

**Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques**

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers/  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged/  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated/  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing/  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps/  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material/  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/  
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/  
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments:  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages/  
Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged/  
Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated/  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached/  
Pages détachées
- Showthrough/  
Transparence
- Quality of print varies/  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Continuous pagination/  
Pagination continue
- Includes index(es)/  
Comprend un (des) index
- Title on header taken from:  
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:
- Title page of issue/  
Page de titre de la livraison
- Caption of issue/  
Titre de départ de la livraison
- Masthead/  
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

	10X		12X		14X		16X		18X		20X		22X		24X		26X		28X		30X		32X
																							<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XX.

TORONTO, MAY 26, 1900.

No. 21.

## Lend a Hand.

BY ROBERT L. BANGS.

A noble cry rings through the land;  
Hear it, ye people, "Lend a hand!"

A twofold need doth call on you  
To lend a hand that's strong and true.

First put down evil; crush the wrong;  
That duty doth to you belong.

Intemperance lifts its hydra head,  
Oh, lend a hand to strike it dead!

Go to the city's crowded street;  
See how temptation there doth meet.

Those gay and thoughtless ones  
Who tread  
The paths that lead them to the dead.

Oh, lend a hand to rescue youth!  
Who wander from the paths of truth.

A word of kindness! It may save  
A brother from a nameless grave.

A twofold need doth call on you  
To lend a hand that's strong and true.

Crown him who putteth evil down,  
Who lifteth fallen ones, him crown.

For fallen ones, a saddened band,  
In anguish whisper: "Lend a hand!"

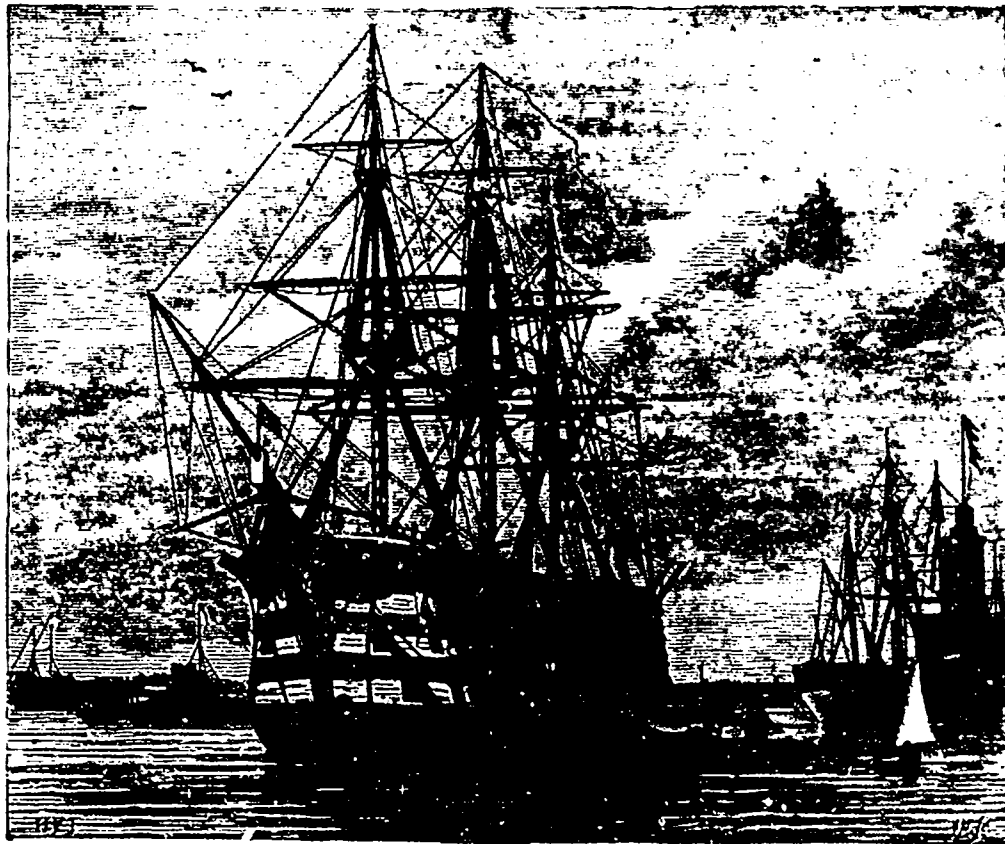
Thrice gemmed the crown that he shall wear,  
Who, fearing naught, doth nobly dare

To lend a hand against all wrong,  
Putting it down with courage strong,

And then with pitying eye doth seek  
To lend a hand to help the weak.

