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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, JUNE 4, 1898.

[No. 23.

## The Crucifixion.

BY FREDERIC HENRY HEDGE.

'Twas the day when God's anointed,  
Died for us the death appointed,  
Bleeding on the guilty cross;  
Day of darkness, day of terror,  
Deadly fruit of ancient error,  
Nature's fall and Eden's loss.

Haste, prepare the bitter chalice!  
Gentle hate and Jewish malice,  
Lift the royal Victim high,—  
Like the serpent, wonder-gifted,  
Which the prophet once up-  
lifted,—  
For a sinful world to die!

Conscious of the deed unholy,  
Nature's pulses beat more slowly,  
And the sun his light denied;  
Darkness wrapped the sacred  
city,  
And the earth with fear and pity  
Trembled when the Just One  
died.

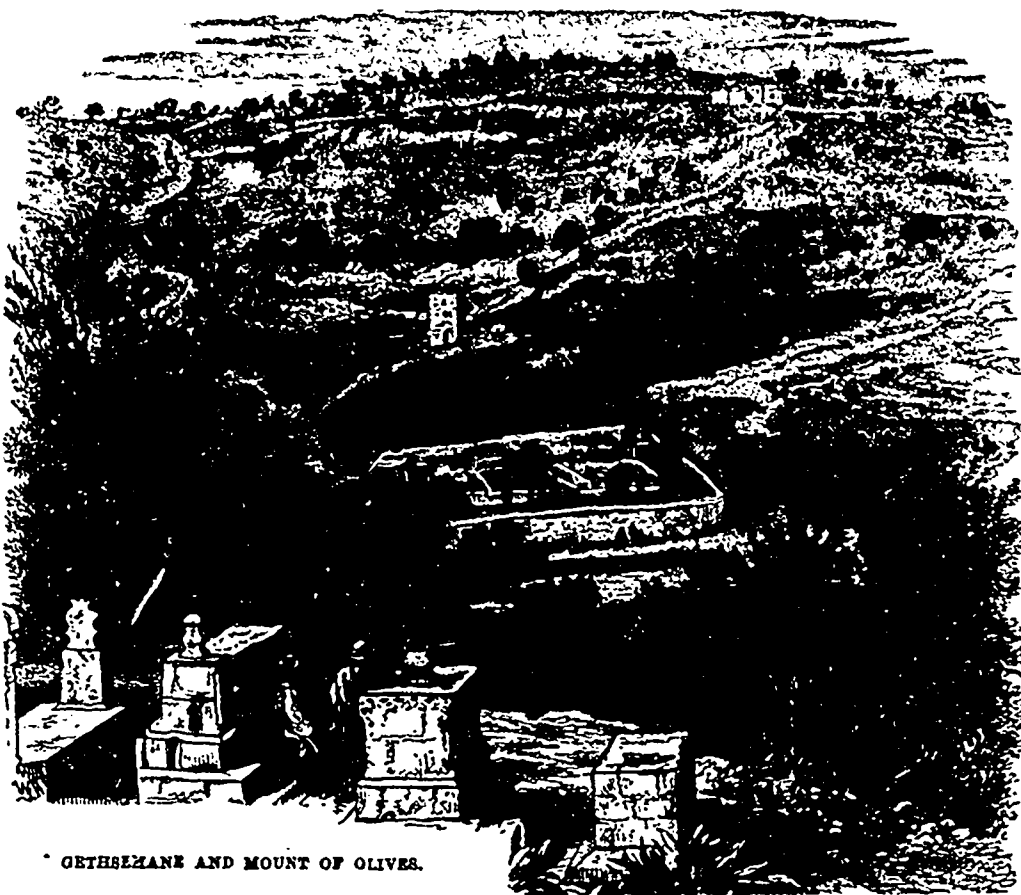
It is finished, Man of sorrows!  
From thy cross our nature bor-  
rows,  
Strength to bear and conquer  
thus;  
While exalted there we view thee,  
Mighty Sufferer, draw us to thee,  
Sufferer victorious!

Not in vain for us uplifted,  
Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted,  
May the sacred symbol be,  
Eminent amid the ages,  
Guide of heroes and of sages,  
May it guide us still to thee.

Still to thee, whose love unbounded  
Sorrows deep for us hath sounded,  
Perfected by conflicts sore,  
Glory to thy cross forever!  
Star that points our high endeavour,  
Whither thou hast gone before.

## JESUS CRUCIFIED.

Our lesson brings before us the solemn theme of the sufferings and death of our blessed Lord. It is the thought of Christ's great love to our race that gives its intense and imperishable power to the Gospel of his grace. It is this also that lends an impassioned interest to a visit to the spot made sacred evermore



GETHSEMANE AND MOUNT OF OLIVES.

by the life and labours of Jesus of Nazareth.

