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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 9, 1895.

[No. 6.]

## THE ICE PALACE.

In Montreal, Ottawa, Quebec, St. Paul, and some other northern cities, it has come to be the fashion to build an ice palace. The ice is ploughed and sawn into blocks, as shown in our lower cut, and then built into glistening walls which, by the electric light, flash like diamonds. A more sensible use of the ice is to store it away in an ice-house, shown on the bank, and thus have winter's treasured coolness to refresh us in the heat of summer.

### "SEND THAT BOY TO ME."

"The pay is forty dollars a month, and a good youth is sure of promotion. That is what the permanent men at the railroad shops complain about. This place is now vacant because the lad your partner sent us, and who filled it worthily a year, is now placed where he gets eighty dollars a month. So we'll trust you to choose his successor. They may ask you a few questions about the candidate, for form's sake, at the office, but your man is sure to pass muster."

The above was addressed to a busy railway officer to a city lawyer, who replied:

"There is my friend's son, Urban Starr. His father spoke to me about employment for him. To be sure, Urban is rather above the place as to talent and culture, but times are hard, and the young should climb the low rounds of the ladder. I'll see about proposing him."

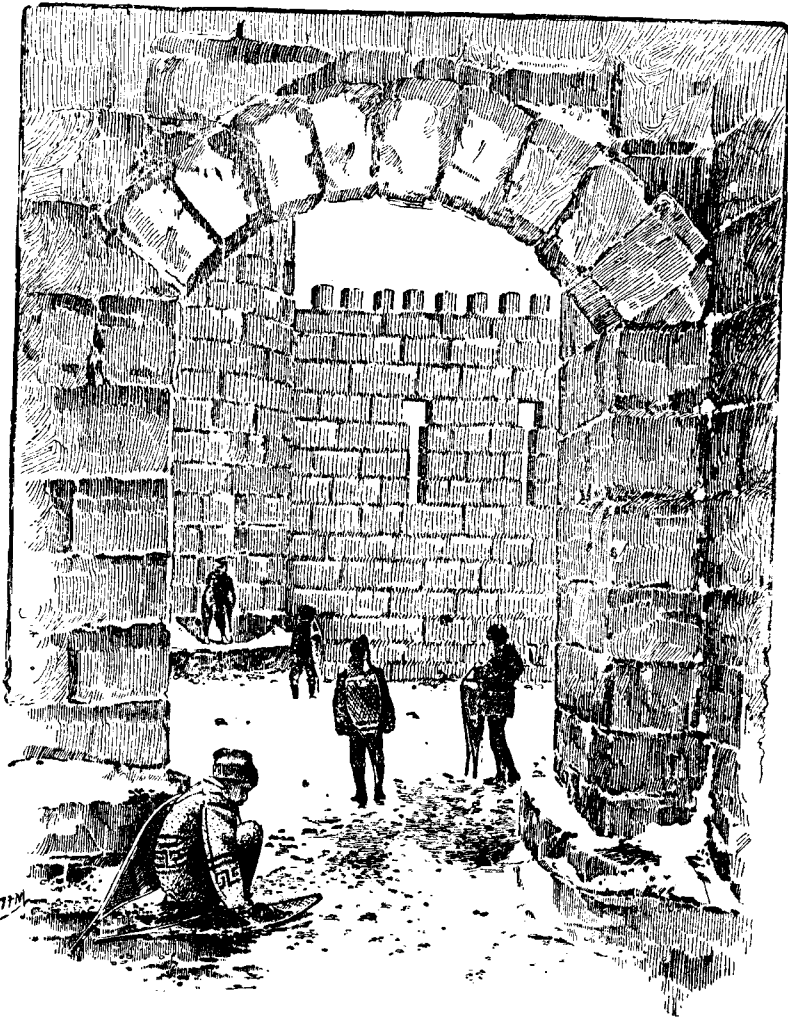
"Thank you! I'll be doubly obliged if you'll take your applicant up to the office, and see him accepted." And the railroad man hurried away.

To this conversation there has been a deeply-interested but sad-hearted listener—Theodore Young, the faithful office-boy, who longed with unspeakable desire for some such place as the one described. He was the eldest son of a widowed mother, whom he yearned to help, and who was so poor that forty dollars a month seemed wealth to her boy. When the railroad man left, the lawyer turned to Theodore, saying:

"Here, Theodore, though it isn't your work, won't you note the dates of these letters, and file them away in order, while I write a letter for you to take up to Mr. Starr's?"

Theodore attended carefully to the papers, and was waiting for the letter before it was finished. A great desire was swelling in his throat till it ached, and when the finished letter was handed to him, his request burst forth in trembling eagerness:

"Do you think, sir, there is, or may be, any low place at the railroad shops for which you would venture to recommend me? I would begin very low, and work very hard to deserve promotion, and, per-



INSIDE THE ICE PALACE.

haps, in years, I might come to such a place as this, which is for Urban Starr."

