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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, MAY 29, 1897.

No. 32

The Building of the Ship.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

"Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind
wrestle!"

The merchant's word
Delighted the Master heard;
For his heart was in his work, and the
heart

Giveth grace unto every art.
A quiet smile played round his lips,
As the eddies and dimples of the tide
Play round the bows of ships
That steadily at anchor ride,
And with a voice that was full of glee,
He answered, "Ere long we will launch
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and
staunch,

As ever weathered a wintry sea!"
And first with keen skill and art
Perfect and finished in every part,
A little model the Master wrought
Which should be to the larger plan
What the child is to the man.
Its counterpart in miniature:
That with a hand more swift and sure
The greater labour might be brought
To answer to his inward thought.

In the shipyard stood the Master,
With the model of the vessel,
That should laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!

Covering many a rood of ground,
Lay the timber piled around:
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,
And scattered here and there, with these,
The knarred and crooked cedar knees,
Brought from regions far away,
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke:
Ah! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in
motion!

There's not a ship that sails the ocean
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the wooden wall!
Thus with the rising of the sun
Was the noble task begun,
And soon throughout the shipyard's
bounds

Were heard the intermingled sounds
Of axes and of mallets, piled
With vigorous arms on every side;
Plied so deftly and so well,
That, ere the shadows of evening fell,
The keel of oak for a noble ship,
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,
Was lying ready, and stretched along
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.
Happy, thrice happy every one
Who sees his labour well begun,
And not perplexed and multiplied,
By idly waiting for time and tide!

Day by day, the vessel grew,
With timbers fashioned strong and true,
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,
A skeleton ship rose up to view!
And around the bows and along the side
The heavy hammers and mallets plied.
Till after many a week, at length,
Wonderful for form and strength,
Sublime in its enormous bulk,
Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!

And around it columns of smoke, up-
wreathing,
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething
Caldron that glowed,
And overflowed
With the black tar, heated for the
sheathing.

And amid the clamours
Of clattering hammers,
He who listened heard now and then
The song of the Master and his men.

"Build me straight, O worthy Master,
Staunch and strong, a worthy vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind
wrestle!"

With oaken bracc and copper band,
Lay the rudder on the sand,
That, like a thought, should have control
Over the movement of the whole;

And near it the anchor, whose giant
hand
Would reach down and grapple with the
land,
And immovable and fast
Hold the great ship against the bellow-
ing blast!

And at the bows an image stood
By a cunning artist carved in wood,
With robes of white, that far behind
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.
It was not shaped in a classic mould,
Not like a Nymph or Goddess of old,
Or Naiad rising from the water,
But modelled from the Master's daughter!
On many a dreary and misty night,
"Twill be seen by the rays of the signal
light,

Speeding along through the rain and the
dark,
Like a ghost in its snow-white sark.

Of the wind and the reeling main,
Whose roar
Would remind them forevermore
Of their native forests they should not
see again.

All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in his splendours dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro
Up and down the sands of gold.
His beating heart is not at rest;



SHIP-BUILDERS.

The pilot of some phantom barque,
Guiding the vessel in its flight,
By a path none other knows aright!
Behold at last,
Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place;
Shrouds and stays
Holding it firm and fast!

Long ago,
In the deer-hunted forests of Maine,
When upon mountain and plain,
Lay the snow,
They fell—those lordly pines:
Those grand, majestic pines!
Mid shouts and cheers
The jaded steers,
Panting beneath the goad,
Dragged down the weary, winding road
Those captive kings so straight and tall,
To be shorn of their streaming hair,
And, naked and bare,
To feel the stress and the strain

And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.
He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honour of her marriage-day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blend-
ing,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray, old sea.

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sullen there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs,

And soon! she stirs!
She starts, she moves, she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel.
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

A NEW USE FOR IDOLS.

A missionary in Travancore, India, ob-
served one morning, some years ago,
a native approaching his house with a
heavy burden. On reaching it, he laid
on the ground a sack. Unfastening it,
he emptied it of its contents—a number
of idols.

"What have you brought these here
for?" said the missionary; "I do not
want them."

"You have taught us that we do not
want them, sir," said the native; "but
we think they might be put to some
good use. Could they not be melted
down and formed into a bell to call us
to church?"

The hint was taken; they were sent to
a bell founder in Cochin, and by him
made into a bell, which now summons
the native converts to praise and prayers.

A RICH INVESTMENT.

A very poor old lady, who had been
placed in a charitable institution, through
the generosity of friends, was sometimes
heard to say that there was "just one
thing she did want to enjoy before she
died."

This one thing was a visit to her
native town. Although it was but
seventy-five miles from the city in which
she lived, the old lady had not been in
her native town for nearly forty years.

"I've lived several hundred miles away
most of the time and never had any
money for the trip," she said, "and
since I've lived nigher I've been poorer
still and ain't never seen the time when
I could spare the seven dollars and forty
cents—that's just what it'd cost—for the
trip. I've got some cousins there, all
the kin folks I've got on earth, who'd be
glad to see me, and I could put in a
dreadful happy week if I could once get
there."

Now there was in the city, near the
institution in which this old lady lived,
a circle of the King's Daughters. One
of them happened to visit the institution
and hear the old lady's often expressed
wish, and at the next meeting of the
circle this young girl had something to
say.

"We are all going away on our vaca-
tions soon," she said, "and it occurred
to me that if we could send old Hannah
Barton away for a couple of weeks the
thought of the intense enjoyment she
would derive from the trip to her old
home would make our own vacation
pleasure greater, and give her a joy that
would last all her life. Why can't we
do it?"

