



# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 30, 1898.

[No. 18.]

## Legend of the White Crocus.

BY EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON

Three early spring-time crocuses  
Grew in the garden green,  
A garden in Illyria,  
The garden of the Queen.  
Ring out betimes the Easter chimes!  
The glad bells sang that day,  
For Princess Alice passeth down  
The chapel close to pray."

"So splendid is the Princess,  
One listening crocus said,  
That I will wear my purple dress,  
And she will bend her head  
All graciously, and gather me  
Unto her regal breast.  
For purple is the royal hue,  
The Princess loveth best."

"But when the Princess bends her  
head,"

Upspake a crocus bold,  
"Then glittering is the coronet,  
Above her hair of gold;  
So I will don my yellow gown,  
And wait without a fear;  
For yellow has the golden sheen,  
The Princess loveth dear."

Then softly sighed one modest flower,  
"No purple robes are mine;  
No royal fold in gown of gold,  
Have I, in which to shine.  
I may not hope the Princess' smile  
Or favour to allure;  
But I will wear my pearl-white dress,  
Because her heart is pure."

And saintly Princess Alice  
Passed down the garden way,  
With one white crocus on her breast,  
That Easter dawn, to pray.  
For royal purple lured her not,  
Nor gowns with gold bedight:  
Thenceforth, in old Illyrian lands,  
The crocuses were white.

## HANS EGEDE AND THE ESKIMO.

Have you read about good Hans Egede, who lived in Norway some one hundred and fifty years ago? Though a pastor there, his heart was not at rest for the longing he had to be in Greenland. Remembering, perhaps, the old story of Columbus and Queen Isabella, Hans told his wish to King Frederick the Fourth of Norway. Quite likely, although I cannot be certain, the king replied in some such way as this:

"I hear that the Greenlanders are a forlorn people, living in tents through their short summer, and in filthy huts of stone all winter; also that they eat uncooked food and drink the blood of animals. Why should you leave Norway for such a country?"

"Because, sire," replied Hans, "I wish to teach the people."

"Are they not fine hunters?" asked the king.

"Yes, sire; they know well how to catch the walrus, seal, polar bear, and Arctic fox. The dogs also are their obedient servants in long journeys over the ice."

"I have heard even more about their skill," continued the king. "Men wrapped in skins venture out between mountains of ice, through fearful tempests, in boats made of thin laths joined together by whalebones and covered with sealskins—all for the sake of catching these creatures. No, my good Hans! the Greenlanders do not need you to teach them such feats, nor even how to use the precious seals. They take the skin for clothing, the flesh for food, and the fat for oil." "I hear, too," continued the king, much interested in



AMONG THE ESKIMO.

telling Hans what he knew of the Greenlanders—"I hear that when it is too cold to go on the sea, the Eskimo entrap the animals on the ice. The seal, unable to stay long under water, comes up through ice-holes and falls asleep; then the hunter is ready with his club or gun. At other times, if he would catch the creature awake, the man covers himself with skin, cries like a seal, and creeps along the ice till near enough to pierce the unsuspecting animal. Now, how could you teach them greater skill?"

"You speak the truth, O king; still, my wish to go continues," said Hans.

"I hear, too, that the people are full of conceit and laugh at Europeans, which is very absurd, since they themselves are a short, dirty-looking race, quite ignorant of books. Besides, what

would you, a minister of God, do among people who are stupid pagans?"

"Now, dear king," said Hans, "you have gotten at my secret wish. I want to tell the Greenlanders about Jesus."

"What does your wife say to this plan?"

"She is as anxious as myself to go," said Hans.

"But think of your boys. Paul, I hear, is a fine boy of twelve," continued the king.

"The boys will go with us. I pray to God that they may grow up earnest missionaries."

Seeing Hans was determined, the king helped him right generously, so that Hans Egede, with his wife and sons and a company of forty-five persons, set sail in a small trading vessel for the dreary country of Greenland. They found the

natives just as you see them in the picture, stunted in growth by the cold climate, running round on the ice with harpoons and lances, surrounded by sharp-nosed Eskimo dogs.

Years afterwards Paul Egede wrote all about their life in Greenland how the young Eskimo taught them to catch seals, till they became good hunters. On the other hand, they taught the Greenlanders to read and write, and above all, to worship the only true God. I saw in a book the other day a funny anecdote from his life. A Greenlander carried off a Latin dictionary belonging to the young Egedes, supposing it made of skin, and persuaded his wife to sew the leaves together and make him a coat. One day he went to visit Hans Egede arrayed in the coat, which was adorned with a border of sealskin. When he tried to get out of the boat, however, the coat fell to pieces in various places, and young Paul Egede did not know whether to be amused or vexed at the loss of his book.

Paul tells us of the earnestness with which his father tried to lead these poor people to Jesus. To this day the Greenlanders can look up to heaven and thank God for Hans Egede.

## THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF BORNEO.

The Dyaks are closely allied to the Malay race, but are more simple and honest, and morally superior in almost every respect. Their average stature somewhat exceeds that of the Malays; their hair is straight, coarse, and black, and they are well proportioned without any tendency to obesity. Agriculture is their principal means of subsistence. They are distinguished by many excellent traits of character, and when kindly treated are docile, industrious, and faithful. They formerly gained great notoriety as daring pirates and head-hunters, seeking to decapitate others under the belief that every person beheaded would become the slave of the hunter in the next world. The greater portion of them have substantial dwellings, and cultivate rice, the banana, sugar cane, and some cotton and tobacco for their own consumption.

The missionaries are laying hold of the Dyaks, a group of whom you find in our illustration. Though they are savages, they are intelligent and teachable. The Gospel will lift them out of the shadows of their life.

