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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, JULY 9, 1898.

[No. 28.]

Some Glad' Morrow.

MRS. M. A. NICHOLL.

In the dawn of some glad morrow,
When the nations know the Lord,
When the Isles their peace shall borrow
From the Spirit and the Word,
All shall know him. Oh, the glory!
Round the world sweet songs shall
swell;

O'er and o'er the blessed story
Man to brother man shall tell.

Praise the Lord! this sacred knowledge
Now the heathen lands doth bless;
Christian church and school and college
Glorify the wilderness.

Still his ranks are pressing forward,
Day by day are trophies won,
Hallelujah for the kingdom
Of our God and his dear Son!

Ships are sailing in the Orient—
On "his business" how they haste
Where the wide world's harvest whitens,
Overripe on field and waste!
Now by India's jungles, mountains,
Beauteous feet the tidings bring;
Northward far 'mong boiling fountains,
New-born souls his praises sing.

In the light of some glad morrow,
We shall hail his kingdom come!
All forgotten, pain and sorrow,
In the dwelling-place at home.
Then shall toil-worn workers gather
Near the glory of the throne;
Every reaper, every sower,
Waiting for his glad "Well done!"

Rally, then, O workers, rally!
Help us bring that "morrow" near!
See! the distant dawn is breaking,
To all waiting hearts how dear!
Blessed "morrow!" Praises, blending,
Break in cadence at his throne:
All the world shall join the anthem,
All the Christ as Saviour own.
—Herald and Presbyter.

BAPTISM OF ETHELBERT BY AUGUSTINE.

By far the most interesting event in the reign of King Ethelbert, and one which well illustrates the remarkable power of Christianity to spread among and influence all nations and peoples, was its introduction into Britain in the early part of the seventh century. In 596, Pope Gregory the Great organized and despatched a party of monks, under St. Augustine as their leader, to the shores of the British Isles, which were then much disturbed by internal strifes and bloodshed. Ethelbert, King of Kent, refused for a long time to have anything to do with the new faith which St. Augustine preached, but his wife, having boldly made an open confession of it, he was soon induced to follow in her steps, and as many as ten thousand of their subjects were shortly afterwards enrolled under the Christian banner.

Our illustration represents the baptism of the king in the full pomp and ceremony which the occasion merited.

WHAT A KITE DID.

In connection with the new bridge which has been built across the Niagara to take the place of the old railway suspension bridge, the first of its kind in America, and also the first bridge across the chasm, it is interesting to remember that a boy's kite established the first means of communication between the American and Canadian cliffs. The boy, Homan Walsh—he is still living—flew a kite on the American side and it settled on the Canadian cliff. To the kite-string a rope was attached and pulled across; then a wire cable was drawn to Canada at the end of the rope. Along this cable-way a basket-like car was operated, which greatly facilitated the building of the bridge that has been superseded by the present magnificent structure which, on its double-decks, affords carriageways and walks, a double track for steam-cars, and the first trolley-line that ever crossed from America to Canada. Yet the little basket-car is treasured by the Buffalo Historical

Society, and the great arches of the new bridge are memorials to Homan Walsh's kite-flying.—Zion's Herald.

A STORY OF CONFUCIUS.

The great Chinese philosopher, Confucius, lived nearly three thousand years ago; but he must have been as clever as any modern child, from this little story which is told about him.

One day, when he was only six, the little Confucius was sitting in the garden along with his book and his pet kitten. On the other side of a low hedge

ran round and round the basin, beading as far as he could over the top, trying in vain to catch the little hand. Suddenly a thought came to him. Gathering up some big stones lying beside the path, he dashed them with all his might against the china basin, which broke at once in pieces, like so much glass. The water ran out in streams, and in a moment the child was safe, crying, to be sure, but only from fright.

The little Confucius was leading him home when he met his own father, coming to look for him.

The boy had never been scolded in his life, but when he thought all at once

Budget, when the crater was filled from five hundred to six hundred feet deep with molten lava, the immense weight of which broke through a subterranean passage for twenty-seven miles and reached the sea, forty miles distant. In two days, flowing for three weeks, and heating the water twenty miles distant.

Rocks melted like wax in its path; forests crackled and blazed before its fervent heat; the works of man were to it but as a scroll in the flames.

Imagine Niagara's stream above the brink of the falls, with its dashing, whirling, madly raging waters, hurrying on to their plunge, instantaneously converted into fire—a gory-hued river of fused minerals; volumes of hissing steam arising; smoke curling upward from ten thousand vents, which give utterance to many deep-toned mutterings and sullen confined clamourings; gases detonating and shrieking as they burst from their hot prison-house; the heavens lurid with flames; the atmosphere dark and oppressive; the horizon murky with vapours and gleaming with the reflected contest.