## A GREAT DOCK-YARD.

England's greatest naval depot is Plymouth, on the south-east coast. It was



THE "VICTORY," NELSON'S FLAGSHIP.

here that the English fleet awaited the Spanish Armada in 1588, that Essex gathered his expedition to conquer Cadiz, in 1596; and from here sailed the Mayflower, with the Pilgrim Fathers, in 1620. Here has grown up a town of 200,000 inhabitants. The great dock and victualling yards are the most extensive in the world. The Government bakery, cooperage, and storehouses enable the Admiralty to fit out naval expeditions to Suakim or Mandalay on a few hours' notice. A peculiarity of the bakery is that in an incredibly short time after the grain is ground a continuous stream of "hard tack" is delivered, ready for packing, from the great automatic ovens fast enough to feed an army.

Nelson's flagship, the Victory, on board which he was killed at Trafalgar, is shown in our large cut.

One of the old war hulks, named the Canada, shown in the cut on the fourth page, is fitted up as a training-ship, and here John Bull's young sea-dogs receive their initiation into their life-work.

In one of the dockyard buildings is shown a section of the mast of the Victory, Nelson's flagship, on which he received his death-wound at the battle of Trafalgar. At its base is seen a shot by which it was perforated, and above it is a bust of the heroic Admiral.

The grandeur of the neighbouring Cornish coast, the beauty of the valleys of Devon, the historic memories of Drake and Raleigh and Gilbert, and the ancient sea-kings of Plymouth, and, later, of William of Orange, give this part of England an interest unsurpassed by that of any other region of the grand old land.

A peculiarity of many old English towns is the market or memorial cross, such as shown in our engraving on this page. These are often exceedingly interesting and picturesque objects. Memorial crosses were naturally more frequent than any other kind. When Eleanor, wife of King Edward I., died, she was carried back to London, and wherever the casket rested on that long funeral journey the king had a cross built. There were at least twelve such crosses, though only three of them now remain. Market crosses were first used in market towns, for

the priests went there on the great market days to preach. They were called by special names, like Butter or Poultry Cross. Boundary crosses marked the line between different places, and Preaching crosses were used as pulpits. One of these latter stood in front of the old St. Paul's Cathedral, and here some of the Reformers preached the doctrines of the Reformation.

Along the south-west frontier of England are situated the historic Cinque Ports, "Sandwich and Romney, Hastings, Hythe and Dover," as if guarding the tight little island against foreign invasion. Longfellow thus finely describes them and the death of their great war- den, the Iron Duke:

"Sullen and silent,  
and like couch-  
ant lions,  
Their cannon  
through the  
night,  
Holding their  
breath, had  
watched in  
grim defiance  
The sea-coast op-  
posite.

"And now they  
roared at drum-  
beat from their  
stations  
On every citadel;  
Each answering  
each, with  
morning saluta-  
tions,  
That all was  
well.

"And down the  
coast, all tak-  
ing up the bur-  
den,  
Replied the dis-  
tant forts,  
As if to summon  
from his sleep  
the Warden  
And Lord of the  
Cinque Ports.

"Him shall no  
sunshine from  
the fields of  
azure,  
No drum-beat  
from the wall,

No morning gun from the black  
fort's embrasure  
Awaken with its call

"For in the night, unseen, a single  
warrior,  
In sombre harness mailed  
Dreaded of man and and surnamed  
the Destroyer,  
The rampart wall had scaled

"He did not pause to parley or  
dissemble,  
But smote the Warden hoar,  
Ah! what a blow! that made all  
England tremble  
And gran from shore to shore"

Hastings, the last of the Cinque Ports was never an important har- bour, and is chiefly famous for the great battle by which William the Conqueror became Lord of Eng- land. The twinkling lights of the seaside town seem to wave wel- come and farewell to the tourists from a foreign land.

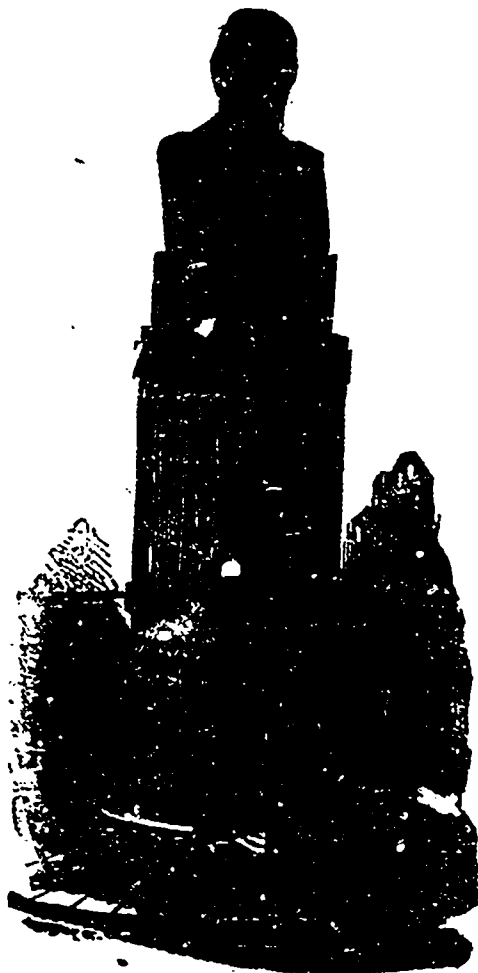
## "EMPIRE DAY."

