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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

GATEWAY OF A VILLAGE, CHINA.

OUR young readers must often have been impressed with the strange architecture of Chinese buildings, the curved roofs, and strange carvings along the edge. These are supposed to be a survival or reminiscence of the times when the Chinese lived in tents, and when the roofs of their canvas structures assumed this curved appearance. The strange carvings are, perhaps, the reminiscence of the bright-coloured embroideries of the tents. This peculiarity will be observed in many of the pictures of China, which we shall, from time to time, present. It is less marked in this picture than in many others, because it shows not the roof of a building, but a mere gateway. This, too, is probably a reminiscence of the times when all their cities and towns were surrounded with walls, and had great gateways for defence against attack. This flimsy gateway, shown here, would be the smallest kind of defence; but it is the survival of an idea, rather than anything else.

STEALING HIS LESSON.

BY R. C. K.

STANLEY JAMES had a hard lesson in ciphering. It would require a good deal of trying to learn that lesson, and Stanley did not like to try. He asked a boy to lend him a "key." A "key," you know, is a small book with the answers in it, and in some cases showing the way a sum is worked out. So Stanley borrowed a "key," and with its help went to his class the next morning, the only boy who had got the lesson perfect. The master, of course, praised Stanley. He was much in one's day.

"This comes of trying," said the master to the class.

"Perseverance and diligence conquer all things."

"I've tried, sir," said Tom Jones. "I studied all last night, and the first thing this morning."

"Yes, sir; and I gave up that and ball on purpose to give more time to this lesson," said Jim.

"Father helped me and we both together could not do it," said William Battersby.

"You must not have help, you know very well," the master said. "You must learn your lessons yourselves." "Yes, they had heard that a great many times before." But how do you think Stanley felt? Do you think he felt like a thief? For he was a thief. He stole his master's praise. He stole his standing in the class. A scholar who would get above another in his class by using "keys," or translations, or any other kind of help forbidden by the teacher, is guilty of stealing the place he gets. Whatsoever is gained in the shape of good marks, or praise, or holidays, or the good opinion of other people, by dishonest means is stolen. It is stealing also to give a wrong excuse for not knowing your lessons when you ought to know them, and thus making your teachers think that you are less to blame than you really are.

It is stealing to get things away from others by a trick of deception, even though they should actually consent to give them up. A boy who sells a glass marble for a real spade, and thus receives the price of an spade, steals the difference between the

two. A shopkeeper who would receive payment from you for a pound of candy, and give you only three quarters of a pound, steals the price of the other quarter. So, if a boy gets from father or mother two shillings to pay for a schoolbook, when the price is only one shilling and sixpence, he steals the other sixpence as much as if he took it from the money drawer. Some people think it only clever to do such things. It has a worse name than cleverness.

Then you may steal things from people which you cannot use. If you see a boy happy with a new toy, and talk to him about in a way to make him dissatisfied with it, you rob him of his enjoyment. You take from him that pleasure which belonged to him, without being any better yourself for it.

So when a schoolfellow has won a prize for scholarship or good conduct, and is

to men, and from men to God. She is, in fact, regarded by the Ainus as a kind of mediator between God and man.

The goddess is, therefore, very much feared, honoured, worshipped, loved, and even sometimes spoken of in most endearing terms by the people. On some occasions she is addressed by names which mean, "She who feeds us" and "She who brings us up," "Grandmother god" and "Old woman god." The Ainus say that it is her province to "rear, nurse, nourish, and bring up human beings." She is also supposed to have great power over all kinds of sickness and disease. It is thought that she will appear either for or against us at the judgment day, and that she will present the great Judge of all with a perfect picture of every word and action of each human being, every person will then be rewarded or punished hereafter according to the report of this goddess of fire.

the same time. "The kings of Jernol," said a building theologian to a reversed examiner, "must have been poor, because it is stated that they slept with their fathers. If they had been rich they would have had beds of their own."

Why is it wicked to cut off dogs' tails?" asked the teacher. "Because what God hath joined let no man pull asunder," came the quick reply.

Jerusalem was surrounded by walls to keep the milk and honey out." "The cities of refuge were intended for those who had unintentionally committed suicide." "Titus was an apostle who wrote epistles. He was the Emperor of Rome, and his surname was Oates."

"The Hydra," said a little maid of five once, "was added to Henry VIII. When he cut off her head another one sprung up."

The United States is governed by machinery" (who can deny it?). "St. Peter was crucified head downwards, because he mentions it."

"What were the Jewish feasts?" "Easter," was the prompt reply. "Mention an instance of charity in the Bible." "They brought him a penny, and he said, 'Whoso subscribes to this'." — Westminster Gazette.



GATEWAY OF A VILLAGE, CHINA.

very much pleased with his success, his pleasure can be stolen away by making fun of him, and telling him he has done nothing to be proud of. This kind of stealing is often practised by some, who perhaps have no idea of the sin they are committing. They take a wicked delight in destroying the enjoyment of others, though they gain nothing by it. Oh, sin is so mean!

Perhaps you did not know there were so many kinds of stealing. If not, you see that the command "Thou shalt not steal," means a great deal more than picking people's pockets, and taking things out of shops and houses. It covers a great deal of ground, and ground that you may be on without knowing it.

Think of this matter and pray for help to be heart-honest as well as hand-honest.

FIRE WORSHIP IN JAPAN.

