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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, APRIL 6, 1895.

[No. 14.

The Man of Sorrows.

FROM THE LATIN OF ST. BERNARD.

HAIL! thou Head, so bruised and wounded,
With the crown of thorns surrounded,
Smitten with the mocking reed;
Wounds which may not cease to bleed,
Trickling faint and slow:

Hail! from whose most blessed brow
None can wipe the blood-drops now:
All the bloom of life has fled,
Mortal paleness there instead:
Thou, before whose presence dread
Angels trembling bow.

All thy vigour and thy life
Fading in this bitter strife,
Death his stamp on thee hath set,
Hollow and emaciate,

Faint and drooping there:
Thou this agony and scorn
Hast for me, a sinner, borne;
Me, unworthy, all for me!
With those wounds of love on thee,
Glorious Face, appear!

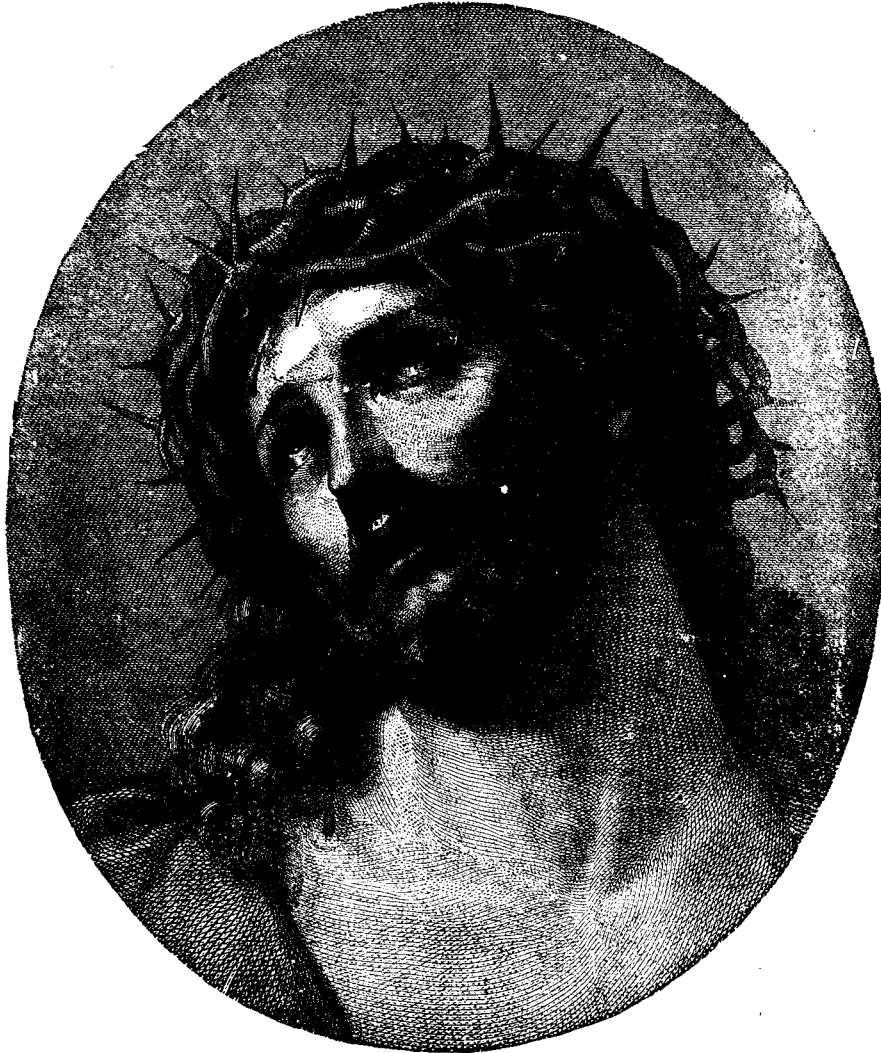
Yet, in this thine agony,
Faithful Shepherd, think of me:
From whose lips of love Divine
Sweetest draughts of life are mine,
Purest honey flows:

All unworthy of thy thought,
Guilty, yet reject me not;
Unto me thy heart incline—
Let that dying head of thine
In mine arms repose!

