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Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, MARCH 26, 1898.

[Na. 13.

## At the Easter Time.

BY E. E. HEWITT.

We're all of us glad at the Easter time, For the children sing, and the church bells chime;

The earth has put off her mantle of snow, And the sky is bright, and the soft winds

The little leaves play With the sunbeams gay, And we all know why—it is Easter day.

We're all of us glad at the Eastertide, For the daisies whiten the meadows wide. The yellow buttercups smile in the sun. And the brooklets laugh as they leap and run:

The silvery showers Hang pearls on the flowers, And the sweet birds sing through the golden hours.

We're all of us glad at the Easter time. For deep in our souls the joy-bells chime:

For the Saviour who loved us and died for our sin.

Through the gates of glory hath entered

And his heart above Is throbbing with love.
And his Spirit comes down as the Holy

#### SEAL-FISHING OFF NEWFOUND-LAND.

There is always great excitement connected with the seal-fisheries. perils and hardships to be encountered, the skill and courage required in battling with the ice-giants, and the possible rich prizes to be won, throw a romantic interest around this adventure. Not the seal-hunters alone, but the whole population, from the richest to the poorest, take a deep interest in the fortunes of the hunt. It is like an army going out to do battle for those who remain at home In this case the enemies to be encountered are the icebergs, the tempest, and the blinding enowstorm. steamer will sometimes go out and return in two or three weeks, laden to the gunwale, occasionally bringing home as many as thirty or forty thousand seals, each worth two and a half or three dollars. The successful hunters are welcomed with thundering cheers, like returning conquerors, and are the heroes of the hour. No wonder the young Newfoundlander pants for the day when he will get "a berth for the ice," and a share in the wild joys and excitement of the hunt.

According to law, no sailing vessel can

be cleared for the ice before the 1st of Marct, and no steamer before the 10th of March; a start in advance of ten days being thus accorded to the vessels which depend on wind alone

As the time for starting approaches. the streets and wharves of St. John's assume an appearance of bustle which contrasts pleasantly with he previous stagna-The steamers and sailing vessels begin to take in stores and complete their re-Rough berths pairs are litted up for the sealers; bags of bis-cuits, barrels of pork, and other necessaries are stowed away; water, fuel, and bal-last are taken on board; the sheathing of the ships, which to stand the has grinding of the heavy Arctic ice, is carefully inspected. A crowd of eager applicants syrrounds the shipping offices, powerful-



A TABLE SEAL

looking men in rough jackets and long boots, splashing tobacco-juice over the white snow in all directions, and shouldering one another in their anxiety to get booked. The great object is to secure a place on board one of the steamers, the chances of success being considered much better than on board !

the sailing vessels. The masters of the steamers are thus able to make up their crews with picked men. Each steamer board from one hundred and fifty to three hundred men, and it would be difficult to find a more stalwart lot of fellows in the royal navy itself



REALERS AT WORK

USE OF STRAM

The steamers have an immense advantage over the sailing vessels. They can cleave their way through the heavy ice-packs against the wind; they can double and beat abo t in search of the "seal-patches:" and when the proy is found they can hold on to the ice-fields, while sailing vessels are liable to be driven off by a change of wind, and if beset with ice are often powerless to escape. It is not to be wondered at that steamers are rapidly superseding sailing vessels in the seal-fishery. They can make two and even three trips to the ice-field during the season, and thus leave behind the antiquated sealer dependent on the winds.
Before the introduction of steamers

one hundred and twenty sailing vessels, one nunared and twenty salling vessels, of from forty to two hundred tons, used to leave the port of St. John's alone for the seal-fishery. Now they are reduced to some half-dozen, but from the more distant "outposts" numbers of small sailing vessels still engage in this special

The young seals are all born on the ice from the 10th to the 25th of February, and as they grow rapidly, and yield a much finer oil than the old ones, the object of the hunters is to reach them in their babyhood, and while they are powerless to escape. So quickly do they increase in bulk that by the 28th of March they are in perfect condition. By the 1st of April they begin to take to the water, and can no longer be captured in the ordinary way. The great Arctic current, fed by streams from the seas east of Greenland and from Baffin's and Hudson's Bays, bears on its bosom hundreds of square miles of floating ice. which are carried past the shores of Newfoundland to find their destiny in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. The great aim of the hunters is to get among the hordes of "white-coats," the young harp scals are called, during this period. For this purpose they go forth at the appointed time, steering northward till they come in sight of those terrible icy wildernesses which, agitated by the swell of the Atlantic. threaten destruction of all rash invaders. These nardy seal hunters, however, who are accustomed to

#### BATTLE WITH THE PLOES,

; are quite at home among the bergs and crushing ice-masses; and where other mariners would shrink away in terror, they fearlessly dash into the ice whereever an opening presents itself, in search of their prey.
In the ice-fields the surface of the

ocean is covered with a glittering en-

panse of ice dotted with towering bergs of every shape and size, having gleaming turrets, domes, and The surface of the fre-field is rugged and broken mishits frequently in to steep billocks and ridges The scene in which "The Ancient Mariner" found himself is fully realized:

"And now there came both mist and snow.

