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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, JULY 2, 1898.

[No. 27.]

## He's the Hired Hand.

Jim Thompson, he's the hired hand,  
He's with us clean from spring to fall,  
And through the winter, understand,  
Them cold days when the wood's to  
haul;  
He rousts out early, hitches up  
The clay-bank mules an' makes 'em  
stand  
Till he climbs in an' hollera "Hup!"—  
Jim Thompson he's the hired hand.

Jim Thompson he don't say much  
As some folks do—he's sorter slow—  
An' yit he's got an awful clutch  
In them air hands o' his, you know;  
'Pears like they're iron, say, er steel,  
An' come right down on  
you kerslap!  
An' when they grip you,  
seems they feel  
Some tighter than a musk-  
rat trap.

Jim Thompson's this way—  
can't be drove,  
An' don't set much on  
clothes or style;  
He gits round by the kitchen  
stove  
An' smokes his old cob  
pipe a pile;  
When anyone talks politica,  
Or how the 'lection's goin'  
to go,  
An' how the country's in a  
fix,  
Jim Thompson says: "D'ye  
reckon so?"

Jim Thompson he's the hired  
hand,  
An' he can husk an' pitch  
an' plough,  
Er tell you what's the best  
of land,  
Er drive a team or milk a  
cow;  
And ef you'd ast him here  
some day,  
Jist keerless-like, you un-  
derstand,  
'Bout who he was, he'd up  
and say,  
"Jim Thompson, I'm the  
hired hand."

## A LITTLE GIRL AND HER BIBLE.

When the Boston train came steaming into the depot, the crowd rushed for seats. As a band of recruits mounted the platform they shouted back to their friends who had accompanied them to the train the various slang phrases they could command, interspersed with an oath now and then. As the train moved on they pushed one another into the car where many ladies were seated, including Mrs. B— and her two boys.

Then the oaths came thick and fast, each one evidently trying to outdo the other in profanity. Mrs. B— shuddered for herself and her boys, for she could not bear to have their young minds contaminated with such language. If the train had not been so crowded she would have looked for seats elsewhere, but under the circumstances she was compelled to remain where she was.

Finally, after the coarse jesting had continued nearly an hour, a little girl, who with her mother sat in front of the party, stepped out timidly from her seat and going up to the ringleader of the group, a young man whose countenance indicated considerable intelligence, gave him a small Bible.

She was a little, delicate-looking creature, only seven or eight years old; and as she laid the book in his hands, she raised her eyes appealingly to his, but without saying a word went back to her seat.

The party could not have been more completely hushed if an angel had

silenced them. Not another oath was heard and scarcely a word was spoken by any of them during the remainder of the journey.

The young man who had received the book seemed particularly impressed. He got out of the car at the next station and purchased a paper of candy for his little friend, which he presented to her. He then stooped down and kissed her and said he would always keep the Bible for her sake.

The little girl's mother afterward said that her child had been so troubled by the wickedness of those young men that she could not rest until she had given her little Bible, which she valued so highly herself.—Christian Intelligencer.

## A BENGALI PARABLE.

BY ROBERT SPURGEON.

There are 41,000,000 of people in India who speak Bengali, and I suppose all are fond of stories, anecdotes, or parables. In nearly every tale a king or a god is the chief figure. The parable given below was used by a native evangelist the other day in Barisal.

"A rich man opened a market near his splendid house, and proclaimed that whatever was brought for sale would be bought. If customers did not buy, his servants were to purchase everything. Of course, wicked people soon began to take advantage of such a fact, and all sort of useless and worthless articles

omed thing was bought and stowed away. One day the master heard a wall outside, and went to inquire its origin. To his surprise he found the goddess of Luck lying without and saying, 'I may not stay. I am driven away.' With a heavy sigh the poor man went back into the house.

"Soon another cry of distress was heard. On going to see what it was he heard these words from out the darkness: 'I am Fortune. I never live with Bad Luck. By receiving her you drive me away. But I weep to go.' Once more the rich man sighed and tried to rest. But soon a louder wail than before was heard that drew him instantly from his couch. This time it was Righteousness itself that wopt. 'Why, it was because of my love for you that I kept my promise,' he began to plead. 'Will you forsake me? Shall Righteousness flee because I keep the Truth? Come back! There is no Bad Luck where Righteousness and Truth dwell!' So the god returned, and all went well again. The image rotted away and no Bad Luck remained."

"Now," said the preacher, "where Jesus, the perfectly righteous one, dwells, all virtue, grace, blessing, and good remain. Do not let him stay outside while evil remains within."

And the people listened attentively to the parable.

## "PRAYER STICKS."

How many of my young countrymen who have read of the "prayer wheels" of Burma, and the paper prayers of the Chinese, know that there is a mechanical prayer used by thousands of people in the United States? The Pueblo "prayer stick" is quite as curious a device as those of the heathen Orient; and the feather is the chief part of it.

Prowling in sheltered ravines about any Pueblo town the curiosity seeker will find, stuck in the ground, carefully whittled sticks, each with a tuft of down feathers (generally white) bound at the top.

