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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 5, 1892.

[No. 45

Odd Things.

Worms are weighed in their scales,
And an elephant packs its own trunk;
But rats never tell their own tails,
And one seldom gets chink in a chunk.

Geese never go to the quack;
A horse cannot plough its own mane;
A ship is not hurt by a tack,
And a window ne'er suffers from pane.

Bad dogs seldom wear their own pants,
Which fact lays open to scorn;
A nephew or niece fancies ants,
And a cow never blows its own horn.

A cat cannot parse its own claws,
No porcupine nips its own quill;
A dog orphan bears still have their paws,
A bird will not pay its own bill.

—Selected.

WHERE JESUS SAT.

WHY should we care for a picture of this rough hole in the ground? There are earthen water-pots in the ground, and a group of Arabs is gathered about, some lounging, some smoking their long-stemmed pipes. Every year people go thousands of miles to peep into that dark hole, and drop pebbles into it. One Scotch minister, who had been reading about the well in his Bible, carelessly dropped that in too. The well is seventy-five feet deep, and as there was no bucket the dominie had to leave his hole to soak. Several years later another minister, who was a luckier angler, fished out the Scotchman's water-logged book. "We haven't told you why men go there," said he, "because it is deep, nor because we once fished a Bible out of it. It is because this is the only spot on earth where we know Jesus once sat and taught. We know where Bethlehem is, but we are not sure about the manger where they laid the baby Jesus. We know where Nazareth is, but we do not know the whereabouts of Joseph's carpenter shop where Jesus learned his trade. We know where Jerusalem is, but we are not really certain where Christ preached, or drove out the money-changers, or ate the Last Supper. There are three or four Gethsemanes, and many Calvaries, but there is only one Jacob's Well.

This is the way Jesus came to be there; my friend John tells the story: "He left Judea with his disciples, and went for his home in Galilee. The road passed a city of the province of Samaria, and Sychar, near a lot that Jacob gave to his favourite son Joseph, the same who had the gay little coat that his wicked brothers dabbled in blood to break old Jacob's heart. Jacob was a sheep-raiser, and here he dug a deep well for his flocks. That hot, dry land a well is a valuable property, and great care is taken to keep it dug up and cleaned out. So this deep well was famous all the region round. Foot-weary from walking, Jesus sat by the old well. He had sent his friends into the village near by to get something to eat. A Samaritan came from the village to draw water. Christ asked her for a drink. She was a bright woman and a good talker. The Lord told her wonderful things. She said that God had promised that he would send a Messiah 'who will tell us all things.' She said, 'I that speak unto thee am he.'

He said too, 'if thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith to thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of him, and he would have given thee living water. Whosoever drinketh of the water of this well shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst.'

The wonderful living water that Christ offered to Photina he offers to us all. It is salvation. If we believe on him, and love and obey him, it will be to our souls as cold water is to our bodies. Let us think of this as we look on this picture of the old well, and let us say, like the woman, "Sir, give me this water, that I thirst no more."

well is very deep and very difficult to descend. He therefore gave it up for lost. A short time after he was telling the story at a dinner table in Damascus when a lady present, the wife of a medical missionary at Nazareth, said, "I will try and get it for you and send it to you at Beyrout." This she did and Mr. Bond received his Bible in a few days at Beyrout. But the edges were saturated with water. "Hereby hangs a tale." The well was dry when the Bible fell in, but as a band of Russian pilgrims were approaching who wanted water from this sacred well as a souvenir, the Arab sheik who has charge of it poured some water in to have some for the pilgrims. Thus Mr. Bond's Bible got wet,

we shall have to send her, for she is now seven years old."

So her mother bought her a little red and white basket in which to carry her dinner, for the school was a great distance from home.

The next morning she led her little girl to the school-house, and said to the teacher, "I have brought you a new scholar."

The teacher kissed Rosamond, and said she thought they would get on smoothly together; and so they did.

Everything went nicely two or three weeks. She liked her school even better than she did the blacksmith's shop. Every morning she took her little basket and trudged through the woods to the school-house; and every morning her dear old doggie, Sam, went with her as far as the school-house door, and then ran home to take care of the house.

One evening Rosamond did not return at the usual time. Her father was alarmed, and started to look for her, taking Sam with him. They went quite a long way toward the school house through the woods. They saw nothing of her. But as they came to a path leading to the left, Sam would go no farther. He stood looking that way, barking as loud as he could, "Bow-wow-wow!" He seemed to say, "Come this way! Come this way!"

The father did not seem to know what to make of it, as he had never seen Sam act so before. But he went to see what he meant.

