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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

VOL. XV.]

TORONTO, MARCH 9, 1895.

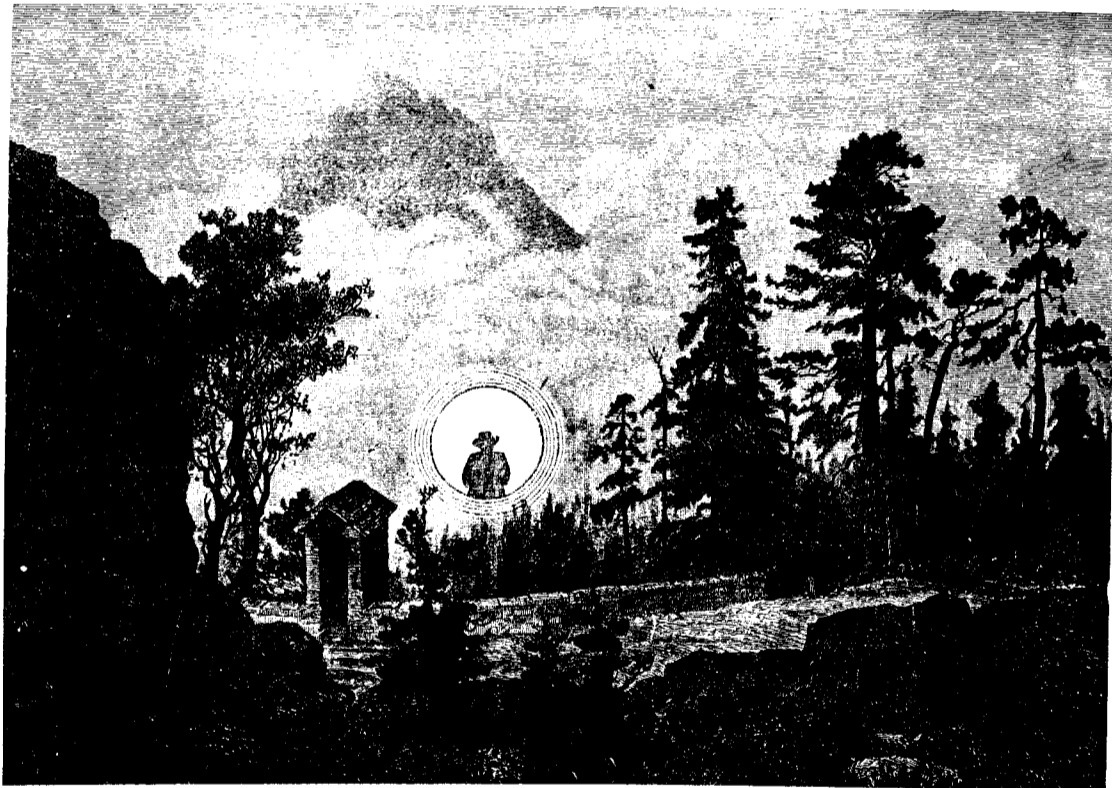
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THE MOCK SUN.

In the high Alps may sometimes be witnessed those peculiar atmospheric phenomena which, by a strange combination of light and mist, are often produced among the mountains of Europe. Such is the 'Spectre of the Brocken,' as shown in the above sketch. At sunrise, or shortly after, there is sometimes seen a strange, gigantic figure surrounded by a huge halo, which gesticulates and follows every gesture of the beholder as if mocking his movements. It is, in fact, his shadow thrown upon a curtain of cloud, the halo being a reflection of the sun itself.

Many of these effects, however, are due to the intense cold of the higher regions of the atmosphere and the presence in them of minute particles of ice; these are more common in the Arctic regions.

From the heights round Konigsfeld, the writer once witnessed a strange effect somewhat similar to those described. The night was extremely cold, and the whole forest with its thousand trees was swathed in a cold, damp mist which, condensing heavily on the branches, froze at once and gave to every twig a beautiful coating of clear, shining ice. The mist was not sufficiently dense to prevent the moon being dimly visible above and it was arranged round her struggling form that the phenomena was visible. At a considerable distance from her disc was seen a large ring of luminous mist very clearly defined, intersecting which at the four points of the compass were smaller rings equally well drawn; and further still, half lost in the dim ocean of moving mist, were visible portions of other rings, intersecting and crossing each other in all possible directions. The effect of the whole was weird in the extreme, and, had all the circles been equally visible and complete, the result would have been still finer because more symmetrical.



THE MOCK SUN.

ONLY A LINE.

YOUNG beginners in wrongdoing never look at the end—as they might a thousand times in the example of others' ruin whose first step downward was the very one they are taking. The despair which inevitably closes the unchecked career of those who throw their talents and the promise of their youth away has seldom been more affectingly presented than we find it in the following little life-sketch:

Less than three months ago a wreck of a man staggered into the office of a weekly paper in East Michigan, and asked for money to buy whiskey. Strangely enough, the publisher was an old school-mate. They were apprentices in the same town. They worked side by side as finished compositors. One had sobriety and thrift; the other had a good heart and an open hand. Twenty years made the one rich and influential, the other a drunkard who often slept in the gutter. The one had made use of what God had given him, but the other had deliberately made himself a wreck.