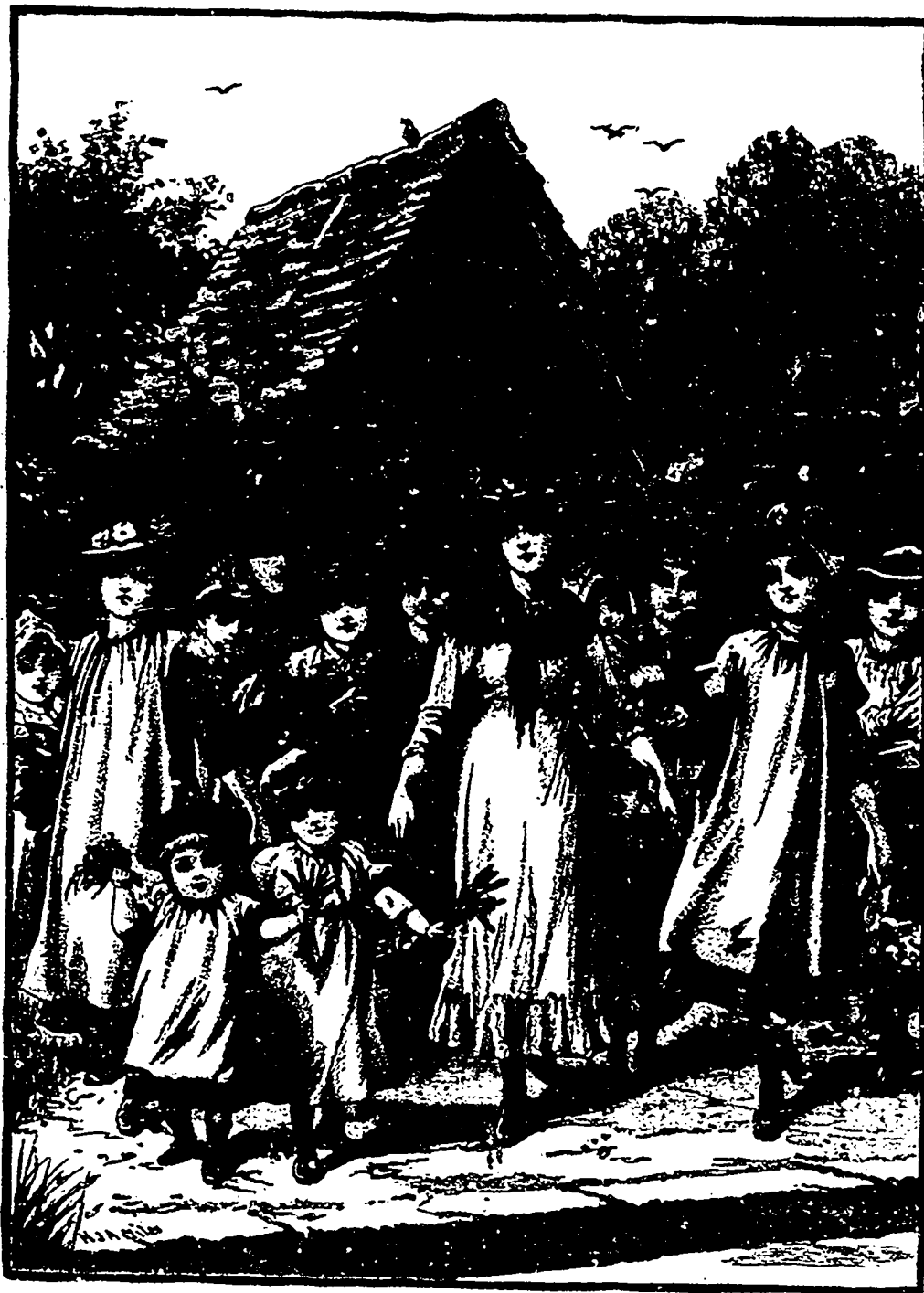
Each of these sticks is a prayer—and none the less earnest and sincere because so misguided. Around the remote pueblo of Zuni I have counted over three thousand of these strange invocations in one day's ramble; but never a tithe as many by any other pueblo.

According to the nature of the prayer, the stick, the feathers and the manner of trying them, vary. The Indian who has a favour to ask of the Trues, prepares his feather prayer with great solemnity and secrecy, takes it to a proper spot, prays to all those above, and plants the prayer stick, that it may continue his petition after he has gone home.—C. F. Lummis.

## INGENUITY OF BOYS.

In physics and natural history there are opportunities to direct and control the out of school activities of young people of which the enthusiastic teacher of science is not slow to avail himself, says D. S. Sanford in the June Atlantic. One of the most astonishing facts of the time is the ingenuity of boys in constructing electrical apparatus, with but a few hints and out of the most meagre materials. I know boys who have bell-lines of electric tramways circulating in their garrets; and a boy who, last year, was the despair of his teachers won deserved recognition in the manual training exhibit as the clever inventor of a most ingenious electrical box. An invitation to boys to bring to school products of their own ingenuity, or the natural history specimens that they have collected, will result in an exhibition which in variety and quality will be a revelation to one who is not used to following them in these interests.

