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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, JUNE 16, 1900.

No. 24

Go Ye into All the World.

BY M. F. YORKE.

Hark! the clarion call from heaven;
Into all the world go ye,
Go, and plant the Gospel leaven,
Wheresoe'er my creatures be.

In their death I have no pleasure,
Rather that they turn and live.
Go, proclaim the Gospel measure,
Unto all my message give.

Tell them I have died to save them,
From their want, and woe, and sin.
Tell them of the many mansions,
Bid them come and enter in.

Haste, ye followers of the Saviour,
His commandment to obey.
Go, or send, for souls are dying,
While ye loiter by the way.

'Tis the voice of Jesus saying,
Go ye into all the world.
Wheresoe'er my sheep are straying,
Let my banner be unfurled.

Soon the sowing will be over,
Harvest time is hastening on;
Gather sheaves for heaven's garner;
With rejoicing bring them home.

METHODIST MISSIONS—THE DOMESTIC AND INDIAN WORK.

BY THE EDITOR.

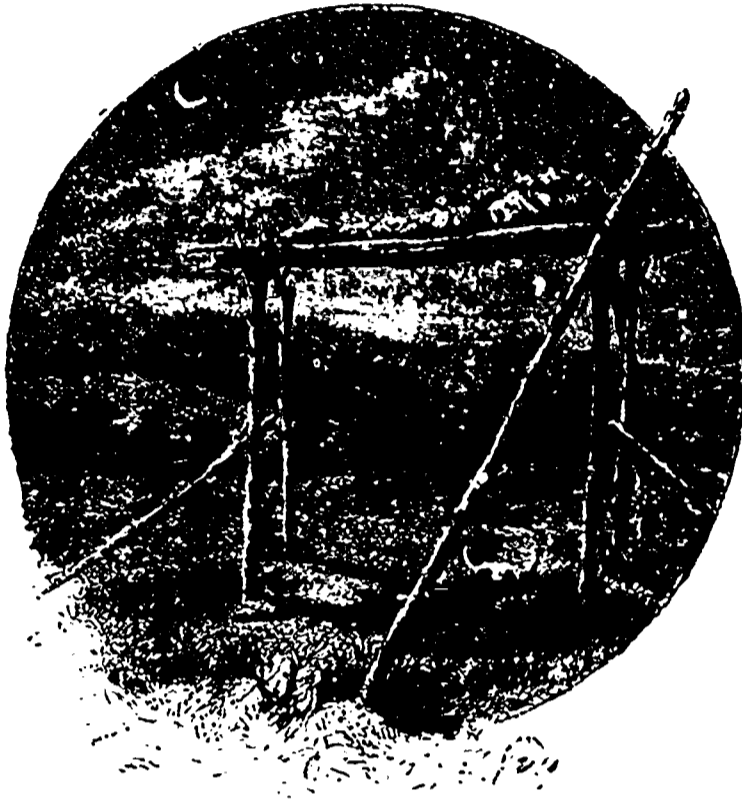
Every great religious movement has been accompanied by intense military zeal. The day of Pentecost was the prelude to the diffusion of the Gospel by apostolic labours from the banks of the Indus to the banks of the Rhone, and from the highlands of Abyssinia to the rugged mountains of Caucasus. The mediaeval church, in the time of its greatest purity and spiritual power, sent its missionaries into the depths of Thuringian forests and to far Iona's lonely isle and storm-swept Lindisfarne. The Lutheran reformation awoke the missionary zeal of the long torpid church. This missionary spirit is especially characteristic of the movement called Methodism. As if conscious of its destined universality, its founder with prophetic soul exclaimed, "The world is my parish."

On many a field of sacred toil have the agents of Methodism vindicated its title to the distinction of being pre-eminently a missionary church—amid the cinnamon groves of Ceylon, in the crowded bazaars or tangled jungles of India, among the teeming populations of China, beneath the feathery foliage of the tropic palm in the sunny islands of the Southern Seas, amid the dense darkness of African barbarism, and beside the mighty rivers which roll in solitary grandeur through the vast wilderness of our own Northwest. With a prouder boast than the Roman poet they may exultantly exclaim, "What place now, what region in the earth is not full of our labour?"

In every land beneath the sun this grand old Mother of Churches has her daughters fair and flourishing, who rise up and call her blessed. The Sabbath chant of her hymns, like the morning drum-beat of Great Britain's garrisons, engirdles the world. And we, in the virgin lands of this new world, have endeavoured to be faithful to the traditions and spirit which have characterized Methodism everywhere. From the beginning we have been a missionary church. And now, with our ampler resources, and our broader fields of labour, we must maintain our missionary character, and go forth to grander conquests than we have ever attempted before.

OUR DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

These missions have especial claims on our sympathy and support. There are in our im-



INDIAN GRAVE.