Let me true communion know
With thee in thy sacred woe,
Counting all beside but dross,
Dying with thee on thy cross;—
Neath it will I die!

Thanks to thee with every breath,
Jesus, for thy bitter death!
Grant thy guilty one this prayer,—
When my dying hour is near,
Gracious God, be nigh!

When my dying hour must be,
Be not absent then from me;
In that solemn hour, I pray,
Jesus, come without delay;
See, and set me free!



CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS.

When thou biddest me depart,
Whom I cleave to with my heart,
Lover of my soul, be near;
With thy saving cross appear;
Show thyself to me!

AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

WE have pleasure in presenting in this number of PLEASANT HOURS a copy of one of Mr. George Tinworth's wonderful reliefs of Bible subjects. Mr. Tinworth was a poor London lad, brought up in poverty, hunger, and dirt, child of a drunken father, early apprenticed to the wheelwright trade. His mother was a godly woman, by whom he was brought up in the very atmosphere of the Bible. The Scriptures were read to him and by him from cover to cover, over and over, till they sank into his blood and became part of his very nature.

The instinct to carve, and mould, and draw, could not be repressed. At last he found employment in the Doulton pottery works and began his wonderful career in moulding Biblical bas-reliefs. These have won for him great fame from the art critics. Some of these pieces are of great size. One panel is twenty-three feet long and nine feet high. The one given below shows the scenes at the foot of the cross, at the awful hour of the crucifixion, as the soldiers cast lots for his garments.

The appropriateness of the texts quoted in the panel below will be apparent to everyone. We repeat them, as some are hard to make out: "Consider him that endured such contradiction of sinners against himself." "And the soldiers also mocked him, coming to him, and offering him vinegar." "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary, the wife of Cleophas." "For a sign which shall be spoken against," etc.

To the extreme right the Jews taunt him saying: "He trusted in God that he would deliver him; let him deliver him



AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

now if he will have him; for he said I am the Son of God." To the left John and the faithful Mary look up and hear the words of Jesus, "Woman, behold thy Son!" In the centre the soldiers cast lots for his vesture, while one dips a sponge in vinegar to give it to him.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, APRIL 6, 1895.

A TALK TO SHY BOYS

ONE of my boy friends came to see me a while ago; a very little boy he is, only six years old, but he said something which set me thinking. He is such a shy little fellow that he reminds me of nothing so much as a little turtle shut up in his shell. When he is alone with me, however, he sometimes opens his shell and gives me a glimpse of what is going on inside. He did so on this occasion. He was seated on the edge of the big rocking-chair with his small hands thrust into the pockets of his first knickerbockers. His brow was wrinkled and he looked very unhappy. Being such a little fellow, he could not express himself with much fluency, but to me his very blunders were eloquent.

"I've got to go a-visiting," he remarked gloomily. "I've got to go with mamma to see my grandma. Do you know I have a grandma? I have, and I've got aunts—I've got uncles—and I've got—folks."

He enumerated his relations as if each particular class were an especial affliction. He continued:

"There's an awful lot of people at my grandma's house." Here he left his chair and nestled close to me. "I'll tell you something," he said mysteriously; "I'm afraid of them. Last time I went there I shivered—I didn't say anything, but I shivered."

And I thought of dozens of boys whom I know, who are a good deal older than my little turtle, to whom the hours which they are forced to spend in society are so many hours of silent agony. Like little Jack, they don't say anything, but they shiver.

That very evening Charlie Axtell dropped into the sitting-room, just home from his first trip West as a commercial traveller. Now Charlie is a very domestic, home-loving fellow, modest and unobtrusive, with but a small opinion of himself, and such being the case, I feared he had not enjoyed his Western experiences very much.

