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Foresplendours.

BY MARY L. W. TOWLE.

In the deep stillness of the early morning,
When darkness flees and shadows pass
away,
My soul awakes into the perfect dawning,
In the foresplendours which around me

play.

Refreshed and strengthened by a night of

resting.
My spirit poises for a nobler flight,
ike as a bird new fledged from out her nesting
Mounts ever skyward in the quick ning light.

So the new year, awakened from the aleeping Of the old year, now passed beyond our sight,

Will in the morning of its precious reaping
Bring in the sheaves it gathered in the

The glad new year forecasts the life immortal, Where thou, O Father, bid'st the shadows

When passing in behind the shining portal, We shall awake and find ourselves with

COREÀ.

Att the grown-up people are talking and reading about Corea, and we think the young folk should know something about it, too. Corea is a large country at the eastern end of China, and on the map it looks like a part of China, but it is really a separate country with its own king, and a very queer country it is. I ill lately very little was known of it, but the war between China and Japan has been all about Cores; so that we hear a great deal about it now. The people are very lazy and down-hearted. Their country is in a had way, and they are nearly all very poor. Besides this, they are dirty as a rule, and they are heathen.

they are heathen.

The chief city of Corea is Seoul. It has walls all around it, and gates which let people in and out. These gater are open only from sunrise to sunset, so that people who want to get in have to be very careful to be on time, or they will have to stay outside the city all night! The picture on this page is of one of these gates—the south gate, and the big house on top is where the gate-keepers live. One writer about Corea says that after the sun sets every good man rethat after the sun sets every good man re-tires to his house, and only a leopard now and then crawls over the wall and wanders about the city in the dark. What a nice place to live in !

The little children are very quaint and pretty. When New Year comes they are all dressed up in brand new frocks, but though, of course, they think them very pretty, I wonder what our friends would say if we dressed our little ones in green fracks and outer them bright red in lets. say it we drexted our little ones in green frocks, and over them bright red jackets with yellow sleeves! Their faces are cor-ered with white chalk, and their hair is oiled and parted in the middle, plastered down and tied into one or two short pig-What funny little things they must be!

When any of their friends die, the Coreans, instead of wearing black, dress themselves in white.

Altogether, Corea is a very strange Altogether. Corea is a very strange country, and has peculiar people in it. There are some good men and women who are working as missionaries amongst the people, and teaching them all sorts of ways of improving themselves, and the Corean, though lary, are far from stopid, so that they pack things up quite quickly and make.

A JAPANESE MEAL

Heath is what a missionary in Japan says about the food of the people.

The principal article of Japanese food is rice tice for breakfast, rice for dinner, is rice two for breakfast, rice for dinner, and rice for supper. Indeed, the names for the three meals in Japan are 'morning rice,' 'midday rice,' and 'evening rice.' Workmen and poor poople have often nothing but rice, though they try to have at least vegetables with it. If, in addition they can get a little fish, they think they have made a splendid meal. The Japanese never used beef or mutton (at least they have never done so hitherto, though now have never done so hitherto, though now they are beginning to use it a little), and they seld in eat fowls. The Buddhist re-ligion, which prevails in Japan, forbids the tak ig of alumal life, even for food; and the Japanese have obejed it so far as

this strong composition out of cups like ours, which to them seem almost as large as bowls. Instead of doing this, they sip the tea by itself out of tiny and often very beautiful little cups, and thus enjoy to the full its excellent flavour.

"You eat your food with a spoon, or knife or fork, but the Japanese have none. They do not, however, eat with their fingers, as the ancient Jews did, and as many nations still do. They eat with chopsticks. These are simply a pair of sticks a little longer than ordinary school pencils, though not quite so thick. They are held in the right hand, between the thumb and fore and middle fingers, and are used so cleverly that not only solid pieces of fish and vegetable, but even particles of rice are taken up between them. When the rice is hot this is a notle difficult, but when

SOUTH GATE OF SEOUL, COREA.

not to cat flesh or fowl. To be consistent they should have given up fish too, but I suppose the Buddhist priests thought this would be asking rather too much from the people, especially as their rivers, lakes, and seas swarm with most excellent fish. It is not, however, very cheap, and it is not always that poor people can afford to

buy it.

"I dare say, however, you will think that when they have neither vegetables nor fish, they have at least milk to their rice, but this is not so. Hitherto they had no cows and had new r used milk. But they are great tea drakers. They drak tea not only at every meal, but all through the day. They use what is called green tea, and they drak this tea out of delightfol little cups without handles. They do not mix sugar and milk with it, as we do. They think is a very coarse and barbarous practice to take strong tasted articles like milk and sugar, and mix them up with delicately Savoured tea, and then drink

it is cold there is no difficulty at all. It is considered points always to offer a guest a pair of fresh chopsticks, and to assure him that his chopsticks have not been used, it is usual to place before him a pair made split wood, still juned to cether at one end. As the two chopsticks have never been conquetely separated they cannot of course have been used."

A STRANGE STORY.