So general and so wholesome a tendency is too significant to be ignored, and yet one almost hesitates to meddle with it lest official recognition may rob it of its independence and spontaneity. With sympathy from the school, however, it may be directed and made more intelligent. Interest in nature, for instance, may help to fill profitably the long summer vacations.



A SCHOOL TREAT.

## A SCHOOL TREAT.

How happy all the little people look in our picture, with their hands and baskets full of flowers, and their hats decorated. They have been spending the day in the country, running in and out of the bright fields, gathering nose-gays, singing and laughing, and enjoying to the full the fresh air and warm sunlight. How nice it must be, too, after the streets of a busy city. These little boys and girls belong to some Christian school, probably a Sunday-school, and once or twice in the summer they all go off together to the country and have a good picnic. Here we see them when all is over and they are waiting for the train to carry them

were heaped up in the market place. No matter, all was purchased and taken into the palace. At last one wretched man, more wicked than the rest, thought he would bring matters to a crisis. So he had an image of Bad Luck made similar to the gorgeous images of Boorja and Kall. This he took to the market for sale.

"Of course, no one bought it; and even the rich man's servants refused. But the master of the house insisted that his promise should not be broken. They must purchase the image. 'But, sir,' they argued, 'all your good fortune and wealth will flee away if Bad Luck enters.' It was of no avail; he persisted in his orders being fulfilled. So the ill-

**Heart Balm.**

Tell me about the Master;  
I am weary and worn to-night,  
The day lies behind me in shadow,  
And only the evening is light-  
light with a radiant glory  
That lingers about the west.  
My poor heart is weary, weary,  
And longs, like a child, for rest.

Tell me about the Master  
Of the hills he in loneliness trod,  
When the tears and the blood of his  
anguish  
Dropped down on Judea's sod  
For to me life's seventy mile stones  
But a sorrowful journey mark;  
Rough lies the hill-country before me,  
The mountains behind me are dark.

Tell me about the Master!  
Of the wrongs he freely forgave,  
Of his love and tender compassion,  
Of his love that was mighty to save,  
For my heart is weary, weary,  
Of the woes and temptations of life,  
Of the error that stalks in the noonday,  
Of falsehood and malice and strife.

Yet I know that, whatever of sorrow,  
Or pain or temptation befall,  
The infinite Master has suffered,  
And knoweth and pitieth all.  
So tell me the sweet old story,  
That falls on each wound like a balm.  
And my heart, that was bruised and  
broken,  
Shall grow patient and strong and  
calm.

perence hope. Certainly, when father or mother or teacher reprove, exhort, or rebuke, you should be patient and loving under it all.

**THE TRULY GENEROUS SOUL.**

She gave an hour of patient care to her little baby sister, who was cutting teeth. She gave a string and a crooked pin and a great deal of good advice to the three-year-old brother who wanted to play at fishing. She gave Ellen, the maid, a precious hour to go and visit her sick baby at home, for Ellen was a widow, and left her child to its grandmother, while she worked to get bread for both. She could not have seen them very often if our Mary had not offered to attend the loom while she was away. But this is not all that Mary gave. She dressed herself so neatly, and looked so bright and kind and obliging, that she gave her mother a thrill of pleasure whenever she caught sight of the young, pleasant face. She wrote a letter to her father who was absent on business, and gave patient attention to a long story by her grandmother, and when it was ended made the old lady happy by a good night kiss. Thus she had given valuable presents to six people in one day, and yet she had not a cent. Reader, what are you giving?—Anon.

Irish Church, and the admission of dissenters to the universities. The last great reform to which he gave himself was Irish Home Rule. This was finally defeated, no doubt mainly by the Parnell scandal, but Gladstone stood to his guns to the last. But when the House of Lords rejected the measure, Gladstone finally resigned from public life. He was then almost eighty-five years old, but his pen remained busy until within a few months.

His influence upon the politics of Europe was tremendous. Never did he fail to plead the cause of the oppressed, from the days when he championed the cause of the Italian patriots down to the days when his voice rang out over the world in denunciation of the powers of Europe for leaving Greece to be mangled by the cruelty of the Turks. Who doubts that if alive and in his prime he would now cheer on America in defence of Cuba?

We have not space even to mention his wide scholarship and his literary labours which have enriched the Christian world. He lived the life of a true and humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. And so he died. England will lay his dust in Westminster Abbey, and the world of patriots will cherish his memory.—California Christian Advocate.

**THE FAITHFUL CHRISTIAN BOY OF INDIA.**

Bunaram was the second convert from among the Rabha Coorlis, one of the tribes inhabiting the hilly country of Assam. He was only thirteen years old when he put his trust in Jesus. In becoming a Christian he broke his caste. His friends were in great distress at this, for they think that to break one's caste is worse than death.

The priest can restore caste by an endless course of ceremonies and costly offerings to himself and to the gods. His friends loved Bunaram very much and would gladly have paid all the expense if he would give up his new religion, for, of course, their efforts would be of no avail had he continued a Christian.

