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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, MAY 7, 1898.

[No 19.]

THE LAND OF NILE.

Still through Egypt's desert places
Flows the lordly Nile
From its banks the great stone faces
Gaze with patient smile
Of the Pyramids Imperious
Pierce the cloudless skies,
And the Sphinx stares with mysteri-
ous,
Solemn, stony eyes
Longfellow

Next to the Holy Land itself—

Over whose acres walked those
blessed feet
Which eighteen hundred years ago
were nailed
For our advantage to the bitter
cross"—

there is no land of profounder interest to the Biblical or historical student than the old Land of Nile. The cradle of the world's earliest civilization, the museum of the world's most ancient art, the scene of some of the most stupendous events in the world's history, small wonder that it still exerts the spell of its fascination over tourists from every land. Still it attracts visitors from many a far-off clime, as it did when Thales and Herodotus and Ptolemy visited the "hundred-gated Thebes"—even then a city of old renown—and gazed in awe upon the pyramids, gray with the eld of a thousand years. Now, as then, a veil of mystery enwraps the Land of Nile. The mighty river, mother of Egypt, still keeps the secret of its hidden source. For two thousand miles it pours its flood—from the snow-capped mountains of Abyssinia to the rich plains of the Delta. Yet the secret of its origin is still guarded by the brooding centuries. Like the Sphinx of the desert, "staring straight on with calm eternal smile," yet keeping still its secret in its rocky heart, so the riddle of Egypt continues still unsolved. And like its great river is the civilization of Egypt. In all its course the Nile receives not, like other rivers, any great affluent. So the civilization of Egypt is indigenous. It springs up in its own native energy, and is not derived from that of any other lands. The Nile rescues from the vast desert, which sweeps over Northern Africa and Arabia a narrow riband of fertility in a vast desert of sterility. So the art and architecture and learning of Egypt flowed forth to civilize and enlighten other lands; and Phoenicia, Carthage, Greece, and even Rome derived the origin of their civilization from this old Land of Nile.

Yet that ancient civilization, in its religious aspects, was a very grovelling



EGYPTIAN WOMAN.

one. Their dog-headed, eagle-headed, ox-headed deities, Osiris, Isis, Orus, and their train—

"With monstrous shapes and sorceries abused
Fanatic Egypt and her priests to seek
Their wandering gods disguised
in brutish forms.
Rather than human."

Nay, more grovelling still, they worshipped even the leeks and onions which sprang from the rank ooze of the Nile, so as to make true the sneer of the Roman satirist—that "their gods grew in the gardens."

Nothing strikes one more in Egypt than the strange blending of the past and present, of the civilization of the nineteenth century before with that of the nineteenth century after Christ. The shriek of the iron horse may be heard at the base of the Pyramids, the throb of the iron steamer rolls the tranquil waters of the Nile against the tomb of Mizraim. The world's great highway of commerce lies through the ancient land of Ramses, and electric nerves make old mummied Egypt thrill with the vibrations of life from the busy marts of London and Liverpool, Paris and Marseilles.

MODES OF IRRIGATION.

The Rev. Dr. D. G. Sutherland thus describes the modes of irrigation in Egypt:

"The Barrage, or open break-

water of the Nile has been constructed at great expense to dam up the water of the river when there is danger of a scarcity. Here we first noticed the various devices for watering the land. The most primitive is the shadoof, a long pole supported by two uprights, having at one end a bucket suspended and on the other end a stone or lump of clay to balance it. It is an arrangement very similar to that used at Canadian wells in primitive times. Another mode of raising the water is where two men stand by a ditch, and by means of a leather or water-proof basket, dip up the water from the lower to the higher level. An improved plan is the sakteh or bullock-wheel, with an endless chain of buckets attached. Round and round goes the patient beast through the day, while his driver rests lazily in the shade, rousing himself occasionally to throw a chunk of mud at the beast to excite his flagging energies. The water thus thrown over the dyke is carried by small channels to all parts of the field or garden, the work being done chiefly with the foot. Hence comes the term "watering with the feet." This artificial irrigation is necessary during five or six months in the year."

In some cases the force of the current is used to turn a large wheel with buckets on its rim, which lift the water, as shown in our cut on fourth page.

Egyptian women of the higher

classes are almost always imprisoned in long veils of silk or muslin white, black or blue according to rank. The veil is divided about the forehead, and fastened with a pin of brass or silver, over the nose so as to leave the dark, restless and frightened eyes free to satisfy the curiosity. But the peasant women who do much of the field work cannot muffle themselves in such superfluous drapery, but are contented with a light covering for the head, as shown in the picture, their black hair hanging in braids down the neck. Those who can afford it wear a number of coins on the forehead, neck, or hanging from their ears. This often constitutes their entire fortune or dowry. Many of these have comely features, and give evidence of considerable strength of character. Most of them are, however, squalid, homely and worn with toil and hardship.