mediate vicinity Their spiritual necessities are forced upon our notice. There will always be young and poor and feeble circuits, for the most part in the back woods settlements, which require fostering and assistance in the early years of their history. The adventurous spirit and independence of character which lead the hardy pioneer to hew out for himself a home in the wilderness, and to push still further the frontiers of civilization, carry him also beyond the privileges of the sanctuary and the influence of the Gospel. When the six days' strenuous toil is ended, and the blessed Sabbath rest has come, his thoughts turn fondly to the home of his childhood and the Christian companionship of other days, and the dark and gloomy forest seems more sombre for that it is uncheered by the sounds of the church-going bell, or by the Christian hymn of praise. The hardy frontiersman generally has, at first, all that he can do to procure food for himself and his family, to get a roof over their heads, to fell the forest, plough the glebe, and cultivate the acres rescued from the wilderness. He cannot himself procure those Gospel ordinances to which he may

have been accustomed in older settlements, and sometimes even his dead are laid in the grave without those solemn rites of religion which do so much to mitigate the bitterness of parting. But he is not long left without the ministrations of the sanctuary. Wherever the ring of the woodman's axe or the crack of the hunter's rifle is heard, there the Methodist missionary soon follows as the almoner of the church, breaking the Bread of Life to those who are perishing for lack of knowledge—sharing the hardships and privations of the people among whom he labours, partaking of their often coarse and scanty fare, sympathizing with their sorrows, and rejoicing with them in their simple joys. He thus helps to lay broad and deep the foundations of a Christian civilization on those eternal principles of righteousness and truth which alone are the corner-stones of national greatness, the pledge of the stability of national institutions.

Where, within the memory of men now living, the only human habitation was the Indian wigwam, now rise noble cities with crowded populations, and adorned with stately architecture. The keeping pace with these enormous strides will



INDIAN CAMP.

tax to the uttermost the missionary energies of our church. But in consequence of this rapid development the remote mission station soon becomes a new source and centre of missionary effort, like the banyan tree extending its branches, which in time take root in the earth, and become themselves parent stems. Thus it is the truest economy to liberally sustain these domestic missions during the period of their dependence, at the same time teaching the principles of self reliance, and awakening the ambition to become in turn contributors to the missionary revenue, and to repay with usury the help they have themselves received.

OUR INDIAN MISSIONS

In the library of the Harvard University, near Boston, is an old and faded volume, which possesses a profound and pathetic interest. No man can read its pages. In all the world there is none who comprehends its mysterious characters. It is a sealed book, whose voice is silent forever. Yet its language was once the vernacular of a numerous and powerful race. But of those who spoke that tongue there runs no drop of kindred blood in any human vein. It is the Bible translated for the use of the New England Indians by Elliot, the great apostle of the native tribes. This worn and meagre volume, with its speechless pages, is the symbol of a mighty fact. Like the bones of the fossil dinosaurs and megatherium, it is the relic of an extinct creation. It is the only vestige of a vanished race, the tombstone over the grave of a nation. And similar to the fate of the New England tribes seems to be the destiny of the entire aboriginal race on this continent. They are melting away like snow before the summer sun. Their inherent character is averse to the genius of modern civilization. You cannot mow up the eagle of the mountain like the barn-yard fowl, nor tame the forest stag like the stalled ox. So, to the red man the trammels and fetters of civilized life are irksome and chafe his very soul. Like the caged eagle, he pines for the freedom of the forest or the prairie. He now stalks a stranger through the heritage of his fathers, an object of idle curiosity where once he was lord of the soil. He dwells not in our cities. He assimilates not with our habits. Like a spectre of the past, he lingers among us in scattered "reserves," or hovers upon the frontier of civilization ever pushed back by its advancing tide. Already the arrowheads and tomahawks of the aboriginal tribes are collected in our museums as strange relics of a bygone era.

Now, we who possess their lands owe a duty to this perishing race. The original occupants of the soil have inalienable rights conferred by the great Suzerain of all the earth which no man may innocently ignore or deny. Not that it is for a moment conceivable as the will of Providence that these broad lands—already the homes of millions and prospectively of millions more, should forever continue the hunting-ground of the wandering children of the forest. We believe every supplanting of a weaker by a stronger race to be a step towards a higher and nobler human development. But the right of conquest does not free from obligation to the conquered. We in Canada are in the position of wardens to those weak and dying races. They look up to our beloved sovereign as their "Great Mother." We are their elder and stronger brethren, their natural protectors and guardians. How have the duties springing from that relationship been discharged? The Government, it is true, has exercised a paternal care over the scattered fragments of these once numerous tribes. It has, where

(Continued on next page.)

Only One Mother.

You have only one mother,
Whose heart you can gladden with joy,
Or cause it to ache,
Till ready to break,
So cherish that mother, my boy.

You have only one mother, who will
Stand by you through good and through ill,

And love you, although
The world is your foe,
So care for that love ever still.

You have only one mother to pray
That in the good path you may stay,
Who for you won't spare
Self-sacrifice rare;
So worship that mother alway.

You have only one mother to make
A home ever sweet for your sake,
Who toils day and night
For you with delight,
To help her all pains ever take.

You have only one mother just one,
Remember that always, my son,
None can or will do
What she has for you;
What have you for her ever done?
—Early Days

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5 copies and over	0 50	0 50
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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Rev. W. H. Witham, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 16, 1900.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

If the Emperor of Germany were an ordinary mortal the care with which he preserves and the pride with which he makes public the exact number of the animals he succeeds in killing would be taken as proof that he is entirely lacking in the true spirit of sport. For the real hunter, unless, of course, he hunts for the market, and therefore belongs to a class of hunters so closely related to butchers as not to count in the present discussion, notes the number of his victims only as a minor and incidental feature of success, and rests all his claim to the successful envy of his fellows on achievements reached in conditions that precluded the possibility of filling up much space on a tally sheet. The Kaiser, dear man, has different ideas. It pleases him to shoot birds and beasts that have been driven to the end of his gun, and after every shot a specially employed statistician makes an entry under the proper head in a big ledger. Once in so often the columns are totted up, and a report on the month or year is sent out to a world which, whether admiring or not, is certainly interested. As the Kaiser imagines that he has just passed the dividing line between two centuries, it is natural that he should have had tabulated all the "hunting" done by him in the century he thinks has passed, and we are solemnly informed that between 1872 and the beginning of 1900 William has killed 40,822 "pieces of game." It's a good many, for a fact. A little figuring shows that the killings numbered 1,458 per year, which is four for every day in the twenty-eight years, or about one for each four hours of the Emperor's waking time. Even more impressive than the record itself, however, is the circumstance that the man who made it deems it creditable to him.—New York Times.