The goddess of fire, who is supposed to live especially upon the hearth, is looked upon by the Ainus as one of the chief of the deities. She is supposed to be of the special messenger from God, the Creator,

We can, therefore, very easily understand the great importance the Ainus attach to fire worship. But fire itself is not worshipped, but a goddess who is supposed to dwell in the fire. Fire is, however, held in peculiar esteem, and looked upon as a very sacred thing by all the people.

The Ainus had, goddess and bad gods, some to be loved and others to be feared. They have gods of peace and gods of war, gods of health and gods of sickness.

ENGLISH BOARD-SCHOOL ANSWERS.

PAGES might be filled with the answers given by the board-school scholars. Here are a few specimens of the humour, conscious or otherwise, of these young folk.

"Faith is belief in what can't happen; hope is belief in what won't happen, and charity is belief in what does happen."

Does not this sound like an example of the new humour? It is, in reality, a genuine school board answer culled from an examiner's notebook.

"The act of uniformity," said a little girl, "is to make everybody go to bed at

SEEING GOD.

A CHILD in Burmah was permitted by his parents to go to a mission school because they wished him to learn to read. By-and-bye they found he was losing faith in the idols. This made them feel very badly. So the father took him to one of the gayest of the temples and showed him the idol covered with gold and silver ornaments, surrounded by flowers and candles and fragrant incense.

"Here," said the father, "is a god you can see, but the Christians cannot show you their God."

"Yes," said the child, "we can see your god, but he cannot see us." "We cannot see the Christians' God, but he sees us all the time."

HOW MARBLES ARE MADE.

In answering an inquiry an exchange gives this interesting bit of information that the boys will like to have. Almost all the "marbles" with which boys amuse themselves, in season and out of season, on pavements and in shady spots, are made at Oberstein, Germany. There are many large agate quarries and mills in that neighborhood, and the refuse is turned to good account in providing the small stone balls for experts to "knuckle down" with. The stone is broken into small cubes by blows of a light hammer. These small blocks of stone are thrown by the shovelful into the hopper of a small mill, formed of a bed-stone having its surface grooved with concentric furrows. Above this is the "runner," which is of hard wood, having a level face on its lower surface. The upper block is made to revolve rapidly, water being delivered upon the grooves of the bed-stone when the marbles are being rounded. One mill will turn out 100,000 per week.

"Tell Jesus."

Is there a shadow resting on thy brow,
Caused by the daily cares that do not
know;
Trials which, little though they seem in God,
Oft fret thy life as water frets the stones?
Tell Jesus.

And there a chord within thy aching breast,
More sensitive to pain than all the rest,
That of it is struck by cruelty and wrong,
Until thou fain wouldst cry, "O Lord, how
long?"
Tell Jesus.

And see thy spirits grieve o'er doubts and
sin.
Thick clouds without and fiery darts within?
Proud tempted one! There is an eye above,
Marking thee daily with a pitying love.
Tell Jesus.

And when dark waves of tribulation roll,
In wild and surging billows o'er thy soul,
Oh, think, amid the tempest's might, of One
Who cries, in that dark hour, "They will be
done!"
Tell Jesus.

And dost thou roam in solitary mood
Sighing because thou art not understood;
That in the world there is no spirit tone
To echo the sweet music of thine own?
Tell Jesus.

Oh, may this thought sustain thee in thy
grief,
That earthly sympathy gives no relief,
Yet there is One who heeds from courts above
To sound all depths of human weal and love.
Tell Jesus.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

REV. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MARCH 23, 1893.

"THOSE THREE CENTS."

We want to tell you a story we heard the
other day. It is a true story from begin-
ning to end. A clergyman told it, and
told it about himself.

He said that when he was a little fellow
he was playing one winter day with some
of his boy friends, when three cents, be-
longing to one of them, suddenly disap-
peared in the snow. Try as they would,
they could not find them, and the boys
finally gave up the search, much to the
disappointment of the one who owned them.
"The next day," said the clergyman,
man, who was telling us the story, "I
chanced to be going by the spot, when
suddenly I spied the coins we had been
looking for. The snow which had covered
them the night before had melted, and
there they lay in full view. I seized them
and put them in my pocket. I thought of
the candy I could buy with them, and how
fortunate I was to have found them; and
when conscience wouldn't keep still, but
insisted on telling me what it thought of
us, and, above all, what God thought of

me, I just told it to be quiet, and tried to
satisfy it by saying that Charlie B— had
given up thinking about his three cents by
this time, and that the one who found
them had the right to them.

"Well, to make a long story short, I
spent the money, and so my candy, and
thought that was the end of the whole
matter. But I was never more mistaken.
Years passed on. I grew from a boy into
a man, but every now and then those three
cents would come into my mind. I couldn't
get rid of them. They would come. How-
ever, in spite of them, I had all along a
strong desire to be a good boy, and grow
up to be a good man—a Christian man.
This desire grew stronger and stronger, for
God never left me, and so I gave myself to
him, and, finally, when I grew up, became
a clergyman. Now, perhaps, you may
think my trouble was over. But no;
every now and then those three cents
would come into my mind as before.
Especially when I would try to get nearer
to God, there were those three cents right
in the way.

"At last I saw what God had all along
been trying to make me see, that I must
tell Charlie B— that I had taken them! I
To be sure, he was a man by this time,
and so was I, but no matter. God told
me, as plainly as I am telling you now,
that till I had done this, he could not bless
me. So then and there, I sat down and
wrote to Charlie, enclosing in my note
twenty-five cents—the three cents with
interest. Since then I have had peace,
and God has blessed me.