Such was the scene as the fiery cataract, leaping a precipice of fifty feet, poured its flood upon the ocean. The old line of coast, a mass of compact, indurated lava, whitened, cracked and fell. The waters recoiled and sent forth a tempest of spray, they foamed and lashed around and over the melted rock; they boiled with white heat; and the roar of the conflicting agencies grew fiercer and louder. The reports of the exploding gases were distinctly heard twenty-five miles distant, and were likened to a whole broadside of heavy artillery. Streaks of the intensest light glanced like lightning in all directions, the outskirts of burning lava, as it fell, cooled by the shock, were shivered into millions of fragments, and scattered by the strong winds in sparkling showers far into the country. Six weeks later, at the base of the hills, the water continued scalding hot, and sent forth clouds of steam at every wash of the waves.

THE PARABLE OF THE RATS.

A Scotch paper gives us a forcible temperance lecture in the following parable. We would like to shake hands with that bright boy:

A labourer at the Dundee harbour lately told his wife, on awakening, a curious dream which he had during the night. He dreamed that he saw coming toward him, in order, four rats. The first one was very fat, and followed by two lean rats, the rear rat being blind. The dreamer was greatly perplexed as to what might follow, as it has been understood that to dream of rats denote coming calamity. He appealed to his wife concerning this, but she could not help him. His son, who heard his father tell the story, volunteered to be the interpreter. "The fat rat," he said, "is the man who keeps the public house, that ye gang till aae often; the two lean ones are me and my mither, and the blind one is yerself, father."

THE PUPPY'S APOLOGY.

Prof. Asa Gray, botanist, had a puppy he called Jap. He was very fond of his little dog, but Jap was full of mischief. One day, while Professor Gray was entertaining a caller, Jap got hold of the visitor's overshoes and tore them to pieces. When the caller was ready to go his overshoes were in such a state that they could not be worn. His master was quite ashamed of him and the next day he sent a pair to the caller and this note with them:

"Dear Sir: Will you be so kind as to accept a puppy's penitent apology for his naughtiness and a new pair of rubbers in place of those which I wickedly destroyed because it was my nature at the time you last visited my master? I wish you to know that I am as sorry for it as I am capable of being, and that I have been punished as well as scolded, and that the cost of the rubbers has been stopped out of my allowance. So no more at present from your obedient
"Jap Pup."



BAPTISM OF ETHELBERT BY AUGUSTINE.

which grew between the family garden, and that of the servants, he saw the little child of the gardener kicking up its heels in the middle of the grass plot where its mother had left it.

All at once the foolish baby made with all its tiny speed for a huge china basin full of water, which was always kept there from which to water the flowers. In the space of a moment the little one crept to the edge, spied its own face in the water, and popped heels over head into the basin before Confucius had time to realize the danger!

He sprang over the low hedge, screaming for help. The little head was still above water, but in an instant sank, and only a tiny arm and the light dress were to be seen. The boy, still screaming,

how costly the great china basin which he had broken must have been, his heart misgave him; but he told what he had done, and instead of being reprimanded, he found himself in his father's arms, and his father said, "I praise you, my child."

This boy afterward became the great philosopher and moral teacher of his people, honoured by them through more than twenty-eight centuries.

SUBTERRANEAN FIRES.

Some idea of the terror of volcanoes may be gathered from an account of an eruption in one of the Hawaiian Islands, as graphically described in the London

A Boy's Belief.

BY EVA BEST.

It isn't much fun a-living,
If grandpa says what's true
That this is the jolliest time o' life
That I'm a-passing through.
I'm afraid he can't remember
It's been so awful long;
I'm sure if he could recollect,
He'd know that he was wrong

Did he ever have, I wonder,
A sister just like mine,
Who'd take his skates, or break his kite,
Or tangle up his twine?
Did he ever chop the kindling,
Or fetch in coal and wood,
Or offer to turn the wringer?
If he did, he was awful good!

In summer, it's "weed the garden"
In winter, it's "shovel the snow!"
For there isn't a single season
But has its work, you know
And then, when a fellow's tired,
And hopes he may just sit still,
It's "bring me a pail of water, son,
From the spring at the foot of the hill."

How can grandpa remember
A fellow's grief or joy?
'Tween you and me, I don't believe
He ever was a boy.
Is this the jolliest time o' life?
Believe it, I never eat,
Nor that it's as nice to be a boy
As really a grown up man.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JULY 9, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

HINTS FOR DAILY LIVING: HOW TO

BE STRONG.

JULY 17, 1898

(2 Tim. 2. 1, Isa. 41. 10, Eph. 6. 10-18.)

"Be strong," says Paul to Timothy. "In the grace which is in Jesus Christ." That is the right sort of strength. A man may be physically as strong as Samson—and as foolish. A prize fighter may be as strong as an ox almost—and yet have no more sense

Strength of body is, of course, a very good thing. We should all try and get it and keep it, but strength of mind and soul is a great deal better—to be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, to be able to say "No" to temptation, and to say "I will" at the command of duty.