AN EMPTY WHISKEY BARREL.

BY MRS. A. E. C. MARELL.

"What is the use of learning all this stuff anyway?" yawned ten-year-old Harry Dean, as he was trying to learn a lesson in his Temperance Physiology.

"The book explains for itself," said his mother.

"I don't believe half of it. Jimmy Lark is a saloonkeeper's son, and he says there is not a bit of truth in it. That silly people only put that into books to hurt the liquor trade."

"Is Jimmy Lark a proper person to listen to?"

"He says wicked words sometimes, and has awful dirty hands, but he knows something about the liquor trade, and if he did not tell me, mamma, I could see some things for myself. Now, you say there has never been a drunkard in our family—and how is it going to hurt me if I leave it alone? I don't believe there is half so much poison in the stuff as this book says. If it is really such a dangerous poison I shouldn't think people would be allowed to make it, or sell it, or anything."

"No, they shouldn't, my son. You may depend on it, everything in the book is true, and, then, not half the evil is told. But you are tired now. Put your book aside and go to the grocer's for me. Here is the order."

Harry Dean closed his book, took the slip of paper and started out.

It was a very hot day, and the street had a deserted look because it was the noon hour.

As he passed the corner of Fourth and Federal, he noticed a boy seated on an empty whiskey barrel, under an awning, in front of a saloon. The boy was eating cherries.

As Harry was returning from the grocer's, he heard a loud report, and saw a boy flying up into the air.

He ran with the others, and was one of the first to help up a bruised and bleeding body. It was the one who had been sitting on the whiskey barrel. He was hurried away to the hospital.

It was several days before he recovered from his wounds, and then he told how the accident happened.

After he had eaten his cherries, he began to wonder if there was anything in the barrel. In order to find out, he struck a match, dropped it through the bung-hole into the barrel, and was just about to peer into the hole when there came a terrific explosion and he bounced up against the awning and then out into the street.

"Why, the barrel was empty. How could it blow up?" Harry asked his mother, after narrating the event to her.

"That, my boy, is a lesson in Natural Philosophy. The barrel was full of poisonous gas, which the whiskey left behind. The lighted match caused it to expand and explode. Is there no lesson to be learned in what you have seen?"

"Why, mamma, I was thinking if there is so much danger in an empty barrel where whiskey has been, how much more there must be in a barrel full. I believe the books are right about alcohol burning up the stomach, and brain, and liver, and everything, and I never mean to taste a drop as long as I live. God never made alcohol, but wicked men made it, and I want none of it. I am so glad that temperance women introduced the study into the public schools, and I am just going to know it from beginning to end before I am done with it."

OVERDID IT.

An eccentric clergyman in Cornwall had been much annoyed by the way the members of the congregation had of looking around to see late comers. After enduring it for some time he said, on entering the reading desk one day: "Brethren, I regret to see that your attention is called away from your religious duties by your very natural desire to see who comes in behind you. I propose henceforth to save you the trouble by naming each person who may come late.

He then began: "Dearly beloved," but paused half-way to interpolate, "Mr. S—— with his wife and daughter."

Mr. S—— looked rather surprised, but the minister, with perfect gravity, resumed. Presently he again paused: "Mr. C—— and William D——."

The abashed congregation kept their eyes studiously bent on their books. The service proceeded in the most orderly manner, the parson interrupting himself every now and then to name some new-comer. At last he said, still with the same perfect gravity:

"Mrs. S—— in a new bonnet."

In a moment every feminine head in the congregation had turned around.

METHODIST MISSIONS.

(Continued from first page.)

practicable, gathered them into reserves, bestowed annual gifts and pensions, and kept them in a state of tutelage, which, however, has enervated their moral fibre. But the influence of the white man's civilization has been more a bane than a blessing. His vices have taken root more deeply than his virtues. His accursed fire-water has swept away its thousands and demoralized whole tribes, and the diseases he has introduced have threatened the extermination of the entire race.

PAGAN TRIBES.

Many of these tribes are still pagan. They worship the great Manitou and sacrifice the white dog. They are ruled by cunning medicine-men and are the prey of superstitious fears. Others give an unintelligent observance to the mummeries of a corrupt form of Christianity, and regard the cross only as a more potent fetish than their ancestral totem. Romish missionaries, indeed, have been indefatigable for three centuries in their propagandist zeal. No more thrilling records exist than those of the heroic lives and martyr deaths of many of the pioneer Jesuit Fathers, who taught the blended worship of the Virgin Mother and Divine Son to savage tribes beside strange streams and amid remote and pathless forests. The footsteps of these pious adventurers may be traced all over this continent, in the names of saint or martyr given to the great natural features of the landscape all the way from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the mouth of the Mississippi.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEERS.