"How can we spare our good, trusty Theodore? But I own it is too bad to keep you here. If Urban consents to apply, when I go with him you may go too, and I'll interview the parties about something for you."

"Oh, thank you, sir!" cried Theodore, and he was so glad that he ran instead of walking on his errand.

A few hours later found Urban and Theodore waiting in an ante-room, while the lawyer made known his business about Urban to the railway officials, who said:

"Oh, yes! Thank you for bringing him. The last employee your firm sent us was a treasure, and we don't need to raise questions about this one; yet there is one absolutely essential thing that I will mention. Of course you know this person,

our employ. Total abstinence principles and habits are our first requirements."

"He is no drunkard. Perhaps if you see him you will think he has qualifications of great value to you."

"It is useless for us even to see him, since we desire one who has been from boyhood voluntarily abstinent."

"Very well. Urban Starr is far above need of the place. Good morning! Oh, excuse me for having forgotten another matter. There is a lad here with me—in fact our own office-boy—for whom I've promised to ask if you've any kind of a place ever coming vacant into which you could put him with hope for his future. We hate to loose him, for he is trusty, capable, willing, writes a good hand, is quick at figures."

"How is he about the total abstinence?"

"Oh, he is square on that. Signed the pledge when a child. Never took the first glass. Regards a glass of wine with superstitious horror."

"Send him in if you please. We would like to talk with him."

Theodore came back to the lawyer's office radiant with joy, exclaiming:

"They say I'm just the one they want for the place you didn't take for Urban Starr. They only laughed when I said I feared there was some mistake. Is it all right? Don't Urban want the situation?"

"It is all right, Theodore. Please remember, when you are a railroad president, that you owe your success in life to me!"

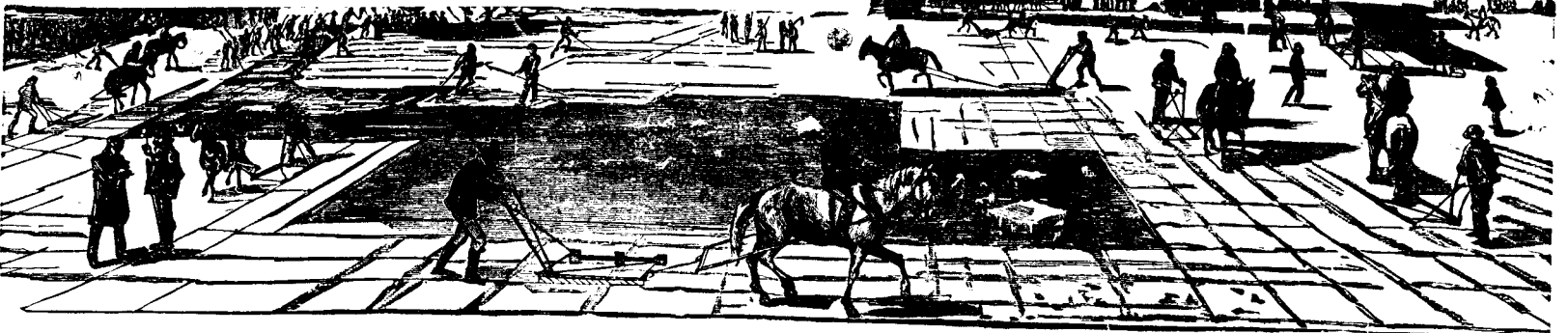
This occurred—for this is all true—several years ago, and Theodore has now a salary of fifteen hundred dollars, with the love and confidence of all who know him; while Urban is intemperate, out of employment, and a grief to his parents.

If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly to you. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweetly and pleasantly yourself.

A LITTLE boy, who came before the pastor to be received into the Church, was asked how he expected to lead a Christian life, and he sweetly replied: "I will put my hand in Jesus' hand, and I know he will lead me right."



THE ICE HARVEST.



## Would You?

WHAT would you do my darling,  
If the Saviour went and came  
In and out of our homes to-day,  
As he did in Jerusalem?  
Would you hasten out with gladness  
Your blessed Lord to meet—  
Would you fling the door wide open, love,  
At sound of his coming feet?

Would you listen to the teachings  
He only could unfold,  
Would you nestle in his loving arms  
As little ones did of old?  
What do I hear you answer—  
You wish that it could be so,  
For Jesus seems so far away  
When we seek his love to know?

Ah, don't you know, my darling,  
The Saviour comes to-day—  
Comes pleading for an entrance, now  
Into your heart to stay?  
O! set the door wide open,  
Then bid him welcome here,  
And in the New Jerusalem  
You shall see him surely there.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITTHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 9, 1895.

## WHAT TO READ AND HOW TO DO IT.

THE best book of all to read is of course the Bible. It is the most interesting book in the world. Almost anyone would admit that, and yet I know that if I should put the question "honour bright" to some of the boys who read this article, they would answer honestly that they do not think so. This is partly because they have not learned to read the Bible properly.

