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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, JUNE 18, 1898.

[No. 25.]

They're His.

BY A. L. DUNNER.

When I go to bed at night,
You'd wonder that I dare
To go into the room at all—
If I told you what was there.

There's an elephant and a tiger,
And a monkey and a bear;
A lion with a shaggy mane,
And most ferocious air.

But I think perhaps my bravery
Will not excite surprise
When I tell you that their master
In a crib beside them lies.

JOTTINGS IN THE EAST.

BY THE LATE REV. DONALD G. SUTHERLAND, D.D.

SCENES IN CAIRO AND THE PYRAMIDS.

Almost our first visit to Cairo was to the bazaars, in the neighbourhood called the Moosekee, where "the merchants most do congregate." This street is nearly a mile in length, and then loses itself in a labyrinth of lanes. It is wide enough for two carriages to pass, and is constantly filled with a moving crowd. Each side is lined with shops, filled with all kinds of goods, and running from it are lanes, which more properly constitute the bazaars.

The gold bazaar is, perhaps, most worthy of a visit. The passages leading through it are about three feet in width. Each tradesman has a shop about large enough for a safe and an anvil. Squatted on his little platform, he challenges the attention of the passer-by. The scene is a busy one, and the air is filled with the clink of hammers. The whole process of manufacturing is open to inspection, and one is surprised at the intricate and elegant work that is fashioned by their simple tools. Here and there may be seen seated a group of two or three women, conferring gravely or chatting merrily over the purchase of some little article of personal adornment. Of course the pressure in some of these narrow streets is very great, but fortunately the crowd is easy-moving and good-natured. Now it is a Nubian slave, black as ebony, that elbows us; now a grave but gallily-attired officer nearly rides over us; now a vagrant strolls carelessly along, dirty, ragged and impudent; now a stalwart



AN EGYPTIAN BOY.

Bedouin looks on with the immobility of an Indian, or flashes into excitement as he stops to make a bargain; while through the rush and bustle, veiled women, in white, blue, or black, steal quietly along, as if ashamed to be seen. One misses the noisy rattle of western cities, yet the ear is charmed with the musical cries of the street, and the eye is delighted with the variety of colour.

One evening, strolling with two others, I came upon a scene that was both a surprise and delight. The street, close to a mosque, was brilliantly lit up. Overhead were awnings of gay Turkish cloths. On every side were little banners, and from supports were suspended glass chandeliers. The building was crowded with men. Each man, as he entered, uncovered his feet; and in the entry the shoes lay by the hundred. The sound within was almost deafening. There seemed to be a rivalry among the worshippers as to which could say the word Allah loudest and fastest. Then we came across a group of children at play. They were carrying lanterns, and marching to the sound of

music played by two youthful bandmen, when all at once a juvenile stranger appeared in chase. Immediately every light went out, and the little crowd of youngsters disappeared in every direction. The children of the East are good-looking, and seem to be a very cheerful and happy lot.

Our first drive was to the Tombs of the Caliphs. After riding through some of the narrow, winding streets, we emerged among the sandhills of the open country. Here barrenness and desolation prevailed. Vast mounds of broken crockery lay around, and the plain was strewn with these remnants of ancient civilisation. We at length drove past a series of lofty, square buildings, crowned with domes, many of them crumbling and dilapidated. It was a remarkable collection of structures to be thus left standing by themselves. They are the monuments of generations that have passed away. We went into one of them, the oldest in Cairo, but, except for its antiquity, there was nothing extraordinary about it. This, however, being our first visit to a mosque, we were specially interested. It has within it the tomb of one held in much honour; and on a slab of stone we were shown what passes for an impression of Mohammed's foot, about eleven inches in length. These tombs are inhabited, many of them, by families of the poor, whose domestic operations were open to our inspection as we passed by. The women were unveiled, and were slightly tattooed on forehead and chin. In the midst of these venerated mosques is the annual gathering-place of the great caravan, before it sets out on its long pilgrimage to Mecca.

Leaving this quarter, we drove over the sandy plain to the site of On, or Heliopolis, the city of the priests in Joseph's time. It was not a pleasant drive. The sirocco was blowing—warm, dry, parching and depressing in its effects. The dust flew in clouds. After a long ride, in which every one seemed to become impatient and irritable, we arrived at the city. It was like some of our western cities, invisible. "Where

's On?" petulantly cried one of the party. "This is On," replied the guide, with emphasis. "It was here Joseph came to court the daughter of Potipharah." All that we could see of this ancient city of the priests—this seat of Egyptian learning, once visited by Solon, Pythagoras, and Plato—was a massive obelisk, covered with hieroglyphics. It was old when Abraham came into Egypt. The scarred veteran of many centuries, it is the solitary reminder of a greatness and fame that once filled the world, but that are now—

"Gone glim'ring down the vale of things that were,
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour."

On our return journey we alighted to inspect the so-called Virgin's tree, a large sycamore, under which, so the story goes, the holy family rested in their flight from Herod's rage.

The Rev. Geo. Bond thus describes the whirling dervishes: On the day after our arrival in Cairo, we drove in the afternoon to two of the sights of the city, only to be seen on Friday, the Mohammedan Sabbath. I mean the Whirling and Howling Dervishes.