And it grew wondrous cold,

came floating by, As green as emer-

baA " through the drifts the snowy cliffs

Did send a dismal sheen: Nor shapes of men. nor beasts we

ken-The ice was all between.

" The ice was here, the ice was there.

The ice was all around,

It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,

Like notses in a swound

When a storm arises amid these ich solitudes the scene is grand and awful beyond all powers of description

Considering all the perils, it is sur-prising how few fatal disasters occur During the seal hunt of 1872 one hundred men perished, fifty of these having gone down in a single vessel called the Huntaman, on the coast of Labrador In the same year, two steamers, the Bloodhound and Retriever, were crushed by the ice and sank, but their crews, numbering nearly four hundred men, managed to reach Battle Harbour, in Labrador, over the ice, after enduring great hardships.

Happily these terrible storms are not For the most part the sea is at rest, and then the ice-fields present a strange beauty of their own, which has a wonderful fascination. When the sun is shining brightly it is too dazzling, and its monotony is wearlsome. The moon, the stars, and the flickering Aurora are needed to reveal all its beauty.

We shall now look into the equipment |

#### A SEALING STEAMER,

and then in imagination accompany her to the ice-fields, in order to form some idea of the hunt.

In the last week of February the roads leading from the various outposts of St. John's begin to be enlivened by the appearance of the sealers, or, as they are called in the vernacular, "silers," their enterprise being designated "swile hant-Each of them carries a bundle of spare clothing over his shoulder, swinging at the extremity of a pole six or seven feet in length, which is called a "gan," and which serves as a bat or club to strike the seal on the nose, which it is most vulnerable The same weapon serves as an ice-pole in leaping from "pan" to "pan," and is also used for dragging the skin and fat of the seal over the fields and hummocks of ice to the side of the vessel. To answer these various purposes the "gaff" is armed with an iron hook at one end and bound with iron. Some of the men, in addition, carry a long sealing-gun on their shoulders. These are the "bow" or shoulders. These are the 'after gunners," who are marksmen to shoot old seals or others that cannot be reached by the "gaff." The outfit of the sealers is of the simplest description. Sealskin boots reaching to the knee, having a thick leather sole well nailed, to enable them to walk over the ice, protect the feet; coarse canvas jackets, often showing the industry of a wife or mother in the number of patches which adorn them, are worn over warm woollen shirts and other inner clothing; sealskin caps and tweed or moleskin trousers, with thick woollen mits, complete the costume, which is more picturesque than handsome.

## IN THE FORECASTLE,

or other parts of each ship, rough berths are constructed. The scalers have to furnish themselves with a straw mattress The men are packed and blankettng. like herrings in a barrel, and as a rule they never undress during the voyage. In the rare event of putting on a clean shirt, it goes over its predecessor, without removing the latter-a method which saves time and trouble, and is, besides, conducive to warmth.

The food of the n.en is none of the daintiest, and no one who is at all squeamish about what he "eats, drinks, and avoids need attempt to go "swile huntin". The diet consists of biscuit, pork, butter, and tea sweetened with molasses. On three days of the week dinner consists of pork and "dun," the latter item consisting of flour and water, with a little fatty substance intermixed "to lighten it." When boiled it is almost as hard as a cannon ball. On the other four days of the week all the meals consist of tea, sweetened with molasses, and biscuit. Such is the rough fare on their trying and inborious work. When, however, they fall in with seals, their diet is improved. They cook the heart, liver, slippers, and other parts, and feast on them ad libitum, and generally come ashore in excellent condition, though the odour that attends them does not suggest the spicy breezes which blow soft from Ceylon's lsle.

Very little sickness occurs among the men while lending this rough life. They are often out for eight or ten weeks without seeing land, and enduring the hardest toils When scals are taken in large quantities, the hold of the vessel is first filled, and then the men willingly surrender their berths, which are packed full of "white-conts." In fact, every In fact, every

nool, and corner is crammed with the precious fat, and the senters sleep where the, can in barrels on deck, on a layer of scale, or in the coal bunks lt ls marvellous to see men, after eight or ten weeks of such life, leap ashore hearty and vigorous. Their outer garments are posished with seal fat, and it is advisable to keep to windward of them till they have produced a change of clothing

#### ADVENIURES

At times, in endeavouring to push her way through, the vessel is caught in the heavy ice, and then the Ice-saws are called into requisition to cut an opening to the nearest lead of clear water, that she may work her way north But the heavy Arctic ice may close in under the pressure of a nor'-easter, and then no amount of steam-power can drive her through. Howling night closes in, ocigo and floes are crashing all around, and momentarily threatening her with destruction, the wind roars through the shrouds, driving on its wings the arrowy sleet and snow, sharp as needles, which only men of iron can stand. locked in the embrace of the floe, the luckless vessel is drifted helplessly hundreds of miles, till a favourable wind loosens the fcy prison wails. It is no uncommon occurrence for a hundred vessels to be thus beset by heavy ice, through which no passage can be forced. Some are "nipped," some crushed to atoms, and the men have to escape for Others are their lives over the ice. carried into the great northern bays, or borne in the heavy "pack" up and down on the ocean for weeks, returning to port "clean"--that is, without a single seal. There are seasons when the boldest and most skilful captains At other times, by a turn of good fail. fortune, a vessel "strikes the seals" day or two after leaving port, and finds herself in the middle of a "seal patch" sufficient to load the Great Eastern. The whole ice for miles around is covered thick with the young "white-coats," and in a fortnight from the time of the departure, she returns to port loaded to the gunwale, her very decks being piled with the skins and fat of seals.