But we shall turn from the present to the remote past, which, in this old land, is brought before us with startling vividness.

The Rev. George Bond, who has been face to face with the Pharaoh who oppressed the children of Israel, writes thus of the mummies and statues in the famous Boulak Museum, near Cairo:

"This noble institution is thrown open daily, free, and few European pilgrims leave Cairo without visiting it. Room after room, filled with superb and unique collections, arranged with admirable order and taste, open one from another; and once within the portal you are literally in a new world of life and industry and art, albeit that world is the oldest of the old.

THE OLDEST STATUE IN THE WORLD

"Here is a small statue, perhaps three feet high, and carved from some dark, hard wood. The face is evidently a portrait, it is full of life, of character, even of humour, an expression of good-natured content rests upon the smiling mouth, the eyes look out at you with an intelligence that seems to come from a living brain within. The face might be English or perhaps better German—a portrait of some quiet, self-contained and sensible German farmer—and it might have been carved, say ten years ago, the wood is so dark. Stop, my friend! You are looking at perhaps the oldest monument in the world. Long, long before the days when Abraham offered Isaac upon Moriah, or entertained his angel-guest

(Continued on next pag...)



THE SHADOOF.



WATER-WHEEL.

Luck.

The "luck" that I believe in
Is that which comes with work,
And no one ever finds it
Who's content to wish and shirk
The men the world calls "lucky,"
Will tell you, every one,
That success comes, not by wishing
But by hard work bravely done

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MAY 7, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER MEETING TOPIC.

MAY 15, 1898.

OUR RESOLUTIONS, WHAT ARE THEY?

"I said in mine heart, Go to now, I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure: and, behold, this also is vanity."—Ecc. 2. 1.

"I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people."—Psalm 116. 13, 14.

Here are two apparently contradictory examples, but they represent different stages of experience. Solomon, the writer of Ecclesiastes, we read in this chapter, exhausted all the resources of his great wealth to find enjoyment. He got men singers and women singers, and tried acquainting himself with all wisdom, and made great works, and planted gardens, and made pools of water, and gathered gold and silver, and was great, and whatsoever his eyes desired he kept not from them. Then he looked upon all the works that his hands had wrought, and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun. At the end of this book he says, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter, fear God and keep his Commandments. This is the whole duty of man."

How much wiser to enjoy the other experience, to resolve, like the writer of this 116th Psalm, and say, "I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice. Gracious is the Lord, and righteous. The Lord preserveth the simple. I was brought low, and he helped me. What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits to me?" Then comes the resolve expressed in verses 13, 14, printed above.

Such a resolve will strengthen and confirm our faith and hope and trust in God, confessing his name before his people, standing up in the League or in the class and acknowledging him boldly in rebuking the sins of those who speak evil words or perform evil deeds. Thus shall we win the favour and the blessing of God.

STORIES OF JOHN WESLEY.

There are still some little tracts distributed about this country entitled "John Wesley, a High Churchman." It reminds me of the story of the showman who was exhibiting the skull of John Wesley. "That's not Wesley's skull," said a sharp observer, "that's the skull of a child!" "Very true, my friend," returned the showman, "that

is John Wesley's skull when he was a little boy!"

Wesley, as Chrysostom said of Elijah and St. Paul, was a five cubit man; he was dainty and refined in his tastes, disliked coarse surroundings. It is an entire mistake to suppose he liked outdoor preaching. "What a marvel," says Wesley, "the devil does not like street preaching. No more do I. I like a soft cushion and a handsome pulpit." And in this he was like many modern preachers. But Wesley thrust aside his own tastes, and went out to endure abuse, mockery, scorn, and ill treatment, and in consequence left an abiding impression on his countrymen.

Once a gentleman rode up, very drunk, and endeavoured to ride over the people. He was a clergyman zealous for religion! In Bristol they called him a "Presbyterian Papist," good alliteration but bad sense. Another time a furious justice of the peace rode up with his "posse" at his heels, armed with bludgeons. "Sir, you shall not preach here!" he cried. "I do not intend to," returned Wesley gently, "for I have preached already." A clergyman came armed with a stick to tell him, but was seized by two or three lusty women and dragged to a neighbouring house and "suppressed" in somewhat the same fashion as the juryman in Alice's Adventures. Even at that early stage woman had her place in the polity of Methodism.

Then as to the strenuousness of this little, dapper man. He was so accustomed to ride five thousand miles a year on horseback. He often rode himself into a fever and preached himself out of it. Once he was drenched through with rain when riding to a preaching appointment, and his clothes froze stiff on him. He was delayed and did not reach the appointed place till ten at night; but the people were waiting for him, so he must needs preach. There was no home for him, so he had to lie down on the ground in an outhouse, and woke to find his hair frozen to the floor! His shrewd humour was wonderful. He would turn aside on his journey to see the curious sights; anything quaint delighted him and he had an abounding love for nature. Here are some of his criticisms. Of the author of a volume he says "A well-meaning man, but deeply ignorant of his subject." Quite worthy of The Saturday Review. When a curate at St. Andrew's read the lessons badly, he remarks, "It would be better to pay the gentleman for doing nothing." Of the Glasgow people he slyly says, "They dearly love the Gospel on the Sabbath day."

