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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, JUNE 11, 1898.

[No. 24.

## Winstanley; or, The Building of Eddystone Lighthouse.

BY JEAN INGEBLOW.

Winstanley's deed, you kindly folk,  
With it I fill my lay,  
And a nobler man no'er walked the  
world,  
Let his name be what it may.

The good ship Snowdrop tarried long;  
Up at the vane looked he;  
"Bellike," he said, for the wind had  
dropped,  
"She lieth becalmed at sea."

The lovely ladies flocked within,  
And still would each one say,  
"Good mercer, be the ship come up?"  
But still he answered, "Nay."

Then stepped two mariners down the  
street,  
With looks of grief and fear:  
"Now, if Winstanley be your name,  
We bring you evil cheer.

"For the good ship Snowdrop struck—  
she struck  
On the rock—the Eddystone,  
And down she went with threescore men;  
We two being left alone.

"Down in the deep with freight and  
crew,  
Past any help she lies,  
And nayer a bale has come to shore  
Of all thy merchandise."

"For cloth or gold or comely frieze,"  
Winstanley said, and sighed,  
"For velvet colf or costly coat,  
They fathoms deep may bide.

"O thou brave skipper, blithe and kind:  
O mariners, bold and true!  
Sorry at heart, right sorry am I,  
A thinking of yours and you.

"Many long days Winstanley's breast  
Shall feel a weight within;  
For a waft of wind he shall be afeared,  
And trading count but sin.

"To him no more it shall be joy  
To pace the cheerful town,  
And see the lovely ladies gay  
Step on the velvet gown."

The Snowdrop sank at Lammas-tide,  
All under the yeasty spray;  
On Christmas eve the brig Content  
Was also cast away.

He little thought o' New Year's night,  
So jolly as he sat then,  
While drank the toast and praised the  
roast—  
The round-faced alderman—

While loud huzzas ran up the roof  
Till the lamps did rock o'erhead,  
And holly-boughs, from rafters hung,  
Dropped down their berries red—

He little thought of Plymouth Hoe,  
With every rising tide,  
How the waves washed in his sailor  
lads  
And laid them side by side.

There stepped a stranger to the board:  
"Now, stranger, who be ye?"  
He looked to right, he looked to left,  
And "Rest you merry," quoth he:

"For you did not see the big go down,  
Or ever a storm had blown;  
For you did not see the white wave rear  
At the rock—the Eddystone.

"She drave at the rock with sternails  
set;  
Crash went the masts in twain;  
She staggered back with her mortal blow,  
Then leaped at it again.

"There rose a great cry, bitter and  
strong,  
The misty moon looked out;  
And the water swarmed with seamen's  
heads,  
And the wreck was strowed about.

"I saw her mainsail lash the sea,  
As I clung to the rock alone;

Then she heeled over, and down she  
went,  
And sank like any stone.

"She was a fair ship, but all's one,  
For naught could bear the shock."  
"I will take horse," Winstanley said,  
"And see this deadly rock;

"For never again shall bark o' mine  
Sail over the windy sea,  
Unless, by the blessing of God, for this  
Be found a remedy."

Winstanley rode to Plymouth town,  
All in the sleet and the snow,  
And he looked around on shore and sound  
As he stood on Plymouth Hoe.

Till a pillar of spray rose far away,  
And shot up its stately head,  
Reared and fell over, and reared again:  
"Tis the rock—the rock," he said.

Straight to the mayor he took his way,  
"Good master Mayor," quoth he,

"And the heavier seas few look on  
nigh,  
But straight they lay him dead;  
A seventy-gun ship, sir, they'll shoot  
Higher than her mast-head!

"O, beacons, sighted in the dark,  
They are right welcome things,  
And pitchpots flaming on the shore,  
Show fair as angel wings.

"Hast gold in hand! Then light the  
land,  
It longs to thee and me;  
But let alone the deadly rock,  
In God Almighty's sea."

"Yet," said he, "nay, I must away  
On the rock to set my feet;  
My debts are paid, my will made,  
Or ever I did thee greet,

"If I must die, then let me die  
By the rock and not elsewhere;  
If I may live, O let me live  
To light my lighthouse stair."



EDDYSTONE LIGHTHOUSE.

"I am a mercer of London town,  
And owner of vessels three—

"But for your rock of dark renown,  
I had five to track the main."  
"You are one of many," the old mayor  
said,  
"That on the rock complain.

"An ill rock, mercer! Your words ring  
right,  
Well with my thoughts they chime;  
For my two sons to the world to come  
It sent before their time."

"Lend me a lighter, good master Mayor,  
And a score of shipwrights, free,  
For I think to raise a lantern tower  
On this rock o' destiny."

The old mayor laughed, but sighed also:  
"Ah, youth," quoth he, "is rash!  
Sooner, young man, thou'lt root it out,  
From the sea that doth it lash.

"Who calls too near its jagged teeth,  
He shall have evil lot;  
For the calmest seas that tumble there  
Froth like a boiling pot.

The old mayor looked him in the face,  
And answered: "Have thy way;  
Thy heart is stout, as if round about  
It was braced with an iron stay.

"Have thy will, mercer! choose thy men,  
Put off from the storm-rid shore;  
God with thee be, or I shall see  
Thy face and theirs no more."