When approaching such an

#### ARCTIC EL DORADO

as this, the excitement on board may be imagined as the welcome whimpering of the young harp seals is heard. cry has a remarkable resemblance to the sobbing or whining of an infant in pain, which is redoubled as the destroyers approach. Young hunters, who now apply their gaffs for the first time, are often almost overcome by their baby lamentations. Compassion, however, is The vessel is "laid soon gulped down. the men eagerly bound on the ice, and the work of destruction begins. blow on the nose from the gaff stuns or kills the young seal. Instantly the sculping-knife is at work, the skin is detached with amazing rapidity, the fat and skin alone are carried off. This process is called "sculping"—a corruption, ro doubt, of scalping. The ckin or pelt is generally about three free long and two and a half feet wide, and weighs from thirty-five to fifty pounds. or six pelts are reckoned a heavy load to drag over rough or broken ice sometimes for one or two miles. If the ice is loose and open the hunter has to leap

from pan to pan.
Fancy two or three hundred men on a field of ice carrying on this work. Then what a picture the vessel presents as the pelts are being piled on deck to cool previous to stowage below! One after another the hunters arrive with their loads, and snatch a hasty moment to drink a bowl of tea and eat a piece of biscuit and butter. The poor mother seals, now cubless, are seen popping their heads up in the small lakes of water and holes among the ice, anxiously looking for their young.

#### ON SHORE.

So soon as the sailing vessel reaches port with her fat cargo, the skinners go to work and separate skin and fat. note has hoth export to England, to be converted into boots and shoes, harness, portmanteaus, The old method of manufacturing the fat was to throw it into huge wooden vats, in which the pressure of its own weight and the heat of the sun extracted the oil, which was drawn off and bar-relled for exportation. This was a tedious process. Latterly steam has been employed to quicken the extraction of the oil. By means of steam-driven machinery, the fat is now rapidly cut up by revolving knives into minute pieces, then ground finer into a sort of gigantic sausage-machine; afterwards steamed in a tank, which rapidly extracts the oil, and finally, before being bar-relled, it is exposed for a time in glass-

covered tanks to the action of the sun's rays By this process the work of manufacturing, which formerly occupied two months, is completed in two weeks. Not only so, but by the steam process the disagreeable smell of the oil is removed, the quality improved, and the quantity increased.

The refuse is sold to the farmers, who mix it with bog and earth, which converts it into a highly fertilizing compost. The average value of a tun of seal-oil is about a hundred and forty dollars. The skin of a young harp seal is worth from ninety to one hundred cents. The greater part of the oil is sent to Britain, where it is largely used in lighthouses and mines, and for lubricating machinery. It is also used in the manufacture of the finer kinds of soap

#### THE HARP SEAL

-par excellence the real of commerceis so called from having a broad curved line of connected spots proceeding from each shoulder and meeting on the back above the tail, and forming a figure something like an ancient harp. old harp seals alone have this figuring, and not till their second year.

The hood seal is much larger than the harp The male, called by the hunters "the dog-hood," is distinguished from the female by a singular hood or bag of flesh on his nose. When attacked or alarmed he inflates this hood so as to cover the face and eyes, and it is strong enough to resist seal shot. It is impossible to kill one of these creatures when his sensitive nose is taus protected, even with a sealing-gun, so long as his head or his tail is toward you.

Seals are very intelligent, and may be tamed and taught many tricks, as shown in the picture on first page.

At a time when all other northern countries are idle and locked in icy fetters, here is an industry that can be plied by the fishermen of Newfoundland, and by which in a couple of months a million (and at times a million and a half) of dollars are won. It is over early in May, so that it does not in-terfere with the summer cod-fishery nor with the cultivation of the soil.

of course, greatly e hances its value.
The seal-fishery, writes the Rev. Mr.
Percival, furnisher us with not a few
illustrations of that firm adhesion

#### TO CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLE

which it is impossible for even the worldly to gaze upon without rapt admiration. Many of these stalwart and grim-looking "swilers" churches sat at the blessed feet of the "Master," and learnt lessons from him. These Christian principles are often severely tested. For instance, I knew of a case when a Christian captain was out at the ice after seals. On a bright and beautiful Sabbath morning he struck one of these El Dorados; hundreds of thousands of seals surrounded his ship. Other crews about him were busily engaged in taking them, and his men were impatient also to begin the work of death. Before the close of the day he might have loaded his ship with some \$60,000 worth of seals, but he was firm to his Christian principles, and not one seal was taken by him or any of his crew on the Sabbath day. following hight a strong breeze sprang up, and when Monday morning dawned there was not a seal to be seen any-That same captain returned to port with eighty seals, and yet, the brave man said, "I would do the same thing again next year, sir!" Such illustrations of moral heroism the ice-fields oft present, and every one of them is a ser-mon of greater eloquence and power than ever came from the lips of John the golden-mouthed.

### THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Dear reader, have you ever thought how much is contained in the Lord's Prayer? It is indeed beautiful and in-Prayer? It is indeed beautiful and instructive; and like a diamond in a queen's crown it unites a thousand sparkling gems in one.

It teaches all of us-every one of usnb to Cod Father."

It teaches us to raise our thoughts and desires above the earth: "Which are in heaven.'

It tells us that we must reverence our leavenly Father: "Hallowed be thy beavenly Father: name."

It breathes in hopeful words the saints' eward: "Thy kingdom come." reward: And a submissive, obedient spirit:

Give us this day our daily bread."

And a forgiving spirit. "Forgive us And a forgiving spirit. "Forgive our debts as we forgive our debtors. And a cautious spirit: "Deliver us from evil."

And, last of all, an adoring spirit.
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever. Amen."

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# Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MARCH 26, 1898.

#### JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE. PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

APRIL 3, 1898.

Some little things that are great. cup of cold water.-Matt. 10. 42.

#### PRACTICAL DUTIES.

This text is found among an interesting cluster of precious sayings of our Lord He was speaking more especially to his early disciples, and through them to all those who should hereafter believe on him to the end of time. The object which he seemed to have in view was that by their practice or outward life they should exhibit the evidence of true discipleship by the practice of benevo-

## CHRISTIAN BENEFICENCE.

This is a duty often inculcated. Jesus Christ and the writers of the New Testament often refer to it as the result of the doctrines of our holy Christianity. You remember what Christ said respecting the good Samaritan who relieved the poor man who fell among thieves, and how highly his conduct was commended rather than that of either the priest or the Levite. St. John, whose three epistles are full of practical Christianity. questions every man's love to God if he shuts up his bowels of compassion against any poor brother whom he knows to be in need. The more the principles to be in need. The more the principles of Christianity imbue the public mind, there will be greater kindness manifested towards the poor.

#### HISTORY OF CHRISTIANITY.

Ecclesiastical history is an instructive and profitable study, and we learn this grand lesson that the nations who are most under its influence are the nations which have the most hospitals and houses of industry, and other institutions which have been provided for the Greece and Rome, even in their poor. most palmy days, never cared for the poor. Horses and cattle and sheep were better treated than they were. Christianity teaches its professors to be kind to the poor.

## REWARD OF GOOD DEEDS.

To do good even of the smallest kind receives a reward. Our divine Master is always kind, and he would encourage us to deeds of kindness by the promise of reward. A cup of cold water is certainly not an act to merit much commendation, and yet see, whoever acts the benefactor in the hest of a little of that liquid shall not be forgotten by our heavenly Father.

## "HOW DO YOU DO" IN AINU.

BY E. B. GOULD.

When I was in Yezo I went to an Ainu school, taught by a missionary. we entered the school-room all the boys rubbed their hands tegether, and then stroked downward from their chins, where they hope their beards will one day be. Each girl passed one hand backward and forward above her lips, and then with both hands pushed back her hair from her face. This was the Ainu way for saying, "How do you do ?"

#### Good Friday Y MALIANNE FARNINGBAM.

We look away from the sinshine, That cometh after cold, To think of a Spring day darkened O'er a wondrous scene of old. Of the nailed hands that were full of grace,

Of an anguished love in a dying face

Oh, what was in that Sufferer, That we scarce can bear to think, Even to-day, of the bitter cup That our Saviour had to drink " He holds us close, with an aching love, And our hearts cry out for our Filend above.

For, though we think of Calvary, With tears of grief to-day, And follow him, as patiently He walked the dolorous way Until on the cross he drooped his head, Yet we seek not the living among the dead.

We know that he lives forever. And if earth were dumb with woe, No silence would fall on the angels, For the days of Lent below, And we who weep for sin may raise To him to-day a song of praise

And so 'tis not all sorrow. Though the day with shade be dim, There are undertones of triumph. Heard through our solemn hymn. Once on the cross Immanuel died, But he keeps perpetual Easter-tide.

He bids the hopeful daisies Look up and laugh to-day; The lark at early matins Sing out a joyful lay; And we pour forth our grateful love. To the living King who reigns above.

We seek his gift of pardon. We bend our heads to take And then, for his dear sake, Go forth some weary ones to cheer. And bid them know the Lord is near.

#### WILLIE: AN IDYLL BY THE SEA

Among the fisherfolk of Crab Cove, who were trying to solve the problem as to how to get a living, there were none that wrestled with it more manfully and more successfully than Martin sproule and his two sons. If you know the place—a little hamlet nestling in If you know an inlet on one of the most rugged headands of that rugged coast which the island of Newfoundland presents to the wild waves of the Atlantic-the wonder would be in your mind how anybody would dare to expect a livelihood in such a place. The high cuffs, rent and torn by the many wonderful changes mother earth has undergone in the centuries past, offered little or no encouragement to vegetation.