We have good reason for being strong in God. Away back nearly three thousand years ago Isaiah said, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness."

The great men in history, as Luther, Knox, Cromwell, Wesley, were strong because they felt they were on God's side, and God was on their side. "A mighty fortress is our God," sang Luther in his great hymn.

In his letter to the Ephesians, Paul tells us how to be strong, to "put on the whole armour of God that we may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil." Read the whole passage and we shall see how great and glorious

a thing it is to be like Greathheart and Faithful in the Pilgrim's Progress—to be glad with perfect armour and to be victorious over all the giants with whom we have to fight. Tennyson in one of his splendid poems tells of Sir Galahad "whose strength was as the strength of ton because his heart was pure." So let ours be.

STANLEY'S FAITH.

"One faith against the whole world's unbelief," sings a poet, and the poet only echoes the doctrines of the great Teacher. Have a right purpose in life, and faith in that purpose Purpose and faith are destiny.

A leaf from the journal of a great explorer vividly illustrates this truth.

In the heart of Africa, years ago, two white men met. One was old, gray-haired and ill; the other, young and enthusiastic. The elder man was one whose fame as an African explorer was world-wide, but for years the civilized world had lost sight of him. Scientific associations were asking vainly, "What has become of Dr. Livingstone?" As a correspondent of the New York Herald the younger man had distinguished himself for indomitable perseverance, rapid decision and sterling common sense, and in 1870 he was chosen by Mr. Bennett, its proprietor, to find Livingstone. His story is well known.

"Draw a thousand pounds now," said Mr. Bennett; "and when you have gone through that, draw another thousand, and so on, but find Livingstone."

On January 6, 1871, Henry M. Stanley started from Zanzibar for the interior of Africa, and for eleven months he and his party toiled through swamps and jungles, exposed to countless dangers from wild beasts and pestilential atmosphere. Worn by fatigue, surrounded by insubordinate natives, a less resolute man than Stanley would have given up the unequal contest with circumstances, and gone back, but this Stanley never thought of doing. He had faith in God, in himself and his purpose. In his journal he wrote—and the words glow with an energy that is sublime and deserve a place in the memory of every young man—

"No living man shall stop me; only death can prevent me. But death—Not even this. I shall not die. I will not die. I cannot die! Something tells me I shall find him," and he writes it larger, "Find him! find him!"

Full of the intensity of conviction, a faith born of faith in God, Stanley pressed on heedless of hardships, till one day he, with his party, came in sight of Lake Tanganyika, and a little later he stood in the presence of the great traveller who for years had lost tidings of his native land, and had almost ceased to look for aid from his countrymen.

But for the faith of Stanley, Dr. Livingstone might have died of starvation and the world remained ignorant of his fate.

THE KING'S JEWELS.

What are you doing with the King's jewels?

"The King's jewels?" asks some one. "What have we to do with the King's jewels?"

Much; and what if he should come and ask about them, ask what you do with them on the street and at school?

"On the street? at school?" is another surprised question.

Yes; what are you doing with the King's Jewels on the street and at school? You say you have confessed Christ in your youth, and what are patience and love, the peace-making spirit and the self-denying spirit, qualities he has produced within you by his Spirit, but jewels that he, the great King, has entrusted to you? Do others see them in your lives? Do your schoolmates and playmates acknowledge you as Christ's because they see such Christ-like qualities in you? These are the royal stones he plucks out of his diadem, and with them marks you as his. Do your friends see these marks? They can tell a mean bit of glass from a diamond. There are no eyes quicker to tell the false from the real. What about your example at school? Does every one say of you, "That boy, or that girl, is a Christian indeed?" Another school year has opened, and, oh, youthful wearers of the King's Jewels, see that no tarais is on them; see that they are not hidden, and to the world deny that you belong to the King.

THREE LIVES SAVED BY A BOOTBLACK.

In January, 1882, a fire broke out in a large building in New York. Many lives were lost—but three were saved—by the quick wit and prompt courage

of a boy named Charlie Wright a boot-black. When the flames were raging, three men were observed high up at the corner window in the upper story. What could be done? The longest ladder would scarce reach half the distance. In the great crowd was the boy just named. To this lad came a bright idea.

Looking up, Charlie Wright saw something that set him thinking. He saw that, fastened to the roof of the building, just above the window where these men were, was a rope of wires. He saw that this rope ran across the street to the top of a telegraph pole on the other side. And he knew that if this rope could be cut at the top of the pole, it would fall right across the window, so that the three men could reach it. This was the bright idea that came into Charlie's mind.

No time was to be lost. In an instant he seized a fireman's wrench that lay on the stones near by, rushed across the street, and began to climb the tall, smooth, telegraph pole. To do this was no easy task in the wind and snow, but by hard, fast, desperate climbing Charlie soon reached the cross-bars. And hard and fast he worked when he got there. In a moment he had twisted the wire rope off. Down it fell, right across the window!