They pressed Bunaram to give up Jesus and come back to the worship of his people, but to their entreaties he firmly answered: "No! You may cut me in pieces, or do what you like with me, but I can never deny that I am a Christian."

At last his father, in bitter anger, said: "You are not my son any longer. If you loved me you would let me get back your caste."

Poor Bunaram was thereafter treated as an outcast. He had to eat his meals in the cowhouse because he was a Christian.

When he returned to school and told his teacher what had happened, the teacher asked him: "Well, Bunaram, did it make you sorry that you were Christ's disciple?"

"Not a bit," was his reply.

Jesus and his religion was more precious to this noble boy, lately a poor heathen, than his dearest earthly friends.

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**Pleasant Hours:**

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

TORONTO, JULY 2, 1898.

**JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.**

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JULY 10, 1898.

**HINTS FOR DAILY LIVING: HOW TO BE PATIENT.**

(Jas. 5. 7, 8; Rom. 5. 3-5; 1 Tim. 6. 11, 12.)  
In the topic verses we are exhorted to the grace of patience, and good reasons are given for the exercise of this grace. "For the coming of the Lord draweth nigh," says St. James. "Behold," says St. James, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain."

Sometimes boys, and girls, too, will plant peas or beans in the spring and in a few days will dig them up to see how they are growing. This is not a very wise proceeding, because they spoil the tender rootlets, and perhaps prevent them growing at all, and will certainly keep them back from bringing forth their fruit.

So, too, in cultivating the graces of the Christian character Teachers should not expect boys and girls to become perfect all at once. They must "grow" in grace just as the plant grows. Sometimes it is by slow degrees—through the early and the latter rain the grace of God visiting their hearts.

"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." These failures should not discourage you but should teach you to look to God for his help, which he surely will give. Even if tribulation, that is, trouble, happens to us, let us not be impatient under it for it worketh patience, and patience experience, and ex-

**WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.**

If one were asked to name the greatest man of this century, we think he would certainly pronounce the name written at the head of these lines. If we consider breadth of statesmanship, length of service and variety of attainments, sober second thought must concede that England's "Grand Old Man" was the greatest statesman of the century now closing.

Gladstone had good blood to begin with. On his father's side he could trace his descent back to Henry III. of England and Robert Bruce of Scotland. On his mother's side he was related to Lord Chatham, the elder Pitt. To epitomize his life seems like romancing. Born at Liverpool, December 29th, 1809; graduated at Oxford, 1831; entered Parliament, 1832; married, 1839; member of Cabinet, 1843; Prime Minister, 1868; resigned, 1874; second term as Premier, 1880; resigned, 1885; third term, 1886; presented Home Rule Bill, 1886; retired from active public life, 1894; died at Hawarden Castle, May 18th, 1898. Yet what prodigious labours were crowded into these eighty-eight years! The really great reforms with which his name is inseparably connected in Great Britain are the repeal of the corn laws, abolition of property qualification for membership in Parliament, extension of the franchise, disestablishment of the

**GLADSTONE A TOTAL ABSTAINER.**

Gladstone was all his lifetime a strict temperance man, according to the ideas of temperance that prevailed in all his early days. That, of course, merely meant temperate drinking, of the milder kinds of liquors, and always avoiding any excess that bordered on intoxication. He was a total abstainer from tobacco during all his life. No doubt, like the noted and gifted Thomas Edison of today, he felt he had "better use for his brains" than to abuse them by the most common and popular of all brain intoxicants. He had better use for his nerves, too, than to nicotine and derange them by tobacco. To these two facts may be attributed his grand old age, and the full possession of his mental and nearly all his physical powers to away past his four-score years. His case was a beautiful illustration of the lesson taught by Shakespeare, in one of his excellent characters:

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,  
For in my youth I never did apply  
Hot and rebellious liquors in my  
blood;  
Nor did not with unbashful forehead  
woo  
The means of weakness and debility;  
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,  
Frosty, but kindly."

**SCIENCE STORIES.**

The George Newnes Co., Limited, are rendering incalculable benefit to busy readers by their small books on large subjects. These books are about two hundred pages each, with from fifty to a hundred engravings, at the low price of thirty-five cents each. Here, for instance, is the "Story of Electricity," by John Munro, a scientific expert, in a little book of two hundred pages with a hundred engravings. It is clearly written in untechnical language, and the many illustrations make the meaning plain to even unscientific readers. A list of books is given for those who wish to pursue the study further.

"The Story of the Earth's Atmosphere." By Douglas Archibald, M.A. With forty-four illustrations. This story throws a flood of light upon the phenomena of the air, its pressure of weight, movements, clouds, storms, and the like. It throws much light on aerostatics, ballooning, and the like. It will help us better to observe and understand the phenomena that take place under our eyes every day.

"The Story of a Piece of Coal: What It Is, Whence It Comes, and Whither It Goes." By Edward A. Martin, F.G.S. With thirty-eight illustrations.

Tennyson says:  
"Flower in the crannied wall,  
I pluck you out of the crannies,  
If I knew you all in all,  
I should know what God and man is."