Heavily plunged the breaking wave,  
And foam flew up the levee,  
Morning and even the drifted snow  
Fell into the dark gray sea.

Winstanley chose his men and gear;  
He said, "My time I waste"—  
For the seas ran seething up the shore,  
And the wrack drave on in haste.

But twenty days he waited and more,  
Pacing the strand alone,  
Or over he set his manly foot  
On the rock—the Eddystone.

Then he and the sea began their strife,  
And worked with power and might;  
Whatever the man reared up by day  
The sea broke down by night.

He wrought at obb with bar and beam,  
He sailed to shore at flow;  
And at his side by that same tide,  
Came bar and bears also.

"Give in, give in," the old mayor cried,  
"Or thou wilt rue the day."  
"Wonder he goes," the townsfolk sighed;  
"But the rock will have its way."

"For all his looks that are so stout,  
And his speeches brave and fair,  
He may wait on the wind, he may wait  
on the wave,  
But he'll build no lighthouse there."

In fine weather and foul weather  
The rock his arts did flout,  
Through the long days and the short  
days,  
Till all that year ran out.

With fine weather and foul weather,  
Another year came in:  
"To take his wage," the workmen said,  
"We almost count a sin."

Now March was gone, came April in,  
And a sea-fog settled down,  
And forth sailed he on a glassy sea—  
He sailed from Plymouth town.

With men and stores he put to sea,  
As he was wont to do;  
They showed in the fog like ghosts full  
faint—  
A ghostly craft and crew.

And the sea-fog lay and waxed away,  
For a long eight days and more,  
"God help our men," quoth the women  
then;  
"For they bide long from shore."

They paced the Hoe in doubt and dread,  
"Where may our mariners be?"  
But the brooding fog lay soft as down  
Over the quiet sea.

A Scottish schooner made the port,  
The thirteenth day at e'en:  
"As I am a man," the captain cried,  
"A strange sight have I seen;

"And a strange sound heard, my mas-  
ters all,  
At sea, in the fog and the rain,  
Like shipwrights' hammers tapping low,  
Then loud, then low again.

"And a stately house one instant showed,  
Through a rift on the vessel's lee;  
What manner of creatures may be those  
That build upon the sea?"

Then sighed the folk, "The Lord be  
praised!"  
And they flocked to the shore again;  
All over the Hoe that livelong night,  
Many stood out in the rain.

It ceased, and red sun reared his head  
And the rolling fog did flee,  
And, lo! in the offing faint and far—  
Winstanley's house at sea!

In fair weather, with mirth and cheer,  
The stately tower uprose;  
In foul weather, with hunger and cold,  
They were content to close;

Till up the stair Winstanley went,  
To fire the wick afar;  
And Plymouth in the silent night,  
Looked out, and saw her star.

Winstanley set his foot ashore;  
Said he, "My work is done;  
I hold it strong to last as long  
As aught beneath the sun.

"But if it fail, as fail it may,  
Borne down with ruin and rout,  
Another then I shall rear it high,  
And brace the girders stout.

"A better than I shall rear it high,  
For now the way is plain;  
And though I were dead," Winstanley  
said,  
"The light would shine again.

"Yet were I fain still to remain,  
Watch in my tower to keep,  
And tend my light in the stormiest night  
That ever did move the deep;

"And if it stood, why, then, 'twere good,  
Amid their tumultuous stir,  
To count each stroke, when the mad  
waves broke.  
For cheers of mariners.

"But if it fell, then this were well,  
That I should with it fall,  
Since, for my part, I have built my heart  
In the courses of its wall

"Ay! I were fain long to remain,  
Watch in my tower to keep,  
And tend my light in the stormiest night  
That ever did move the deep."

With that Winstanley went his way,  
And left the rock renowned,  
And summer and winter his pilot star  
Hung bright o'er Plymouth Sound.

But it fell out, fell out at last,  
That he would put to sea,  
To scan once more his lighthouse tower  
On the rock o' destiny.

And the winds woko and the storms  
broke,  
And wrecks came plunging in,  
None in the town that night lay down  
Or sleep or rest to win.

The great mad waves were rolling graves,  
And each lung up its dead,  
The soothing flow was white below,  
And black the sky o'erhead.

And when the dawn, the dull, gray dawn,  
Broke on the trembling town  
The men looked south to the harbour  
mouth—  
The lighthouse tower was down.

Down in the deep where he doth sleep,  
Who made it shine afar,  
And then in the night that drowned its  
light,  
Set, with his pilot star.

Many fair tombs in the glorious glooms  
At Westminster they show;  
The brave and the great lie there in  
state:  
Winstanley lieth low.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 11, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JUNE 19, 1898.

FISHING WITH JESUS.

Most boys, and some girls, are very fond of fishing. The Editor of this paper cannot say that he ever was. Perhaps one reason was that he very seldom could catch anything. Perhaps he had not patience enough. But with the disciples it was a question of bread and butter, or its equivalent. They were fishermen who lived by the produce of their nets.