MANY years ago I read a very strange MANY years ago I read a very strange story that I have never forgotten. An artist had in some way offended a woman, and she was as anoty that she determined to be revenged. She thought about it a long time, and at last hit upon a plan to injure the artist. There was to be a great exhibition of paintings at a famous art gallery, and a prize was offered for the best picture. The artist was hard at work

on a painting which he hoped would w'u the prize. The woman decided that the best revenge she could have would be to apoil his picture. And how do you think she went to work? She did not touch the painting, but every day she mixed a small painting, but every day she mixed a small white powder in a cup of coffee and carried it to the artist to drink. That was all but now listen to the rest of the story. The artist worked on, becoming every day mark authorisatic over his work. The The artist worked oil, becoming every the more enthusiastic over his work. The painting grew under his skilful fingers, and at last it was finished. He took it to the gallery and it was hung in place. He walked about and examined the other paintings. He could not help laughing at them, they were such daubs. The colour ing in every one was wretched he thought He was so sure that his own picture far excelled any of the others that he hung a curtain before it, and would not take it curtoin before it, and would not take it away until the last moment—just before judges came to give their desision.

At last he drew aside the curtain which covered his treasure, and to his delight everybody in the room crowded around it. everybody in the room crowded around it. But they spoke no word of praise or commendation, and to his amazement everybody burst out laughing. Such a droll sight they said. He could not understand them; what did they mean? At last his friends pointed out to him that his picture was entirely blue. The grass was a deep blue, the trees were a lighter shade; what he meant to be flesh colour was pale blue Everyone in the room laughed and made fun. He could not believe that there was He could not believe that there was fun. anything wrong, but his friends assured him that what they had said was true. His eyes had been poisoned by the white powder so that all the time he was working on the picture he had seen the colours in a distorted light. He stopped taking the co 'ee for a few days, his sight was restored, and then he could see that his friends were right, and what he had been working on for so many hours was nothing but a crary looking daub.

The story may not be true, but I often see boys and girls who make me think of it. I see boys and girls who are continually looking at things with poisoned eyes. They see faults and sins in everybody else, but they see none in themselves. They notice a great deal of selfishness in another girl and are blind to the meanness in their own character. They think another boy is a coward and fail to see that they are not brave themselves. They think other people are diagreeable and unkind, when, if their eyes were not poisoned, they would see that those faults existed in themselves. Perhaus, like the artist, they will be sur-Perhaps, like the artist, they will be sur-prised some day to find that they have been terribly mistaken, and other people will receive the approval which they had been so sure of winning.

A LITTLE MISSIONARY SERMON.

WHO would have believed that such a mite of a boy as Fritz could understand about missions? He was only a baby, so mamma was surprised one day after the about missions? He was only a baby, so mamma was surprised one day after the girls went to their mission band meeting, to hear her little boy giving a sermen to old Whiskers, the family cat. "Whisters, 'tain't bein' a miss'nary boy dsust to put money in 'e jank botst. It's thinkin' bout 'e paples at doesn't know 'ere in a happy land. It's bein' sorry for 'em and lovin' e mans and ladies 'at talle 'em 'bout it. It's puttin 'em yight netst to rare it. It's puttin' em yight netst to papa and mamma when you say your players. My Bettie says some fetst mik it's on'y puttin' penniss in 'e botst. When I'm a mimion band boy, I'll heavy better."

"Pollow Me."

BT JULIA A. GOODWIN.

When the voices of the world are loudly call-

ing 'Mid the tumult of life's sea.
Like the dew of eve upon thy tired heart

falling nos a whisper, all thy reatlessness en-Comes a white thralling,

"Follow Me."

Doth the pathway open rough and wild be-

fore thee 'Feeble though thy footsteps be,
Shouldst thou falter, he stands ready to restore thee,
And his gentle tones in watchful love implore thee,

"Follow Me."

"Follow Me."

When thy soul the night of death is swiftly

nearing, And life's fitful day-gleams flee, His form amid the doubt and gloom ap-

pearing,
And his loving voice thy fainting spirit cheer-"Follow Me."

Brighter far than all earth's fairest dreams of

splendour,
Heaven's portals thou shalt see;
Dearer far than all the gifts the world could render

is the love that welcomes thee in tone se

"Follow Ma."

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WILLIAM BRIGGS.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MARCH 16, 1895.

KO-KHIEN, THE CHINESE CHRISTIAN.

A MISSIONARY in China writes of a man who carried his aged mother to church on his back. The missionary tells of a con-versation he had with this man. He asked him

Brother Ko-Khien, when you breams a Christian, did your father oppose you, or did he become a Christian?"

"My father died when I was young," he replied.

"Did your mother become a Christian?"

"At first she was angry that I had disgreed myself by following the foreign doctrine. Then she came to church. She prayed to God and gave up her idols, but she was very old and never knew enough of the doctrine to be baptized."

"You lived five or six miles from church."

How was she able to walk so far with her crushed feet?"

The good man held down his head as if he had done something to be ashamed of,

and then said:

"I am a poor man, and had no money to him a sedan chair, so carried her on my back."