Her Indian missions have been one of the chief glories of Canadian Methodism, and of all the Protestant agencies among the native races hers have been the most successful. She has now forty-seven missions, employing forty-three missionaries, thirteen interpreters, twenty-nine teachers and twelve local assistants, or a total paid agency of fifty-seven, and a membership of 4,648. There are no more difficult mission fields in the world than those of the "Great Lone Land" of the Northwest. The devoted servant of the Cross, unlike the missionary to India, China, or Japan, goes forth to a region beyond the pale of civilization. He is surrounded by savage and often hostile tribes, cut off from human sympathy and from intelligent and congenial companionship. His social isolation is sometimes almost appalling. Communication with the world is often maintained only by infrequent and irregular mails, conveyed by long and tortuous canoe routes in summer, or on dog-sleds in winter. He is exposed to the rigours of an almost arctic climate, and often suffers privation of the very necessities of life. The unvarnished tales of some of our own missionaries lack no feature of heroic daring and of apostolic zeal. The Rev. E. R. Young, with his newly-wedded wife—a lady of culture and refinement—travelled hundreds of miles by lake and river, often making toilsome portages, and being more than once in imminent danger of their lives by the upsetting of their frail bark canoe in an arrowy rapid. In midwinter the intrepid missionary made a journey of several hundred miles on a dog-sled, sleeping in the snow with the thermometer many degrees below zero, in order to open a new mission among a pagan tribe. Yet this devoted brother writes: "I think this is the best mission in the world." Few records of self-sacrifice are more sublime than that of our missionary band at Edmonton House, on the Saskatchewan, ministering with Christlike tenderness and pity to the victims of that loathsome scourge, the small-pox. And few pictures of bereavement are more pathetic than that of the survivors, themselves enfeebled through disease, laying in their far-off, lonely graves their loved ones who fell martyrs to their pious zeal. For these plumeless heroes of the Christian chivalry all human praise is cold and meagre; but the "well done" of the Lord they loved is their exceeding great reward.

One of the most notable of these missionary pioneers was the late George McDougall, a true pathfinder of Christianity amid the almost boundless prairies and forests of the Canadian Northwest. When small-pox decimated the native tribes he ministered alike to their physical and spiritual necessities, and commanded the respect of even pagan bands. In such reverence was he held that he could go unarmed into an angry encampment, and not seldom suc-

ceeded in averting the outbreak of hostilities. He was a wise counsellor of successive governments on questions of Indian polity. After a life of noble usefulness, bowled in a snowstorm, he lay down to die in the pathless prairie. His true monument is the Christian schools and institutions on the banks of the Bow River, amid the foothills of the Rocky Mountains.

The influence of our missions has largely been felt in the improved social and moral condition of the Indian tribes, among whom have been won some of the most remarkable trophies of divine grace. Many pagan savages have been reclaimed from lives of sin to become the disciples of Jesus, and have adorned by their consistent walk the doctrines of the Gospel. Many, by their talents, love of souls, and zeal for the welfare of their people have done much to benefit and bless their race. But while much has been accomplished, much yet remains to be done. Multitudes are yet wandering blindly on to an unknown future, uncheered by any hope of heaven. Shall they go down to darkness and to death unilluminated by the blessed light of the Gospel of salvation? As men of our race have taught them to eat of the bitter fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, be it ours to lead them to the tree of life whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. As we have taken possession of their ancient inheritance, let us point them to a more enduring country, an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, fairer fields and lovelier plains than even the fabled hunting-grounds of their fathers in the spirit-land.

The New Pastor.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

We've got a grand one now, Janet!
The Conference has been kind
For once, and sent to us a man
Just suited to my mind.
He's not too old, nor yet too young,
Quite medium as to age,
An' he don't have to bend and read
His sermon page by page.

His voice is not too high, nor low,
He's got a winnin' style,
An' graceful motions with his hands
That help him all the while.
He's somewhat tall, an' middlin' stout,
His eyes are keen and bright,
An' it does seem to me our flock
Will now be led aright.

His wife? Oh, yes, his wife was there,
She sat up prim an' straight,
An' with her was a handsome girl
Perhaps 'bout seven or eight;
An' all the sisters eyed 'em well;
The brethren, too, maybe,
Although the preacher's fitness was
More consequence to me.

An' I can say I'm suited once—
Though I ain't hard to suit;
If there is fault to find with one,
Then I am mostly mute;
But re'ly now, the way he read
The Scriptor' an' the hymns,
Did seem a most refreshin' change
From poor old Brother Sym's.

What did he preach about to-day?
Well, now, yes, let me see;
The text was in—it was—um—well,
Somewhere in Timothy.
He preached in jest a general way,
Not personal at all,
So no one there could take offence.
The strangers least of all.

The church was full, for lots of folks
Just happened in to see
An' hear what sort of man had come
Our minister to be;
An' I was proud of him, Janet;
An' if he but holds out
As fine as he's begun, he'll draw
Without a mite of doubt.

It's uphill work to pay a man
That isn't popular
Among outsiders, so I trust
They'll come from near and far,
An' fill the pews, an', if it's so,
An' if he wisely steers
The church along, we'll hope an' pray
He'll stay with us five years.

—Zion's Herald.

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day
To-morrow will be dying.
—Robert Herrick.

Fear to do base unworthy things is
valour;
If they be done to us, to suffer them
Is valour too.
—Ben Jonson.

All the work of the world is merely a
taking advantage of energies already
there.—Henry Drummond.

Welcome to the New Missionaries. AN ADDRESS OF WELCOME TO THE NEW MISSIONARIES, SOOCHOW, CHINA.

BY REV. H. N. CROZIER.

Welcome, brothers, sisters, coming From the home-land o'er the wave, Coming out to swell our numbers, And to help us China save.

Welcome to this city ancient, Mistress of the Yang-tse plain, Came ye not for worldly pleasure, Came ye not for worldly gain.