"Oh!" said he, in answer to my questions, "at the start it was awful. I walked up and down in front of my first customer's door for fully half an hour without the courage to go in, and when I did get into the store I hadn't a word to say for myself and precious few for my firm. How I did it I don't know, but I

managed to make a small sale, so my first effort was not an absolute failure; but the first two weeks were terrific. I wasn't going to let myself be beaten, though, so I persevered, and take it all in all, I have made a very successful trip."

One little sentence of Charlie's stuck in my head. "I wasn't going to let myself be beaten," he said. Ah! that was it. The boy who is deterred from doing anything by shyness lets himself be beaten. His shyness conquers him when he should conquer the shyness.

One of our most noted humorous lecturers once asked Mr. Beecher what he should do to overcome a certain nervous trembling which always attacked him whenever he faced an audience.

"My boy," said the wise old veteran, "I don't think that you will ever get over it; you had best not mind it."

This habit of shyness, if nursed and yielded to, may come to dominate a man's whole life, and may so fetter his actions that half his native powers may never be fully developed; but if fought with it can be conquered and put down and kept in its proper place. Sam did it when he resolved that he would speak. Charlie did it when he determined not to be beaten, and every boy can do so if he will exert his own courage and self-control.

For My Sake.

For my sake, not thine, O Lord of glory,
Thou didst lay thy regal raiment by;
For my sake, not thine, O wondrous story,
Came to suffer, and for me to die!

Lo, the King, with love supreme and endless,
Did the office of a servant bear—
Crowned with thorns, and buffeted, and
friendless,
That I might be made a kingly heir!

Turn, O man, the world's historic pages;
Scan each noble and heroic deed;
Can ye find, in all recording ages,
Such a love, to meet so sore a need?

Not in old, or new, or mystic story,
Is there that ye may with this compare;
King of Kings! who put aside his glory,
That I might a crown of glory wear!

For my sake, O Lord, this abnegation,
When thine angels stood from thee apart;
For my sake, the death and desolation!
Peace, my wandering and perplexed heart!

Were so much as this to thee unfolding—
More than this the human could not fear;
And the rest, when thou, his face beholding,
Shalt the fulness of his glory share!

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING."

IN visiting one of the large city hospitals, the writer asked the superintendent of nurses what was the most remarkable incident that she remembered in her long hospital experience. The lady thought for some time, and then, with a perplexed smile said:

"We are so used to suffering that I cannot recall any special incident, such as you desire."

She stopped, while her face became grave. Then it lighted up. "I can tell you what was the most touching and impressive thing I ever saw in my hospital experience. I don't need to think very long for that."

As the writer begged her to relate the story, she began: "It took place several years ago. There was a terrible accident in the city where I was then nursing, and two lads were brought in fatally mangled. One of them died immediately on entering the hospital; the other was still conscious. Both of his legs had been crushed. A brief examination showed the only hope for the boy's life was to have them taken off immediately, but it was probable he would die under the operation.

"Tell me," he said, bravely, "am I to live or die?"

"The house surgeon answered as tenderly as he could: 'We must hope for the best; but it is extremely doubtful.'"

"As the lad heard his doom, his eyes grew large and then filled with tears. His mouth quivered pitifully, and in spite

of himself, the tears forced themselves down the smoke-grimed cheeks. He was only seventeen, but he showed the courage of a man.

"As we stood about him, ready to remove him to the operating-room, he summoned up his fast-failing strength, and said:

"If I must die, I have a request to make. I want to do it for the sake of my dead mother. I promised her I would. I have kept putting it off all this while."

"We listened, wondering what the poor lad meant. With an effort he went on: 'I want to make a public confession of my faith in Christ. I want a minister. I want to profess myself a Christian before I die.'