The meeting called up a host of recollections, and the contrast between their situations was so great that the old drunkard was sobered as he realized it. He was

offered work, but he had become too broken. The stick and the rule were no longer for him. He was offered a temporary home, but he looked at his rags and felt his shame for the first time in months. When money was handed him he waved it back, and said, "I shall not want it. I ask in the name of olden days and as a fellow-craftsman, one little favour."

"It shall be granted."

"When you know that I am dead, then turn a rule for me and give me a single line."

"The promise was made, and the old wreck floated out again on the current of life, borne here and there, and feeling that death was to be the end. Yesterday a copy of the weekly reached the *Free Press* with proof that the editor had fulfilled his promise. He had turned a rule for the poor wreck, and had given him a line: "Died, September 27, 1882, George White."

The tobacco slave is like him; he cannot dispense with his "smoke" or his "chew" without suffering from the want of it. Why does he not remain at home, then, until his craving for tobacco should be satisfied for the time, so as not to annoy others with the stench of it. One reason is that he cannot afford to sacrifice so much time as this would require: and another reason is, the tobacco slave becomes indifferent to the comforts or the rights of others. He poisons the air that others must breathe, and "if they don't like it, let them move away." The tobacco slave always comes to that; his moral sense is lost or dulled.

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

He had hung down his head, 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.*

CLINGING TO JESUS.

ONE bright summer day I was standing on the sea-shore. Behind me were the great white cliffs, and before me was the beautiful sea, with the big waves dashing their snow-white foam almost to where I stood. All around me were pretty shells and pebbles, and large, round pieces of chalk, covered over with green moss and loveliest seaweed. And peeping in and out of the sandy puddles which lay between were curious little crabs looking after their seaside meal, and burying themselves in the sand every time I moved. On a very large white boulder or piece of rock, near where I stood, were a number of limpets in their prettily marked shells clinging to the rocks. At the seaside I have often seen boys and girls trying to get them off; but they stick so fast that they cannot move them.

Having a walking stick in my hand, I determined that I would have one of these limpet shells. So choosing a very pretty one, I tried at first to pull it off with my hand. But no, it clung to the rock so tightly that I could not move it.

"What!" thought I, "a little thing like you be stronger than I! I'll try my walking stick."

And so I did. Putting one end of it against the side of the limpet, I tried with all my weight and strength to pull it off.

But no, not a hairbreadth could I move that tiny little limpet, for it was clinging to the rock. Indeed, so tightly did it cling that I could no more move the limpet than I could the rock to which it clung. Though so weak a little thing it stuck so fast that it seemed as strong as the rock itself; just as little children, clinging to Jesus, the Rock of Ages, have almighty strength, and cannot be moved.

"Well, my little friend," thought I, "I'll see whether I cannot have you yet; as one way won't do, I'll try another." So, having plenty of time to spare, I sat down very quietly upon another rock close by and watched, scarcely moving my eyes off the limpet for one moment. For a long time I watched in vain; there stuck the little limpet.

But presently I thought I saw it move a little. Oh, how eagerly I watched then! Another minute, and—yes, there it was actually moving off the rock.

"Ah," thought I, "I'll have you now." And with one grasp I had it in my hand, because it was not clinging to the rock.

Dear young friend, whenever Satan tempts you to get away from Jesus and wander into sin, cling fast to the rock—cling to Jesus.

That was all, but in that line was such a sermon as no man on earth could deliver. For every word there was a year of woe and degradation. For every letter there were tears and heart-aches and promises and failure.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE TOBACCO SLAVE.

THERE is absolutely no gratification whatever coming from the use of tobacco, except this; it relieves the victim from the misery which attacks him from the lack of it. Many years ago I saw a lunatic who had become so much accustomed to a billet of wood that had been chained to one of his legs when he was troublesome and dangerous, that afterwards, when he was quiet and harmless, he could not be easy without that "clog," and always carried it about with him on his shoulder, though the chain was no longer fastened to him.

The tobacco slave reminds me of that poor lunatic; he carries about with him his offensive burden, by which he often makes himself odious to the persons whom he annoys with the stench of his presence.

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 rejoin 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 him his threepence and ask for your halfpenny, and then stand square with the world."

Wanted—a Boy.

WANTED—a boy. How often we These common words may see! **Wanted—a boy** to errands run. **Wanted for everything** under the sun. All that the men to-day can do, To-morrow the boy will be doing too, For the time is ever coming when The boys must stand in the place of men.

Wanted—the world wants boys to-day, And she offers them all she has for pay— Honour, wealth, position, fame, A useful life and a deathless name; **Boys to shape the paths** for men, **Boys to guide the plough** and pen, **Boys to forward the task** begun, For the world's great work is never done.

The world is anxious to employ, Not just one, but every boy Whose heart and brain will ever be true To work his hands shall find to do; Honest, faithful, earnest, kind; No good awake, to evil blind; Heart of gold without alloy **Wanted—the world** wants such a boy.

—*Inland Christian Advocate.*

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MARCH 9, 1895.

KATE'S BROTHER JACK.

"You seem to think a great deal of your sister," said one of Jack's chums to him the other day, as if the fact was rather surprising.