Similarly if one knew the story of a piece of coal he would understand much of the history of the universe. It is curious to think that the heat of our fires, that the lovely dyes, perfumes and essences, made from coal tar, are but another form of the bottled sunshine of the carboniferous era.

"The Story of the Solar System. Simply Told for General Readers." By George F. Chambers, R.R.A.S.

This is a fine example of science made easy. It describes the solar system and the earth's place therein, and some of the marvels of the comets, and some of the most recent conclusions as to the constitution of the sun and planets.

**ZENANA.**

Zenana is the name given in India to the rooms occupied by the women and children of the wealthier classes. Only a small part of the women are confined in the zenanas, as the great mass of the people are poor and of the lower classes, and their women are seen at work and going about the streets the same as the women in this country.

As the women in the zenanas are kept very secluded, and no men except their near relatives see them, the lady missionaries go to their homes, and when permitted teach them from the Bible. They are generally glad to see the missionaries and to hear what they say about Jesus and that religion which gives peace and salvation.



"The Souls of the Children."

Who bids for the little children,  
Body and soul and brain?  
Who bids for the little children,  
Young and without a stain?  
Will no one bid?" said England,  
For our souls so pure and white,  
And fit for all good and evil,  
The world on their page may write?"

"We bid," said Pest and Famino,  
"We bid for life and limb;  
Fever and pain and squallor  
Their bright young eyes shall dim.  
When the children grow too many,  
We'll nurse them as our own,  
And hide them in secret places,  
Where none may hear their moan."

"I bid," said Beggary, howling,  
"I bid for them one and all!  
I'll teach them a thousand lessons—  
To lie, to skulk, to crawl!  
They shall sleep in my hair like mag-  
gots,  
They shall rot in the fair sunshine,  
And if they serve my purpose,  
I hope they'll answer thine."

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"  
Said Crime with a wolfish grin,  
"For I love to lead the children  
Through the pleasant paths of sin,  
They shall swarm in the streets to plifer,  
They shall plague the broad highway,  
Till they grow too old for pity,  
Just ripe for the law to slay."

"Prison and hulk and gallows  
Are many in the land;  
'Twere folly not to use them,  
So proudly do they stand.  
Give me the little children,  
I'll take them as they're born;  
And feed their evil passions  
With misery and scorn."

"Give me the little children,  
Ye rich, ye good, ye wise,  
And let the busy world spin round,  
While you shut your idle eyes,  
And your judges shall have work,  
And your lawyers wag the tongue,  
And the gaolers and policemen  
Shall be fathers to the young."

"Oh, shame!" said true Religion,  
"Oh, shame, that this should be!  
I'll take the little children—  
Oh, give them all to me,  
I'll raise them up in kindness,  
From the mire in which they've trod,  
I'll teach them words of blessing,  
And lead them up to God."

—Charles Mackay.

With the Whale Fishers.

BY M. R. WARD.

CHAPTER IX.

A SUMMONS FOR HELP.

With affectionate care Mike had superintended all arrangements, and the body, sewed up in its own hammock, was placed on an extemporized bier and covered with a ship's flag.

"He shall be well done to, mates; for hasn't he gone to dwell with a King?" was his remark as he tried to do honour to the memory of his departed comrade, "gone to be with God."

The ship's company were assembled, and the young doctor, taking the place of chaplain, preceded the body to the gangway, reading those glorious words of the burial service—"I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Never, perhaps, had these blessed words sounded more impressive, or fallen upon more solemnized listeners than when read on this occasion amid the solitudes of ice regions.

The body was then lowered from the gangway, and the company of bearers gathered round on the ice below, while Arthur finished the reading of the service. Then in silence they took up their burden.

"There, then," said Mike, as their labours were completed, "our poor mate'll want for nothin' more until the Lord himself calls him forth from this here grave."

"And that will be a glorious uprising for all who know him. It matters but little where the body rests, if we are in Christ's company at the last," remarked the doctor, who, with Fyfe, was lingering to fix up a hastily cut inscription over McIven's tomb.

This last act touched Mike deeply. It's so like our doctor to think o' everythin'. Now, Mac's poor widder shall hear as he had a headstone an' all, though he was buried in the ice."

There was a chastened feeling among the company assembling that evening in the ship's cabin, and the young doctor chose for the portion a part of the fifteenth chapter of First Corinthians, giving a little exposition by the way, when he came to the last three verses of exultant hope and triumph the feelings of some of the men could not be restrained, and audible expressions of joy and thanksgiving burst forth from one and another. It was a "sitting-together in heavenly places," and the dangers and discouragements of their situation were for the time forgotten in the holy joy and peace spread over all. Even the good captain's rugged face bore marks of emotion which he could not conceal.

"It do seem as if our poor mate's going up had drawn all hearts after him," remarked Mike as they separated, strengthened in spirit.

The dangers of their position did not lessen that night, as the ice was again in motion, pounding the ship's side and threatening to heel her over still more. Scarcely a soul slept or thought of sleep, and the captain never left his post on deck, so imminent did he consider the present danger to his vessel, and believing also that some change of weather was at hand.