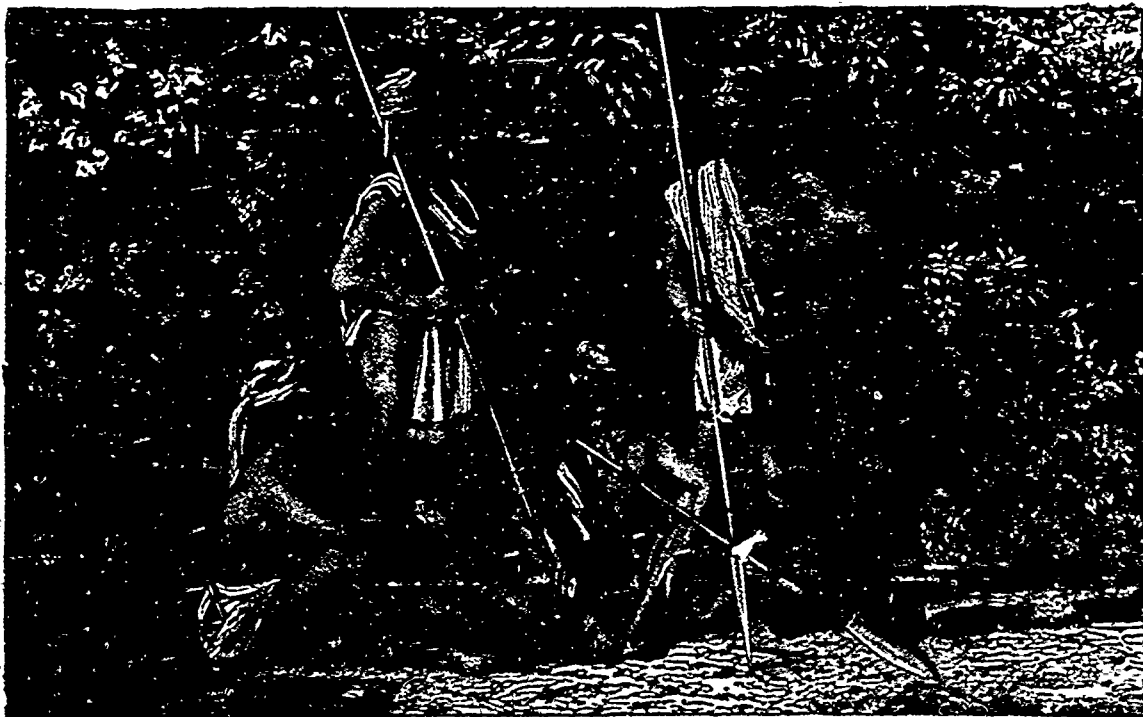
## PEARL FISHING.

The beautiful pearl is born in the bosom of an oyster—a dark and obscure home, but worth often has such homes; and worth, like pearls, is sought for, and finds its proper value by-and-by.

The most famous pearl fisheries are near the island of Ceylon. The boats are of from ten to fifteen tons burden, rigged with but one mast and sail, and with a crew of thirteen men and ten divers. Each boat has five diving stones, each weighing from fifteen to twenty-five pounds.

A kind of scaffolding is formed of oars and other pieces of wood, on each side of the boat, from which the diving tackle is hung; three stones on one side, and two on the other. The diver strips off his clothes, jumps into the water, takes hold of the rope which supports a stone, and puts one foot into a loop or stirrup on the top of the stone. After getting his balance, a basket hanging from a rope is thrown to him and in this he puts his other foot.

Now he is ready. He grasps the rope in one hand, and his nose with the



THE HEAD-HUNTERS OF BORNEO.

other, to prevent the water from rushing in and the ropes are let out. Down, down he sinks to the dark oyster bed below.

On touching the bottom, he takes his foot from the stone which is drawn up for the next diver. Then throwing himself as much as possible on his face he scrambles up the oysters and if it is a rich bed, and he is an expert, he can gather a hundred and fifty in about a minute and a half, which is as long as he can stay under water. He then gives a jerk to the rope, and he and his basket are hauled up.

On the return of the boats to the shore at night, the oysters are thrown into paved pens, where they remain ten days or so to dry and rot. The shells are then broken, and those which have pearls cleaving to them are handed to the clippers, who wrench off the pearls with plinchers. After the shells are thrown away, the slimy part of the oysters remains, mixed with sand and pieces of the shell. This is dipped into a sack like a jelly bag, water is poured in, and it is shaken until the sand and the pearls sink to the bottom.

When dry, the sand is sifted, and the large pearls are easily gathered; but the smaller ones, called "seed pearls," it takes some time to get out and collect together. Once collected, they are washed and sorted into classes, when they are ready for the market.—Our Sunday Afternoon.

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A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

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PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

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OUR TEMPTATIONS, AND HOW TO MEET THEM.

"Ye are of God, little children, and have overcome them because greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world"—1 John 4 4.

"There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape that ye may be able to bear it."—1 Cor 10 13.

It was the wise Martin Luther who used to say, "We cannot help the birds flying over our heads, but we can prevent them building their nests in our hair." We are all subject to temptation. Even our blessed Lord was tempted in all points like as we are, and in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted. Indeed, he was tempted as perhaps no one else ever was. After forty days of fasting, when hungry and faint, he was tempted to turn the stones into bread. He was tempted to show his great power, and thus overcome the opposition of Satan himself. He was shown all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them. These were offered him instead of the dreadful suffering of the cross if he would but acknowledge the power of Satan.

The secret of overcoming temptation is by not trusting in ourselves, but in the power that is greater than we are,

and greater than the world. Paul cried out in view of the difficulties of his life, "Who is sufficient for these things?" but then he says immediately after, "Our sufficiency is of God." God is faithful to his promise. He will not suffer us to be tempted above that which we are able to bear.