"Empire Day" is the name which has been given to the school day immediately preceding the 24th of May, and which will be annually devoted by the school children to exercises calculated to stimulate their interest in and their love of the great Empire of which this country forms a part. The selection of Empire Day is the result of a suggestion made by Hon. Geo. W. Ross, Minister of Educa-

tion, in a paper read before the Dominion Educational Association last year. The educationists cordially approved of the idea and recommended its adoption.

The Minister of Education is sending to public school inspectors for their guidance the following circular dealing with the subject:

"The school day immediately preced- ing the 24th of May shall be devoted specially to the study of the history of Canada in its relation to the British Empire, and to such other exercises as might tend to increase the interest of the pupils in the history of their own coun- try and strengthen their attachment to the Empire to which they belong—such day to be known as Empire Day."



BUST OF NELSON AND SECTION OF MAST OF FLAGSHIP "VICTORY."



A MARKET CROSS.

A Happy Family.

By D. H. R. GODDARD.
I was a bitter cold morning the new fallen snow had pierced every crack where a snowflake could go.

OUR PERIODICALS:

- The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular. Yearly \$4.00
Christina Quarterly, weekly Methodist Magazine and Review, 50 pp., monthly illustrated 2.00

Having arrived there the traveler is conscious of little or no descent. Six-sixths of the whole interior before a vast plateau that extends to the Zambesi on the north, the Atlantic Ocean on the west, and varies in altitude from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea level.

A STORY OF A DINNER.

By MISS M. M. SANDERSON.
The morning sun came brightly into Mrs. Engells' little dining-room. It may have been a little late in the day, for it was for it wandered all over the room, making the spotless cloth on the breakfast table whiter, and the glass sparkle more brilliantly, dancing in and out of the corners and under the saucy and actually shot into Dora's eyes.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, MAY 26, 1900

JUST WHAT SOUTH AFRICA IS.

Allen Sangree contributes to Amicusa an article on South Africa. This is how the country appeared to him:
You land on the coast at the foot of a mountain 3,600 feet high. They call it Table Mountain, and the veil of mist that, excepting on very clear days, overhangs it, South Africans are pleased to term the 'Tablecloth' because of the flat solid rock 1,000 feet in height, perpendicular as a wall, and for half a mile on top quite level, this mountain offers the best natural sign-board on earth.

"Don't look so sad, mother, dear," said Dora, putting her arms round her and kissing her. "We can do without dinner even if they don't pay, for we have had such a nice breakfast."
"See how it feels not to have any dinner! Lots and lots of boys and girls go on one meal a day!"
"Yours is no comfort, indeed; but after all, I hope I will get some money, and not have to see you hungry, and have nothing to give you to eat."

"If you do not get the fees, I will tell you the story I intend to," said Dora.
"Ye, dear! We can have a cup of tea, and I will tell you about King Midas."

Mrs. Engells had a private school, where about forty scholars were. They came punctually but brought no money. The teacher's heart was heavy that morning. Her school was a high-class one, only children from good homes being admitted.

Their fees were usually very promptly paid. To wait a day or two would not have troubled her generally, but, as we have seen, this was hard pressed just now. She said nothing, however about it, but dismissed them brightly at noon.

"Oh, for a faith that will not shrink, Though pressed by o-ery foe."
Frank and Dora came in soon after, going a little way with their friends.

"Don't you think it is mean of them, mother?" asked Frank.
"No, dear; they would not think a few dollars would matter to me, and they might easily forget it was due. Generally, it would not signify, but you see, last week I had a broken umbrella, and a gas bill, and water rate, and then coal for the winter, so that I am left without any money. We never ran any bills, and we will have to begin again."

"Indeed, mother, we do not mind at all not having a dinner; the tea is so nice, and we have a lovely fire," said Dora, eager to make her mother feel happy.
"Neither of us mind a dinner," said her mother, who had looked sad so much.

"After drinking the tea, their mother said, "I suppose you want to hear about King Midas, my dear?"
"Yes, please," they said.

It was a story full of interest to them, and when their mother pictured to them the king, very hungry, and yet not able to eat anything because as soon as he touched food it became gold, they said: "He was worse off than we are. We can eat and drink three times every day, though we have no gold!"

Then they found to their surprise that it was such a long story.
That afternoon Frank and Dora often smiled at each other, and at recess when the other scholars wanted to know what they were smiling about, Frank said they were talking about their mother told them at dinner-time.

"My mother never tells us stories," said Jessa Carr, she said once she never could tell one right.
"By my dear!" said Mrs. Engells, hurry and eat your dinner, and don't chatter, but of course there are nice of us, and that makes a difference," said Fred Green.

"You, rhine-stone pin is a diamond one."
"Now I am through said Frank.
"They are bright fancies," said his mother, and remind me of a story I once read about a king whose touch changed everything into gold.

