  
blocking every ball in a dogged sort of way,  
but soon started scoring, running up threes  
and fours in rapid succession. After an  
unusually brilliant drive for six, he seemed  
to become overconfident and made a narrow  
escape by cutting a ball he ought to have  
blocked, but with this exception he did not  
offer a chance, and was well up the score-list  
before time was called for lunch.

"After luncheon the bowler changed to  
slows, and the batsman, who showed weak-  
ness here, had certainly a hard time to keep  
his wicket. But eventually he mastered the  
situation, and from playing a merely defensive  
game began to knock the ball about right and  
left and was into three figures almost  
immediately. Baxter kept up this form to  
the close, and after one of the most careful  
and brilliant innings we have seen, carried his  
bat for the top score of the season. Our  
reporter, unfortunately, was not present  
afterwards in the Pavilion, but we under-  
stand the usual ceremony was duly performed;  
and the lion of the hour was presented with  
the traditional cricket-bat. The captain, in  
making the presentation, congratulated the  
batsman on the resolute stand he had made,  
and expressed the conviction that from what  
they had that day seen he was sure his future  
record would be one of continued victory,  
Baxter's reply was inaudible to more than one  
or two, but he is said to have modestly  
attributed his success to a friend of the  
captain's, who (so he said) 'had never lost a  
match.'"

THE END.

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 30.] LESSON XII. [June 23.

THE SAVIOUR'S PARTING WORDS.

Luko 24. 44-63. Memory verses, 45-47.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Go ye therefore and teach all nations.—Matt. 28. 10.

## OUTLINE.

1. Fulfilling the Scriptures, v. 41-49.
2. Enduing with Power, v. 49.
3. Ascending to Heaven, v. 50-53

TRIN. Forty days after the resurrection. Perhaps May 19, A. D. 30.

PLACE.—In and about Jerusalem. Our Lord ascended from near Bethany, on the Mount of Olives.

RULES.—Carpenter, high priest, Pontius Pilate, procurator of Judæa, Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Galilee and Perea.

## INTRODUCTION.

Some have supposed verses 44-49 to have been spoken to "above four hundred disciples at once" fr m a mountain in Galilee; but it is better to regard these verses as a condensation of many communications to our Lord's disciples made during those "forty days."

## HOME READINGS.

M. The Saviour's parting words.—Luko 24.

44-63.

Th. The same body.—Luko 24. 36-43.

W. Scene on Olivet.—Acts 1. 1-12.

Th. Going before.—John 14. 1-11.

F. Peter preaching at Jerusalem.—Acts 2.

20-49.

S. Christ's great commission.—Matt. 28.

16-20.

Su. Enlightened understanding.—Eph. 1.

15-23.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Fulfilling the Scripture, v. 44-48.

What Scripture had Jesus said must be fulfilled?

What did he do for his disciples?

What was it necessary that Christ should do?

What doctrines must be preached?

Where and from what starting place?

Of what were the disciples witnesses?

What are Jesus' marching orders to his Church? (Golden Text.)

2. Enduing with Power, v. 49.

What gift did Jesus promise to the disciples?

When, and through whom, had this gift been promised? See Joel 2. 28.

Where were they to wait and how long?

When were they to receive this power?

Acts 1. 8.

3. Ascending to Heaven, v. 50-53.

Where did Jesus and his disciples go?

What did Jesus there do?

Where did he then go?

Where was he seated in heaven? See Mark 16. 19.

Who ever saw him in heaven? See Acts 7. 55.

What promise of his return was given?

See Acts 1. 11.

What did the disciples do, and where go?

How did they conduct themselves?

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That Jesus is the only Saviour?

2. That Jesus gives power to his witnesses?

3. That we should be witnesses for Jesus?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did the risen Christ explain to his disciples? The teachings of Scripture.

2. What did he command them to preach? Repentance and remission of sins.

3. To whom were they to preach? Golden Text. "Go ye therefore," etc.

4. What did he promise to send upon them? Power from on high.

5. Where did Christ go after instructing the disciples. He ascended to heaven.

## DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The universality of the Gospel.

## CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

What are the chief marks by which Christian Churches are known in the world?

Ascending to worship in the name of Jesus and observing the sacraments appointed by him.

Luko 22. 19, 1 Corinthians 1. 2, 11. 26.

How is the spiritual life of a Christian Church best maintained?

One chief means of maintaining it is close spiritual fellowship, in private assemblies of the Church.

## CHINESE KITE-FLYING.

The following interesting account of the Chinese Kite Flying festival is taken from a book written by Rev. Justus Doolittle, who was for fourteen years a member of the Fulechau Mission of the American Board.