They went on a long way. Sam sniffed sharply all along the path. All at once he made a spring ahead of his master with a loud "Bow-wow!" which seemed to say, "Found her!" and rushed behind a large oak tree.

There was the little girl, fast asleep among the fallen leaves and acorns. Sam sprang at her and kissed her awake; and she rubbed her eyes in surprise to find herself there. Her father took her in his arms and carried her home; for she had lost her way, and was very tired. If it had not been for Sam, I do not know when they would have found her.

Rosamond never again took that way to go to school, but kept along the well-beaten road.



JEW'S AT JACOB'S WELL.

On a bright and beautiful day last April, with other Canadian tourists, I had the pleasure of visiting Jacob's well just after visiting the ruined city of Samaria, we reading the beautiful narrative of the Gospel of Jesus who sat weary at the well-side and talked to the Samaritan woman.

My friend, the Rev. George Bond, of Halifax, a few years ago had a unique experience at this well. He said to his companion in travel, "I hope I shall not lose my wife's Bible in Jacob's well as Dr. Bonar lost his wife's." It seems that each of these gentlemen carried his wife's Bible as being smaller and more portable than his own. Just at that moment, Mr. Bond, by an inadvertent movement let his Bible slip out of his pocket into the well. The

but being tightly clasped it was not hurt. I presume no one living has a Bible which has had just that kind of experience.

THE LOST CHILD.

ROSAMOND'S father was a blacksmith, and worked all day at the forge, hammering out steel and iron horseshoes for the horses and donkeys. Rosamond liked to stay at the smithy with her father, and watch the sparks which flew from the iron as he brought his heavy hammer down upon the anvil. She had never been at school, but one day her father said,

"Wife, I think our little girl should go to school. We shall miss her; but I think

PERILOUS WORK.

BY UNCLE RICHARD.

AWAY up among the wires of the great Brooklyn Bridge, at their greatest height, I saw several men busily painting the wires the other day. It strained my neck as I looked up at them, and made me feel dizzy at the thought of being suspended in mid-air as they were. There they were, hundreds of feet above the river, but as busy and painting as calmly as though they were on solid ground. "Ah!" I thought, "you men must be good teetotalers, or you could never work at that dizzy height. It needs men of steady nerves, of clear brain to work where you are. No man stuffed with beer or muddled with whiskey could do what you are doing, holding on with the left hand and working with the right, away up hundreds of feet, with the river below you, and knowing that a slip from what seemed a very secure seat, would cause a fall, and very likely a tant death." Yes, we need temperance men for careful work and for positions of trust.

We Love in Sunday School to Meet.

BY S. HOWARD.

We love in Sunday school to meet,
And sing, in hymns of praise so sweet,
To him who died on Calvary's tree
To save poor sinners such as we.

We must to learn God's blessed truth,
When guide our feet in tender youth,
Shall come from sin and Satan's power,
And comfort in a dying hour.

While there we pray to God in heaven,
That needed blessings may be given;
He bids us ask and then believe
That we his Spirit may receive.

We like to talk of Jesus' love,
That brought him down from heaven above
To die for us a death of shame,
That we in heaven with him might reign.

We love to learn of home on high,
Above the world, above the sky;
There those we loved are gone before,
To dwell with Jesus evermore.

'Tis good we thus our Sabbaths spend,
Learning of God who breath does lend;
It makes us useful, happy here,
And when death comes we'll have no fear.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 5, 1892.

WITNESS-BEARING.

MEN are saved by word and by example. One drives the nail, the other clinches it. To withhold experience is to hide the gift of God which he designs for the enlightenment and purifying of the world. Many a blessing is lost because it will not bear hiding. It grows unpalatable in the darkness, and hides itself from us as we have hidden it from others.

Brother, sister, tell your experience. Tell it to your next neighbor, to the Church, to the world. Tell the parishing what Jesus has done for your poor soul. Tell how sweetly he saves you, how completely he keeps you, and with what hope he carries you onward. Speak of his loving kindness. O how great!

There is a prudence about confessing, but we will not dilate on that now. If the Lord has swept through your soul with the breezes of his love, and purified and adorned it with the graces of his Spirit, surely you are fitted for some humble place on the rainbow of his earthly glory. You say you are unworthy, and so you are, but it is not a question of worthiness; it is simply one of magnifying what God has done for you and in you. Your sanctified soul must be a beacon of promise, and your words a glowing invitation, and your life a holy inspiration to lead the unsaved and unsanctified to Jesus. Hide your head if you must while you speak, but fail not to hold up the Crucified and the Holy One to the world.

DIALOGUE ON TURKISH CHILDREN.

