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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. X.

TORONTO, JUNE 23, 1900.

No. 25.



SAVAGERY AND CIVILIZATION.

OUR PICTURES.

The graphic illustrations of Indian life in this number are full of interest. The dog-teams show the mode of winter travel in the Northwest. In the background is one of the Hudson Bay trading posts. These sturdy Indian runners will keep pace with their dogs all day long. A single frozen fish is their supper, shared by dogs and man alike after the long day's journey.

On the second and third pages are portraits of two notable Indian missionaries; the first, that of the Rev. E. R. Young in his Indian costume, with his faithful dog "Jack" at his feet. This noble animal was given to Mr. Young by Senator Sanford, an imported St. Bernard of gigantic size, the biggest dog we have ever seen. On more than one occasion he saved the missionary's life; very notably once when lost on Lake Winnipeg in a blizzard.

The other portrait is that of the heroic George McDougall, the pathfinder of empire throughout the great Northwest. At the close of a severe journey, bewildered in the storm, he lay down and died upon the prairie, the snow his winding-sheet, the winter wind his requiem—a blessed martyr and witness for his God as surely as any who suffered at the stake.

Another cut shows the remarkable contrast between civilization and savagery; on one side the squalid Indian tepees, unchanged from time immemorial; on the other side of the cut, the latest triumph of civilization, the iron road piercing or climbing the mountains, crossing the streams on iron bridges, running straight as an arrow for hundreds of miles across the prairie, and conveying from ocean to ocean a train of cars with all the comforts and luxuries of a first-class hotel.

The cut at the foot of the last page shows the mode of snow-shoeing. Without this simple but ingenious arrangement it would be impossible on the deep snows to make any progress whatever.

In our second cut we have an illustration of the mode of camping in the wintry snow. The snow is merely scraped away to make a barricade or wind-break, a fire is kindled and the tea is made; the trappers are as fond of tea as any old woman. The dogs gather round while the fish are being thawed out, and after a hurried supper the travellers wrap in their furs, lie down upon their rugs in the snow, or creep into their skin bags, often with the thermometer thirty or forty degrees below zero or even more.

Our other pictures are Indian types, the Medicine Man, or conjurer, and others who wear the cast-off finery of white men.

BILLY THE HEATHEN.

BY ANNE WESTON WHITNEY.

They were waiting for the train to the cranberry bogs; Mrs. Dale, the sick baby, four older children, and Billy the goat. Other "pickers" were waiting, too; but though they were all to be gone several weeks, there were no trunks to be seen—only great bundles tied up in patchwork quilts. In that belonging to the Dales there was a feather bed, and on it lay "Baby Dale."

A coloured boy, tired of waiting, began to stand on his head, turn somersaults, and walk on his hands with his feet in the air. Billy the goat laughed and clapped her hands, and cried, "More, more!" till Virgil noticed her and grinned. Then he took the tin pan he was going to pick cranberries in, and, using it for a drum, gave a shuffling dance that delighted Baby Dale still more. But Billy the goat did not like the noise, and, as the train came puffing into the station, made a dash for it, with the intention of showing disapproval, in the manner of goats, by butting it vigorously.

There was a cry of dismay from the Dale children, but Virgil with a bound went for the goat, caught him by the horns, and together they rolled down an embankment, just as the train went over the spot where they had met. Virgil was found still and bleeding, the goat butting him most energetically. They laid him on the platform, while the goat was put on the train and secured so that he could do no further harm.

The little Dale children were all crying as they got on the train, and Mrs. Dale looked very much distressed as she said:

"I would not leave the boy, but my baby is sick, and I must make money to buy bread for my children."

When Virgil came to himself, he was in a hospital, and he asked:

"Dat goat wa... hurt none, were 'e?"

"No," said the doctor, "but I suppose you wish he was."

"Lor' sakes!" said Virgil, "I doan't know no better."

"Then you forgive the goat?" asked the doctor.

"Ain't no call ter forgive 'im w'en 'e don't

know no better. Dat goat jest same as de heathen."

Well, Virgil, said the doctor, most boys would not care whether the goat knew better or not, they would want to 'have it out' with him."

But Virgil never seemed to feel any resentment towards the goat, and when he was able to go to the cranberry bogs, he found that he had not been forgotten by the Dales. Every night, each of those who had been picking through the day put some pennies in a box "for Virgil." He objected to taking them at first, but they insisted, and little Millie said:

"When I put mine in, I always said, 'Thank you, Virgil, for saving the goat, but I wish he hadn't hurt you.'"