"Did you carry her all the way?"
"No, not all the way. In the level places she walked learning on me; in rough parts I carried her."

Several months after I wont with Ko-

Khien to prea h in his native village. As we waked along the road on which he had often travelled with his aged mother, I asked him about the meaning of his name. He told me that his mother called him Khien, meaning fretful, become as a baby he cried so much; when he began to walk about, the neighbours called him Ko-tsin, because he was a plump, pretty child. By-and-bye the two mines were joined to form Ko-Khien, meaning pretty, fretful!

He had carried his two children to church—not on his back—but in baskets tied to each end of a bamboo pole which

ansociatos. The little lady is his constant. companion, and perhaps the only one whom the venerable Mrs. Gladstone in her touching solicitude for her husband's health and ng solicitude for her flustand's health and peace of mind will allow to remain by his side. And if there is anything more charming than the spectacle of the Grand Oid Man's association with his pretty little grandchild, it is to be found in the constraint of the house relations, entirely templation of the happy relations, entirely unclouded by even any passing difference, that have existed for close upon threescore years between Mr Gladstone and his unversally popular wife.—New York Times.

CHINA'S GREAT WALL.

China abounds in great walls. Himural defences are most extensive



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

rested on his shoulder. The baskets had no lab, so you could have seen each little head peeping over the rim of the basket. Who will draw a picture of this loving son, and kind husband and father, as he went to church one day with his aged mother on his lack or leaning on his arm, and the next Sabhath with his wife walking besale him or rather a little behind him and his girl and boy in the laskets s.ung at each end of the long carrying pole?

W. E. GLADSTONE.

In common with most great men, Mr. Gladstone has always be a disinguished by his love for young children, in whose prattle he has often found relief from his all-absorbing literary and political labours. And now that in the eventale of his busy and well spent life he has abandoned the cares of State and of parliamentary warfare, he mandests more interest even than before in the small folk, and apparently derives more satisfaction and pieasure from the society of his artile grandidaughter, Dorothy Drew, than he has ever experienced in his intercourse with the many celebrated statesmen and princes of science whe have been his contemporaries and

walled country, walled cities, walled villages, walled palaces and temples wall after wait, and was some wall. But the greatest of ail is the great wall of China. which crests the mountain range and crosses the gorge from here some forty miles away. To go to I'ckin and not go out to the wall would be unpar-lonable. It matters not that the Pekin wall is higher and wider, nor that the rekin wait is inguer and wider, nor that the way is cold and rough and often perilous you must go and see the great wall.

Six mortal hours to make the last fifteen

miles. Squeezing through the last deep gorge and a deep rift in solid rock, cut out by ages of rolling wheels and training feet, we reach the great frowning, double-bastioned gate of stone and hard-burned brick—one archway tumbled in. This was the object of our mission—the great wall of China, built 213 years before our era: built of great slabs of well-hewn stone, laid in regular courses, some twenty feet high, and then topped out with large, hard-burned brick, filled in with earth and cosely paved on the top with more dark, tawny brick - the ramparts high and thick and eastellated for the use of arms. Right and left the great wall spring far up the mountain side—now straight, now curved; to meet the mountain ridge, surreted each

three hundred feet—a frowning mass of masonry. No need to tell you of this wall; the books will tell you that—how it was built to keep the warlike Tartars out —twenty-five feet high by forty feet thick, 1,200 miles long, with room on top for six horses to be ridden abreast. Nor need I tell you that for 1,400 years it kept those hordes at bay, nor that in the main the material used upon it is just as good, and firm and strong as when put in place. and firm and strong as when put in place.
To tell you how one feels while standing

on this vast work, scrutinizing its old masonry, its queer old cannon, and ambitious sweep along the mountain crest, were only folly. In speechless awe we strolled or sat and gazed in silent wonder. Twelve hundred miles of this gigantic work, built on the rugged, craggy mountain tops, vaulting over gorges, spanning wild streams, netting the river archways with huge, hard bars of copper; with double gates, with swinging doors and bars set thick with iron armour—a wonder in the world, before which the old-time classic seven wonders, all gone now save the great pyramid, were toys. The great pyramid has \$5,000,000 cubic feet, the great wall 6,350,000,000 cubic feet. An engineer in Seward's party here some years ago gase it as his opinion that the cost of this wall, figuring labour at the same rate, would more than equal that of all the 100,000 miles of railroad in the United States. The material it contains would build a wall six foot high and two foot thick right straight. feet high and two feet thick right straight around the globe. Yet this was done in only ten years, without a trace of debt cr bond. It is the greatest individual labour the world has ever known. You star before it as before the great Omnipotent You 'stand bowed and silent.

LEGEND OF INDIA.