BY SOPHIE A. SMITH.

AMY—Mamma, is it true that Turkish babies are salted?

Mamma—Yes; they salt them to keep them sweet.

AMY—How queer! What do they do then?

Mamma—Then they dress it in a little shirt and red silk cap, and wrap it up in a quilt until it can neither move hand nor foot, with only its head out, which makes it look just like a mummy.

AMY—Don't they ever cry? Our Harry would scream loud enough if he were treated in that way.

Mamma—They are taught to be very quiet from the first. They are laid in a cradle, which is a long narrow box on rockers, containing a hard mattress, but no pillow. Here baby is placed on his back and tied in, where he is kept and rocked day and night.

AMY—Dear me, how cruel that seems. Is he never fed?

Mamma—Oh yes, when he is hungry, and the rest of the time he contents himself with sugar and bread tied up in a rag. If he is still restless, he is given a dose of opium, which puts him to sleep, or makes him so stupid that he is quiet enough.

AMY—How long is he made to stay in the cradle?

Mamma—Until he grows old enough to kick vigorously; then he is taken out and allowed to creep about. He is also taught to eat. His mother fills a little basket with fruits and sweet things, and baby is allowed to help himself whenever he feels like eating. This often makes him sick, and hundreds of babies die from this cause every year.

AMY—How do the Turkish children dress when they grow older?

Mamma—The boys dress like their father, in loose trowsers, dressing-gown and turban, and the girls like their mother, in silks, embroidery and jewels. They look like very little men and women.

AMY—How do they amuse themselves? Mamma—As soon as they jump out of bed in the morning, they run and ask their father for money, which they spend for cake and sweets.

AMY—Don't they want to dress?

Mamma—They never undress. At night everyone lies down in the clothes worn all day, on mattresses spread on the floor. When they rise in the morning, they are already dressed, and the mattresses are rolled up and put away until needed again.

AMY—Do they go to school?

Mamma—Yes; after they have had something to eat they start for school with a slave, who goes to take care of them and their school bag, which holds their only book, the Koran.

AMY—Is that all they study?

Mamma—Yes, they are taught nothing but religion, the Koran, and how to read it. The boys kneel on the floor, each holding his book, while they all read their lesson aloud and together. The teacher sits on a mat with a pipe in one hand and a rod in the other.

AMY—Do they have any playthings?

Mamma—Scarcely any at all. The girls have a poor doll made of rags, and the boys have rattles, trumpets and tops. Their great prophet, Mohammed, taught that it was wrong for children to have toys, but in spite of this they have a few toys and games, and try to have a good time when out of school.

AMY—Do the boys and girls spend their time alike?

Mamma—Until she is eight years old, the girl does pretty much as her brother. She runs out and plays and goes to school, but when she reaches eight years, she begins to feel grown up, leaves school and puts on a veil, and lives in the harem with the other women.

AMY—Does she never go out any more? Mamma—Yes, she goes to the public bath, visits, and shops, but she can never go without her veil which covers her face, as it is a disgrace for her to be seen by any man except her father or husband.

AMY—Her husband! Does she marry when she is eight years old?

Mamma—Not quite so young, but her mother begins to arrange for her marriage,

which takes place when she is eleven or twelve. She has nothing to do with it, and must marry the boy who is chosen for her, and go to live in her new home, away from father, mother, brothers and sisters, and all the associations that are so dear to a child's heart.

AMY—Oh, mamma! it is dreadful to think of my going away to live with anyone but you. It would break my heart; and I shall always feel thankful that I was born in a land where children can live happy lives in their own homes as long as they wish.

CITY OF DELIGHTS.

BY THE REV. V. C. HART,

Superintendent of Methodist Missions, China.

II.

THE City of Delights rises gradually from the river until the crest of the hill is reached. Here are temples of ancient date—now in bad repair—and enormous flowering trees. We climbed to the highest point, and from an old battered Taoist temple could see the whole city and country, near and far. Away to the southwest was Mount Omei, and nearer by two rivers could be traced as silver threads, winding in and out among hills, through rich valleys until we could see them unite and flow on, a broad river, past the city wall.

A breast were the beautiful bluffs 400 feet high, covered with sub-tropical forests out of which peeped temples and pagodas, and upon the face of one of the cliffs could be seen the mighty statue of *Mehadr Buddha*, over 300 feet high, carved from the solid rock. As I gazed, Cape Town with Table Mountain came to mind, and I saw, in fancy, the wonderful panorama which burst upon my view when half way up its side twenty-six years ago; I recalled Quebec and the world renowned view from its wonderful pinnacle; I thought of Naples, as seen from San Martino, and other views that I have had, but somehow I could not conjure any picture more beautiful than the one spread out before me.