Just outside the walls of Jerusalem, and across the narrow brook of Kedron, is a small enclosure of a few old gnarled and venerable olive trees. This uniform tradition identifies as the Garden of Gethsemane. It was beneath the progenitors of these old olives, there is little reason to doubt, that our Lord spent the hours of his agony on the night that he was betrayed. It is impossible to describe the emotions with which one muses and ponders these solemn thoughts as he walks beneath these olive trees. Lifting his eyes, one beholds on the one hand the long, low walls of Jerusalem, and on the other the sloping hillside of Olivet on which

our Saviour often walked to the hamlet of Bethany to the house of Mary and Martha, and from whose crest he ascended into heaven. This garden and its mountain, memorable throughout all the world, are shown in the upper cut on this page.

The lower cut shows the scene of the following day, when our Saviour was crucified on Calvary. This wonderful picture is a bas-relief by George Tinworth. The three Roman soldiers, who have made a gaming table of a shield, are casting lots therein for the seamless robe of our Lord. The crucifixion itself we do not see. It is merely suggested by the feet of our Lord and of the two thieves, shown in the upper part of the picture. The crowded figures of the

Martha, of the disciples, the soldiers the chief priests and spectators give a solemn significance to this impressive picture.

Let the great lesson of this scene sink deep into our hearts.

"I suffered this for thee,

What hast thou done for me?

Shall we forsake him and flee in the day of persecution, or shall we confess with Thomas, "My Lord and my God!"

Thank God for the growing influence year by year of that sacrificial death on Calvary nearly nineteen centuries ago. The words of our Saviour are more true to-day than they ever were before. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." In all parts of Christian lands and in all heathen lands, countless multitudes are turning their eyes to the cross and the Crucified, and are being lifted from the death of sin to the life of righteousness.

## IF WATER NEVER FROZE.

It is interesting to think of the remarkable things that would happen if one simple rule of nature were reversed, and water did not crystallize into ice at thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit. Pearson's Weekly gives us just a few of the results:

The whole economy of nature would undergo a startling change if water never froze. The world's climates would be revolutionized. The ice-bound polar seas would cease to exercise their chilling influences, and consequently the currents of the ocean might either cease or be turned aside in different directions.

Thus the Gulf Stream would seek other shores than those of Britain, and the climates there might be subject to the extremes of heat and cold noticeable in other countries of the same latitude. The ice-bound rivers of the north, notably those of Russia and Siberia, would be open for navigation, and Russia's activity as a sea power and a commercial nation might alter the whole world of commerce.

Canada would become another country altogether. An immense tract of land would be available for cultivating hardy



AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.—SEE 2. S. LESSON FOR JUNE 12.

plants, and Greenland might be what its name indicates. The absence of icebergs off the coasts of Newfoundland and Iceland would result in a much warmer climate in those islands, where now the crops often fail.

Ice, too, plays an important part in the economy of nature. Thus, if water never froze, snow, hail, and hoarfrost would cease. The loosening of soils and the disintegration of rocks by the frost, and many other now vital effects, would be lost. In short, the absence of ice would be on the one hand an incalculable disaster, and on the other hand a great boon.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 4, 1898.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JUNE 12, 1898.

FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

It has been beautifully said that in this miracle our Lord "turned the desert into a banquet hall." The multitude had followed Jesus from the towns and villages, and when the night was come they had nothing to eat, for, said the disciples, we are in a desert place. Andrew said, "There is a lad here who has five barley loaves and two fishes." These were not big four-pound loaves such as we have, but little thin cakes, like small pancakes, which he had brought probably for his own meal, and two of the small fishes of the Sea of Galilee, it is likely not larger than our herring or perch. Well might Andrew say, "What are they among so many?"

But Jesus demanded that they should sit down by companies upon the green grass. What a beautiful touch of nature that is! The word "company" is the same used for describing flower beds and seems to allude to the bright-coloured dresses which the people wore. I once saw a great picnic on an Eastern holiday, and the people by hundreds sitting on a hillside in their dresses of white and yellow and purple and red looked like great flower beds. The sight made me think of the multitude whom our Lord fed on the hillside. They each had some little provender, as thin cakes, onions, and other vegetables. They kindly made room for myself and the horse on which I rode, and fed the horse some stalks of lettuce.

We learn from this passage that a little with God's blessing is better than a great deal without it—that God can multiply the little according to our need, and supply all our wants out of the richness of his fulness. We note, too, what a generous giver God is. Not only did the whole multitude of five thousand eat and were filled, but the fragments that remained were a great deal more than they had to begin with.

We notice, also, that though Christ could so multiply the loaves and fishes at a word, yet he allowed nothing to be wasted. He said, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost." Let us learn herefrom to trust our heavenly Father not only for our daily bread, but for every good thing that we need, to give thanks for his bountiful provision, but not to presume upon his goodness by wasting what he gives us.

## THE COST OF A DINNER.

The interdependence of man is well illustrated by the following statement made by a Chicago paper:

Recently a gentleman who is fond of arithmetic made up his mind that he would find out how much a dinner really cost. This gentleman asked how much a simple dinner that he was eating cost, and he was told seventy-five cents.