ONCE many years ago there lived in a town in India four blind men, who, having no alea of an elephant, were much pleased on being told that one was coming into the town. They ran at once to examine the strange creature. The first blind man, being very tall, felt up and down the animal's sides; the second could reach only to the fore leg, which he examined; the third, happening to run full tilt against the creature's trunk, centented himself with feeling it; the fourth could only find

the tail; this he carefully examined.
"Ah," said number one, "the elephanis just like the side of a house!"
"The side of a house!" exclaimed num-

ber two, who had felt the fore leg; "it seemed to me like the pillar of a house." What nonsense you are talking," broke in the third man, who had examined the

"You are all wrong," said number four, who had felt the tail; "I examined it very exefully, and I can only compare it to a bell rose!" bell rope

All of which seems to prove that people always make out a strange object to be exactly what they imagined it would be.

THE Lord, our Shepherd, coming out to hunt the lost sheep, puts on no regal apparel, but the plain garment of our human ity. There was nothing pretentious about it. Becoming man, he wore a seamlest garment. The scissors and needle had done nothing to make it graceful. I take it to have been a sack with three holes it. it, one for the neck and two for the arms Although the gamblers quarrelled over it that is no evidence of its value. I have seen two mg pickers quarrel over therefuse of an ash-barrel. No! in the wardrobe of heaven he left the sandals of light, the girdles of beauty, the robes of power. The work of saving this world was roughwork, rugged work, hard work; and Jesuput on the raiment, the plain raiment, do our flesh. The storms were to beat him. the crowds were to jostle him, the dus was to sprinkle him, the mols were to jur sue him. O' Shepherd of Israel 'leave's home thy bright array; for thee, what streams to ford, what night sail unsheltered. He puts upon him the raiment of or humanity, wears our woos, and while card and heaven and hell stand amazed at the abnegation, wraps around him the sheet here berd's plaid.—Talmage.

The Wreckers of Sable Island.

MACDONALD OXLEY.

CHAPTER VIL-A SABLE DIAFS WIFFER,

"Well, now, look here, mates," Ben continued: "Fair and square's the word between us, ain't it? If I choose to take a notion to these two here, it's my own lookout, and it's not for any other chup to be interfering with me, any more than I'd be after wanting your things, eh?"

They were beginning to see what he driving at, now, and one of them said, with a

driving at, now, and one of them said, with a sort of sneer:
"You're not afraid of anyone wanting your hoy, or his dog, either, are you?"
"Not exactly," suswered Ren. "But what I've on my mind is this: Seeing they're my property, I don't want anyone to meddle with them, or give them any trouble; that's only fair, ain't it?"
"Pair enough. Bene but, what are you

only fair, ain't it?"
"Pair enough, Ben; but what are you going to do with the boy when we leave here?" asked one. And there was a murmar of

assent to the question.

"That il be all right, mates," replied Ben, promptly. "I'll be surety that he doesn't get us into any trouble. You just leave that to me, and I'll warrant you I'll get him away from us quiet enough. What do you say, mates?"

Mates?"

Although by dint of bluster and brutality Evil-Eye had forced his way to a sort of leadership among the wreckers, there was really none of them with so much influence as Ben. With the exception of Evil-Eye, they were all now quite really to accept his assurances of Eric not proving a source of trouble, and to consent to his remaining with them. Evil-Eye growled and grumbled a good deal, but could get nobody to heed him; and Ben, satisfied that he had carried his point, and that Eric and Prince were safe, took his seat again, and lit his pipe.

point, and that Eric and Prince were safe, took his seat again, and lit his pipe.

He was perfectly sincere in promising that Eric would not get his associates into any trouble. He certainly never imagined what would be the result of his taking him under his pretection. Could he have had a peep into the future, perhaps he would have hesitated before becoming his champion. As it was he gave himself no concern upon the point.

point.

Eric felt wonderfully relieved at the result of his protector's appeal. It settled his position among his strange, uncongenial companions. They might take no notice of him, if they chose; indeed, that was just what he would prefer. But they had, at all events, not only recognized, but consented to his presence; and this took a great load off his mind.

Although his objections had been ignored by his companions, Evil-Eye was by no means disposed to give up altogether his designs upon Eric. There were two reasons why he hungered for the boy's life. It was against his principle of dead men telling no tales, that he should be spared; and, again, he hated Ben, and the mere fact of his being interested in Eric was quite sufficient to cause the innocent lad to get a share of that hatred. In the days that followed, Eric could not fail In the days that followed, rare could not tall to be conscious of the frequency with which the ruffian's one eye was turned upon him, and of the hyena-like look with which it regarded him. Happy for him was it that there was a restraining influence which kept that awful look from finding its way into fitting deed.

Though they did not distinctly recognize any leader,—their motto being each man for himself, and one as good as another,—the wreckers regarded Ben with a respect accorded no other member of the motley crew. This was in part due to his great size and strength, and in part to his taciturn, self-contained ways, which prevented any of that familiarity that so quickly breeds contempt.

Evil-Eye feared Ben no less than he hated him, and dared not openly attempt anything against him; although the fire of his fury burned hotly within his breast. In his cear of Ben, much more than in the decision of the

of Ben, much more than in the decision other wreckers, lay Eric's safety. Ere long, this defence was strengthened in a manner most strange, startling, and happily most

effective.