But ye come, as He who, leaving Heaven and Father, home of light, Came to save the lost and erring, Came to save from sin's dark blight.

For his sake your loved ones leaving, In his name their cross ye bear, Blessed is his cross, and blessing From his hand your lives shall share.

But her hope dawns, "Jesus' doctrine" In her streets and halls is heard, And her people will awaken To the joyous Gospel Word.

Christ will banish priest and idols, Buddhist chants and Taoist prayer, Danish thoughts of ghosts and dragons Filling world with heathen fear.

She shall be redeemed; and churches Built through all this city wide; They shall throng with Soochow's children, Praising him, the Crucified.

Welcome, brothers, sisters, coming To this city o'er the sea; We shall see our Soochow ransom'd, We shall see our Soochow free.

Welcome to these streets and highways, Welcome to this surging throng, Welcome to the task of winning Soochow's sons from sin and wrong.

Welcome to the Pearl of Kiang-su, Fairest city of the plain, With her walls and great pagodas, With her wealth and marts of gain.

With her myriad heathen temples, Foul with many a pagan rite, Thronged with gods more dead and senseless Than those that from them seek light.

City proud, her power and glory Span a hundred ages' sway, History here of peace and conflict, Reaching from Confucius' day.

City proud, her rich and learned Dwell in rank and station high, City sad, her poor and needy Doomed in wretchedness to die.

City dark, from ages hoary, Worships false have mared her name, And the incense smoke upcurling In her shrines still tells her shame.

Welcome to our sister cities, Wu-selh, Chang-chow, or Sung-Kong, Cities many, hamlets countless, Call you to the war 'gainst wrong.

Welcome to the task of sharing, For Christ's sake, reproach and shame, For his sake, the daily bearing Hate, reviling, fear and blame.

Welcome to the toil and effort Of acquiring China's tongue, That your lips may loose for telling, Christ's good Word to China's throng.

Come, be with us, share our trials, And our joys for both abound, But our Lord doth triumph promise, And in him our peace is found.

To his truth that we are sowing, Time shall harvest wondrous bring, And in that glad time rejoicing, We shall victory's paean ring.

Brothers, sisters, welcome, welcome, To this land across the sea, To our midst, our hopes, our sorrows, Homes and hearts, we welcome thee.

Boys and girls sometimes think that they are strong enough in themselves not to be influenced by their friends. They think that they can have their fun and be none the worse for it, if the standards of honour are not quite the same. There is no greater mistake. One character will react on another with which it is brought into contact, more slowly, but just as surely as an acid reacts on an alkali. Those with whom we have associated with have helped to make us what we are. This being so, it is the part of wisdom to avoid "evil associations." But no less is it the part of kindness to give our friends of our best. —Forward.

Eric's Good News.

By the Author of "Probable Sons."

CHAPTER V.

"Broughton Manor"

"My Dear Friend,— "I want you to come and see me Nurse said you would not be troubled, but I know you will. I can't go out because it is raining so. I am very happy, and I have written to father and told him all about it. Nurse has been very angry, but she says she's only angry because father will be angry. I don't know what she means, and I want you to tell me. Come soon, please. Doctor Parker has told me a lot more. "Your dear friend, "Eric Wallace."

This was the note handed to Captain Graham as he was at luncheon a day or two afterwards, and an hour after found the captain swinging along in his mackintosh toward Broughton Manor, a large bag of hot-house grapes protruding from one pocket, and a packet of French bonbons in the other.

He found Eric on a couch in a luxuriously furnished room, overlooking the fine old park that surrounded the manor. His face lighted up as he held out his little hand to his visitor.

"I know you would come. I have missed you so! I have such a lot to tell you. There is father's easy chair there—it's a very comfortable one, and I don't mind your sitting in it, though I never let any one else, not even my doctor."

Captain Graham seated himself with a smile, then brought out his gifts, and Eric's face brightened again.

"You are a kind friend," he said quaintly, as he held out both hands for the parcels. "Do you know, you are the first visitor I've had here—all for myself!—and we will just be like two gentlemen together."

"Thank you," said Captain Graham gravely, though his eyes twinkled in spite of himself, "that will be very pleasant. Now, what have you been doing with yourself during this stormy weather? Been moped to death, eh?"

"Oh, no, no! Why, Captain Graham"—here Eric leant forward impressively, his blue eyes glistening with emotion—"I have been learning to know Jesus. Would you like to hear?"

Captain Graham leant back in his chair and crossed his legs.

"Very much, Eric," was his answer.

"Well, it was my doctor who helped me. When he came to poke me about, I said to him, 'Isn't it a pity, doctor, that Jesus isn't here to make me well without any poking? I wonder if you know about him?' And then he said he did, and he sat down and told me a lot—just the same as you did; and he told me just to speak to him as if he were standing by my chair, because he was really there, only I couldn't see him. And then he knelt down on the carpet just here, between you and me, and he spoke to him himself; and then he asked me if I would like to speak to him, so after a few minutes' did. I felt rather shy, you know, at first."

"And what did you say, my boy?"

"I said: 'My dear Jesus, I hope you'll excuse me speaking to you, because I know you're a wonderful person, but my Good News tells me you're so kind to children that I know you'll listen to me. I want to thank you so much for dying for me, and I am glad to find out that I am a sinner, because you are fond of sinners. I don't know you very well yet, but I do love you. Will you please be my friend, and will you talk to me when I'm feeling uncomfortable and lonely?' I think that was all I said to him—I remembered him that I had sent him a letter, and asked him if he liked it. I think that was all."

"And what happened then?"