Many people read the Bible in a piecemeal sort of way, a chapter every night before they go to bed, and they bring up their children to do the same. Now a few verses from the Bible are a very good thing to go to sleep on, but one will never get a real knowledge of the book by reading it in that way only. Such reading is for rest and comfort, but it is not for information. And how many of you who read in that fashion remember from one night to another what you read? The end of a chapter does not by any means necessarily conclude the subject of which it treats, or even indicate a good place for stopping, for the narrative or argument may be continued through several chapters, or indeed to the end of the book. You should give the Bible as fair a chance to interest you as you give any other book, and any other book you read connectedly from beginning to end. Suppose next Sunday afternoon, when you are neither tired nor sleepy, but when you feel just in the mood for a good comfortable read, instead of taking up your Sunday-school book or a religious paper, you settle yourself with your Bible and read the Acts of

the Apostles from the first verse to the last, and when you have finished it you will have a realizing sense of the courage and devotion of the men whom Christ chose to plant his church; and Peter and Paul and James and John will seem like live men to you, and real heroes too, and you will want to trace their lives from beginning to end.

By reading a book through you get a clear idea of the author's design, and you are able to appreciate the beauty and force of the language which he uses.

Another good way to read the Bible is to take it by subjects. The Old Testament biographies are exceedingly interesting. Take the life of Moses or Joseph or David and read it through, and you will be sure to like it. After you have once begun to enjoy the Bible I am sure you will never leave off. You will read it more and love it better and better the longer you live, and the better you become acquainted with it the more you will wonder at its inexhaustible riches.

After the Bible the next best thing for a boy to read is a good newspaper. Newspapers are the publishers of modern history. They bring the history of our own times to us every morning, and every great question which affects the welfare of mankind is reflected in them. It is not necessary to read about the commitment of horrible crimes or the execution of criminals, or topics of that nature, but you do want to know about the history of the last strike, for instance, because it concerns the great struggle between capital and labour which you are to help decide in a few years. Besides all this, the latest discoveries in every science are reported in the newspapers, the explorations of unknown countries are mirrored there, descriptions of the best and newest works in literature, in music, are in its columns, and to read the newspapers is in itself a liberal education. Therefore I would advise every boy who is too busy to give much attention to general literature, to read carefully the news of the day, for if he does he cannot fail of being an intelligent man, and then, when a time of leisure comes, he will have an excellent foundation to build upon when he is able to cultivate his mind more thoroughly.

## LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

BY MISS NANNIE B. GAINES.

A MISSIONARY, weary and foot-sore after a long walk over the mountains, reached a little Japanese inn, where he hoped to get food and shelter. The good woman of the house brought him tea and cakes, placed a *hibachi* (fire-box) near him, and left him to enjoy the comforts of her house while she busied herself preparing the rice and fish for his supper.

Soon, people from the village, attracted by the stranger man, began to gather into the stranger's room. The good man at first thought: "I am very tired. Why can I not rest even here." Then he thought that here were people who had perhaps never heard of Jesus their Saviour. He began talking to them, and soon told them of the old, old story, yet the story ever new.

The old man said: "Please, teacher, tell that again." It was told again. The old man seemed deeply moved. After the missionary had finished, the old man said: "Dare you preach that in this country?" "O yes," replied the missionary. "The gospel is for all men, and there are many believers in Japan."

The old man began praising the Lord for his goodness. Then he told the missionary the following story: "My father taught me of the true God, and said I must worship only him, but when he gave me this instruction he always took me to the inner room of the house, lest any one should hear him. He said he had been instructed by his father, but as it was sure death to any one who professed the name of Jesus in Japan, this secret must be kept until the Lord should open a way for the gospel to be preached to the people. He said this teaching had come to Japan through a stranger many years before."

The old man asked to be more fully instructed, and the next day he was baptized, and went on his way rejoicing that the light had come to his country.

Two hundred years of persecution had not extinguished the seed that had been sown by the early missionaries. Some time, dear readers, I will tell you of the Christians in Japan many years ago, and of their faithfulness.

Hiroshima, Japan.

## THE PEOPLE OF KOREA.

BY R. D. J.

If my young friends will take the trouble to look in the eastern part of the map of Asia they will there see China holding on to a piece of land with her left hand to keep it from falling into the sea. Have you found it? Well, that is Korea. If China should let go it would fall into the waters of the Yellow Sea and thus become an island instead of a peninsula. You see it is not a very large country, only about as large as the State of Minnesota, but it is quite full of people, having about one-sixth as many as are in the United States.

This country was formerly called Chosen, which means "fresh morning" or Land of the "Morning Calm" because it is so far east. It is also called the Hermit Nation, because like an oyster it has kept its doors so tightly shut that no foreigners could get in, and if by accident any persons were cast upon its shores they were never allowed to leave the country.

Many years ago some Dutch sailors were shipwrecked and kept there eight years, and were so homesick that they were always watching for an opportunity to get away. So one day finding a boat they entered it and escaped. They found their way to Japan and from there they were sent home. What strange things they had to tell of the people, their customs and manners!