A week of almost incessant stormy weather A week of almost incessant stormy weather had compelled the wreckers to spend most of their time in the hut. Finding the hours hang heavy on their hands, many of them had sought solace in drink, of which the Francis' fine stock of wines and liquors furnished an unstinted supply. No one drank more deeply than Evil-Eye. Day after day was passed in a state alternating between coarse hilarity and maudlin stupor. Ben, on the other hand, hardly touched the liquor,

contenting himself with sipping a little at his meals.

It was well, indeed, that he should be so

moderate, for his coul head and strong band moderate, for his cool head and strong hand were in demand more than once to prevent serious conflicts among his intexacted companions. Eric, in spite of the stormy weather, kept as much out of doors as possible. He preferred the buffeting of the wintry winds to the close at mosphere hut, foul with oaths, and recking with tobacco and spirits.

Evil-Eye's carouse had continued several

days. Early one night, after he had fallen into a sottish sleep upon his bunk, and the others had, later on, one by one, turned in for the night, leaving the room in a silence broken only by the heavy breathing and stertorous anoring of the sleepers, the whole hut was anoring of the sicepers, the whole nut was suddenly aroused by an appalling yell from Evil Eye. Starting up, his companions saw him, by the light of a moonbeam that atrayed in through one of the port-holes, rise to his feet with an expression of the most frantic terror upon his hideous countenance as he

whrieked at the top of his voice:
"I will. I swear I will. If you'll only let

Then, throwing up his arms, he fell over,

Then, throwing up his arms, he fell over, foaming, in a fit.
For some minutes the hut was a scene of wild confusion, as its bewildered inmates, so suddenly aroused from their sleep, stumbled about in the darkness, trying to find out what was the matter. But Ben, who was not easily frightened, soon restored order by striking a hight, and showing that whatever may have been the matter with Evil-Eye, there was certainly no real cause for slam. there was certainly no real cause for alarm. Thereupon, with many a growl at him for disturbing their night's rest, most of them

grumbling went back to sleep.

A few thought it worth while to see what was the matter with Evil-Eye, and of those Ben took command. Little as he loved the ruffian, he could not find it in his heart to let him die for lack of a little care. So, under his direction, the struggling man was lifted out upon the floor. His face was splashed out upon the mother while his areas and large was splashed. out upon the floor. His face was splashed with water, while his arms and legs were chafed by rough hands. In a little while the patient's struggles grew less violent, the purple hus leit ins face, and his breatning became more natural. Presently, with a great sigh, he fell into a heavy sleep, from which he did not awake for many hours.

Although pestered with questions, upon his return to consciousness, as to the cause of his strange behaviour, he refused to give any reason. But there were two changes in him too noticeable not to excite the remark of his

too noticeable not to excite the remark of his associates. He was much more moderate in the use of wine, taking care not to drink to excess, and his attitude toward Eric curiously excess, and his attitude toward byte curionaly different. Instead of regarding him with his former look of hungering hatred, he now seemed to have a feeling of dread. He shrank from leing, near him, avoiding him in every possible way, treating him, in fact, much 44 a dog would a man who had been especially cruel to him.

Ben and Eric at once noted the change, and were well, pleased at it. Some time after, they learned the cause. It seemed that the

they learned the cause. It seemed that the evening Evil-Eye had acted so strangely, he had been awakened from his drunken sleep about midnight by a startling vision.

It was the form of a tall man in a military uniform, dripping with sea-water and soiled with sand. On his face was the pallor of death, and his eyes had an awful, far-away expression, as though they were looking through the startled sleeper. Fixing them atca-liastly upon Evi-Eye, whose blood seemed to freeze in his veins, he held up his forefinger as if commanding attention, and pointed finger as if commanding attention, and pointed the bunk where Eric lay sleeping. At the same time his face took on

ening look, and his hips moved. Although no words reached Evil-Eye's ears, he understood. As the spectre stood before him, so intense was his terror that it broke the spell which

was his terror that it broke the spell which locked his lips; and he shricked out the words already mentioned. He knew no more until, at broad daylight, he found himself weak and inserable in his berth.

Like many men of his kind, Evil-Eye was very superstitious. After the vision he looked upon Eric as being under the protection of some ghoatly being that would forever haunt anyone who did him any harm.

Henceforth Eric had nothing to fear from him.

him.
Winter on Sable Izland is not like winter on the mainland. The Gulf Stream prevents continuance of cold. The snow on the mainland. The Gulf Stream prevents any long continuance of cold. The snow comes in violent storms, an i fills the valleys with drifts; but these soon vanish. There is more rain and fog than snow, even in moly inter, and the herds of wild, shaggy, sharp-hored ponces which scamper from end to end of the island have no difficult; in finding plenty to eat among the grasses which grow rankly in every sheltered spot.

These ponies were a great source of amuse-ment to Erio. But for them and the rabbits, which were even more numerous, the winter, wearisome at best, would have been simply

The wreckers had captured a score of the ponies, and broken them in after a fashion. They were kept near the hut, in a large orral built of driftwood, and there were

plenty of saddles and bridles.