Most fishermen go out at night to set and haul their nets, perhaps, because the quiet and darkness favour them in capturing the fish. On this occasion the disciples had toiled all night and caught nothing. They had come in weary and wet, disappointed and hungry, and were washing their nets when Jesus bade them launch out into the deep and let down their nets again. Simon, who was always the first of

the disciples to speak, remonstrated. "Master, we have toiled all night, and have taken nothing." Yet, like the true and loyal fellow he always was, he said, "Nevertheless, at thy command, I will let down the net." His obedience was rewarded, for no sooner had they done so than they inclosed such a multitude of fishes that the bursting net began to break. They, therefore, beckoned to their partners from the other ship that they should come to help them, and even then they filled both little ships so that they began to sink.

When Peter witnessed this miracle a sense of the might and majesty and holiness of Jesus so filled his soul that he fell down at Jesus' feet, saying, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." When one has a glimpse of the holiness and purity of Christ, then a sense of his own sinfulness is sure to pierce and penetrate his own heart. What we need to-day almost more than anything else is a feeling of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, a deep-felt conviction that it is the abominable thing which God doth hate.

But this miracle was not merely for the purpose of furnishing food for the disciples, but also of teaching them a great lesson. "Fear not," said Jesus to Simon, "from henceforth thou shalt catch men." And when they had brought their ships to land they forsook all—the nets, the fish, the boats—and followed after Jesus. They were to engage in the more important work of saving men from sin and bringing them into the kingdom of God.

Even boys and girls can take part in this good work. They can bring their companions to Sunday-school, to the League meetings, to the house of God. It will require patience and tact and skill, but by the blessing of God they may accomplish wonders for him.

## THE SURGEON BIRD.

Two birds were building a nest under a study window. A gentleman sat in that study every day. He watched the birds—they were building the nest of clay. They brought round bits of wet clay in their bills. They stuck these bits upon the wall.

After they had worked busily for a while, they would perch on a tree near by. There they would sit and look at the nest. Sometimes they would fly down and tear away all that they built. Sometimes a part of the nest would fall down. Then the birds would stop and think how to build it better.

Right in the middle of the work an accident happened. One of the birds stepped on a piece of broken glass. It cut her foot very badly.

But Mrs Bird was a brave little body. She wished to keep on with her work. She did keep on till she was faint and sick, and could not fly up from the ground. Then she lay down. She closed her eyes. She looked very sick.

The other bird looked at her anxiously. Then he turned around and gave three loud strange cries. Soon several birds came flying about to see what was the matter.

A little surgeon bird came with them. He looked like the others, but he soon showed that he was a surgeon. He brought a bit of wet clay in his bill. He ground it fine with his own little beak. Then he spread it on the bird's sore, stiff foot, just as a surgeon spreads a plaster. Next he took in his bill a long green cornstalk which lay near. He flew up on a tin water pipe under the window. One end of the cornstalk was near the lame bird. She understood what to do. She took hold of it with her bill, and helped herself up on the water-pipe, too. Then the surgeon bird helped her into the half-built nest.

Poor Mrs. Bird! It was very hard to be sick, and to move into a half-built house.

What do you suppose the little surgeon bird did next? He went to work and helped Mr. Bird finish the nest, then he flew home.

Could the gentleman in the study have been kinder or wiser than that little bird?

## MODERN CRUSADERS.

In the Middle Ages, several attempts were made by kings of nominally Christian nations to rescue the Holy City from the Turks. Vast sums of money were spent in those endeavours, and many brave soldiers died on eastern battle-fields, their object unattained.

To-day the fiend of intemperance has gotten possession of this land, and is firmly planted in every town and village. We cannot justify the crusaders of old for their efforts, which were not founded on a love of Christ, but rather on a love of war; but to-day it is our bounden duty to rally to the standard of righteous-

ness, and fight this monster to its death. Young people can do much.

We read of a boy's crusade, in which 30,000 boys were either drowned or enslaved. But in this age of the world, and against this monster, the boys' efforts will be effective. If the boys of to-day will keep themselves free from this curse, in a few years neither a drunkard nor a saloon could be found in all the land. The drunkards of the next generation must be taken from the boys of this.

Now, boys, do what you can to lessen the number of drunkards of the next generation by not being one yourself. And the only way to be safe is to practice total abstinence.—Epworth Herald.

## HOW IT BEGINS.

"Give me a halfpenny, and you may pitch one of these rings, and if it catches over a nail I'll give you threepence." That seems fair enough; so the boy handed him a halfpenny and took the ring. He stepped back to the stake, tossed the ring, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or threepence?"

"Threepence," was the answer, and the money was put in his hand. He stepped off, well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman standing near him watched him, and now, before he had time to look about and rejoice his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder:

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your halfpenny and won six halfpence, did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given to you; you won them just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path; that man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now, I advise you to go and give his threepence back, and ask him for your halfpenny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy."

He had hung his head down, but raised it very quickly, and his bright, open look, as he said, "I'll do it," will not soon be forgotten. He ran back, and soon emerged from the ring, looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly, as he ran away to join his companions. This was an honest boy, and doubtless made an honourable man.—Morning Star.