"Dat's kind in you all," said Virgil, "but yer ain't no call to blame dat goat; no one ain't ebber tole him no better; he jest like them heathen." And so the goat got the name of "Billy the Heathen."—The Outlook.

The Hero of the Fleet.

BY PAUL EASTNOR.

[We are glad to reprint the following generous tribute, by an American writer in the foremost religious paper in America, The Independent. It describes an incident in the boyhood of that distinguished admiral—Sir Cloudesley Shovel. —Ed.]

On board the English flag-ship reigned terror and dismay;

The mainmast had been shattered, the colours shot away.

Still closer pressed the foe, with many a deadly stroke,

Till from its English consorts the ship was hid in smoke.

The admiral gazed around him. "No hope," he cried, "unless

Our ships upon the right, there, shall learn of our distress."

He wrote a hasty order—then shouted: "Sailors ho!"

Where is the stout-armed swimmer will bear this through the foe!"

A dozen started forward—and one, a stripling slight,

His brown hair soft and curling, his fingers slim and white.

Pray, let me go," he shouted. I've breasted many a tide. And if I'm killed 'twere better than that a strong man died."

The admiral looked on him with keen but kindly eyes.

Go then my boy," he answered, "No brave soul ever dies."

Remember that the fortune of all on board is yours—

Your glory, if successful, while England's flag endures!"

"I'll do my best—God help me!" the dauntless boy replied.

Then, stripping off his jacket, he plunged into the tide.

A cheer broke from the sailors, while through the boiling sea,

Tho' shot and snell rained 'round him, intrepidly swam he.

Still fiercer raged the battle, the ship was keeling o'er;

Her masts lay on the bulwarks, her decks were red with gore.

Hope died in every bosom, dread silence sealed all lips—

When suddenly to leeward loomed up the British ships!

Loud thundered all their cannon; with storm of shell they bore

Straight down upon the foe, hemmed in 'twixt reef and shore.

They massed about the flagship; they scattered far and wide

The broad white sails of Holland—the streamers of her pride

That evening, when the flagship safe in the harbour lay.

And in the gilded cabin was fought one more the day,

The admiral remembered the lad who bore so well

The order he had written, through raining shot and shell.

"The hero of the battle!" he cried, when, at command,

The blushing lad had entered, and stood with cap in hand.

"Some day, my boy," he added, in proud and kindly tone,

"You'll have a British flagship and colours of your own!"

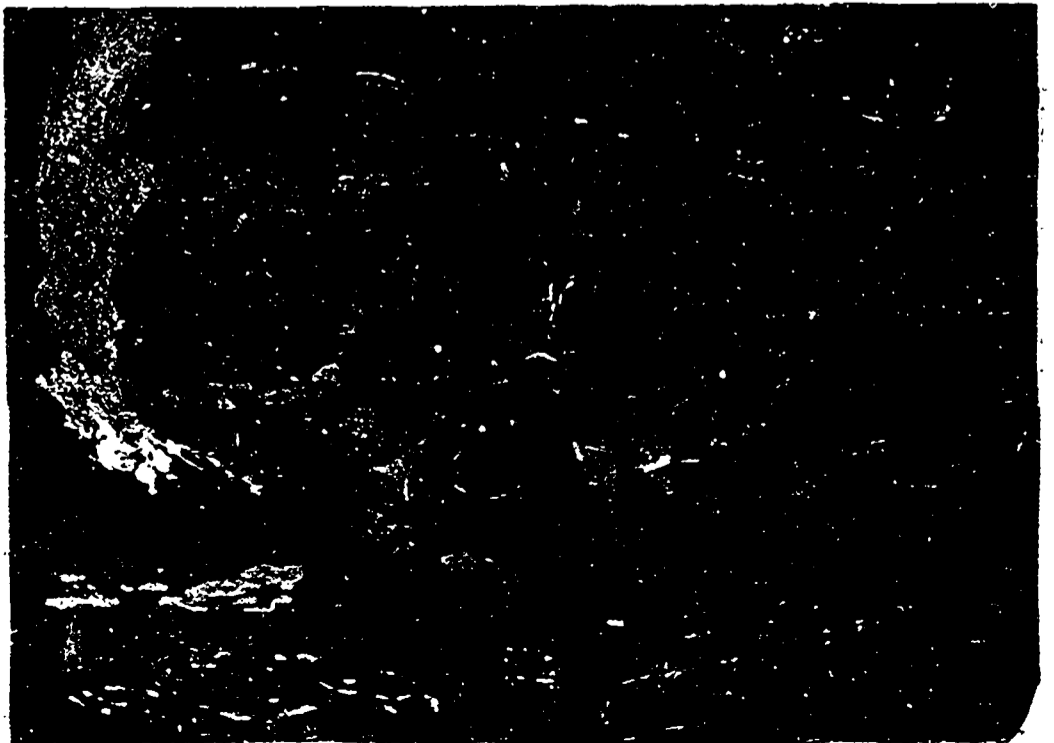
The brave lad was promoted. Time passed, and still he wrought

Each task in faithful earnest, nor failed of best in aught.