It is true many of the families in Crab Cove never did expect very much more than the bare necessaries of life. Sproules were reckoned among the most prosperous-that is to say, they were never really destitute of flour, butter, molasses, and pork—and if a citizen of Crab Cove got these, "why should a living man complain?"

So when we state that Martin Sproule

and his family were considered prosperous people by their neighbours we are

not saying very much.

William, the youngest of Martin's two sons, was a well-built specimen of humanity. Wrestling with the mighty deep for a living had given him a strong frame, with plenty of muscle and a sound constitution, that had the possibilities of marvellous endurance. Up to the time when William attained to manbood and took unto himself a wife, he was like all in the little hamlet, fairly well content with his lot, and happy when a reasonable amount of codfish was caught, and some seals drifted along the coast on the ice every spring. But a change came over his dream and a ferment was stirring his thoughts. saw his father stooping with premature old age and suffering intense pains at times, all because in his early days he had been enduring all kinds of hardships and passing through unnumbered perils to eke out a living for his family. William was peering into the future and saw little else, as far as this world was con-cerned, but the same for himself. Thus he became restless, and finally made up his mind to migrate .. the city of St. John's. Having equired some skill with carpenter's tools, through buildin boats and houses, he concluded that he could do better in the city. At first his wife Jane objected, but her confidence in William's plannings led her to consent.

It is true some of the dames—the older

arki karringan kalangan karangan kalangan kalangan kalangan kalangan kalangan kalangan kalangan kalangan kalan

ones especially said, Jane Sproule was aiways a bit stuck up and more so since she got married to Will now her pride was a-leading her to the city where she would be wearing fine hats and bonnets and any amount of fashions A good deal more in the same line was said Others ventured to more than him that the Sproules had disagreed among themselves, though that was a most unheard of thing; but gossip was busy, in fact deing a little overtime, when the news went out that William Sproule with his wife and child were soon going away A little event in Crac Cove was like a small stone in a wee puddle-it stirred up things and broke in upon the placid monotony of every-day life

In all this commotion that stirred that hamlet by the sea, no heart felt more corely about the course events were taking than Mrs. Sproule, william mother—or Aunt Amy Sproule, as the neighbours always called her. William was only a boy-even if he was married and had a chubby little son named after himself, still to her he was a boy, and with a mother's heart she clung tenderly to him. However, the die was cast, and the father knew it was no use to argue the case with Wilham. All the old man could say he said the morning the son 1-ft Crab Cove, and said it with a tremour in his voice.

Bill, if yer don't find things to yer likin' in St. John's, remember ye can come back without axin' any questions.

When William Sproule with his little family got to the city, they found that ilving where you have to pay house rent, a thing unknown in Crab Cove, and where you can't go into the little vegetable garden and take what you need of potatoes and cabbage, and where there is no mother's cow that supplied milk for the whole family connection free gratis, these and other things told William and his wife that living in St John's was a far different thing to what it was in poor little Crab Cove, with all its drawbacks and hardships.

There are worse calamities in this world after all than living in a quiet country village. Therefore William Sproule and his wife made up their minds to try and live in two small rooms upstairs in a not very elegant tenement. He found work-got a regular job-and was soon adjusting himself to the everydry life of the city. A few months soon slipped by, and Jane noticed that William spent the most of his evenings away from home. She did not like it, but Willie was now toddling about, and his little chatter served to while away many a weary hour.

One night William came home later

than usual. She fancied that his breath smelled of rum. She said nothing. In a few nights, again the same smell came This was repeated once or twice home. more, until one night William staggered in near midnight. There came with him one who was in a worse state than William. The latter explained that this young man lived some four miles out of the city, and could not go home, so he was brought to sleep on the kitchen The two men floor behind the stove. slept that night, but Jane Sproule lay awake. Could it be true, she wondered, that William came home drunk and brought that young man with him in such a helpiess condition. She shud-! dered at the thought. What would his dear old mother say? Oh, how she longed to get back to Crab Cove. How glad she was that Willie was too young to know or remember that his father had The morning come home drunk. dawned, and before Jane came into the kitchen, the young man, having slept off his drunkenness, slipped away. Jane wept and pleaded with her husband. Willie looked on with amazement, and seeing his mother weep, said

'Don't ky, mamma; don't ky." William promised he would not repeat the experience of the past night, kissed his wife, kissed Willie, and went to work. but, alas, poor fellow, he was in the whirlpool, and every day was drawing him nearer the vortex, and he was dragging his wife and child with him.

Not long after that awful night that Jane Sproule had, William began to lose days of work through "drinking bouts." Jane tried to hide the fact from her neighbours, but things did not mend. Soon he was out of work; the larder was very bare, fuel scarce and the little home utterly comfortless. One day

Willie was taken sick.
"It was just a cold." So Jane told a neighbour. It got worse, and the poor little fellow needed constant attention. During the night Jane had been poulticpened, so a neighbour went for a doc- | offer was made. William looked land-

He came and at once pronounced the case a bad type of diphtheria. Soon an officer of the city had a placard on door with the word Diphtheria

printed on it in big black letters.