A great shout of joy went up from the crowd, as one after another, the three men came down this strange fire escape safe to the ground.

To this brave lad the American Humane Society voted a medal. Even across the sea people heard of him and praised him. From England came a gold medal, sent by the Royal Humane Society, on which were stamped the words: "Presented to Charles Wright, for saving three lives, January 31, 1882."

So you see that what all the firemen of New York, with their ladders and other expensive apparatus, failed to do, a little boy accomplished by his wits.

And if you are ready, looking out for opportunities to do good, you may be used of God to save some souls which would not be reached by ministers or other older workers. We hope you may always be ready to help and quick to see how help can be given.—Pri sbyterian Record.

SMOKELESS POWDER.

At the time of the Franco-Prussian war it was estimated that, for every man who was killed, the enemy expended ammunition enough to equal his weight. A hotly contested field was almost a battle in the dark, because of the smoke-clouds that masked the combatants and made their missiles ineffective.

In the warfare of the future—to some extent, in that of the present—the use of smokeless powder is likely, especially in naval conflicts, to give good marksmanship an overpowering advantage.

Smokeless powder was invented in America, some twenty years ago, but France was the first nation to utilize it. She made vigorous attempts to keep the composition secret, even holding each soldier responsible for the number of cartridges served out to him! But that did not deter experimenters elsewhere; and, as a matter of fact, the ordnance bureaus of every nation are still experimenting.

The problem of the best composition is complicated by the curious fact that each class and calibre of gun seems to require a special sort of powder. Smokeless powder has, however, been adapted to the thirty-calibre rifle and carbine used in our army, and to the navy's breech-loading rifles and rapid-firing guns of all calibres up to six inches.

Gun cotton is the base of this powder, which is so far true to its name that it gives off only a light, bluish-white vapour. It is safe to handle, yet in some respects it has the qualities of a "high explosive." For instance, it takes five hundred and fifty pounds of brown prismatic powder to charge one of the Indiana's thirteen-inch guns; but three hundred and fifty pounds of smokeless powder would suffice for this, and give the projectile much greater velocity.—Youth's Companion.

The war vessels of the powers would very often become useless hulks if they were not accorded the privilege of using the British dry-docks and coaling stations. The latest instance of their dependence is found in the case of the German battleship Deutschland, which ceremoniously left for Chinese waters in command of Prince Henry of Prussia several weeks ago. On reaching Hong Kong the vessel was at once put into the British dry-dock, where it had to stay three weeks while undergoing serious repairs to the machinery.

With the Whale Fishers.

BY M. R. WARD.

CHAPTER X.

"LED FORTH."

Skirting a bluff headland of bergs, after miles of toilsome walking, the party came in view of the Hesperus, heeled over as the men had described, and partly sheltered by one of the monarch icebergs at the head of the sound. Her position indeed looked most perilous, and many of her people were encamped on the ice.

The condition of her sick was found to be even worse than was supposed, for scurvy in its worst form was preying upon not a few, and there were frost-bitten limbs, for which amputation was the only remedy.

This was serious work to attempt under such circumstances, and with no fellow-surgeon to assist; but the young doctor's calm courage was equal to the emergency, and making the best arrangements possible, amputations were performed that might have claimed the help of a whole bevy of surgeons.

"Why, sir, it's as terrible for you as for the poor fellows themselves," said Fyfe, who with deep concern looked on at the doctor's efforts as the fifth operation was completed.

"It's most as bad as a battle-field to look on. Don't know how you can do it, sir."

"We have help out of ourselves when the time of need comes, and I think you know that too, Fyfe," replied the operator.

It was most true; for this series of operations was often referred to by Arthur in after days, as "a scene of blood." Some of them, too, as he knew, simply involved a possibility of life instead of certain death, so that he was deeply anxious for the poor fellows, and while caring for their bodies he did not fail to point them to the Great Physician of souls.

"You don't know what we've got in our doctor. I'd give my right arm for him, I would," said Mike, talking to one of the sick men.

An early return to the Walrus on the morrow was necessary, for some of her men were still needing help, and no greater relief could well be imagined than when news reached the Hesperus that evening by some stragglers from the ship that their consort, the Orion, was within a possible distance.

Searching about for some traces of their missing comrades in the great ice-wilderness, they had mercifully been guided in the right direction, and thus the two parties had met.

It was news that brought a stir of gladness into every heart; and Arthur could now hope that his poor patients just operated upon might even yet do well, with constant medical help.

That night saw a little band of listeners gathered round him in one of the cabins of the Hesperus, where the floor became almost a wall from the heeling over of the vessel. Arthur read from the Word of Life—"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them;" "Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good. Blessed is the man that trusteth in him;" and then went on to quote and explain the blessed promises to returning, repentant sinners given in the New Testament Scriptures. And there was many a poor fellow among the men of the Hesperus who now for the first time heard the Gospel freely and fully declared. Some among them were deeply touched, and the seed thus sown amid the dreary solitudes of the Polar regions bore fruit in the years that followed.