At last the once boy-hero—such meed does true worth bring—

Upon his own proud flagship was knighted by the king.

—The Independent.



CAMPING OUT IN THE SNOW, IN THE NORTHWEST.

The Old Saw.

BY M. R. S.

I hang on the wall in the tool-house.
My teeth are broken and few.
They say that my work is now ended,
There's nothing that I can do.

Brother Bill lies over in the corner,
All rusted—no happy as I,
For he never would work, so they left him
To waste and slowly to die.

Many years has he lain there so idly,
No good has he done, or will do,
While I have been used by my master
To bring comfort to more than a few

All day rang my song through the forest.
With the snow-birds happy and free,
I cut wood to bring food to the hungry,
And smiled as I shared in their glee.

I sawed logs to bring clothes to the children,
And peace to the toil-worn wife,
I was grasped with the hand of affection,
In my master's struggle for life.

I built houses to shelter the needy,
And couched the weary to rest,
My lips sped the solid words of history,
Or my coffin covered their breast.

And, oh, Brother Bill in the corner,
What thoughts and good wishes I've had,
"It is better to wear out than rust out."
No wonder you are gloomy and sad
Cape Croker, Ont.

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Pleasant Hours:

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 23, 1900.

OUR INDIAN MISSIONS.

The people known as Indians are the original inhabitants of America, and were so designated. It is believed, by Columbus, who was impressed with the idea that the land he touched on his first voyage westward was a part of Asiatic India. There are various opinions as to the origin of the Indians, but very little—if any reliable knowledge is obtainable concerning it. The Indian population of America—North and South—is estimated at about ten millions. Of these, a little over a hundred thousand belong to Canada.

The early white settlers of America found many traits of noble character among them, though cunning and a spirit of revenge were commonly evidenced by them. The introduction of the white traders, with their frowner, was the forerunner of much degradation and degeneration of Indian character, and it is painfully true that the "pale-faces" not only helped to degrade them, but, in their thirst for gain, took advantage of their ignorance of values in trade.

Reliable historical records show that the Indians received the early settlers with kindness and confidence, but this treatment was not honestly reciprocated. Each colony sought them as allies, but every one defrauded them of their lands, until they were gradually driven from the shores of the Atlantic to the Pacific, as civilization travelled westward. Unfortunately, what is termed Christian

civilization bears in its train many vices and wrongs. Not always does it regard "of one blood all the nations of the earth," not always does it recognize the brotherhood of man with a common Father God, much less does it practically show that "man is his brother a keeper." To satisfy the ambition and greed of unprincipled traders, the poor Indians were cheated, massacred sometimes, or left to starvation, with the result that haired of whites was born in them. The vices of civilization fastened upon them also to an extent which has greatly decimated their numbers.

To the honour of our beloved Canada, it is generally acknowledged that her methods of treating the Indians have been far superior to any other, and it is frequently noted, with a commendable gratification, that during the troublous times in the Northwest, our Indian population were loyal throughout, especially the Methodists.

While all this is so, does it not seem that their civilization and development into useful citizens might have been more thoroughly and speedily effected, if they had not been herded in reservations, which excluded them from the higher and better influences of our Christian civilization, and been kept as wards of the Government in a state of servile dependence and comparative

fruits, and nearly all of them have been converted.

In connection with the consideration of our Indian work, which, in the space of our disposal, can be only slightly suggestive, we feel that one important factor calls for more than passing attention—the Christian home—as illustrated by the missionary and his wife.

Reports are important. They are nearly always interesting to the lover of missions. They are, when printed, from necessity brief; but how little they say to us of the chief factor or instrument in the prosecution of the work recorded—the missionary, or his wife! These hard-worked, self-denying agents of the church—our substitutes, in fact—how little we hear of them! Bearing burdens with heroic faith, suffering trial and disappointments; often amid ungenial environments, and separation from loved ones, with but little diversion, if any, and deprived of the resources of society, how much they are contributing of that which costs so the work of God, and how quietly and unobtrusively they push on their work! They are God's heroes and heroines! Let us consider them and remember them in our prayers, and especially the dear women whose lives are spent in this service. How much we owe to them of love, esteem, and womanly, sisterly sympathy, because of their

death of her sons; here Ruth gleaned in the fields of Boaz, who so loved and loved her and made her his wife; here David, the king, was born, and here it was that the wise men were led by the star in the East which came and stood over the manger where the Christ-child lay.