An old Irish woman, with the kindheartedness for which her nationality is famed, offered her services, and went right away to hunt up William, who had She, after some searchnot returned ing, found hin, in a saloon on Water Street, among a number of men, in a big argument about politics She told him about Willie being sick, and also of the placard on the door. He, in a defiant tone of voice, declared he would soon have that off, and promised some-thing dreadful to the officer who would the trick the second time

Howld yer whist, man alive, and be after comin' home to your poor, ionely wife afore she breaks her heart over the sick chile," said the old woman.

The stream of conversation soon got started again in that saloon, and with more liquor tlowing, William Sproule was soon oblivious to either wife or sick child.

It was near midnight when he staggered up those stairs that led to what he called home. He was dazed and foolish when he entered; there was a city clergyman and an undertaker going with a little coffin-the fell disease had done its rapid work. In spite of all that poor Jane could do, the phicgm brought on suffocation, and now she was nearly trantic with grief, as the little coffin was being taken out, and her drunken husbad came staggering in.

William threw himself on the bed and was soon sleeping, but not the sleep of the just. The old Irlshwoman took Jane with her to stay that night. Next morning William awoke having vague ideas as to what had happened. his wife joined him. The two sat Soon The two sat down and sobbed for hours. A city official called and left some things wherewith to fumigate the premises.

That day and for days afterwards all

that the husband heard was:
"Our dear little Willie is gone. Take me away from this place. Take me to Crab Cove."

The losing of Willie made an aching void in William Sproule's heart, and as soon as he could, arrangements were made to return to Crab Cove. Martin Sproule and Aunt Amy made them wel-come. Once again William and Jane were in their own little cottage up on the cliff, facing the sea. In front of the house there was a little garden patch in which flowers were mostly grown. When spring came, Jane spent many an hour there fixing it up once again. Often her eyes would wander across the bay towards the city where was the lone-tome little grave.

The people of Crab Cove wondered why Jane Sproule went down day after day, sometimes twice, sometimes oftener, bringing something heavy back with her from the beach below. Soon a little heap of cobble stones explained all. husband thought she was going to make a border to the little walk from the gate to the house door, as he had seen others do, but he was mistaken. Jane toiled in that little flower patch and arranged the patch carefully returned sooner One afternoon William returned sooner than expected His wife was busy with a bucket of whitewash and brush, coating every stone, now in its place Her task was nearly done. Then she hurrled in and pre-Her task was nearly pared supper. After the evening meal, husband and wife went out to see how Taking William by the work looked. the arm, Jane led him outside the gate. Then he saw and read what the whitened stones meant Right across the little garden was the word, "Willie." Leaning on the fence, once more they shed tears for him whom the Good Shepherd had taken home. Unknown to them came the mother. Aunt Amy She wondered why they wept Her son pointed out the word in white-"Wille knew what it meant, and said son, there are worse things than my death brings to a home," and then-she went.

But Jane Sproule had wrought better than she had thought-as we all do when our hearts guide us in works of love and

Often during the long summer days the fish on the ledges near Ciab Cove will "slack off," and the fishermen for hours then will loll about in their boats on the calm bosom of the mighty deep At such times the men will get near each other and gossip One day old Skipper Tom Jeans, as was his wont, pulled out of his wallet a flask of rur and among others offered William Sproule "a swig" Just at that moment his eyes looked towards the land and he ing, and in the morning things were not saw in his own garden plot the word in looking any better. The father had not white. "Willie." It staggered him come home that night, as now often hap the shook his head at Tom Again the

ward once again and fixing his eyes on

that word, said. By God's help, I never will.

As he said it, his voice put a meaning to the words, and he pointed to the word Iom Jeans spelled it our loud, "I see it all now boys, said the old an. Here goes once and forever

Suiting the action to the word, the flask of rum went to the bottom of the deep blue sea

#### FIRST HELP YOURSELF.

There is an amusing story told of a four-year old girl who was very fond of music, and who one day happened to hear a solo exquisitely rendered by a box only a few years older than herself. It was the first time the small music-lover had ever heard a child sing, and evi dently she had the impression that such an ability belonged exclusively to grownup people. Undeceived on this point, a great wave of longing swept over her and as soon as the song was finished she burst into tears. Her father took her into his arms, and attempted to comfort her, but for some time his efforts Between her sobs the litwere in vain tle one kept repenting, "Oh, papa, please

buy me a sing! Please buy me a sing!
We can readily imagine how the father consoled his little daughter, and explained to her in language simple enough for her comprehension, that the ability to sing was not a thing to be purchased, but a thing to be developed; that it lay in the nature like a seed in soil, and needed persistent cultivation to bring it We may smile over the to fruition unreasonableness of the small maiden who wished to get for the asking that which could only be won through toil Yet do not some of us older ones oc casionally fall into the same error

"I wish I could be as unselfish as Mary 18," some one says Well, why not? You both serve the same God Woll, wby who is able to make all his children more than conquerors. But to gain such a than conquerors. victory needs something more than vague Set to work to be unselfish wishing. Caltivate your nature on that side.