"Boys and girls, a very little thing may
come between you and God. What are
your 'three cents'? God will show you
if he has not done so already. Don't er-
rer let any sin, however small, come between
you and him. Confess it right away, and
he will make you clean. You should try
so to live that you may be always sure of
the smile of Jesus. Then you will be
happy, and then you will be blest."

ONE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

This following instructive incident is
related by Bishop James in a letter to his
daughter, which may be found in his bio-
graphy. It deserves to be repeated and
needs but little explanation:

"I remember the first year I was in the
ministry I visited an aged and poor colored
woman. I found her very happy notwith-
standing her many infirmities. I asked
her, 'Are you always so happy?' She
replied, 'Yes, always happy.' 'But are you
never unhappy?' She replied with great
earnestness, 'No; I won't be unhappy.'
I presume I have thought of that visit a
thousand times. I am persuaded the will
has much to do with our happiness."

This is certainly true. We can command
our thoughts. We can turn resolutely
away from the consideration of disreput-
able topics. We can look at the bright
side. We can refuse to take offence with
God, or with our fellow-men. We can get
rid of our own self-will, and accept God's
will in its stead. Then how can we help
being happy?

LITTLE SCOTCH GRANITE.

BERT and Johnnie Leo were delighted
when their little Scotch cousin came to
live with them. He was little, but very
bright and full of fun. He could tell
curious things about his home in Scotland,
and his voyage across the ocean. He was
as far advanced in his studies as they were,
and the first day he went to school they
thought him remarkably good. He wasted
no time in play, when he should have been
studying, and he advanced finely.
At length, before the close of the school,
the teacher called the roll, and the boys
began to answer. "Tom!" When Willie
understood that he was to say "ten" if he
had not whispered during that day, he
replied, "I have whispered."
"More than once? asked the teacher.
"Yes, sir," answered Willie.
"As many as ten times?"
"Maybe I have," faltered Willie.
"Then I shall mark you zero," said the
teacher, sternly; "and that is a great dis-
grace."

"Why, I did not see you whisper once,"
said Johnnie, that night after school.

"Well, I did," said Willie. "I saw
others doing it, and so I asked to borrow a
book; and then I lent a steel pencil, and
asked a boy for a knife, and did several
such things. I supposed it was allowed."
"Oh, we all do it," said Bert, reddening.
"There isn't any sense in the old
rule, and nobody could keep it; nobody
does."

"I will; or else I will say I haven't,"
said Willie. "Do you suppose I'd tell
ten lies in one heap?"

"Oh, we don't call them lies," muttered
Johnnie. "There wouldn't be a credit
among us if we were so strict."
"What of that, if you told the truth?"
laughed Willie, bravely.

In a short time the boys all saw how
it was with him. He studied hard, played
with all his might in playtime, but accord-
ing to his own account he lost more credits
than any of the rest. After some weeks
the boys answered "Nine" and "Eight,"
often than they used to; yet the school-
room seemed to have grown much quieter.
Sometimes when Willie Grant's mark was
even lower than usual, the teacher would
smile peculiarly, but said no more of dis-
grace.

Willie never preached at them or told
tales, but somehow it made the boys
ashamed of themselves—just the soving
that this sturdy blue-eyed Scotch boy must
tell the truth. It was putting the clean
cloth by the half-soiled one, you see, and
they felt like cheats and story tellers.
They talked him over, and loved him, if
they did nickname him "Scotch Granite"
—he was so firm about a promise.

Well, at the end of the term, Willie's
name was very low down on the credit
list. When it was read he had hard work
not to cry; for he was very sensitive, and
he tried very hard to be perfect. But the
very last thing that day was a speech by
the teacher, who told of once seeing a man
muffled up in a cloak. He was passing
him without a look, when he was told that
the man was General —, the great hero.
The signs of his rank were hidden; but
the hero was there just the same," said the
teacher. "And now, boys, you will see
what I mean, eh? I tell you that I want
to give a little gold medal to the most
faithful boy—the one really the most con-
scientiously 'perfect in deportment' among
you. Who shall have it?"

"Little Scotch Granite!" shouted forty
boys at once; for the child whose name
was so low on the credit list had made
trouble in their eyes.—British Ecce-
sivella.

HANUMAN, THE MONKEY GOD.

HANUMAN is a Hindu deity. His figure
is that of a man with a monkey face, sev-
eral arms, and a long tail. The Hindus
pray to him on their birthdays for a long
life, which he is supposed to have the power
to bestow. As the god of enterprise offer-
ings are made at his shrine by night.

A missionary in Jabalpur writes: "There
are a great number of very ugly idols here,
the favourite is a hideous, red-coloured idol
supposed to represent a monkey. The
monkey is worshipped in India, and many
of them are kept in the city and do a lot
of mischief. They are great thieves, but no
one dares touch them, as they are sacred, so
they have a good time, as they steal any-
thing they can put their paws on."

LAYING UP MERIT.

A MANSIONARY in India writes that the
people acknowledge the terrible conse-
quence of sin, and think they can dis-
count it by storing up merit.

He illustrates by the following incident:
"The other day I met a Hindu, and asked
him about his religion. He replied, 'I
believe in one God, and I repeat my prayers
every morning and evening. I can get
thru' your them in a little more than ten
minutes.'"

"I said, 'What else does your religion
require of you?'"