We called a rowboat and went across the river, and landed at the lower bluff, and walked to its summit, shaded by a wealth of trees and flowering vines. We visited great temples, saw many large idols, chatted with the priests and abbot. The buildings were very fine and cool.

Our one thought was to reach

THE GREAT BUDDHA.

In going, we passed a vast number of Mantz caves. What is a Mantz cave? Long centuries ago there were semi-savages living all along these rivers, and they dug and hewed and chiselled themselves homes in the sandstone cliffs. They are of all sizes, and plans. Some small and low, barely large enough for two or three persons; others seventy feet deep, with large side rooms and small recesses seven to eight feet high, and beautifully tunneled into the solid rock. These aborigines went so far in some instances as to ornament the doorways with fantastic designs. These caves are reckoned by the thousands, showing that once this country had a large population of cave-men.

I found some ancient inscriptions upon the sides of the openings, but none that would throw any light upon their age or character of the people that first inhabited them.

At last I saw the curly-headed giant—the Buddhist messiah—towering in stately grandeur among the forest trees upon the edge of the cliff. From feet, at the surface of the river, to crown of head, is considerably over 300 feet. His head, or crown, carved in thirteen tiers of stones, represents the hair of the god. I leaped over the palings and stood upon the centre of his moss-grown head. The head is not far from thirty feet in diameter and with face quite sixty feet long. What a head and face! I durst not look over the abyss, and after a hasty survey betook myself to another quarter, and their studied the monster in stone. Where is his equal?

TEACHER: "Can you define 'drink,' Tom?" Tom: "No, mum." Teacher: "Well, can you tell me the future tense of 'He drinks'?" Tom: "He is drunk."

FRANK JONES' SUCCESS.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

Now, let me tell you a good story about a boy, and all of you try to remember it and profit by it, too. "It was the best boy's story I ever heard," was what a lawyer said of the one I am about to relate to you.

"We have had a good many boys with us in our business from time to time," said Mr. Alden, senior member of a large hardware establishment on Market Street, Philadelphia, "as apprentices to learn the business. But the best boy we ever had is now with us, and a member of the firm. He is the one on whom the establishment that we couldn't do without. He was thirteen years old when he was apprenticed to us, and he was with us for eleven years, acting for several years as salesman. When he first came we told him that for a long time his wages would be very small, but if he proved to be a good boy his salary would be increased at a certain rate every year, and as it turned out when, according to agreement, we should have been paying him \$500 a year, we paid him \$900, and he never said a word himself about an increase of salary.

"From the very beginning he showed that he had an interest in the business. He was prompt in the morning, and if he kept a little over time at night, it never seemed to make any difference with him. He gradually came to know where everything was, and if any information was wanted it was to this boy, Frank Jones, that everyone applied. The entire establishment seemed to be mapped out in his head and everything in it catalogued and numbered. His memory of faces was equally remarkable. He knew the names of everyone who came to the store to buy goods, what he bought and where he came from. I used often to say to him, 'Jones, your memory is worth more than a gold mine! How do you manage to remember?'

"I make it my business to remember," he would say. "I know that if I can remember a man and call him by name when he comes into the store, and can ask him how things are going on where he lives, I will be very likely to keep him as a customer."

"And that was the exact case. He made friends of buyers. He took the same interest in their purchases that he took in the store, and would go to no end of trouble to suit them, and to fulfil to the letter everything he promised.

"Well, affairs went on in this way until he had been with us eleven years, when we concluded that it would be greatly to our interest to take him in the firm's partner. We knew that he had no extravagant habits, that he neither used tobacco or beer, nor went to the theatre. He continued, as at the beginning, to board at home, and even when his salary was at the very lowest he paid his mother \$2 a week for his board. He was always neatly dressed, and we thought it was very probable that he had saved up one or two thousand dollars, as his salary for the last two years had been twelve hundred dollars. So when we made him an offer to become a partner in the business, and suggested that it would be more satisfactory if he could put some money into the firm, he replied:

"If ten thousand dollars will be any object, I can put in that much. I have saved out of my salary nine thousand four hundred dollars, and my sister will let me have six hundred."

"I can tell you that I never was more astonished in my life than when that fellow said he could put in ten thousand dollars, and the most of it his own money. He had never spent a dollar, or twenty-five cents, or five cents, for an unnecessary thing, and had kept his money in a bank where it gathered a small interest. I was a great believer in the Bible, you know, and I always kept two passages in big letters up in the store. On one was this text: 'He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in that which is much,' and on the other, 'He that is diligent in business shall stand before kings and not before mean men.' And Frank Jones' success was the literal fulfilment of those texts. He had been faithful in the smallest things in the greater ones, and diligent in business. That kind of a boy will always succeed."