## "JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL."

A beautiful story, says The Sunday Magazine, is told by the late Professor Drummond concerning Wesley's hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul." Two Americans who were crossing the Atlantic met in the cabin on Sunday night to sing hymns. As they sang the last hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul," one of them heard an exceedingly rich and beautiful voice behind him. He looked around, and although he did not know the face, he thought he knew the voice, so when the music ceased he turned and asked the man if he had not been in the civil war. The man replied that he had been a Confederate soldier. "Were you at such a place on such a night?" asked the first. "Yes," he replied, "and a curious thing happened that night which this hymn has recalled to my mind. I was posted on sentry duty near the edge of a wood. It was a dark night and very cold, and I was a little frightened, because the enemy was supposed to be very near. About midnight, when everything was still, and I was feeling homesick and miserable and weary, I thought that I would comfort myself by praying and singing a hymn. I remember singing this hymn:

"All my trust on thee is stayed,

All my help from thee I bring.

Cover my defenceless head,

With the shadow of thy wing."

After singing that a strange peace came down upon me, and through the long night I felt no more fear." "Now," said the other, "listen to my story. I was a Union soldier, and was in the wood that night with a party of scouts. I saw you standing, although I did not see your face. My men had their rifles focused upon you, waiting the word to fire, but when you sang out—

'Cover my defenceless head

With the shadow of thy wing,'

I said: 'Boys, lower your rifles. We will go home.'"

The violence of the wind on the Gramplan hills is so great that on several occasions it has brought to a standstill trains travelling from Perth to the north.

## A BLACK RABBIT.

BY REV. J. S. STONE, M.D.

The crow in India is a most important bird, and is quite as ubiquitous as the English sparrow, proud as a Grand Moulou, and as unscrupulous as a bandit. He is not a great blackbird, a "common thief," but a much smaller fellow, with glossy black coat and gray collar, which he carries with much strut and swagger as if conscious of his importance.

He was one of my first acquaintances in Calcutta, and these are the circumstances of our introduction:

I was a guest in a missionary's home. The many windows and doors were all thrown open to let in the December air, for in that land December is more pleasant than May. With the fresh soft breezes and the odour of flowers came also several crows.

I at first supposed they were tame members of the family, but I was mistaken. They were uninvited and unwelcome guests.

When we sat down to dinner they, sitting on the window sash or perched over the door, passed remarks in unintelligible tongue and eyes us with hungry look, watching chances to snatch a scrap and fly away with it.

The kitchen in India is always detached from the dwelling, and when meals are being prepared Jim Crow torments the servants not a little, swooping down to plant his feet in the butter or to sample the pie whenever the cook's back is turned.

Sometimes a careless servant will start from the cook-house across the yard with both hands full and his dainties uncovered. If so, Jim Crow, ever alert, grabs his share. He never ventures this sort of attack if one hand of the servant is free.

Two crows have been known to indulge in a little play with an unfortunate lizard. As the little fellow starts to cross an open space a crow drops in front of him, another behind. The rear crow begins the assault by pulling the lizard's tail. Indignant, the lizard swings around to give the other crow a chance to seize his caudal appendage.

The poor lizard swells his neck so as to look his ugliest and makes a brave defence, but the fight is unequal, and the crows, after tormenting him, turn him on his back and proceed to eat him.

I, myself, witnessed an instance of crows hunting in pairs. I was sitting one evening on the veranda of the Calcutta parsonage and noticed a kite settle on the roof of the stable to pick a bone. His whole attention was absorbed in the work, when a crow lighted on the roof near him, cocked his head first on this side, then on that, as he began to make remarks in crow language about the bone. In a few seconds he flew away, but returned with a partner. The two crows consulted, then one dropped in front of the kite and the other took his position in the rear. The kite apparently did not notice their presence, but leisurely proceeded with his supper. Soon the campaign opened with fine strategy. The crow in front advanced and opened a fire of crow profanity. He certainly used very bad language, drawing as close as he dared to the dignified kite with the tempting bone.

In the meantime crow number two advanced to the attack in the rear. He hopped up till he reached the kite's tail, seized a feather, and laid back to pull as hard as he could, crow number one increasing the volume of fire of bad language from the front.

The kite, at last losing its temper, whirled around to strike his tormenter in the rear, when in dashed the front crow, snatched the coveted morsel, and flew away with it. The kite did not attempt to follow; but with a disgusted look and a cry, part scream and part whistle, gave up the battle and departed.

I was interested in the fate of the bone. I had heard of "honour among thieves," and was eager to see if the crow that got the meat should share with his partner in the assault. I went to the flat roof of our house and watched the two crows as from house to house, from tree to tree, the crow that pulled the kite's tail chased the other crow. As far as I know, to this day he has not got his share of the spoils of that battle with the kite.

There is no evidence, let me add in closing this chapter of Indian crows, that the missionaries, Methodist or any others, are making the slightest impression on the crow tribe. Multitudes of crows visit mission houses. I have known them to attend church, but there is no instance on record after our hundred years of mission work of a single crow convert.



**He Saved Others.**

(Luke 23. 35.)

When scorn, and hate, and bitter, envious pride,  
Hurled all their darts against the crucified,  
Found they no fault but this in him so tried?  
"He saved others!"

Those hands, thousands their healing touches knew;  
On withered limbs they fell like heavenly dew;  
The dead have felt them and have lived anew:  
"He saved others!"

The blood is dropping slowly from them now;  
Thou canst not raise them from thy thorn-crowned brow;  
Nor on them thy parched lips and forehead bow:  
"He saved others!"

That voice from out their graves the dead had stirred;  
Crushed, outcast hearts grew joyful as they heard;  
For every woe it has a healing word:  
"He saved others!"