"Why, yes, I do," responded Jack heartily. "Kit and I are great friends."

"You always," continued the other, "seem to have such a good time when you are out together."

"Well," laughed Jack, "the fact is that when I have Kit out I keep all the while forgetting that she isn't some other fellow's sister."

I pondered somewhat over this conversation, wishing that all the brothers and sisters in the world were as good friends as Jack and Kate Hazell, and wondering why they were not. It struck me that the answer to my query was contained in Jack's last sentence. Boys don't usually treat their sisters as they would if they were "some other fellow's sisters." Jack is a shining exception. He kneels to put on Kate's overshoes as gallantly as if she were Bessie Dare, and Bessie Dare is at present Jack's ideal of all that is loveliest in girlhood. If at a party at a neighbour's, he takes Kate in to supper himself, and cares for her in all ways as an escort should; and Kate knows what to expect of him and what to do herself, and is not in dread of desertion or of being left to the tender mercies of anyone who notices her forlorn condition. And I don't wonder when I see how nicely he treats her, that she declares that she would rather

have her brother Jack for an escort than almost anyone else in the world.

At home, too, Jack is a pattern. Though there is a constant merry war between brother and sister, and jokes and repartees fly thick and fast, yet it is always fair cut and thrust between them, all for sport and naught for malice; the wit never degenerates into rudeness. Then, too, if Kate does anything for him her kindness is always acknowledged. Does she take the trouble to make for him his favourite rice griddle-cakes, and then stay in the kitchen to bake them herself, that they may acquire that delicate golden brown which is so dear to the taste of all who love them truly, Jack never fails to assure her that her efforts are appreciated.

Does she paint him a teacup and saucer or embroider him a hat band, he is as delighted as possible. He does not take all these things as a matter of course. On Saturday nights he is apt to remember her by a box of candy, a bunch of flowers, or a bottle of her favourite violet perfume. Best of all he talks to her. He tells her his thoughts, his hopes and fears, his disappointments, and his plans for the future. In short, they are, as he said, "great friends."

Some of Jack's comrades rather envy him his good fortune in possessing so devoted a sister as Kate, and they have been heard to say frankly that they wish their sisters were as nice as Kate Hazell. If those boys would pursue the same course of action towards their sisters that Jack does towards his, they might, perhaps, be rewarded with as delightful a result; for it is by little acts of kindness and courtesy and consideration that Jack has made of his sister a friend whose love will never grow cold, whose devotion will never falter, and whose loyalty will never fail while life shall last.

WRITTEN ON THE SNOW.

BY SAMUEL GREGORY.

"It was winter."—*John x. 22.*

Boys and girls think pleasantly of winter. Winter is wonderful and beautiful. How lovely the world looks, with the white fields smoothed over like sugar on a great cake, and the trees like a scene in fairy-land! Then Christmas comes in winter, with its pleasant parties and its joyous sport on the frozen ponds. Winter is welcome!

But in some parts of the world boys and girls have no such pleasant thoughts of winter-time—the cold is so intense, and the darkness so continuous, that the frozen months are a horror to people prisoned in long deep snows and great ice-fields. I think we might all thank God that we do not know the worst hardships of winter.

THE GRANDEUR OF WINTER.

We like to see pictures of Polar scenes, and to read Arctic adventures of brave men who push through frozen seas and across great white deserts. And when explorers return they tell us how deeply they have been impressed with the grandeur of the eternal snows, and the mountains of floating ice, and the solemn gloom of northern latitudes. Winter makes the world a great white book, on which God writes lessons for all thoughtful minds. A Psalmist said of God: "He giveth snow like wool: he scattereth the hoarfrost like ashes: he casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold?" The winter is God's work as well as the spring-time and the autumn.

HARDIHOOD.

Winter teaches us a lesson of hardihood. There are countries that we might call lazy-lands. The sun is hot, the earth yields abundant fruit, and things are so sunny and flowery and pleasant that people of those tropical climates are not hardy and noble people. We do not go to where bananas and butterflies abound to find heroes. The soft, warm climate kills hardihood and heroism.

Of course people of tropical lands know no winter. I have read of a traveler who got into trouble for telling the chief of one of those sunny islands of the South Sea about winter. The traveller said that

in his country water became so hard that you could walk on its surface, and he told other familiar wonders of the frost and snow. But it seemed so unlike anything known in the land to which he had gone, that the chief thought he was being deceived. He could not believe anything about ice and snow, and the bitter and terrible cold.

In ways that you cannot understand winter helps to brace us and make us strong. Hardihood lives in the north, and does not flourish in perpetual warmth and sunshine.

It is, I think, a lesson to us all against self-indulgence. Winter puts people on their mettle, and rouses them to exert themselves. If you feel that you like to have all smooth and pleasant, and if you shrink from everything that you do not like, then remember that life is not a lazy summer holiday but a stern work. We have not to bear the hardships of Arctic voyages, or to endure the silence of Polar night, but we must all cultivate a brave spirit like that which sends sailors towards the pole. We must pray to God for strong, brave hearts, and learn to despise ourselves if we shrink from things that call for self-denial and hardihood. Winter kills the pests and plagues that would destroy our lives, and in the same way the harder toils and sufferings of life kill the bad spirit of laziness and rouse us to fight our difficulties and to be strong. All our poetry and praise is about people who have not been self-indulgent, but stern, and dutiful, and brave.