"Do tell us the story, mother please," cried Dora and Frank eagerly.
"But Dora has not had her chance to tell what the 'admirers are doing'."
"Let us hear the story, and you tell one so beautifully, doesn't she, Frank?"
"I never heard any one to beat you yet, mother," he said.

Mrs. Engells then began, and said, "When we have had strayers, we will see about it."
Verse about they read the home-reading for the day, the connection between it and the Sunday-school lesson was then pointed out by Mrs. Engells. Afterward they knelt down and one prayed very simply that God would be with them all through the day, and give us food to eat, if it is the will of the Lord. They all repeated the Lord's Prayer, and when they rose Dora and Frank looked startled.

"I haven't anything to eat, mother," said Frank.
"No, dear. We had just enough for breakfast, but I hope two of the scholars will pay their fees, they were due yesterday."

down town and see what we can get for tea. Has Frank come in yet?"

Before Dora could answer he came in, looking radiant.
"I met Mrs. Carruthers and Mrs. Barton, so I hurried home to go with you."
"That is right, my boy. They must have felt flattered at the welcome they had from us."

"The others" (that was what Frank always called the scholars), "were wishing they could have come one to tell their stories at dinner-time."

"Will Jackson says he is going to have you live with us when we are married, and tell us stories," said Dora.
" They never said anything about me," said Frank, "but I'm just determined you will live with me half the time."

"That would be only fair," his mother said.
"I would not want to be selfish," Dora said. "It would be nicer if we could always keep on all living together."

"It is in God's hands, my dears, and we can safely leave it to him."
" He reminded Mrs. Barton and Mrs. Carruthers to pay the fees, I expect," said Frank, thoughtfully.

"And we have had such a happy day," said Dora.
" We must go to bed now, it is getting late," and after reading a few verses from the Bible, she commended her children and herself to his keeping, and forgot not to pray for all who were hungry, and to thank him for his loving care of them all through the day.

Toronto.

A CHINESE LADY.

How unlike she is to a Canadian lady! She has dark eyes and raven locks, which are drawn tightly back from her face and used to cover a queer framework looking like butterfly's wings, or some other fantastic shape. Her forehead appears very broad, as just before her wedding day all the short braids over her brow were drawn out to live it this wide, open appearance.

Several of her finger-nails are very long, for that is a sign she is a lady and



has little work to do with her hands. To keep these nails from breaking she wears over them little plaids of gold or silver. But look at her feet! Could any one ever imagine that they were the feet of a grown-up woman? They have been bound and compressed with strong cotton bandages from her childhood, and now she wears tiny, slipper-like shoes only three inches long, made of bright-colored satin, very beautifully embroidered. As we look at her feet we wonder how she can walk at all without coming to grief. Her dress also looks strange. She wears a loose tunic of some bright flowered silk. Her sleeves are more than a yard round and adorned with strips of embroidery. She can boast of a large stock of jewelry, and she wears many pins in her hair.

When relatives and friends are invited to dine at her house, the Chinese lady never sits down to a meal with them. She remains always in her own apartment, but sometimes, when there is a merry company in the guest hall, you may hear a rustling and a sound of tumbled laughter, and so be made aware of the fact that the lady of the house and her attendants are having a little peep at what is going on; for it is easy to make small holes in the paper screens, or to peep from behind a curtain.

It is not always so, however, in Mrs. Barton and Mrs. Carruthers, and then went up to her own room and dressed herself for walking.
In a little while she heard the door open, and she knew they had gone. She went down and heard her mother getting ready to go out.
"I knew they had brought the money, so I got ready," said Dora.
"That is right, dear. We will go

Their Names in Song.

Tune—Portuguese Hymn

When Christ, the Lord Jesus, ascended to heaven,  
He left his great work to the chosen eleven;  
For Judas, remember, that most wicked one,  
Had hanged himself ere the great work was begun.

And first there was Peter, the strong and the bold,  
Who denied his Lord thrice, as was early foretold;  
And Andrew, his brother, of whom it is said,  
That Peter by him to Christ Jesus was led.

And then we have James, and his young brother John,  
Who is called in the Bible the "beloved one";  
Next Phillip we find, who lived by the sea,  
In Bethsaida city, near the blue Galilee.

Bartholomew next, then Thomas, who falls  
To believe till he's shown the rough prints of the nails;  
And Matthew, the publican, hated by all,  
Who left his position and heeded Christ's call.

Then Jude, James the less, and Simon we see,  
Completing the twelve whom Christ called to be  
Disciples, apostles, to teach of God's love  
In sending Christ Jesus from His glory above.

Eric's Good News.

By the Author of 'Probable Sons.'

CHAPTER I.

Such a sweet little face it was, with the curly golden brown hair clustering round the fair white brow, and the deep blue eyes with their gaze of wistful longing. The flush on the soft cheeks betokened delicate health, and many a passer-by noted pityingly the little figure leaning back in the cushioned chair.

But Eric did not heed them; his eyes were fixed on the ocean in front of him, and not even the joyous shouts of the children at play, as they built and demolished their sand castles and forts, seemed to attract him.