"I wish I knew as much about history as Mr. - — does," said a young man in our hearing recently He was just entering upon a long vacation with an abundance of leisure on his hands. His father's library is large and richly sup-plied with books on historical subjects But the youth contented himself with mere wishing for more knowledge, and the end of the summer saw him no nearer his heart's desire.
"Heaven helps those who help them-

selves," says the old proverb, and truer words were never written. God blesses effort but does not supply it. You will never grow wiser nor better by aimleswishing nor by aimless praying. set yourself to accomplish what you desire and you may be sure that God's strength will be yours, and that he will help you to gain your end.

#### THE USE OF A CAT'S WHISKERS.

A cat's whiskers may seem to you to e merely ornamental. They are org.ns be merely ornamental. of touch attached to a bed of fine glands under the skin, and each of these long hairs is connected with the nerves of The slightest contact of these the lip. The slightest contact of these whiskers with any surrounding objects is thus felt more distinctly by the animal, although the hairs themselves are insensible. They stand out on each side of the lion, as well as of the common cat From point to point they are equal to the width of the animal's body If we imagine, therefore, a lion stealing through a covert of wood in an imperfect lion stealing light, we shall at once see the use of these long hairs. They indicate to him. these long hairs. through the nicest feeling, any obstacle which may present itself to the passage of his body. They prevent the rustling of the boughs and leaves, which would give warning to his prey if he were to attempt to pass too close to a bush, and thus, in confunction with the soft cushions of his feet and the fur upon which he treads—the claws never ing into contact with the ground they enable him to move toward his victim with a stillness equal to that of a snake.

In my opinion, the best physical performances can on" be secured through absolute abstinence from the use of alcohol and tobacco. This is my rule alcohol and tobacco. This is my rule and I find after three years constant work at the oar, during which time I have rowed many notable match races that I am better able to contend in a great race than when I commenced. In fact, I believe that the use of liquor and tobacco has a very injurious effect upon the system of an athlete by irritating the vitals and consequently weakening the system .- Ed. Hanlan.

#### The Boy.

When you hear a fearful tacket Like a miniature exclone, With some sounds so strange that serrely their like was never known While the mother listens caimly, Even with a smiling face. You may know that it is nothing But the boy about the place

When there's famine in the cupboard, And the milk pail soon runs dry, And you can't keep pies or cookies, No matter how you try: When you vainly seek for apples. That have gone and left no trace, Hard times is not the trouble There's a boy about the place

When there's sawdust on the carpet, And some shavings on the beds, When the rugs are tossed in corners, And your chairs stand on their heads, And your chairs stand on their nead While, if a tool you're needing, you All 'round the house must race, You may know he's making something, is the boy about the place.

When the house is full of sunshine, On the darkest kind of day, And you have to laugh at seeing Some outlandish boyish play. And when eyes so bright and loving Oft are raised to meet your face, You will pray, I know, "God bless him, Bless our boy about the place" -Pacific Coast Endeavourer.

#### LESSON NOTES.

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SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

LESSON L-APRIL 3. THE WOMAN OF CANAAN.

Matt 15, 21-31. Memory verses, 25-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Then she came and worshipped him, - ying, Lord, help me Matt 15 25

#### OUTLINE.

1. Great Faith, v. 21-28. 2. Great Grace, v. 28-31.

time. Spring and early summer of A D 29.

Place. - The vicinity of Tyre and Sidon.

#### HOME READINGS.

M. The woman of Canaan.-Matt. 15 21-31.

iu. Cry of little faith .- Matt. 14. 22-33

W. According to faith .-- Matt. 9, 27-31.

Ph. An urgent plea Luke 18 35 43 F. Faith commended.—Luke 7, 1-10, S. Salvation through faith.—Rom 10

1-13.

Su. Mark's narrative - Mark 7, 24-30,

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

i. Great Faith, v. 21-28.

From what place did Jesus depart? To what region did he go? Who followed him?

What plea did she make? Did Jesus answer her? What request did the disciples make To whom did Jesus say he was sent?

What was the woman's prayer' Golden Text

What was Jesus' reply?
What evidence of great faith was thus

How was her faith rewarded? What reasons can you suggest for our Lord's delay in granting her request

2. Great Grace, v. 28-31.

What at once happened to her daugh

What journey did Jesus make?

Who sought him? What sort of people were brought to

What did Jesus do for these people? How were the multitude affected by these miracles?

To whom did they offer praise? Of what were these miracles a proof? John 3. 2.

#### PRA

Where in this lesson are we taught-1. That prayer is the privilege of all the needy

2 That true faith always brings blessing?

3 That all good gifts are from God?

## MATTERS OF MORE IMPORTANCE.

A gentleman, living not far from Vincennes, Indiana, said: "Well, temperance is all right enough, but there are matters of more importance before the people now."