Away that Cup.

The temperance banner wide is spread,
And with its rays o'er thousands shed,
In pressing hard toward that goal
Whom ne'er 'll be heard, "Give me that bowl."

The haunts of vice begin to yield,
For temperance men have got the shield
In which the sword of truth has lain,
That should have long the demon slain.

That mother's peace which once had fled,
With joy returns upon her head;
For he was dead, but lives again,
O yes! he's left the drunkard's train.

The little babe and sportive child,
Upon the parent's face, have smiled;
Instead of fleeing from his glance,
Around him now in peace they dance.

Go on! Go on, ye noble few,
From whom this great commotion grew;
For thousands yet there are to save,
From that dread gloom—a drunkard's grave!

And you who have not signed the pledge,
Why stand you back to form a hedge?
We know you cry, "We ne'er get drunk!"
But thus have thousands downward sunk.

A little now—a little then,
Such is the cry—such has it been,
Till drunkards have by scores sprung up,
To drink the poison from that cup.

Then from you dash the bowl away,
As ocean sends forth her spray;
And when you thirst, go to the rill
And from cold water drink your fill.

The Story of a Hymn-Book.

CHAPTER VI.

A VOYAGE AND ITS ENDING.

GILBERT'S school-days over, he startled the quiet household at The Hawthorns by avowing his determination to be a sailor. In vain the hardships and the perils of a sailor's life were set before him; he was immovable. The boy who had never seen the sea, except on some brief visit to the coast in summer days, was eager to try his fortunes on the deep. When it was found that neither banter nor argument could shake his resolution, Mrs. Guestling yielded, and thus it came to pass that on a certain blustering morning in March, I found myself the tenant of a sea-boy's chest, on board the good ship *Metropolitan*, Captain Crosscree, bound for Valparaiso.

Gilbert brought on board the pure, frank, impulsive, and unsuspecting character he had maintained at school. For his mother's sake, and because of the sweet associations of home, he read his Bible on Sundays. If the weather were fine he would climb aloft, Bible in one pocket, and myself in the other. As he turned over the pages of the book which on its fly-leaf bore the inscription which told how it had been a birthday gift to Alice Willmot from her parents, and remembered how constant and valued a companion the hymn-book had been to his mother, a lump would rise in his throat, and a mist pass before his eyes. He could almost see the dear face again, and hear the voice. He was for the while transported back to Oakdale, and the voices of the rustic urchins in the Sabbath-school, or the nasal drone of old Allen, the shepherd, seemed to be sounding in his ears.

But life on shipboard was not as easy or as pleasant as life at home. Gilbert's fellow-apprentice was a godless youth, with an avowed contempt of all goodness and good persons. He had a caustic and cynical tongue, which Gilbert dreaded; and for fear of him Gilbert refrained from kneeling in prayer, seeking to satisfy conscience by repeating his prayers after he had turned into his berth.

It was not likely that Gilbert's soul would prosper under such circumstances. If and by prayer was forgotten. The weary lad found sleep sealing his eyes before he had rehearsed his formal devotions.

A prayerless soul is weak for service or for resistance. The Bible lay side by side with myself, undisturbed in the corner of the chest. Gilbert's conduct became less guarded, and his language was sometimes

marked by the coarseness and profanity too characteristic of seamen's speech. Captain Crosscree, according to the rule of the company of shipowners under whom he sailed, held a hurried service every Sunday morning; but as this consisted only of a very mechanical reading of a form of prayer, it was of little profit to any of the ship's company.

The *Metropolitan* made a good and speedy passage out, and having discharged and taken in cargo, set sail again for Old England. The Cape of Storms had been safely rounded, and the tempestuous ocean crossed, but the good ship was to meet with new dangers nearer home. Eddystone was passed, and the shores of the beloved land were almost in view. Now the vessel neared the narrow Straits of Dover, and it seemed as if all perils were left behind, and the joys and rest of home virtually won.

It was in the darkness of the last night that the weary and expectant crew thought to spend on board that disaster came. A dense fog had gathered with the darkness. Before the sun set many vessels had been in sight, and almost within hail. The vessel lay to, and dropped her anchor in the roadstead. Had it been daylight, and a clear atmosphere, the white cliffs and the houses along the sea-front and the grand old castle on the picturesque South Foreland would have been distinctly visible. Yet just there, almost in harbour, almost within sound of bells and voices on the shore, the *Metropolitan* was struck amidships by an ocean-going steamer.