For all thou hadst deep tones of sympathy;  
Hast thou no word for this thine agony?  
Thou pitied'st all: Doth no man pity thee?  
"He saved others!"

So many fettered hearts thy touch hath freed,  
Physician! and thy wounds unstaunched must bleed;  
Hast thou no balm for this thy sorest need?  
"He saved others!"

Lord! and one sign from thee could rend the sky;  
One word from thee, and low those mockers lie;  
Thou mak'st no movement, utterest no cry,  
And saved us!

**With the Whale Fishers.**

BY M. R. WARD.

**CHAPTER VI.**

**DARKENING PROSPECTS.**

Not wishing to lose time by regaining his former anchorage, the captain put into a narrow inlet, hoping to bring their fishing speedily to an end. Signs of approaching change had been observed, but it was yet too early in the season to leave the fishing-ground, and all hands were desirous of winding up as successfully as they had begun.

"Another cruise or two, and then, please God, we'll turn our faces southwards," said the captain, as he talked with his first mate and the harpooners—all shrewd men.

They seemed likely to have speedy fulfilment, for the capture of a fine sperm whale left but little to be desired; but one of those sudden changes, which sometimes surprise the most experienced navigators, was at hand, and they were astonished to find by morning light the entrance of the inlet barred by large masses of drift-ice, rapidly accumulating. The captain's first intention was to "crowd sail," and force his way through to the open water beyond; but the man "aloft" soon put an end to this plan, by reporting "field-ice"—"ice everywhere"—as he swept the horizon with his glass.

The captain, hardly crediting the announcement, himself went aloft to survey, and there sure enough was the ice, one vast floe stretching away beyond the mouth of the inlet, into which the drift-ice, in vast quantities, was forcing its way, impelled by the mighty pressure beyond. Even if the evidence of sight had been wanting, the crashing of the masses as they met in tremendous collision would have told what was taking place.

The entrance to the inlet was about a quarter of a mile in breadth, and its length of open water extended double that distance up to the great fields of ice, which are only disturbed, if at all, at the breaking up of the Arctic winter. The inlet was thus, for the present, "a haven of refuge" from the wild clashing of force against force going on beyond. How long would this continue to be?

This was the question; for the ice was rapidly lessening the small area in which the vessel was sheltered. The captain's long experience told him that this state of things was most unusual so

early in the season, and that unless an early winter was setting in with such severity as he had never yet known, the threatened danger of imprisonment would pass away.

But day by day it seemed only to increase, and as the drift-ice poured in, it began to form in hummocks and rocky masses, shelving and piling up, and encircling the navigators within its iron boundary until their vessel had a mere dock to float in.

"Well, doctor, we're caught for the present, but this caps all that ever I've known before in Arctic seas," said the captain, as he descended from a survey at the masthead, and saw no hope of exit for the present. "But don't take it to heart, doctor, for all that, for, please God, it won't last. Here's but early August, and we've never turned our backs on the North before September, and many a one has to stay until October is nearly out. At any rate, this cove has been to us a 'city of refuge,' for if we'd been outside, and caught by any floe in its travels, I won't say what would have happened; and the sound wouldn't have been much better, for some great floe will likely enough sweep in, and anchor there until the next season."

Such was the good captain's resume of the untoward position in which he found his ship, a position in which, with all its dangers, he did not fail to recognize the preserving mercy of the Most High.

The young doctor had, as he predicted, been braced and invigorated by the moderate cold (for Arctic regions) which they had hitherto encountered, and now, so far from quailing before threatened danger, he was nerved to meet any emergency.

Day by day the ice narrowed round them, and as it began to form close to the vessel, the captain ordered out his men to hew away some portion of the blocks, and so keep their "dock" clear.

"My post is only a sinecure, captain, so you had better let me join your gang," remarked Arthur, as he watched the party at work.

"Ay, ay, doctor, but we don't know what we may want with you yet. If we're not loosed soon, we shall have frozen limbs likely enough, and more besides; and there's no break yet."

It was quite true; for this monster floe, instead of passing on into the sound, seemed anchored outside the inlet, while drift-ice still poured in, jamming itself all round the narrowing space.

To keep open water round the vessel was the one thing to be done until the floe shifted; and so long as frost did not set in with all its Arctic force this might be accomplished. But still the circle narrowed round them; enforced inaction began to tell unfavourably upon some of the ship's company, and scurvy—that dreaded scourge of seamen—appeared among them.

Still they were hopeful and cheerful, and as Arthur went in and out among his patients, he heard expressions of hope and trust in God from lips that had not been accustomed to speak of such things.

"It's early to be shut up here," said one of the sick men; "but mind you, sir, I don't take it to heart as I once should. Him as is above won't forget us, I'm thinkin', and sure enough he can loosen us out and set us on our way again right enough, if it pleases him."

This hope was now shared by many another on board the hemmed-in vessel, and as far as the vigorous watches and ice gangs permitted, the men crowded to their little daily services, which were kept up as regularly as circumstances rendered possible.

It was a light amid unexpected darkness which seemed now to grow darker every day, for the frost-fog began to shroud them with its icy veil, and the iron king to strengthen the barrier that shut them in.