It caused no small excitement when, in the morning, the rumour ran through the ship that this was the captain's opinion.

"I never knew our cap'n far wrong all these twenty years; and though I'd never a thought but o' seel'n the Walrus sit here till next season, I give in if our cap'n thinks different," said sturdy O'Rea.

"I rather think she'd not be 'sittin'' long if she had to stay," said Mike. "She'd soon be lying keel upwards, with her back broke, if this crush o' the ice holds on; but I believe our God's a-goin' to lead us out afore long, though our pretty ship seems put to the pinch the whiles."

As the men thus talked, the distant boom of a ship's gun was heard. Every man on deck was on the alert. Again the sound came.

"Some signal gun, I rather think," said the captain, listening attentively, "though I believe there was not a single sail in sight when we left the sound."

The heavy frost-fog lay all round, so that glasses were of no avail. Again the boom came faintly over the frozen fields, and with it the sound of crashing ice.

"A signal gun, and no mistake. Hope there are no poor fellows in distress, but some change is just on us, that's certain." And as the captain spoke a sudden gust rattled the icy shrouds of the vessel, lifting the dense fog here and there, like drapery drawn up into space by unseen hands.

And with the blast came a sound familiar to every old hand on board—the crash and roar of masses of ice in conflict, floe against floe, reverberating through the still solitudes with grand effect.

"There, doctor! that's a specimen of our ice-artillery up here. Sorry we have to hear it, though it doesn't touch our vessel yet. But look ahead, my hearties, for we may get it presently."

Full well the captain knew the possibilities at hand, dependent upon the course of the current now agitating the floes.

It might mass the ice in greater force than ever, and thus imprison them effectually, or it might bear clear away the floe that now barred the mouth of the inlet.

"It's my belief the sound was blocked by the same floes that shut us in here, and woe to any poor ship caught in that trap!—a whole seaboard of ice down upon her at once. The boom of those guns came over ice, not water."

So talked the captain with his first mate, who was, as we have seen, like himself, well versed in Arctic signs.

It only remained to watch the issue of the conflict outside their haven, and soon they began to feel the pressure of the mighty forces at work as more ice was driven in, crowding up to their very stern, now partly defended by massive beams lashed athwart the vessel to break the force of the ice.

"This looks bad, captain," said the mate, as he watched anxiously the movements of the ice, now entirely choking every space around the ship.

"Ay, ay, so it does; but you and I know there's One sitting above, and he'll always be King, come what may."

"You must hearten up your mates, Fyfe, and remind them of that."

"Well, doctor, if this is it, you and I must plan our campaign while we're shut up, though I don't give up hope of getting out yet, mind you. We must hearten up our men anyhow, and keep them a-going, poor fellows!"

And what of the young doctor him-

self, in view of the possibility before them? A pang was felt when he thought of the young sister and widowed mother, who would look so anxiously for his return; but trust in God calmed his spirit, so that he responded cheerfully to the captain's remarks as to the issue of events.

"An' what in the world have we got now? It is not one grizzly but a whole half-dozen of 'em, I do believe, a-comin' to make merry over us, I s'pose." So soliloquized Mike as in the twilight he saw five or six shaggy-looking objects appear on the horizon in the direction of the sound.

It was long before they took any distinguishable shape, and still longer before the "watch" could bring himself to believe they were other than wild beasts.

"They've got scent of us fast here, an' think to have a grand merry-makin' presently. All in good time, my hearties," he continued derisively, nevertheless thinking it well to arouse some of his comrades.

"Why, Mike, where's yer spectacles, or has the frost clove 'em up, as you calls them bears? They're men, sure as I'm alive!" said the first man that came up. And so it proved, as the objects drew nearer.

"Some mishap in the sound, and them were the guns as we heard the day we was druv' in here, I'll be bound."

This conjecture was but too well-founded, and to the question, "Where do you hail from?" came back the reply, "Ship Hesperus, stranded on the ice!"

Slowly the party drew near, and the poor, exhausted fellows told their tale of disaster amid a group of sympathizing comrades.

The captain's supposition had been correct, for the very day after the Walrus left the sound, the Hesperus entered it—her boats in pursuit of fish; and caught by the tremendous floes that swept in some days after, she had been stranded completely upon the ice-field at the head of the sound.

To give thanks for their own merciful escape from the same disaster, and render help to their suffering comrades, was the one feeling of all on board the Walrus, and among the able men each one was ready to vie with the other in whatever service could be rendered.

Yet even the terrible disaster of which they heard tidings had its aspect of mercy. No life had been lost, and the ship, instead of being crushed and pounded to a mere wreck between the floes, had been lifted almost as by lateral pressure, having little cargo, half out of the water and heeled over on her side on the firm ice-field. A strange and perilous position truly; but so long as the ice remained firm she would not become a wreck, while she was still habitable after a fashion.

Such were the details brought by her people, and to seek help for their sick, of whom there were many, they had traversed the ice in hope of finding the Walrus.

