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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 16, 1892.

[No. 16.

## THE WHALE.

We give you a picture of a huge whale. This animal lives in the water, but he is not a fish. His blood is warm like ours, and he breathes the air as we do.

The whale can stay under the water more than half an hour, but he comes up every eight or ten minutes to breathe. Then he can dive again. He has nostrils on the top of his head, called spiracles. Through these blow-holes he gets rid of the water which has run into his mouth.

The whale lives on little fishes. He swims around just under water with his mouth wide open. The little fishes are carried into the immense cavity, not knowing they are entering such a trap—but they are borne in by the water, and cannot help it, anyhow. In that great mouth is a natural strainer, made of the fringed edges of the whalebone or baleen plates. This is a horny substance, the edges fringed into long, soft, tough fibres, filling up the inside of the mouth. Suddenly the great trap comes down, letting the water escape, but catching the fishes. So, you see, a fresh, delicate meal is always ready for our whale, and he does not need to call upon cooks and dining-room waiters when he is hungry. He sometimes swallows shoals of herrings—the baleen whale swallows nothing larger—and the water that doesn't run out of his mouth he blows out of his nostrils.

"Poor little fishes!" you say; but, "Poor big whale!" you may say also. He is hard on the little fishes; but his fate is harder than theirs. They die in a moment; but the whale is speared with the harpoon, suffers pain, and sheds torrents of blood.

sometimes spouting red streams, and making the water red all around before the life goes out, and he turns on his back in death. The whale in the picture has been killed in this way.

One species of whale is called the "sperm whale." The largest of them has a gullet large enough to swallow a man. That must have been the kind that swallowed Jonah. But, even if a whale could swallow nothing larger than a herring, that whale could swallow Jonah. The Bible tells us that God prepared a great fish; and God could prepare a minnow to swallow a man, if he wished.

**A GOOD REASON.**—"I don't see why it's wrong to put a button in the box for the heathen?" "Well, if you'd think you'd see. The heathen don't wear anything with buttons on 'em."

## UNJUST SUSPICION.

A TOUCHING case of unjust suspicion occurred not long since at a country resort. A young girl lost a valuable ring, and instantly made up her mind that the maid who took care of the room had stolen it. The proprietor of the house, to whom she made the complaint, said that the maid had always borne the best of reputations, and that there were some pitiful circumstances connected with her life history which she had borne in a way that proved her to be a noble, unselfish young woman. He could not think it possible that she was guilty of any such crime. In vain the young girl's mother suggested that she was often very careless, and left her things in places and then forgot where she put them.

bably remember as long as she lives. It had been her habit when she mislaid her things to thoughtlessly say some one had stolen them.