His opinion of the General Assembly of Scotland which he attended was severe. He found they took five hours over a debate that might have been settled in five minutes with a little common sense. Once he went to the Tower with a man who played the German flute to try its effect on the lions, because he had heard that music soothes the savage breast. He tells us that the lions stood still and listened, but the tiger became highly excited, and would not stop still—a thing not astonishing, as Mr. Lewis observed, "if the German flute was anything like the German band." Wesley had the heart of a child, and carried a merry face, what Robert Louis Stevenson aptly called "a morning face." His benevolence was almost appalling in these days of canny givers. He gave away more than £30,000 during his life!

Here is an entry from The Journal which may explain some of our leakage problems. "The other day a Papist cried out, 'I would wish to join with you, but now I have all my sins forgiven for four shillings a year, and I could not do that with you!' In another place he says, 'To-day I breakfasted with Mr B—, a black swan—an honest lawyer.' Wesley was intensely human; he must have chuckled as he wrote, in an account of a disturbance at an outdoor preaching, "One called a gentleman came with his pockets filled with rotten eggs. A young man came unaware and clapped his hands on either pocket and broke the eggs, so that the stench made him turn and flee."

"I hope, sor, you will assist a poor man whose house and everything that was in it, including me family, sor, was burned up two months ago last Thursday, sor."

The merchant to whom this appeal was addressed, while very philanthropic, is also very cautious, so he asked:

"Have you any papers or certificate to show that you have lost anything by fire?"

"I did have a certificate, sor, signed before a magistrate, to that effect, but it was burned up, sor, in the house with me family and the rest of me effects."

THE LAND OF NILE.

(Continued from first page)

at Mamre, some Egyptian genius wrought this extraordinary work. "Sheikh-el-Beled"—the chief of the village—the Arabs called it, as they exhumed it from the tomb where for thousands of years it had been hidden.

FINDING THE PHARAOHS.

But the great attraction in the Boulak Museum is the mummies of the Pharaohs Thothmes I, the great obelisk builder, Seti I, the father or grandfather of "Pharaoh's daughter"; Rameses II, the great temple builder and warrior, the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites, these and many others of less note have come forth from their tombs after a burial of three thousand years, and their forms and faces can be seen to-day in the Museum at Boulak. Strange irony of fate, indeed, that subjects the sacred and haughty features of monarchs who shook the world, and one of whom matched himself against Jehovah, to the close of the curious gaze of nineteenth-century travellers. Seventeen years ago their existence was only known to one Arab family, eleven years ago they still lay swathed in the cerements that had wrapped them round at death; to-day, with features hardly altered, preserved by the cunning art of the embalmer from the jealous and indiscriminating ravages of decay, they come forth to read us an affecting lesson on vicissitude and mutation, and to unfold, as never before was unfolded, the history of the life and cultus of ancient Egypt.

The story of their discovery reads like a romance. Early in 1881 Prof. Maspero, who had for a long time suspected, from articles sold to tourists visiting Thebes, that some of the Arabs had found a royal sepulchre, was led to the conviction that one of them employed as a guide by tourists visiting the tombs and temples, and by name Ahmed Abder Rasoul, knew more than he would tell of this secret and invaluable discovery. He accordingly had him imprisoned. Persuasion, including the bastinado and bribe, was tried for a time in vain, when at length his brother, Mohammed, judging the amount of backsheesh offered by the professor in hand worth more than the possibility of more liberal, yet more dangerous largess unlawfully obtained, revealed the secret and led the authorities to the spot.

It was on the 5th of July, 1881, that Ental Bey, the curator of the Museum, stood over the stone-filled shaft that led to the tombs of the Pharaohs. It lay in a dreary stone valley among the hills of Thebes. Forty feet through the solid limestone, and six feet square, the shaft went down perpendicularly, filled with loose stones, and carefully buried up. From the bottom a horizontal gallery ran into the very heart of the mountain, ending in a chamber some thirteen feet by twenty-three, and six feet high. In this secret chamber lay Rameses the Great and thirty-six other mummies—kings, queens, princes and priests.

What a moment for the explorer, when in the dim torchlight he groped his way through the long passages, and the extent and importance of the discovery flashed upon him! What a thrill of awe, as well as of triumph, as he stood there in the presence of the long-hidden secret of the tombs of the Pharaohs!

With all speed hundreds of labourers were hired, the huge mummy-cases carefully raised once more to the light of day, wrapped, roped and sealed in safe packages, transported across the plain of Thebes to the banks of the Nile, shipped on the steamers summoned for the reception of this unique and illustrious freight, and brought safely down the sacred river to their resting place at Boulak. The news spread rapidly of the finding and deportation of the mummies, and as the Government steamers conveyed them down the Nile along the shore were weird and eager groups of natives for many a mile, shrieking, wailing, and firing funeral shots in honour of the long-buried and mighty dead.