There is now in Bethlehem the Church of the Nativity, built by Constantine only the hundred, and thirty years after Christ was born. The story is that the church is built over the grotto where the little Babe opened his eyes, and the spot in it where the manger stood is marked by a silver star in the pavement. Whether this is really the exact spot or not cannot be proved, but that it was not far away we know, and, indeed, all about the little town is holy ground.

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS AND MISSIONS.

The Sunday-school is the church of to-morrow. Everything we do for it and in it should be done with this obvious fact in mind. We are educating the future church. Let us recognize more constantly and fully its world-wide relation to the Master in possession of every land and all the kingdoms of the earth owning his mild away. The opportunity is ours to complete the work of the world for Christ. We ought promptly and wisely to plan the decisive campaign.

Practically, all that seems to be lacking is the material means. Men and women are ready by scores and hundreds to go to heathen lands; there is little lack of devotion at this point; and were the means adequate, the contagion of personal consecration to this work would spread a next generation should see the recovery of this world to its rightful Lord would inspire all Christendom. We must educate the coming generation in the Christian duty of giving for missions.—Rev. Elijah Herr, D.D.

A Man Who Knows a Lot.

He can tell you what the time is at the Sunday Islands when
The clock is striking nine at Liverpool;
He can give you all the facts concerning Cortez and his men,
He was always taking medals when at school.

But
His clothes are old and torn,
And his manner is forlorn;
He says that life's a failure at the best,
Once the brightest boy in town,
He is ragged now and beaten,
And a hopeless heart is beating in his breast.

He can quote you scenes from "Timon,"
He is full of ancient lore,
He can name the constellations in the sky;
He can tell you just how far it is from here to Singapore,
How all the wars were waged and when and why,
But

In spite of all he knows,
He is full of wants and woes,
He finds the world a cold and cruel place,
And he drags along the street
As if weights were on his feet,
And something more than time has marred his face.

He can talk on any subject with a glibness that is fine;
Ask for dates, and he will tell them right away,
His memory is marvellous—in fact, it is "a mine
Of useful information," so they say,

His clothes are old and torn,
And his manner is forlorn;
There's a blossom brightly blooming on his cheek!
Once the brightest boy in town,
He is ragged now and down,
With a dirty growth of stubble on his cheek.

On the corner of one of the business streets of the city, the other morning, a shoe-black had just finished polishing the shoes of a well-dressed and gentlemanly appearing man. The latter was unfortunately in having a deformity which compelled him to wear a shoe on one of his feet with a specially thick sole, thus encouraging to make up for what nature for what nature had denied him. "How much shall I pay you?" he asked the boy. "Five cents," said "Oh, but you should have a six-cent five cents for polishing my shoes," said the gentleman, tapping the thick sole significantly with his cane. "No, sir," said the boy, "five cents is enough. I don't want to make no money out of your hard luck."



REV. E. R. YOUNG IN INDIAN COSTUME.

pauperism? The agencies which the church has put in operation for their uplift, viz., the preaching of the Gospel and industrial education, must be recognized as of the highest value; but it is the opinion of experienced workers and students of the question, that the more the Indians can be brought into contact with Christian home life, whether on farms or in villages, the more rapidly will they become valuable as citizens.

America owes a vast debt to the Indians, which the Christian churches are not slow to declare and to acknowledge. As a people they have claims upon us which cannot be ignored. The "heathen lands" of our own day may not perhaps appeal to all with the same interest which clothes the heathen afar off, but our responsibility before God for their condition will be none the less. "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature" involves a duty to our own country, where at least two races—the Indian and the French—need the Gospel.

The Woman's Missionary Society of our church has two Indian Homes in British Columbia, one at Port Simpson, and one at Chilliwack. A remarkable revival has cheered the workers at Port Simpson, and his blessed influences have extended throughout the district. The girls of the Home were among the first-

living demonstration of woman's power and will to labour for God in a cause so noble! The wives of our Indian missionaries—God bless them every one!—Outlook.

BETHELEHEM.

High up in the hill country, about five miles south of Jerusalem, the little town of Bethlehem lies among the mountains of Judah. The country round is most beautiful. In the spring of the year, the hills, covered with vines, with fig and olive trees, are gay with the beautiful wild flowers for which Palestine is so noted. In spots, the ground will be all ablaze with great masses of brilliant, scarlet poppies; in another place, the white blossoms, touched with red, will look like a field of snow upon which great drops of blood have fallen.