One thing seems very strange to us. They do not allow the women to go out in the daytime, but sometime in the evening they ring a bell when all the men and boys have to hurry home as fast as they can until not one is seen on the streets, and then the women and girls go out to walk.

I have not time to tell more of their strange ways and habits, but you must read for yourselves. I want to tell you, however, that it is no longer a hermit land, for a few years ago they opened their doors and now they will allow us to visit them the same as other nations.

You will be glad to know that the present king, Bo Kei Ju, desires to be friendly with other nations and has aided the missionaries in their work. You will also be glad to know that some of the Koreans have already become Christians and are calling to us to come and help them win their land for Christ. Within the last two years several missionaries have heard this call and have gone to this far-away land to declare to them the "good tidings" of great joy which you remember the angel said should be unto all people.

Will you not help to send the Gospel to Korea? Will you not pray for the king and his people and the dear missionaries who have gone to carry the means of healing for their bodies at the same time they tell them the old, old story of Jesus and his love. Onward for January 5th tells about the war in Korea.

## LOVE MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.

"It is as different as can be!"

"What is it?"

"Being a Christian. Everything is so different from what I expected it to be."

"What did you expect it to be?"

"When you used to talk with me about being a Christian, I used to say to myself, 'No, I can't now; for I'll have to do so many hard things, and I never can do them.'"

"What hard things?"

"I used to think, 'I shall have to walk just so; shall have to go to church and prayer-meeting; shall have to pray and read the Bible.' It is so different from what I thought."

"What do you mean? You go to church and prayer-meeting; you read the Bible and pray."

"Oh, yes; but then I love to do them. That makes the difference. I love Jesus, and I love to do all he wishes me to do."

## BEGGING FOR JESUS.

ONE night a missionary in the Indian Territory heard a low knock at his door. On opening it an Indian fell at his feet. The missionary bade him rise, and then asked him what was the matter.

"O missionary," he said, "I have heard that you have come to bring us knowledge of one who is Jesus, the Light of the world. I want to find him. I want to know him. I have come a long distance for this, a hundred miles and more."

"For a long time my fathers told me of the Great Spirit. I have often gone into the woods and tried to talk to him; but I could not find him nor see him nor hear him." Then he continued, "O so sadly, he looked up into the missionary's face, and said, 'It was so dark, so dark in here,' laying his hand upon his heart. 'O you do not know what it is to stand in the dark and reach out your hand and touch nothing, and to have no sweet light before your face or in here. O give me the Light! Give me Jesus, the Light of the world! I want him so bad, so bad!'"

That is it, dear little workers. These poor people who have not yet found Jesus want him so bad, so bad! O let us hasten to send the missionaries to tell them of him!

How much will you give this year to help send them.

## The Wreckers of Sable Island.

BY

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

## CHAPTER II.—IN ROUGH WEATHER.

THERE was just one cloud upon his happiness. Among his many pets at Oakdene his special favourite was a splendid mastiff that the squire had given him as a birthday present two years before. Prince was a superb animal, and devoted to his young master. Not sooner had it been settled that Eric should go out to his father than the boy at once asked if his dog might go with him. Major Mansell had no objection himself, but feared that the captain of the *Francis* would not hear of it. However, he thought that Eric might bring the dog up to Chatham, and then if the captain would not let him on board he could be sent back to Oakdene.

Prince accordingly accompanied him, and a place having been found for him with a friend of the major's, his master had no peace of mind until the question was settled. Some days passed before he got a chance to see Captain Reefwell, who was, of course, extremely busy, but at last he managed to catch him one day, just after lunch, when he seemed in a pretty good humour, and, without wasting time, preferred his request, trembling with eager hope as he did so. The gruff old sailor at first bluntly refused him, but Eric bravely returning to the charge, his kind heart was moved to the extent of making him say:

"Well, let me have a look at your dog anyway."

Hoping for the best, Eric ran off and returned with Prince. Captain Reefwell examined the noble animal critically, and stretched out his hand to pat him, whereupon the mastiff gravely lifted his right paw, and placed it in the captain's horny palm.

"Shiver my timbers! but the dog's got good manners," said the captain in surprise. "Did you teach him that?" turning to Eric.

"Yes, sir," replied Eric, proudly, "and he can do other things too." And he proceeded to put the big dog through a number of tricks, which pleased the old sailor so much that he finally he said, with a smile:

"All right, my lad. You may bring your dog on board. But, mind you, he comes before the mast. He's not a cabin passenger."

"Oh, thank you, sir! thank you, sir!" cried Eric joyfully. "I won't let you in the cabin, will I, Prince? Isn't it splendid! you're to come with me after all." And he hugged the mastiff as though he had been his own brother.

It was the first of November when the *Francis* got off, and Captain Reefwell warned his passengers that they might expect a rather rough voyage, as they were sure to have a storm or two in crossing at that time of year. Eric protested that he would not mind; he was not afraid of a storm. Indeed, he wanted to see one really good storm at sea, such as he had often read about.