Thothmes III., the greatest, save Rameses III., of the warrior-kings, was carefully unrolled from his multitudinous wrappings, and his features once more opened to the light of day. They were in fine preservation; but, alas! there was barely time to photograph them ere they crumbled into dust. Chagrined and dismayed at this unlooked-for calamity, the savants of the museum long hesitated as to disturbing the cerements which enfolded the august form of the great Rameses; but at length, in 1886, in the presence of the Khedive and the great officers of state, the mummy was unrolled, and Rameses the Great, gigantic in height and stern and majestic in features, lay before the petty

princeling who now rules, in name alone the land which he ruled in unquestioned sovereignty so many centuries ago.

"One by one the more important of the other mummies were unrolled, and to-day, ranked side by side, in their glass-covered caskets in the Boulak Museum, they are gazed upon by the host of travellers who tread the streets of the city of the Caliphs, in the swarming and scattering of men which is so significant a feature of our modern life.

The finest face of them all, the finest mummy-face ever discovered, is that of Seti I, the father of the great Rameses. It is in splendid preservation, and a type of considerable mental power and great strength of will. Rameses II., is of stronger and coarser mould than his father, with a frame six feet in height and of great breadth of chest and size of bone. The nose is strongly aquiline, though at the end flattened by the wrapping, and the jaws massive in an extraordinary degree. It is a hard, cruel, selfish face—the face of a man full of self-will and power, whose uncontrolled will and untrammelled despotism had for nearly a century awayed the destiny of millions. Strength—selfish strength, determined, dogged, despotic—that is the characteristic stamped upon that rugged and ruthless face. Small wonder that the disciplined hordes of his warriors swept in savage triumph over so wide an area! Small wonder that his name comes out in history, sacred and profane, as conqueror and tyrant, fearless in the pristine ages in which he flourished.

It has been my fortune to gaze upon many an object calculated to stir the pulses and recall the past, but never, I think, did I have so vivid a realization of the march and mutation of time, never was I so affected by any of the relics of far-away human skill and labour as when I bent over within a few inches of those set swartly faces of Seti and Rameses, and thought of all that God had made to pass in their day and all that God had made to pass between that time and ours.

There are many wonderful things in the Boulak Museum. Months, rather than hours, might well and worthily be spent there; but of them all there is nothing that moves the interest stirred by that quiet room in which are ranged the bodies of the great Pharaohs. They were what I was most eager to see, they were among the last things I looked at before I left. They live to-day in my memory in clear and vivid light—impressed, as nothing else impressed itself, of all I have ever seen."

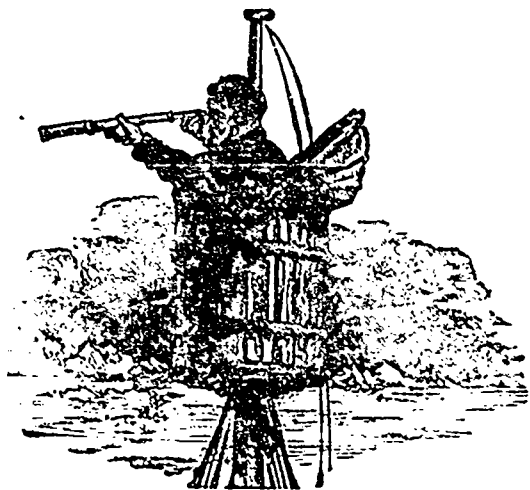
ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI AND THE BIRDS.

There is in the Louvre a charming little picture by Giotto, of St. Francis preaching to the birds. The saint's face, with an earnest, loving expression, is looking up at the birds that, with outstretched necks and half-open beaks, appear to catch his words. The old legend which this painting illustrates with all the artist's vividness in presenting a story, is equally charming in its simplicity. It is as follows: As St. Francis was going towards Bivagno, he lifted up his eyes and saw a multitude of birds. He said to his companions: "Wait for me here while I preach to my little sisters, the birds." The birds gathered around him and he spoke to them somewhat as follows:

"My little sisters the birds, you owe much to God your creator, and ought to sing his praise at all times and in all places, because he has given you liberty and the air to fly about in; and though you neither spin nor sew, he has given you a covering for yourselves and little ones. He sent two of your species into the ark of Noah that you might not be lost to the world. He feeds you though you neither sow nor reap. He has given you fountains and rivers in which to quench your thirst, and trees in which to build your nests. Beware, my little sisters, of the sin of ingratitude, and study always to praise the Lord." As he preached, the birds opened their beaks, stretched out their necks, and flapped their wings, and bowed their heads to the earth.