"We all looked at each other; it was a situation new to our experience. What should we do? A nurse was despatched at once for a clergyman who lived near by. In the meanwhile we moved the boy upstairs to the operating-room. There we laid him on the table. By this time, the minister had arrived hatless. The boy welcomed him with a beautiful smile. The clergyman took his poor hand. I had been holding it, and it was already growing cold. The house surgeons, the nurses and others, who came in to witness his confession, stood reverently by. The boy began:

"I believe—' he faltered, for he could hardly speak above a whisper, he was so weak. I could not help crying. The surgeon did not behave much better. Not a soul in the room will ever forget the sight, nor the words when the boy said:

"I believe in Jesus Christ—His Son—Our Lord—and Saviour—"

"He stopped because he had not strength to say another word. Then the clergyman, seeing that the end was near, hastily put a small piece of bread in the lad's mouth, and a few drops of hospital wine to his lips; thus formally administering the sacrament and receiving the lad—from the operating-table—into the company of those who profess the name of Christ. Summoning up all his strength, while the minister was praying, the boy said distinctly:

"I believe—' With these blessed words upon his lips he passed away.

"The surgeon put aside his knife and bowed his head. The Great Physician had taken the poor boy's case into his own hands. That, sir, was the most touching and beautiful thing I have seen in my hospital experience of almost twenty years."

Book Notices.

Withrow's New Harmony of the Gospels. Third edition, with map of Palestine in the time of Christ, with geographical description. Price, 50 cents.

It is exceedingly gratifying to find that a third edition of this "Harmony of the Gospels" is called for within nine months. The new edition has some features which add much to its value. It is printed on a larger page and heavier paper than the first edition, and is more handsomely bound. It has also an excellent map of Palestine in the time of our Lord, and a short geographical description. For these improvements no extra charge is made. For the closing scenes in the life of our Lord described in the lessons of the current half year, such a harmony is described by the *Sunday-school Times* and other high authorities as being "almost essential." It will be mailed, post free, from our Methodist Book-Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax, for 50 cents.

Grettir the Outlaw, A Story of Iceland. By S. Baring Gould. With six illustrations and map. London: Blackie & Son. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.75.

The author of this book is a remarkable personality. He is a distinguished clergyman of the Church of England, an accomplished scholar and author, a country squire and magistrate, and lives in a fine old manor-house. When master in an English school he began to read *The Saga of Grettir in Icelandic*. As he told the story, chapter by chapter, to the school-boys, they were so fascinated with it that he resolved to give it to the school-boy world at large. He went to Iceland and went over nearly every bit of the ground described in the book. This is a stirring tale

of the hard-fighting Norsemen, and of the introduction of Christianity into Iceland. The story is strictly historical, although doubtless, somewhat embellished by the family pride of the kinsfolk of Grettir.

To Greenland and the Pole. By Harry Stables, M.D., Surgeon Royal Navy, with eight full-page illustrations and map. Price, \$1.50. London: Blackie & Son. Toronto: William Briggs.

The story of Arctic adventure will always possess a strong attraction for English speaking readers. Nowhere has Anglo-Saxon valour and fidelity been more conspicuous than in seeking the Pole, from the time of Willoughby and Frobisher, down to Sir John Franklin and Lieut. Peary. Surgeon Stables has himself had much Arctic experience, and he vividly describes the privations, adventures and heroisms of the perilous quest for the North Pole.

The Congo Rovers: A Tale of the Slave Squadron. By Harry Collingwood, with six full-page illustrations. London: Blackie & Son. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.25.

Britain has done much to expiate her crime in so long prosecuting the slave trade by now vigorously suppressing it. Dr. Livingstone declared that it was the open sore of the world, the greatest wrong of Darkest Africa. No more abominable thieves and scoundrels go unchained than those who still attempt to prosecute this nefarious traffic in human flesh and blood. British cruisers, however, have well-nigh driven it from the sea. The stirring incidents of the slave trade are strikingly set forth in Collingwood's volume.



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPICS.

APRIL 7, 1895.

SIN AND SHAME.—Romans 5. 12.
How wonderful was the introduction of sin into the world. It all came by one man: one man can be instrumental of such an enormity of evil, how every man should dread the commission of evil. Juniors as well as seniors can commit evil. One sinner, whether young or old, destroyeth much good.