There has been a town here for more than four thousand years, though the village has been destroyed three or four times.

The women of Bethlehem are said to be unusually beautiful, as indeed they ought to be, living in a place rich in hallowed associations of the noble woman of long ago. For here it was that Rachel was buried—here it was that Naomi lived, returning with Ruth after the



RAILWAY TRAIN VERSUS DOG TRAIN.

The Bloodless Sportman.

I go a-gunning, but take no gun,
I fish without a pole;
And I bag good game and catch such fish
As suits a sportsman's soul.
For the chiefest game that the forest
holds,
And the best fish of the brook,
Are never brought down by a rifle-shot,
And are never caught with a hook.

I bob for fish by the forest brook,
I hunt for game in the trees,
For bigger birds than wing the air,
Or fish than swim the seas.
A rodless Walton of the brooks,
A bloodless sportsman I;
I hunt for the thoughts that throng the
woods,
The dreams that haunt the sky.

The woods are made for the hunters,
The brooks for the fishers of song;
To the hunters who hunt for the gunless
game,
The streams and the woods belong.
There are thoughts that moan from the
soul of the pine,
And thoughts in a flower-bell curled;
And the thoughts that are blown with
the scent of the fern
Are as new and as old as the world.

So, away! for the hunt in the fern-scented
wood,
Till the going down of the sun;
There is plenty of game still left in the
woods,
For the hunter who has no gun.
So, away! for the fish by the moss-
bordered brook
That flows through the velvety sod;
There are plenty of fish still left in the
streams,
For the angler who has no rod.

Eric's Good News.

By the Author of "Probable Sons."

CHAPTER VI.

The weather broke, and there were very few mornings that did not find the young soldier on the beach by the side of his little friend. Sometimes Eric would ask to have a chapter read out of his Testament, and then would follow an earnest discussion; at least, if the earnestness was only on the child's side, Captain Graham did not let him see it, and the questions and deductions that sprang up struck the captain as startlingly fresh and conclusive.

But the last morning came, and Eric's bright little face grew very sad when the time of parting drew near.

"Will you write to me sometimes, Captain Graham? I shall be thinking of you so often."

"I promise to send you a line now and then, my boy."

"And, Captain Graham, I've been very puzzled lately—I can't make it out—and I'm so sorry."

Here Eric paused, gazed wistfully up at the face of his friend, and then shook his head very sorrowfully.

"What is up now?" inquired Captain Graham in an amused tone.

Eric slipped his little hand into the strong one that was laid on his shoulder.

"I wonder why you are so unhappy, if you have known all about Jesus. I should never have been if I had known before, and yet you were just as tired and unhappy as I was."

"It isn't so fresh to me as it is to you, Eric."

The captain's tone was hesitating; he could not bear that the boy's faith in himself should be shaken, and yet truth compelled him to undeceive him.

"I had forgotten all about these things, my boy. They don't touch me as they do you. It is my own fault, I suppose. You know much more about them already than I ever did."

"Why," said Eric, with open eyes, "you have told me all yourself! And you have explained all the hard things so beautifully. Why, Captain Graham, if it hadn't been for you I should never have known about Jesus."

"It isn't the knowing about him, Eric; all we professing Christians have the

head knowledge, but the majority in our country are not much the better for it. Don't puzzle your little head over me. You are a happy little soul in your belief, keep so, and when you pray to your now Friend, don't forget me."

Eric nodded brightly. "He knows all about you, Captain Graham. I have told him everything. I will ask him to make you happier. He is sure to do it. Oh! must you go? Oh! Captain Graham!"

And though it was on the beach the young soldier was not ashamed to stoop down and have two little clinging arms round his neck, and two little quivering lips pressed lightly against his bronzed cheek.

"Good-bye. I'll try not to miss you. I don't mind disappointments so much now, but I shan't never, never, forget you!"

Poor little Eric's ungrammatical sentence rang in the captain's ears as he walked away: "I shan't never, never, forget you," and he grimly wondered what his brother officers would say if they knew in whose society the latter part of his leave had been spent.

"Ah! well!" he muttered, "I envy that child's faith and happiness, and more than half feel inclined to follow his example. It is not a religion he has got hold of, but a real Person—it makes a vast difference, I fancy!"