"We can," promptly replied another
member of the circle. "There are six
of us. Supposing we earn a dollar and
a half each and carry it to old Hannah.
That will be nine dollars. Let's do it."

It was unanimously voted to carry out
this plan, and one day, a week or two
later, poor old Hannah received a visit
from the six young girls, who left a roll
of crisp new one-dollar bills in the old
lady's fingers for her to alternately laugh
and cry over.

"I'd a beautiful time, a beautiful
time," old Hannah says to this day,
every time she speaks of her visit. "I'll
never forget it—never. And I'll never
forget the dear girls who made it pos-
sible for me to go. I pray every night
for God's blessing to be on them. I
had pleasure enough out of that visit to
last me all my life."

But it will not have to last old Hannah
all her life, for this particular circle of
the King's Daughters, at its last meet-
ing, resolved to make it a part of its
charitable and benevolent work to send
old Hannah to her old home for two
weeks every summer as long as she lives.

He who takes note of all our good
deeds and blesses them will surely bless
these six young girls.

If You Love Me.

"If you love me," Jesus said,
 "You must show it."
 If you really love the Saviour,
 You will know it.
 If you love your little brother,
 Your dear father, or your mother,
 You don't have to ask another
 If it's so.
 For you know
 That your hearts are bound together.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, MAY 23, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JUNE 6, 1897.

Queen of Sheba to visit Solomon.—1 Kings 10. 1-13.

WHAT INDUCED THE VISIT?

The fame of Solomon had spread very extensively, and the Queen of Sheba felt a strong desire to see and converse with one of whose glory and wisdom she had heard so much. Young people especially should seek the acquaintance of intelligent persons. You know the good Book tells us, "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise." Always listen when you can to the best ministers read the best books, and thus you will become wiser, and be better qualified for the duties of your respective stations.

THE DIFFICULTIES TO BE OVERCOME.

Verse 2. "She came to Jerusalem." The journey was a long and perplexing one. The modes of travel in modern times are so excellent that, for the most part, to travel either by land or by water is pleasant and agreeable. The Queen of Sheba would travel by camels, and would be attended by a retinue of servants, and probably her ministers of state, so that the journey would be very different from one in our time. We may see how people will face the most formidable obstacles when they wish to accomplish any particular object. Do not be deterred when you are called to contend with difficulties. If you cannot overcome them by one means, try another and another. This is the way that scientists and explorers and others have done, who have made their names illustrious.

THE INTERVIEW.

Verse 3. Solomon was very communicative. Though a great king, his manners were courteous and obliging. Learn from this never to be proud nor haughty. Pride is contemptible wherever it exists, and it is often the forerunner of destruction. Young people are sometimes very vain of their position, or of their attainments and refuse being on friendly terms with those who are in humbler circumstances. Such conduct is contemptible.

WHAT MAY WE LEARN?

Jesus Christ referred to the Queen of Sheba as a pattern for those to whom he spoke. Jesus Christ is greater than Solomon. The Queen of Sheba went a journey of 1,500 miles to hear the wisdom of Solomon. How many will not go fifteen yards. What myriads, though they have the Book which contains the sayings of the blessed Saviour, will not

be at the trouble of reading those blessed truths which he delivered, and which we may read to our own edification. Take care lest punishment should overtake us for the non-improvement of our privileges.

JEFF'S BICYCLE.

"Oh, I wish I had a bicycle," said Jeff Brady, "every other boy in the world has one."

It seemed so to Jeff. Bicycles were as plenty as blackberries in the village where he lived, but his mother could not afford to buy one for him. Once or twice he had borrowed one of another boy and ridden for a few minutes, and it did seem splendid sport; but boys who have wheels want them themselves, and are not apt to lend them often.

So poor Jeff had nothing to do when vacation came (or thought he had not) but to sit on a fence in the road and watch the wheels fly by, and wish and wish that he had one himself. Meanwhile his poor mother stitched away on her machine, and many a time wished that her boy was within call so that she could ask him to draw a pail of water, or go on an errand.

"Poor boy, if only his father had lived, he would have everything he wanted," she used to say.

But Jeff never remembered that he might be wanted at home. He just sat there wishing; and almost every day an old gentleman who wore a white linen suit and a big Panama hat used to rein in his horse as he rode up from the station, look at him and laugh and drive on again. One afternoon, however, he stopped a little longer, and beckoned the boy to him.

"Come here," he said. "What is your name, my boy?"

"Jefferson Brady, sir," said the boy.

"And what are you always doing on the fence there?" said the old gentleman.

"Oh, nothing. Only just watching the bikes," said Jeff, his face turning pink.

"And wishing you had one yourself, eh?"

"How did you know?" asked Jeff.

"I thought so," said the old gentleman.

"Now, my boy, did you ever hear the proverb, 'If wishes were horses, beggars would ride'?"

"No, sir," said Jeff.

"Now, I'll tell you another thing. A good, strong, healthy boy can make horses of his wishes."

"I don't know what you mean," said Jeff.

"When you want a thing, go to work for it. Don't sit on a fence and wish for it."

"I just wish any one would tell me how to work for a bicycle," Jeff said, feeling angry.

"Well, boy," said the old gentleman, "I can. I shouldn't have spoken to you if that had not been in my mind. School is shut, and I suppose you have your vacation now; so if you will work, you can earn a bicycle before school opens again."

Then he handed him a card with the name "Lavalle" upon it.