The word "tempt" does not mean to seek to inveigle men into a trap. It means to try them, to prove them, and thus their temptations, or trials, or provings may be made a very helpful means of grace whereby our souls may grow and be strengthened. Whenever we are tempted let us do as our great Teacher and Example did. Let us quote the Word of God against the tempter, and say, "It is written."

A little boy was walking with his father through the dark, and his father asked him, "Are you afraid, my son?" "Yes, father," he said, "give me your hand." "Are you afraid now, my son?" "No, father, not while I hold your hand." So amid the darkness of temptation or trial let us but hold the hand of our Father in heaven and no harm can befall us.

### A GOOD WORD FOR THE HEN.

The North American hen is not appreciated as she should be. It is true that she is invited to exhibit herself occasionally in a poultry show, but that is a small recognition of her sterling qualities and the benefits she confers upon the country. It is true she is protected from the competition of pauper foreign hens by a duty of five cents on imported eggs. This shows that appreciation is growing.

The hen lays for us, not in an offensive state, but in the very best and slangless use of that term. Her eggs aggregate in value the surprising sum of \$290,000,000 a year. This comes from a strict attention to business, from constant hustling and from a genuine desire to do her duty. She cackles loudly when she has laid an egg, but she is entitled to do this, for it is the aggregate of single eggs which amount to such a magnificent total. After serving her day and generation as an egg producer, the American hen lays down her life as a spring chicken, and is useful even after death. Some thoughtful persons are of the opinion that the hen is better qualified for the position of rational bird than is the eagle. What has the eagle ever done for this country? Let the eagle's friends speak.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

### LIKE HIM.

As we talk about Jesus' triumph, how he rode triumphantly into Jerusalem, and how the people wanted to make him king, after he had fed the five thousand, and how they constrained him to stay with them after he had healed their sick, and such times, then there are many who would gladly be like him. It would not take much effort to get people to follow Jesus then. But when we hear of his suffering, his lowliness, and how he was spit upon and accused, and, all through it, how he kept tender and forgiving, we do not see as many anxious to be like him. Few are willing to suffer reproach. Few will accept him as a meek Saviour, and lay their sins at his feet, and receive his nature within them. - We can never be like him until we get his nature planted deep within our hearts. Then we learn of his glory. At last we shall triumph over all our foes and sit around the Father's throne with him. Until the meek, unselfish nature comes in, we cannot expect to share the glories of heaven. Can we ask for his benefits if we are not willing to suffer with him? Oh! to be like him, taking the self-denying way, living for the good of others, waiting the end of our lives for our rest and reward. Who will be like him amidst reproach and dishonour? Those who will, shall surely realize the upliftings, as they come from God upon our souls.

Receive him in humility and be kept by his power.

### FISHING.

When cousin Robert came down to visit the cousins at Beechwood, he gave each of the boys a fishing-line, with sundry directions about fishing calculated to make them very expert in the art. How anxiously they watched for spring weather, so they could try their skill, and how pleased they were when papa brought home from the lane, one morning, a handful of violets for little May. But not until there had been a week of warm sunshine to dry the earth,

did mother give them leave to play out of doors for an afternoon.

"Now, May, you must keep little Dash very still," said Robbie, "or he will have to go back. Any noise scares the fish, Robert said so."

May cuddled her darling doggie close in her arms for half a minute. No sport could be half enjoyed by her without he shared it.

The boys had considerable "luck," as they thought, and pretty soon four or five poor, gasping little minnows lay struggling and suffering on the bank, drawing the children in a circle about them.

May's tender heart and loving eyes were overflowing. "O Robbie, let us pick the pretty flowers instead," she pleaded; "it doesn't hurt them when we break them off. How would you like to have a cruel hook tear out your mouth?"

"They don't mind it, May; fish always act so when you take them out of the water."

"Then it is because they want to stay in. If they did not suffer dreadfully they would never twist and turn in so many shapes. It is the way they cry, I know."

I cannot say how successful May's gentle pleadings would have been, but just then a stop came to the sport in another way. Little Frank, in his efforts to untangle his line, buried the hook-point in his fat hand. Oh, it was such a sad thing! I cannot bear to think of it. And when papa got it out the little party were very sober, and sympathized with dear Frank.

"You may have my fish-line, mother," said Robbie, "when you want a good, stout string for anything."

"And mine, too," said Frankie; "if that is the way it hurts the poor fish, I don't want to try that play again."

### LITTLE GIRL SOLVED THE PROBLEM.

A street-car horse on the Ninth Avenue line balked at Forty-sixth Street, recently. A crowd collected, and the passengers got out of the car. The driver brouf at his whip down across the horse's back without effect. A stout man who had just stepped off the car, said, "Don't do that; I'll get him started." He rubbed the horse's nose, patted him on the neck, and talked persuasively, all without result. By this time four cars were stalled. Somebody suggested oats, another kerosene, a third a patrol waggon. Another held a burning newspaper under the horse. Still it didn't move.

At last a girl of about thirteen pushed her way through the crowd and said, "Say, mister, if you'll ring the bell twice the horse will think somebody has just got off, and he'll go ahead."

The conductor pulled the bell, and the passengers had to run to catch the car.—Our Dumb Animals.