"He replied, 'I have made a pilgrimage
to a holy well near Amritsar. Eighty-five
steps lead down to it. I descended and

bathed in the sacred pool. Then I ascended
the step and repeated my prayers.' "Then
I descended again to the pool and bathed,
and ascended to the second step and re-
peated my prayers a second time. Then I
descended a third time in the same way;
and so on for the whole eighty-five steps,
eighty-five bathings, and eighty-five repeti-
tions of the saung-prayers. It took me ex-
actly fourteen hours."

"I asked, 'What good did you expect to
get by going through this task?'"

"He replied, 'I hope I have laid up a
great store of merit which will last me for
a long time.'"

Book Notices.

Hammond's Hard Luck. By Skelton Cap-
pon. London: Blackie & Son, Toronto:
William Briggs.

This is a tale of school-boy life in England;
and very odd the boys look in their raffish
board jackets, turn-down collars and mortar-
board caps. But boy-life is pretty much the
same in any part. But the mortar-board is
evidently an inconvenient head gear for a boy
to wear at sea. The boys will follow with
interest the adventures of young Hammond,
when summoned before the headmaster for
his too perfect Latin translation and his sub-
sequent adventures.

Young Travelers' Tails. By Abbott R. Hoje.
With six full-page illustrations. London:
Blackie & Son, Toronto: William Briggs.

This book consists of nine stories of adven-
ture in many lands, the Tyrol, Africa, Switzer-
land, Corsica, Holland, and elsewhere. The
young heroes pass through strange adventure,
and a good deal of information may be ob-
tained as well as fun enjoyed.

*The Whispering Winds and the Tales That
They Told*. By Mary H. Debringham.
London: Blackie & Son, Toronto: Wm.
Briggs.

These tales of romance and fairy-land will
possess a fascination for young readers. The
conception and execution of the tales are
decidedly poetic, and the sumptuous printing
and twenty-five illustrations add to its fasci-
nation. Longfellow's beautiful poem to
Agassiz forms a suitable introduction to the
volumes.

And he wandered away and away,
With Nature, the dear old Nurse,
Who sang to him night and day,
The rhymes of the Universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

Dulce King: a Story for Girls. By M.
Corbett Seymour. London: Blackie & Son,
Toronto: William Briggs.

It is harder to write a good story for girls
than one for boys. The stirring adventure
that fascinates the latter has little attraction
for the former. The story of Dulce King
"fills the bill." It is a charming picture of
English home life. Girls of all ages will read
it with pleasure. The illustrations are very
beautiful.

*Things Will Take a Turn: a Story for
Children*. By Beatrice Harradine, author of
"Ships that Pass in the Night." London:
Blackie & Son, Toronto: William Briggs.

This writer has recently attained a wonder-
ful vogue by her rather pessimistic story with
the poetical name. In this cheery child
story, which has a center aimed to better
advantage than in her rather sombre tales for
older folk.

THANKFULNESS.

SAID a very old man, "Some folks are
always complaining about the weather, but
I am very thankful when I wake up in the
morning and find any weather at all."

We may smile at the simplicity of the
old man; but still his language indicates a
spirit that contributes much to calm and
peaceful life. It is better and wiser to cul-
tivate that spirit than to be always com-
plaining of things as they are. Be thank-
ful for such mercies as you have had; if God
sees it will be for your good and his glory,
he will give many more. At least, do not
make yourself and those about you un-
happy by your ingratitude and complaints.

The Girl of the Period.

She is pretty, she is witty; she can a trill a dainty ditty
Like a lark high up in heaven when the day has just begun;
She can guess your hardest riddle,
Play a jig upon the fiddle,
Knows every language living and every language dead,
But she can't make bread;
No, she can't.

She is charming (even alarming to an inexperienced swimmer),
With her silver, rippling laughter, and her fleeting glances bright;
She can flirt, though no one taught her,
For she's Eve's own darling daughter;
She can fascinate and flatter, she can woo and she can wed,
But she can't make bread;
No, she can't.

She is handy with her racket, knows the dark horse and can back it;
She manipulates a mallet so croquet is well worth while,
Poses both as saint and sinner,
Designs menu cards for dinner,
And unravels social problems to the last long kinky thread,
But she can't make bread;
No, she can't.

She can drive a tandem flying, give a broker points on buying;
She can box and fence and bowl and row and ride and swim and walk;
She can sketch from nature nicely
In a gown that fits precisely,
Reads Tolstoi in the original, and Schopenhauer in — bed,
But she can't make bread;
No, she can't.

She's a graduate from college, a compendium of knowledge,
With the spirit of the hour and age she's everywhere in touch;
But if, without a warning,
The cook leaves in the morning,
In spite of all her learning, she will wish that she were dead,
For she can't make bread;
No, she can't.

—The Home-Maker.

they are the most hideous monsters I ever saw in my life."

And they certainly were hideous, with their huge, dun-colored, ungainly bodies, their bullet heads, their grizzly beards, their terrible tusks and their bulging eyes. They looked as ugly as some nightmare vision. Plucky as he was, Eric could not restrain a tremor as he gazed at them. But he had no time to indulge his feelings, for Ben said in a hoarse whisper,—

"You take that tusker right in front of you, and I'll take the big fellow to the right, and when I say 'Fire!' let drive. Be sure and aim right at the nose."

Eric's heart was beating wildly, and he could scarcely breathe for excitement; but his hand was steady as he drew the musket to his shoulder, and took careful aim at the nose of the walrus Ben had assigned to him. Giving a quick glance to see that all was ready, Ben called "Fire!"