Closer and closer came the foe, and a relief-party to lessen the toils of the "ice-gang" became necessary, so incessant and exhausting was the work of hewing day by day. Still, Captain Mcnaghten did not relinquish the hope that even now their bonds might be loosed, so as not to have to winter in the ice; but all pointed to this as the probable issue.

"If I don't see old grizzly out there, my name is not Mike!" said one of the sailors, who thought he saw the outline of a bear looming through the fog.

"Well, he brings us the worst piece of news we've had yet, and if I've the chance, he shall have a piece of my mind about it," added the man, running off for a fowling-piece.

It was indeed no favourable prognostic for a bear to venture to near them while yet the so-called summer months lasted.

"The old rogue, I would have forgiven him for coming so near if he'd been hard up after a long winter, but it's summer now, the rascal!" said the man, levelling his piece.

The shot hardly penetrated the coat

of the shaggy monster, and, with a growl of rage, he retreated; but the apparition did not tend to raise the spirits of the men.

"I say it's like signing a treaty with the old ice king for the winter to have seen that old fellow prowling about so near," remarked Arthur's informant of two previous occasions.

"Well, my man, but happily there's One stronger than the ice king, and I would advise you to make a treaty of peace with him, and then all will go well with you whichever way it is," was the reply.

That evening, the young doctor chose for their reading the scene in the life of Elisha, where the city was encompassed with hostile armies, and his servant in despair cried out, "Alas, my master, how shall we do?" With wonderful force and power to all hearts came Elisha's rejoinder, "Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be against us."

A murmur of response ran round the little assembly, and—"Ay, ay—that's it, sir"—"He's for us"—"bless his name!" broke forth from several voices in the company.

If the young doctor's post had hitherto been a sinecure, it was so no longer, for sickness increased on board, although not yet to any alarming extent; but the limbs of several men were disabled with the frost, and the dreaded scorbutic malady continued to show itself among others.

The vigour of youth, and the strength and buoyancy of Arthur's temperament now came into full play. "Cheerfully he went on looking after his patients' relief"—watch on deck for an hour, or a short turn with the ice-gang, just to inspirit the men a little, now that sickness was increasing. Against the last-named service the captain never failed to remonstrate, although the sight of the new hand among them did unquestionably inspirit the men.

"I tell you what, our doctor's a brick, and no mistake; for he's as gentle as a woman when a fellow's sick, an' he works like the best of us besides."

"An' if he's not as good as any parson among us—I've done," put in the mate to the first spokesman, Ned Chambers.

The captain's chief ground of hope as to their liberation now rested upon the absence or intermission of severe frost. Of this they had had some sharp touches, and as a consequence ice had formed rapidly in the small space of open water left. He was an able hand at expedients, and two or three men were told off to keep up a sharp cruise round the vessel, and so break up the formation ere it attained much thickness. In this service the young doctor often claimed a share, and his slight frame withstood the cold and exposure most surprisingly, as the crew all thought.

"It iss wonder how he do bear it, and he iss the ferra light of us all," said a Western Islander, one of Arthur's patients.

"Strength for the day, such as God gives, and the hope of eternal life through Christ—that's the secret of holding out in times like these," was his own explanation of the matter, as he talked with the men and sought to cheer some among them who were getting rather down-hearted.

"He hasn't forgot us noways, however," put in the second mate; "for look you here, our poor ship would have been squeezed as thin as a lath, between them great floes, if there hadn't been a good hand upon us that led us into this cove; so mates, I take it as a proof that he can lead us out again when his time is come."

"May hiss time come soon, if it be hiss will, or I shall not see 'sday again," said the poor Western Islander, who was growing weaker every day, in spite of all the young doctor could do. The rigour of the Arctic climate had stuck to the poor fellow's vitals, and swift decline was hurrying him to the grave. It must indeed be a speedy release that would ever bring him to his home again, as Arthur well knew, and he laboured as earnestly for the poor fellow's spiritual enlightenment as for his bodily relief. Nor were his labours in vain, for this soul was given to him as the reward of faithful effort and prayer.

(To be continued.)

A fine ostrich is calculated to yield \$2,000 worth of feathers.

It is estimated that over eighty tons of diamonds have been unearthed in the South African fields during the last eighteen years. These represent a total value of \$280,000,000.

The most northern lighthouse in Great Britain—the north-west tower on the coast of Shetland—is built on a rock 200 feet high, the summit of which barely affords room for the necessary buildings.

**A GOOD NEIGHBOUR.**

The Egyptians, from time immemorial, have regarded the cat with superstitious reverence; the Turk leaves the dog at liberty to roam wild in his cities; the Arab almost worships the horse. Each nation has its favourite animal, either loved for the good luck it is supposed to bring, or feared for the evil fortune that may follow its ill-treatment.

The Hollander loves the stork, and holds the superstition that should this good bird be grieved and fly away all good luck would go with him. The householders in Holland do all they can to make their feathered guest comfortable, even going so far as to erect a sort of false chimney to their houses in order that the bird may have somewhere to build comfortably without interfering with the regular chimney.