### INDIA.

A few years ago a young man who had grown up in one of the churches of Western Connecticut went upon a mission to India. The churches of his vicinity were so interested in the event that they voted to make a special effort for his support, and he agreed to enter upon a special correspondence with them. In one of his letters, which arrived last Christmas, he mentioned the need of a baby cabinet organ to assist in his work. At their Christmas celebration the Sunday-schools of two of the churches decided to make a contribution to supply him with an organ. The other schools took it up and the entire sum was raised and the organ sent. The following letter, which one of the schools received from him, acknowledging the organ, will be interesting as describing the obstacles which Sunday-school work in India has to overcome:

"You have never seen me, nor have I seen you, but I so much wish that I could see you now and tell you how thankful I am for your gift of two dollars toward a baby organ for use in our mission work here. The little organ will be very helpful, especially in our Sunday-school with the Hindu children. A little thing will keep them all from coming to our bungalow, but if we can go to them we may always have a full school. Since the beginning of this year (the date of the letter is February 12) there have been three festivals and no children have come to Sunday-school. On Sunday the people were amusing themselves by tying men's lower garments to bullocks' horns and starting them to running. The man who finally stopped a bullock could keep the cloth for his own. Yesterday the children took their part in a festival. They go to the pond near by and fill their earthen

pots with water, and go around the block where a certain temple is, pouring water as they go, and when they have gone all the way around they pour out water in front of the image of the goddess. In these various ways they worship their gods, and their gods are only blocks of stone carved into rude forms and covered with black grease. The people always put garlands of oleander blossoms or yellow chrysanthemums about the neck of the idol. If you could see the ugly, dirty idols which the children here worship, and then think of your dear, loving Saviour, Jesus, I am sure that you would love him. We teach these children, but they do not seem to understand that they are sinful and need a Saviour to wash away their sins. I wish you would all pray that the children may accept Jesus when they hear about him. Many thanks for your love and kindness."

### Where's Mother?

Bursting in from school or play,  
This is what the children say,  
Trooping, crowding, big and small,  
On the threshold, in the hall—  
Joining in the constant cry,  
Ever as the days go by,  
"Where's mother?"

From the weary bed of pain  
This same question comes again;  
From the boy with sparkling eyes,  
Bearing home his earliest prize;  
From the bronzed and bearded son,  
Perils past and honours won:  
"Where's mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task,  
One day we may vainly ask  
For the comfort of her face,  
For the rest of her embrace;  
Let us love her while we may,  
Well for us that we can say:  
"Where's mother?"

Mother with untiring hands  
At the post of duty stands;  
Patient, seeking not her own,  
Anxious for the good alone  
Of her children as they cry,  
Ever as the days go by:  
"Where's mother?"

—Good Housekeeping

### THE THISTLE OF SCOTLAND.

There is no thistle so interesting as the common purple thistle of Scotland. To be sure, it is neither a handsome nor agreeable flower in itself, but it is the national flower of Scotland, and we must honour it for that reason.

And this is how it chanced to become the national flower of Scotland: Once upon a time, many hundred years ago, the Danes made war upon the Scots, and invaded the country. The Danes did not believe in making an attack upon an enemy in the night. But, on this occasion, they turned aside from their usual custom, and dearly did they pay for it. As they were creeping, noiselessly and unseen, in the dark, one of their number stepped upon a thistle; its sharp prickles pierced his bare foot, and made him cry out with pain.

His cry awoke the soldiers of the Scotch army. They sprang to their arms, and drove back the Danes with great slaughter, and so saved Scotland. From that time the thistle has been the national flower of Scotland. It has been engraved on the coins of that country.

Over the gates of the now ruined Palace of Linlithgow, where Mary, Queen of Scots, was born, the thistle, with this motto, is engraved, "Touch me who dares."

The early mention of the thistle as the badge of Scotland is found in an old poem called "The Thrisssel and the Rois," which would be written now, "The Thistle and the Rose."—Sunday-school Visitor.

### VALUE OF SUNLIGHT.

Dr. Richardson, a London physician of authority in sanitary matters, says that no house is so likely to be unhealthy as a dark and gloomy house. In a dark and gloomy house you can never see the dirt that pollutes it. Dirt accumulates on dirt; and the mind soon learns to apologize for this condition because gloom conceals it. Flowers will not healthily bloom in a dark house; and flowers are, as a rule, good indices. We put the flowers in our windows that they may see the light. Are not our children worth many flowers? They are the choicest of flowers. Then, again, light is necessary in order that the animal spirits may be kept refreshed and invigorated.



**The Tendiril's Faith.**

Under the snow in the dark and cold  
A pale little tendril was humming;  
Sweetly it sang 'neath the frozen mould  
Of the beautiful days that were coming.

"How foolish your songs!" said a lump  
Of clay,  
"What is there, I ask, to prove them?  
Just look at these walls between you  
and the day!  
How can you have power to remove  
them?"

But under the ice and under the snow  
The pale little sprout kept singing,  
"I cannot tell how, but I know, I  
know,—  
I know what the days are bringing.

Birds and blossoms and buzzing bees,  
Blue, blue skies above me;  
Bloom on the meadow and buds on the  
trees,  
And the great glad sun to love me."

Then a pebble spoke up. "You are  
quite absurd,"  
It said, "with your song's insistence;  
For I never saw a tree or a bird,  
So of course there are none in exist-  
ence."

But "I know, I know," the tendril cried,  
In beautiful, sweet unreason,  
Till, lo! from its prison glorified,  
It burst in the glad spring season.

**THE BIDDING PRAYER.**

BY REV. SAMUEL GREGORY.

"When ye pray, say, Our Father."—  
Luke 11. 2.

One Sunday afternoon I was in a church in Cambridge. Before the sermon there came what is called "The Bidding Prayer," a prayer which all said together at "the bidding" of the preacher. The preacher said: "I bid you pray for the people I am going to mention." He then read a long list of people to be prayed for. The list began with the Queen, and seemed to include everybody. I thought that if the list of people to be prayed for was so long, the prayer about to be offered would be longer still. But when the preacher had finished reading his list, he said: "Let us (as in duty bound) pray for all these people in words which our Lord has taught us." He then said "The Lord's Prayer," and that was all. Instead of a long prayer we had nothing but the little prayer which every child knows by heart.