In a spacious but shabby building, utterly unadorned, where, in a sort of balcony, some monotonous music was being performed, and encircled already by a large number of tourists, a company of dervishes were in motion. There were perhaps a dozen of them or more, in no wise remarkable in appearance or dress save for the high, light-brown, conical cap peculiar to their order. An old man—a sheik—stood gravely at one point within a low circular railing, while, moving in a circle in front of him, each bowing low as he passed him, the other dervishes kept up a rhythmic and continuous movement, which gradually quickened as the strains of the music grew louder and faster. More and more loudly and rapidly came the notes from the gallery; more and more rapidly turned the dervishes, until, at length, breaking out of the order of the hollow circle, they began to spin upon their toes with inconceivable rapidity, their loose garments standing out around them, their arms extended, one slightly above the other, and their heads resting on one shoulder. How it ended I do not know, for we left them spinning like so many animated tops, and hurried off to another and distant mosque to see the Howlers.

We found them in a dingy building, surrounded like the others by a ring of tourists. There was about the same number, too, but their appearance was



WHIRLING DERVISH AND ARAB CHOIR.



AT THE MOSQUE.

far wilder and lower than that of the Whirlers. They wore no caps, and the hair of some of them was long, like a woman's. Several of them were quite young men. They were grouped in a semi-circle, and as we came in were slowly bowing their heads backwards and forwards in time to music, uttering meanwhile a groaning expiration with every forward inclination. Gradually the rapidity of music and motion increased, while the groaning sounds became louder and louder, until, at length, amid a hideous pounding of drums, and jangling of the other instruments their heads flew backwards and forwards with fearful force, the long hair streaming out horizontally with every motion the groaning growing more and more animal-like, until, in one or two instances, a paroxysm of nervous excitement was induced, which made it necessary that they should be held. Then in a few minutes more all was quiet, and they, panting and perspiring, were coiling up their long hair and dispersing for what I presume, they thought was well-earned repose.

The old sheik at the door received a huge handful of silver from the departing spectators; and here, as in the case of the Whirlers, it was impossible not to feel that there was a good deal done for show, although these performances are carried on all the year round and not merely in the tourist season. Show or reality, it was a painful sight, strange, sad, and humiliating in the extreme, viewed in the light of nineteenth century civilization and in the light of the religion of Christ.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JUNE 18, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JUNE 26, 1898.

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD.

"Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost:

"Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Matt. 28, 19, 20.

We read in the topic verses for last week about Fishing with Jesus and the miracle wrought on the Sea of Galilee, and the call of the disciples to be fishers of men. We have this week the fuller commission of all his disciples by our blessed Lord, not long before he was taken up from them into heaven.

A young missionary was once speaking to the Duke of Wellington about the difficulties and dangers of his work. "Look to your marching orders," said the Duke, referring to this very commission of our Lord. If a soldier is told to storm a redoubt, that is halting shot and shell, it is his duty to do it. Hundreds of men have laid down their lives in carrying out such orders.

Jesus summons all of us to a nobler war than that of earthly arms, to a holy crusade for saving the souls of men by preaching the Gospel to every creature. We hope that some of the boys and girls, and perhaps many of them, in our schools will hear the voice of God calling them to be missionaries of the cross—it may be missionaries in

foreign lands. No higher honour, no greater reward can any man or woman have in this world. Listen to the promise of Jesus "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." In isolation and loneliness, in far and foreign lands, the missionary has this consolation. He is not alone, for God is with him.

FORGIVE MUCH.

BY JEAN SUTHERLAND REESE.

"Very well," said the head of the firm looking over the top of his glasses at the erect figure of the boy in front of his desk. "References all satisfactory. Will engage you from to-morrow morning as office boy. Be round early now, and keep up to time."

He made a motion with his hand towards the door, but the boy lingered, twirling his well-worn cap in his hand.

"Please, sir," he said at length, "I've a dog, a real clever little chap. Mother's out washing all day, and I don't know where to leave him. He follows me round everywhere, and if I should turn him out by himself he might get lost. Would you mind, sir, if he sat in the entry while I was inside?"

It was a novel request for the new office boy to make, and the head of the firm frowned, but fortunately for the boy he was fond of dogs.

"Have you got the animal with you?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," was the eager answer, "right outside sir."

He followed the boy out through the front office where three clerks were sitting writing busily.

The dog, a small Scotch terrier, was lying on the pavement, his bright eyes fixed on the door, patiently waiting for his master to come.

"He's not bad, not bad at all," said the head of the firm, surveying him critically. "You wouldn't want to sell him, now?"

"Please, sir," said the boy, flushing, "I'd a deal rather have Mop than the money he'd bring."

Well, well," said the old gentleman, somewhat touched at the boy's evident devotion to his little favourite, "keep the dog and bring him every morning if he gives no trouble."

And so the matter was settled. How proud and happy Mop and his master felt as they ran home through the streets of the city that afternoon, to think that they had obtained the coveted position.

"I wonder, Mop," said the boy, "what Jim Elder will say when he hears of it. I guess he wanted the position most as bad as we did." And Mop wagged his tail as if to say he was glad they had been the successful candidates.

Suddenly the tall, ungainly figure of the subject of their thoughts loomed up before them with a dark scowl on his face.

"I say you, Nat Meadows," he commenced. "So I hear you've sneaked into that place. You knew I wanted it, and it was mighty mean—that's all I have to say. Everywhere, in school and out of it, you are always getting in my way."