BROTHERHOOD.

Winter teaches us also a lesson of brotherhood.

When you are at the sea-side, when the sun is shining on quiet blue water, you do not think much of the perils of seamen. But if you were living on a rocky coast, and saw the sea lashed into a furious storm, and had about you fisher-people, who were white with fear lest those they love should have gone on the rocks in the darkness, you would think then of the dangers of life at sea.

So, somehow in the summer-time we do not feel quite the same compassion that winter wakens with us. As we see the deep snow, and feel the bitter wind, we call to mind those who have not the comfort of home. We think of the aged, and sick, and homeless. It is as if Jesus came and wrote across the snow, "All ye are brethren!"

I have read of two travellers in Northern Russia, who were driving along in a sledge. They came upon another sledge which had broken down. Its occupant was benumbed with cold. One of the travellers was selfish, and said: "Let us look after ourselves! We shall be frozen too if we do not dash along!" The other traveller was compassionate, and said: "No! let us see if we can save this poor fellow!" So he would get out of the sledge, and rub and shake the drowsy, frozen man they had overtaken. He succeeded in bringing him to life again, and was going to make room for him in their sledge, when he found that his companion-traveller, who had sat still all the while, was frostbitten. The man who thought only of himself had yielded to the cold, but the man who stirred to help another had found new life through his activity.

Let us not think of self only. In our comfort and joy let us think of others, or selfishness, like a great frost, will settle on our hearts and spoil our own journey through the world. It is as if God sent the storms of winter to make us think of one another, and to give what help we can.

FAITH.

Then winter has a lesson of faith. If you look around in winter it seems as if almost everything were dead. There are no buds or blossoms or birds' nests. The trees seem hard as a lamp-post, as if their life had gone down into the ground. But we know that in a little while the green will begin to creep out on the trees, the cuckoo will be back again, primroses will spread their yellow stars in the lanes, and all will be life and joyousness.

Arctic voyagers make snow houses, use the helps they have taken with them for lasting out the dark frozen time, and wait

on, knowing that spring will come and loosen the masses of ice that have prisoned them, and give them release once more. Winter is merely a time of waiting—waiting for a spring-time that is always sure to come.

You will all have to learn that God is near to people in dark, sad times. God's providential care is not a summer flower. It is with us among the treasures of the snow. God's love is like flowers in the Alps, that bloom in spite of winter all around them. God's love is always with us and the life of his spirit is in us in winter and summer alike.

PURITY.

Winter, too, gives a lesson of purity.

We say that a thing is pure as snow. The snow comes down as from heaven, white and clean, and God sends into our hearts pure, good thoughts. It is the most beautiful thing in life to keep out all unclean and bad thoughts, and to have minds and hearts white like snow.

In the most northerly grave in the world a band of brave men are buried. They were Arctic explorers, who never came back again, but lie there under the white snow. Some other explorers piled rocks in that wild place for a monument, and cut out the words there: "Whiter than snow!"

What that means we all know. "The blood of Jesus cleanses us from all sin." If we learn to love him, and to put our trust in him, he can cleanse our hearts, so that we shall come at last to heaven with sin's black stains all gone, and with hearts white and pure as snow.

THE SNOW IMAGE.

Most boys have amused themselves in winter by making a snow image. In the life of the artist Michael Angelo I read once how he made a figure out of the snow. He who so wrought in marble that after four hundred years his work is still wonderful and great, did some work in snow, and it perished as soon as it was finished. It is sad to think how many people do things in life that are of no more worth, and of no more durability than the image made of snow. There is such a thing as wasting talent, and time, and life, and then seeing all melt away.

Those whom we think of as great and good, and Jesus the great and good Saviour, have shown us how we may live and work for eternity, so that though we are not great, and are never able to do great things, we may so live our lives that the good we do shall never perish, but be a joy to us for ever and ever.

The Wreckers of Sable Island.

BY

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

CHAPTER VI.—BEN HARDEN.

As the words fell one by one from Ben's lips, Eric realized more and more clearly how critical was his situation. In his gladness at escape from the present peril of the wreck, he had forgotten to take thought for the future; but now he was brought face to face with a state of affairs by which that future was filled with dark foreboding. Little as he had seen of the men into whose midst he had been so strangely thrown, it was enough to make very plain to him that they wanted no witness of their doings.

So far they had been too much occupied with their own concerns to take much notice of him; but once he became the object of their attention, the question as to his disposal must be settled. The issue was more than doubtful, to say the least.

An awful feeling of desolation and despair came upon him. He seemed unable to utter a word, but looked up into Ben's bronzed face with an expression in which pathetic appeal was so mingled with harrowing dread, as to touch this strange man.

He sprang to his feet, dashed his pipe out of his mouth, clenched his huge fists, and shouted aloud, as though all the other wreckers were there to hear:

"By my soul! I saved ye, and I'm going to stand by ye. Whoever wants to do you harm, I'll have to reckon with Ben Harden first."