Captain Graham rejoined his regiment, and his life went on in the old way. Yet he looked forward with a strange

me, for I would forget it all very soon. I don't understand what he means, do you? He has got a fever in Africa? I am asking the Lord Jesus to make him better and send him back quick. My dear captain, aren't you more happy now? I get happier every day. I tell Jesus about you, and I feel that he is sorry for you, too. He likes people to be happy, my Good News says. Have you told him what's the matter with you? I expect you have, but there is nothing he can't do, is there? The wonderfullest thing he has done for me was finding my knife. I lost it, and it's got my name on, and father gave it to me, and I have lost it for months, and when I know he would give me anything I wanted, I asked him to find my knife. I told nurse I should get it, but she laughed, and yesterday Rex brought it to me in his mouth: he had found it in a heap of dry leaves in the garden. It was kind of Jesus to tell Rex where it was. He knows how fond he is of finding things. Rex was so pleased, and so as I. I must not write any more, nurse says. Your loving friend, "Eric."

"Have I told him what is the matter with me? Of course I have not. I don't know it myself. If this Book is true, I shall never be at rest till I have done so. And I do believe the truth of it in my soul, only how to set to work is the difficulty. Eric slipped into it easily enough. If one were a child again it would be easy, but as I am not—"

Captain Graham here started. He had a Bible in his hand, and had been carelessly scanning its pages, but now here before him were these words, and they burnt themselves into his very soul as he gazed:

"Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

"Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven." Long did he ponder. When midnight

letter best if you saw mine that I wrote to him, which he kept under his pillow and gave to my aunt when she came away from him. I don't quite understand, but I send them both, and will you come and see me? I am really quite unhappy to have dear father die, but I have told the Lord Jesus, and I sit quiet and he comforts me.

"Your loving friend,
"Eric."

This was Eric's letter to his father:

"My Darling Father,—
"I have a lot to tell you to-day, and you will be so glad to know I am happy at last. I have found the wonderfullest book, which means Good News, and it is all true. It came from the sea, and Rex brought it in his mouth, and Captain Graham told me a lot more. I wish I could tell you what's in it, but I can't write so much. There's a wonderful Man, so good and kind, in it. I loved him when I read about him, and he really was alive once, only he was killed, but he came alive again because no one had any business to kill him. He was God, and he went up to heaven in the sky, but he has not only stayed there, he goes all about the world still, only we can't see him, and he loves everybody, and he loves me and he loves you. His name is the Lord Jesus; have you heard of him, dear father? because you never told me. My captain told me all about it: how he died because he wanted us to go to a beautiful place in the sky, and we could not have gone there if he hadn't; he didn't mind how much he was hurt as long as he could make us happy by being hurt himself; and he likes us to speak to him, and he always hears, and Doctor Parker says he will give me anything I ask for if it's good for me. My Good News says he likes sinners, and I have found that I am a sinner, and so is my captain. Are you a sinner, dear father? I hope you are, because Jesus died for sinners. It is so lovely to have Jesus to talk to now. I tell him all, and I never feel lonely no more, and he loves me, I feel he does. Nurse says you will be angry; you won't be, will you? She never tells me why. Her niece's daughter has got a husband. He is our keeper's son. Simmonds says she's a wonderful smart girl. Rex killed a little chicken yesterday. Bob beat him, and he came crying to me. Is a dog a sinner, dear father? I hope you will write me a nice long letter and come back soon.
"Your own loving son,
"Eric."

The father's letter was this:

"My Dearest Little Son,—
"I have been waiting to write to you a long time, and I have torn up three letters, and your aunt has refused to send another, so I must begin again. Your poor old father is very ill, Eric, and I am afraid you will never see him again. I received your last letter, and have read it many, many times. I am so glad to hear from Dr. Parker that my boy is in better health and spirits. I hope you will grow up a strong man yet, able to manage your life better than your father has done, for, Eric, I feel I have made a mess of mine. One does not realize it till one is brought upon a dying bed.
"Yes—believe in what and in whom you please, Eric; may it make you happier than my creeds have made me! I never talked to you about the things that are filling your little head at present simply because—there! I will write no more. Think gently of me, and when you pray remember me in your prayers. One thing I lay upon you as a command: burn every single book in my library and every MS. you find, all my letters, all my notes—spare none.
"Good-bye, my little son. Your aunt—"

("N.B. Your father is too weak to finish this, Eric. I—your aunt—will come and tell you all.
"Florence Wallace.")

Captain Graham read these letters in his room.

"Poor little chap! I wonder if his father found the light at last! Ah! Eric, if that were so, you will have brought two wanderers into the kingdom of heaven."

The End.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.
—William Cowper.

Love is better than a pair of spectacles to make everything seem greater which is seen through it.—Sir Philip Sidney.