His sermon over, St. Francis fled the sign of the cross, and the birds flew up into the air, singing sweetly their song of praise, and dispersed towards the four quarters of the world, as if to convey the words they had heard to all the world. St. Colomba used to feed the sea-beaten herons that alighted on the island of Iona. The sparrows would descend and eat out of St. Remi's hands. And the birds would hover around the hermits of Montserrat and eat from their hands.—The Holy Family.

If you want others to work, don't wait for others to work.



THE CROW'S NEST.—"THERE SHE BLOWS."

With the Whale Fishers.

BY M. R. WARD.

CHAPTER I.

TRYSTING.

There, 'mid the ice-king's breath,
Vast mountains piled beneath
The Arctic wave.
Those giant forms rear high
In crystal terraces, and glistening domes,
Towards the sky.

A bright morning in March was dawning as the good ship Walrus shook out her white wings to catch the light breeze which now sprang up fair for carrying her out from an Eastern port. She had slipped her moorings in dock the evening before, and come out into the roadstead ready to catch the first favouring breeze of the morning. Leave-takings had been said, and hearty good wishes for a prosperous voyage had been uttered by interested spectators, including wives, mothers, and sisters of those on board. With the farewells many a silent prayer went up from the crowd of devout hearts among those who witnessed the departure.

The Walrus was one of the first of her class—a large whaling vessel bound for the Straits, and alike in the stout timbers of her sides, which enclosed the most ample stores, and the hardy, well-picked men that formed her complement, she was admirably equipped for the adventurous undertaking.

Her captain was one of the finest old "salts" that ever sailed in Northern seas, and a long experience in Arctic navigation had made him an authority in whaling enterprise. Thus no vessel left that port under better auspices than the good ship Walrus; but we give the best summing-up of these when we say that she carried a Christian captain and a little band of praying men,—an embodiment of what St. Paul wrote of as "the Church that is in thine house;" for from this floating home prayers and praises were to ascend and a record of Christian influence and character was to be wrought out amid the scenes and perils of Arctic life.

Genial in temper, as he was firm in command, Capt. M'Naghten was thoroughly respected by his ship's company, for although there were not a few among them who knew not God, he was not ashamed to show before them all under whose "colours" he sailed; and never did his ship leave port without a public recognition of the God of Providence, by asking his blessing on the enterprise. A living witness the captain also was that "godliness is profitable unto all things." For many a season, when other vessels were having poor fishing, or coming home almost "clean," the Walrus was successful.

"In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths," was the good captain's favourite motto, whether on land or sea, and a marked fulfilment of the promise contained in these words he considered himself to have received in the appointment of a Christian young surgeon to his vessel. Great was his satisfaction in having this important post filled by one who fully concurred with him in the highest of all matters, for he had known in one or two former voyages what it was to have a godless influence in the same direction; and he had made it his special request to heaven that a Christian man might be found for his post, one who would strive to do good to the souls as well as bodies of those on board. A very cordial reception thus awaited the young surgeon, not only on account of the high professional testimonials which had secured his appointment with the owners, but in view of the character he bore as a servant of Jesus Christ.

"Well, doctor, I bid you welcome to the good ship Walrus, glad to find that we serve under the same flag," was the old captain's greeting accompanied with hearty hand-shaking, as Arthur Pennant stepped on board. "Captain and doctor should be true shipmates, and I believe we're well-spliced," he added in a kindly undertone, designed to convey a sense of his fatherly feeling towards the young man, whose slight build, despite his manly bearing, made him look somewhat of a stripling beside the burly old man.

"Now then, ladies, this way, and we will find time to show you our quarters, before we slip moorings," he continued, addressing those whom Arthur introduced as his mother and sister; and a kindly glance from the old sailor rested on the widow lady and her daughter.

"Tight fits on shipboard, m'am," he said, as he threw open the door of the tiny sleeping-cabin appropriated to the surgeon, and noted the surprised look of the ladies.

"Well, doctor, do you think you can square yourself into this nutshell?" he added, turning round to the young surgeon, with a broad, amused smile on his face. "A full cargo—and that is what we always hope to have—does not leave much room for kicking up one's heels, an amusement which, I believe, landsmen delight in; but perhaps you'll square round in time."

"No doubt of it, captain. Only give me space enough to make all my professional belongings taut and square, ready to hand, with good elbow room for any operation, and I shall be all right," replied Arthur cheerily.

"That's it. I see you are not afraid of roughing it. But here is your own special domain, doctor, and long may I be preserved from your hands," added the captain, with a comical gravity that brought a smile to all faces, as he showed Arthur into a small surgery fitted up with every convenience and medical appliance.

"Excellent! excellent!" said the young man, with a gratified glance round the complete little place; "I rather think all whalers are not fitted up like this."

"Quite true, doctor; but you see we've plenty of emergencies up yonder, so it's rather my pride to have everything very complete here; and being part owner, I can have my own way in the matter. But mind, doctor, you are welcome to sole rule within these doors, though everywhere else I am master of my ship."