"Take that and bring it to me at the address upon it, down in town," he said.

"I'll give you work you can do, and so much a week. I know what boys are. So I'll only give you a little change as you go along, and the whole sum—enough to buy a bicycle—I promise you at the end of vacation. I'll show you where to get a good, stout one cheaper than you could yourself. How do you like the idea?"

Jeff liked it amazingly, and his mother was greatly pleased, and the next day found him busy in Mr. Lavalle's establishment, where tropical fruit of all sorts was received from the south and sold to grocers and small dealers. Jeff had many things to do, and was busy all day, and as he worked, his wish for his bicycle made him do his best in order to please his employer.

He understood, too, what it was to work, and used to get up in the morning and split kindling wood, or bring in wash-water, or put up the clothes-line for his mother. In a great many ways he helped her a great deal more than he ever had, and she was delighted to think that he could have a wheel like the other boys.

However, as school days drew near he did not say quite as much about that as before, and when the day came on which he was to receive his money, and Mr. Lavalle paid him and gave him a note to some one who would deal liberally with him when he bought his wheel, the boy, after thanking him, said:

"Mr. Lavalle, would you be angry with me if, after all, I did not buy a bicycle?"

"That depends," said Mr. Lavalle.

"Tell me all about it."

"Well," said Jeff, "it's not that I don't want the bike, but I've been thinking. It's a good deal of money to spend for

my own fun. Mother was saying I must have some new clothes to go to school in, and I ought to buy them myself. And then I can take the rest and put her in a ton of coal. She'd feel so safe and comfortable for winter, and I guess I'll do better to do it, for now I've got into the way of working, I'm sure to earn what I want in time."

"All right, my boy," said Mr. Lavalle. "You've got the right idea. Buy the clothes and the coal, and always be good to your mother. You can come on Saturdays, and I'll pay you for what you do. How old are you?"

Jeff told him that he would be twelve in October.

"Growing up fast," said Mr. Lavalle.

After this Jeff studied and worked, and though he could not make much, the little he brought home was a great help to his mother, and when his birthday came he had really reason to be proud of himself; for on that day Mr. Lavalle called him into his office as he was going home, and pointing to a beautiful wheel, that stood there, said:

"Well, Jeff, what do you think of that?"

"It's splendid, sir," said Jeff, examining it.

"Let's see you mount it," said Mr. Lavalle. "Take it out on the sidewalk."

Jeff obeyed, while his employer stood at the door, and, laughing, said:

"Ride it home, Jeff. That's your birthday present. And tell your mother that when you leave school for good there will be a place here for you if you desire it. I think you know how to turn your wishes into horses, and I like to have folk like that about me."—N. Y. Ledger.

"ONLY A BOY."

More than half a century ago a faithful Scotch minister, coming early to the kirk, met one of his deacons, whose face wore a very resolute but distressed expression. "I came early to meet you," he said. "I have something on my conscience to say to you. Pastor, there must be something radically wrong in your preaching and work; there has been only one person added to the church in a whole year, and he is only a boy."

The old minister listened. His eyes moistened and his thin hand trembled on his broad-headed cane. "I feel it all," he said. "I feel it, but God knows that I have tried to do my duty, and I can trust him for the results."

"Yes, yes," said the deacon; "but 'by their fruits ye shall know them,' and one new member, and he, too, only a boy, seems to me rather a slight evidence of true faith and zeal. I don't want to be hard, but I have this matter on my conscience, and I have done but my duty in speaking plainly."

"True," said the old man; "but charity suffereth long, and is kind; beareth all things; hopeth all things. I have great hopes of that one boy, Robert. Some seed that we sow bears fruit late, but that fruit is generally the most precious of all."

The old minister went to the pulpit that day with a grieved and heavy heart. He closed his discourse with dim and tearful eyes. He wished that his work was done forever, and that he was at rest among the graves under the blooming trees in the old kirkyard. He lingered in the dear old kirk after the rest were gone. He wished to be alone. The place was sacred and inexpressibly dear to him. It had been his spiritual home from his youth. Before this altar he had prayed over the dead forms of a bygone generation and had welcomed the children of a new generation; and here—yes, here—he had been told at last that his work was no longer owned and blessed!

No one remained—no one? "Only a boy." The boy was Robert Moffat. He watched the trembling old man. His soul was filled with loving sympathy. He went to him and laid his hand on his black gown.

"Well, Robert," said the minister.

"Do you think that if I were willing to work hard for an education that I could ever become a preacher?"

"A preacher?"

"Perhaps a missionary."

There was a long pause. Tears filled the eyes of the old minister. At length he said, "This heals the ache of my heart, Robert. I see the divine hand now. May God bless you, my boy! Yes, I think that you will become a preacher."

Some years ago there returned to London from Africa an aged missionary. His name was spoken with reverence. When he went into an assembly the people rose; when he spoke in public there was deep silence. Princes stood uncovered before him; nobles invited him to their homes. He had added a province

to the Church of Christ on earth; had brought under the Gospel influence the most savage of African chiefs; had given the translated Bible to strange tribes; had enriched with valuable knowledge the Royal Geographical Society; and had honoured the place of his birth, the Scottish Kirk, the United Kingdom, and the universal missionary cause.

It is hard to trust when no evidence of fruit appears. But the harvest of right intention is sure. The old minister sleeps beneath the trees in the humble place of his labours, but men remember his works because of what he was to that one boy, and what that boy was to the world.

"Only a boy!"