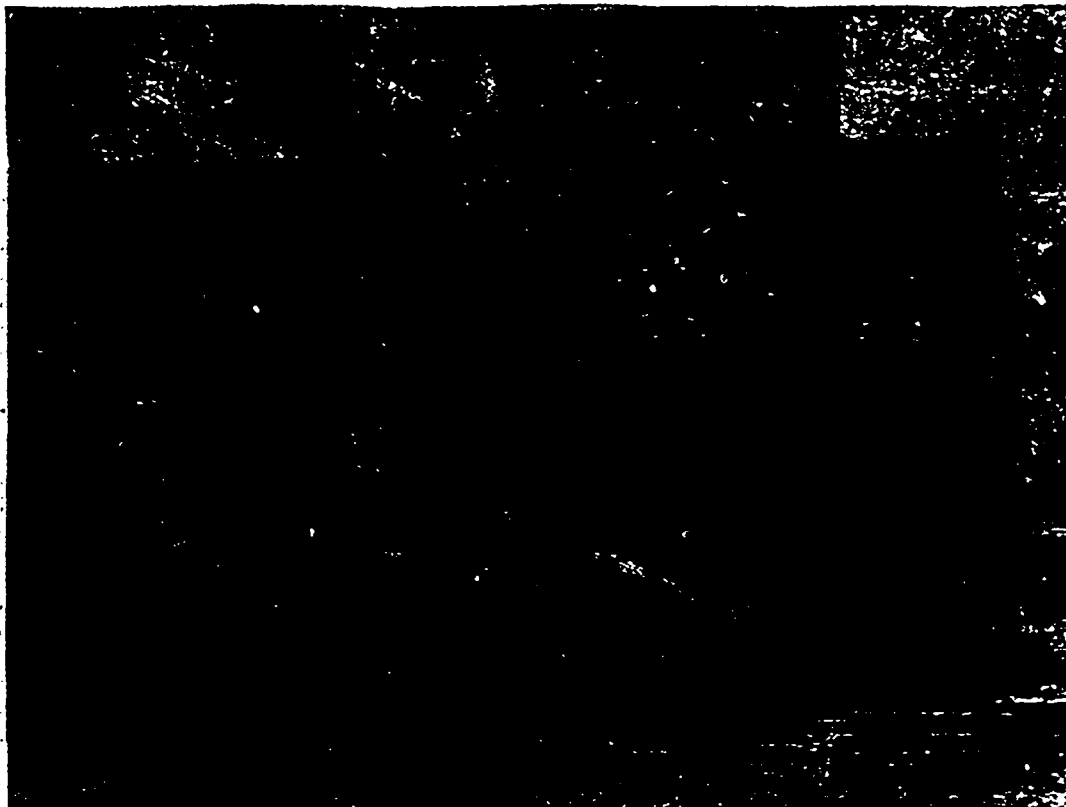
Many young people, and older ones, too, are quite apt to suspect persons of taking things that are lost or mislaid. It is a terrible thing to suspect an innocent person, and we should be very careful before we make charges against any one to have proof of the crime. Many of the world's hard workers have only their characters to depend upon, and unjust suspicions and words spoken to their discredit injure them, sometimes beyond repair. It is really a remarkable fact that the majority of those who are placed in temptation by the attractive array of pretty things they can never hope to possess are so honest and trustworthy.

Girls, remember to be very cautious about marring the character of those who serve you. Interact yourselves, in their joys and sorrows, make life easier instead of harder for them, and be thoughtful of them when they are weary with the monotonous duties of their daily lives.

## BLINDED EYES.

THE iron melter can gaze long and steadily into the heart of the glowing furnace, and see clearly the various changes the iron is passing through; but if he turns his eyes away from the furnace, it is some time before he can discern objects that are near him clearly, though they be revealed by the light of the noonday sun. The glare of the furnace has dazzled his sight. For the moment he can not see ordinary objects. Scientists gaze upon the splendours of nature until their dazzled

sight fails to see the light of the glory of God as it shines in the face of Christ. But if our gospel is veiled, it is veiled in them that are perishing, in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of the unbelieving, that the light of the gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God, should not dawn upon them. Good, bright, and really noble lives, the genuine fruit of Christianity, are facts as patent as any facts of science, and they are discerned by all clear, healthy, and unbiased minds. They are as truly the fruits of the Christian life in their estimation as that the blossom is the product of the root of the plant that bears it, and yet, because the Christian life has a method peculiar to its own nature of appealing to the mind, and is incapable of being tested by the processes of the laboratory, it is rejected by many as unworthy of their acceptance. They make light of it.—Rev. D. R. Jenkins.



THE WHALE.

She was perfectly sure that she had left the ring on her dressing table, and the maid went in just as she passed out of the door. What other conclusion could be reached? The poor maid, when she found she was under suspicion, was almost heartbroken, and assured the proprietor that there had been no ring on the table when she dusted it in the morning. Such an accusation had never been brought against her before. After a time the owner of the ring remembered that the night before she had taken the ring off in the bath room and had put it on a bracket in the corner where a vase of flowers was standing. When she went to see if it was there, it was found just as she had left it.

The young girl did all in her power to make amends to the poor maid whom she had so unjustly accused, but of course the innocent person had suffered intensely and could not soon forget the hurt. The young girl learned a lesson that she will pro-

## Easter Morning.

"Christ is risen, Christ is risen!"

Sing our hearts in joyful strain,  
And the birds and flowers, rejoicing,  
Echo back the glad refrain.  
All the world throbs with emotions  
Wakened by this blessed day.

"Christ is risen! death is vanquished,"  
Earth and heaven repeat the lay.

"Christ is risen, Christ is risen,"  
Is the message Easter brings,  
Brought to us as first to Mary  
It was borne on angel wings;  
And this Easter morn the angel  
Speaketh to our souls within,  
Saying, softly: "Christ is risen,  
Thou shalt also rise with him."