This bird seems also to have become domesticated with the Turks, storks' nests upon the roofs of the houses in Constantinople seeming to be rather the rule than the exception. How curious it must be to see these great nests upon the roofs of all the houses! They are described as looking like Turkish turbans of preposterous size. As the food of this animal consists mainly of rats, mice, frogs, vermin, etc., his company is assiduously cultivated by the resident of the East, who is very glad to have such a scavenger near to relieve him from the consequences of his own neglect, to clear away any offal or other debris that may collect around his dwelling and attract small animals and vermin.

It is quite a common thing to confound the stork with the crane, whereas they are two very different birds, and in fact do not belong to the same family. The family name of the crane is Gruidae, while that of the stork is Ciconiidae.

**A LEGEND OF BRITTANY.**

In Brittany, among the peasants, they have this beautiful legend of the robin. They say that when the Saviour moved toward Calvary, bearing his cross, with enemies all about him, a robin hovered near. And reckless of the tumult, the bird flew down and snatched a cruel thorn from the Christ's bleeding forehead. Then over the robin's bosom flowed the sacred blood, tinting with its ruby stream the bird's brown plumage. This, the peasants say, was the origin of the red spot on the robin's breast.

"And evermore the sweet bird bore upon its tender breast

The warm hue of the Saviour's blood, a shining seal impressed.

Hence, dearest to the peasant's heart, 'mid birds of grove and plain,

They hold the robin, which essayed to soothe the Saviour's pain."

**PUMPING FAILED THIS TIME.**

A small Scotch boy was summoned to give evidence against his father, who was accused of making disturbances in the streets. Said the ballie to him:

"Come, my wee mon, speak the truth, an' let us know all ye ken about this affair."

"Weel, sir," said the lad, "d'ye ken Inverness Street?"

"I do, laddie," replied his worship.

"Weel, ye gang along it and turn into the square, and cross the square—"

"Yes, yes," said the ballie, encouragingly.

"And when ye gang across the square ye turn to the right and up into High Street, and keep on up High Street till ye come to a pump."

"Quite right, my lad; proceed," said his worship; "I know the old pump well."

"Weel," said the boy, with the most infantile simplicity, "ye may gang and pump it, for ye'll no pump me."

**NO SMOKER NEED APPLY.**

I was sitting in the office of a mechanic, not long since, when a lad of about sixteen entered, with a cigar in his mouth. He said to the gentleman: "I would like to get a situation in your shop, to learn the trade, sir."

"I might give you a place, but you carry a bad recommendation in your mouth," said the gentleman.

"I didn't think it any harm to smoke, sir, nearly everybody smokes now."

"I am sorry to say, my young friend, I can't employ you. If you have money enough to smoke cigars you will be above working as an apprentice, and if you have not money your love for cigars might make you steal it. No boy who smokes cigars can get employment in my shop."—Children's Paper.

New Zealand contains at present 43,000 natives (Maoris) and 625,000 whites.

**Do Not Give Up.**

There is a saying old, boys,  
But though so old 'tis true,  
And, lest you should forget it,  
I'll tell it now to you.  
'Tis this: If any task you have,  
Which trouble costs or pain,  
Don't give it up the first time,  
But try, try again.

No; don't give up, but this resolve:  
"However hard it be,  
And though it cost me hours of toil,  
'Twill never conquer me."  
What has been done you sure can do,  
So now to work with might,  
And you will rise, when victory's yours,  
The stronger for the fight.

**SPAIN.**

Almost all children know something about the geography of Spain. They know at any rate that its capital is Madrid. They have also an idea that things are very different in that country from what they once were, and that though there are grand cities and splendid buildings to be seen everywhere in Spain, that somehow or other things have rather gone to the bad there for a long time past, and that it is not a very nice place to live in even though the land is very fertile, the scenery very romantic, and the climate very pleasant.

Spain is separated, as every boy and girl knows, from France by the Pyrenees, and our picture shows how that range of mountains is crossed by long trains of mules, bearing the products of the two countries.

The centre picture gives a tolerably fair idea of the Giralda—the tower connected with the grand cathedral of the famous City of Seville. This cathedral is one of the largest and finest in Spain, as it well may be when we bear in mind that it is 431 feet long, 315 feet wide, has seven aisles, and an organ with 5,400 pipes. The tower is Moorish, was built in 1196, and was originally only 250 feet high—the additional 100 feet being the rich filigree belfry added in 1568. The pinnacle is crowned by a female figure in bronze, fourteen feet high, and 2,800 pounds in weight, and which veers about with the slightest breeze.

Below the Giralda is the Escorial, which some have called the eighth wonder of the world. It is an immense monastery, palace, and mausoleum, was begun in 1563 and finished in 1584. It is 744 feet from north to south, and 580 feet from east to west. It is said to have 14,000 doors and 11,000 windows, and to have cost 11,000,000 ducats.

The Alhambra is a famous Moorish fortress in the City of Granada, the most characteristic parts of which have been reproduced in the Alhambra Court of the Sydenham Palace, London, England.

Surely not many boys need to be told the story of the famous Rock of Gibraltar. It is on the southern extremity of Spain, and has on it the famous fortress held by the British since 1704, when it was taken by Sir George Rooke. It has been often besieged since, but never taken. It is not of so great importance as it used to be, and some think that it ought to be restored to Spain.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**SECOND QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

**LESSON XII.—JUNE 19.**

**THE RISEN LORD.**

Matt. 28. 8-20. Memory verses. 18-20.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

I am he that liveth, and was dead, and, behold, I am alive for evermore.—Rev. 1. 18.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Empty Tomb, v. 8-15.
  2. The Risen Lord, v. 16-20.
- Time.—Sunday, April 9, A.D. 30.  
Place.—Joseph's garden, near Jerusalem.