"Do thou thy work; it shall succeed
 In thine or in another's day;
 And if denied the victor's need,
 Thou shalt not miss the collier's pay."
 —Youth's Companion.

HEATHENISM IN BRAZIL.

The need out here seems to be greater than ever. The more one looks into the state of things in this land, the more appalling it appears. Every little mud hut has its household altar, with its images and saints. Romanism here is another name for heathenism; its followers are none the less idolaters. "Christ" is often held up to the people, but, alas! it is a brass Christ on a bronze cross. There are many saints here, but they are made of wood and metal.

Just to-day I saw a spectacle that made me feel sick at heart. It was a so-called religious procession. In front were a few men with silver or silvered lanterns, some with lighted candles; then came a silvered crucifix, then a large, rough-painted image—I think that it was intended for the Virgin and the Child Jesus; afterwards quite a number of little human representations of angels, with muslin dresses, silvered crowns, tinsel wings, etc. At home it might pass well in some circus during New Year week, but here it makes you feel like weeping for the poor, blind sheep, and your righteous indignation rises against these feeders on the fleeces of the flock.

O when shall the Church of Christ arise to see the hollow mockery, the carnal shame, the pitiable imitation of religious truths that garnish the outside of Rome, which within is full of rottenness and dead men's bones?—Letter from a Missionary in Brazil.

A VERY BUSY LITTLE QUEEN.

"Wilhelmina I., the little Queen of Holland, rises at seven o'clock every morning through the year," writes Arthur Warren in most entertainingly describing the young sovereign and her daily life, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "She breakfasts at eight, and at nine o'clock her lessons begin. The study that she likes best is history. The morning studies are stopped at half-past eleven, and then the Queen goes for a drive. No matter what the weather is nor what the season, she drives in an open carriage. At half-past twelve she has luncheon with her mother. After luncheon she takes another short drive, accompanied by the Queen Regent or by Miss Van der Pall, one of the superintendents of the child's education. When the Queen returns from her second drive she has lessons again until four o'clock. At half-past four there is tea in the English fashion. Then until dinner time the Queen is free to amuse herself as she pleases. She roams in the palace gardens, or perhaps has an outing with her ponies, or perhaps she plays with her dolls. At half-past six dinner is served. Once or twice a week when the Queen is at the Hague the gentlemen and ladies of the court have the honour of dining with her. Always, if the weather be fine, Queen Wilhelmina gets into the open air again for half an hour's drive or walk. Her hour for retiring is as regular as the hour for rising. She is in bed by ten o'clock each night, and the lights are out. This part of the daily regime is the one which pleases her least of any. Few interruptions to the child's studies are permitted. Whenever or wherever she goes, a portion of each day is given up to her books and to her tutors. Wilhelmina is an assiduous student of music, but has little taste or talent in that direction, consequently she will never be much of a vocalist nor a very skilled performer."

Carrie—"Isn't the bear's skin to keep him warm in winter?"
 Mamma—"Yes, Carrie." Carrie—"Then what does he have to keep him warm in summer?"

The Coolest Time.

BY MARTHA BURR BANKS.

Oh, the five o'clock chime brings the coolest time,

That is found in the whole of the day,
When Larry and Gus, and the others
of us,

Come in from our study or play;

When we push the big chair to the
hearth over there,

And pile the wood higher and higher,
And we make her a space in the very
best place—

And mother sits down by the fire.

There's a great deal to say at the close
of the day,

And so much to talk over with mother;
There's a comical sight or a horrible
plight,

Or a ball game, or something or other.

And she'll laugh with Larry and sigh
with Harry,

And smile to our heart's desire.

At a triumph won or a task well done—
When sitting down there by the fire.

Then little she'll care for the clothes that
we wear,

Or the havoc we make on her larder;
For the toll and the strife of our every-
day life,

She will love us a little bit harder.

Then our lady is she, and her knights
we would be,

And her trust doughty deeds will in-
spire;

For we long then anew to be generous
and true—

When mother sits down by the fire.

“Probable Sons.”

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. MAXWELL'S SORROW.

Milly spent a very happy afternoon at the keeper's cottage the next day, and came down to dessert in the evening so full of her visit that she could talk of nothing else.

“They were so kind to me, uncle. Mrs. Maxwell made a hot currant cake on purpose for me, and the cat had a red ribbon for company, and we sat by the fire and talked when Maxwell was out, and she told me such lovely stories, and I saw a beautiful picture of the probable son in the best parlour, and Mrs. Maxwell took it down and let me have a good look at it. I am going to save up my money and buy one just like it for my nursery, and do you know, uncle—”

She stopped short, but not for want of breath. Putting her curly head on one side, she surveyed her uncle for a minute meditatively, then asked a little doubtfully: “Can you keep a secret, Uncle Edward? Because I would like to tell you, only, you see, Mrs. Maxwell doesn't talk about it, and I told her I wouldn't—at least not to the servants, you know.”

“I think you can trust me,” Sir Edward said gravely.

“This is it, then, and I think it's so wonderful. They have got a real live probable son.”

Sir Edward raised his eyebrows. His little niece continued,—

“Yes, they really have. It was when I was talking about the picture Mrs. Maxwell took the corner of her apron and wiped her eyes, and said she had a dear son who had run away from home, and she hadn't seen him for nine years. Just fancy! Where was I nine years ago?”

“Not born.”

“But I must have been somewhere,” and Milly's active little brain now started another train of thought, until she got fairly bewildered.