The Hesperus was but a small vessel, and was sailing in company with another. The two were to share the services of one surgeon, but accidentally the vessels had got separated, and the crew of the Hesperus were thus entirely without medical help.

"We caught sight of your top-sails in our last chase, and thought you must be somewhere about here, for we knew the 'highways' were pretty well shut up, by the last view we had from our masthead before she went over," said the leader of the party.

"We've some poor fellows badly frosted—ay, terrible! And it's the very men that drink the most that the frost lays hold of. If your doctor could look at 'em a bit, I believe it would save some lives."

"Not a doubt of it," said the captain gravely, "if he is willing to run the risk."

And a risk it certainly was; but the details of the deplorable condition of the men won a willing consent from Arthur, and as willing a band of volunteers to accompany him.

"By morning light, then, my men, we'll be away."

"An' if I may be so bold, sir, I should say that limbs will have to be lost among our fellows on the Hesperus, so you'd better be prepared," said the pioneer of the party.

This was no welcome news to the young doctor, but he furnished himself accordingly. Very unwillingly would the captain have consented to the undertaking had not the claims of humanity demanded the attempt, for the remembrance of that widowed mother was ever before him, and with almost paternal care he sought to guard his young friend from the perils around.

"Come you in the midst of us, sir,"

said Mike, who had constituted himself Arthur's special body-guard on the occasion. "That old fellow will be prowling about somewhere, for he's been whettin' his teeth ever since you Hesperus men passed yesterday, I'll warrant."

It was no imaginary danger the man referred to, for the grizzly monster had been seen hovering in the distance.

Our readers must not imagine that travelling on the ice was simply plain walking over a smooth surface; they must picture to themselves ridges and hillocks intersecting the greater part of the way, whilst heaped-up masses of drift-ice here and there almost formed small "bergs" of themselves. Distance might be said to be doubled by the ruggedness of the road, and hence the three miles that lay between the ships was no trifle to be encountered in an Arctic temperature by any but hardy men.

"Wish we'd one o' them things as they use in the Indies, to put you in, sir," said Mike, concerned for the young doctor's strength. "What was there the poor fellow would not have done to save the latter from harm?"

"Not a bit of it, Mike. Don't you see how well I step out? besides, we're on a good errand."

(To be continued.)

GOD GIVING.

Elijah wore a sheepskin mantle and a girdle of skin, and his long hair fell down on his shoulders. He was a good man, to whom God often spoke, and he had many errands to do for the Lord. It is not the people who look fine who please the Lord most, but those who are faithful and true and who do not fear to speak the whole truth. Elijah, the prophet, was such a one, and God had sent him now to the wicked



king of Israel, Ahab, to tell him that because Israel was so wicked there would be no rain, or dew for a long time. Ahab was angry, and wanted to kill Elijah for telling the truth, but God took care of his servant. Elijah went to the brook Cherith, near Jordan, and hid there as the Lord told him to do, and God sent one of his little servants, the raven, to feed him. Yes, the birds can do errands for God, and this raven was his messenger to feed the hungry prophet!

God has a great many servants. Another servant of his was a poor woman who had very little to eat, and thought she should die of hunger. God sent Elijah to her to be fed! If she had been selfish, she would have kept all she had for herself. But she believed God, and when she opened her kind hand to help another God filled it again for herself!

Are you one of the Lord's little servants? If you get his word in your hearts, he will use you to carry it to some one, perhaps, who is starving and dying for want of it!

A BABY IN CUBA.

All the little people who read this paper know there is a war between Spain and the United States. When the war was declared, there was visiting in this country a Spanish officer. He found he could not get back to Cuba because it was blockaded. He went aboard a small fishing schooner, hoping to reach his home on her, but she was captured by one of our vessels, and this officer was a prisoner of war. He told our commander that he was trying to get back to Cuba to see his little baby, who had just been born. No doubt our commander had babies of his own. He listened to this officer's story. The next day a small boat under a flag of truce landed this young officer on the shore of Cuba.

Two countries at war, and a little baby can silence guns, raise a blockade, and make two officers of the opposing armies friends.—Outlook.

## "Well Done."

BY MARION M. SMYTH.

To-night as I lie on my pillow,  
With the beautiful sky overhead,  
I think of the dear Lord in heaven,  
Whose angels are guarding my bed.

I think of his wonderful bounty,  
Vile sinners to save from their doom,  
And his cheering us up on our journey,  
While Jesus saith, "Yet there is room."

I think how he gave the dear Saviour,  
To rescue the world from its fate,  
O why don't we come to him gladly,  
Before it's forever too late.

And when I look o'er the years wasted,  
In worldliness, folly and sin,  
My eyes are with tear drops bedewed,  
To think I've brought nobody in—

Brought nobody into this warm light,  
Of heaven's most comforting rays,  
So little I've done to enlighten  
Any one of my fellowmen's days.

The days that are spent all in darkness,  
Without the sweet trust in our God,  
O soon shall this life be completed,  
And I be laid down 'neath the sod.

So while God sees fit to leave in me  
The breath which sustaineth my life,  
I'll do what I can to make brighter  
The lives of temptation and strife.