But he changed his tune when the *Francis* began to pitch and toss in the chops of the

English Channel, and with pale face and piteous voice he asked the major "if a real storm were worse than this." A few days later, however, when he got his sea-legs all right, and the *Francis* was bowling merrily over the broad Atlantic before a favouring breeze, his courage came back to him, and he felt ready for anything.

The *Francis* was not more than a week out before the captain's prediction began to be fulfilled. One storm succeeded another with but little rest between, the wind blowing from all quarters in turn. Driven hither and thither before it, the *Francis* struggled gallantly toward her destination. So long as he was out in mid-Atlantic Captain Reefwell seemed quite indifferent to the boisterous weather. He told his passengers that he was sorry for the many discomforts they were forced to endure, but otherwise showed no concern. He was a daring sailor, and had crossed the ocean a score of times before. As they approached the American side, however, and the storm still continued, he grew very anxious, as his troubled countenance and moody manner plainly showed. The truth was that he had been driven out of his course, and had lost his reckoning, owing to sun and stars alike having been invisible for so many days. He had no clear idea of his distance from the coast, and unless he could soon secure a satisfactory observation the *Francis* would be in a perilous plight.

The first of December was marked by a storm more violent than any which had come before, followed by a dense fog which swathed the ship in appalling gloom. The captain evidently regarded this fog as a very grave addition to his difficulties. He hardly left the quarter-deck, and his face grew haggard and his eyes bloodshot with being constantly on the look-out.

Realizing that a crisis was at hand, and determined to know the worst, Major Maunsell made bold to ask the captain to tell him the real state of affairs. Captain Reefwell hesitated for a moment, then muttering something about "might as well out with it," he laid his hand upon the major's shoulder, and looking straight into his eyes, with a strange expression of sympathy, said in his gravest tones:

"Major, it's just this: unless I'm clean lost, we must now be somewhere near Sable Island. I'm expecting to hear the roar of its breakers any minute, and once the *Francis* gets amongst them, God help us all! Sable Island makes sure work." And he turned away abruptly, as though to hide his feelings.

Captain Reefwell's words sent a shudder straight and swift through Major Maunsell's heart. The latter already knew of the bad reputation of that strange island which scarcely lifts itself above the level of the Atlantic, less than a hundred miles due east from Nova Scotia. Stories that chilled the blood had from time to time floated up to Halifax—stories of shipwreck following fast upon shipwreck, and no one surviving to tell the tale.

But even more appalling than the fury of the storm that scourged the lonely island were the deeds said to be done by monsters in human guise who plied the wrecker's trade there, and, acting upon the principle that dead men tell no tales, had made it their care to put out of the way all whom even the cruel billows had spared.

With a heavy heart the major made his way back to the cabin, where he found Eric, upon whose bright spirits the long and stormy voyage had told heavily, looking very unhappy as he tried to amuse himself with a book. The boy was worn out by the ceaseless pitching and tossing of the vessel. He felt both home-sick and sea-sick, as indeed did many another of the passengers, who with one accord were wishing themselves safely upon land again. He looked up eagerly as the major entered.

"What does the captain say, major?" he asked, his big brown eyes open their widest. "Will the storm soon be over, and are we near Halifax?"

Concealing his true feelings, the major replied with well-put-on cheerfulness:

"The captain says that if this fog would only lift, and let him find out exactly where we are, Eric, he would be all right. There is nothing to do but to wait, and hope for the best." And sitting down beside Eric, he threw his arm about him in a tender, protecting way that showed how strongly he felt.

So intense was the anxiety on board the *Francis* that none of the passengers thought of going to their berths or taking off their clothes that night, but all gathered in the cabins, finding what cheer and comfort they could in one another's company.

In the main cabin were other officers besides Major Maunsell—namely, Captain Sterling, of the Fusiliers; Lieutenant Mercer, of the Royal Artillery, and Lieutenants Sutton, Reebuck, and Moore, of the 16th Light Dragoons; while in the fore-cabin were house-

hold servants of the prince and soldiers of the line, bringing the total number of passengers up to two hundred.

During the night Captain Reefwell, seeing that it was no longer any use to conceal the seriousness of the situation, sent word to all on board to prepare for the worst, as the ship might be among the breakers at any moment. The poor passengers hastened to gather their most precious possessions into little bundles, and to prepare themselves for the approaching struggle with death.

The night wore slowly on, the sturdy brig straining and groaning as the billows made a plaything of her, tossing her to and fro as though she was no heavier than a chip, while the fierce storm shrieked through the rigging

cabin, Prince stationing himself at his side and pillowing his head in his lap.

Poor Prince was by no means so handsome a creature now as when his good looks and good manners won the captain's heart. The long stormy passage had been very hard upon him. He had grown gaunt, and his smooth, shiny skin had become rough and unkempt. Otherwise, however, he was not much the worse, and was quite ready for active duty if his services should be needed.