Gilbert, awakened by the shock, scrambled on deck, amid the crash of rending timbers and falling spars, and the rush of waters. The vessel was sinking beneath him, and, seizing a lifebuoy, he leaped overboard in the darkness. Providentially, just at that moment the fog lifted for a space, and in the glare of blue lights burned on the steamers dock, the form of the shattered and sinking barque was distinctly visible. For an instant the captain and a group of men were seen upon the poop, and then, as if the vessel had split asunder, stern and bow reeled apart and all were hidden by the foaming waters.

Gilbert, wet, cold, and terrified, after an immersion of nearly twenty minutes, sometimes thinking himself abandoned, was picked up by one of the steamer's boats and taken on board. Never did he forget the experiences of that time. How often have I heard him describe the world of thoughts and emotions which filled his soul as he was tossed upon the waves! Visions of early childhood, recollections of home, remorseful memories of sin, all crowded upon him. Death seemed imminently nigh; and life wasted, abused, lost, for ever lost,—lay behind. Yet, while he knew that he was in extreme peril, and probably would never be nearer death until absolutely within the grasp of the last enemy, Gilbert had a quiet underlying impression, a consciousness rather than a confidence, that his end had not yet come. Was it not that his mother's prayers were all round him, and that her intercessions for his salvation cried, "Let not the deep swallow him up?"

A few days later Gilbert presented himself at The Hawthorns, with no other possessions than the clothes he wore, and those the gift of charity. Nevertheless, I do not know but the mother was the more thankful. Her boy was the more precious to her, given back from the jaws of death, than if he had come all unimpaired and without loss.

Alice's loved hymn-book was gone, like all other belongings of Gilbert's, to the bottom of the sea. Yet, when at family worship his grandfather gave out the words of the 289th hymn, Gilbert felt how applicable they were to his case:

"God of my life, whose gracious power
Through varied deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head;

"In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see;
Assist me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

"Now hath the sea confessed thy power,
And given me back at thy command;
It could not, Lord, my life devour,
Safe in the hollow of thine hand!"

And when Gilbert reached his chamber he could not forbear taking the hymn-book that lay on his table, and turning to the page from which Mr. Willmot had read, he combed the words again. And it was upon his knees, and with tears, that the sailor lad, convinced, humble, grateful, repentant, breathed the prayer:

"Foolish, and impotent, and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known;
Bring me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving thee alone!

"Enlarge my heart to make thee room;
Enter and in me ever stay;
The crooked then shall straight become,
The darkness shall be lost in day."

(To be continued.)

HER ROYAL SWEETNESS.

To be called Her Royal Highness is the destiny of every woman born to wear a crown, writes Lady Elizabeth Helyar in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, for March, but it remains for one woman among all the royal families to have the endearing title of Her Royal Sweetness given to her, and that honour belongs to Alexandra, Princess of Wales. She has that marvellous art of making goodness seem attractive, of making the right act the pleasant one, and of impressing upon all who know her the knowledge that to do good is to have a pleasant time, and not to do it is to miss some of the pleasures of life. Many princesses have been written about as having been beautiful, as having caused great wars, as having done great deeds of valour, of having made men die for their and kingdoms quarrel over them, but of none of them can it be said, as it is of this gracious lady, that the whole world bows down before her sweetness and goodness, that peace has been the watchword of her life, and not only does she value peace, but those loving sisters, Faith, Hope, and Charity abide with her.

INDIAN BOYS AND INDIAN CHARACTERS.

OF all the Indian tribes with which I have come in contact, the Comanches are the best horsemen. They seem to be able to cling to the side of a horse like a fly, and hurl arrows under their horses' necks at an enemy on the opposite side. A Comanche can run his horse at full speed and readily pick up anything from the ground, such as a hat, a bow, or an arrow. They are likewise fine marksmen, and can shoot an arrow with unerring accuracy. As soon as the boys are old enough to string a bow, they begin to practice, and it is astonishing how readily they familiarize themselves with its use. Once I saw a number of boys shooting at dimes ten paces off, and I do not remember that a single one missed his aim. They enjoyed the sport very much, for each one hitting a dime was permitted to keep it. It was real fun to the boys, but expensive to those who furnished the targets.

They learn to ride their ponies almost as soon as they can walk, and hence it is that they become such expert horsemen. It was not until late years that they had to attend school, and before that their entire time was taken up in preparation to fit themselves to be great and efficient warriors. Their natural instincts, supplemented by a certain degree of intelligent observation, give to them certain powers not possessed by white men.