As I thought about it I said to myself, "Well, if all the people mentioned in that list have all the good things asked for in the Lord's Prayer, what can they want more? We have asked that they may have God for their Father, and that they may reverence God's name, and be subjects of God's Kingdom, and serve God's will as if they were angels in heaven, and that every day they may receive from God what they need, and have their sins forgiven, and be loving in heart, and be protected from temptation, and be delivered from evil." These are good things we had asked for everybody in "words which our Lord has taught us."

It will be well to think about this, and to see how wonderful is that little prayer, which we have said so many times. Let me try to show what a treasure we have in the Lord's Prayer.

1. It is a child's prayer. "Our Father, who art in heaven." That is a child's thought of God; a thought of love and of trustfulness. When the Diamond Jubilee procession passed by, all people waited for one carriage where the Queen was seated. She passed along, a gentle old lady, with silver hair, and looked more like a kind mother than a great sovereign. The most exalted and powerful person in the world is a kind white-haired mother. And when we kneel and think of God, we call to mind his gentleness and goodness. We think of the kindness of Jesus, God's Son. We know that God made the world, and the stars, and has all power in heaven and on earth; but when we pray we think of God's love and say Father! What "Father" means all know perfectly well. God is our Father. He pities us in all sorrow, and in all sin, and wants us to remember his love, and trust in it for everything we require.

2. The Lord's Prayer is a saint's prayer. "Hallow be thy name." That teaches us to set apart (or hallow or make holy) the thought of God. This is called reverence. It is bad to use the name of God lightly, and if we make God's name holy we shall have reverence for all other solemn things. We shall have regard for the Bible, the Sabbath, the place of prayer, our fathers and

mothers, the suffering and sorrowful, and that wonderful creation all around us. Love first, and then reverence—"Hallowed be thy name"

3. This prayer is a subject's prayer. "Thy kingdom come." When the Queen's procession entered the city of London, the Lord Mayor handed to the Queen "the Sword of the City," meaning that when she came he was only a subject and she the sovereign power.

And that great procession itself was made up of companies of armed men from all parts of the Queen's dominions all over the world. That was to show how wide and various the British Empire is, and how all parts of it have one flag, and make one brotherhood.

Now the kingdom of God is far wider. It is made up of companies of people all over the world, who love God and live to do him service. But every year God's kingdom grows. More people learn to love him. And we pray that its growth may be more wonderful than ever, and that the day may come when everybody shall serve God, and make part of his vast kingdom.

4. The Lord's Prayer is a servant's prayer. "Thy will be done." At the Jubilee one building in Fleet Street was filled with old men, "survivors of the Balacava Charge," of which all have heard, if only in Tennyson's poem. When they were young and strong, these men, at the "will" and word of their commander, made their terrible gallop to where cannons were blazing and Russian bayonets gleaming. It was hard to do the will of their commander, but they did it, without caring for life or limb.

We must not think that God's will is always hard and painful. It is not. To do right is to do the will of God. And to be brave in disappointments is to submit to the will of God, and God's will is that we should be happy and make others happy.

As long as we live it is our business to find out in God's Word what is God's will, and to ask him to help us to do it (as angels do it), joyfully and perfectly.

5. This little prayer is a dependent's prayer. "Give us this day our daily bread." We like to be independent. But no one can be independent of God. We depend upon him altogether.

The Israelites in the wilderness depended on God for the gift of manna, which God sent every morning to keep them alive. The Psalm beautifully reminds us of God, how "he spread a cloud for a covering, and fire to give light in the night. The people asked, and he brought quails, and satisfied them with the bread of heaven. He opened the rock, and waters gushed out, they ran in dry places like a river." So Israel lived day by day, depending on the gifts of God.

When we are babies we all depend on father and mother, and could not continue to live, unless they took care of us, but when we grow up we are strong and work, and it seems as though we depend on ourselves. But all our life we are held by God's hand and blessed by God's goodness.

People "plough and sow, and reap and mow," and we are fed with corn which is grown, and food which is produced and stored, and that looks very different from the case of Israel. It is not very different, for it is God "who sends rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness." So let us live, with thankfulness and trust, and believe that day by day all good things come from heaven.

6. The Lord's Prayer is a sinner's prayer. "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us."

Whenever we have done wrong we ought if possible to undo the wrong, or try to make up for it somehow. Put things right if you can. But all sin offends God, and somehow Jesus has made an atonement for our wrong, that is why he died on the cross. So we ask God for Jesus' sake to forgive us. That is why people love such hymns as "Rock of Ages," and "Jesus, lover of my soul," because the hymns remind us that we have a Saviour, through whom God readily pardons all the sins that we truly repent of. There is no end to God's mercy.

But you know what one great English poet has said—"We all do pray for mercy, and that same prayer loth teach us all to render the deeds of mercy." We must forgive those who offend us, and not be bitter, and hard-hearted, and unmerciful. God is love, and God's children are loving and kind, and remembering how God has forgiven them, are ready to cheerfully forgive one another.