He contradicted this and then made out the following statement about the cost of that dinner: The pepper, he said, came from ten thousand miles away. It grew on a little bush about eight feet high, which must have had a growth of at least five years. The pepper was picked green; it had to be dried in the sun, and this meant employing women. It took one ship and one thousand miles of railroad to bring the pepper to the United States. The flour of which the bread was made came from Dakota; some one owned the land, and that meant the investing of capital, and then he had also to pay wages to the workingmen. The flour had to be ground, and the building of the mill and the plant, or machinery, meant more money invested. The millers had to be paid, coopers had to be paid for making the barrels, and,

Well, Mary, tell us what 'furlough' means."

"It means a mule," said Mary.

"Oh, no," replied the teacher, "it doesn't mean a mule."

"Indeed it does," said Mary. "I have a book at home that says so."

"Well," said the teacher, now thoroughly interested, "you may bring the book to school, and we will see about it."

The next day Mary brought the book, and in some triumph opened to a page where there was the picture of a soldier standing beside a mule. Below the picture were the words: "Going home on his furlough."

## A HOPELESS CASE.

A teacher in a Sunday mission-school at the west end of Boston had a boy in her class who seemed to be proof against every good influence. It was a wonder that she secured his attendance for any length of time; but by her tact and kindness she held her other pupils, and he came apparently for company's sake, and for the fun and mischief he could stir up among the other scholars.

He gave no signs that her teachings had touched his moral nature—or, in



FEEDING THE MULTITUDE.

of course, the wood of which the barrels were made had to be cut and sawed and shaped, and this meant the employing of more men. Then the flour had to be shipped over the railroad and handled again by cartmen before it came into the house.

The tea on the table came from China, and the coffee from South America. The codfish had to be brought from Maine.

The salt came from the Indian reservation in the northwestern part of New York State. The peaches in the cake came from the Spice Islands in the Indian archipelago. The canned peaches came from California, and they, too, represented the employment of capital and labour. The little dinner represented, directly or indirectly, the employment of five hundred million dollars of capital and five million men.

## A FURLOUGH ON FOUR LEGS.

The children of the reading class were reciting, and as they read, the teacher asked the meaning of various words. Finally the word "furlough" was encountered.

"What does 'furlough' mean?" asked the teacher.

There was no immediate reply, and the teacher asked the question again. A little girl held up her hand.

fact, that he had any moral nature. He grew apparently more unprincipled as he grew older, until all she had done for him seemed wasted pains, but she continued to treat him kindly, and never forgot him in her prayers.

One day she heard of his arrest for complicity in a recent burglary. She did what she could to secure him legal counsel in his trial, and through the two years' imprisonment that followed occasionally visited him. He never gave any indication of penitence. His sullen, defiant temper greatly discouraged her; but her faith and love were invincible.

He disappeared after his release. All who knew him supposed he was dead or lost under a feigned name somewhere in the criminal herd of the cities.

Nearly thirty years passed. The lady went to California. In the meantime she had married. Her children were grown, and she, with her husband, was visiting friends in the Pacific States. In one city where she stayed a question of political reform was agitating the people, pending a change in the municipal government. Her host and hostess were to entertain one of the candidates for the mayoralty. "He is our man," they said, "and we hope to elect him, for he is an earnest Christian, and stands for high principle in public and in private life." The gentleman came, and was about to

be introduced to the visitor, when, to her surprise, he spoke her name. She could not recognize him in the handsome, bearded man before her, but he was her bad boy of the Boston West End Sunday-school.

"I lived a reckless life for several years after I left Boston," he told her, "but I was not able to forget your great patience and kindness, nor some of the things you said to me. Under God I owe what I have to day of true manhood to you."

## The Dog Under the Waggon.

"Come, wife," said good old farmer Gray, "Put on your things, 'tis market day—And we'll be off to the nearest town, There and back ere the sun goes down. Spot? No, we'll leave old Spot behind." But Spot he barked and Spot he whined. And soon made up his doggish mind To follow under the waggon.

Away they went at a good round pace, And joy came into the farmer's face: "Poor Spot," said he, "did want to come, But I'm very glad he's left at home; He'll guard the barn, and guard the cot, And keep the cattle out of the lot." "I'm not so sure of that," thought Spot, The dog under the waggon.

The farmer all his produce sold, And got his pay in yellow gold, Then started homeward after dark, Home through the lonely forest. Hark! A robber springs from behind a tree—Your money or else your life," said he, The moon was up, but he didn't see The dog under the waggon.

Spot ne'er barked and Spot ne'er whined; The farmer all his produce sold, He dragged him down in the mire and dirt, And tore his coat and tore his shirt, Then held him fast on the miry ground. The robber uttered not a sound—While his hands and feet the farmer bound, And tumbled him into the waggon.