Like the report of one the two muskets cracked together, and the marksmen peered eagerly through the smoke to see the result. Clearly enough their aim had been good; for while the remainder of the little pack of walrus lumbered off into the water snorting with terror, the two that had been picked out as targets did not follow. Ben's fell over on the sand, to all appearance dead; but Eric's plunged madly about, seeming to be too bewildered to take refuge in flight.

Hastily reloading, the hunters rushed upon their prey, and Ben, seizing a good opportunity, put another charge of slugs into the struggling creature's head, just behind the ear, which cut short its sufferings.

"Hurrah!" cried Ben, radiant with pride and satisfaction. "We've got them both, and no mistake. We'll each have a fine pair of tusks, won't we?"

Eric was no less delighted, and all his nervousness having vanished, he executed a sort of war-dance around the prostrate forms of the sea-monsters, which looked all the uglier the closer he got to them. Drawing a big knife from his belt, Ben approached his walrus to sever the head from the body, Eric standing a little distance off to watch him. They were quite sure the creature was dead; but the instant the sharp steel touched its neck it came to life, for it had been only stunned. With a sudden sweep of its fore-flipper, it hurled Ben over upon his back, sending the knife flying from his hand.

"Eric! quick! for God's sake!" cried Ben, as he fell.

The infuriated monster was right over him. In another moment those terrible tusks would have been buried in his body, when, with a roar like that of a lion, Prince launched himself full at the walrus's head, and his great fangs closed tightly in the soft part where the head joins the neck. Uttering a roar quite equal to the dog's, the morse turned upon his new assailant; but just as he did so, Eric's rifle spoke again. Its bullet crashed into the monster's brain, and with a mad flurry, which loosened even Prince's hold, it rolled over upon the sand, this time dead beyond question.

Ben sprang to his feet, and rushing upon Eric flung his arms around him, and gave him a hug that fairly squeezed the breath out of him. Then, without a word, he turned to Prince, and repeated the operation. He then expressed his gratitude in these words,—

"It was a good day for me when I saved your lives. You've done me good ever since; and now you've saved my life, and it's only tit for tat. All right, my lad; so long as there's a drop of blood in my body, no harm shall come to either of you that Ben Harden can fend off."

The business of beheading, which had been so startlingly interrupted, was now resumed. From the way Ben handled his knife, he was evidently quite experienced at the work. They wanted only the tusks, but to get them out in perfect condition, it would be necessary to boil the heads until the flesh came off readily; so they had to take them back to the hut for that purpose.

Well satisfied with the result of their hunt, they ate their lunch and took a rest before returning to the hut, which they reached early in the afternoon. They both felt that they were now bound to each other by ties of peculiar strength. Eric, uncertain and full of difficulty as to the future, somehow felt convinced that Ben would bring it out all right for him. He little imagined how much he would help himself in escaping.

Chasing ponies and hunting walrus were not the only amusements Sable Island afforded Eric. As has been already mentioned, the grassy dells abounded with rabbits and the marshy lake and ponds with wild fowl. The rabbit-shooting was really capital sport. The bunnies were fine big fellows, as lively and wary as any sportsman could wish, and to secure a good bag of them meant plenty of

It was the rabbit-hunting that found Prince in his glory. Had he been a greyhound instead of a mastiff he could not have entered more heartily into the chase. To be sure, he proved, upon the whole, rather more of a hindrance than a help; but no suspicion of this fact ever dashed his bright spirit, and not for the world would Eric have hinted it to him. His redeeming quality lay in his retreating, for he had been carefully trained to fetch and carry, and he quickly learned to hunt out and bring to them the victims of their muskets. The rabbits were not killed in the mere wantonness of sport. There was always an active demand for them at the hut, where Black Joe made them into savoury steaks.

About the same time as the walrus came great numbers of the Greenland seal, which a little later brought forth their funny little whelps. These looked like amphibious puppies as they sprawled about the beach or scuttled off into the water. They took Eric's boyish fancy so strongly that he longed to have one for a pet.

Ben soon gratified him by creeping cautiously upon the pack one day, and grasping by the tail a fine, sleek, shiny little fellow. After a couple of weeks' confinement in a pen, that Eric built for him, with constant, kind attention, the captive became so contented with his new life, and so attached to his young master, that he was allowed his liberty. He showed not the slightest disposition to run away. Eric found him quite as intelligent and docile as a dog, and taught him many amusing tricks.

So long as the weather was fine Eric had plenty of cures for low spirits. But in the winter the proportion of fine days to foul is very small on Sable Island. For a whole week at a time the sun would not appear, and long storms were frequent. Happily, there was one resource at hand for the stormy weather.

Among the spoils of the *Francis* was a leather-covered box, so handsome and so heavy that one of the wreckers feeling sure it contained something valuable, brought it carefully ashore. When he broke it open he was much disgusted to find that it contained nothing but books. He flung it into a corner, boasting that "he had no book larnin", and what's more, didn't want none."

Eric afterwards picked it up, and was delighted to find in it a large assortment of interesting books. He stowed the box carefully away at the back of his bunk, and thenceforth, when compelled to stay indoors, was never without a book in his hands. He read over and over those well-selected volumes, enriching his mind with their finest passages.

Yet, despite all those exertions, Eric was far from being really happy or content. His one thought was deliverance from his strange situation, and he could not disguise from himself how dark his future looked. Ben, of course, could now be relied upon to the uttermost. But while his protection availed so long as they remained upon the island, matters would, no doubt, be different when the time came to leave the place. Then not only Evil-Eye, but all the other wreckers, would undoubtedly see to it that there was no fear of his becoming an informer, and placing them in peril of the law.