"Now, then, my men, we must be travelling. See that you have all taut, and that muskets are well primed," said Fyfe, as he marshalled his little band for the return journey.

"We're not a very strong party if Mike's 'half-dozen' should appear," remarked one of the men.

Arthur found his patients of the previous day in quite as hopeful a condition as might be expected, and, having given careful injunctions as to treatment until their own doctor should arrive, they set forth.

The silence of the great wilderness seemed wonderful to him; that dumb, dead stillness, bespeaking the absence of all living things, both animal and vegetable, which strikes the traveller in Arctic regions.

"If he isn't blinkin' there, behind that there hummock, I'm a sorry judge of bear's flesh," called out Mike, as they approached the ice-headland before named. "Now, then, mates! We

only ruffled his feathers before. Have at him!"

The shot struck the bear, but not mortally, and with a tremendous growl he came forth to do battle with his foes. "Steady, men! steady!" called out Fyfe, as the enraged creature sprang forward towards the nearest of the party, and, met by the fire of the muskets, his huge claws grazed down the sleeve of Mike's pea-jacket as he received the fatal shot from Fyfe's steady hand.

"It's my old friend, that it is, and he took his aim very fairly," said Mike, little moved by the near encounter. "He'll make a fine blanket for some of us, he will."

Stripping the huge carcass of its skin, they hastened on, and the cheers of the whole ship's company greeted their safe return.

It was to find little change in the position of affairs, save that each day now increased the pressure of the ice on the after-half of the vessel, and this was now so great that the beams lashed alongside were deeply indented.

"That shows the strain on our ship," said the captain, pointing it out to Arthur. "You see, being nearly a full cargo she lies deep in the water, and it will go badly with that if we get much more pressure, for some of our casks are started already and begin to leak."

"That looks serious, indeed," said the young man gravely; "and I think now we may justly conclude that without some wonderful interposition here we shall have to remain until spring comes round again."

"A bad look-out that, doctor. You can hardly imagine all it stands for in this climate. We have had nothing to call cold yet, compared to it." And the bluff old captain looked anxious as he spoke.

The truth was, that the long watching and exposure of the last few weeks were telling upon that sturdy frame, which had hitherto resisted so many years of Arctic hardship. The fate of the Hesperus, too, and the easy possibility of its being that of his own ship before the perils of another whale season were over, evidently had possession of his mind. His paternal regard for the young doctor had naturally given rise to the same feelings in return, and the latter felt truly sorry for the fine old man.

"Well, captain, you have sometimes laid your commands upon me, and now, in virtue of my office, I shall do the same by you, and prescribe more rest than you have had lately. My sick men are doing well, and some of them will soon be about again, so I think we must hearten up, in spite of all, and be like the old king who 'encouraged himself in his God,' when all seemed going against him."

"Ay, ay, doctor; I can come along with you there right gladly," and the old veteran seemed to take heart at once in the recollection of David's God.

"What have we got here, now?" said Mike, a few days after this, when adjusting his glass to view some moving objects in the distance. He was wary as to prophesying any more "half-dozen" of grizzly visitors. "Men this time, sure enough. Hope they're bringing good news, that's all."

And it was good news. "We couldn't do no less than bring post ourselves, and let you hear of them as you've done so well to, sir," said the mate of the Hesperus, addressing Arthur, "and great thanks to your good captain an' all for settin' you forwards in it."

"And what of your ship, my man?" inquired the captain. "Any change in her?"

"Well, sir, we've got two hawsers out, grappling them old giants that stand as safe as churches; so she can't topple over all at once, if the ice should change. And if it don't why, we must just pack off to the Orion when our sick are better. She's sittin' in a nice pool, safe as can be, sir."

The very sound of safety and open water seemed to present a fair picture of hope to the captain's eye.

Once more the little evening assembly met, right glad to have the doctor among them again. The long-trying patience of the men had seemed rather flagging, but it was to receive fresh impetus again that evening. The hymn,—

"Awake our souls, away our fears,
Bid every trembling thought begone,"

was sung with heart and soul. Then followed for the evening portion the account of Peter "shut up in prison," and of prayer being made without ceasing for his deliverance. It seemed a word for each one, and many were the responses. "Ay, ay, an' he's just the same! A grand Deliverer when his 'me's come!" Tears of joy coursed down with a furrowed face as these

appropriate verses were sung at the close,—

"There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with their Saviour beneath;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er trouble and death."

"The voyage of life at an end,
The mortal affliction is past;
The age that in heaven they spend,
For ever and ever shall last."

They seemed to have got a step or two up "Jacob's ladder" among the angels, and to be looking down on things of earth, and especially on the ice-barriers that held them fast. Yes, the blessedness of Christian communion was no mortal thing, but like a springing fountain of hope and joy amid the desert, refreshing weary souls. Each one retired that night to spread their case afresh before God, and to ask his almighty interference on their behalf. "Prayer was made without ceasing." Yes, that thought rang through their minds continually.