Now if there was one manly accomplishment more than another upon which Eric prided himself it was his horsemanship. He had been put upon a pony when only five years old, and had been an enthusiastic rider ever since. At Oakdene he had ridden to hounds make the sea and these since he was twice five years of age, and there was not a lad in the county with a firmer Beat in the saddle, or a more masterful touch of the reins. The saddles and bridles at Saide Island were poor things compared with what he had been accustomed to; and the ponies themselves were about as wicked and vicious as animals of that size could be. But this lent an additional zest to the amusement only lent an additional zeat to the amusement of riding them. Their bad behaviour did not dunnt Ericin the least. With Bon's zasistance, a pony would be caught in the corral, and saidled, and then oil he would go for a long, lively gallop, Prince, as full of glee as himself, barking and bounding along at his side.

Very often Ben would keep him company; for there was an old black staffing of unusual in which assemble was to the same of bearing.

size which seemed equal to the task of bearing his high frame. Then Eric's happiness was complete; for every day he was growing more fond of the big man who had saved him from a dreadful death, and who now treated

who now treates this wife and the new treates this with paternal tenderness.

With the keen wintry air making his checks tingle, he would scamper off at full apeed for mile after mile, while lien lumbered along more slowly, thoroughly enjoying the boy's vigour and daring. Then, halting until Ben overtook him, he would canter on caetly.

Ben overtook him, he would canter on cately.

An amusement of which Eric never tired was chasing the wild ponies, as though he wanted to catch one of them. Climbing one of the sand-hills, he would look about until of the sand-hills, he would look atous uninhe sighted a herd grazing quietly in the hollows, and guarded as usual by a tourlereallion of mature years. Making a hollows, and guarded as usual by a toutle-maned stallion of mature years. Making a wide detour, and carefully concealing his ap; rouch by keeping the hillocks between himself and the ponies, he would get as near as he possibly could without being seen. If necessary, he dismounted and crept along on his hands and brees, dragging his own rous

necessary; no dismonned and crept stong on his hands and ances, dragging his own pony by the bridle; while Prince followed. When concealment was no longer possible, he would spring into his saddle, and with wild shouts charge down upon the startled ponies; and they would gallop off in headlong stampede.

One afternoon, while thus amusing himself, One alternoon, while thus amusing himself, he had quite an exciting experience, and rather a narrow escape from injury. He had stampeded a herd of ponies, and, picking out a sturdy little youngster as his particular prey, was pressing him pretty closely, when the pony charged straight up the side of a hill. As it was not steep, Eric followed hard after him, taking for granted the slope would be about the same on the other side. Instead of that, the hill fell away abruptly. Over plunged the pony. Unable to check his own animal, full of the spirit of the chase, over plunged Eric after. For a moment both ponics kept their feet; but, the treacherous ponies kept their feet; but, the treacherous and giving way beneath them, they rolled head over heels. Eric happily got free from his horse in time to save himself from being crushed underneath it; but when they all reached the bottom in a heap together, he could not escape the frantically pawing hoofs; and one of them struck him such a blow upon head together here.

the head as to atun him.

When he recovered be found himself lying When he recovered be found himself lying upon the sand, not a pony in sight, and Prince licking his face with affectionate anxiety. His head ached sharply, and he felt somewhat sore after his tremendous tumble; but not a bone was broken, nor a joint sprained. Thankful at having gotten of so well, be made the best of his way back to the hut.

Ben was greatly phased at the adventure, and regretted he had not been there when pooles, boy and dog rolled down the hill together.

You ought to let your friends know t

"You ought to let your friends know when you're going to give a performance like that, my lad," said he, after a hearty laugh. "It's too good to keep to yourself."

"Perhaps you'd like me to repeat it for you," Eric suggested.

No, indeed, Eric. You got off all right that time, but you might break your precious neck the next. How would you like a try at a morse? The men tell me they saw a lot of them at the westend this morning: and as them at the west end this morning; and as you're so fond of hunting, there's something well worth killing."

(To de continued.)

The Wolf at the Door. MY RIV J. LATCOCK.

On! the wolf is at the door, my boy. The wolf of hunger and woe.

And grief has taken the place of joy-The joy of years ago I never dreamed in those happy days, That the right would transient prove, That till door home with the blistful rays Of a fend husban is love. But the walf is at our door to night, Your father, I know not where, Qualing the wincorp in read delight, We, starving in despair

Oh! the wolf is at the door, my child, To day has been dark and drear, But the storm without was not so wild As one within of fear A tempest fierce of sorrow and care in your mother's grief wrong soul, Firebrands of anguish and deep despair Flaming beyond control,
Oh! the wolf is at the door, I know,
Your sister Minnie is dead, Slam by the demon -man's meanest foe-Her last sad wail for bread

Oh I the wolf is at the door, my boy, He was there when you went out This morning, Ned, to find implay, With manful heart and stout, As an errand boy: did you find a place?
Have you carned a loaf of bread?
O God! if not, e'en to-night my face
Shall be that of the dead.
For the wolf is at our door, my child, And is glaring now on me The black wolf of want so gaunt and wild, I'm crazed with agony.