You cannot mention an evil that exists that is not the fruit of sin. Reckon them, if you can, and the number will frighten you to look upon, but they all are the fruit of sin. The greatest of the evils which have befallen our world by reason of sin is death. Alas! for us death has passed upon all men, for all have sinned and therefore all must die. Let everyone prepare for the dread summons of death.

Gethsemane.

GETHSEMANE! Gethsemane!
What saddened memories cling to thee!
Within thy garden walls I see
My Saviour's deepest agony
And bloody sweat.

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!
O scene of weakness, scene of power!
Thou witnessed that decisive hour
That made the ranks of Satan cower
And, conquered, flee.

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!
Scene where the Saviour's soul was pained
Spot where the bitter cup was drained
Till not a single drop remained,
E'en to the dregs.

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!
Thou place of sadness, place of prayer,
I see the strong disciples there!
Their Master's woe they cannot share
A single hour.

Dear Saviour, should it come to me
To pass through dark Gethsemane,
Oh, help me to remember thee
And do thy will!

So may I do as thou hast done,
There may I go where thou hast gone,
Though heaven should be from Calvary
I follow thee.

Calvary.

UNDER an Eastern sky,
Amid a rabble's cry,
A Man went forth to die
For me.

Thorn-crowned his blessed head,
Blood-stained his every tread;
Cross-laden, on he sped,
For me.

Pierced were his hands and feet,
Three hours o'er him beat
Fierce rays of noon-tide heat
For me.

Thus wert thou made all mine;
Lord, make me wholly thine;
Grant grace and strength divine
To me.

In thought and word and deed
Thy will to do. Oh, lead
My soul, e'en though it bleed,
To thee!

The Wreckers of Sable Island.

BY

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

CHAPTER X.—RELEASE AND RETRIBUTION.

THEN came the sound of the fore-hatch being unfastened and lifted aside, and the light of a lantern flashed into the hold. Whatever the man sought, he soon found it; for he said triumphantly,—"There, now! Do you see it? Didn't I say right?"

He drew the hatch back again, and with his companion went stumbling off to the cabin. As the hatch was opened, Eric shrank back into a corner, for he knew not what the man

might be about. But when all was silent again, he crept to the spot underneath the hatchway, and looked up.

The instant he did so he saw something that caused his heart to give a wild bound. It was one little star shining brightly into his eye. The sailor had carelessly left the hatch unfastened and drawn a little aside.

The way of escape was there! With bated breath and beating heart, Eric raised himself softly and pushed at the hatch. At first it would not budge, but on his putting forth more strength, it slid away a few inches, making no perceptible noise.

Little by little he pushed at it, until there was space enough for him to pass through. Then, with extreme caution, he lifted himself until he could survey the deck, and peered eagerly into the darkness to see if any of the men were about. There was no moon, but the stars shone their brightest; and as the boy's eyes were accustomed to the darkness, he could see fairly well.

It was easy for him to swing himself up on the deck. Then, crouched in the deep shadow of the foremast, he looked anxiously about him. Not a soul was in sight. Not a sound disturbed the still air. The black line of the wharf rose but a few feet above the bulwarks. Gliding noiselessly across, he finally got upon the rail, and thence, with an active spring, upon the wharf. He was free!

The wharf was as deserted and silent as the schooner's deck. Along one side was piled a line of casks and barrels, behind which he crept with the quietness of a cat until the tall warehouses were reached; then, straightening himself up, he moved more rapidly until he came out upon the street, which opened to right and left, leading away into the darkness—whither he knew not.

Taking the right turning, he hastened on, resolved to appeal for protection to the first respectable-looking person he might meet. By the dim light of infrequent oil-lamps at the corners, he could make out that he was in a street of shops, taverns, and warehouses.

Some of the taverns were still open, but all the other buildings were closed. Very few persons were about, and as these all appeared to be seafaring folk he carefully avoided them, keeping in the shadow of porches and alley ways until they passed. He was in a state of high excitement—his anxiety to find some safe refuge contending with joy at his escape from the wreckers' clutches.