Awaking from a light sleep, in which he dreamed that he and Prince were having a glorious romp on the lawn at Oakdene, which somehow seemed to be undulating in a very curious fashion, Eric caught sight of Major Maunsell returning to the cabin after a visit

the thick darkness into a dense gray fog could rightly be called daybreak.

The *Francis* still bravely battled with the tempest. She had proven herself a trusty ship, and, with Captain Reefwell on the quarter-deck, more than a match for the worst fury of wind and wave.

But no ship that ever has been or ever will be built could possibly pass through the ordeal of the Sable Island breakers, whose awful thunder might at any moment be heard above the howling of the blast.

At breakfast-time the worn and weary passengers gathered around the table for what would, in all probability, be their last meal on board the *Francis*, and perhaps their last on earth. The fare was not very tempting, for what could the cooks do under such circumstances? But the passengers felt no disposition to complain. Indeed, they had little appetite to eat, and were only making a pretence of doing so, when a sailor burst into the cabin, his bronzed face blanched with fear, as he shouted breathlessly:

"Captain says for all to come up on deck. The ship will strike in a minute."

Instantly there was wild confusion and a mad rush for the companion-way; but Major Maunsell waited to take Eric's hand tightly into his before pressing on with the others. When they reached the deck an awful scene met their eyes. The fog had lifted considerably, so that it was possible to see some distance from the ship; and there, right across her bows, not more than a quarter of a mile away, a tremendous line of breakers stretched as far as eye could see.

Straight into their midst the *Francis* was helplessly driving at the bidding of the storm-fiend. No possible way of escape. Not only did the breakers extend to right and left until they were lost in the shifting fog, but the nearest line was evidently only an advance-guard; for beyond it other lines, not less formidable, could be dimly descried, rearing their snowy crests of foam as they rolled fiercely onward.

"Heaven help us!" cried Major Maunsell, as with one swift glance he took in the whole situation; and drawing Eric close to him, he made his way through the confusion to the foot of the main-mast, which offered a secure hold for the time being.

A few minutes later the *Francis* struck the first bar with a shock that sent everybody who had not something to hold on to, tumbling upon the deck. But for the major's forethought, both he and Eric might at that moment have been borne off into the boiling surges; for a tremendous billow rushed upon the helpless vessel, sweeping her from stern to stem, and carrying away a number of the soldiers, who, having nothing to hold on by, were picked up like mere chips of wood

and hurried to their doom. Their wild cries for the help that could not be given them, "pierced the ears of the others, who did not know but that the next billow would treat them in like manner.

Again and again was the ill-starred ship thus swept by the billows, each time fresh victims falling to their fell fury. Then came a wave of surpassing size, which lifted the *Francis* as though she had been a mere feather, bore her over the bar into the deeper water beyond. Here, after threatening to go over upon her beam-ends, she righted once more, and drove on toward the next bar.

(To be continued.)

#### HOW THE CHINESE WORSHIP.

The principal way in which the Chinese worship their gods is by burning incense before them, offering them pieces of gilt or silvered paper, or by making sacrifices either of animals or of some other kind of food and drink. They also pray to them by burning their prayers, which have previously been written or printed on paper.

The incense which they burn before their gods is principally sandalwood. It has a pleasant odour when burned.

Is it not foolish of them to do this way, thinking these gods of stone and wood can help them and forgive their sins?

We must hasten to tell them of the true God, who alone can pardon sin.



PRINCE AT ONCE GRAVELY LIFTED HIS RIGHT PAW, AND PLACED IT ON THE CAPTAIN'S HORN PALM.

in apparent glee at having so rich a prize for the wreckers of Sable Island.

It was a brave band that awaited its fate in the main cabin. The men were borne up by the dauntless fortitude of the British soldiers and, catching their spirit, Eric manifested a quiet courage well worthy of the name he bore. He had Prince with him now, for the captain had himself suggested that he had better have the dog near at hand. The noble creature seemed to have some glimmering of their common peril, for he kept very close to his young master, and every now and then laid his huge head upon Eric's knee and looked up into his face with an expression that said as plainly as words:

"Nothing but death can ever part us. You can depend upon me to the very uttermost."

And hugging him fondly, Eric answered: "Dear old Prince! You'll help me if we are wrecked, won't you?" at which Prince wagged his tail responsively, and did his best to lick his master's face.

Now and then some one would creep up on deck, and brave the fury of the blast for a few moments, in hope of finding some sign of change for the better; and on his return to the cabin the others would eagerly scan his countenance and await his words, only to be met with a sorrowful shake of the head that rendered words unnecessary.

Eric alone found temporary forgetfulness in sleep. He was very weary, and, though fully alive to the danger so near at hand, could not keep from falling into a fitful slumber, as he lay upon the cushioned seat that encircled the

to the upper deck, and at once ran up to him and plied him with eager questions.

"Is the storm getting any better, and will it soon be daylight again?"

The major did his best to look cheerful as he answered:

"Well, the storm is no worse, Eric, at all events, and it will not be long before daylight comes."