One of the highest of spiritual luxuries is the enjoyment of pure and exhilarating and sublime thoughts.—T. L. Cuyler.



GEORGE M'DOUGALL, MISSIONARY.

pleasure to the letters that arrived from Eric, and vainly endeavoured to stifle the uneasy, restless longing in his own heart. It was after receiving one of these quaint epistles one evening that the young man retired to his room with a fixed purpose in his mind—that of settling, once for all, whether there was anything in this religion for him, or whether it was only suitable for innocent children and weak, credulous women.

"I cannot stand the worry of it much longer," was his angry thought. "I cannot imagine why it has taken such a hold on me—do what I will, I can get no rest from it, night or day!"

And then again he spread the child's letter before him.

"My Dear, Dear Friend,—
"I was so happy to get your nice letter, and like hearing about the bugles and the soldiers and your clever horse. I'm getting well so fast that my doctor wrote and said perhaps I could ride on a pony soon, instead of being drawn in my carriage. I should like that. My dear father is very ill. He has never written to me since I wrote to him and told him what a Good News I had found. He wrote to nurse and told her not to scold

came it found Captain Graham on his knees.

"Lord, I believe; help thou my unbelief!"

CHAPTER VII.

"My Dear Friend,—

"I am in trouble, and I have been crying all day; my dear, dear father is dead, and I shall not see him till I go to heaven. Nurse heard it yesterday, and my doctor came to see me to-day, and my aunt, who I don't know at all, because she said my father asked her not to see me, only she was with him when he died, because he was coming back, and he did not die till he landed at Plymouth. My aunt knows all about Jesus, and she loves him like you and I do, and I am so glad you are quite happy now. My aunt gave me a part of dear father's letter that he had begun to write to me, but he could not finish it. And he told her to take me to live with her, or else she was to come and live with me, so she has come here because I don't want to go away. My aunt says I can send you father's letter. I told her next to father I loved you, and she said you would like to see it, and she told me you would understand father's



DOG TRAINS AND INDIAN RUNNERS.

The Cruel Sparrow-Bird.

Once a sweet boy sat and swung on a limb;
On the ground stood a sparrow bird looking at him.
Now, the boy he was good, but the sparrow was bad;
So it shied a big stone at the head of the lad,
And it killed the poor boy, and the sparrow was glad.

Then the little boy's mother flew over the trees—
"Tell me, where is my little boy, sparrow-bird, please?"

"He is safe in my pocket," the sparrow-bird said,
And another stone shied at the fond mother's head,
And she fell at the feet of the wicked bird, dead.

You imagine, no doubt, that the tale I have mixed,
But it wasn't by me that the story was fixed;
'Twas a dream a boy had after killing a bird,
And he dreamed it so loud that I heard every word,
And I jotted it down as it really occurred.
—Author Unknown.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON I.—JULY 1.

JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.

Matt. 14. 22-33. Memory verses, 25-27

GOLDEN TEXT.

Of a truth thou art the Son of God.—
Matt. 14. 33.

OUTLINE.

1. Jesus in Communion with God, v. 22, 23.
2. Trial of the Disciples' Faith, v. 24-27.
3. Peter's Self-assertion, v. 28-30.
4. "Of a Truth Thou Art the Son of God," v. 31-33
Time—April, A.D. 29
Places—1. The Plain of Butatha, where the five thousand had been fed
2. The Sea of Galilee
Connecting Links. Lesson 1. connects closely with Lesson XII of the Second Quarter.

LESSON HELPS.

22. "Straightway Jesus constrained his disciples"—Immediately after the five thousand had eaten their miraculous supper Jesus authoritatively, but kindly, sent his disciples away. "A ship"—"The boat"—"Unto the other side"—"Unto Bethsaida"—says Mark, and John says "toward Capernaum". This means that they were to sail near to the shore and stop at both Bethsaida and Capernaum, ready to pick up their Master at whichever place he might go.

24. "The ship was now in the midst of the sea"—In the middle of the lake. All their efforts to obey the Master and keep close

to shore had been foiled by the "contrary" wind
25. "The fourth watch of the night"—Between three o'clock and six o'clock in the morning. For at least nine hours the disciples had been on the sea, and must have been nearly worn out.

26. "They were troubled"—The dawn was gray, and Jesus may have seemed like a pale phantom "It is a spirit"—Or, as we might say, a ghost.

27. "It is I; be not afraid"—It is enough to dispel anxiety for Jesus to let them know he was there.

28. "If it be thou"—Since it is thou, "Hid me come unto thee on the water"—This was not praiseworthy faith; it was only rashness.