7. Then this little prayer is a traveller's prayer. "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

We go through life like travellers through a dangerous country. Boys especially are fond of books of travel. When I ask a boy, "What books do you like?" he usually answers, "Books of adventure!" It stirs the blood to read of brave men who have gone safely through great perils. Life has perils for all. I recollect an old garden, when I was a very little boy. It belonged to a surly man, of whom it was said that he set "man-traps" in his grounds. I am not sure whether he did or not; but long ago, in this country, holes were made in the ground, and great traps, which came together like two saws, were placed in the holes, to catch men unawares. Once in an old curiosity shop I saw a "man-trap." I am sorry to say there are many kinds of "man-traps," into which all of us may fall. We call them temptations, and come upon them unawares. It is great wisdom to "watch and pray," lest we enter into temptation. And our daily prayer is, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

If you think of all these things you will feel as I did when I heard the "Bidding Prayer." You will say: "All we can want is in the Lord's Prayer." It tells us that God loves us and is our Father, that we should be serious and reverent, and not think lightly of God and good things; it shows us a great and happy kingdom of which we ought to be subjects, and of which God is king; it warns us that our own way and our own will are often wrong, and that the will of God is good and right; it leads us to believe that there is forgiveness for all our sins and happiness in having a loving and forgiving disposition, it causes us to think of God as the giver of all good things we can require; it tells us that among temptations and evils of life God is a great guide and protector.

This is the prayer that includes all people and everything they can want, it is "The Bidding Prayer," the prayer which Jesus has bid us offer to our Father who is in heaven.

**A COMICAL SCENE.**

I was married in India, writes Phil. Robinson, the author and traveller. I engaged for our honeymoon a little house—sixteen miles or so from any other habitation of white man—which stood on the steep white cliff of the Nebudda River, which here flows through a canyon of pure white marble. Close beside our house was a little hut where a holy man lived in charge of an adjoining shrine, earning money for himself and for the shrine by polishing little pieces of marble as mementos for visitors. It was a wonderful place altogether. While my wife went in to change her dress, the servants laid breakfast on the veranda overlooking the river. At the first clatter of the plates there began to come down from the big tree which overshadowed the house, and up the trees which grew in the ravine behind it, from the house roof itself, from everywhere, a multitude of solemn monkeys. They came up singly and in couples and in families, and took their places without noise or fuss on the veranda, and sat there, like an audience waiting for an entertainment to commence. And when everything was ready, the breakfast all laid, the monkeys all seated, I went in to call my wife.

"Breakfast is ready, and they are all waiting," I said.

"Who are waiting?" she asked in dismay. "I thought we were going to be alone, and I was just coming out in my dressing-gown."

"Never mind," I said; "the people about here are not very fashionably dressed themselves. They wear pretty much the same things all the year round."

And so my wife came out. Imagine, then, her astonishment. In the middle of the veranda stood her breakfast-table, and all the rest of the space, as well as the railings and the steps, was covered with monkeys, as grave as possible, and as motionless and silent as if they were stuffed. Only their eyes kept blinking, and their little round ears kept twitching. Laughing heartily—at which the monkeys only looked all the graver—my wife sat down.

"Will they eat anything?" she asked. "Try them," I said.

So she picked up a biscuit, and threw it among the company. And the result! About three hundred monkeys jumped up in the air like oae, and just for one instant there was a riot that defies description. The next instant every monkey was sitting in its place as solemn and serious as if it had never moved—only their eyes winked and their ears twitched.

My wife threw them another biscuit,

and again the riot, and then another, and another, and another. But at length we had given all that we had to give, and got up to go. The monkeys at once rose, every monkey on the veranda, and advancing gravely to the steps, walked down them in a solemn procession, old and young together, and dispersed for the day's occupations.—Our Dumb Animals.

**The Heart's Song.**

In the silent midnight watches,  
Lift thy bosom-door!  
How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh  
Knocketh evermore!  
Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating;  
'Tis thy heart of sin;  
'Tis thy Saviour knocks, and crieth,  
Rise, and let me in!

Death comes down with reckless foot  
step  
To the hall and hut;  
Think you death will stand a-knocking  
Where the door is shut?  
Jesus waiteth—waiteth—waiteth;  
But the door is fast!  
Grieved, away the Saviour goeth;  
Death breaks in at last.

Then 'tis thine to stand—entreating  
Christ to let thee in;  
At the gate of heaven beating,  
Waiting for thy sin.  
Nay, alas! thou foolish virgin,  
Hast thou then forgot,  
Jesus waited long to know thee,  
But he knows thee not!

**ABOUT CAMPHOR.**

Notwithstanding the comparatively narrow limits of its natural environment, the camphor-tree grows well in cultivation under widely-different conditions. It has become abundantly naturalized in Madagascar. It flourishes at Buenos Ayres. It thrives in Egypt, in the Canary Islands, in Southeastern France, and in the San Joaquin Valley in California, where the summers are hot and dry. Large trees at least 200 years old are growing in the temple courts at Tokio, where they are subjected to a winter of seventy to eighty nights of frost, with an occasional minimum temperature at low as 12 to 16 degrees Fahrenheit. The conditions for really successful cultivation appear to be a minimum winter temperature not below 20 degrees Fahrenheit, fifty inches or more of rain during the warm growing season, and abundance of plant food, rich in nitrogen. In the native forests in Formosa, Fukien, and Japan, camphor is distilled almost exclusively from the wood of the trunks, roots, and larger branches.

The work is performed by hand labour, and the methods employed seem rather crude. The camphor-trees are felled, and the trunks, larger limbs, and sometimes the roots, are cut into chips, which are placed in a wooden tub about forty inches high and twenty inches in diameter at the base, tapering towards the top like an old-fashioned churn. The tub has a tight-fitting cover, which may be removed to put in the chips. A bamboo tube extends from near the centre of the tub into the condenser. This consists of two wooden tubes of different sizes, the larger one right side up kept about two-thirds full of water from a continuous stream which runs out of a hole in one side. The smaller one is inverted with its edges below the water, forming an air-tight chamber.