“I expect I was fast asleep in God's arms,” she said at length, with knitted brows, “only of course I don't remember,” and having settled that point to her satisfaction she continued her story:

“Mrs. Maxwell's probable son is called Tommy. He ran away when he was seventeen because he didn't like the blacksmith's shop—Mrs. Maxwell and I cried about him—he had such curly hair and stood six feet in his stockings, and he was a beautiful baby when he was little, and had croup and—and confusions, and didn't come to for four hours, but he would run away, though he laid the fire and put sticks on it and drew the water for Mrs. Maxwell before he went. And Mrs. Maxwell says he may be a soldier or a sailor now for all she knows, or he may be drowned dead, or run over, or have both his legs shot to pieces, or he may be in India with the blacks; but I told her he was very likely taking

care of some pigs somewhere, and she got happy a little bit then, and we dried our tears, and she gave me some peppermint to suck. Isn't it a wonderful story, uncle?”

“Very wonderful,” was the response.

“Well, we were in the middle of talking when Maxwell came in, so we hushed, because Mrs. Maxwell said, ‘It makes my man so sad’; but, do you know, when Maxwell was bringing me home through the wood, he asked me what we had been talking about, and he said he knew it was about the boy because he could see it in Mrs. Maxwell's eyes. And then I asked him if he would run and kiss Tommy when he came back, and if he would make a feast; and he said he would do anything to get him home again.”

Milly paused, but said wistfully,—
“I wish I had a father, Uncle Edward. You see, nurse does for a mother, but fathers are so fond of their children, aren't they?”

“It does not always follow that they are,” Sir Edward replied.

“The probable son's father loved him, and Maxwell loves Tommy, and then there was David, you know, who really had a wicked son, with long hair—I forget his name—and he cried dreadful when he was dead. I sometimes tell God about it when I'm in bed, and then he—he just seems to put his arms about me, and send me off to sleep; at least, I think he does. Nurse says God likes me to call him my Father, but of course that isn't quite the same as having a father I can see. Maxwell is a very nice father, I think. I told him I would pray for Tommy every night when I go to bed, and then I told him that God had lots of probable sons, too—the clergyman said so on Sunday, didn't he?—people who have run away from him. I've been asking God to make them come back. I hope he will let me know when they do. Do you know any one who has run away from God, uncle?”

“You are chatting too much, child,” said Sir Edward irritably, “sit still and be quiet.”

Milly instantly obeyed, and after some moments of silence her uncle said,—

“I don't mind you going to Maxwell's cottage, but you must never take Fritz with you. He is not allowed in that wood at all. Do you quite understand?”

“Yes, but I'm very sorry, for Fritz doesn't like being left behind; the tears were in his eyes when nurse told him he wasn't to go with me. You see, no one talks to him like I do. He likes me to tell him stories, and I told him when I came back about my visit, so he wants to go. But I won't take him with me if you say no.”

When she was leaving him that night for bed, she paused a moment as she wished him good-night.

“Uncle Edward, when you say your prayers to-night, will you ask God to make Tommy come home back? His mother does want him so badly.”

“I will leave you to do that,” was the curt reply.

“Well, if you don't want to pray for Tommy, pray for God's probable sons, won't you? Do, Uncle Edward. Mrs. Maxwell said the only thing that comforted her is asking God to bring Tommy back.”

Sir Edward made no reply, only dismissed her more peremptorily than usual, and when she had left the room he leaned his arms on the chimney-piece, and resting his head on them, gazed silently into the fire with a knitted brow. His thoughts did not soothe him, for he presently raised his head with a short laugh, saying to himself,—

“Where is my cigar-case? I will go and have a smoke to get rid of this fit of the blues. I shall have to curb that child's tongue a little; she is getting too troublesome.”

And whilst he was pacing moodily up and down the terrace outside, a little white-robed figure, with bent head and closed eyes, was saying softly and reverently as she knelt at her nurse's knee—

“And, O God, bring Tommy back, and don't let him be a probable son any more; bring him home very soon, please, and will you bring back all your probable sons who are running away from you, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.”

Sir Edward did not escape several visits from ladies in the neighbourhood offering to befriend his little niece, but all these overtures were courteously and firmly rejected. He told them the child was happy with her nurse he did not wish her to mix with other children at present, and a year or two hence would be quite time enough to think about her education. So Milly was left alone, more than one mother remarking with a shake of the head,—

“It's a sad life for a child, but Sir Edward is peculiar, and when he gets a notion into his head he keeps to it.”

The child was not unhappy, and when the days grow shorter, and her rambles out of doors were curtailed, she would lie on the tiger-skin by the hall fire with Fritz for the hour together, pouring out to him all her childish confidences.

Sometimes her uncle would find her perched on the broad window-seat halfway up the staircase, with her little face pressed against the window-pane, and late on one very cold afternoon in November he remonstrated with her.

“It is too cold for you here, Millicent,” he said sternly; “you ought to be in the nursery.”

“I don't feel cold,” she replied. “I don't like being in the nursery all day; and when it gets dark, nurse will have the lamp lit and the curtains drawn, and then there are only the walls and ceiling and the pictures to look at. I am tired of them; I see them every day.”

“And what do you see here?” asked Sir Edward.

“You come and sit down, and I will tell you. There's room, uncle; make Fritz move a little. Now, you look out with me. I can see such a lot from this window. I like looking out right into the world, don't you?”

“Are we not in the world? I thought we were.”