"You must not mind an old tar's odd speeches, Mrs. Pennant," he continued; "for your son and myself will be excellent shipmates, I'll venture to say; and though we have our perils up north, we have God overhead and a good ship beneath us."

This last remark was added by way of answer to some anxious inquiries from Arthur's mother and sister as to the dangers of Arctic sailing.

"And now I believe I must ask you to make for shore, for we are just about loose off," said the old captain, as he noted the mother's anxious face, and heartily shook her by the hand. "Please God, we shall see old England again in six or seven months' time, and with a full ship too, I hope," was his cheering finale.

Arthur Pennant led his mother and sister to the gangway, and stepped on shore with them.

"Now, Lella, you promise me to keep up bravely, and cheer mother always?"

"Yes; and to remember our trysting-time too, Arthur," said the young sister, forcing back her tears.

"Ah, yes, Lella, we shall all remember that, and meet at the one place, however far apart."

"Now, mother dear, be brave, and you'll soon hear of us from Shetland," was Arthur's farewell, as the last embrace was given with quivering lips.

The mother's heart was too full for reply.

"One hope—one meeting-place! we will all remember this," he added, glancing brightly upward as he stepped back on board; and amid many a cheer the vessel moved off.

Waving his last adieus, Arthur watched the receding group until distance rendered all indistinct, and then, commending himself and them to the One Almighty Friend, he went below. There he busied himself in good earnest with the "squaring round" process, and after a long pace on deck with the good captain, under a starlit sky, turned in for the night.

(To be continued.)



LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW

LESSON VII.—MAY 15.

WATCHFULNESS.

(Read chapters 23, 24, and Rom. 14. 1-13.)

Matt. 24 42-51. Memory verses 44-46

GOLDEN TEXT.

Watch therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come Matt. 24. 42.

OUTLINE.

1. The Reward of Faithfulness, v. 42-47

2. The Penalty of Neglect, v. 48-51.

Time—Tuesday, April 4, A. D. 30, probably in the afternoon.

Place—On the Mount of Olives, overlooking the splendid courts of the temple.

HOME READINGS

M. Warning.—Matt. 24. 1-14.

Tu. Unexpected.—Matt. 24. 32-41.

W. Watchfulness.—Matt. 24. 42-51.

Th. Ready and unready.—Matt. 25 1-13.

F. Expectation.—2 Peter 3. 8-14

S. Watch and pray.—Mark 13. 23-37

S. Hold fast and repent.—Rev. 3. 1-6.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Reward of Faithfulness, v. 42-47.

What is the keynote of this lesson's Golden Text.

Why should we always watch?

What should we do besides watching? Luke 21. 36.

What is said about the good man watching against the thief?

What would he thus have prevented?

For what ought we to be always ready?

What question is asked about a wise servant?

What servant is pronounced blessed?

What honour will his lord give him?

What reason will he give for thus honouring this servant? Matt. 25. 21.

2. The Penalty of Neglect, v. 48-51.

What would an evil servant say?

To whom would he say this?

What cruelty would he begin to practice?

What bad company would he keep?

What surprise would overtake him?

What punishment would his lord inflict?

Where would he assign him his portion?

What principle justifies this sentence? Luke 16. 10.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That the Son of man is coming again?

2. That no man knows when he will come?

3. That we ought always to be ready for his coming?

A TRUE HORSE STORY.

On Madison street one day I paused to pat the nose of a beautiful horse which stood by the curb, and commiserate his misfortune, for this beautiful animal, though sleek of coat and shapely in body and limb, was apparently suffering most excruciating torture. His head had been checked inhumanly high, and the cruel bit, drawing tightly in his mouth, disfigured an animal face of unusual charm and intelligence. I was just fancying that the horse had begun to understand and appreciate my words of sympathy when the lady who sat in the carriage holding the reins fumbled in her pocket, producing a lump of white sugar, and asked me to give it to the horse.

"He is very fond of sugar," she explained, "and I have quite won his heart by feeding it to him. I always carry sugar in my pocket while out driving, and give him a lump at every opportunity. I

never know a horse to be so fond of sugar. Will you please give him another lump?"

"Certainly," I replied. "I see that you are quite as fond of the horse as he is of sweets."

"Yes, I think everything of him."

"Then why do you torture him?"

"Torture my Prince?"

"Yes, that is just what you are doing. Do you know that the poor animal suffers agony because his head is checked so unnaturally high? His neck is drawn out straight, producing a most ungraceful angle, he holds his head awkwardly, the bit is hurting his mouth, and that graceful curvature of neck and carriage of head which are in his nature are now entirely lost. Why do you check him so high?"

She didn't know. She was no more aware that high checking was a source of pain to horses, nor that it destroyed their natural beauty. She was amazed at the discovery.

"May I trouble you to unloosen his check?" she asked.