True: the wolf was in the door: but Ned. With a child's heart-wail of part.
Made his way to Lattle Minine's bod,
A strange fire in his brain:
Kiss'd the frozen lips and pallid brow,
liathed her face with his warm tears; "Mother, is Minnie an angel now Where no wolf of want appears?" But the worn mother, fallen asierp, In her dream was muttering o er— The Lord dear Minnie doth safely keep In his fold evermore."

"Oh! the wolf is at the door, my boy,"
She woke with a pang of pain,
For the hunger-bite did her dream destroy,
And ovok'd the cry again;
"Tis the wolf, your father's sin, my son,
Itas brought on is all through drink;
We have been comparated. He has bartered our comforts, one by one,
And now we all must sink;
"Oh! the wolf is at the door, my child;
You have falled to find us bread, He is growling now more herce and wild, And shall till I am dead."

"Go! drive the wolf from the door, my son.
The wolf of famine and wee;" But the famished boy was a helpless one, The wolf refused to go;
Then the little boy with the manful brow Laid his head against her breast—
"I got no bread, but tried every how,"
Twas then the horrid gnest—
The wolf of want—growled sullenly,
And with fangs that long'd for gore,
On the twain sprang most unfeelingly,
E'en through the luckless door.

"Oh! the wolf has cross'd the door," she cried: In a last and fond embrace. In a last and fond embrace,
Folded her arms round his neck and died,
His face press'd to her face;
With a broken heart Ned gasp'd for breath,
Lo; the welf-howl'd loud and long—
Both sped from him to a home through death Where sobs give place to song.

For an angel ewept, through gates of light,
Their souls from that dismal recom, And want and woe faded from their sight In heaven's brilliant bloom

The father came at the midnight watch With stagg ring steps to the dearThe broken door with no lock, nor latch,
And stumbted on the floor: And stumed on the too:
And he cursed and swore in mandlin rage
Oer the lights and fire gone out,
And mumbling said, "I'll soon engage To know why i without coubt; But he fell salegn in his drunken plight On the threshold of that door, And the ravening wolf found him that night Dead on the rum-swept floor. Fort William, Ont.

THERE are her disappointments to those whose wills are buried in the will of God —F. W. Faler.

Alone with Conscience.

I sar alone with my conscience,
In a place where time had ceased;
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increas
And I felt I should have to answer The question put to me, and to face the answer and question Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive with a terrible might;
And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face,
Alone with my conscience, sitting
In that solemnly silent place.

And I thought of a far-away warning, Of a sorrow that was to be mine,
In a land that then was the future,
But now was the present time;
And I thought of my former thinking;
Of a judgment day to be;
But sitting alone with my conscience,
Seemed judgment enough for me.

And I wondered if there were a future To this land beyond the grave;
But no one gave me an answer,
And no one came to save;
Then I felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by;
For it was but the thought of my past life
Grown into eternity. Grown into eternity.

Then I woke from my timely dreaming
And the vision passed away,
And I knew the far-away warning Was a warning of yesterday;
Was a warning of yesterday;
And I pray that I may not forget it
In this land before the grave,
That I may not cry in the future,
And no one come to save.

And so I have learned a lesson
Which I ought to have learned before,
And which, though I learned in dreaming,
I have to force the work And which, though I learned in dreamin I hope to forget no more.

So I sit alone with my conscience
In the place where the years increase,
Aud I try to remember the future,
In the land where time will cease;
And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful soe'er it may be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be indgment enough for me. Will be judgment enough for me.

-The London Spectator.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER. LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 60 (?).] LESSON XII. [March 24 PURITY OF LIFE.

Rom. 13. 8-14. Memory verses, 10-12,

GOLDEN TEXT. Abstain from all appearance of evil.—1 Thess. 5. 22.

OUTLINE.

The Perfect Law, v. 8-10.
 The Vital Force, v. 11-14.

TIME. - A. D. 60 or 58.

PLACE.—Written by Paul at Ephesus. RULER.—Nero, emperor of the Roman

HOME READINGS.

Purity of Life.—Rom. 13. 8-14.
Dead to sin.—Rom. 6. 11-18.
A living sacrifice —Rom. 12. 1-9.
Be separated.—2 Cor. 6. 11-18.
Resist.—James 4. 1-10.
Be ye holy.—1 Peter 1. 13-23.
For Christ's sake.—1 Peter 4. 1-7.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Perfect Law, v. 8-10. What is the only duty that we should owe? Who fully keeps the law?
What five commandments are cited in

What covers all the other commandments What covers all the other commandments: Whatdoes James call this saying? James 2.8. What will love keep one from doing? How does Paul define love? How does John define love? I John 4. 16. What does he say about loving a brother? John 4. 20.

l John 4. 20.

Can a Christian, then, countenance liquor selling?

2. The Vital Force, v. 11-14.

The Vital Force, v. 11-14.