The stirring of a breeze through the tackling of the ship roused the captain from his light slumbers, for he was snatching some rest while the first mate watched.

"I believe there's some change nigh, captain. That blast just now smelt almost warm. It came from due south."

"You think so, Fyfe?"

The captain consulted his barometer, and found it rapidly falling. Again the gust came over the vessel, and there could be no mistake this time. It was like the mild breath of spring, compared with anything they had known for months past.

The captain was satisfied that this sudden current of warm air betokened some decided change in the position of the ice. And so it proved. The eager

men toiled incessantly—the young doctor taking a share in the work also. No one thought of rest with so much at stake.

"Now, my hearties, we'll try her, for this breath of wind favours us."

And a cheer went up, such as is not often heard in ice-solitudes, when the Walrus moved off, defended by the booms round her bows and stem, and slowly forcing her way down the half-open passage.

"It is something like the passage of the children of Israel through the Red Sea," said the praying men on board.

After many an attempt they reached the open water, and then thanksgivings indeed went up from every heart. But there were days of anxious sailing yet to be encountered in the Straits, with drift-ice floating, and not until they turned the vessel's head eastward across the broad ocean did they breathe freely.

"This is something to remember for life," remarked the young doctor, as he once more paced the deck with the captain, the vessel making head for her port.

Favoured in their voyage they had many an opportunity for assembling as before, and thanksgiving formed a prominent feature in these little assemblies.

The stay at Lerwick was as short as possible. Anxiously indeed had the Walrus been looked for, and her brave harpooners had a warm greeting awaiting them.

Loosing from thence, mercy still followed them until their destined port was reached.

"Now, run up all her colours, my hearties," sang out the captain. "Thank God, we don't come empty-handed neither, though we are late in."

Once more the ship's company assembled for prayer and praise that last evening on board. As they recalled the perils and deliverances of the past they

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

BATTERED AND BEATEN BY THE LITTLE ENGLISH FLEET.

"The Spanish Armada" is the subject of an article in the June Century, written by William Frederic Tilton, with an introduction by Captain Alfred T. Mahan. Mr. Tilton says of the defeat of the "Invincible Armada":

In Spain the progress and fortunes of the Armada had naturally been the one all-absorbing theme of boasting of conjecture, in palace and monastery, in street and shop. From every altar of the land fervent prayers for its success were rising. The king himself passed hours of every day upon his knees before the sacrament; and those in waiting on him declared that he often rose in the night, sighing to heaven for victory.

And now came Mendoza's good news. Yet the king, feverish as was his longing for success, was too old a player to put absolute trust in his ambassador's report; for the sanguine, magnificent Mendoza had a reputation for "deceiving himself." So Philip, in an agony of conflicting doubt and hope, shut himself up in the Escorial, and would give no one audience until he should receive more certain tidings.

While Mendoza's ridiculous rumours were circulating through the courts of the continent, the Armada was in reality flying, crippled and miserable, into the fogs and gales of the German Ocean. For Philip's fleet, if not actually conquered, had been terribly shattered by the incessant, deadly fire of the English gunners in the great fight off Gravelines. When the Spanish admiral, the Duke of Medina Sidonia, counted over his ships after the battle, several were missing, among them those of the two heroes of the day on the Spanish side, the dashing, irresistible soldier-sailors Toledo and Pimentel, who, having fought till, in the words of a Spanish officer present, their crack galleons were knocked in pieces, and the crews nearly all dead or wounded, drifted in the black night, helpless, or rather unhelped, away from their consorts toward the Low-Country coast.

Yet the Armada had not been utterly routed, and Elizabeth's captains knew this full well. In the evening, just after the fighting had ceased, Howard wrote home that he had "distressed them much," and, though he doubted not, "by God's good assistance, to oppress them," yet he would not "write unto her Majesty till more be done." And even jubilant Drake, who, with the insight of the great sea-captain, had at once appreciated

almost to its full extent the success achieved at Gravelines; still expected to "wrestle a pull" with the Spaniards, and was keeping a sharp eye upon them night and day.

In spite of their exhaustion, the Spaniards had scarce closed their eyes during the night after Gravelines, fearing every moment to hear their ships strike on the treacherous banks which skirt the Low-Country coast. Soon after day broke their fears were all but realized. The wind had gradually edged to the northward, and was now blowing hard from the north-west. This must have been a fair enough wind for Calais, but Sidonia had no stomach for another fight, and, owing to their crippled state, his ships, bad sailors at best, were now falling off to leeward toward the low line of shoals. With terror the Spaniards saw in front of them the great waves breaking into gray foam on the smooth sands, and close behind them the pursuing English fleet. Sidonia was lagging behind, with his stout-hearted lieutenants, Recalde and Leyva. The pilots declared that the fleet was doomed unless the wind shifted, and that speedily. Chicken-hearted officers begged Sidonia to strike his colours, and at least save ships and lives; but the admiral confessed himself, and resolved to die, if die he must, like a brave knight of the cross. The English, however, did not attack, believing, as the Spaniards afterwards concluded, that the Armada was drifting of itself to sure destruction. Suddenly, by a miracle, as the Spaniards pliously thought, the wind veered to the southward. The Armada, rescued from the shoals only to suffer a more terrible fate, eased sheets and sailed out into the deep North Sea, closely followed by the English.