So Spot he saved the farmer's life, The farmer's money, the farmer's wife; An, now a hero grand and gay, A silver collar he wears to-day; Among his friends, among his foes, And everywhere his master goes, He follows on his horny toes,—The dog under the waggon.

## WHEN YOU GO FISHING.

When you go fishing, boys, always kill the fish as soon as they are taken from the water by a sharp blow with a stick on the back of the head.

They keep better, says "Our Dumb Animals," eat better, and are in all respects better than those that suffer just before dying.

The best fishermen in Europe and America know this—the suffering of any animal just before dying always tends to make the meat unwholesome and sometimes poisonous.

## THE DARK SKIN ACCOUNTED FOR.

A problem that has troubled some people is announced as settled by The Christian Educator, which says:

"It is an established fact that a race of people living in a warm climate have much darker skin than one living in a cold climate. The nearer one lives to the equator the less clothes one is compelled to wear; the flesh, being unprotected from the burning rays of the sun, becomes greatly tanned; the longer it is exposed the darker it becomes. Probably after the confusion of tongues, the colour of the tribes, migrating from one climate to another, in the next generation, was not noticeable to the eye, but in the succeeding generations it naturally became more marked. The skin that was unprotected became the darker."

## GOOD FOR MANY THINGS.

What the palm-tree does for the tropics, the reindeer does, to a certain extent, for the frigid zone. He furnishes food, clothing, bowstrings and cords, knife-handles, and, beyond anything that the palm can boast of, he furnishes swift locomotion where there are neither horses, boats, nor cars.

He travels ten miles an hour, and draws two or three hundred pounds. His fur in winter is a white and greyish-brown. In summer he wears a very dark coat. He lives on a kind of white lichen in winter, often scraping it up from under a depth of snow. His eyes and ears are quick, but his nose is sharper than all.

There are 1,425 characters in the twenty-four books Dickens wrote.

**A June Concert at the Girl's Academy.**

BY ROBERT BEVERLEY HALE

Laughing and talking down into the hall  
Lightly they come; I know not what  
they say,  
But they have passed a healthy, happy  
day,  
And they are lovely—and God bless them  
all!

They welcome the musician with a will,  
And hark! His soft, complaining notes  
begin;  
But I—I cannot hear the violin;  
'Tis what I see that makes my heart  
stand still.

Reverent they sit; souls and sweet faces  
blend,  
And eyelids droop beneath the music's  
charm,  
While here and there perhaps a loving  
arm  
Steals silently around some "dearest  
friend."

I gaze upon their faces for a while  
And all my grown-up worldliness is  
gone,  
Faces that God must once have smiled  
upon,  
And all unconscious they give back the  
smile.

Windows through which pure aspirations  
shine,  
Unwritten pages free from blot or  
stain,  
Whereon the cynic World has tried in  
vain  
To write—and has not traced a single  
line.

Kind critics they! The charmed notes  
rise and fall,  
Now wild with frenzy, now severely  
sad;  
They do not stop to weigh the good  
and bad;  
Good, bad, indifferent; they applaud it  
all!

Oh, you sweet blossoms! May it still be  
long  
Before that treacherously bright June  
day  
That calls you from this heaven of  
work and play  
To take your chances in a world gone  
wrong.

God guard you when with hopeful flags  
unfurled  
You march away on great designs in-  
tent!  
God make you wise and keep you in-  
nocent!  
God bless you, happy outcasts from the  
world!

**With the Whale Fishers.**

BY M. R. WARD.

CHAPTER V.  
FIRST CAPTURES.

"Helm a-lee, and hard up!" shouted  
the captain, as he caught sight of the  
advancing danger.

It was not a moment too soon, for  
already the roar of the swell round the  
base of the giant voyager was distinctly  
heard, and none could say whether the  
setting of the deep current that bore it  
along might not cross their pathway.

"Helm to port, and wear her round!"  
shouted the captain again; suddenly  
changing his tactics, for he now saw  
plainly that the berg was bearing down  
almost across his track.

"I say, though, isn't our cap'n a bit  
foolhardy to risk such a shave as it'll  
be?" said one of the crew to the second  
mate, who with eager eye was gauging  
their perilous nearness to destruction.

"Trust him for all that, my man. No  
foolhardiness in our old captain, so haul  
away, Ned, and God speed us!"

It seemed like rushing into the em-  
brace of death, and as the mighty mass  
came on, and the swirl and roar of the  
water eddying in its cavernous sides be-  
came tremendous, it was a moment of  
unspeakable suspense to every one on  
board.

The captain's seamanship, however,  
was not at fault, and as the good ship  
cleared the dangerous distance, and, an-  
swering well to her skilful handling,  
stood off on an opposite tack, all hands  
saw that the bold manoeuvre had prob-  
ably saved their ship, and a lusty cheer  
rang out from the whole crew.