"Christ is risen, Christ is risen,"  
Breathes this morning in all ears,  
Blessed be this Easter morning,  
Easter, flower of all the years.  
Ever will this day be cherished  
Through all ages lovingly,  
For, O Christ, on some bright Easter,  
We shall rise and come to thee.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, APRIL 16, 1892.

## IMPROVEMENT IN "PLEASANT HOURS."

SOME of our kind patrons have complained that the *Onward* is too good, too mature in style for the intermediate classes of our schools, and that *PLEASANT HOURS* is hardly good enough. Now, anxious to meet to the utmost of our ability every reasonable desire of our kind patrons and friends, we propose to enlarge the capacity and improve the character of *PLEASANT HOURS*, to make it still better adapted for the large intermediate class, from ten or twelve to fifteen or sixteen, who compose the bulk of Sunday-school scholars. It will be printed in smaller-sized type, without border, giving a larger page and containing from one-quarter to one-third more matter than heretofore. This will be done at considerable increased expense, but without any enhanced cost to our schools.

Thus we shall be able to make *Onward* still better adapted to the young men and young women in the adult and Bible classes, to our great army of Sunday-school teachers, and to our various young people's societies. If our friends will kindly bear in mind the distinctive grades for which these papers are designed, and not try to meet the needs of the advanced classes with an intermediate paper, and to remember that *Onward* is not designed for the junior scholars, we think that their reasonable desire shall be met. Of course we shall not reach perfection nor attain our ideals, but will continually strive thereto. We believe that these papers are, now, for their character and quality, the best and cheapest in the world. We hope to make them better still. Certainly nowhere in the world shall

our Canadian youth find papers so saturated through and through and throughout with loyalty to Queen and country, and loyalty to the institutions and doctrines of our Church, with intense devotion to the cause of missions, to the cause of temperance and the cause of God, in every way in which we can promote it.

Our special Queen's Birthday and Dominion Day numbers of *PLEASANT HOURS* and *Onward* can be bought by the thousand for distribution in our schools for the cultivation of the spirit of Canadian patriotism and Canadian loyalty.

## A MISSIONARY SOCIETY IN AFRICA.

A MISSIONARY in Africa has established a school for coloured children, which gave him much joy, for they loved the Saviour. One day he told them that there were still a great many idolaters in the world, who did not know the Lord Jesus Christ, and that there were societies in America, England, Germany, and France, which sent missionaries to these poor pagans. The little coloured children then said, "And cannot we do something also?"

"Reflect upon it," replied the missionary, "and come and tell me."

One morning, however, they came to the school full of joy, and said to the missionary, "We wish to form a little juvenile missionary society."

"That is very well," said the master; "but what will you give for missions?"

The eldest answered, "Each of us will oblige himself to collect as much money as he can without begging. As for those boys of us who are largest and strongest, we will go into the woods to find bark; and carry it to the tanner, who has promised us a half shilling for each load."

Another interrupted and said, "And as for the rest of us, we will gather gum and sell it for four shillings a pound."

"And we," exclaimed the smallest children, "will carry ashes and sell them to the soap-maker."

Then the girls said, "We will collect locks of wool, and sell them." Others said, "We will get hens, and sell the eggs and the chickens."

The children did not rest satisfied with making promises. They executed their plan without neglecting school; and at the end of a year they held a meeting, under the direction of a missionary, and carefully paid over to him all they had raised. And how much do you think they put into his hands? More than thirty dollars.

## GRANDMOTHER GALE.

BY MRS. J. M'NAIR WRIGHT.

"It can't be any worse, that's one thing, and it may be better," said the neighbours, when the wagon sent by the postmaster took Harriet Gale's body to the potter's field. "They say Gale's mother is coming from England; the letter got here a week ago, and the Squire read it, and made out she'd be here by to-morrow or next day. Coming here to live with her son; poor lady, she'll come to find him in the hospital, and the home stripped bare, and those two poor little girls barefooted and ragged, so as they could not even go to their step-mother's funeral."