He spoke with a mixture of despair and passion that was pitiful to see.

"I can't say I'm sorry I got the place," said Nat, gently, "but I wish you had one too, Jim."

"Oh, it's all very well for you to say that," said the boy. "Get out of my way," and he gave the inquisitive Mop a kick with his foot, and was off the next instant down a side street. Mop pursued him, barking furiously, but Nat called him back, and they went home quite soberly together.

The next morning Nat commenced his work, and very soon had become a great favourite with the clerks, as well as with the head of the firm. He was always conscientious, prompt and obliging, and full of a certain bright humour that brought freshness and life into the quiet office. Mop, instead of being a trouble, was a great amusement, and the young men taught him a number of tricks, of which he was very proud. Sometimes they noticed a shade of anxiety and trouble on Nat's bright face, but they did not know that on the boy's way home at night he was often subject to petty persecutions that he found it hard to bear. One morning he burst into the office with flashing eyes and the tears running down his face. The clerks looked up in consternation.

"What is the matter?" one of them asked, anxiously.

"Jim Elder's killed my dog," cried Nat, passionately. "I could stand anything he did to me but Mop." He stopped—it seemed as if he could not go on.

"What a shame how did he do it?" asked his sympathizing and indignant listeners.

"Threw a stone at him, and it hit him

in the head," said Nat in a smothered tone. "When I took him up he was quite dead."

"Where is the wretched boy?" they asked, with righteous indignation.

"He cut and run while I was seeing to Mop," said Nat, dejectedly. "Oh, there is no use talking any more about it."

The boy went around for the next few days as if he had lost a near and a dear friend, and they all felt profoundly sorry for him. On his way home in the evening Nat looked in vain for the destroyer of his dog, intending to take summary vengeance on him, but nowhere did he see him.

"I guess he knows enough to keep out of my way," he thought gloomily. "Oh, Mop, Mop, how I miss you!"

Not long afterwards a messenger boy came into the office with a note directed to Master Nat Meadows, from one of the nurses in B— Hospital.

"There is a boy in my ward," the note ran, "very ill with a kind of low fever. He says he has done you an injury, and cannot rest until he sees you. Will you come to him?"

"It must be Jim Elder," thought Nat, "and I don't want to go."

All his life Nat had been taught by his honest, hard-working mother to listen to the voice of conscience, and do always what was right, yet it was hard to put down anger, and the sense of injury and injustice done to himself and to his companion Mop. But the next afternoon he walked slowly up to the hospital, and with a hesitating hand pulled the iron door-bell. In one of the upper wards he was met by the nurse who had written to him, and was taken to the end of the room where Jim Elder lay tossing to and fro.

As soon as the sick boy saw Nat he sat up in bed, strong with fever, and held out his hand. "Nat," he said, "I want to hear you say that you forgive me. I've been awful jealous, and mean as could be to you, and then I killed Mop; I am sorry. Every night it seemed as if you came and stood beside my bed, and I can't get any sleep."

The boy sank back on his pillow exhausted, with his bright eyes fixed on Nat, who was not looking at Jim, but at a spot in the carpet; and a tumult was surging within him. The one who had done him more injury than anyone else in his life lay before him. He was afraid he could not say from his heart that he fully forgave him for wantonly killing his little favourite. No, the words choked him. At length he raised his eyes. The victory was half won, but only half. "I am sorry you're sick, Jim," he said, drawing a long breath.

"Say you forgive me," whispered the sick boy, but still Nat was silent.

Over the bed hung a coloured text, at which Nat looked vaguely for a minute without taking in its meaning. "Forgive and ye shall be forgiven," he repeated to himself. Suddenly his face flushed and he grasped his cap with a convulsive movement. The words which seemed written all over the wall in letters of light entered his heart. Could he ever pray, "Forgive us our trespasses," unless he freely forgave his prostrate enemy? Ah, no, never. How bitter and hard he had been, and a great wave of contrition swept over him. The battle was won at last, but not in his own unaided strength. "Jim," he said, "I do forgive you, for Mop, for everything," and, breaking down with a sob, he left the room. Every visitor's day after that saw a bright, dark-eyed boy sitting beside the now convalescent Jim, talking, reading to him and filling that little corner of the ward with sunshine. When the sick boy was able to leave the hospital he found a place open to him. He did not know that Nat had gone to one of the clerks in his office and that it was through his intercession with the head of the firm that the place had been secured. But he guessed that Nat was the mainspring of his good fortune, and it touched him to the quick.

Nat forgave much, and found great joy in doing it; peace of conscience, a chance to help another back to health and useful labour, and bound to his side by ties of gratitude and love a life-long friend.

TEACHING MR. GLADSTONE HOW TO USE AN AXE.

As Mr. Gladstone was felling a tree near the road once an old man came up, and, after looking critically at him for a time, said, "Owd mon, let me have owt of that axe." It was at once handed to him, and he chopped away for some time and stopped, saying: "That's the way to use an axe. I've been used a good deal to this sort of a job, thou knows." A few days after he learned whom he had been speaking to and hastened to apologize for his rudeness. "No apology is needed," said the amused statesman.

PUSHING THE CART.