"Now then, my hearties, wear again;  
and we'll try to find our fish," sang out  
the captain, as they saw the foe safely  
to leeward in a southerly direction.  
Again the ship was brought to her

former course, and under more sail  
hastened to overtake her prize. The  
men, excited to eagerness before, were  
quickly ready for action, and as their  
fish hove once more in view there was  
a general acclamation.

The order to shorten sail was quickly  
followed by, "Man the boats!" and in  
a mere twinkling, as it appeared, this  
was done.

"Now, then, steady, my hearties. Bear  
well away to leeward, and you'll find  
them napping, I rather think," was the  
captain's remark, as the three boats left  
the ship—the first mate with his har-  
pooners leading the way.

Arthur had watched the whole scene  
with intense interest, and, as Fyfe passed  
to his boat, he said,—

"You'll ask a good cruise for us—  
won't you, sir?"

The request was hardly needed, for the  
risks of the enterprise were beginning to  
reveal themselves to the young landsman.

"No fear of that, Fyfe; I shall follow  
on your track, be very sure," was his  
earnest reply.

Shortening sail still further, the vessel  
hove to in the direction of the boats, and  
as the distance increased every glass was  
put in requisition to watch their move-  
ments.

The captain's shrewd supposition as to  
"napping" proved quite correct; for one  
huge creature seemed, as they drew near,  
to be slumbering on the surface, and  
after a sharp but short contest was se-  
cured by the first boat, while the other  
two followed a smaller fish, which also  
became their prize after a rather long  
chase.

"I tell you what. I believe we've  
got a blessing on board our ship, for I  
never see such a quick haul before to  
begin with," said one of the men, as they  
pulled back slowly, towing their prizes.

"Ay, ay, mate, that's true; but sure  
enough we've had a blessing from the  
beginning, in us fellows learning to know  
that we've got souls to live for, as well  
as our 'haul.' Though that's no bad  
tack-on, depend on it."

The boats were greeted with many a  
cheer as they drew near the vessel, each  
one displaying its little flag at stern—  
the sign of good success.

Securely mooring their prizes, the  
usual busy scene followed; all hands  
working with a will in stowing away the  
valuable commodity.

"It really was queer, sir, to see that  
big fellow 'snoring' there so comfort-  
able on the top, as if he was a-waiting  
for us," said one of the men, as he de-  
talled to the young doctor some particu-  
lars of the chase. "Ay, sir, many's the  
desperate fight I've seen—boats topsy-  
turvy, and all sorts, before the fish would  
give in; but he seemed to take it quite  
comfortable-like, the fellow, and we  
down'd him with the second harpoon, so  
we came back fresh as larks, you see,  
sir."

"Mercies received call for mercies  
acknowledged," so I hope we'll none of  
us turn in before we thank the Giver for  
his gifts," said the captain, as he re-  
leased his men from their long day's toil.

The scene we have detailed may serve  
as a specimen of many that followed,  
though of course the success was not  
always so marked. As is frequently the  
case, the fish after a time became shy;  
and the vessel in pursuit made her way  
up the Straits to a point as far north  
as most prudent voyagers attempt to go,  
where, finding a sheltered sound, she an-  
chored for a time.

Stretching away in the far distance lay  
the ice-fields, and here and there, like  
grand sentinels, stood the ice-mountains,  
built and moored in their place by the  
Eternal Hands.

Any views of the Arctic region which  
our young landsman had ever seen were  
far exceeded by what he now beheld in  
reality around him.

"Yes, doctor; but wait till you've seen  
it all lighted up by 'our 'Rora,' as my  
men call it. You can't believe what a  
show that is. It always seems to me  
like a dip down of some of heaven's  
glory, to tell us what that's like a bit,"  
said the captain as they talked one day.

The season was now advancing; the  
long Arctic days were beginning to  
abridge their length, and though a bold  
navigator, Captain McNaghten was hop-  
ing daily for the completion of his  
cargo, never ceasing in his vigilant ob-  
servation of Arctic signs, lest he should  
be overtaken by the sudden descent of  
winter. But no such prognostics ap-  
peared, and the unusual mildness of the  
weather left no cause for alarm.

A week had passed without any ad-  
dition to their spoils, and some of the  
men were beginning to chafe under the  
delay and disappointment after such un-  
usual success.

The Sabbath—that day so sacredly kept  
on board the Walrus—had dawned  
brightly for Arctic regions, when a knot  
of seamen on deck noted the blowing of  
a whale at the entrance of the sound.

There she goes—was the general  
exclamation.

"I say, mates, don't he never alter?"  
inquired a new hand.

"Never."

"You don't know our captain, if you  
think he's the man to let a boat ply on  
Sunday," observed one of the harpooners.  
"Godliness is profitable unto all  
things," he cried, and this many a  
year I've sailed with him we've never  
found it no else," added the man re-  
solutely.

"Well, all I can say is, it's a pity to  
let fish go by when we're waiting for  
'em," observed the first speaker. "Why,  
we only need to make one or two more  
old fellows strike colours, and then we're  
away to England any time."