She didn't deserve that they should go, or any one else should; she was a bad one, that Harriet Gale, and the mother of those two little girls was such a nice, tidy, gentle creature. The house was as trim and happy in her time as could be. Five years ago, when Gale married Harriet, she was a hand-some, laughing, lazy, bold-eyed girl. I wondered what ever put it into her head to take a quiet man like Gale. One thing is sure, the acquaintance was short, and 'marry in a hurry and repent at leisure' it was. When she first came, she began to send the children for beer and ale. That made a quarrel between her and Gale right off. But he was gone so much, being a brakeman, that Harriet had it her own way, and by three years' time she was a regular drunkard. It is a year now since Gale went to the hospital with his hurt, and Harriet has been a common sot since then, sold the clothes off the children's backs, and the things out of the house. It is a bare place, and poverty-stricken, one the old dame will come to."

Thus the neighbour's gossip told the tale of "Gale home. The old lady reached there late at night, but saw enough to make her heart sick before she lay down on the poor cot-bed in the upper room. When she awoke next morning she found the two little granddaughters busy.

"It is a poor place for you, grannie dear," said Nell. "It made father most cry to think of it, when he heard you were coming. We told him we would do the best ever we could, and day before yesterday, as soon—well, as soon as ever she was buried, Liz and I went to work. We scrubbed and scoured everything, and I got my mother's Bible out of pawn, and we made a cushion for the chair for you, and put some flowers in the jug Mrs. Day gave us. It was all we could do, only that Liz saw this morning that we forgot to scour the candlestick, and she is doing it now."

"We'll love you, and mind you, grannie, if that is any good," spoke up Liz, "and we'll try and earn money for things, and to get us some clothes. Now that what we got won't be sold, we will have heart to try and make things look as we can remember our own mother had them."

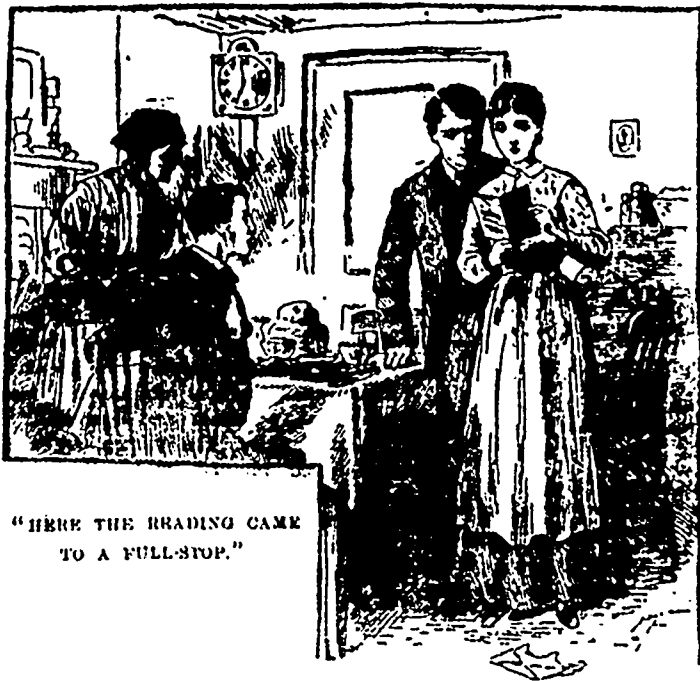
Grandmother Gale sat down in the newly-cushioned chair, and looked at the forlorn children and the forlorn home. Had she ever imagined this for the home of her steady, honest son? This was the work of the drink demon, in possession of a woman's soul. One thing after another, in their childish honesty, the girls revealed the whole miserable story of their step-mother's life.

"Oh, grannie, you don't know how bad it was; you can't dream it."

"Never mind, leave that with God," said grandmother Gale. "I have brought some money with me,—enough to set the home in order and get you children clothed for school, before your father comes home. Cheer up, girls, he shall see a bright, loving, God-fearing, temperance home, and that will give him heart again. I reckon one thing is sure, no liquor will ever come within these walls; we have all had our lesson."