"Well, then my doctor told me a lot more. Fancy! I can ask the Lord Jesus for anything I want, and if it is good for me he will give it to me! I suppose you know that, don't you, Captain Graham?"

"Yes, I suppose I do."

"But isn't it lovely? And I've asked him such heaps and heaps of things! And he has answered some already. I asked him to give Sarah's mother some washing—Sarah is one of the housemaids who's very good to me, and her mother is so badly off she can't get meat more than on Sundays—and he sent her a lady yesterday was gave her some—Sarah told me this morning; and I've asked him to find our black kitten and send her home, and not to let father be angry, as nurse says he will be; and I asked him to make you come and see me to-day,—nurse said you would not be

bothered,—and then I told him about cook, who will send me up rice puddings for dinner, and says they're good for little boys, when she knows I don't like them. I asked Jesus to make the rice bad, so that she couldn't cook it; and then I remembered Simmonds' nephew, who has broken his leg and has had to leave off being a sailor, and his young lady, Simmonds says, won't look at him, so I've asked him to make her kinder. I can't tell you all. I talk and I talk to him, and the best of all is, that he is never tired of listening, my doctor says, and then he is always with me."

"And how did your doctor find you, Eric—better?"

"Yes, much better. He says I have found the medicine that would make me well at last. I don't know quite what he meant, do you?"

"I think he may have meant you had found something to interest you, my boy."

"Well, I don't feel tired inside now. This is the very biggest surprise I have ever had. I wish some one had told me about it before. And then, Captain Graham, I find that I can do things that please Jesus. He likes me to be patient, and not tell nurse she is a cross-patch, and not throw my medicines away when they are nasty. He wants me to grow up as much like him as I can be; and of course you know this gives me a lot to do, because I have to stop and think very often before I do things. I used to try to be good because nurse said I ought, but I know now it makes him sorry and grieved, and I don't want to make him sorry, I do love him so!"

Eric leant back on his cushions with a sigh of happiness as he paused for breath, whilst Captain Graham gazed thoughtfully out of the window.

"It seems to me, Eric, that you have learnt all you can learn, and more than most in this world. I have something else in my pocket for you. I am leaving in a week's time; I have to go back to my regiment; so I thought I would give you a complete copy of your Good News, as you call it. If your father doesn't like it, he must take it from you when he comes back. You have got something in your head now that he will not be able to take away very easily, and if it makes your life happier it would be cruelty to deprive you of it. Tell your nurse that I gave it to you, and that, as things are, she had best let you have it."

Captain Graham placed a New Testament in the little fellow's hand. It was a handsome copy, bound in Russian leather, and when Eric knew what it was his face grew perfectly radiant.

"You're very good to me; I don't know what I shall do when you're gone. I wish you wouldn't go. You see, you know all about these things and we can talk about them together; I shall have nobody if you go. My doctor isn't coming down to see me for a long time. Would you be very angry if I just ask the Lord Jesus to make you stay?"

"I think you had better not, Eric. Look! I do think the weather is breaking! There is the sun again. Won't you be glad to be down on the beach to-morrow if it is fine?"

"Yes," said Eric contentedly, as he fingered his new treasure, "and I hope you will meet me there; will you?"

"Very likely; but I think I must be going now."

"Wait a moment. Will you ring that bell, please? I can't get up."

And then when a solemn old butler appeared, Eric, with a wave of his little hand toward Captain Graham, addressed the butler as follows:

"This is my friend, Simmonds. You haven't seen him before. He is a very old friend now, and a very nice one. I like him better than the friends you and nurse try to find for me, but then I chose him myself—at least, we did it together, didn't we, Captain Graham?"

"That we certainly did, Eric."

"And, Simmonds, Captain Graham has brought me the most beautiful Good News that you ever saw, with a lot more in it than mine has, and it's Captain Graham, you know, that has made me happy at last, so you ought to thank him. You were always saying you wished I wouldn't be so miserable. He told me all about Jesus first."

The old butler smiled benignantly on the child.

"He does look wonderful better, sir excuse me," and then noiselessly he slipped out of the room; and after a few minutes Captain Graham took his leave. As he tramped back to the town his thoughts were busy.

"It is a wonderful thing for satisfying a child's soul," he said to himself. "I wonder if it will last, and if by any possibility—granted that I could believe it—whether it would satisfy mine?"

(To be continued.)

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON XIII JUNE 24.

REVIEW.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Thy kingdom come—Matt. 6. 10.

HOME READINGS

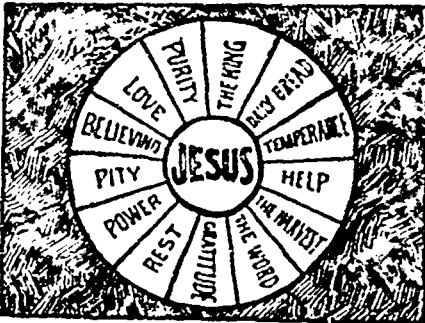
- M. The Beatitudes—Matt. 4. 23 to 5. 12. Tu. Precepts and promises—Matt. 7 1-14. W. The daughter of Jairus raised—Mark 5. 22-24, 35-43. Th. Jesus warning and inviting—Matt. 11 20-30. F. Jesus at the Pharisee's house—Luke 7. 36-50. S. Parable of the Sower—Matt. 13. 1-8, 18-23. Su. The twelve sent forth—Matt. 9. 35 to 10 8.

Time—From the early summer of A.D. 28 to about April, A.D. 29, with the exception of Lesson VI, which is to be dated November, A.D. 29.