"Anyhow, God's Day must be kept,  
and I hope you'll learn that lesson before  
long, Jack," replied the defender of Sab-  
bath-keeping.

The fish sighted on Sunday had not  
forsaken the neighbourhood when Mon-  
day came, and almost with dawn the  
boats were away in pursuit.

They were soon far out of sight, so that  
not even the man aloft could find them,  
and when after six hours' absence no  
signs of them were visible the captain  
weighed anchor and "stood out" to the  
entrance of the sound. There he hover-  
ed until the cry aloft, "Sail on weather  
bow!" brought all glasses to bear in  
that direction.

They're not empty-handed, anyhow,  
captain, though they've had a long run  
for it," said Arthur, as he spied two boats  
with flags up.

"No, doctor, but there's something not  
quite right for all that. I can tell by  
the dip of my men's oars how it goes  
with them. God grant they're all safe!"  
he added with concern.

As they rapidly neared the ship, it was  
noticed that they gave no answering  
cheer to the crew on board, who now  
descried plainly the prize astern the  
boats.

"Some mishap?" shouted the captain,  
as soon as they were within hail.

"Lost a man," was the reply.

It needed but few inquiries, as the  
boats dropped astern, to find who was  
the missing one; no other than poor  
Jack.

"Ay, poor fellow! and he'll have no  
more Sundays now, neither to break nor  
to keep," sadly remarked the same ear-  
nest fellow who had discussed with him  
the matter of Sabbath-keeping, and  
spoken so feelingly of the young doctor's  
work among them all.

"We couldn't hoist our flag nohow  
after losing him, though we'd got the  
fish," added the man, with fraternal feel-  
ing towards his poor lost mate.

"A chuck o' the tall did it, and more  
of us had a narrow miss overboard, I'll  
assure you, doctor," put in the man,  
Arthur's other informant on a previous  
occasion. "I thought o' some o' your  
words as I went overboard, sir, I can  
assure you, an' I thought as how One  
could bring me up again; an' here I  
am!" he added, with evident feeling.

The merry talk that usually accom-  
panied the work to follow was subdued  
almost into silence; for the poor lost  
man had been a favourite among his fel-  
lows, and many a rough, weather-beaten  
face felt a trickling tear that evening  
as they listened to the solemn words of  
Holy Writ, "Boast not thyself o' to-  
morrow, for thou knowest not what a  
day may bring forth;" and again, "Now  
is the accepted time; behold, now is the  
day of salvation."

Vows were made that evening which  
were not forgotten, and men went forth  
to their perilous work with a firmer trust  
in the Divine care and goodness.

It was a trust that was to be still fur-  
ther tested ere they could see their  
native land.

(To be continued.)

**"A CHILD WAS SORRY FOR ME."**

A gentleman was standing, one morn-  
ing, on the platform of a railroad station  
in New York, holding the hand of a lit-  
tle girl, seven years old, named Alice.  
There was some slight detention about  
opening the car in which they wished to  
sit, and the child stood quietly looking  
around her, interested in all she saw,  
when the sound of the measured tramp  
of a dozen heavy feet made her turn and  
look behind her. There she saw a sight  
such as her young eyes had never looked  
on before—a short procession of six  
policemen, two of whom marched first,  
followed by two others, between whom,  
chained to the wrist of each, walked a  
cruel, fierce-looking man, and these were  
followed by two more, who came close  
behind the dangerous prisoner. The  
man was one of the worst ruffians in  
the city. He had committed a terrible  
crime, and was on his way to the State  
prison, to be locked up there for the  
rest of his life. Alice had heard of

him, and she knew who it must be, for  
only that morning her father had said  
that he would have to be sent up strongly  
guarded, for it had been suspected that  
some of his comrades would try to rescue  
him from the officers.

The little company halted quite near  
her. Her father, who was busily talk-  
ing with a friend, did not notice them,  
or probably he would have led his child  
away. Alice stood and watched the  
man, with a strange, choking feeling in  
her throat and a pitiful look in her eyes.  
It seemed so very, very sad to think that  
after this one ride in the sunshine by  
the banks of the river, the poor man all  
his life would be shut up in a gloomy  
prison. No matter how long he might  
live, even if he should become an old,  
old man, he could never walk in the  
bright sunlight a free man again.

All at once the prisoner looked at her  
and turned suddenly away. But in an-  
other moment he glanced back, as if he  
could not resist the sweet pity of that  
childish face. He watched it for an in-  
stant, his own features working curiously  
the while, and then turned his head with  
an impatient motion that told Alice that  
she had annoyed him. Her tender little  
heart was sorry in a moment, and,  
starting forward, she went almost close  
to the dangerous man and said, earnestly:

"I didn't mean to plaguo you, poor  
man, only I'm sorry for you. And  
Jesus is sorry for you, too."