He must have gone about a quarter of a mile, when, just as he approached a tavern that was still in full blast, the door suddenly opened, and a broad band of light fell upon the pavement, in the midst of which appeared Evil-Eye, roaring out a drunken song as he beckoned to others inside to follow him.

For an instant Eric stood rooted to the spot with terror. His limbs seemed powerless. Then, as quick as a squirrel, he darted into a dark alley at his right, and, trembling like an aspen leaf, waited for Evil-Eye to pass. The drunken scoundrel lingered for what seemed an hour of agony to

the terrorstricken boy; but at length, being joined by his companions, staggered off toward the schooner. The boy, coming out from his retreat as soon as the coast was clear, made all haste in the other direction.

Following up the street, which turned and twisted in the puzzling fashion peculiar to Boston, he was glad to find it leading him to the upper part of the city; and after fifteen minutes' smart walking, he came out into a broad avenue, lined on both sides with handsome houses.

Weary from excitement and exertion, he sat down upon a broad doorstep, which was in the shadow itself, but commanded a stretch of sidewalk illuminated by a street lamp. He thought he would rest there a while, and in the meantime someone would surely come along. Just as he sat down, the bell of a church tower clock near by slowly tolled out the midnight hour.

"Oh, gracious! how late it is!" he sighed. "I do hope I shall not have to stay here all the night!"

A few minutes later he heard the sound of approaching steps. They were slow and deliberate, not those of an unsteady reveller. They came nearer and nearer, and then there emerged into the line of light the figure of a man, tall and stately, wrapped in a black dress, over whose cloak collar fell long locks of snow-white hair.

Not a moment did Eric hesitate. Springing from his hiding-place with a suddenness that caused the passer-by to start in some alarm, he caught hold of the ample cloak, and, lifting up his face to the wearer, said beseechingly, "Oh, sir, won't you help me?"

Quite reassured on seeing how youthful was this sudden disturber of his homeward walk, the gentleman looked down at the eager, pleading face, and, attracted at once by its honesty, put his hand kindly upon the boy's shoulder, saying,—

"Pray, what is the matter, my son? I will gladly help you, as may be within my power."

The grave, gentle words, with their assurance of protection, wrought a quick revulsion in poor Eric's feelings, strained as they had been for so long to their highest pitch. Instead of replying at once, he burst into tears; and his new-found friend, seeing that he had no ordinary case to deal with, took him by the arm, and soothingly said,—

"Come with me. My house is near by. You shall tell me your story there."

Directing his steps to a large house, in which lights were still burning, he led Eric into a room whose walls were lined with rows of portly volumes.

"Now, my son," said he, "be seated; and when you feel more composed, tell me your troubles. I am quite at your service."

With a delicious sense of security, such as he had not felt for many months, Eric sank into a big arm-chair, and proceeded to tell his strange story to the grave old gentleman before him. With intense interest and sympathy did Dr. Saltonstall listen to the remarkable narrative as it was simply related, putting in a question now and then when he wanted fuller details. As soon as the boy had finished, the doctor arose and again put on his hat and cloak.

"Master Copeland," said he, "this is a communication of the utmost importance,

and it must be laid before the governor this very night, that immediate action thereon may be taken. I had but lately left his Honour when, in God's good providence, I met you. We will go at once to his mansion. Haply he has not yet retired for the night."

Forthwith the two set out, and, walking rapidly, were soon at the governor's mansion. Fortunately he was still awake, and at once gave audience to his late visitor. Before him Eric rehearsed his story. The Honourable Mr. Strong listened with no less interest than had Dr. Saltonstall, nor was he less prompt in taking action. His secretary was summoned, and orders given for a strong posse of constables to be dispatched without loss of time in search of the schooner.

Eric so fully described her that the finding of her would be an easy matter.

But while this was being arranged, a thought flashed into Eric's mind which filled him with great concern. Ben was, no doubt, upon the schooner now, and would be captured with the others. Would he not, then, share their fate, whatever that might be? And if so, would not Eric seem to be wickedly ungrateful if he made no effort to save him? Then there was also his faithful friend Prince, to whom both Ben and himself were so much indebted.