Some years ago a man, while going to Tinkersdale with his load one day, was spoken to by a stranger, who chatted pleasantly with him and asked him how much he got for carrying each ton of iron. "Six and sixpence," replied the carter. "How much have you on the cart?" "About a ton and a half." "And what do you pay for toll-gates?" "Eighteenpence." "How much does it cost to keep the mare?" "Thirteen shillings a week." Soon they got to the foot of the Mill Hill. "How are you going to get up this hill?" asked the stranger. "Oh, I mun get me shuder and push up here." "I'll help you a bit," said the other, and at once put his shoulder to the cart and pushed up the hill well. As they reached the top the carter said: "You an me's been as good as a chain horse." "Well, well," replied the stranger, "I don't know how the horse's legs are, but mine ache very much indeed. I suppose you can manage now?" "Yes, thank you," and with a "good-day" they parted. As soon as the stranger had gone a tradesman, coming up the hill after them, asked the carter if he knew who had been helping him. "No; he's a stranger to me." "That was Mr. Gladstone," said the tradesman. "Mr. Gladstone! I don't know what he'll think o' me, then, for I never sir'd him, nor nothin'. I thought he was some farmer."

A WILLING LEARNER.

Mr. Gladstone had got, one day, a rope tied to a tree at which he had been chopping for some time, when an old carter driving past pulled up. "I say, owd man," he called out, "thou hasn't got that rope tied right." "Haven't I?" said Mr. Gladstone. "No, thou hasn't." The carter then pointed out the mistake and helped to put it right. He was thanked for his assistance and drove on. The next day, being in Hawarden, he met his brother, who told him he'd done a fine thing, and he might depend upon it his name would be in the papers. "Why, what have I done?" "Done? Why, you 'thee'd' and 'thou'd' Mr. Gladstone yesterday when he was cutting that tree down." "Was that Mr. Gladstone? I thought it was the owd woodman; but the fust time I sees him I'll beg his pardon," said the carter, fearful that he had committed some great offence. In a few days his opportunity came, and he began to beg pardon, as he did not know who he had been speaking to. "No apology is required," said Mr. Gladstone; "I was much obliged for your information, and am always willing to learn."

DAILY LIFE.

The daily routine of Mr. Gladstone's life at Hawarden is well known—the early walk to church before breakfast; the morning devoted chiefly to literary work and the severer kinds of business and study; half an hour or an hour for reading and writing after luncheon; the afternoon walk or visit or tree-cutting; correspondence and reading after a cup of tea until dinner-time. As a rule Mr. Gladstone read after dinner until about 11.15.

SAVING A SERVANT'S SON.

Many interesting stories have been related of Mr. Gladstone's kindness of heart, but none of them more clearly shows his nobleness of character than the following: "In Mr. Gladstone's household at Hawarden was an old woman servant who had a son inclined to go wrong. The mother remonstrated and advised her boy, but all to no purpose; he seemed determined on a headlong course to ruin. At last the mother, in her desperation, caught the idea that if she could persuade the Premier to take him in hand perhaps the prodigal might be reclaimed. "Screwing her courage to the sticking point"—for what will a mother not do for a child?—she approached her master and, in trembling tones, preferred her request. Mr. Gladstone responded at once; and, though the affairs of the greatest kingdom in the world pressed heavily upon him, with genuine simplicity of character he had the lad sent to his study, when he spoke tender words of advice and remonstrance and eventually kept down and prayed to God to help him in the work of reformation and redemption. This kindly action was effectual and the lad was saved.

Truths are roots of duties. A rootless duty, one that has no truth below it out of which it grows, has no life and will have no growth.



MR. GLADSTONE AND GRANDDAUGHTER, DOROTHY DREW.

To Dorothy.

Mr. Gladstone was very fond of his little granddaughter, Dorothy Drew. She was the playmate of his latest years. During his last illness she was inconsolable when he was unable to recognize her. The following poem, inviting little Dorothy to his Golden Wedding, has a very touching interest. There is something very beautiful in this great statesman, four times Prime Minister of England, on whom the cares of empire descended, unbending his great genius to write those simple verses to his little grandchild.

I know where there is honey in a jar,
Meet for a certain little friend of mine;
And, Dorothy, I know where daisies are,
That only wait small hands to intertwine
A wreath for such a golden head as thine.

The thought that thou art coming makes
all glad,
The house is bright with blossoms
high and low,
And many a little lass and little lad
Expectantly are running to and fro;
The fires within our hearts are all
aglow.

We want thee, child, to share in our
delight,
On this high day, the holiest and the
best,
Because 'twas then, ere youth had taken
flight,
Thy grandmamma, of women loveliest,
Made me of men most honoured and
most blest.

That naughty boy who led thee to sup-
per
He was thy sweetheart, has, I grieve
to tell,
Been seen to pluck the garden's choicest
rose,
And toddle with it to another belle.
Who does not treat him altogether well.

But mind not that, or let it teach thee
this:
To waste no love on any youthful rover
(All youths are rovers, I assure thee,
Miss.)
No; if thou wouldst true constancy
discover,
Thy grandpapa is perfect as a lover.

So come, thou playmate of my closing
day,
The latest treasure life can offer me,
And with thy baby laughter make me
gay:
Thy fresh young voice shall sing, my
Dorothy,
Songs that shall bid the feet of sorrow
flee.