—and come what may, I'll get you off this cursed place with a whole skin, somehow." Eric was as much surprised at Ben's sudden display of strong feeling as he had been alarmed by his ominous words. He gazed at him, with wide-open mouth, until the wrecker, recovering his self-control by an evident effort, threw himself down on the sand again, picked up his pipe, carefully relit it, and vigorously resumed puffing forth clouds of smoke.

It was some time before he spoke again. In a quiet, natural tone, he asked Eric: "Have you any notion, my lad, why I troubled myself about ye, at all?"

Eric shook his head, and there was something inexpressibly winning in his smile, as he answered: "No, sir. Unless because you have too kind a heart to let Evil-Eye do me any harm."

Ben smiled in return, but it was in a grim sort of a way. "My heart was softer once than it is now. There were better days then, and never did I think that I'd come to be a wrecker on Sable Island," said he; and the remembrance of those better days evidently gave him saddening thoughts, for he relapsed into the moody silence that was his wont. It continued so long that Eric began to feel uncomfortable, and was about to move away a little in order to have a frolic with Prince, when Ben aroused himself, and motioned him to draw near him.

"Sit ye down in front of me, my lad," said he, "and listen to me a bit, and I'll tell you why I couldn't find it in my heart to let any harm come to you. I had a boy of my own once, as trim a lad as ever sat in a boat, and many a fine trip we made together, for I was at an honest trade then, and wasn't ashamed to take my boy into it. Ah! lad, those were the good times. We went fishing on the Banks, getting our outfit at Halifax, and selling our fare there. But our home was at Chester, where I had a snug cottage, all my own, without a shilling of debt on it, and pretty well fitted up too. The wife—God rest her soul! she was a good wife to me—she looked after the cottage, and we looked after the little schooner, and after each trip we'd stay at home awhile, and have a little time together.

"We were mostly always in luck on the Banks, and it was not often the 'Sea Slipper' missed a good fare, if there were any fish to be caught. And so it went on, until I lost my lad. He and his mate were out in their dory fishing, and the cod were plentiful, and they were so full of catching them that they did not notice the fog coming up and creeping all around them. They lost their bearings, and no man ever set eyes on them again. "I didn't give up hoping I'd find them for months afterward. I cruised about the Banks, I called at all the ports that sent out Bankers, and I tried at Halifax, Boston, New York, and other big places, hoping that some ship might have picked them up. But not a word did I hear. There was a heavy blow right after the fog, and no doubt they were lost in that. I lost a lot of time hunting for my boy, and it seemed as though when he went my luck followed him. Everything went wrong. The fish would hardly touch my hooks, and I never got a full fare. Then the wife died. She never held up her head after the day I came home without our boy. I took to the drink. It didn't make matters any better, of course, but I couldn't keep from it.

"I got knocking about with a bad lot of chaps, and the end of it was, some of us came here. I don't care how soon it's all over with me. I hate this business, and I hate myself."

Here Ben came to a pause, as though he had said more than he intended; and Eric, not knowing what to interpose, looked at him in silent sympathy, until he began again.

"But I haven't told ye why I saved ye from Evil-Eye.

"Well, it was just this way. When I found ye you were lying on the sand, like as though you were asleep; and you fairly gave me a start, you looked so like my own boy.

"He was just about your age when he was lost, and you'd be much the same size, and he had brown hair just like yours.

"If my boy had been lying, half dead, on the beach, I'd have thought any man worse than a brute that wouldn't help the lad. So I just made up my mind to take your part, Evil-Eye or no Evil-Eye, and now I'm going to stick to it."

Having spoken thus, Ben put his pipe back between his lips, evidently having no more to say. Eric hardly knew how to give expression to his feelings. Sympathy for his rescuer's troubles and gratitude for his assurance of safe-keeping filled his heart. The tears gathered in his eyes, and his voice trembled as, turning to the big man beside him, he laid his hand upon his knee, and looking up into his face, said:

"You've been very good to me, Mr. Ben.

You're the only friend I've got here, except Prince, and I'm sure you won't let any harm come to me, if you can help it. And I'm so sorry about your son. You see, we've both lost somebody. You've lost your boy, and I—I've lost my mother."

His voice sank to a whisper as he uttered the words, and the tears he had been bravely keeping back overflowed upon his cheeks.

Ben said not a word; there was a suspicious glistening about his eyelids, and the quite superfluous vigour of his puffing told plainly enough that he was deeply moved. After a moment he rose to his feet, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, and putting it into his pocket, said:

"Come, lad, let us go back to the hut."

The two retraced their steps to the wreckers' abode. Eric now felt more at ease than he had since the shipwreck. With such protectors as Ben and Prince, he surely had not much to fear, even in the evil company among which he had been cast. As to the future—well, it certainly did seem dark. But he had been taught to put trust in the Heavenly Father to whom he prayed, and he looked up to him now for help and guidance.

When they arrived at the hut, they found

able in the morning, to make their way to the wreck.

The thousands of valuable books, and the holdful of costly but cumbrous furniture, they contemptuously left to the mercy of wind and wave. The great store of gold and silver plate, the casks of finest wines, the barrels and cases of delicious biscuits, preserves, pickles, and other dainties, together with the racks of muskets, swords, and other weapons—these were all very much to their liking. Moreover, the clothing-chests had been ransacked, each man helping himself according to his fancy. The result was a display of gorgeous uniforms and elegant apparel that would have been quite imposing had not the faces and manners of the wearers been so ludicrously out of keeping with their costumes.