## INDIAN BABIES.

AT first sight one would think that the babies hanging on the tree were little Egyptian mummies, but the papoose is anything but a mummy, although he is quite mum compared with his little white brother or sister, and not half so much trouble to mother. No danger of the papoose getting out of his cradle, and he can't kick the clothes off either; yet he seems to be well-contented in his little straight jacket, and one reason, I believe, is because he gets so much pure, fresh air. But you must not suppose that he is always strapped to his little board, which is almost the shape of a small toboggan, for when his mother is through with her work she will winds the pretty little bands that she winds him with; he crawls around and plays just like white children, or he would never learn to walk. The mother takes great pains to make the board bands very pretty with ornamental bead work, so that the papoose looks quite as fine as some little Indian Fauntleroy. When mother wants to go on a journey it is much handier to put the strap over her forehead, and then let the baby hang at her back, than to carry him in her arms. Sometimes they travel in a canoe made from a long log, hollowed out, and the ends made wedge-shaped. Then the father sculls it along and the mother works on some fancy work, while the papoose looks back at the bubbles in the wake of the canoe. When they get to the town the men put up the tents, because since the missionary has talked with them, they have learned to bear one another's burdens, and the women sell their baskets. After this they pick berries, thousands of bushels of which are sent every week to the markets. They will come to church and listen to a sermon an hour long, many of them not understanding a single word the white man says, but afterwards an Indian will stand up and translate it. One who did so for him was watched with the keenest interest by the few that could understand both languages. In the winter they collect food for the making of baskets, which they sell in the settlements, and so by degrees they are becoming civilized. — *Well-Spring.*



"HERE THE READING CAME TO A FULL-STOP."

## THE SLAVE CHASE.

BY SYDNEY WATSON.

Author of "Wops the Way," "Run Down," etc.

### CHAPTER I.

#### UNWELCOME NEWS.

THERE was a strong smell of bloater-cooking and a general air of "Hurry up, 'tis breakfast time," pervading a little back room in a rather dingy by-street in Bermondsey, on a certain November morning in the year 18—. A young girl, about 18 years of age, was busy passing to and fro between the cupboard, fireplace, and table. She shared her attentions between the needs of the breakfast table and the watching and turning of the aforesaid bloaters. Taking a hasty glance round to see that mother's chair was in its place at the corner by the fireplace, and that all was ready laid out on their little deal table, with its rough, but clean cloth, its small plate of butter and white loaf of bread, and its four cups and saucers and plates, she was on the point of calling her mother to come down, when the sharp rattle of the postman called her quickly to the door to receive a letter bearing the Plymouth postmark. In a moment she shouted, with a glad ring in her voice, "Mother, mother, here's a letter from Joe!"

This was the signal for the simultaneous appearance from the back wash-house of the two family dutes for the other cups and saucers which were hid upon the breakfast tray. Both were lads, one about 15, the other about 17, and both came in rosy with the glow of morning ablutions. By this time "mother," a widow far from strong, either in appearance or reality, had arrived from her little bedroom above with an unwonted flush, due to the excitement upon the receipt of a letter from her "man-o'-war's boy."

"Yes, Amy, open it, and read it out, my dear," said she, noticing the eager, wistful look of her daughter, and the hardly suppressed impatience of the boys. "God bless my sailor boy; he is indeed a comfort."

"Now then, Amy, hurry up!"

"Come on, Sis, look alive!" were the inciting words of both boys; and thereupon Amy proceeded to read the letter.

"H.M.S. *Circe*,  
"Carpenter's Hulk, Plymouth,  
"November, 18—.

"MY DEAR MOTHER, AND ALL AT HOME—

"I can only just send a line, which I am afraid will make you sad, but it is only what, of course, we have been expecting all along. I am drafted for foreign service. The ship is bound for the east coast of Africa and India; she is to be com-

mmissioned on Monday, and will probably sail in about a month's time."

Here the reading came to a full stop for poor Amy's eyes were so full of tears, and her heart so full of suppressed sobs, she could neither see the letters nor speak the words, and, laying the letter on her mother's lap, and kneeling by her side, she wept aloud.

"Now then, goosey," was the salute of the youngest boy at this exhibition of feeling on his sister's part, "what yer sniveling like that for? I only wish it was me as was going; my word, I'd have some fun among the monkeys and the mizzets, and—"

Here his mother interrupted with her gentle, tired-sounding voice, which always had such an immediate effect upon these children: "Charley, my boy, you ought not to talk like that to poor Amy. It's only natural she should feel the sadness of such a parting. It is hardly kind of you; try and remember another time, my boy, won't you?"