In any one of our larger cities there are more homicides in a month than occurred in the whole province of Canada, or in the whole of Great Britain, in a year. The pistol is drawn on slight provocation, and the courts discharge the accused on such grounds as self-defence, even when it is clear that he provoked the quarrel. Murder has been rampant in this land and the executions for murder have been few. If God should chastise our nation for this, by sending war upon us, none need be surprised.—*Christian Observer.*

With the Whale Fishers.

BY M. R. WARD.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE FLOES.

Days passed on, and still no sign of liberation for the imprisoned voyagers appeared; and, though hope of this was not extinct in the captain's mind, he saw it wise to prepare his ship's company for what might possibly be awaiting them; and, consulting with the young doctor, adopted various measures for the preservation of health and the recovery of the sick.

Barred in as they now were, there was little to vary the monotony of life beyond the daily toil of guarding against increased danger from the pressure of the ice, which, with every movement of the great floes outside, was driven still further up the cove; and, but for the dully process of hewing it back, would soon have closed fast round the ship, and piled up even with her bulwarks.

"If we can save her only by a few inches of space, we must do it, my men, and God help us!" was the captain's remark, as he saw some of them almost ready to give in under the herculean toll and exposure day by day.

"A fellow feels 'most ready to lay down his pick and have a snooze instead, forgettin' it's a life and death matter, and it's a wonder to me how you keep up so lively, sir," remarked Mike one day, as Arthur went the round of the men to see if any more were in danger of succumbing to the cold and the hard toil.

"What, Mike! You talk of giving in! I thought you were too much of a hero for that."

"Whether I be a hero is not for me to say, sir; but there be'n't no givin' in o' the will. It's only the drowsy feel as steals on us now and again a bit, and sometimes makes poor fellows lie down 't the snow for their last sleep."

"Yes, yes, I understand, Mike. No danger of me thinking you are a coward in the matter; but, please God, we shall be helped through, I believe."

"It do hearten a fellow to hear you say that, doctor, all along though you be a landsman, sir, and no offence, I hope."

Arthur read in the man's statement but too well that strength was rather on the decline than otherwise among more of the crew, and every possible counteraction was adopted to prevent this. For his one poor patient, the Western Islander, he knew there was no hope of life being much farther prolonged. He could not dare to hide this from the man, but sought the more earnestly to set before him that heavenly hope which Christ alone can give.

Gradually the light of salvation in Christ dawned on his mind, and though he still clung to the hope of return to his dear native island, the fear of death was taken away, and he saw Christ crucified as his Surety and Peace.

It was while Arthur was reading one day by the sick man's bed that blessed portion in Ephes. 2, "For he is our peace, who hath made both one, and hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us," that light broke fully on the poor fellow's mind, and trying to raise himself, he exclaimed, in a tone of glad surprise, "And do it say that, doctor? Then there iss only for me to go straight to him, and he will be my Peace!"

"Even so, McIven; or, if we go back to the eighth verse, there you have it in full. 'For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God.' You see, it is all gift, from first to last. Now, who can doubt, after such a message of peace and forgiveness from the Saviour himself?" said Arthur, as he read on to the end of the chapter.

"Yes, I do see it now, and he iss true, and the wall iss taken away. The wall wass my sins. Yes, it iss cleared away. Christ hass done it," said the poor fellow joyfully, as he caught the message of peace, and held fast by the words in which it had first entered his heart. The Saviour had savingly revealed himself to him, and from that day there was no more doubt nor fear; although still the poor fellow clung to the hope of reaching home alive.

"It iss the worse, because we wass so near the finish," was his remark to a shipmate who looked into his berth to condole with him. "But he will do what iss wise, mate, though I see not 'Islay more," he added; and this expression of strong confidence, which Arthur overheard as he entered the cabin, brought a thrill of gladness to his heart. Here, then, was the full answer to

his prayers for the poor fellow; whose case, with its clinging to life, had touched him deeply.

It was the triumphing of the mighty power of him who is able to subdue all things unto himself. The last earthly fetter was being loosed, and, taking his seat by the sick man, Arthur read to him that glorious fifth chapter of 2nd Corinthians, "For we know, that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He paused at the end of this verse to say, "And this glorious hope is yours now, McIven,—the home is ready and waiting for you, and you will hardly grieve to reach it soon, if the Saviour calls?"

"No! there iss no grieffing now, doctor, except for the wife who has to be alone, and who will no more see her husband. But he iss wise, and I will leave it with him to comfort her."

"Ah! that's it, McIven; leave it all to him, and then you can say, 'But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.'"

It was as a rich harvest-reaping to the young doctor to witness this blessed, all-conquering power of grace; and as the sick man, in feeble voice, went on, "Yess, he iss nearer now—that iss, ferra near, and I will see him soon, for there iss no wait now," Arthur was moved almost to tears, and the little dark cabin became as a sacred place, illuminated with heavenly light.

Day by day the heavenward voyage drew nearer the end, and all his shipmates in turn went into see him, and wonderingly to hear from his lips that "Now he grieffed no more for Islay and his home; for that God wass about to giff him a heavenly home, and this would he giff them too, if they would have it."

Many a rough fellow left that cabin to think and pray as he kept watch or tolled away at the ice-hewing; and it seemed as if the death-bed of this poor, simple Western Islander was to be made the quickening into life of not a few souls hitherto dead in sin.