“I s'pose we are, but I mean God's world. The insides of houses aren't his world, are they? Do you see my trees? I can see Gollath from this window; he looks very fierce to-night; he has lost all his leaves, and I can almost hear him muttering to himself. And then, uncle, do you see those nice thin trees cuddling each other? I call those David and Jon'than; they're just kissing each other, like they did in the wood, you know. Do you remember? And there's my beech-tree over there, where I sit when I'm the probable son. It's too dark for you to see all the others. I have names for them all nearly, but I like to come and watch them, and then I see the stars just beginning to come out. Do you know what I think about the stars? They're angels' eyes, and they look down and blink at me so kindly, and then I look up and blink back. We go on blinking at each other sometimes till I get quite sleepy. I watch the birds going to bed too. There is so much I can see from this window.”

“Well, run along to the nursery now, you have been here long enough.”

Milly jumped down from her seat obediently; then catching hold of her uncle's hand as he was moving away, she said,—

“Just one thing more I want to show you, uncle. I can see the high-road for such a long way over there, and when it is not quite so dark I sit and watch for Tommy—that's Maxwell's probable son, you know. I should be so glad if I were to see him coming along one day with his head hanging down, and all ragged and torn. He is sure to come some day—God will bring him—and if I see him coming first, I shall run off quick to Maxwell and tell him, and then he will run out to meet him. Won't it be lovely?”

And with shining eyes Milly shook back her brown curls and looked up into her uncle's face for sympathy. He patted her head, the nearest approach to a caress that he ever gave her, and left her without saying a word.

Another day, later still, he came upon her at the staircase window; he was dining out that night, and was just leaving the house, but stopped as he noticed his little niece earnestly waving her handkerchief up at the window.

“What are you doing now?” he inquired as he passed down the stairs. Milly turned round, her little face flushed, and eyes looking very sweet and serious.

“I was just waving to God, Uncle Edward. I thought I saw him looking down at me from the sky.”

Sir Edward passed on, muttering inaudibly,—

“I believe that child lives in the presence of God from morning till night.”

(To be continued.)

A YOUTHFUL MARTYR.

In the first ages of the Church of Christ, in the city of Antioch, a believer was called forth to die as a martyr.

“Ask any little child,” said he, “whether it were better to worship one God, the Maker of heaven and earth, and one Saviour, who is able to save us, or to worship the many false gods whom the heathen serve.”

Now it was so that a Christian mother had come to the spot, holding in her hand a little son, of about nine or ten years of age, named Cyril. The heathen judge no sooner heard the martyr's words than his eyes rested on the child, and he desired the question to be put to him.

The question was asked, and, to the

surprise of those who heard it, the boy replied, “God is one, and Jesus Christ is one with the Father.”

The judge was filled with rage. “O base Christian!” he cried, “thou hast taught that child to answer thus.” Then turning to the boy, he said more mildly: “Tell me, child, how did you learn this faith?”

The boy looked lovingly into his mother's face, and replied: “It was God's grace that taught it to my mother, and she taught it to me.”

“Let us now see what the love of Christ can do for you,” cried the cruel judge; and at a sign from him the officers, who stood ready with their wooden rods of the fashion of the Romans, instantly seized the boy. Gladly would the mother have saved her timid dove, even at the cost of her own life, but she could not do so; yet she did whisper to him to trust in the love of Christ, and to speak the truth.

“What can the love of Christ do for him now?” asked the judge.

“It enables him to endure what his Master endured for him and for us all,” was the reply.

And again they smote the child. “What can the love of Christ do for him?”

And tears fell even from the eyes of the heathen, as that mother, as much tortured as her son, answered: “It teaches him to forgive his persecutors.”

The boy watched his mother's eyes as they rose up to heaven for him, and when his tormentors asked whether he would not now acknowledge the gods that they served, and deny Christ, he still said: “No; there is no other God but one, and Jesus Christ is the Redeemer of the world. He loved me, and I love him for his love.”

The poor boy now fainted beneath the repeated strokes, and they cast the bruised body into the mother's arms, crying: “See what the love of your Christ can do for him now!”

As the mother pressed her child gently to her own crushed heart she answered: “That love will take him from the wrath of man to the rest of heaven.”

“Mother,” cried the dying boy, “give me a drop of water from our cool well upon my tongue.”

The mother said: “Already, dearest, hast thou tasted of the well that springeth up to everlasting life—the grace which Christ giveth to his little ones. Thou hast spoken the truth in love. Arise now, for thy Saviour calleth for thee. May he grant thy poor mother grace to follow in the bright path!”

The little martyr faintly raised his eyes, and said again, “There is but one God, and Jesus Christ, whom he has sent,” and so saying, he gave up his life.—Golden Sayings for the Young.

HOW A DEBT CAN BE PAID.

An office-boy in London owed one of the clerks three half-pence.

The clerk owed the cashier a penny.

The cashier owed the boy a penny.

One day the boy, having a half-penny in his pocket, was disposed to diminish his outstanding indebtedness and paid the clerk to whom he owed three half-pence one half-penny on account.

The clerk, animated by so laudable an example, paid one half-penny to the cashier, to whom he was indebted a penny.

The cashier who owed the boy a penny paid him a half-penny.

And now the boy having his half-penny again in hand, paid another third of his debt to the clerk.

The clerk, with the said really “current” coin squared with the cashier.

The cashier instantly paid the boy in full.

And now the lad, with the half-penny again in his hand, paid off the third and last instalment of his debt of three half-pence.

Thus were the parties square all round and all their accounts adjusted.

AN OVERSIGHT.

“These hotels don't seem to have any enterprise,” remarked the woman who goes shopping a great deal.

“What makes you think so?”