As the winter wore away, they often talked about going to Boston; and Eric gathered from their conversation that with the coming of spring they looked for a schooner sent out by confederates to take them and their booty home. This schooner now became the supreme object of his concern. In it he saw his best, if not, indeed, his only hope of deliverance. Many an evening when he seemed deep in his books he was, in reality, with strained ears and throbbing pulses, listening to the wreckers discussing their plans for the future. Tax his brains as he might, he could invent no satisfactory scheme.

More than once he tried to talk with Ben about the matter. But whether Ben did not wish to confess that he had no plan himself, or whether he thought it best not to excite uncertain hope, he always refused to talk about it, generally saying,—

"We'll see, my lad, we'll see. I'll do my best for ye, never you fear."

As spring drew near, signs of excitement and eager expectation became visible among the wreckers. They spent most of the clear days upon the highest hills, peering out across the waves in search of the schooner. They did not know just when to expect her. Indeed, had a date been fixed, they would not have been any better off, for they were without any means of keeping an account of the days, except by observing the sun and moon.

The days grew steadily longer and warmer, and yet no schooner appeared. Hope long deferred did not make the hot temper of the wreckers any more amiable, and Eric, worried as he was with his own troubles, found life harder than ever. Moreover, a new danger presently appeared.

The majority of the wreckers showed entire indifference toward him. He and his big dog were Ben's belongings, and so long as they got in nobody's way they were let alone. But when day after day and week after week slipped by, and the schooner did not arrive, the boy began to notice a change. Ugly, suspicious, threatening glances were cast upon him, and interchanged. Beyond a doubt, the peril of his position was alarmingly on the increase.

The explanation was simple enough. Like all men of their class, the wreckers were intensely superstitious, and the wily villain Evil-Eye, though indirectly, shrewdly seized upon the delay of the schooner to strike at Eric. He suggested to the men that the boy's presence was the cause of the vessel's non-appearance. He had brought them ill-luck, for not a wreck had come their way since his life had been spared. Now he was playing them another scurvy trick and, by some witchery, interfering with the carrying out of their plans.

The seed so craftily sown took root at once. Only the curious feeling, half-fear, half-admiration, that they held toward Ben, saved Eric for a time from falling a victim to their superstition.

Even his influence would not have availed much longer, had not, one fine morning in May, the welcome cry of "Sail ho! sail ho!" rung out lustily from a watcher on the highest hill. Soon the broad sails of a schooner appeared.

Everything else was forgotten in the joy occasioned by this sight. But Evil-Eye, again foiled in his base designs, snarled savagely at Eric, and swore that he would have his own way yet.

The water being too shallow, the schooner hove-to about a mile from shore, and fired a gun to announce her arrival. But that was not necessary. All the inhabitants of the island were already on the beach to welcome her. Presently a boat was lowered, and three persons getting in, it was rowed swiftly ashore. The breakers were successfully passed with the aid of a number of the wreckers, who dashed into the surf, and drew the boat up high and dry upon the beach.

The new-comers were very heartily if somewhat roughly greeted. After the first excitement was over, Eric noticed they were looking at him curiously.

Evil-Eye whispered among them, whereupon they shook their heads as though to say,—

"Oh no, that can't be done. We're quite sure that won't do at all."

Eric's heart sank when he saw this, and rightly guessed its meaning. There seemed, at best, but two chances for him. He would either be left behind upon the island in helpless solitude, or be taken to Boston, and there got rid of somehow—in such a way that he could give no trouble to the wreckers. On the latter, surrounded although it was with uncertainties and dangers innumerable, he pinned all his hopes. It offered some faint chance of ultimate deliverance. But would they take him on board the schooner?

(To be continued.)

The Wreckers of Sable Island.

BY

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

CHAPTER VIII.—ANXIOUS TIMES.

"How would I like it?" cried Eric, his face beaming. "Why, above all things, I've often seen pictures of the great, ugly creatures, and I think it would be just splendid to shoot one and get his tusks."

"All right, my boy," replied Ben. "We'll start the first thing in the morning."

Accordingly, the next morning the two set out upon their ponies for the west end. Ben carried a heavy musket that would send a load of slugs through a ship's side, and Eric a light smooth-bore, the accuracy of which he had proved by frequent practice. As they would be away all day, they took plenty of biscuits with them. Prince, of course, accompanied them, and as soon as they had disposed of breakfast they started.

There were many creatures to be found on Sable Island in those days which would be vainly sought for now. Besides the ponies, a large number of wild cattle and hogs roamed about the interior, and furnished the wreckers with abundant meat; while during the winter the morse, or walrus, and the great Greenland seal paid the beaches regular visits. The common harbour seal was there all the year round. Of these animals, only the ponies and common seals still remain; the others have been all killed off.

When Ben and Eric drew near the end of the island they dismounted and tethered the ponies, so that they could not run back to the corral. They then made their way cautiously to the edge of the bank thrown up by the waves. Ben was a little ahead of Eric, and the moment he peeped over the bank he turned and motioned Eric to follow.

"Look, lad!" said he, in a voice full of excitement, as he pointed to the beach in front. "There they are! Aren't they beauties?"