This air-chamber is kept cool by the water falling on top and running down over the sides. The upper part of the air-chamber is sometimes filled with clean rice-straw on which the camphor crystallizes, while the oil drips down and collects on the surface of the water. In some cases the camphor and oil are allowed to collect together on the surface of the water, and are afterwards separated by filtration through rice-straw or by pressure. About twelve hours are required for distilling a tubful by this method. Then the chips are removed and dried for the furnace, and a new charge is put in. At the same time the camphor and oil are removed from the condenser. By this method twenty to forty pounds of chips are required for one pound of crude camphor.—Department of Agriculture.

Bethlehem, Penn., has achieved the distinction of giving to the world the biggest engine of war—the 49-foot coast-defence gun. Another Bethlehem gave one who is making wars to cease on the earth; yet perhaps, after all, the influence of the two Bethlehems is working to the same end. Plenty of big guns may mean little use for them.—Golden Rule.

## "He Calleth for Thee."

At Bethany, once, in the chamber of sorrow,  
A heartbroken woman sat mourning her dead,  
No promise had she of a brighter to-morrow,  
No hope on her pathway its radiance shed.  
But suddenly light did her senses bewilder;  
Her sister caused all the dense darkness to flee,  
By whispering low the sweet message which thrilled her,  
The Master is come, and he calleth for thee!"

Both sisters were loved by the Lord, and the elder  
Had gone forth to meet him that sorrowful day,  
And learned from his lips, while his presence upheld her,  
That he was the Life, and the Truth, and the Way.  
Such wonderful knowledge she dared not be hiding,  
She felt that her sister this brightness must see;  
So whispered to her in the shadow abiding,  
The Master is come, and he calleth for thee."

We, too, have a sister who sits in the shadow,  
And never has heard of the Father above;  
But he, who forgets not the flowers of the meadow,  
Is yearning for her with the might of his love.  
When counting the flocks in the field he has missed her,  
And bids us, "If ye my disciples would be,  
Go forth in my power, and say to your sister,  
The Master is come, and he calleth for thee!"

With us who are saved by his perfect salvation,  
The Saviour is pleading the cause of the lost;  
And charging us now—by his own incarnation,  
By all that he purchased, by all that it cost,  
By all that he felt when the temple was shaken,  
By all that he suffered on Calvary's tree—  
To say unto her who awhile seemed forsaken,  
The Master is come, and he calleth for thee!"

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

## LESSON VI.—MAY 8.

## THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

Matt. 22. 1-14. Memory verses, 2-4.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Come, for all things are now ready.—Luke 14. 17.

## OUTLINE.

1. The Feast, v. 1-7.
2. The Guests, v. 8-10.
3. The Garment, v. 11-14.

Time.—Tuesday, April 4, A.D. 30.

Place.—Probably in the temple courts.

## HOME READINGS.

- M. The marriage feast.—Matt. 22. 1-14.  
Tu. The supper of the Lamb.—Rev. 19. 5-10.  
W. The white robe.—Rev. 7. 9-17.  
Th. Whosoever will.—Rev. 22. 13-21.  
F. Wisdom's invitation.—Prov. 9. 1-12.  
S. Folly of refusal.—Prov. 1. 20-33.  
Su. Wicked excuses.—Luke 14. 15-24.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Feast, v. 1-7  
With what form of teaching did Jesus again instruct the people?  
To whom did he liken the kingdom of heaven?  
For what purpose did the king send out his servants?  
Were they successful in their invitation?  
What second message did the king send?  
How was this second invitation received?  
What excuses were made? Luke 14. 18-20.  
Who did these people go?  
What was done to the servants?

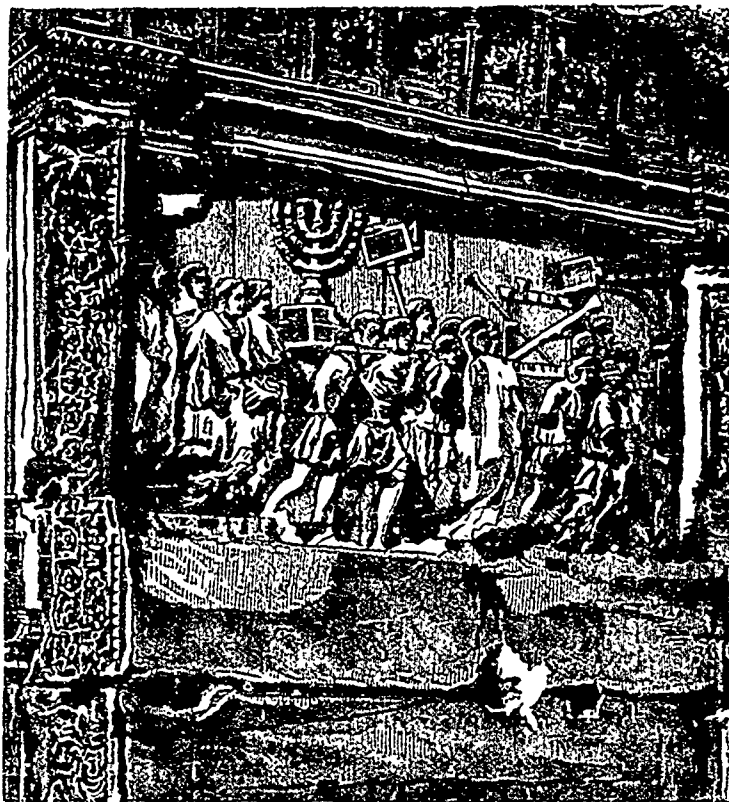
How was the king affected by this treatment?  
How did he punish the murderers?  
2. The Guests, v. 8-10  
What then did the king say to his servants?  
Where did he bid them go?  
Whom were they to invite to the wedding?  
What was the result of this order?  
Of what class were the guests? Luke 14. 21.  
3. The Garment, v. 11-14.  
Who came in to see the guest?  
Whom did the king find there?  
What question did he ask the guest?  
What was the man's reply?  
What order was given to the servants?  
What would there be in the outer darkness?  
What was said about many and few?  
What invitation is addressed to each of us? Golden Text.  
What is the wedding garment? Rev. 19. 8.

## PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That the Gospel is an invitation to a feast?
  2. That all who will may come to the feast?
  3. That the unworthy will be finally cast out?

committed some pretty severe ravages upon these figures, and scarcely any of the soldiers are now left unbroken. Of some of them a portion of an arm, or perhaps the entire limb, is gone, some feet are left with part of the leg gone, and faces, heads, and shoulders have had equally untoward experience. The conqueror Titus, when he came to the throne, was one of the best of the Roman emperors, but his principal fame rests upon his conquest of the ancient city of Jerusalem. The temple, so grand in its character and associations, the sacred edifice in which the Saviour so often walked and taught, was destroyed completely by his men, but, it may be added, to the credit of the general, altogether against his will and orders.

A little while before Titus conquered Jerusalem, and before he became emperor in the imperial city, there was taken out of prison in Rome a man prematurely old from excessive labours, and led a little way out of the city, and in the presence of a small company of men beheaded with a sword. There remains a monument to this man's name. It is composed of a number of the epistles of the New Testament; in part, also, of the great Christian Church throughout the world, in the founding of which he bore so large a part. This man is not known as emperor of Rome, but simply as an



SECTION OF THE ARCH OF TITUS.

## THE ARCH OF TITUS.

BY ROBIN MERRY.

The ancient Romans, like the people of modern nations, erected many imposing monuments to commemorate great victories, or for the special honour of distinguished commanders. Many of these were obelisks, placed on massive bases, and sustaining elaborately-carved capitals, on the top of which was placed a figure of the commander whose fame was to be perpetuated. Another favourite form of monument was the arch. Twenty-one of these are mentioned as being erected in the city of Rome. One of the most famous of these is the Arch of Titus, which after the lapse of so many centuries still remains standing. The special conquest which gave fame to this commander was the destruction of Jerusalem, the overthrow of which was accomplished after a siege of three years and six months. The arch constructed to commemorate this victory was an imposing and beautiful structure, and at this distant day it still retains the mark of the skill which was lavished upon it. We have much pleasure in presenting to our readers a view of one of the interior faces of the arch, of a most interesting character. The sides and under portion of the arch are all covered over with the richest carvings, the human figures introduced being of full life size. The section represented by our cut constitutes the chief piece of one of the inner sides of the passage. It contains about fifteen or more Roman soldiers from the triumphal procession bearing aloft the golden candlestick from the temple at Jerusalem; also, the golden table of shewbread, the silver trumpets of the priests, and other relics obtained from the ruins of the temple. The soldiers are cut in stone in heavy bas-relief. Time has

apostle of Jesus. Which of the two monuments do you think is the grander and more enduring, the Arch of Titus or the monument of the Apostle Paul?

## SWEET COURTESIES OF LIFE.

Every Christian grace should be cultivated from early childhood. The little words, "please" and "thank you," when favours are solicited, fall pleasantly upon the ear.

"One little act of kindness done—  
One little soft word spoken—  
Hath power to make a thrill of joy,  
E'en in a heart th't's broken."

In teaching little folks the sweet courtesies of life, we must repeat over and over the same lesson, day after day, for the first few years. Some little girls can wait on a visitor, in their mother's absence, with as much propriety as young ladies; can answer questions put to them clearly and directly, and always politely; and it is a pleasure to be a guest where children thus behave.

Little Alfred's mother had taken pains to instruct her baby-boy in some of the simple forms of politeness and hospitality, and, though not three years old, he used to put his lessons in practice. One day a dear friend of his mother's called, and he ran at once to bring a chair for her, inviting her to sit by the fire. Then he brought a footstool for her feet, and asked her to let him take her bonnet. "I wish you would stay to dinner," he lisped, "and stay all day and forever." Then he looked up in her face with a bright smile, and said, "I try to be polite."

"Thank you, Charlie," said Mrs. Brown, as her little son handed her a paper he was requested to bring.

"Thank you, Bridget," said the little fellow a few hours later, as he received a glass of water from his nurse.

"Well, Mrs. Brown, you have the best mannered children I ever saw," said a neighbour; "I should be thankful if mine were as polite to me as yours are to the servants. You never spend half as much time on your children's clothes as I do, and yet every one notices them, they are so well behaved."

"We always try to treat our children politely," was the quiet reply.

This was the whole secret. When I hear parents grumbling about the ill manners of their children, I always wish to ask, "Have you always treated them with politeness?"

What sight is more lovely than this pleasant, modest, Christian courtesy in little folks, at home and abroad? It is like "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Hearts, like doors, can open with ease,  
To very, very little keys;  
And don't forget that they are these,  
'I thank you, sir,' and 'If you please.'"

When the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last thing he took was a little tea. On his servant's handing it to him in a saucer, and asking if he would have it, the Duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy is expressed by them! He, who had commanded the greatest armies of Europe, and was long accustomed to a tone of authority, did not despise or overlook the smallest courtesies of life.

Ah, how many boys do? What a rude tone they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to their mothers!

A look will sometimes send a pang  
Of anguish to the heart;  
A tone will often cause a tear  
In sorrow's eye to start."

Children, don't forget three little words, "If you please."

"Then let us watch those little things,  
And so respect each other,  
That not a word, or look, or tone,  
May wound a friend or brother."

—Author of "Apples of Gold."

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