Little did Prince Edward imagine, when ordering liberal additions to his wardrobe, that those resplendent garments were destined to be worn to tatters on the backs of the wreckers of Sable Island. What would have been his feelings could he have seen Evil-Eye strutting about as proud as a turkey-cock in the superb uniform intended for the commander of the forces at Halifax?

attention by rapping loudly upon the table with the handle of his knife, and then proceeded to surprise them by making a little speech; for so chary of his words was he, as a usual thing, that they sometimes called him Silent Ben.

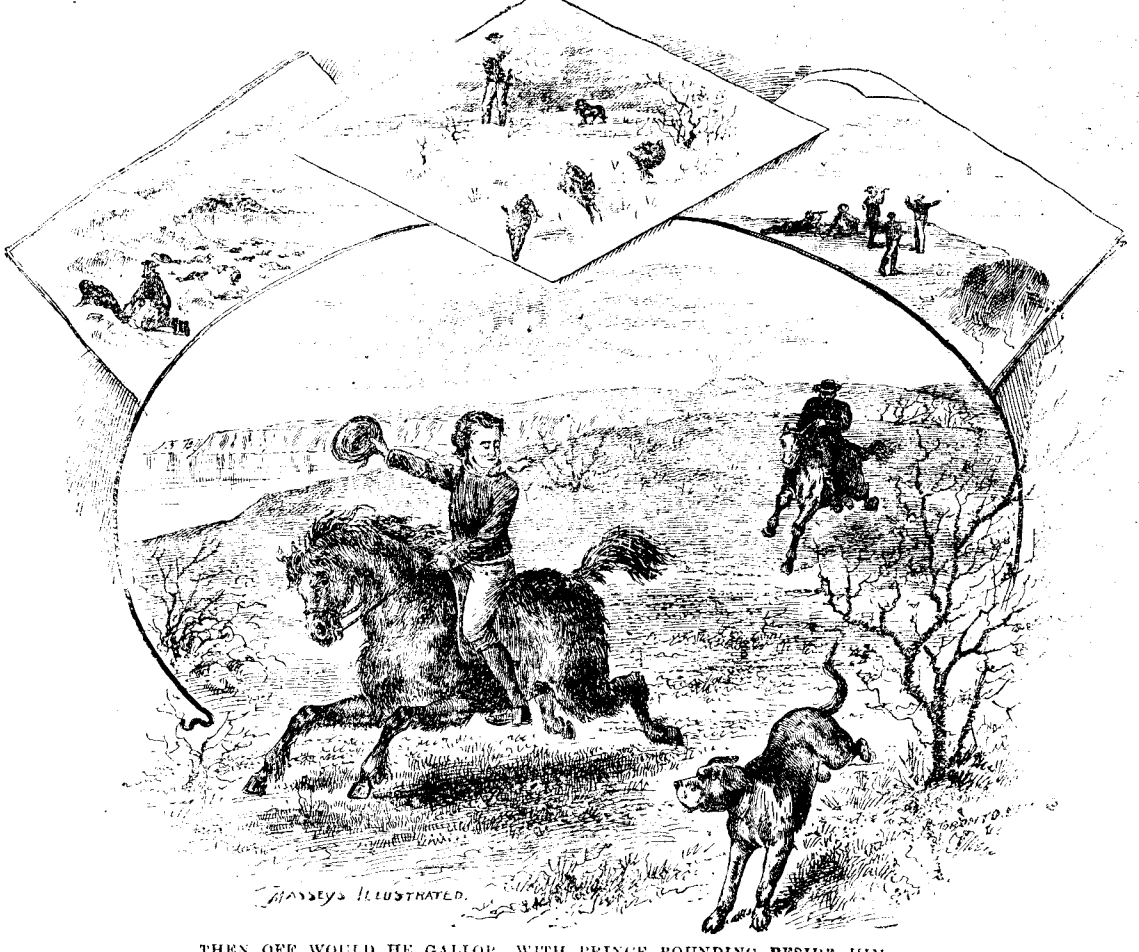
"I want a word with you, mates," said he; and at once every face was turned toward him.

"You see this boy here. Now, I've taken a great liking to him, and I'm willing that he and his dog shall be counted as part of my share of this last prize. That's all right, ain't it?"

"Ay, ay, Ben; right enough," came from half a dozen of them, while some of the others looked a little doubtful, as if they didn't know exactly what was coming.

(To be continued.)

TRAVELLERS have found a village of regular houses in Central Africa. The houses have gabled roofs, and are built along a street. The people have more than ordinary intelligence, keep good order and sleep in beds raised above the ground.



THEN OFF WOULD HE GALLOP, WITH PRINCE BOUNDING BESIDE HIM.

the whole party of wreckers there, waiting somewhat impatiently for a huge negro to serve them their supper.

This negro did duty as cook; they called him Black Joe. They took little notice of the new-comers, and Eric, going quietly over to his bunk, sat down on the edge and looked about him. This was his first opportunity of getting a good look at his strange companions.