His nurse was engrossed in a book; she was accustomed to her little charge's silent moods, and after settling his cushions and drawing him into the shade of the cliff, row composed herself a little farther off on some flat stones to enjoy an hour's quiet.

"I wonder if it's as tired as I am, poor thing!" came at last from the little lips. A young man who was lazily reclining some yards off now looked up sharply as he caught the words.

"I wish it would be tired enough to keep still," he said.

Eric turned his large blue eyes upon him.

"It tries to be still, but when we are very very tired we can't be."

"We have not the strength left to resist the force that drives us; quite true, little chap."

"I saw it asleep yesterday; it was so still, just breathing a little, and panting at the edge. It couldn't help doing that; no one can be quite, quite still."

The young man smiled, and the two drifted into a quiet, lazy kind of conversation, strange to hear between two such widely opposite characters.

"It's a weary world, isn't it?" asserted the child, with an old-fashioned gravity. "Nurse is very fond of saying it is, and I think so too."

"One soon gets to the end of it," remarked the man with a bitter smile.

"I wondered in one of my thinks to-day if I shall ever see anything very, very wonderful. It seems so long when nothing happens."

"What would you like to see?"

"Ah, I don't know; I shouldn't like it unless it was a surprise,—something that would make me—make me different. I should like to feel quite, quite comfortable you know. I mean in my heart, suppose I mean happy. I should like that, wouldn't you?"

"There is none of that kind of happiness in this world, unfortunately."

"Nurse says there is, but she isn't happy. I think it is only in books and dreams, don't you?"

"It is a fancy, not a fact; but you are other too small to talk so."

"I was almost happy once," and the child's eyes shone with a soft, glad light. "It was when I was a very little boy,

and I went into the country to a farm, and I was very tired, and the woman there caught me up in her arms, and carried me into a long room all red with the fire. It was such a funny room, with plates and dishes all up the walls, and there were baked apples for supper, and pork, and a cat with a bell round its neck, and nurse said I must go to bed, but she woman said 'No,' and she cuddled me up against her and said: 'Bless his darling little heart, he looks like a motherless bairn as he is!'

"She was very fat and soft, you know, and I sat on her lap all the evening. She used to tell me such beautiful stories—I have never heard them since—and father told me they weren't true; she said they were, but I know better now."

"Puss-in-Boots and Cinderella, eh?"

"Oh! no, no! Much more lovely. About a place up there I and the small white fingers were raised to the blue sky above. 'I forget it; a kind ofairy-land, all love and happiness, and something about a wonderful Man who came down here from it. She said he loved me, but I've forgotten now, and father said it wasn't worth remembering, only made up to amuse babies!'

A silence fell on them; the boy's deep blue eyes were scanning his fresh acquaintance very closely.

"I like you," he said quietly at last, "because you talk to me as if you understood. Nurse says I'm discontented because I am spoilt, and because I have everything I want. Father says it is because I am ill, and not like other boys; but I don't want to be like other boys,

often from father. I like letters, but talking is best. Will you be here to-morrow, sir? I don't know what your name is?"

"Captain Graham," the young man said with a laugh. "Yes, perhaps you will find me here to-morrow."

They parted, the young captain strolling away with a cigar in his mouth, and muttering, "Sir Edmund Wallace, the great sceptic! Ah, well! I more than half believe he has right on his side."

CHAPTER II.

Another morning found this strange couple together, the young man, in spite of his cynical indifference to all around, becoming interested in the quaint, sweet speeches of Eric Wallace.

"There is no one in the world that can manage the sea, is there?" the little fellow said, as he lay watching the rough waves dashing against the breakwater, and scattering themselves in showers of white foam upon all that came in their way.

"No one," his friend replied. "Don't you know the story of the king who placed his chair on the sands when the tide was coming, and forbade the waves to come any farther?"

"What a silly man!"

"He wanted to teach his courtiers a lesson, for they thought him divine."

"What is divine?"

"Being able to do everything." The answer was hesitatingly given.

"I should like to be divine. Do you know what I should like to do?"



"GOOD REX!" CHIED THE CHILD.

they are so rough and noisy, and they never do anything but rush about. They won't sit still and talk to me, and if they do they say I am 'queer,' and then they leave me. Do you think I am queer?"

"You and I are in the same boat, old fellow! We are tired of life, are we not? And those who are still enjoying it cannot understand."

"I want to be happy," the boy said wistfully, as his eyes wandered over the blue ocean before him, "quite happy, right through, I mean. Do you think I ever shall be?"

The young man made no reply, and at this moment the nurse came towards her little charge.

"It is time to be going home, Master Eric," she said, glancing at his fresh acquaintance as she spoke.

The young man rose to his feet. "An only child?" he questioned, as he stood in the full strength and power of his manhood looking down at the frail little invalid.

"Yes, sir—only son of Sir Edmund Wallace, who owns most of the property about here."

Her tone was dignified, and she stooped down to arrange the cushions before she wheeled the little carriage away adding as she did so:

"His father has just gone abroad for a month or two, so he feels lonely, poor child!"