"But even if we should be wrecked," said Eric, looking pleadingly into the major's face, "we might all get ashore all right, mightn't we? I've often read of shipwrecks in which everybody was saved."

"Certainly, my boy, certainly," replied the major promptly, although deep down in his heart he seemed to hear Captain Reefwell's ominous words, "Sable Island makes sure work."

"And, major," continued Eric, "I'm going to keep tight hold of Prince's collar if we do get wrecked. He can swim ever so much better than I can, and he'll pull me ashore all right, won't he?"

"That's a capital idea of yours, my boy," said the major, smiling tenderly upon him. "Keep tight hold of Prince, by all means. You couldn't have a better life-preserver."

"I don't want to be wrecked, that's certain; but if we are, I'm very glad I've got Prince here to help me—the dear old fellow that he is!" And so saying, Eric threw himself down upon his dog and gave him a hearty hug, which the mastiff evidently much enjoyed.

Day broke at last, if the slow changing of

## Gathering Them In.

'Twas nigh to a bar that had long been made  
Leaned a rumeller old in the liquor-trade;  
His work was done, and he paused to count  
The receipts of the day—a large amount.  
A rello of jolly old topera was he,  
And his hair was as white as the foam of  
the sea;

And these words came forth with the fumes  
of gin:

"I gather them in, I gather them in.

"I gather them in, both old and young;  
To my den of death they go and come—  
Some to the scaffold, some to the grave,  
Some to the prison; but none I save.

Come father, mother, daughter, son—  
All I will ruin, one by one.

With my rum or whiskey, brandy, or gin;  
I gather them in, I gather them in.

"I gather them in to a life of shame;  
I blast the fairest honoured name;  
Make widows and orphans to cry and moan  
At the foot of old King Alcohol's throne.  
The highest or lowest I don't care, I leave.  
Will soon find their level in a common  
ditch;

The law protects me, and it is no sin;  
I gather them in, I gather them in."

The old man ceased as he closed his till;  
Soon all was dark and gloomy and still;  
And I said to myself, as he went to his rest,  
"Can it be that humanity dwells in your  
breast?"

Man may forgive you, but God never will,  
Though your ill-gotten gains foot the minis-  
ter's bill,  
And his voice will be heard o'er the last  
trumpet's din,  
Hell gathers you in, hell gathers you in."

—Catholic Temperance Advocate.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

What are we taught in this lesson—

1. As to whom we should love?
2. As to who is our neighbour?
3. As to our duty to our neighbour?

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who asked about eternal life? A law-  
yer. 2. Where did Jesus send him for his  
answer? To the Scriptures. 3. What com-  
mand did the lawyer find there? To love  
God and men with all his heart. 4. What  
question did he ask Jesus? Who is my neigh-  
bour? 5. Which did the lawyer say was  
neighbour? The merciful man. 6. What  
did Jesus say to him? Go, and do thou like-  
wise. 7. What is the Golden Text? "Thou  
shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

## STICK TO YOUR BUSH.

BY REV. W. TINDALL.

SCENE 1.—A lovely autumn day in 1861.  
Place—Durham County, Canada West  
(now Ontario).

An interesting party of young people,  
full of life and cheerfulness, drive out into  
the country to pick blackberries, armed

west stopped over in the village of — in  
one of the western states of the American  
Union.

"Do you know Mr. —?"

"Oh, yes; I know him well. He lives  
in our village."

"Ah, indeed. How is he doing?"

"We call him Tom Fickelind. He is  
a sober man, an honest, good-natured sort  
of fellow, not lazy, any amount of vim,  
quite a genius in his way, but he never  
gets along. He is very poor, and his  
family have a hard struggle to make a  
living. He is so whimsical, always build-  
ing castles in the air. He learnt the  
jewellery business, but afterwards thought  
that shoemaking would pay better, so he  
spent two years more in learning it, and  
was beginning to prosper, when he dropped  
it and went into the book agency, quite  
sure he could make ten dollars a day, but  
he soon tired of this money-making em-  
ployment. Went to the academy, was a  
brilliant student, took a good position as a  
teacher, and stayed three years as a prin-  
cipal of our school, wooed and married a  
lovely young girl, one of his pupils. He was  
very popular, but grew discontented, and  
thought he was hiding his light under a

## Onward, Youthful Heroes.

BY E. A. GIBVIN.

Air—"Onward, Christian Soldiers."

Onward, youthful heroes,  
N'er to Satan yield;  
Jesus now will help you  
On life's battlefield.  
Read his marching orders,  
In God's Holy Word,  
Practice now the wielding  
Of the Spirit's sword.

## CHORUS.

Onward, youthful heroes,  
In the Boys' Brigade;  
With our Saviour leading,  
We are not afraid.

Prayer and consecration,  
Trust in Jesu's blood,  
Shelter us in safety  
From the rushing flood;  
We are ever happy  
As we march along,  
And our Saviour's presence  
Makes our spirits strong.