THE SPANISH ARMADA.

watchers saw, as they thought, some movement in the floe outside their haven, not accompanied as before by the din and uproar of ice-artillery, which are heard when floe meets floe with tremendous force, for it appeared to be moving off as if it were commissioned to depart.

One loud explosive sound was heard when the mighty mass was swayed by the force of the current from the south. It parted, and the imprisoned voyagers hailed their first hope of freedom!

There was, however, much yet to be done on their part before liberation could be effected, for they must apparently hew themselves a passage down to the open water; but this was work with hope in it.

The ice-gangs were doubled, and their dock was enlarged. Every hand worked with a will, and even the sick roused themselves up to sudden energy. Happily the strength of the current was bearing away much of the ice at the mouth of the haven, and every mass that floated off seemed like one more fetter knocked away.

"If we can but get her bows round, she'll force her way presently against the yielding ice," said the captain cheerily.

Oh, how these men toiled for their liberation! The breath of warm wind that continued to reach them loosened also the icy bands on the sails and tackling of the ship.

"We'll crowd gall with the booms under her bows before long," again remarked the captain; and the long-furled sails began to flutter out.

"I say, our old ship looks like a bird shaking out her feathers for a flight," said Mike, now exultant at the thought of getting away.

The captain stood to his post, and the

were deeply moved, and the language of the Psalm which was read, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?" was that of every heart.

We need hardly attempt to describe the joy of all on board the Walrus on meeting with friends beloved. They were received almost as those from the dead, for rumours of disasters among the whalers had come to hand, and the Walrus being so far behind her usual time, there were grave fears for her safety.

We must not omit to tell that Mike, true to his intention, undertook to be the bearer himself of news to poor McIven's widow.

To the young doctor's family his arrival was indeed a jubilee.

"I shall never regret the voyage; it has been a fine school of experience and discipline," he remarked, when speaking of it to his friends.

To others it had proved a harvest of good, for there was scarcely a man on board the Walrus who did not rejoice that he had ever sailed with such a doctor. Some of his old patients on shipboard he met with some years after, and found them walking in the good way, the influences of that voyage having "stuck by them," as they expressed it.

The brave old captain has now joined the "ship's company" above, and others of his crew are, we doubt not, "sailing with their Saviour beneath," and living in the blessed hope of joining their comrades who have arrived in the "happy harbour of the saints."

The End.

He who runs from God in the morning will scarcely find him the rest of the day.

The Teacher's Chair.

REV. W. D. GRIMES.

I hear the patter of coming feet
And voices mingling in childish glee
Eagerly thronging the village street
And each one is thinking of me
Little women and men
Are mustering in
The Sunday school army for me
There are lads and lassies 'way down
The aisle,
With curls and tresses, mother's
care,
Eagerly watching to catch my smile
And my loving caresses to share
How I long to unfold
In the dear Saviour's fold
The lambskins surrounding my chair
Dear little tots from the roof-tree love
The richest and best intrusted to me
I pray to my Father in heaven above
"O guide me to lead them to thee"
Then I point them to heaven,
A loving Christ given,
Who died for them, and me.

I sit in the shadow and twilight,
And I meet with the Father alone;
I pray for guidance, and strength, and
light,
To lead all my class to his throne.
My doubts quickly cease,
In faith cometh peace,
As I sit with the Father alone.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF THE TEN
TRIBES.

LESSON III.—JULY 17.

ELIJAH ON CARMEL.

1 Kings 18. 30-39. Memory verses, 36-39.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And when all the people saw it, they



fell on their faces; and they said, The Lord, he is the God; the Lord, he is the God.—1 Kings 18. 39.

OUTLINE.

1. Standing on the Promises, v. 30-35.
2. The Victory of Faith, v. 36-39. Time.—About 905 B.C. Place.—Mount Carmel.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The challenge.—1 Kings 18. 17-29.
- Tu. Elijah on Carmel.—1 Kings 18. 30-39.
- W. The little cloud.—1 Kings 18. 40-46.
- Th. A solemn covenant.—Deut. 30. 10-20.
- F. Decide now!—Joshua 24. 14-24.
- S. Hold fast!—2 Tim. 1. 6-13.
- Su. Reward of faithfulness.—Rev. 3. 7-13.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Standing on the Promises, v. 30-35. What did Elijah bid the people do? What did he rebuild? How many stones did he build into the altar? Why did he take this number? What did he make about the altar? What did he lay upon the altar? What then did he bid the people do? How many times was this done?
2. The Victory of Faith, v. 36-39. At what time did Elijah offer his prayer? Upon whom did he call? What was his prayer? What answer came from the Lord? What did the people do? What did they say?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. The folly of worshipping false gods?
 2. The duty of worshipping the true God?
 3. That God honours his true worshippers?