"Yes, mother, I didn't mean, of course, to upset either you or Amy." Then, in a subdued voice, he said, "Poor old Joe! but I suppose he'll be able to come and see us, and say good-bye, before he goes. What does the rest of the letter say?"

With a trembling voice the mother read the remainder of the letter.

"They promise that, if the work of fitting-out is pitched into, they will give to both watches three days' leave to visit their friends and say good-bye. Now don't go and get downhearted. 'Cheer up,' as the sparrows say, I am worth more to God than 'many sparrows,' and, as I was reading only this morning in the sixty-fifth Psalm, and fifth verse, he is not only 'the confidence of all the ends of the earth' (and you will surely be at one end of the earth), but he is the confidence 'of them that are afar off upon the sea.' There, now, mother dear, what do you think of that for a text and a sermon? I suppose it ain't just the parson's style of sermon, but it was God's word to me this morning; and I believe he sent it for you, for your special comfort. It is the same he—the God you have taught me to love. He will be my confidence on sea, just as he will be yours on land; and he holdeth the waves in the hollow of his hand. My ship will be on those waves, and, even if she went to pieces, it must be all right; I should fall right into the hollow of that hand of his; so cheer up, dear one. If I am too busy to write during the next week or so you won't mind, will you? I will send you a line, if I can, when I am coming home. You had better all decide, before I come, what I shall bring you from India, so as to let me know. I enclose the name of ship and address for you to write to me, as we shall go on board, I expect, Monday. I wish you would let Amy buy me a good stock of thread, worsted, silk, needles, etc.; and will you, dear mother, make me a new hussy to put them in. Now, good bye. May God bless you all.

"Your loving son and brother,  
"JOE RICHARDS.

"(Special P.S. for mother.)

"Dear mother, I know how you will feel this parting, but how much easier it will be since your Saviour is my Saviour. Pray much for me that in my new ship I may be a faithful witness for Jesus."

Yes, very sweet was this assurance to the poor mother's heart.

Her sailor-boy had just turned 21 years of age, had learned his trade as a carpenter in a shop in London, and was within twelve months of the time of his apprenticeship ceasing, when the firm to whom he was bound suddenly failed. They offered, of course, to get him out for the remaining year, if he wished, but, at the same time, offered him his indentures, if he cared to try his chance in the great

battle of life. Joe chose the latter alternative, but, after several months of very unsatisfactory work—now in and now out of employment—he, with the consent of his mother, decided on joining the Royal Navy as an artizan.

About three years previous to the time our story opens Joe had found Jesus as his Saviour. This was a great joy to his dear mother's heart, who watched with deep thankfulness his growing love for the Word of Life, and saw glorious streaks and foldings of the divine life within him.

Presently breakfast is over, the lads go their way to work. Amy is busy with the usual house-work, and the poor invalid mother closes her eyes to think, and perhaps to pray.

### CHAPTER II.

#### LIEUTENANT VINCENT.

"WELL, Jeames, what is it? What does the young man want?"

"He's brought a telegram, sent on from the house to Lieutenant Vincent, and the messenger says it's likely to be very important."

"Very well, give it to me; I will find him, and deliver it at once."

So said the portly butler of a West-End mansion as he took the telegram, and proceeded to search in the crowded ball-room for one of the guests.

For a moment the handsome face of Lieutenant Vincent paled, then flushed, as he took the telegram into his hand. Leaning upon his arm was a fair young girl, most fashionably attired, who anxiously watched his changing features. Then, as he slowly folded the paper with an absent look upon his face that showed how completely he, for a moment, forgot the crowd around him, laying her gloved hand on his arm, and looking into his face, she said eagerly, "What is it, Ralph? Is there any trouble? May I know, dear?"

"Well, Nellie darling, he replied, "of course it's what we have talked over numbers of times, and been expecting, and now it has come. I am appointed to H.M.S. *Bluster*, now lying at Plymouth. She is bound for the East Indies, and I am to join her without fail to-morrow night. We do not sail for a few weeks, but as the appointed commander is on the Continent, and I have the senior lieutenantcy, I am to proceed at once to take charge. I think, dear, we had better ask Lady G. to excuse us. I will send for a close carriage, and we will go together. Cheer up, little sweetheart, the commission will not be for more than three years and a half at the outside, and even if I am not made commander, with a subsequent change of ship before then, the time will pass quickly, and then you shall be all my very own."