But Eric shook his golden head.

"No, I'm not lonely, and I hear very

"No."

"I should like to be able to sail away up there, to that white cloud, away from everybody and everything, and just lie down and wait till the sun sets, and then sail right into the glory."

"What glory?"

"You have seen it—all the golden streaks and pink and red—so lovely—there must be something behind it all. Do you read fairy stories?"

"I used to, I fancy."

"Father won't let me read many books; he says my brain can't stand it. I am rather tired of fables. What kind of books do you like? Nurse reads novels, father reads science. Do you like reading?"

"I am busy reading the book of Nature at present, and—you."

"Now, that is nonsense; you can't read me!"

A diversion occurred here. Eric's large retriever, who always accompanied his little master to the beach, and who had been gambolling about with other children, now appeared, after a swim in the sea, with some tattered leaves in his mouth, which he dutifully brought to the little invalid's couch and deposited.

"Good Rex!" said the child, as he took it from him. "Rex always brings me things from the sea, but he knows I don't like old shoes and rubbish—he used to bring me those, but I taught him not to. This is part of a story-book. Look! I shall dry it and read it, only

don't tell nurse; she won't let me read anything now father is away, unless she looks through it first. She says it is as much as her situation is worth!"

The boy—as carefully as though the wet leaves, and Captain Graham took it from him, saying:

"It is most likely trash, my boy. I shouldn't keep it."

But, having looked at it, he gave it back to him with a curious smile, saying:

"That can do you no harm, at all events."

"Oh, thank you! I like to read when nurse leaves me to get her tea. You see, I get tired of talking to Rex; he is generally with me. Why don't dogs talk, Captain Graham? We do."

"We are a higher development of human nature," was the grave reply.

"I don't think dogs get as tired as we do, do they? and they always seem happy. I should not mind being a dog."

"Without a soul?"

"What is a soul?—Cook says, sometimes, 'Bless my soul!' and I asked her what it was, and she laughed and said, 'A fish.' But I didn't believe her, and I asked father, and he said some people thought they had souls, but science proved—I forget now. What do you call a soul?"

"We are getting into deep water; supposing we change the subject. When is your father coming back?"

"Not for a long time. What is a soul, Captain Graham?"

"Upon my word I don't know. It is supposed to be the quality in us that makes us superior to the animals. Don't you feel yourself much more clever than Rex?"

"No; the only difference is that I can talk and read, and he can't; but then cook's father can't read, and nurse told me she knew some one who couldn't speak. We aren't much alike in looks, are we?"

Captain Graham threw his head back and laughed aloud.

"Not much, my boy, certainly!"

"Do you know I heard nurse's sister say once to her, when they were talking about me and whether I should live to grow up, 'Poor little fellow, and his father thinks he will die like a dog! How does a dog die, Captain Graham?'"

"He comes to an end, goes out like a candle; and people say we do not."

Eric's earnest gaze disconcerted the captain.

"Tell me what you mean. How do we die?"

"What does your father say?"

"He doesn't like me to talk about dying, but he said once it was going to sleep and never wake up. Is that what a dog does?"

"I suppose so."

Eric smoothed out the pages of the book he held in his hand without replying.

"The—Gospel—according—to—St. Mark," he read out slowly; "what a funny name!"

"What is 'gospel,' Captain Graham?"

"It means 'Good News,' I believe."

"Do you think this is a true story?"

"I believe so."

"Have you read it?"

"Yes, I used to read it when I was a little boy."

"Is it only a story for little boys?"

"A good many people read it. Look at the sea this morning, isn't it uproarious?"

Eric's blue eyes turned seaward.

"Don't you think it gets angry sometimes? It is quite in a passion this morning, and no one can manage it. I should like to see some one who could. It wants to get beyond the breakwater, and it can't. That's one thing that is able to stop it. It is no good the waves making such a fuss and noise, is it? They never do any good by being so rough."

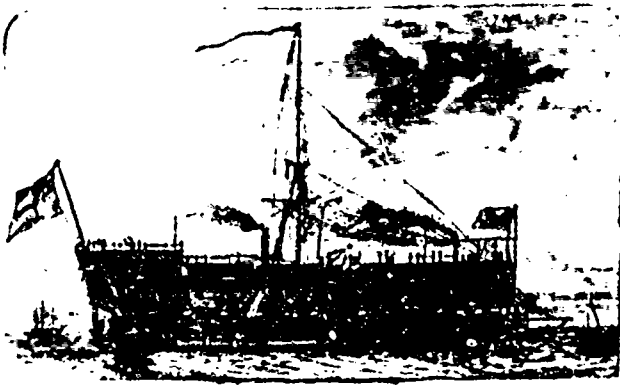
"I think they enjoy it. 'Come along,' say they, 'let us upset this boat; it is such fun to see the men floundering about before they sink forever! And then let us frighten the children and knock down those ridiculous sand forts they're building! If only we could get a little farther and sweep away every creature on the sands, what glorious fun it would be! Don't you think they would like to have us, Eric?"