DARKY ENGLISH.

Every great language has its mock languages and clipped dialects. The common people make one of their own, and



MOUNT CARMEL.

every tribe of adopted foreigners in our country has its peculiar and amusing vernacular. Generally it resembles the original very much as a monkey resembles a man.

Darky English, like the grotesque blunder-words of the supposed Mrs. Partington, nearly always has a phonetic suggestion that makes the speaker's meaning laughably clear.

The fat old cook in Lynchburg, Virginia, who complained that her son "Sam's goin's on is conjurin' his institution an' disriplin' us all" had the word "disreputable" echoing round somewhere in her head. She made herself understood, and there was piquancy in her new verb.

The coloured servant who reported that her mistress was "sick wid nervous perfection" conveyed the doctor's diagnosis—and sprung a droll possibility besides.

Rev. Egerton R. Young describes to us one of his evenings in an African church in Florida, where the minister announced "de fus' chapter of the Epistle o' David," and proceeded to read the First Psalm. One fiery young exhorter in the meeting, with exemplary good taste, confined his remarks to those of his own age. "I'se nuffin to say to-night," said he, "to disrupt de feelin's o' yous ole daddies an' mammies, but I'se jes' goin' ter consummate dem sinners back dar by de do'."

None of the prayers were good English, but "We bow down on de bended-an' syndicated knees of our body to beg a humble blessin'" somehow seemed to get singular emphasis from the imported adjective; and "O Lord, delibber us from upsettin' sins, an' prop us up on de tippin'-over side," certainly left nothing to be desired in directness and graphic force.

At the close of the service the pastor called attention to the rain-soaked and stained plaster in the recess back of the pulpit, which he had long tried in vain to persuade his shiftless parishioners to fresco, and he pronounced his ultimatum in this wise: "Bredren, de suvices in dis church will all be discontinued until yo' fricassee de abscess."

Mr. Young adds a good quotation to close with, though there is no badly twisted English in it. "Pompey, how

did you like my sermon?" said a vain and rather long-winded preacher to a black man who had sat under the gallery. Pompey was still aching with the fatigue of listening to the forty-minute discourse.

"Well, boss," he replied, "I t'ink yo' went by a lot o' mighty good stoppin'-places."—Youth's Companion.

THE LORD'S SIDE.

Who stood on the Lord's side at this meeting? Yes, Elijah, and he had to stand alone! But he was not afraid or ashamed. He knew that God was greater and stronger than all the people in all the world. He had to face the great company on the other side, who did not believe that God was looking down and that he would give the victory to the right.



They saw one man on the Lord's side and four hundred and fifty on Baal's side, and they said, "That must be the right side! See how many are on Baal's side!" (Finish the story, and show how the outcome teaches the lesson that God is the mighty One who can do all things. Print on the altar "The Living God," and teach that he is alive now, and knows which side each little child stands upon!) Are we on the right side? Or do we sometimes go on the wrong side because we see others there? This is a good time to choose which side we will be on! God is here, and he will help us to choose right.



ELIJAH'S OFFERING.

WHO HAS THE REINS?

A very interesting story is being told of Prof. Drummond—a story which conveys a much-needed lesson to young men. He was staying with a lady whose coachman had signed the pledge, but afterwards had given way to drink again. This lady said to the professor: "Now, this man will drive you to the station; say a word to him if you can. He is a good sort of fellow, and really wants to reform, but he is weak."

While they were driving down the professor tried to think how he could introduce the subject. Presently the horses bolted. The driver held on to the reins, and manipulated them well. The carriage awayed about, and the professor expected every moment to be upset; but presently the man drew the horses up, and, steaming with perspiration, said:

"I say, that was a close shave. Our trap might have been smashed into match-wood, and you wouldn't have given any more addresses."

"Well," said Professor Drummond, "how was it that it did not happen?"

"Why," was the reply, "because I knew how to manage the horses."

"Now," said the professor, "look here, my friend, I will give you a bit of advice. Here's my train coming. I hear you have been signing the pledge and breaking out again. Now, I want to give you a bit of advice. Throw the reins of your life to Jesus Christ," and he jumped down and got into the train.

The driver said afterwards that it came upon him like a flash of lightning. He saw where he had made a mistake, and from that day he ceased to try to manipulate his own life, but gave the reins to Jesus Christ. The story bears its own moral, good reader. I need not add a word, only let us learn its lesson and carry out the professor's advice.—Christian Commonwealth.

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