The condition of the voyagers was but little changed, except that, as the strength of more of the men began to fall, the difficulty of maintaining the double watch and the tollsome ice-hewing proportionately increased. The latter had to a large extent to be suspended for the time, and the consequences were soon felt in the tremendous pressure acting upon the vessel, which quickly forced the large cabin-door off its hinges, while, from the same cause, that of the doctor's cabin would not close.

"That shows where we are, you see, doctor, and it's a terrible grip for our poor vessel. I've known a ship come out from a squeeze with almost every seam gaping, until it was hard work to keep her afloat while she could be caulked in a rough fashion."

"You minister poor comfort for a landsman's ears truly, captain," was Arthur's quiet reply. "But I believe we both take comfort in the same thing—namely, that God is overhead and can deliver even from this danger."

"True, true, doctor, every bit true; and I need to be reminded of it now things look serious. He can deliver, and it's holding fast by this that stays a man's soul. What's that verse about staying upon God?"

"Who is among you that feareth the Lord, . . . that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay himself upon his God," was Arthur's ready quotation.

"Ay, ay, that's the very verse, doctor. My old head won't hold it as well as it once did, though the sense of it abides in a man's heart the same, and that is be to God for that."

The loud grinding of the ice against the sides of the vessel broke off this conversation, and the captain returned to his post, while the weak and weary men, with characteristic sailors' love for their ship, sprang up as with sudden strength to see what might be done.

Foremost on the spot was Mike, followed by Ned Chambers, and, with handspikes fixed on long poles, they sought to stave off the huge masses of ice, or at least to lessen the force of their assault.

"If we can't do much for her, Ned, we'll fight to the last for our good ship."

"Eh, mate, and won't we, though," replied Ned, planting his pole against his brawny chest. "She's as purty a craft as ever sailed the Arctic, I know;" and, straining all his strength, he succeeded in staying off a huge mass that would have driven in the stern windows in another moment.

"There, then, yer lordship! please to take another road this time, an' I'll be obliged to ye," said the man, with sailor sang froid.

"Hallo there, Mike! look out on your

lee, or we shall have a pounder there directly!" shouted Ned again, as he called his mate's attention to another monster hummock about to assault their lee side. "Now, then, old fellow! drop anchor, or else keep your offing. He's a regular man-of-war, this chap. Isn't he, Mike?" observed Ned, as he came to the rescue.

It was the pressure of the huge floe outside that was thus forcing large hummocks into the cove, and, with every such accession, loosening the chance of escape.

"If only the winter frost don't catch us, we may do yet," observed the captain, as he watched and encouraged his toiling men. "It's no easy handling for you, my hearties; but I'd rather see it travel a bit than stand stock-still day after day; little chance for us then. We'll see it set sail all of a heap some of these days, and then we'll follow with colours flying."

"Ay, ay, captain," cheered the men, in reply to his encouraging words.

"Don't fear us, captain, we'll stand by our ship, and may God stand by us all!" said the second mate, as spokesman for his fellows.

"Ay, well, a bit more and we shall know whether there be any chance of us seeing the old Pentland again this year," said one of the fresh Lerwick hands. "It's a small 'un, I'm thinkin', though our captain keeps up so brave in his speech."

"An' he knows what he's talkin' on, I'll warrant. An' isn't he related to the King above as rules all?" retorted Mike sharply; for the very shadow of a slight upon his captain he was ready to resent. But beyond this, there was another meaning in Mike's words.

In this poor fellow's heart there was a slow but sure change going on, and the light which was dawning within made itself seen without. The untaught sailor became in many an instance a "preacher of righteousness" among his fellows. Things did not "happen by chance" now, but a great and gracious Being was ruling all, and watching over them in the midst of surrounding dangers. Of this Mike was assured to his own comfort, and could not bear to hear a doubt expressed by any of his comrades. He might have proved a poor theologian in argument on many points, but like the blind man of old, he could say, "This one thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see," for he saw God as a Father and a Friend.

(To be continued.)

HOW WE KEPT ARBOUR DAY.

If you lived in the country a mile from school, and with never more than ten scholars at that, and half a mile from neighbours, and they old people without any children, perhaps Arbour Day wouldn't mean much to you. It never did to us till last year, but it was my fifteenth birthday, and I wanted to celebrate it somehow.

We have a nice large family—father, mother, grandma, and six children of us. Then there's Pardon Fisher, the hired man.

I said to father, "Why can't we have an Arbour Day all to ourselves?"

"Yes," added mother, "and you and Pardon set out trees along both sides of the road. It would add lots to the looks of the place."

"I'll see," said father. "If we get the work well along, perhaps we'll give the afternoon to it."

I found pieces for each of us children to speak, all about trees. We rehearsed them in the barn, so they'd be new to the family; and we learned a song to sing together, "The Brave Old Oak."

After dinner on Arbour Day father and Pardon took the oxen and cart and went for trees, and we children all went, too. They took up only maples, but we each had a different tree. Mine was elm, Harry's pine, Bob's birch, Sue's tamarack, Chester's beech (he's so fond of beech-nuts), and Sweetie's willow. Father and Pardon set their trees along the roadside, twenty nice maples. We children set ours by the driveway from the road to the house. Each of us set out our own tree with as little help as possible.