What is it high time to do?
What reason is given for this?
What is nearly gone, and what is near by?
What should be put off, and what put on?
How ought we to walk?
How should we not walk?
Whom ought we to put on?
For what should no provision be made?
What should we carefully shun? (Golden ext.)

What should be our rule about eating and drinking? 1 Cor. 10. 31.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught-

1. What law will keep us from strong

drink?
2. What law will keep us from tempting

others?
3. What will make our example always

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Who fulfils the law of Christ? "H that loveth another hath fulfilled the law. 2. What will such love make men do?

to a sacred banyan tree, and planted around it a grove of mango trees. This shrine contained no image, except a model of a tomb erected in Moulton, in honour of a famous Mohammedan saint named Sultan. This saint is much reverenced. and, in fact, worshipped by both Moham-medans and Hindus on the Punjab. His position was soon established among the people of the neighbourhood, who came in large numbers to the shrine. As none came empty-handed, Prem Dass soon found came empty-handed, Prem Dass soon found his position a source of wealth as well as honour.

Among other presents, he received a large iron bell from a neighbouring prince large iron bell from a neighbouring prince who visited the shrine, which, when sounded, could be heard by the village people for many miles round. Perhaps, the most valuable present, however, in his estimation, was that of a little boy, who, with one hundred rupees, was made over by his parents to be Prem Dass's disciple, to learn from him the sacred mysteries he to learn from him the sacred mysteries he was supposed to be able to impart, and



A BRAHMIN PRIEST OF INDIA.

will make men "walk honestly as in the day." 3. What does that man do who indulges himself at the risk of injuring his neighbour? Breaks the law of love; for "love worketh no ill to his neighbour." 4. How may one show that he is awake to the duty of the present hour? By avoiding "rioting and drunkenness... strife and envying." 5. What is the only sure safeguard against the dangers of intemperance? By putting "on the Lord Jesus Christ." What is the Golden Text? "Abstain from all appearance of evil."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The authority of God's law.

PREM DASS, A CONVERTED PRIEST OF INDIA.

PREM Dass, whose name translated into English means, "Servant of Love, in youth a follower of a Hindu saint who in youth a follower of a filled saint who lived in the jungle, near the foot of the Himalaya Mountains. This saint, before his death, about forty years ago, gave to his disciple, Prem Dass, the position of teacher or priest. Having received this resition he established himself at a villege. teacher or priest. Having received this position, he established himself at a village called Gandouli, about seventy miles from Simla, at the foot of the hills.

There he built a shring or temple, near

possibly to succeed him in the priesthood. When the boy grew up, Prem Dass took him, with twelve other disciples, on a long pilgrimage to the sacred shrines of India.

Things went on thus for nearly thirty

years, when one day, during the annual years, when one day, during the annual mela, a Christian preacher visited the shrine. This preacher had already been used of God to the conversion of Prem Dass's chief disciple, and now came to speak to the priest himself of Christ and salvation. On approaching the temple he was told to take off his shoes, as the place was told to take on his shoots, as the place was holy. He did so, not in reverence for the place, but in order to be able to sit and converse with the priest in charge.

God blessed the message. After a long and earnest conversation, the priest took the preacher to his home. The following day he went with him on a long tour, lasting nearly two months. Day by day they talked of Christ Jesus the Saviour; and, at last, the priest conferred his fairly. talked of Christ Jesus the Saviour; and, at last, the priest confessed his faith in Jesus. He then went to Simla, where he remained under instruction with the Rev. Dr. Carey, then in charge of the work there. After two months' instruction he was baptized and returned home.

WE ask for long life, but 'tis deep life,

BOAT HOMES IN CHINA

Our young people will, no doubt, surprised to learn that a very large number of the people of China live in boats the rivers the rivers.

This mode of life is especially hard of the children, who are constantly tumbles into the water, many of them getting drowned. In order to prevent this loss life, some of the families have adopted the custom of this account. une, some of the families have adopted the custom of tying an empty gourd between the shoulders of the babies, so that, when they fall into the water, they may be known to be a boat baby in China. But they imagine it isn't so much fun after all, is some of the horrid dirty water is sure to get into the babies' mouths.

get into the babies' mouths.

It is surprising to see the number persons that one of these boats can hold father, mother, children, and often may relatives crowded into a space far too small to contain even a half-dozen people in comfort comfort.

The boat women, on going ashore to transact their business, often carry their babies strapped upon their backs.

Some of these boat women and girls are the project to the bards.

said to be quite intelligent and to have been the first inhabitants of the country. country.

A SWEET SINGER.

Susiz visited at grandma's house of spring when the little chickens were being hatched; and nothing on the great fari was so wonderful and nice to her mind those same downy chickens were.

One day one of them lost his mother.

and what a yelping he made about it!

You may be sure that grandma ran wind his mamma for him.

"Don't hurry 'bout it, grandma, don't hurry," coaxed Susie. "What a nice little singer he is! Just hear his sweek clear voice! Don't you like to hear his sing? I do."—Youth's Companion.

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