Places.—Mostly in Galilee, with the exception of Lessons V. and XI, which are in the Castle of Machaerus, and Lesson XII, which is near to Bethsaida, north-east of the Sea of Galilee.

HELPS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. As in all cases, so here, the Titles and Golden Texts of the Quarter's lessons are the framework for the entire study. 2. Note the periods of our Lord's life covered by the lessons of the Quarter—Lessons I, II, III, IV, V, VII, are dated in the summer of 28; VIII, and IX, late in 28; X, XI, XII in 29; and VI, in November, 29. A careful study of the events of the life of Jesus helps much in understanding all the lessons of that marvellous life. 3. Note the places in which the events of these lessons occurred—most of them in Galilee, two on the mountain called Horns of Hattin, four in Capernaum three beside the Sea of Galilee; two in Machaerus, or closely related thereto. 4. Count how many parables are given during the Quarter. One in one lesson, three in another. Are there others? 5. Note the miracles of the Quarter. How many, and what does each mean? For we must constantly remember that the miracles of our Lord were acted parables, and their meaning is as full of divine truth as is the meaning of the parables. 6. Note the miracles that were not performed. How strange that John the Baptist should have been left in prison to die! Why, do you suppose? 7. Note the people with whom Jesus came in contact—the indiscriminate multitudes, the synagogue ruler, the Roman centurion, the Pharisee, others. 8. Note our Lord's precepts and promises. You will find most of them in Lessons I, II, V, VI, X. The principles of the kingdom of God are entirely different from those of all earthly kingdoms. The Beatitudes turned upside down all the old ideas of the world concerning that which is happy and blessed. In our day the old ideas still widely prevail, and few people really with all their hearts seem to believe in the Sermon on the Mount. Do you? 9. What lesson comes most directly to you from the Quarter?



Now we will draw a line from the blessings on the circle to the centre, and write there the name of the One to whom everything good goes back and from whom every good gift comes—Jesus.

WATCH YOUR HEELS.

There goes a boy who blacks his shoes only in front," said a teacher, "and I can see the gammer of red heels in everything he does. Thus does character write itself upon every detail of life, so that men can read it even in the heels of our shoes."

At Grandmother's.

BY REV. A. W. H. KATON.

Under the shade of the poplars still,
Lilas and locusts in clumps between,
Roses over the window-sill,
Is the dear old house, with its door of green.

Never were seen such spotless floors,
Never such shining rows of tin,
When the rose-leaf odours that came
Thro' the doors,
Told of the peaceful life within.

Here is the room where the children
Slept,
Grandmother's children tired with play,
And the famous drawer where the cakes
Were kept,
Shrewsbury cookies and cataway.

The garden walls where the children ran
To smell the flowers and learn their
Names,
The children thought, since the world
Began,
Were never such garden walks for
Games.

There were tulips and asters in regular
Lines,
Sweet-williams and marigolds on their
Stalks,
Bachelor's buttons and sweet pea vines,
And box that bordered the narrow
Walks.

Pure white lilies stood cornerwise,
From sunflowers yellow and popples
Red,
And the summer pinks looked up in sur-
prise
At the kingly hollyhocks overhead.

Morning glories and larkspurs stood
Close to the neighbourly daffodil,
'Cabbage roses and southernwood
Roamed thro' the beds at their own
Sweet will.

Many a year has passed since then,
Grandmother's house is empty and
Still,
Grandmother's babies have grown to
Men,
And the roses grow wild o'er the win-
dow-sill.

Never again shall the children meet
Under the poplars grey and tall,
Never again shall the careless feet
Dance thro' the rose-leaf scented hall.

Grandmother's welcome is heard no more,
And the children are scattered far and
Wide,
And the world is a larger place than of
yore,
But hallowed memories still abide.

And the children are better men to-day
For the cakes and rose-leaves and gar-
den walks,
And the grandmother's welcome so far
away,
And the old sweet-williams on their
stalks.

ORONJE'S PLACE OF EXILE.

BY EDGAR L. VINCENT.

The fact that the defeated Boer Gen-
eral Cronje has been banished to the
island of St. Helena brings that pictur-
esque spot once more into public atten-
tion. Probably very few of us, when
boys and girls, have not hunted up the
island in our geographies and spoken of
it as the place of Napoleon's exile; but,
after all, not many of us knew much
about it beyond that.

As the traveller approaches St. Helena,
about all he sees in the distance is a
sheer wall of cliffs from five hundred to
one thousand feet in height. The island
from these rocky shores slopes backward
and upward until, in one point—that of
High Hill—it reaches the height of 2,822
feet. Through the abrupt walls one
finds, on coming nearer to the shore,
many deep clefts of varying width; and
it is through some of these that the
ascent to the real island is made. Still,
after these ravines have been discovered,
the problem of how to reach the summit
above has by no means been solved.
Man's ingenuity has not been staggered
even by this question, however, and we
find steep wooden steps in places stretch-
ing upward six hundred feet or more.
Ladder Hill is named from one of these
wonderful flights of stairs. Think of
setting out to climb a pair of stairs six
hundred feet in length! or shall I say
in height?

When we are once up, we find our-
selves on a little knob of land hardly
fifty square miles in extent, the surface
of which is broken everywhere, so that
the largest plateau is only large enough
to make the neighbouring peaks seem

all the more peaked. Perched up here
are a few scattered villages, the largest
of which is Jamestown, the capital, num-
bering at the last census 2,500.