It was supper-time when we were through, and the day was so warm mother and grandma had set the table on the porch. Wasn't that lovely? After supper we children spoke our pieces and sang our songs, and the grown-up people seemed to enjoy it and us heartily. Father said it was as good as exhibition day at school, and he was so interested that he recited a piece he used to speak at the academy when he was a boy.

Every tree lived and grew well. And we mean to keep Arbour Day every year.—*Sunday-school Advocate.*

Jesus Knows.

All our little heart-aches,
All our joys and woes,
All our hopes and wishes,
Jesus says he knows

And our every action
Is to Jesus known,
From the time we're little
Till we're fully grown.

When we play or study,
When we wake or sleep,
He delights to bless us,
And his children keep.

He will always guide us,
Listen to our prayers;
For the loving Saviour
For his children cares.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

SECOND QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JUNE 26.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Keep yourselves in the love of God,
looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus
Christ unto eternal life.—Jude 21.

HOME READINGS.

M. The woman of Canaan.—Matt. 15.
21-31.

Tu. The triumphal entry.—Matt. 21. 6-16.

W. The marriage feast.—Matt. 22. 1-14.

Th. The day of judgment.—Matt. 25.
31-46.

F. The Lord's Supper.—Matt. 26. 17-30.

S. Jesus crucified.—Matt. 27. 35-50.

Su. The risen Lord.—Matt. 28. 8-20.

I. Recall the Titles and Golden Texts
of each lesson. These are the thread
upon which are strung the pearls of this
quarter's lessons.

II. Draw an outline map of Palestine,
and locate the following places thereon:

1. The land of Canaan.

2. Jerusalem and Bethsemane.

3. The mountain of the transfiguration.

4. Bethany.

5. Calvary.

6. The Sea of Galilee.

III. Name the parables which occur in
the quarter's lessons.

IV. Note with how many things the
kingdom of God is compared in Mat-
thew's Gospel.

V. State the principal teaching of each
lesson.

VI. State (by the title) in which lesson
is found the scene here indicated:

1. Four men, one praying; six men,
three conversing.

2. A man riding an ass; a multitude
shouting welcome.

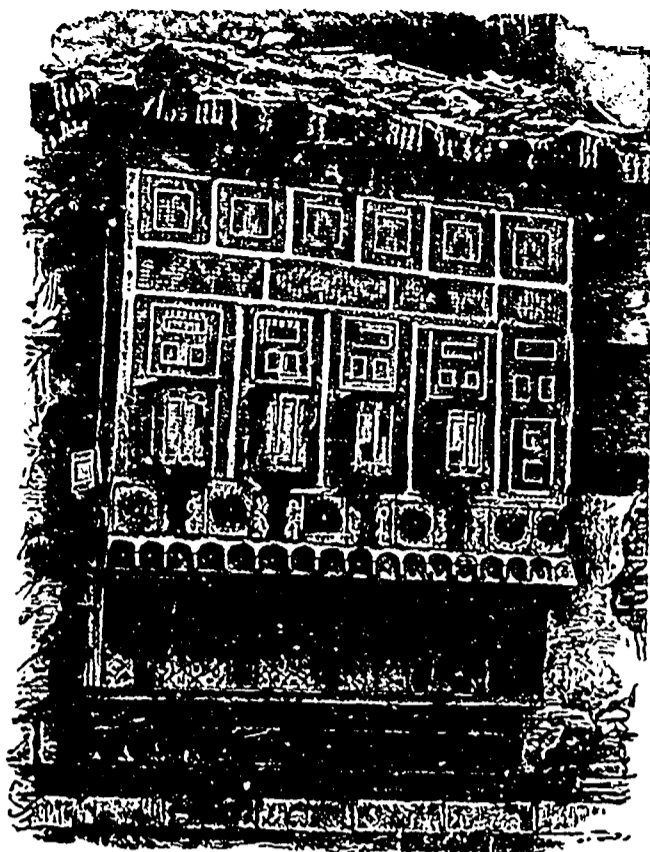
3. A teacher, a praying woman, twelve
protesting men.

4. A shepherd, a flock of sheep, a flock
of goats.

5. Two women and Jesus; eleven men
and Jesus.

6. Thirteen at a feast.

VII. Whom have you seen and con-
versed with most frequently during the
quarter?



LATTICE WINDOW IN CAIRO.

MEXICO.

In Mexico there are more than ten
millions of people, nearly all of whom
profess the Roman Catholic religion. A
missionary in Mexico writes:

"The Bible here is a book unknown to
the masses, and they are taught to de-
spise the Bible which we hold sacred.
On the Sabbath the people go to the
theatres and engage in all kinds of dis-
ipation, and drunkenness and gambling
are very common. The religious con-
dition of the people is deplorable."

This is the reason why we send mis-
sionaries to Mexico. We wish them to
become "pure in heart," and believe in
a Jesus who is opposed to all wicked
practices and who is able and willing to
save them from their sins.