"You make them out so cruel. They will be sorry for their roughness soon, and then they'll try and go to sleep—that's when I like them best."

This proved to be the last of the conversations Eric held with his friend for some days, for Captain Graham went up to London on business, and it was not till a week later that he, sauntering along the sands cigar in mouth, came upon the invalid carriage with its little occupant.

(To be continued.)





TRAINING SHIP "CANADA," PLYMOUTH.

## An Eastern Legend.

BY GRACE DUFFIELD GOODWIN.

There's a tender Eastern legend,  
In a volume old and rare,  
Of the Christ-child in his garden  
Walking with the children there

And it tells—this strange, sweet story—  
(True or false, ah, who shall say?)  
How a bird with a broken pinion  
Dying, in the garden lay

And the children, cruel children,  
Lifted it by shattered wing,  
Shouting, "Make us merry music,  
Sing, you lazy fellow, sing!"

But the Christ-child bent above it,  
Took it in his gentle hand,  
Full of pity for the suffering  
He alone could understand.

Whispered to it—oh, so softly,  
Laid his lips upon its throat,  
And the song-life, swift returning,  
Sounded out in one glad note.

Then away on wings unwearied,  
Joyously it sang and soared,  
And the little children kneeling  
Called the Christ-child "Master—Lord."

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

## LESSON X.—JUNE 3

## THE TWELVE SENT FORTH.

Matt. 9. 35 to 10. 8. Memory verses, 36-38.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

It is not ye that speak, but the Spirit  
of your Father which speaketh in you  
Matt. 10. 20.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Needs of the Common People, v. 35-38.
  2. Power Given to the Twelve Apostles, v. 1-4.
  3. Our Lord's Directions to Them, v. 5-8.
- Time—Late in A.D. 28, or early in A.D. 29.
- Place—Somewhere in Galilee.

## LESSON HELPS.

35. "Jesus went about"—Journeyed on foot, making the last tour of his loved province. Teaching . . . preaching . . . and healing"—His work was of use to some one wherever he went.

36. "Moved with compassion"—Filled with compassion, loving pity, since he knew so well their needs. "They fainted"—They were fated and worn, physically and spiritually. "Sheep having no shepherd"—Without national independence, without religious teachers, without the salvation which he would so gladly have given.

37. "The harvest"—The spiritual harvest; the multitudes were ready if only they could be reached; he could not reach them, for his work was to die.

2. "The names of the twelve"—The choosing of these disciples was some time before this. We have here merely their names and their mission. "The first"—Peter was not first in following Jesus, he was not first in being called to the apostleship, though he seems to have been one of the first two, but he stood easily foremost among the followers of our Lord, and heads the list of the apostles each time it is given.

5. "Any city of the Samaritans"—Our work for Christ should begin with those nearest us, we are to preach the Gospel to our neighbours and friends, and so test our capacity before reaching out with religious ambition for a larger field or personal work among the heathen, at home or abroad.

6. "Lost sheep of the house of Israel"—(See Jer. 50. 6.) The nation had for

six centuries been called a nation of lost sheep.

7. "Kingdom of heaven"—The rule of the Messiah. The disciples were not directed to explain in what the kingdom of heaven consisted; they were simply to proclaim that it was near.

8. The wise apostle needs to exercise sometimes gentleness and long-suffering, sometimes the purifying power of loving-kindness, sometimes spiritual vehemence, sometimes courage in combat with opposing evil.

## HOME READINGS.

- M. The twelve sent forth.—Matt. 9. 35 to 10. 8.
- Tu. Forewarned.—Matt. 10. 9-20.
- W. Promise of deliverance.—Matt. 10. 21-33.
- Th. All for Christ.—Matt. 10. 24-42.
- F. The Lord's touch.—Jer. 1. 7-19.
- S. Into all the world.—Mark 16. 14-20.
- Su. The Spirit given.—Acts 2. 1-12.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

The Needs of the Common People, v. 35-38.

What Teacher went about the cities and villages of Galilee?

In what labours did he engage?

What was the theme of his preaching?

What miracles did he perform?

What sight stirred his compassion?

What were the people like?

What contrast was there between the harvest and the labourers?

For what were the disciples commanded to pray?

2 Power Given to the Twelve Apostles, v. 1-4.

Whom did Jesus call to him?

What power and authority did he give them?

By what general title were the twelve known?

What two pairs of brothers were chosen?

this early stage to preach the Gospel to every creature?

After what great events did Jesus give that command?

## PRACTICAL TEACHINGS

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That God's work needs human helpers?
2. That power to do good is God's gift?
3. That the Gospel is God's best news to man?

## THE LITTLE CARPENTER.

BY HELEN KENT.

"I want one with pictures of carpenters in it," and Micky O'Brien tossed the pretty Sunday-school paper across the seat to his teacher, Miss Barnes.

"I am afraid I haven't any to-day," she answered kindly.

"Don't them make 'um?"