Eric looked, and his face showed the surprise he had too much sense to put into words. "Beauties!" he thought to himself. "Why,

My Birds

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Time on my north window, in the wintry weather,
My airy oriel on the river shore
I watch the sea-birds as they flock together
Where late the boatman dashed his dripping oar

I see the solemn gulls in council sitting
On some broad ree-floe, pondering long and late,
While overhead the home-bound ducks are flitting,
And leave the tardy conclave in debate.

How weighty questions in their breasts revolving
Whose deeper meaning science never learns,
Till at some distant clime's look resolving,
The speechless senate silently adjourns.

He knows you "sportsmen" from suburban alleys
Streeted under seaweed in the treacherous punt,
Knows every lazy, shiftless lout that fishes
Forto to waste prader as he says, to "hunt."

I watch you with a patient satisfaction,
Well pleased to discount your pedestrian luck;
The float that figures in your sly construction
Will carry back a goose, but not a duck.

Surewul is our bird, not easy to outwit,
Sharp in the outlook of those pin-head eyes,
Still, he is mortal, and a shot may not be
One cannot always miss him if he tries.

O Thou who carest for the falling star-ow
Canst thou the sunless sufferer's pang forget
Or in thy bread account book's page so many
Its one long column score thy creature's debt?

Poor, gentle guest, by nature kindly cherished,
A world grows dark with thee in blinding death;
One little gasp—thy universe has perished,
Wrecked by the idle thief who stole thy breath!

what is the work of God, who gives true bread, who is the bread of life, what comes from eating this bread?

4. Recall whom men said Jesus was; what a disciple said; a promise about the Church; a story of suffering; two rebukes.

5. Recall four men on a mountain (who? why?); two strange victors (who? why?); three drowsy disciples; an eager request; a cloud and a voice (what?); and who then was seen?

6. Recall a question about greatness; a child in the midst; cutting off hands and feet; angels in heaven; a wandering sheep.

7. Recall a lawyer's question; what says the law? a man in trouble; two men neglecting; one man helping; a question and its application.

8. Recall a blind man by the wayside; a question and answer; a strange ointment; a pool and sight; perplexed neighbours; a frank confession.

9. Recall a sorrowful woman; a weeping

that vast empire in the hope that God will raise up native missionaries to carry on the good work, and this hope has not been disappointed. There have been several native missionaries who have proved very eloquent and successful in preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ to their countrymen. The picture below shows one of these standing in a doorway, and proclaiming to a group in the street the unsearchable riches of Christ. They seem to be very intelligent and docile hearers, and doubtless the seed thus sown in many places is followed with very blessed results.

THE "WHALEBACK" STEAMBOAT.

PROBABLY not since the invention of the steamboat has so important an advance been made in ship-building as has been

drical shafts—the latter serving as ventilators for the engine and boiler rooms—support the cabin superstructure.

On June 11, 1891, this unique steamship left Duluth and sailed to Montreal, where she took on a cargo of 90,000 bushels of wheat. She arrived at Liverpool on the 21st of July. Although successful in descending to Montreal by way of the rapids, it is impossible for the *Wetmore* to return, as the canals are much too small.

In her ocean voyage, though heavy seas were encountered, so steadily did the vessel ride that the footprints of the grain heavers and the marks of the shovels were distinctly visible in her cargo on arrival in England.

After returning to New York, she set out for Puget Sound, by way of the Straits of Magellan.

The Master of the House.

He cannot walk, he cannot speak,
Nothing he knows of books or men;
He is the weakest of the weak,
And has not strength to hold a pen.

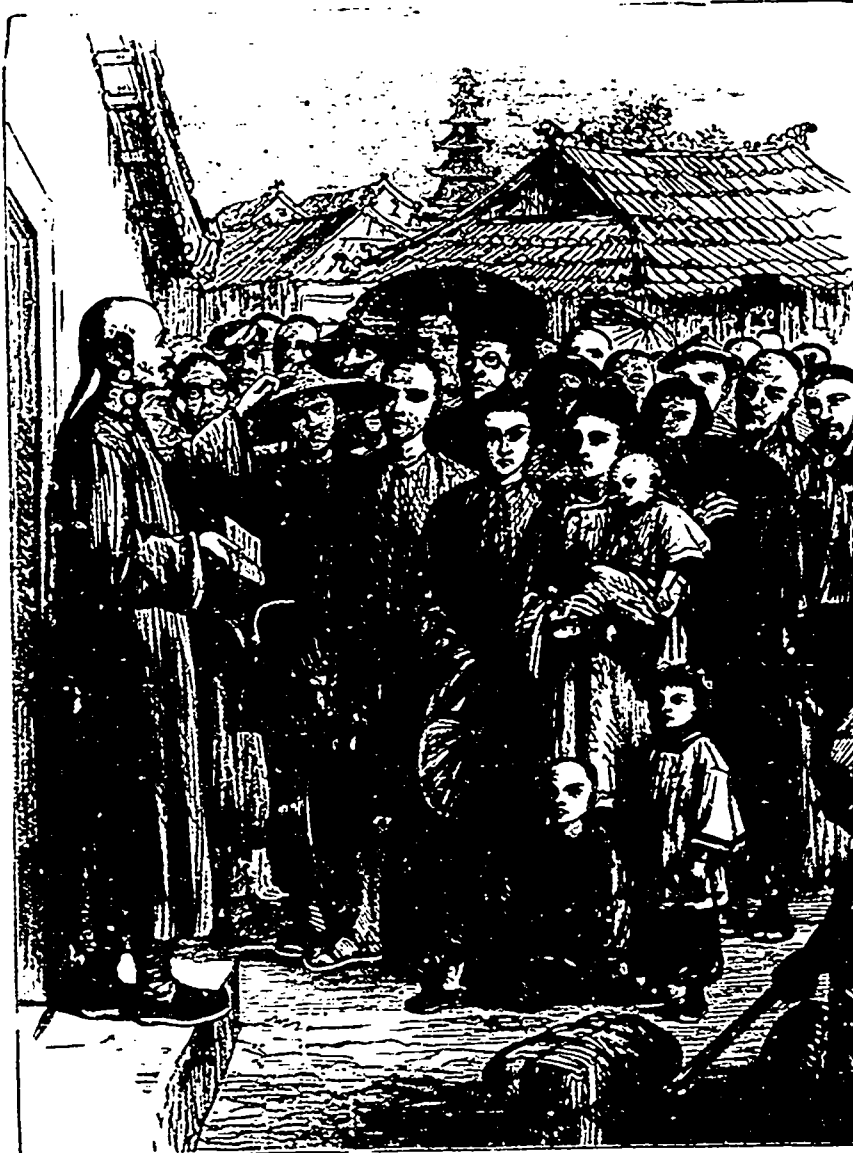
He has no pocket and no purse,
Nor ever yet has owned a penny,
But has more riches than his nurse,
Because he wants not any.