31. "Wherefore didst thou doubt?"—Not "Why did you come?" but "Why did you not come all the way?" "The Saviour never complains of our confidence, but of our diffidence."—Jacobus.

33. "They that were in the ship"—Others besides the disciples. "The Son of God"—The earliest confession made of the divine character of Jesus.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Jesus walking on the sea.—Matt. 14. 22-33.
- Tu. Early prayer.—Mark 1. 32-36.
- W. In the wilderness.—Luke 5. 12-16.
- Th. Storm and calm.—Psa. 107. 23-31.
- F. "Peace, be still"—Mark 4. 35-41.
- S. Fear not.—Isa. 41. 8-14.
- Su. Wondrous power.—Mark 6. 45-52.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Jesus in Communion with God, v. 22, 23.
What did Jesus tell his disciples to do?
What did he do with the multitude?
What had he done just previous to this?
Where did Jesus go?
For what purpose?
What had Jesus been doing?
Whom did he seek in the hour of trial and fatigue?
What does this teach us?
2. Trial of the Disciples' Faith, v. 24-27.
How long did Jesus remain on the mountains?
What was happening to the ship?
Had Jesus forgotten the disciples in their distress?
How did the Jews mark time in the night?
At what time did Jesus go to the disciples?
How did he reach them?
How did this affect them?
How did Christ reassure them?

- Did they recognize his voice?
- Do we always recognize his voice?
- 3. Peter's Self-assertion, v. 28-30.
What did Peter ask the Lord to do?
Did he walk safely on the water?
What was the cause of his failure?
Why do Christians sometimes fall in these days?
What was Peter's cry?
What did Jesus do for Peter?
What is Jesus ready to do for all the world?
How did he rebuke Peter?
What gracious invitation give to Peter is also given to all the world. Verse 29.
- 4. "Of a Truth Thou Art the Son of God," v. 31-33.
What was the condition of the winds when Christ entered the ship?
What is the condition of our lives when Christ enters in?
What did those in the ship do?
What testimony was given to Jesus?
Golden Text.
Can you give any promises of peace to those who trust?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson do we learn—
1. That like Christ we should pray at all times?
 2. That Christ is near us in trouble though we do not see him?
 3. That we can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth us?

THE DOLLAR MARK.

Thousands, hundreds of thousands of times every day is made the queer little sign that we read "dollar." The S crossed by two straight lines has its place on the great ledgers of the city millionaire, and is shaped painfully by schoolboys and schoolgirls in their first effort in arithmetic. How is it that the convenient little symbol has come to mean to every one "dollar"? Who started the simple and useful fashion?

In the beginning of it, one writer tells us, the two straight lines were handsome pillars, the plain little S was a long banner twined gracefully about him, the whole forming the emblem of the powerful and proud old Spanish city of Seville. The pillars were the "Pillars of Hercules," the guardians of the Strait of Gibraltar. On the banner were the words, "Ne plus ultra" (no more beyond), because in those days the people believed that the Strait of Gibraltar was literally at the ends of the earth.

When Charles V. was about to make some beautiful new money, he chose for the mint mark this emblem of Seville, a city he loved and honoured. He took the liberty, however, of omitting the "Ne" from the banner, for by this time men knew it should read, "More beyond" Gibraltar—America.

The money was carried over the world by the enterprising Spaniards, and became so universally known that the device upon it became the convenient sign we now use, recognizable always as representing the coin. As men had no time to draw the pillars and scrolls so often, the simpler marks have taken their place. The dollar sign is thus the memento of the great king and the beautiful old city, but the word "dollar" is the memorial of a simple German peasant's honesty. It came about in this wise: The devices of this proud city, the name of the greatest king on earth, were not sufficient to stamp the coins as honest; that is, as true in weight. The "honour of princes" has not proved strong enough to keep them from cheating, and cheating very badly, too, in money matters. Some of them cheated so badly that they made pieces worth only one-seventeenth of what their royal wards testified through the stamps of their mints. The merchants who carried their goods through Europe were much

afraid of this false money. Nowhere was the mark of a sovereign the pledge of true value in gold.

There, was, however, in one of the valleys of Germany an obscure man named Joachim, and he was commissioned to make pieces of money. Now Joachim was very honest; when he put his mark on his pieces of gold or silver they were always found true in weight. As he lived in a "Thal" (in some dialects



INDIAN LAD.

"Dol"), or valley, his pieces were called "Thalers," "Dollars," or, as we would say, "Valleyers." To give them a good name, when coins were to be sent out from the mint, they were called "Thalers," or "Dollars," after the money of the honest man in the German valley. just as we like to name children after some one of well-known good character.

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