Children are entirely under the control of their mothers, and it is a remarkable fact that they are never whipped for misconduct. The punishment usually resorted to for any little misbehaviour, is covering the face of the guilty one with a coat of black paint, and until the paint is removed by the mother, such a one is not allowed to enter the wigwam or have anything to do. When a boy learns the use of the bow, he is allowed to exercise his skill in shooting birds around the village, and when he reaches the age of fifteen, he is furnished with a gun, and required to practice in shooting geese, ducks, and other water fowl. At night his father tells him stories about elk and bear-hunting, how to approach the deer and buffalo, and when he has proved himself a good shot, he is permitted to accompany hunting parties, and if suc-

ful, his education is considered complete, and he is released from parental control to enter upon a life, the chief end of which is to excel in the chase and to gratify worldly appetites and desires.

THE CURSE MUST BE OVERCOME.

BY SIR WILFRED LAWSON, M.P.

It is my judgment that it will take all that can be done by both men and women to overcome the great drink curse which afflicts this country. And, in my humble opinion, women are even more in their place in this work, because men get, I suppose, some pleasure from drink or else they would not drink—but women get all the misery.

Now, this afternoon I read of Justice Grantham having a case before him yesterday in which some poor woman had been trying to kill her child, and it turned out that she was driven to desperation by a horrible brute of a drunken husband; and Justice Grantham said to her, alluding to this man, "He is more to blame than the woman, he is a disgrace to civilization."

I do not think so at all. I do not think anybody can disgrace civilization. But I think it was a disgrace to people who manage matters in this country and who fail to manage in a civilized way. And I agree with Archbishop Farrar, whom I heard say last Sunday that, "there are at this day, caused by drink, in this so-called Christian country of ours, more horrors, more enormities, more iniquities than disgrace Ashantee or Dahomey."

Then they call me a fanatic! Well, I never used words as strong as that. But the odd thing is that whenever you look into this question for yourselves they use stronger language than I do. What did General Booth say the other day? He said that nine-tenths of the misery, squalor and wretchedness in this country arose from drink.

And he said more, he said that nobody disputes it, and he called these people "the submerged tenth." What are they submerged in? Not in water, but in beer and brandy and whiskey. And the good general is carrying out a plan now for keeping these poor creatures away from the drink. That is all right, but if the drink remains it will submerge all those who are left and those who come after. Therefore, I say that while the good general is taking the man away from the drink, I will do all I can to take the drink away from the man. But this is putting it too strong. I do not want to do anything arbitrary or tyrannical; all I say is let the men and women—yes, the poor despised women—have the power to put away the drink from themselves.

THE CONVERTED INDIAN BOY

DANIEL, an Indian boy who has been in a mission school in Alaska for four years and has become a Christian, went to visit his brother and friends in a native village last Christmas. His brother told him they were making arrangements to have a feast for the benefit of a deceased uncle, and that they expected him to furnish his share of the good things to be enjoyed at the feast in accordance with the faith of his ancestors. Daniel promptly said: "No; I would like to read to you from my Bible, which teaches me a different way. It is too late to help our uncle who died long ago. It is no good to feast for him."

The brother talked Daniel sharp and fast, upbraiding Daniel, and said:

"Yes, I see that you are too proud to help us, you stay at the mission and you want to be a white man."

"Yes," said Daniel, "I see a different way now. If you could read what God's words are you would see like me. The white man wants to help the living; the Indian wants to help the dead. If you are not my brother now I am sorry, but it is all right, for I can't change back even for my brother."

"TEMPERANCE," says Franklin, "puts water on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, contentment in the house, clothes on the barns, vigour in the body, intelligence in the brain, and spirit in the whole constitution."

What Seed Shall we Sow?

A WONDERFUL thing is a seed,
The one thing deathless forever!
The one thing changeloss—utterly true,
Forever old and forever new,
And fickle and faithless never.

Plant blessings, blessings will bloom;
Plant hate, hate will grow;
You can sow to-day, to-morrow will bring
The blossom that proves what sort of thing
Is the seed, the seed you sow.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOK OF ACTS.

A. D. 45.] LESSON VII. (Nov. 13.

THE FIRST CHRISTIAN MISSIONARIES.

Acts 13. 1-13.] [Memory verses, 2-4.

GOLDEN TEXT.

That repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations.—Luke 24. 47.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

It is the duty of Christians to preach the gospel to all the world.

CIRCUMSTANCES.