We wonder what the people of the
island can possibly find to busy them-
selves about, and are told that this is a
thing which gives the inhabitants not
a little trouble. In years gone by, St.
Helena depended upon the money gained
from furnishing provisions and other
supplies to the ships which touched at
its port, for it was on the direct route
from the East to England, but when the
Suez Canal was opened, in 1869, ships no
longer visited the island, and real pov-
erty befell the people. Many of the in-
habitants have gone away to other
homes, the population having fallen off
from 6,444 in 1871, to 4,116 twenty years
later, and these last figures include a
garrison of English soldiers kept there
to see that no one runs away with St.
Helena while the British lion is busy
somewhere else.

Some of the people are farmers in a
very small way. They grow good pota-
toes, apples, pears, grapes, and ban-
anas. Coffee, tea, sugarcane, and cotton
are also raised to some extent.

How did St. Helena come to be where
it is? we wonder; and geologists have
answered the question for us. They say
the island is part of an old volcano.
So far as we know, Juan Castella, a Por-
tuguese explorer, first set foot on St.
Helena in 1502. Natives of Portugal,
deserting from the service of the king,
first settled it. Then came a few es-



HARBOUR OF ST. HELENA.

aped slaves, but their retreat was soon
discovered, and almost all on the island
were put to death by the Portuguese
monarch. An Englishman, Sir Thomas
Cavendish, voyaging around the world
in 1588, visited the island, and found a
small town, probably built by the few
who escaped the rage of the king of
Portugal. The Dutch and the English
fought over the possession of the island,
after that, and took and retook it from
each other a number of times, but finally,
in 1673, it became the property of the
King of England, then Charles II., and
has since been subject to the crown.

Upon a plateau two thousand feet
above the level of the sea, at a farm-
house called Longwood, three miles in-
land from the capital of St. Helena, the
exiled Napoleon was confined from
October, 1815, to May, 1821. This fact
gives St. Helena its historic interest; and
no traveller ever visits the lonely isle
without having pointed out to him the
long low building in which the disap-
pointed and heart-broken emperor passed
the years of his captivity.

Persistency is to talent what steam is
to the engine. It is the driving force
by which the machine accomplishes the
work for which it was intended. A
great deal of persistency, with a very
little talent, can be counted on to go far-
ther than a great deal of talent without
persistency. It is the use we make of
what we have that counts to us for suc-
cess. Instead of wishing that we had
a gift for mathematics like the head boy,
it would be more to the point if we spent
the time in a little application calculated
to train what mathematical powers we
have.—Forward.

ONE HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR.

The projector of the new electric rail-
road between Chicago and St. Louis
seems to have provided very shrewdly
for the coveted speed of one hundred
miles an hour. Straight roads, closed
in, no grade crossings, light cars,
wedged-shaped to cut the air, with centre
of gravity exceedingly low, light engines,
no stops, a perfect block system—surely
machinery should fly, under these con-
ditions, and passengers may soon wing
their way from St. Louis to Chicago in
two and a half hours. One's first im-
pulse when such a tremendous speed is
mentioned is to cry: "Halt! Our
modern world is fast enough already.
Trade is under pressure as great as nerve
and muscle can bear. Our news comes
all too rapidly for understanding. Our
letters are answered far too promptly.
We need rest a thousand times more
than increased rapidity of motion." But
one's second thought remembers that all
improvements in transportation shorten
the distances between friends and loved
ones; bring the crowded city nearer to
the blessed country, so that the tenements
are emptied out into fresh air and
broad sunshine; cheapen food and fuel
and clothing for the poor, and knit the
sundered sections of our nation together
by more intimate ties. After all, the
swifter engines of our modern life mean
a more rapid and easy escape from the
noise and bustle of that life, and so we
bid them welcome.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.



When a serious looking gentleman
stopped old Mrs. Goodr in the street
Sunday morning and offered her a small
pamphlet, she accepted it with pleasure.



But when, at home, she became aware
of the insidious character thereof, an
advice to use Bulldog Chewing Tobacco,
she was highly indignant.

The chance to study is a privilege. It
is an opportunity to put in a good foun-
dation for what will come afterwards.
It is a chance to grow toward what God
intended. No boy or girl can refuse to
improve whatever opportunity he or she
may have, and not be sorry for it later.
—Forward.

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- WILLIAM BRIGGS,**
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
Toronto.
C. W. Coates, Montreal. S. F. Huestis, Halifax.

"Why People Go to Church."
Sir,—I recently heard a very forcible
address on "Why people go to church,"
which brought to my memory the fol-
lowing rhyme I heard more than twenty
years ago:

Some go to church just for a walk,
Some to stare, to laugh, to talk.
Some go there to meet a friend,
Some their idle time to spend.
Some for general observation,
Some for private speculation.
Some to seek or find a lover,
Some a courtship to discover.
Some go there to use their eyes,
And newest fashions criticize.
Some to show their own smart dress,
Some their neighbours to assess.
Some to scan a robe or bonnet,
Some to price the trimmings on it.
Some to learn the latest news,
That friends at home they may amuse.
Some to gossip, false or true,
Safe hid within the sheltering pew.
Some go there to please the 'squire,
Some the ladies to admire.
Some the parson go to fawn,
Some to lounge and some to yawn.
Some to claim the parish doles,
Some for bread and some for coals.
Some because 'tis thought genteel,
Some to vaunt their pious zeal.
Some to show how sweet they sing,
Some how loud their voices ring.
Some the preacher go to hear,
His style and voice to praise or jeer.
Some forgiveness to implore,
Some their sins to varnish o'er.
Some to sit and doze and nod,
But few to kneel and worship God.
—Observer.

—From an English country exchange.