By listening to their conversation and studying their countenances, he made out that the majority of them were English, but that there were a few Frenchmen amongst them. There was only one negro, a stalwart, bull-necked, bull-headed fellow, with a good-natured face, who seemed the butt of the others, and a target for their oaths and jeers, as he bustled about the fireplace preparing their food.

The whole party appeared to be in excellent humour, the cause thereof being plainly enough the fact of the *Francis* having proved so rich a prize. Each man had been able to secure sufficient plunder to satisfy him, so there was no necessity for quarrelling over the division.

They each had some precious find to boast of, and they vied with one another in relating with great gusto their successful efforts after the wreckage.

From what they said, Eric gathered that the *Francis* did not break up after striking. Her stout oak frame resisted the fiercest attempts of the billows to tear it asunder. The storm subsided during the night, and the men were

Although the profuse profanity of the speakers shocked and sickened him, Eric listened attentively to all that was said, in the hope of picking up something about his future. But the wreckers were too much occupied with their own affairs to pay any attention to him. Presently Black Joe announced that supper was ready, whereupon they all stopped talking, and fell to with ravenous appetites.

The table looked curiously out of keeping with its associations of squalid hut, and coarse, brutal men. It was covered with a cloth of richest damask, that should have adorned a royal dining-room, and set out with china, glass, plate, and cutlery of corresponding elegance. It filled Eric with indignation and disgust to see the wreckers hacking their meat with ivory-handled knives, impaling their potatoes upon silver forks, and quenching their thirst by copious draughts out of cut-glass goblets, which seemed to be desecrated by their foul touch.

Ben motioned him to a seat beside himself, and helped him bountifully. Ill at ease as the boy felt, he was very hungry, and was glad to do full justice to the coarse but plentiful fare provided by Black Joe. The wine he would not touch.

The hearty supper and the abundant wine put the men in even better humour than before, and Ben now saw his opportunity to carry out a plan that he had been forming in his mind. Rising to his feet, he secured his companions'

GOVERNING A BOY.

Get hold of the boy's heart. Yonder locomotive, with the thundering train, comes like a whirlwind down the track, and a regiment of armed men might seek in vain to arrest it. It would crush them and plunge unheeding on. But there is a little lever in its mechanism that at the pressure of a man's hand will slacken its speed, and in a moment or two brings it panting and still, like a whipped spaniel, at your feet. By the same little lever the vast steamship is guided hither and yonder on the sea in spite of adverse winds.

That sensitive and soft spot by which a boy's life is controlled in his heart. With your grasp gentle and firm on that helm, you can pilot him whither you will. Never doubt that he has a heart. Bad and wilful boys very often have the tenderest hearts hidden away somewhere beneath incrustations of sin, or behind barricades of pride. And it is your business to get at that heart, keep hold of it by sympathy, confiding in him, manifestly working only for his good, by little indirect kindnesses to his mother or sister, or even his pet dog. Provide him some little pleasure, set him to do some little service of trust for you. Love him—love him practically. Anyway, rule him through his heart.



CANE BIRD



WOOD PECKER

HOW SOME BIRDS USE THEIR BEAKS.

THERE are many ways in which birds use their beaks. There is one thing, however, they all use them to the same purpose for which they are specially adapted. The tailor bird is so named, because it sews the edges of the leaves together to form a nest. The beak makes a good needle, and when the leaves are properly joined together there is a very close nest for the little birds. "Tap tap tap," what a noise the woodpecker makes! At first you may not be able to see him, but if you keep quiet and listen you can quickly tell where the noise comes from. The beak of the woodpecker is strong and sharp, and he is able to strike quite a heavy blow upon the bark of the tree. He has keen ears, and if there is a grub that makes a bit of noise near, he is pretty sure to find a sweet morsel for a lunch, for he is very fond of this sort of food.

But in another way some of the woodpeckers make a queer use of their beaks. They select a tree, the sap of which they are fond of, and through the bark they will peck a lot of little round holes. These are intended for sap-buckets, and when the sap fills the holes the woodpecker thrusts in its beak and sips it with the koonish relish. For hours at a time they will stand near the holes, quietly waiting till there is enough for a sip. Sometimes when people are making maple sugar, the woodpeckers are too lazy to make their own buckets, and may be seen standing on sap-troughs and sipping from the sugar-makers' store until they can drink no more. The illustration shows the way in which another bird uses its beak. It is an odd-looking bird found in New Zealand. It has no wings or tail, but a very strong

beak. It is about as large as a full grown hen and has very soft and pretty feathers. The New Zealanders use them to trim their dresses. The chiefs make a mantle of the skin with the feathers on it. No person of a lower order is allowed to wear one. Apteryx is the name this bird bears in the cyclopaedia, but is commonly called kiroi-kiroi. When the bird is resting it puts its beak upon the ground. Then it looks as if it had three legs, and this is probably the reason why some people call it the cane-bird.

Queer as the kiroi-kiroi looks, it is a fast runner, and the natives pursue it at night with spears and torches.

"WE HAVE SUCH A GOOD TIME."