When the strap was unslipped the horse immediately lowered his head, straightened the cramps out of his handsome neck, shook himself to make sure that he had actually been released from bondage, and then looked round with such a grateful, delighted expression in his intelligent eyes that his mistress declared no more checking straps should be used upon him.—Chicago Herald

At the launching of the Japanese war-ship Kasagi, which takes place at Philadelphia to-morrow, the ship will not be christened with either wine or whiskey, but Miss Helen Long, daughter of the Secretary of the Navy, will pronounce the name of the ship, at the same time loosening a silken bag and releasing a white pigeon, according to a beautiful Japanese custom. This is a foreign fashion that is worthy of American adoption. At the launching of a large vessel at Camden, Maine, a few years ago, the christening was attended by the scattering of flowers from her bow. The Japanese custom is even better than that.—Ex.

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BOULAK MUSEUM—PRINCE RAHOTEP AND HIS WIFE NEFAT.—(THE OLDEST STATUES IN THE WORLD.)

The Crucifixion.

(A hymn of the twelfth century, translated by John Mason Neale.)

With the soldiers, straitly bound,
Forth the Saviour fareth;
Over all his holy form
Bleeding wounds he beareth;
He a crown of woven thorns,
King of glory weareth
And each one, with bend'd knee,
Fresher taunts prepareth.

They thy mild and tender flesh,
O Redeemer, baring,
To the column bind thee fast,
For the scourge preparing;
Thus the ransom of our peace
Cruel stripes are tearing,
As the streams that flow therefrom
Fully are declaring.

After passed he through the street,
As the morn grow older,
And the heavy, bitter cross,
Bare he on his shoulder:
Throughed the windows and the doors
Many a rude beholder;
But he found no comforter
There, and no upholder.

Him, in open sight of men
Manifestly shaming,
To the mind and cold they bare,
Utmost insults framing;
Guiltless, on the cross they lift
With transgressors naming,
Him, as midmost of the three,
Chief of all proclaiming.

On the wood his arms are stretched,
And his hands are riven;
Through the tender flesh of Christ
Mighty nails are driven;
In like wise his blessed feet
Are to torture given,
As the hands that had so oft
In our battles striven.

Calling on thy Father's name,
Thy last breath was spended;
And thy spirit in his hands
Gently was commended;
With a loud and mighty cry,
Then thy head was bended,
And the work that brought thee down,
Of Salvation, ended.

THE JAPANESE HOME.

Ida Tigner Hodnett writes of "The Little Japanese at Home" in The April St. Nicholas. The author says:

The climate, of course, varies in different parts; even in the mid-country the cold is intense in winter, and the heat intense in summer, yet both cold and heat are somewhat lessened by the surrounding ocean. To strangers it seems odd to see orange-trees bright with golden fruit, and at the same time icicles glittering in the morning sun, but this is one of the strange sights presented to the view.

In their dwellings shelter from the rain, shade from the sun, and free circulation of air are mainly sought by the Japanese, who, as a rule, seem to be able to endure much cold. Even on winter days their houses are seen entirely open to the morning sun, and in this respect they set a good example to their Western brethren. Then, too, these houses must be such as will not be readily shaken to the ground in an earthquake, for Japan is a land of earthquakes.

For security against this danger, the house is put together in a very simple

way. All parts of the structure are held together, one author says, by a system of "dovetailing," neither nails nor screws being used in their production, except for ornament. It is not made fast to the ground, but stands upon wooden

work are made. It remains to arrange for the outside walls and the partitions of the rooms. Most foreigners regard the outside walls as huge windows, for they are merely light wooden latticework frames covered with a stiff, semi-transparent paper. These frames slide in grooves, so that they can be taken out at pleasure, leaving the whole house open to the cool breezes. At night they are covered with amado, or wooden shutters, which also slide in grooves along the edge of the veranda or a projection of the floor, and so shut in the house. In the daytime the shutters are pushed back so as to form ornamental side-pieces. This kind of wall and window in one is another of the needs of building in an earthquake land, where the use of glass would be dangerous and costly.

The rooms are made by means of sliding partitions of woven bamboo, or else of paper-covered latticework similar to the outside walls, fitted into grooves in the ceiling. The ceiling and all the frames for outside and inside walls are of unpainted wood, and all parts of the house are generally kept perfectly clean.

NOT LONELY.

A good minister of the Gospel was visiting among the poor one winter's day in a large city in Scotland. He climbed up into a garret at the top of a very high house. He had been told

there was the bed, and a chair, and a table with a candle burning dimly on it; a very little fire on the hearth, and an old woman sitting by it, with a large Testament on her lap. The minister asked her what she was doing there. She said she was reading.

"Do you feel lonely here?" he asked.

"Na, na," was her reply.

"What do you do here all these long winter nights?"

"O," she said, "I just sit here, wif my light and wif my New Testament on my knees, talking wif Jesus."

TAKE CARE HOW YOU GET ANGRY.