Then, with an extra twist to his moustache, and just the faintest look of worry on his handsome face, Ralph Vincent turned aside to find their hostess, make apology and explanation, and secure a carriage; and in a few minutes Nellie Harcourt and Lieutenant R. Vincent were bowling rapidly along through square and street, each occupied with their own side of this sudden break into a dream of bliss.

Next morning, before eleven o'clock, there came a tearful good-bye—a sort of preparation for one more tearful and bitter a few weeks later on, when the farewell was said that was to part two fond hearts for nearly four years.

(To be continued.)

#### WHAT CAN RUB IT OUT?

"My son," said his mother, to a little boy, who was trying to rub out some pencil marks he had made on paper, "do you know God writes down all you do in a book? He writes every naughty word, every disobedient act, every time you indulge in temper, and shake your shoulders, or pout your lips, and, my boy, you can never rub it out."

The little boy's face grew red, and in a moment tears ran down his cheeks. He came softly to his mother's side and whispered, "Can the blood of Jesus rub it out?"

Dear children, it says in God's Word, "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth from all sin."



"HEAVING OVER THE DECK LOAD"

### HEAVING OVER THE DECK LOAD.

In the picture here you have a vessel being pitched about in a storm at sea. So great has the danger become that the crew—to save their own lives and bring the vessel to the harbour—are compelled to lighten the ship's load, and are throwing overboard that part of the cargo which is on deck. It may be precious, and worth much to the owners, but it is not worth so much as the lives of the brave men who are in such danger.

There is a striking lesson here: the whole thing—the sea, the storm, the danger, and the deck-load, are so much like the Christian life. There are many, many things which we must throw overboard and lose altogether if we would save ourselves. To cling to the cargo often means the loss of all.

### LESSON NOTES.

#### SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE PSALMS AND DAVID.

B.C. 1055.] LESSON IV. [April 24.]

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

Psalms 23. 1-6. Memory verses, 1-6.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Lord is my shepherd: I shall not want.—Psalms 23. 1.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Jesus Christ is the Good Shepherd, restoring, feeding, guiding, protecting, and blessing all who trust in him.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

*The Lord*—Jehovah, especially revealed in Jesus Christ. *My Shepherd*—The Eastern shepherds were far more friendly with their sheep than shepherds are in this country. They knew each sheep by name. They protected them from robbers and from wild animals. They led them to the best pastures, which in the dry season were often scarce and not easily found. *Lie down*—Amid abundance, secure from want or danger. In perfect rest and peace. *Still waters*—Waters of rest, refreshing, softly flowing, not like a dangerous mountain torrent. *Restoreth*—Brings back to its home when wandering into sin and danger. Brings back to fresh life. *For his name's sake*—because he loves to, because it is his nature

to, because it shows his loving nature to the world. We are conscious of unworthiness, and dare not claim his care for our own sakes. *Valley of the shadow of death*—Any dark place in life, especially the hour of death. *Red*—Shepherd's crook, for guidance. *Staff*—Club for defence. *Prepared a table*—He is so safe in the midst of enemies that he can eat his food securely. *Anointest my head with oil*—A mark of favour and of joy. *My cup*—That holds thy favours, the good things thou givest me. *House of the Lord*—His home on earth; the place whence Divine blessings come to the soul. Also the heavenly home, where is the fulness and completion of what is foreshadowed here.

Find in this lesson—

1. Several good things God does for us.
2. Our defence in time of trouble and danger.

#### REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. Who is the Good Shepherd? "The Lord Jesus Christ." 2. Who are the sheep of his pasture? "Those who obey his voice and follow in his footsteps." 3. What does he do for them? (Repeat vers. 2, 3.) 4. From what does he defend? "From all enemies, dangers, and sins." 5. What does he promise us? (Repeat ver. 6.)

#### CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

17. But is not he who is treated as righteous made righteous also?

He is made inwardly righteous by the renewing of the Holy Spirit, who enables him to do righteousness.

Romans 8. 4; Titus 3. 5; 1 John 3. 7.