The holiday of kite-flying on the highest hills in the city and suburbs is observed regularly on the ninth day of the ninth month at this place. Perhaps the inquisitive reader may be curious enough to inquire why the Chinese select that day for kite flying in preference to any other day, or why they select any particular day at all? The Chinese explain that in ancient times a certain man was informed, by one who pretended to know the future, that on a specified day some calamity would befall his house or his property, so he took all

air, what seems to be an immense bird, and he is filled with surprise and joy at having so near a view of the unusual phenomenon, until he is reminded, by its nearly stationary position and mechanical movements, that it is nothing but a paper kite. At other times he notices a group of large hawks, apparently hovering around a common centre, and finally remembers of having heard of the skill of the Chinese in elevating five or more paper hawks into the air, and of controlling them by one strong cord, to which each are attached by short and separate lines. And again, he will behold with admiration, half a mile distant, an immense kite, consisting as a whole, of a large number of smaller ones, made to resemble the different blocks which constitute the game called "dominoes;" from the two ends of each block extend a reel or rush four or five feet long. This presents a singularly pretty appearance. Every year there is an especial proclamation issued by a city officer with reference to this kite-flying, warning against tumult on the ninth day of the ninth month on the Black Rock Hill. A petty mandarin, with a large staff of policemen or constables, is annually stationed on the hill, on the arrival of the day, for the purpose of keeping the peace and quelling the disturbance should any arise. Probably thirty or forty thousand people visit that hill to fly their kites, especially if the weather is fine, on that day.

## A GOOD INVESTMENT.

SEVERAL winters ago a woman was coming out from some public building where the heavy doors swung back and made egress difficult. A street urchin sprang to



his family on the morning of that day and went to the hills, spending the time the best he could. On returning home at nightfall he found his domestic animals all dead. That day was the ninth of the month. They also say that in imitation of his example they go to the hills on the ninth of the month and thus avoid any domestic calamity which might befall them, at home; and to while away the time pleasantly they take along their kites and fly them. This is called "ascending on high," and indicates the flying of kites on the particular day mentioned. The interest of the sport centres on the day specified. Then if the weather is fine, the air is full of kites, of all sizes and of a large variety of shapes. Some are in the shape of spectacles; others represent a kind of fish; others are like an eel, or some similar-looking animal, being from ten to thirty feet long and of proportionate size, others are like various kinds of birds, or bugs, or butterflies, or quadrupeds. Some resemble men sailing through the air, others are eight-sided, in imitation of the eight diagrams, invented by one of the earliest Chinese emperors. Most or all of those which represent animals are gaudily painted. The most common and simple ones are usually adorned with the head of the tiger or the dragon, or some idol, or some felicitous character, painted in bright colours. A foreign resident or transient visitor passing along in the street about this period often sees, at a distance in the

the rescue; and as he held open the door, she said "Thank you," and passed on. "Cracky! I've hear that?" said the boy to a companion standing near.

"No; what?"  
"Why, that lady in seal-skin said 'Thank ye' to the likes of me!"  
Amused at the conversation, which she could not help overhearing, the lady turned round and said to him, "It always pays to be polite, my boy; remember that."

Years passed away, and last December, when doing her Christmas shopping, this woman received an exceptional courtesy from a clerk in Boston, which caused her to remark to a friend who was with her, "What a comfort to be civilly treated once in awhile—though I don't know that I blame the clerks for being rude during the holiday trade."

The young man's quick ear caught the words, and he said, "Pardon me, madam, but you gave me my first lesson in politeness."

She looked at him in amazement, while he related the little forgotten incident, and told her that that simple "Thank you" awakened his first ambition to be something in the world. He went the next morning and applied for a situation as office-boy in the establishment where he was now an honoured and trusted clerk.

Only two words dropped into the treasury of street conversation, but they yielded returns of a certain kind more satisfactory than investments in stocks and bonds.

## Mission Ships.

The mission ships are sailing.  
Across the waters blue,  
To tell the sweet old story,  
The story ever new;  
To carry to the heathen,  
So far across the sea,  
The news of that dear Saviour  
Who died for you and me.

Kings shall fall down before him,  
And gold and incense bring;  
All nations shall adore him;  
His praise all people sing;  
For he shall have dominion  
O'er river, sea and shore,  
Far as the eagle's pinion  
Or dove's light wing can soar.

## A BRAVE POOR BOY.

MR. EDISON, who is known all over the world as a great electrician, was a poor boy. He sold newspapers, he ran errands, he did everything an honest boy could do to support himself. The following story, relating an event in his boyhood, shows that he was a brave boy:

One summer forenoon, while a train was being taken apart and made up anew, a car was uncoupled and sent down the track with no brakeman to control it. Edison, who had been looking at the fowls in the poultry-yard, turned just in time to see little Jimmie on the main track throwing pebbles over his head, utterly unconscious of danger.

He dropped his papers upon the platform, seized the child in his arms, and threw himself off the track, face downward, in sharp, fresh gravel ballast; without a second to spare. As it was, the wheel of the car struck the heel of his boot.

"I was in the ticket-office," says the child's father, "and, hearing a shriek, ran out in time to see the train hands bringing the two boys to the platform."

Having no other way of showing his gratitude, the agent said:

"Al, if you will stop off here four days in the week, and keep Jimmie out of harm's way until the mixed train returns from Detroit, I will teach you telegraphing."

"Will you?" said Edison.  
"I will!"  
He extended his hand and said, "It's a bargain," and so Edison became a telegrapher.

## JAPAN:

THE LAND OF THE MORNING

BY

Rev. J. W. Saunby, B.A.

## Contents:

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