One of the policemen caught her up  
quickly and gave her to her father, who  
had already sprung forward to stop her.  
No one had heard those whispered words  
save the man to whom they were spoken.  
But, thank God, he heard them, and  
their echo, with the picture of that ten-  
der, grieved child's faith, went with him  
through all that long ride and passed in  
beside him into his dreary cell. The  
keeper wondered greatly when he found  
that his dreaded prisoner made no  
trouble, and that as time passed on he  
grew gentler and more kindly every day.  
But the wonder was explained when  
long months after, the chaplain asked  
him how it was that he had turned out  
such a different man from what they  
had expected.

"It is a simple story," said the man.  
"A child was sorry for me, and she told  
me that Jesus was sorry for me, too, and  
her pity and his broke my heart."  
Watchword.

**THE POWER OF UNSELFISHNESS**

When Alexander the Great was storm-  
ing one of the cities of Malli, in India,  
having forced the gate, he made his  
way at the head of one of his columns  
to the citadel whither the besieged force  
had retreated. Impatient that the work  
of scaling the citadel's wall did not pro-  
gress as fast as he desired, he seized a  
ladder, planted it himself, and was the  
first to ascend. Seeing the king alone,  
and in great danger, the soldiers made  
such a rush to the rescue that the scaling  
ladders broke beneath the overweight,  
and Alexander was left in the midst of  
his enemies with only three soldiers, who  
had gotten up before the ladders broke.  
Undaunted, the great soldier leaped in-  
side the wall, and stood like a tiger at  
bay, until he fell exhausted by the loss  
of blood. One of his comrades had been  
killed outright, but the other two locked  
their shields together over their king's  
prostrate body and, though dripping  
from many a wound, whirled their  
swords fiercely in their other hands,  
keeping off their enemies. Meanwhile,  
the Macedonians forced an entrance, and  
enraged beyond control at the supposed  
death of their king, they literally wiped  
the town from the face of the earth.

Turn back the story's page, and you  
will find the reason for this devotion  
to their leader. During the pursuit of  
Darius, after marching four hundred  
miles in eleven days, when but sixty of  
his men could keep up with him, and  
all were dying, it seemed, of thir-  
at, a helmetful of water was handed to Alex-  
ander. He declined to drink one drop  
because there was not enough for all.  
This was the secret of the king's mar-  
vellous influence over his soldiers. There  
is no power of wealth or genius or posi-  
tion or fame so strong as the power of  
unselfishness.

A furious mob in Los Angeles, many  
years ago, says a writer in The Christian  
Register, had got an offender whom they  
were about to lynch, when Col. J. F.  
Godfrey, an able lawyer of that city,  
making himself heard from a high place,  
turned their whole tide of feeling by  
proposing a subscription, which he head-  
ed with \$5, for the wife and children of  
the man about to be lynched. The crowd  
dispersed, the man got off, and no money  
was collected.

Soap was first manufactured in Britain  
in 1524.



**The Coming of Spring.**

I have heard a bluebird singing,  
And I've seen a violet springing,  
And they both the news are bringing,  
Spring is here,  
With her sweet blooms brimming over,  
Ere the red-lipped, nodding clover  
Calls the wild bee—happy rover!—  
Far and near.

I can see the brown buds swelling,  
And a whole week I've been swelling  
Mayflowers in the hollow,—telling  
Winter's past;  
And the blue sky bends down lower,  
And the wind sings softer, slower;  
'Tis the spring-time—do you know her?—  
Here at last!

**LESSON NOTES.****SECOND QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

**LESSON XI—JUNE 12.****JESUS CRUCIFIED.**

Matt. 27. 35-50. Memory verses, 35-37.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures.—1 Cor. 15. 3.

**OUTLINE.**

1. Rejected, v. 35-38.
2. Despised, v. 39-44.
3. Forsaken, v. 45-50.

Time.—Friday, April 7, A.D. 30.

Place.—Golgotha, or "The place of a skull." The Latin translation of this is Calvary, which has come into general use in European and American churches. It is not certainly identified, but probably the Grotto of Jeremiah.

**HOME READINGS.**

M. Golgotha.—Matt. 27. 27-34.  
Tu. Jesus crucified.—Matt. 27. 35-50.  
W. "This was the Son of God"—Matt. 27. 51-60.  
Th. "It is finished"—John 19. 25-37.  
F. Wonderful love.—Rom. 5. 1-8  
S. The great gift.—Rom. 8. 31-39.  
Su. The spotless offering.—Heb. 9. 6-14.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. Rejected, v. 35-38.  
What was done to Jesus? What disposition was made of his garments? What prophecy was thus fulfilled? By whom was this prophecy written? See Psalm 22. 18.  
What then did the soldiers do? What inscription was fastened to the cross over the head of Jesus? Who was crucified with him? For what did Jesus die? Golden Text.
  2. Despised, v. 39-44.  
What did those do that passed by? How did they challenge Jesus as the Son of God? What officers joined in deriding him? What did they say he could not do? Upon what terms did they promise to believe in him? Who else joined in the mockery?
  3. Forsaken, v. 45-50.  
What happened for the space of three hours? At the ninth hour what cry was heard? What do these words mean? What did some understand Jesus to say? What act of mercy did a soldier perform? What did the rest say? What cry did Jesus utter? Luke 23. 46.
- PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**  
Where in this lesson are we taught—  
1. That the Scriptures are true?  
2. That God hates sin?  
3. That the death of Jesus was voluntary?