THE words were spoken by a young lady just home for a brief vacation from college. Her home is one of wealth and elegance, gathering into its ample apartments every comfort and refinement, everything that can make life luxurious and delightful. As she spoke we wondered what her ideas of a "good time" were. The answer came immediately, without our asking, as she continued, "We have prayer meet regularly, and the attendance is so large, our teachers and so many of the students are Christians, and our Sabbath-services are so interesting." With unrestrained delight we listened to this description of a "good time." And we thought how different was the young lady's conception of a good time from that we so often meet. To many a good time means an unceasing round of pleasure, of dancing, of theatres, of euchre-parties, of gay dissipation and frivolity. With some it means the wine-cup, the saloon, rudo and boisterous hilarity, and even inebriation. The really good time is that which takes hold on the purer and ennobling things of life, the things which conduce to the development of the highest and truest forms of

manhood and womanhood, the things which please God and lead to eternal life. For our accomplished young friend with her ideas of a good time we predict an honoured womanhood and a noble and useful life.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 30.] **LESSON XI.** (Mar. 17.

ZACCHAEUS THE PUBLICAN.

Luke 19, 1-10. Memory Verses, S 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.—Luke 19, 10.

OUTLINE

- 1. The Saviour, v. 1-4
- 2. The Saviour, v. 5-7.
- 3. Salvation, v. 8-10.

TIME.—A. D. 30.

PLACE.—The confines of Jericho.

RULERS.—Same as before.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Zaccheus, the publican.—Luke 19, 1-10.
- Tz. Call of Matthew.—Luke 5, 27-32.
- W. Christ's care for the lost.—Luke 15, 1-10.
- Tz. A publican's prayer.—Luke 18, 9-14.
- P. Call to repentance.—Isa 55, 1-7.
- S. The far away coming first.—Matt. 21, 23-32.
- Su. Sent to save.—1 John 4, 7-14.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- 1. The Saviour, v. 1-4. Through what city was Jesus passing?

- What miracle did Jesus perform near the city? Luke 18, 35-43.
- What man eagerly sought to see Jesus? What was Zaccheus's calling? What hindered him from seeing Jesus? How did he finally succeed? What is God's promise to every earnest seeker? Prov. 8, 17.

2. The Saviour, v. 5-7.

- Who saw Zaccheus in the tree? What did Jesus say to him? What was Zaccheus's response? Who complained of Jesus' act? What did the people say? On what other occasion did they complain? See Luke 5, 29-30.

3. Salvation, v. 8-10.

- What did Zaccheus say to Jesus? What did the law require of evil-doers? Exod. 22, 1. What was Jesus's reply? Why had the Son of man come? (Golden Text.) What parable did Jesus then utter? Verses 11-27.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where in this lesson may we find—
- 1. An earnest seeker after Jesus?
- 2. A sincere penitent before Jesus?
- 3. A joyful believer in Jesus?

THE LESSON CATECHISM

- 1. What means did Zaccheus take to see Jesus? He climbed into a sycamore tree.
- 2. What did our Lord tell him he intended to do? To abide in his house.
- 3. What did Zaccheus say he would do for the poor? He would give to them the half of his goods.
- 4. What would he do for those whom he had wronged by false accusation? He would restore them fourfold.
- 5. What did Jesus say? This day is salvation come to this house.
- 6. For what did the Son of man come? Golden Text: "The Son of man," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Salvation through Christ.

Womanhood Town.

Good morrow, fair maiden,
With lanes so brown:
Shall I tell you the way
To Womanhood Town?

'Tis this way, and that way,
Never a stop;
'Tis picking up stitches
That grandma will drop;

'Tis kissing the baby's
Soft tears away;
'Tis learning that cross words
Never will pay;

'Tis helping dear mamma,
'Tis sewing up rents;
'Tis reading and playing;
'Tis saving the cents;

'Tis loving and smiling,
With never a frown:
Oh, that is the way
To Womanhood Town!

MISUSE OF HORSE POWER.

NEARLY twenty years ago two brothers purchased each a team of Canadian ponies for work upon their farms. They were as nearly alike as two teams could be, and under the same management would have done and done service an equal length of time. One brother always drove rapidly and would reach his home—four miles distant from the railroad—in fifteen or twenty minutes less than his brother, although he lived a quarter of a mile beyond his brother's house. The other brother never urged his horses off a walk if he had a load on. If the horses chose to trot down the lower slope of a hill, he would allow them to do so. In guiding them he strove to avoid all stones, heavy ruts and bits of sand. It seemed to be his constant aim to husband the resources of his team. The result was that, after twelve years of constant use, the slow and careful driver still had the same team, and a good team too. Meanwhile the other brother had had eight different horses and spent over \$900 in horse-flesh.



THE HARE.

HARES are very pretty interesting little animals. Their eyes are large, and the fur very soft and beautiful. The under part of the body and a large patch on the throat are white. The rest of the fur is generally a sort of yellowish brown. Its long ears are very quick to detect the slightest sound. The home of the hare is called its "form." Here it sleeps during the day, going at night to its feeding ground by a tract it has made with its own footsteps. This narrow trail the hare makes is what serves the cruel hunter, or the sly poacher as a guide to the "form" of the little animal. The hare, as may be seen in our cut, leaps rather than runs, and so goes up a hill more easily than down one. These animals may be tamed and make very affectionate pets. The poet Cowper frequently mentions his three tame hares.

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