**A HINT FROM BIRDS AND
INSECTS.**

While watching a pet canary enjoying
its morning bath, hopping in and out
and flirting the water about in all direc-
tions, then shaking its wings and plum-
ing its feathers, I thought how wonder-
fully dumb creatures, and even little in-
sects, learn by instinct to keep them-
selves clean and to dislike dirt. Even
our little city sparrows do their best
to keep themselves tidy. During the
severe frost last winter we poured can-
fuls of water on the garden-walks, hop-
ing to have a good slide. The water
did not freeze, so our hopes were dis-
appointed; but we were amply repaid for
our trouble by seeing eleven sparrows
and two robins washing themselves most
industriously in the water that cold win-
ter morning. We wished some of the
boys and girls who take so little trouble
to keep themselves clean could have
seen those poor birds.

Then, again, how careful old Pussy is
to lick her little kittens after you have
been nursing them, for fear their glossy
coats have been soiled! Cats are pro-
vided with very rough tongues, by which
they can keep their fur very clean.

We have all watched a fly busily rub-
bing his legs over his wings above and
below, until we thought the tiny fellow
would be tired out, but if we could ex-
amine him under a microscope we should
find at the bottom of each foot two
rounded combs consisting of two or
three rows of teeth, with which he reg-
ularly rubs his wings and body until
he feels himself clean enough to visit
his friends.

The fly's mortal enemy, the spider,
also possesses a comb—not on his feet,
but in his mouth. His way of getting a
living exposes him to dust and dirt,
and sometimes he has to run into very
dirty corners. So, whenever he requires
a wash, instead of having a bath, he
puts his leg in his mouth and draws it
through the teeth, and when every par-
ticle of dirt is combed off he collects
it into a ball and throws it away. Thus
we find that all creatures—even the
finest insects—naturally love to keep
themselves clean. What a pity it is
that so many intelligent boys and girls,
and men and women too, do not take

greater pleasure in keeping their skin
pure and clean!

Our little friends must learn that if
they wish to have a pure white skin
they must not be afraid of washing their
faces and hands frequently. We wish
all our boys and girls would learn a les-
son from the sparrows and spiders, and
we are sure they would be healthier and
happier children.—Child's Companion.

LAWRENCE AND HIS BANK.

Lawrence B—, about nine years old,
surprised his grandma the other day by
asking if he might give all the contents
of his bank to the cause of missions.
The boy had his home with his grand-
parents, and this bank contained all his
little earnings.

"Why, surely not all," said his grand-
ma. "By-and-bye you will need pen-
cils, or ball, or knife, and have nothing
to buy with. I should think it would
be more prudent to give half or a-third
than the whole."

"But I wish to give the whole," per-
sisted the boy. "I want to send some
Bibles to those who have not any, and
I want to send some poor children to
school where they may learn about
Jesus."

Grandma felt that she had nothing
better or more noble than this to pro-
pose, so she said, "Well, I will see about
it."

After this grandma and grandpa talked
it over together, and they said, "If our
boy has it in his heart to make this
offering to the Lord, we must not hinder
him."

A few days later grandpa had a talk
with Lawrence about it, but he had not
changed his mind at all. He could not
think of saving anything for himself
while there were so many children who
had no Bible, and had never heard of
Jesus; so grandpa told him to give it all,
and he would add enough to make it
five dollars. He had but a little more

than a dollar to add, for the bank con-
tained almost four dollars.

A few days after came the milk box
opening. Lawrence had a piece to re-
cite on the occasion, which began:

"Should you wish to know the best use
of a penny,
I'll tell you a way that is better than
any:

Not on apples and cakes and candy to
spend it,
But far over the seas to the heathen
to send it."

If you can't remember that you have
read an article, you haven't.

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- Good Tidings of Joy. Floral design.
- Precious Words. Floral design.
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WILLIAM BRIGGS,

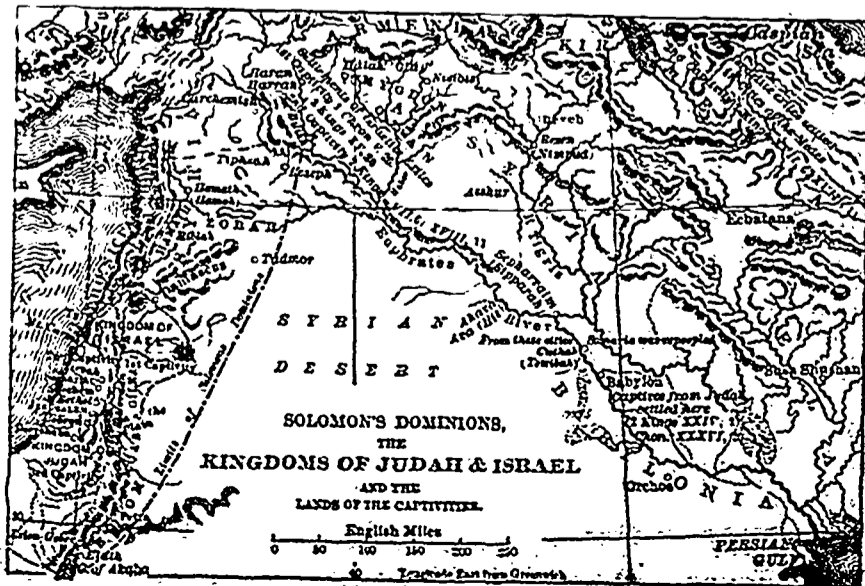
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STREET LEADING TO A MOSQUE IN
CAIRO.



PRESERVE THIS MAP FOR FUTURE REFERENCE.