Other hosts advancing,  
Fast our numbers swell,  
Helping us to vanquish  
All the hordes of hell;  
And a mighty army  
We are soon to be;  
Thousands are enlisting,  
Millions more we see.

Forward, youthful heroes,  
Toward the dawning day,  
When our Christ shall conquer  
Darkness and decay;  
Then shall evil perish,  
Death shall lose its sting,  
And we'll shout forever  
Praises to our King.

—Nedders: What's a bon mot? Slowitz:  
Something you always think of after it's too  
late to say it.

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THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

with pails, baskets, and tin cups, with an ample supply of sandwiches, cakes, pies, tarts, and pickles. It would be hard to guess who was the most happy of the group.

Arrived at the berry-patch in the woods, all were busy gathering the rich fruit. Tom — shouted, "Oh, come here! I have found the best bush in the patch." Some went and were somewhat disappointed.

A few minutes afterwards Tom cried, "Oh, come here, and you will soon fill your pails!" A few went, and they found nothing uncommon as to the quantity of berries. Again from another point Tom shouted, "The bushes here are just toppling over with berries." Every one worked away, no one heeding him.

After a little while the same familiar voice, from another point of the compass, yelled out, "Oh, come here! the bushes are fairly black with berries." Every one stayed where they were, patiently picked away, and as they cleared the bushes of berries moved on to another place.

SCENE 2.—Nearly sundown—nine miles from home. All gathered around the provision basket, eat, drink, and merrily chat, as they regale themselves with the good cheer they brought with them. This done, they "take stock." Every basket and pail and tin cup full, excepting Tom's pail, which contained only a few stony berries away down near the bottom—not more than a quarter full. Tom, who had kept on the move, travelling from place to place in search of better bushes, looked kind of chop-fallen. We all went to our homes. I never saw some of our companions of that day since.

SCENE 3.—A gentleman travelling out

with a hum-drum work of 'teaching the young idea how to shoot.' Medicine is more honourable and a more lucrative profession. Once a doctor, he would soon grow rich. He accordingly spent three years at college, and obtained an M.D., hung out his shingle, and waited for business. Finding it difficult to obtain a paying practice at once, he grew disheartened, dropped it, saw thousands of dollars in selling patent rights of a new invention which every farmer in America would be glad to take hold of. He spent what little he had, wasted his time, caught cold, lost his health, and came home a sadder, not a wiser man. He now sometimes does a little conveying and book-keeping for the merchants of the place, sometimes drives a dray-cart, and does any little job that comes in his way, often out of employment, and sometimes not able to work."

"Is he a religious man?"

"Yes—no—yes. He was a Methodist when he came here. Changing his views on baptism, he was immersed. He left the Baptists and joined the Presbyterians, afterwards took a great interest in the Second Adventists, and sometimes preached for them; then he saw a divine beauty in the New Jerusalem Church, but his zeal for them seems to have died out, and I don't know where you would find his theological whereabouts just now."

Alas, poor Tom! You are deficient in stick-to-it-iveness, and this narrative must end with a moral, "Stick to your bush" if you want to succeed in life.

The first step toward virtue is to abstain from vice and to love virtue in others.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 29 or 30.] LESSON VII. [Feb. 17.

## THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Luke 10, 25-37. Memory verses 25-27.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.—  
Lev. 19. 18.

## OBTAIN.

1. The Law, v. 25-28.
2. The Example, v. 29-37.

TIME.—A. D. 29 or 30.

PLACE.—Some village in Perea.

ROLES.—Pontius Pilate, of Judaea; Herod Antipas, of Galilee & Perea.

## HOME READINGS.

- M. The Good Samaritan.—Luke 10, 25-37.  
L. Old Testament lessons.—Lev. 19. 11-18.  
W. Recognition of service.—Matt. 25. 31-40.  
Th. Overcoming by love.—Rom. 12. 10-21.  
F. God's love and example.—Matt. 5. 43-48.  
S. The fact of mercy.—Isa. 53. 6-42.  
Su. The royal law.—James 2. 1-9.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Law*, v. 25-28.  
Who sought to test Jesus' wisdom?  
What question did the lawyer ask?  
What two questions did Jesus ask in reply?  
What duty toward God does the law require?  
What duty toward man? (Golden Text.)  
What does James call this law? James 2. 8.  
What did Jesus then reply?  
What says Paul about love and law? Rom. 13. 10.  
2. *The Example*, v. 29-37.  
What question did the lawyer next ask?  
Why did he ask this question?  
What did Jesus say about a traveller and his trouble?  
What about a priest and his conduct?  
What did a Levite do?  
Who next saw the wounded man?  
How was the Samaritan affected?  
What did he do for the man?  
What did he do the next day?  
What question did Jesus then ask?  
What was the lawyer's reply?  
What was he hidden to do?  
What is Paul's rule about helping others? Gal. 6. 10.  
What ought to be our rule? Matt. 7. 12.  
Whom did Jesus send out?  
What report did the seventy make? Verses 17-16.