He rules his parents by a cry,
And holds them captive by a smile;
A leoprot strong through infancy,
A king from lack of guile.

He lies upon his back and crows,
Or looks with grave eyes on his mother.
What can he mean? but, I suppose,
They understand each other.

In doors and out, early and late—
There is no limit to his sway;
For, wrapt in baby-ropes of state,
He governs night and day.

Kisses he takes as rightful due,
And Turk-like has his slaves to dress him;
His subjects bend before him, too;
I'm one of them. God bless him.



CHRISTIAN CHINAMAN PREACHING.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTERLY REVIEW.
MARCH 31.
GOLDEN TEXT.

Take my yoke upon you and learn of me.—Matt. 11. 29.

OUTLINE.

- M. Five thousand fed.—Mark 6. 30-34.
- Tu. Christ, the bread of life.—John 6. 25-35.
- W. The great confession.—Matt. 16. 13-23.
- Th. Christ and the children.—Matt. 18. 1-14.
- F. The Good Samaritan.—Luke 10. 25-37.
- S. The man born blind.—John 9. 1-11.
- Sa. Raising of Lazarus.—John 11. 30-45.

I. THE LESSON FRAMEWORK.

[A body or a building requires a frame to insure symmetry and stability. Our lessons must have bone and sinew if they are to be better than a jellyfish or a balloon. Commit these Titles and Texts thoroughly; they are the framework of the temple which we seek to build.]

TITLES.	GOLDEN TEXTS.
1. J. B. B.	Fear not them which kill—
2. F. F. T.	He hath filled the hungry—
3. C. B. L.	He gave them bread—
4. T. G. C.	Thou art the Christ—
5. T. T.	This is my beloved Son—
6. C. and C.	It is not the will—
7. T. I. S.	Thou shalt love thy
8. C. M. B. B.	I am the light
9. T. R. L.	I am the Resurrection—
10. T. R. Y. R.	Seek ye first the kingdom—
11. Z. the P.	The Son of man is come—
12. P. of L.	Abstain from all—

II. FINISHING AND FURNISHING.

[Both body and building need more than framework. Skeletons are not welcome at feasts unless properly clothed. Clothe these lessons with the flesh of fact, that they may abide with you as welcome guests.]

1. Recall a man in prison (who? where? why?); a feast (occasion?); a dance (by whom?); a promise (what?); a ghostly gift (what? to whom? why?)

2. Recall a tired company seeking rest; an eager multitude; a gracious teacher; a hungry people; an unexpected feast; an abundance left over.

3. Recall a command to labour (for what?);

friend; a tomb opened; thanksgiving; a command; the dead raised; who believed on him?

10. Recall an eager ruler; an earnest question; six commandments obeyed; a new command neglected; "how hard to enter"; a camel and a needle; "Who then can be saved?"

11. Recall a seeker hindered; hindrance overcome; a call; a response; a complaint; a penitent's promise; a blessed assurance.

12. Recall how we should be in debt; the sum of all the commandments; a definition of love; what we should put off and put on; how we should walk; for what we should not provide.

CHRISTIAN CHINAMAN PREACHING.

THE great work of evangelizing China must be carried on largely by the Chinese themselves. All the churches in Christendom can scarcely hope to do more than furnish sufficient missionaries to plant the germs of the Gospel in different parts of

affected by the "whaleback" boat—the alleged invention of Alexander McDougall, of Duluth, Minn. This style of vessel, it is thought, will excel the old style freight carrying vessel in every respect. The cost of construction and operation is incomparably less. A vessel of 3,000 tons has a draught of only seventeen feet, can be managed by a crew of twenty-two men, and can be propelled with twelve tons of coal a day—about one twenty-fifth of the amount consumed on the *Tedonic*.

The first "whaleback" that has successfully crossed the Atlantic; and, indeed, the first vessel of any description built upon the great lakes that has undertaken to reach the waters of the Pacific, is the *Wetmore*, built at West Superior, opposite Duluth.

The *Wetmore* is shaped like a cigar, having both ends cut off at an equal diameter, and being flattened sufficiently on the top to form a sort of deck. Above this deck, a turret forward and a cabin aft are all that appear. Three steel turrets, together with sixteen hollow cylin-

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