18. How are the children of God described?

As being adopted into God's family, or called children, and as being regenerated and made children.

#### SOMETHING FOR BOYS.

MANY people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on, ready made, with womanhood or manhood; but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength, until, good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities! When he was a boy. Let us see the way in which a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy who is late at school stands a

poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying: "I forgot, I didn't think," will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the sufferings of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kindly man—a gentleman.

### A Pipe and a Dictionary.

BY JAMES F. BARCOCK.

This is the weed nicotine.

This is the pipe with stem of reed  
Which held the stuff that's called "the weed."

This is the match with phosphor end  
Which lighted the tube with graceful bend,  
Packed with the shrub Virginian.

This is the man bereft of hair,  
Whose sulphurous fumes defiled the air,  
As he started his meerschaum brown, flavescent,  
Filled with Raleigh's gift herbescent.

This is the smoke that rose from the clay  
In the lips of the fiend who puffed away,  
While the flame on the end of the wooden splint  
Ignited the powder which gave the tint  
To the bowl of the instrument fuliginous,  
Stuffed with America's plant indigenous.

This is the salivary stain,  
Produced by the glands of the beast inane,  
Whose work pulmonic made fumes carbonic  
Which rose with those of the fusee bright,  
Whose fiery tip had served to light  
The capsule charge with poisonous drug,  
Known by the name of "navy plug."

This is the stone which tells the fate  
Of him whose death expectorate  
Was caused by the herb of powers asthenic,  
Consumed in a process oxygenic,  
Began by the spark of stick pyrogenous,  
Applied to a briar-wood pipe exogenous,  
Of which the smoke is poison slow,  
Whose name it takes from Jean Nicot.  
—Boston Transcript.

### TRYING A WITCH.

THE time has long gone by, with its story of cruel persecution; and only that the record has passed into history we might forget that the blood of the innocent had ever been spilled. For centuries the witch-craft mania raged in different parts of Europe, being first instigated by Catholic priests, and afterward followed up by Protestant ministers. Especially in Scotland, the belief and persecution raged to excess. Finally, the British colonies became imbued with this fearful spirit, and in 1692 the awful tragedies of Salem, Massachusetts, were enacted.

As a general thing the suspected person was poor, old, and retiring, living in some remote spot, and generally living alone. If the person had some peculiarity of feature, face or form, she was sure to be thought possessed of an evil spirit. If a cow refused to give milk, or a horse became lame, or a child was taken sick, or a hay-rick burned, suspicion fell upon one of these innocent ones, who was suspected of having the "evil eye," and who, after long persecution, was brought to a so-called trial.

Such a trial was simply a farce, as the accused knew that she had been pre-doomed, and that the charges brought against her were utterly false. When a witch was about to be tried, the crowd surrounded her humble abode, dragged her forth, and with curses and abuses led her to trial.

The suspected one was generally a frail, old woman, who, if she had any

friends among the rabble, knew that they dare not attempt to defend or succour her. In the anguish of her soul she could only strive to fix her thoughts upon her Master, who was once also led out by the mob, stoned, hooted at, falsely tried, and cruelly put to death.

The death of a witch was often terrible to think of. Some were tied to a tail of a cart, and dragged about the town until life was extinct, and the form unrecognizable. Some were thrown into the river and stoned by the blood-thirsty mob, until the gray heads sank to rise no more. Some were tied to a stake and burned.

Occasionally, the victim, by some rare good chance, was allowed to escape death, but only to live a life of persecution. Is it not occasion for gratitude to God, that in this, our day, the old, the friendless, the poor, and peculiar, are objects of love and care?

### A YOUTHFUL CONNOISSEUR.

BESSIE is an original little thing, and her comments are often very amusing. Having been brought up in a family of bric-a-brac hunters, her knowledge of ceramics is quite remarkable for a child. One day her mother noticed her gazing fixedly at her great grandmother, a very old woman, whose kind old face was literally a network of fine wrinkles. "What are you looking at, Bessie?" she asked the child. "I was only thinking," she answered promptly, "What a remarkably fine specimen of old 'crackle' granny was." This was much to the old lady's delight, she being a bit of a collector herself.

### POPULAR BOOKS BY LADY WRITERS.

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