Two nights after he made the remark

was called to the door out of the window, and saw six men tell her, who should be your best friend arrying something on a large door or and confidant, all you think and feel. It wide board—She guessed what it was in its very strange that young girls will tell an instant, and giving a wild, frantic every person before "mother" that scream, she jumped out of bed and cried, My boy! Oh, my boy! What shall know it is worst important she should know he was killed! Oh, I ve been fair young daughter than she herself fearing that would happen! Oh, that this persons should know more about her fearing that would happen! Oh, that the light to trust to you would not be curred which you. cursed whiskey

home nearly dead. He had been drunk and engaged in a saloon-brawl. He was brutally beaten into almost a shapeless mass, and was stabled in the right side. But for the timely interference of friends, he would have been murdered. Yet his father says there are things of more importance than temperance.

#### LOOK UP.

Boys and girls, aim high. Do not ay, "I will be pretty good," but en-Do not deavour to be perfect.

A great artist was once highly praised

His wife looked to look and sec Never be ashamed to willing to trust to your mother. She is Sure enough it was her son brought | your best friend, and is ever devoted to ome nearly dead. He had been drunk | your honour and interest. Tell her all

#### A GREAT SEA ON FIRE.

The shores of the Caspian Sea abound in naphtha springs extending for miles under the sea, the imprisoned gases of this volatile substance often escaping from fissures in its bed and bubbling up in large volumes to the surface. This circumstance has given rise to the practice of "setting the sea on fire," which is thus described by a modern traveller

"Hiring a steam-harge, we put out to sea, and after a lengthy search found at last a suitable spot. Our boat having moved round to windward, a sailor threw A great artist was once highly praised for a beautiful painting which he had just completed. "Ah, do not praise me," he said, sadly. "It may be very Leautiful, but I aimed at perfection."
I once put the following question to a ragged little newsboy: "What are you illuminations are to be compared to the



WILLIE, THE FISHERMAN'S BOY .- SEE THIRD PAGE.

going to be when you are a man?" little fellow met my half-quizzical glance with a look of determination in his bright eyes; then he replied, "President of the United States, sir." That boy may not become president, but he will not re-

main a newsboy. George Eliot, in writing the last words of one of her most powerful romances, exclaims. "It is so much less than what I hoped for, I am dissatisfied."

Bear this in mind. If we aim at the

ground, we shall never reach the sky."

### TELL YOUR MOTHER.

I wonder how many girls tell their mother everything? Not those "young ladies" who, going to and from school, smile, bow, and exchange notes and a rie de visites with young men who make fun of you and your pictures, speaking in a way that would make your cheeks burn with shame if you heard it. All this, most incredulous and romantic young ladies, they will do, although they gaze on your young, fresh faces admiringly, and send or give you charming verses or bouquets. No mat-ter what other girls may do, don't yen do it. School-girl flirtation may end disastrously, as many a foolish and wretched young girl can tell you. Your yearning for some one to love is a great need of a woman's heart. But there is a time for ever thing. Do not let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtation. And above all, tell your mother everything. "Fun" in your dictionary would be inn spring-waggon was stopped in front "Fun" in your dictionary would be in-of his house about twelve o'clock. He i discretion in hers. It would do no harm

sight that presented itself to our gaze. It was as though the sen trembled con-vulsively amid thousands of shooting, dancing tongues of flame of prodigious size. Now they emerged from the water, now they disappeared. At one time they soared aloft and melted away; at another a gust of wind divided them into bright streaks of flame, the foaming, bubbling billows making music to the

"In compliance with the wishes of some of the spectators our barge was steered toward the flames and passed right through the midst of them, a somewhat dangerous experiment, as the barge was employed in the transport of caphtha and was pretty well saturated with the fluid. Fowever, we escaped without accident, and gazed for an hour longer on the unwonted spectacle of a sea on fire."

In Alleghany, N.Y., there is a policeman who owns a rare dog. The poor animal was starving when the man took pity on him, and the dog has never since been able to do enough for his friend. He follows him everywhere he goes after dark. He is a help to all the policemen. for when one of them raps for assistance the dog rushes to him at once, and barks till help comes. When the officers are obliged to chase a man, the dog marks the man, rushes after him, and catching him by the pantaloons, holds him till the officers come up. He never makes a mistake about a drunken person, but when he finds one wandering about alone, he howls till the police come. They al-ways follow the bark of the dog, and he never cheats them.

#### The Door to the House.

idle thoughts came trooping in the door, And warmed their little toes; And did more mischief about the house. than any one living knows.

They scratched the tables and broke the

chairs,
And some the floor and wall;
For a motto was written above the door, There's a welcome here for all.'

When the master saw the mischief done. He closed it with hope and fear; And he wrote above instead, "Let none Save good thoughts enter here

And the good little thoughts came troop-

ing in,
When he drove the others out;
They cleaned the walls and they swept the floor,

And sang as they moved about.

And last of all an angel came, With wings and a shining face; And above the door he wrote, "Here love

Has found a dwelling place."

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