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. The risen Lord.—Matt. 28. 1-10.  
Tu. The risen Lord.—Matt. 28. 11-20.  
W. The empty tomb.—John 20. 1-10.

- Th. Appearance to Mary.—John 20. 11-18.  
F. Infallible proofs.—Acts 1. 1-9.  
S. Abundant testimony.—1 Cor. 15. 1-11.  
Su. Ever living.—Rev. 5. 6-14.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. The Empty Tomb, v. 8-15.  
How were the women affected as they went away from the tomb of Jesus?  
What shows their prompt obedience?  
Who met them as they were going away?  
How did Jesus greet them?  
What did they do?  
What message did Jesus give them?  
To whom did the guard tell their story?  
What counsel was then taken?  
Who were bribed to make a false report?  
What story were the soldiers to tell?  
What protection was promised them?  
How did the plan succeed?  
Among whom was this story long current?

1. That Jesus is the Saviour of all nations?
2. That Jesus is the teacher of all nations?
3. That Jesus is to be the ruler of all nations?

**AN ANGEL'S TOUCH.**

One evening, not long ago, a little girl of nine or ten entered a place in which is a bakery, grocery and saloon in one, and asked for five cents' worth of tea. "How's your mother," asked the boy who came forward to wait on her. "Awful sick, and ain't had anything to eat all day." The boy was just then called to wait upon some men who entered his saloon, and the girl sat down. In five minutes she was nodding, and in seven she was sound asleep, and leaning her head against a barrel, while she held the poor old nickel in a tight grip between her thumb and finger. One of

**Prayer of the Dying Thief.**

BY ARTHUR J. LOOKHART.

In that last hour of agony,  
When he was lifted up to die,  
Who did our griefs and sorrows bear,  
A plaintive voice came through the air,  
Where darkening rose the crosses three—  
"When in thy kingdom, Lord, remember me!"

So I, O pitying Christ, am fain,  
Out of my loneliness and pain,  
Or where they still the cross prepare,  
And hatred, curses, and despair,  
To lift my sorrowing eyes to thee,  
And cry, "O Lord, at last, remember me!"

But, O my God! It shall be well  
If I in thy remembrance dwell;  
Whether the sea shall lull my rest,  
Or earth enfold me in her breast,  
Whate'er my fate, howe'er my lot,  
'Tis well if thou forget thy creature not.

In an interesting interview, reported in The Methodist Recorder, Mr. Baring-Gould was asked, "What was the origin of your great hymn, 'Onward, Christian soldiers'?" "I'll tell you that," he replied. "When I was a curate I had charge of a mission at Horbury, one mile from Wakefield, and one Whitsuntide my vicar wanted me to bring all the Sunday-school children up to the mother church for a great festival. 'Well,' I thought, 'there's that mile to tramp, what shall I do with them on the way?' All of a sudden it struck me, 'I'll write them a hymn.' And I did. It was all done in about ten minutes. I set it to one of Haydn's tunes, and the children sang it on the way to church. I thought no more about it and expected the hymn would be no more heard of."

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SPAIN.

**2. The Risen Lord, v. 16-20.**

- How many disciples went to meet Jesus?  
What one of the twelve was missing? Matt. 27. 3-5.  
Where did they meet the Saviour?  
By whom had this place of meeting been selected?  
What did they do when they saw him?  
What exceptions were there?  
What did Jesus say about his power?  
What prophet foretold this gift of power? Dan. 7. 13, 14.  
How many disciples did this power win on the day of Pentecost? Acts 2. 41.  
Where did Jesus bid the disciples to go?  
What two things were they commanded to do?  
In whose name were they to baptize?  
What were they directed to teach?  
What company was assured them?  
How long did Jesus say he would be with his disciples?  
Where did Jesus go after he had given this message? Mark 16. 19.  
Where did the disciples go? Mark 16. 20.  
What does Jesus say of himself? Golden Text.

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

Where in this lesson are we taught—

the men saw her as he came from the bar, and after asking who she was, said, "Say, you drunkards, see here. Here we've been pouring down whiskey when this poor child and her mother want bread. Here's a two dollar bill that says I've got some feeling left." "And I can add a dollar," observed one. "And I'll give another."

They made up a purse of even five dollars, and the spokesman carefully put the bill between two of the sleeper's fingers, drew the nickel away, and whispered to his comrades: "Just look-a-here—the gal's dreaming!" So she was. A big tear had rolled out of her closed eye-lid, but the face was covered with a smile. The men tip-toed out, and the clerk walked over and touched the sleeping child. She awoke with a laugh and cried out: "What a beautiful dream! Ma wasn't sick any more, and we've had lots to eat and wear, and my hand burns yet where the angel touched it!" When she discovered her nickel had been replaced by a bill, a dollar of which loaded her down with all she could carry, she innocently said: "Well, now, but ma won't hardly believe me that you sent up to heaven and got an angel to come down and clerk in your grocery."

Moslems abhor the sound of bells, which they say cause evil spirits to assemble.