**THE BOY ON TIME.**

A business man advertised for a boy. The place was a good one, and a large number of boys applied. Out of this number two were selected, whose references were good and whose appearance and manners were alike favourable. He hesitated between the two, and, after a private conversation with each one, told them to call the next morning at nine o'clock, when the decision would be made.

The gentleman sat in his office at nine o'clock. Promptly as the great clock outside sounded the hour one of the boys appeared. He was engaged at once. Five minutes later the second boy came. "Just five minutes too late," said the gentleman. "I made this appointment with you that I might see how much value you placed upon promptness. The boy who is on time is the boy for me." "Be prompt, boys. Time is money. Do not fancy that your time is of little value, and so you can use it as you please.



MOTHER: "The doctor says you've been such a good, such a very good boy, Harry, that he's going to let you get out of bed just as soon as you've taken every drop of this Cod Liver Oil!"

**ENCOURAGING FOR HARRY.**

The accompanying picture, which we reproduce from Scribner's Monthly, is designed to be humorous, and so it is in its way; but to us it seems inexpressibly pathetic. The poor little sick boy—so little and so sick!—rolls his eyes so hopelessly towards the enormous bottle, almost as large as himself, that one feels that he will never live to get through with it. Children are often dreadfully overdosed with nauseous medicines; but sometimes it is very necessary to administer them, and modern medical skill is taxed to the utmost to make palatable those healing drugs. One of the most pathetic things in the world is a hopelessly sick child. Still more pathetic is a whole collection of these, such as may be seen in the Children's Hospital, in this city. If our young people would but pay a visit to that institution, their sympathies would be wonderfully drawn out, and we have no doubt that they would be moved to do as much as is in their power to assist the poor little invalids and cripples in that house of pain.

other feminine finery he wears, seem to accord very ill with his otherwise martial appearance. An interesting article in The Methodist Magazine will describe these curious people and their curious ways.

**FREDERICK THE GREAT AND THE MILLER.**

Near Sans Souci, the favourite residence of Frederick the Great, there was a mill which much interfered with the view from the palace. One day the king sent to inquire what the owner would take for the mill; and the unexpected answer came back that the miller would not sell it for any money. The king, much incensed, gave orders that the mill should be pulled down. The miller made no resistance, but, folding his arms, quietly remarked, "The king may do this, but there are laws in Prussia," and he took legal proceedings, the result of which was that the king had to rebuild the mill and to pay a good sum of money besides in compensation. Although his majesty was much cha-



ALBANIAN CHIEF.

**ALBANIAN CHIEF.**

The Albanians are a very warlike and turbulent people, who live on the eastern shores of the Adriatic. Many of them are bandits and live by marauding. The bandit chief in our picture carries a whole arsenal of weapons in his girdle, and an extraordinary long gun. His very voluminous skirt and

grined at this end to the matter, he put the best face he could upon it, and, turning to his courtiers, remarked: "I am glad to see that there are just laws and upright judges in my kingdom."

A sequel to this incident occurred forty years ago. A descendant of the miller had come into possession of the mill. After having struggled for several years

against ever-increasing poverty, and being at length quite unable to keep on with his business, he wrote to the King of Prussia, reminding him of the incident we have related, and stating that if his majesty felt so disposed, he would be very thankful, in the present difficulty, to sell the mill. The king wrote the following reply in his own handwriting:

"My Dear Neighbour: I cannot allow you to sell the mill. It must always be in your possession as long as one member of the family exists, for it belongs to the history of Prussia. I regret, however, to hear that you are in such straitened circumstances, and therefore send you herewith £1,200 in the hope that it may be of service in restoring your fortunes. Consider me your affectionate neighbour. "Frederick William."

**A PLANT AND ITS SOLDIERS.**

Besides the large grazing animals, there are smaller enemies—insects and the like—that injure plants by eating holes in their leaves, or by feeding upon the delicate petals of the flower, says an entertaining writer in St. Nicholas, in describing "plants and their enemies." Many are the ways plants have of guarding against these little destroyers. One of the oddest means of self-defence is that used by a plant of Southern Europe—the Serratula—a sort of cousin of our showy purple blazing-star. This plant has a bitter foe in the shape of a small beetle that eats its flowers. These are in heads, like the heads of thistles, the blossoms being protected on the outside by circles of thick scales. When he can succeed in getting at them, the hungry beetle bites right through the protecting scales and into the heart of the flowers.

Ant-hills in west Africa sometimes reach the height of fifteen feet.

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