With chapter 13 begins the second part of the Acts—the history of the first missionary work. After the release of Peter, Paul and Barnabas returned from Jerusalem to Antioch, where they remained preaching till sent out as missionaries to the heathen. They brought John and Mark with them from Jerusalem.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

Prophets—Those specially inspired by the Holy Ghost. **Teachers**—Pastors, doing the regular work of training and instructing the converts. **Niger**—Black, dark complexioned. **Cyrene**—On the coast of Africa, west of Egypt, corresponding to modern Tripoli. **As they ministered**—In public worship. Probably in some meeting appointed to know God's will as to missionary work. **The Holy Ghost said**—Perhaps by one of the prophets, or by a general influence on all. **Seleucia**—The port of Antioch, sixteen miles distant. **Cyprus**—An island in the Mediterranean, one hundred and fifty miles long by fifty miles wide. **Salamis**—One of the chief cities. It was on the east end of the island, nearest Antioch. **Paphos**—The large city at the other end, one hundred miles from Salamis. **Sorcerer**—Magician. **A false prophet**—Speaking false things and from a false motive—his own gain. **Thou shalt be blind**—A type of the blindness of his soul. **Note**—This was not cruel, for (1) it was brief; (2) it was to save the souls of men; (3) it was also as a warning to Elymas, that he might repent, as Paul did in his three days' blindness. **Perga, in Pamphylia**—Perga was the capital and seaport of Pamphylia, a southern province of Asia Minor. **John**—John Mark, a son of Mary of Jerusalem (12. 12), and cousin of Barnabas (Col. 4. 10). **Departing from them**—Why, is unknown. But Paul did not approve of his reason (15. 37, 38). He was young, and he may have dreaded the hardships and dangers of the journey in a semi-barbarous country.

Find in this lesson—

Our duty to the heathen.
How to find out God's will.
That good and evil influences are contending for our souls.

The danger of opposing the gospel.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What new era was now begun? "The era of foreign missions." 2. Who were the first missionaries to the heathen? "Paul and Barnabas." 3. Where did they first go? "To the Island of Cyprus." 4. Who opposed them here? "Elymas, the magician." 5. What befell him? "He was struck blind for a season." 6. What was the effect? "The governor was converted to Christ."

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

Repeat the Ten Commandments.

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.
II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.



LEAD BEATER COCKATOO, AUSTRALIA.

COCKATOOS.

BY REV. D. V. LUCAS, D.D.

I HAVE seen thousands of these birds in the Australian fields, feeding. They are very wise. They never go down to feed without having three or four of their number on the tops of the highest trees to watch for danger so as to give warning.

When the note is given they all go. I think they are wiser than some men or boys, who think that the bar-room is not half so bad a place as some people say it is, and so they get caught in Satan's traps because they think themselves wise.

These birds can speak. They are taught for a first sentence, "Cockey wants a bit of bread."

It is very queer that a bird should speak like a boy. Neither one can speak till he is taught, and sometimes you can teach the boy quicker than you can teach the bird; and no wonder, for when you teach the bird you speak all the words distinctly, but when you teach the boy you fill his ears with a lot of "baby talk" which he has to unlearn before he learns the right way of pronouncing his words. Yet the boy is better than the bird, for he can take all the words and change them about and make of them new sentences, which the bird cannot do.

The bird cannot think of God, but the boy can; so the boy is better than the bird.

I know two of these talking birds, when

one of them screams the other says, "Polly, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

They can sing several pieces. One of them is:

"Oh! you must be a lover of the Lord,
Or you can't go to heaven when you die."

Polly Green always stops in one of her songs in the wrong place. She sings,

"Oh! that will be joyful to meet to part."

When a young man was trying to get a shot at some cockatoos, there was one that always lagged behind when the rest would fly on out of danger. At last he got near this one and raised his gun to fire when the bird said, "Won't your grandmother give it to you when you get home?"

Whether the young man was afraid of his grandmother, or disliked shooting birds that could talk, I do not know, but he took down his gun, and went away.

I suppose the bird had been in a cage and this was one of the things it had learned.

I once stood by and heard a talking bird say to a dog, "Carlo, come here," and the dog came. The bird said, "Carlo, lie down," and the dog lay down. And the bird said, "Carlo, roll over," and the dog rolled over.

It is very queer that there should be in one land like Australia so many thousands of birds that can speak, while there is no bird at all that can sing like our robin or our thrush or cat bird.

Counting the several sorts of cockatoos (which are all of the great parrot family) there are sixty different kinds of parrots in Australia. They are a great trouble to fruit growers, for sometimes the boys have to sit in the gardens all day to keep the parrots from eating up the ripening fruit.

One of our pictures represents the Yellow Crested Cockatoo. That is the meek looking old fellow with his crest running straight down over his neck. The other, which looks as if he wants to fight, is the Lead-beater Cockatoo.

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