And so I will do all I'm able,  
To make all my fellowmen glad,  
To comfort all those who are mournful,  
And all who are drooping and sad,

And so, when before God I am led,  
To be judged by his dear holy Son,  
I will stand with the perfect assurance  
Of hearing the blessed "Well done!"  
Wellesley School, Toronto.

## ALWAYS A POISON.

Years ago an aged and eminent man said: "If there is a particle of depravity in a man's heart a glass of brandy will find it out and stir it up." And what is true of brandy is true of alcohol in



every shape. From the time of Noah till this day its effects have shown that it has an affinity for the worst parts of our nature. Hence we cannot be too careful in guarding young people against it. Strong drink is everywhere and always a poison. Let us firmly resolve that we will have nothing to do with it.



ELIJAH FED BY THE RAVENS.—SEE LESSON FOR JULY 10.

## A QUEER ANIMAL.

Ranging over the whole of the temperate regions of Patagonia are those queer looking animals—the Guanacos. Their general appearance is not easily described, for they combine some of the characteristics of a camel, a deer and a goat.

The Guanaco has a long neck in comparison with the size of the body; the height at the shoulder is about three feet six inches. The body is covered with long, soft, very fine hair, fawn-colour on the upper parts and varying on the lower from pale yellow to a beautiful white. The Patagonians use the skin for clothing and eat the flesh.

The Guanacos are like sheep in that they live in herds of from half a dozen to several hundred, with a leader who is followed anywhere and everywhere by the others. If this leader happens to be killed, the flock becomes so bewildered that they run about aimlessly from place to place, and fall an easy prey to the hunters.

They are very shy and wary animals, and for this reason it is difficult to get very near to them. But like all other wild animals they have great curiosity and will often come quite close to some object with which they are unfamiliar. One hunter reports that once, while sitting on the ground, a Guanaco came within a few yards of him, gazing at him all the while, evidently puzzled to know what manner of being he was.

When this queer animal is attacked he has a singular method of defence; he expectorates a mixture of saliva and partly-chewed food in considerable quantities. Guanacos that are kept in zoological gardens will do the same thing when teased or annoyed.

## LESSON NOTES.

## THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF THE TEN TRIBES.

## LESSON II.—JULY 10.

## ELIJAH THE PROPHET.

1 Kings 17. 1-16. Memory verses, 2-6  
GOLDEN TEXT.

And the barrel of meal wasted not, neither did the cruse of oil fail, according to the word of the Lord.—1 Kings 17. 16.

## OUTLINE.

1. A Prophet's Faith, v. 1-7.
2. A Woman's Faith, v. 8-16.

Time.—About B.C. 910 or 908.  
Places.—1. Samaria, a city built by King Omri, Ahab's father, and made the capital of his kingdom. 2. The brook Cherith, a rocky ravine running down to the Jordan, which is turned into a brook in every rainy season. 3. Zarephath, a Phoenician town between Tyre and Sidon, the same as Sarepta of the New Testament.

## HOME READINGS.

- M. Hardened in sin.—1 Kings 16. 25-33  
Tu. Elijah the prophet.—1 Kings 17. 1-7  
W. Elijah the prophet.—1 Kings 17. 8-16  
Tu. Sorrow and joy.—1 Kings 17. 17-24  
F. The famine.—1 Kings 18. 1-16.  
S. Power of prayer.—James 5. 13-20.  
Su. Kept by God.—Psalm 37. 12-24.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. A Prophet's Faith, v. 1-7.  
What king is here referred to?  
Who appeared before him?

To what country did Elijah belong?  
What message did he bear to the king?  
On account of what sin had God threatened to withhold rain? See Deut. 11. 16, 17.

From whom did Elijah receive a message?

Where was he told to go?  
What was said about his food and drink?

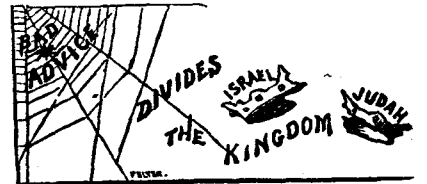
What did the prophet do?  
What service did the ravens render?  
Who feeds the ravens? Luke 12. 24.  
Who then really fed Elijah?  
What happened, after a while, to the brook? Why?

2. A Woman's Faith, v. 8-16.  
Where next was Elijah told to go?  
Who would there provide for him?  
Whom did he meet near the city?  
What request did he make of her?  
As she went, what did he further ask?  
What did the woman say about her supply?

What was Elijah's answer?  
What promise did he give her?

## SIN IN THE HEART.

Each heart is a kingdom. Each little kingdom is in danger of being divided, as the kingdom of Israel was, by sin and self. There is only one way of



keeping the heart-kingdom whole for God, and that is to let Jesus come and live there. Where he is peace and love are. When he goes out sin and strife come in. Sin divides the heart, and a divided heart makes trouble everywhere!

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AQUEDUCT OVER THE BROOK CHERITH, WHITHER ELIJAH FLED.—SEE LESSON FOR JULY 24.