“They don't take advantage of the example set them by the dry-goods stores. I'm sure that a hotel charging \$4.00 a day could get lots of women to favour it when the family goes away for the summer if they'd mark the price down to \$3.99.”

Little Bobby—“Say, pa, what makes your hair so gray?” Pa—“I am afraid it is because you have been a naughty boy sometimes, Bobby.” Little Bobby (after a moment's consideration)—“What a bad boy you must have been, pa! Grandpa's hair is real white!”

Kissed His Mother.

She sat on the porch in the sunshine
As I went down the street—
A woman whose hair was silver,
But whose face was blossom sweet,
Making me think of a garden,
When, in spite of the frost and snow,
Of bleak November weather,
Late, fragrant lilies blow.

I heard a footstep behind me,
And the sound of a merry laugh,
And I knew the heart it came from
Would be like a comforting staff
In the time and the hour of trouble,
Hopeful and brave and strong,
One of the hearts to lean on,
When we think all things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,
And met his manly look;
A face like his gives me pleasure,
Like the page of a pleasant book.
It told of a steadfast purpose,
Of a brave and daring will,
A face with a promise in it,
That, God grant, the years fulfil.

He went up the pathway singing,
I saw the woman's eyes
Glow bright with a wordless welcome,
As the sunshine warms the skies,
Back again, sweetheart mother,
He cried, and bent to kiss
The loving face that was lifted
For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;
I hold that this is true—
From lads in love with their mothers
Our bravest heroes grew.
Earth's grandest hearts have been loving
Hearts,
Since time the earth began;
And the boy who kisses his mother
Is every inch a man!
—Christian Intelligencer.

THE ORIGIN OF TEXTS.

Selecting passages of Scripture as a text or basis of a sermon or discourse seems to have originated with Ezra, who, accompanied by several Levites, in a public congregation of men and women, ascended the pulpit, opened the Book of the Law, and, after addressing a prayer to the Deity, to which the people responded "Amen," read in the law of God distinctly and gave the sense, and caused them to understand the meaning. Previous to that time the patriarchs delivered, in public assemblies either prophecies or moral instructions for the edification of the people. It was not until after the return of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity, during which period they had almost forgotten the language in which the Pentateuch was written, that it became necessary to explain as well as read Scripture to them—a practice adopted by Ezra, and since universally followed. In later times the Book of Moses was thus read in the synagogue every Sabbath day. To this custom the Saviour conformed, and at Nazareth read passages from the Prophet Isaiah; then closing the book, returned it to the priest, and preached from the text. The custom, which now prevails all over the Christian world, was interrupted in the Dark Ages, when the ethics of Aristotle were read in many churches on Sunday instead of the Holy Scriptures.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON X.—JUNE 6.

SINS OF THE TONGUE.

James 3. 1-13. Memory verses, 11-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.—Psalm 34. 13.

OUTLINE.

1. The Power of the Tongue, v. 1-5.
 2. The Danger of the Tongue, v. 6-13.
- Time.—A.D. 44 or 45, probably.
Place.—Jerusalem.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Sins of the tongue.—James 3. 1-13.
- Tu. Laws against falsehood.—Lev. 19. 11-18.
- W. Punishment of deceit.—Jer. 9. 1-8.
- Th. Gehazi's falsehood.—2 Kings 5. 20-27.
- F. The deceitful tongue.—Psalm 52.
- S. The proud tongue.—Psalm 12.
- Sa. True and false.—Prov. 10. 11-23.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Power of the Tongue, v. 1-5.
What caution does the apostle give?
What reason for this caution?
What is the mark of a perfect man?
By what means are horses controlled?
What part of the ship must be rightly managed?
2. The Danger of the Tongue, v. 6-13.
What is an ungoverned tongue like?
Where do evil words begin? Matt. 15. 18.
Why should we be careful in our speech? Matt. 12. 36.
What double use of the tongue is sinful?
What do the fountain and the fig tree teach us?
What should be our daily prayer? Psalm 19. 14.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

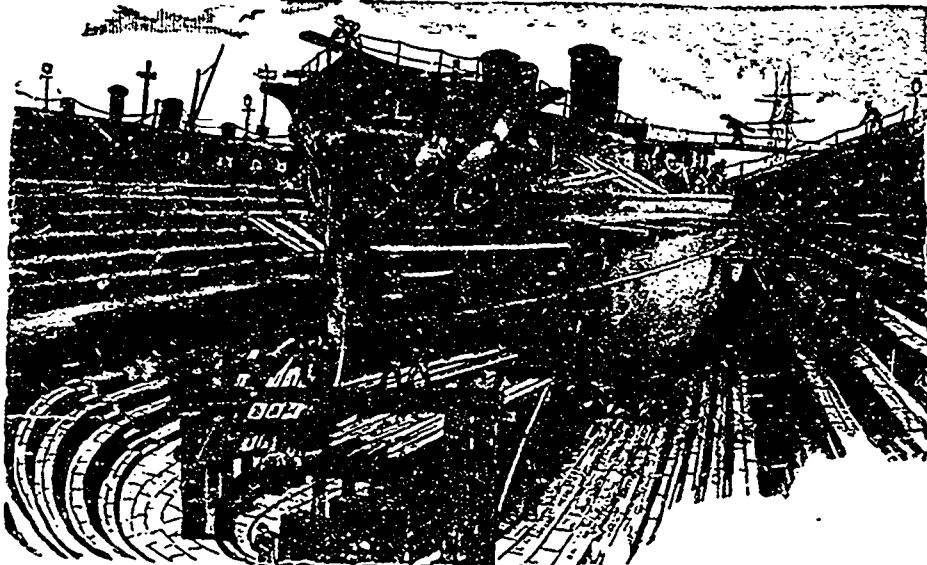
- Where in this lesson do we learn—
1. The danger of evil speaking?
 2. The value of right words?

THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY.

"I was in New York on business," the chaplain said at a club, "when I received a wire announcing the serious illness of my youngest child, a girl about six years old. She was the pet and the hope of the home. I took the first train west. On account of floods we were detained on the road two days. When I arrived, the nervous strain upon me would have crushed me, I think, had I not considered that the life of the child depended upon the attention I must give her, based, of course, upon the physician's skill. I carried her in my arms for two days and nights.
"She had not slept for fifty hours, and her life hung upon her getting a few hours' sleep. After consultation medical skill suggested an opiate. It was given, and I held her on my lap in order that she should get absolute quiet and rest. Just as she fell into slumber she was aroused by the cry on the street of a banana peddler. She was startled, and the physician's face showed too plainly

hear your gal's sick. I ain't got much, but here's all I've got, and it's for her." With that he thrust a greasy roll of paper in my hand, and before I could fully realize what he was up to he was gone. I looked at the contents of the paper, and it contained the boy's earnings for his papers. I tried to overtake the boy, but he had gone. I left word for him to come back to the house.
"Several days passed. The banana man, who was still on guard, reported to me that he had not seen the boy, and that no one knew where he was. In course of time my little one recovered, God gave her back to me, and then I instituted a search for that newsboy. It took me some time to find him. When I did he was down on Thirty-ninth Street. He saw me coming and scampered away. It took me some little time to get him. When I did I explained to him that the little one was well, and that he must take back the money he gave me. He was at first reluctant to do so, but finally consented. 'Is the gal well?' he said, 'and don't she need nothin'?' I told him she needed nothing, and that he could come back to his old corner. 'I would do anything for a sick gal,' he said, as he looked at me, in the most honest way.
"I have read a good deal about sympathy. I have heard and read a good deal in the way of eulogy, but I never heard anything as eloquent as that boy's sentiment for the 'sick gal,' and I never saw anything as tender as the solicitude of the fruit-peddler. This world, gentlemen, is full of tender chords, and there are always hands to play upon them, and what sweet music they make!"
When the chaplain had told his story, I saw several strong men get up and walk over to the window and look out, silently. But I knew it was not for the purpose of seeing anything. The chaplain himself had unconsciously swept the chords of which he had spoken.—Chicago Mail.

How you own row when you see the weeds grow.



HOW AN IRONCLAD IS BUILT.

HOW AN IRONCLAD IS BUILT.

This cut gives a good illustration of the way in which these huge war-vessels are constructed. Some of them cost over £1,000,000, and when built their mission is one of war, not of peace. In the present state of society they are necessary to protect commerce, and act as the police of the sea. But in the higher civilization of the future, such huge machines of destruction will be unknown. Notice the great ram at the bow, for piercing and running down opposing vessels.

A steamship was recently built in a New Jersey yard, every part, both metal and iron, fitted and completed, with the exception of riveting and fastening; it was then taken apart, put into about two hundred boxes, and freighted to Colombia, South America. On reaching there it will be unpacked, set up on ways, riveted and fastened, and then launched for service on the Magdalena River. It took sixty days to build the craft; it will require much less time to rebuild her and set her going.—Zion's Herald.

With wine and waste to the workhouse you haste.

Strong drink banish that crime may vanish.

Strong drink turns a good coat into rags.

He who takes pains makes gains.

A WORD BY THE WAY.

Opportunities for speaking "a word by the way" are constantly occurring, and if all such were improved the result would be incalculable. A rich reward for one act of Christian fidelity is recounted by an incident which took place several years since. Two merchants had taken their seats in the morning train for a certain city. They were neighbours, dwelling in a contiguous suburb, and doing business in a large and populous town. Although their residences were near together, and they saw each other daily, they were not intimate. They had few sympathies in common. One had been for many years a professed disciple of Christ, loving God's house, and alive to all that pertained to the spread of the Gospel. The other was a respectable and successful merchant, absorbed in business, and to all appearance indifferent to all beyond this life. On the morning in question these two neighbours happened to occupy the same seat in the railway carriage. They soon became earnestly engaged in conversation on business, its prospects, their own plans and successes.

The worldly merchant, the elder of the two, said that he had been very successful in business for the year past; he could now say he had a competence. "I do not care," said he, "to be worth any more."

"Well," said his friend, "this life is all provided for. That is all right. But how about the life beyond?"

"Oh!" was the reply, "I do not worry myself about that."

"But ought you not to trouble yourself about it?"

"No; I think not. I have no doubt that it will be all right."

"But I would not thus trust without looking into the matter. The interests involved are momentous."

The train had reached the station, and the two merchants separated, each taking his way to his own place of business. A few months afterward the Christian merchant missed his neighbour from the morning train. On inquiry he learned that he was sick. Days and weeks passed, and he knew only that his neighbour was unable to be out. At length, as he was in his office in the city one day, he received a telegram that his neighbour was dying and was desirous to see him. He lost no time in hastening to his bedside. There, surprised and delighted, he heard from the lips of the dying man this announcement:

"I could not die without thanking you, sir, for what you said to me some months since in the railway train. It made an impression on me at the time, and since I have been shut up here it has come up to me again. I am dying, but I trust all beyond. My hope is in Christ."

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