A fit of angry passion hurts the body as well as the soul. Anger affects the nerves and the beating of the heart. How red the face grows when a person "gets mad." Sometimes a man is red and pale, by turns, when a passionate spell takes possession of his feelings and reason.

A physician tells the following; it shows how anger hurts the body. After stating that anger helps to bring on a sort of uneven beating of the heart, called "intermittency," the doctor says: "One striking example, among others of this kind which I could name, was afforded me in the case of a member of my own profession. This gentleman told me that an original irritability of temper was permitted, by want of due control, to pass into a disposition of almost persistent or chronic anger, so that every trifle in this way was a cause of unwarranted irritation. Sometimes his anger was so vehement that all about him were alarmed for him even more than for themselves, and when the attack was over there were hours of sorrow and regret in private which were as exhausting as the previous anger. In the midst of one of these outbreaks of short, severe madness, he suddenly felt, to use his own expression, as if his heart were lost. He reeled under the impression, was nauseated and faint; then, recovering, he put his hand to his wrist and discovered an intermittent action of the heart as the cause of his faintness. He never completely rallied from that shock, and to the day of his death, ten years later, he was never free from the intermittency."

Let all our readers learn to rule their spirit. Resolve to master your temper. Never, never let it master you. It will make you unlovely and disagreeable if you give way to hasty fits of anger. People will dislike to have you around, because of your dreadful temper. It may weaken your body and shorten your life.

You want to be loved and trusted. You wish to be strong and well in body, clear and cool in mind, patient and pleasant in spirit, do you not? Then take care how you get angry.

If you are naturally quick-tempered, you will not be able to control the disposition by your own strength and your unaided resolution. You must ask the loving Lord Jesus to help you rule your temper if it is too strong for you.—Sunday-school Advocate.

Be Kind.

Be kind to one another;
Be tender-hearted, true,
Forgiving those who trespass,
As you for pardon sue.

Be quick to aid the fallen,
And speak a word of cheer;
To please our Lord and Master
Be ever ready here.



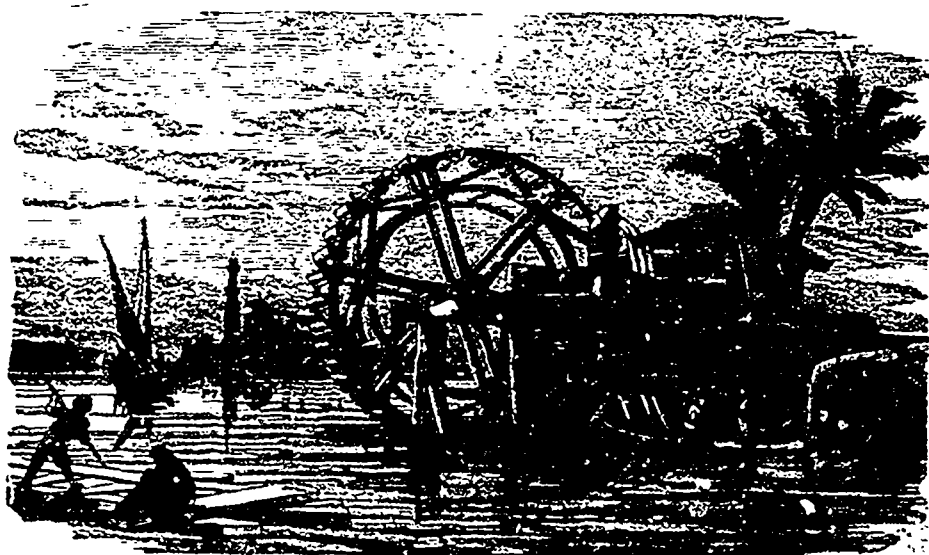
RAMSES II.—THE PHARAOH OF THE OPPRESSION. (PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE MUMMY IN BOULAK MUSEUM.)

legs or columns, which are merely placed upon stones high enough to keep the ends out of the water. Then, when an earthquake occurs, the building moves to and fro, and settles down again after the vibration has ceased. It is believed that most of the damage from earthquakes in Japanese cities has occurred with the houses having tiled roofs, as the tiles are easily shaken loose, and, being heavy, cause destruction in their fall. Buildings with roofs of wood or thatch generally escape damage.

It is thought that the use of tiled roofs arose from the dread of fire, although many roofs are made of stone tiles, the majority are of wood, bamboo, or thatch. Thatch is much used in the poorer villages; but even temples as well as dwellings, have been known to be thatched. On the ridge of this thatched roof the iris is frequently planted; and when in bloom, its dark velvety-purple blossoms and light green leaves give the house a picturesque appearance. Seen from a distance, the village looks as if there were little gardens on the tops of the houses.

Most dwellings are but one story high. When the roof and frame-

that there was a poor old woman there, that no one seemed to know about. He went on climbing up, until he found his way into the garret-room. As he entered the room he looked around;



EASTERN WATER-WHEEL.