"Perhaps. I will try to find one for next Sunday."

Miss Barnes did not forget her promise, but searched until she found one which she thought would answer her purpose, and kindly invited her scholar to spend the following Sunday evening with her, that she might read the stories to him.

The pretty sitting-room into which he was shown seemed like a fairy palace to the poor little Irish boy, used only to the most humble surroundings.

"Who made that?" was his first question, stopping before a pretty flower-stand.

"I do not know; it was bought at a furniture store."

"And that, and that," pointing to several articles in turn, receiving the same answer each time.

"Did you get this at the store?" halting before a beautiful ebony piano.

For answer, Miss Barnes seated herself upon the music stool and played an accompaniment to a sweet little hymn, so simple that even Micky understood.

"My, ain't it bootiful? Sing some more, do, Miss Barnes. I'll do anything you want me to, if you will."

For half an hour he sat and listened, with mouth wide open and eyes staring, and then Miss Barnes took up The Pleasant Hours, and pointing to the pictures, asked if she might read to him about them.

"I am sure I do not know. Why do you ask?"

"Cos, if you do, you'll see me one of the best carpenters that ever was. I know a lot about it now, and I shall build a house some time, a great sight better'n this."

"I don't doubt it, Micky."

"You won't mind now if I tell you something, will you?"

"No, what is it?"

"That window ain't right. It would have been much better over here. It's a wonder the door don't bang into it, and it don't look good, now. And that mantel oughter been just six inches lower to agreed with that—what do you call it?"

But Miss Barnes thought best to remind her caller that Sunday evening was not the best time in which to build houses, and not wishing to put it in so many words, she turned again to the piano, and played softly for another half-hour, and when she turned about to face her audience, she was surprised to find it in tears.

"Miss Barnes, will there be sweet singin' in that good place you tell us about sometimes in Sunday-school?"

"There will be everything beautiful, Micky."

"And do you think that a poor feller like me stands any chance a-gettin' there, providin' he works well and minds well, like he did, you know?"

"I certainly do."

"And would you be willin' to look out fer me a little for fear I might forget?"

"My dear boy, I shall be glad to 'look out for you,' as you say, but there is One who is always near you, who is always looking out for you, in a way quite impossible for any human friend?"

"I guess you mean Him."

The latest news from the Congo Free State is to the effect that the natives in the Bunjas region have risen in revolt against the alleged atrocities of the Belgian commercial agents. It is declared that in October and November last many men, women and children were murdered in cold blood for failing to deliver to the agents sufficient quantities of indiarubber. Ex-Major Lothaire is said to have gone to the scene with a force of 200 men to suppress the rebellion.



INTERIOR OF THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Who are the three pairs next named? Why was this second Simon called the "Canaanite"?

Why was Judas called "Iscariot"? From whom were the twelve chosen? Luke 6. 13.

How did Jesus prepare for this appointment? Luke 6. 12.

3. Our Lord's Directions to Them, v. 6-8. Where were the twelve forbidden to go?

To whom were they sent?

What good news were they to declare?

What is the Golden Text?

What good works were the disciples to do?

How were they to bestow their gifts?

Did Jesus at this time not desire the salvation of the Gentiles?

Had he any prejudice against the Samaritans?

Why would it have been improper at

"I never seen no carpenter shop like that," he said.

"No, there are none like it in this country. It is in Palestine, and this is the boy Jesus."

"Was he a carpenter?"

"Yes, and lived with Joseph and his mother, obeying them as any good little boy would do."

"Well, I guess he didn't work more'n me, but as for being good and—and—'obeying,' if mindin' is what you mean, I'm 'fraid I don't do much of that. But mebbe his father and mother was better'n mine. I don't b'lieve they got drunk and slammed things around. But I'm glad he was a carpenter. He must think it a pretty good business for me to foiler."

"Yes, indeed. He would approve of any work that is honest."

"Say, Miss Barnes, do you expect to live to be very old?"

## By Way of the Wilderness.

By Pansy (Mrs. G. R. Alden) and Mrs. C. M. Livingstone.

Illustrated, Cloth, 70 cents, Postpaid.

## Life of D. L. Moody.

Authorized edition. By W. R. Moody, and A. P. Fitt, with introduction by Rev. F. B. Meyer, B.A.

Paper, 20 cents, Postpaid.

## A NEW MUSIC BOOK.

## Make His Praise Glorious.

For the Sunday-school and Church.

EDITED BY E. O. EXCELL.

Esch, 35 cents, Postpaid.

Per Dozen, \$3.60 Not Prepaid.

A large collection of new music, never before published. A choice selection of the most popular Gospel Hymns and Sunday-school songs. A complete list of favourite Church Hymns selected by eminent Clergymen.

## Of Such is the Kingdom.

A book of Children's Stories by Clara Vawter. Beautifully illustrated by Will Vawter. Elegantly bound in green and gold.

Price \$1.25, Postpaid.

## WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
Toronto.

G. W. Coates, Montreal. S. F. Huestis, Halifax