To think was to act. Going manfully up to the austere-looking governor, he put in a passionate plea for the big man and the dog who had been such faithful protectors, and but for whom, indeed, he would not then be living. His Honour was evidently touched by his loyal advocacy.

"Do not distress your mind, my lad," said he, kindly, "I have no doubt we can find a way of escape for your friend. He certainly deserves consideration at our hands; and your noble Prince shall be carefully sought for."

The remainder of the story is soon told. The schooner was readily found. The wreckers, surprised in their bunks, proved an easy capture, and before daybreak all were safely locked up in gaol. Prince was also found and restored to the delighted Eric, who now felt as though his cup of rejoicing was full. The trial of the wreckers excited widespread interest, and made Eric the hero of the hour. Ben, taking the advice of Dr. Saltonstall, turned State's evidence, and was released. But the other wreckers—from Evil Eye to Black Joe—received the punishment they had so well merited.

In the meantime Dr. Copeland had been sent for, and, hastening to Boston, he had the supreme delight of clasping to his breast the boy whom he had all through the long winter been mourning as lost to him forever. The meeting between father and son was touching. It seemed as though the doctor could never sufficiently assure himself that it was really his Eric who stood before him, browner of face and bigger of form, but otherwise unchanged by his thrilling experiences among the Wreckers of Sable Island.

THE END.

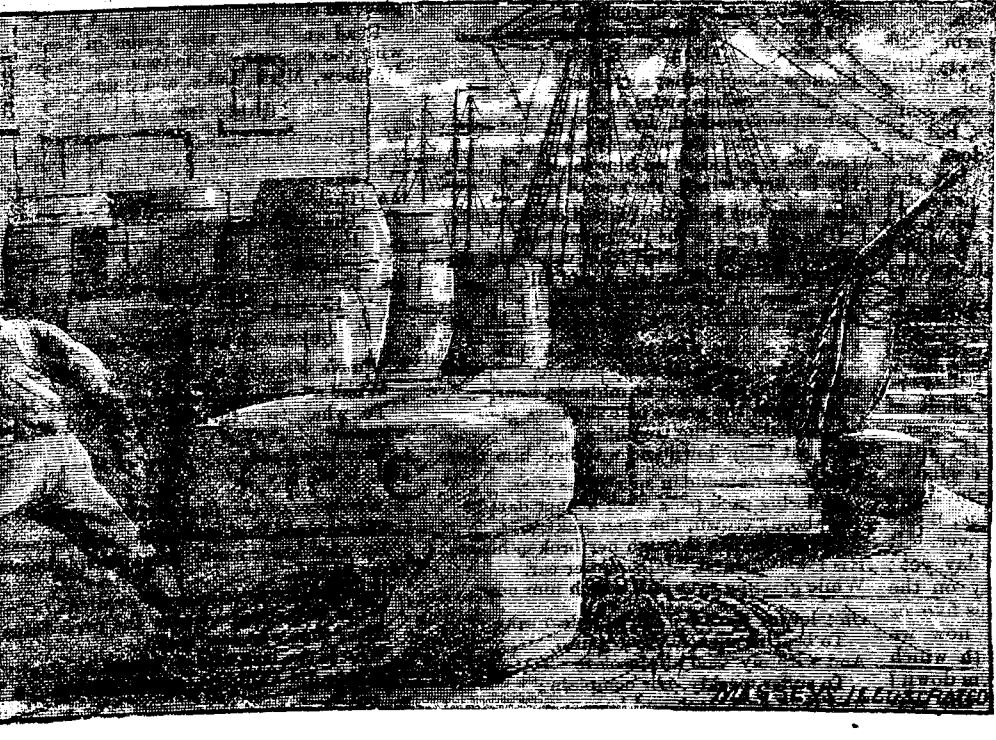
WHAT IT COST.

"BRITONS," said President Cotton, "spend annually £130,000,000, or \$700,000,000 in drink, an average of \$19 for each Englishman."

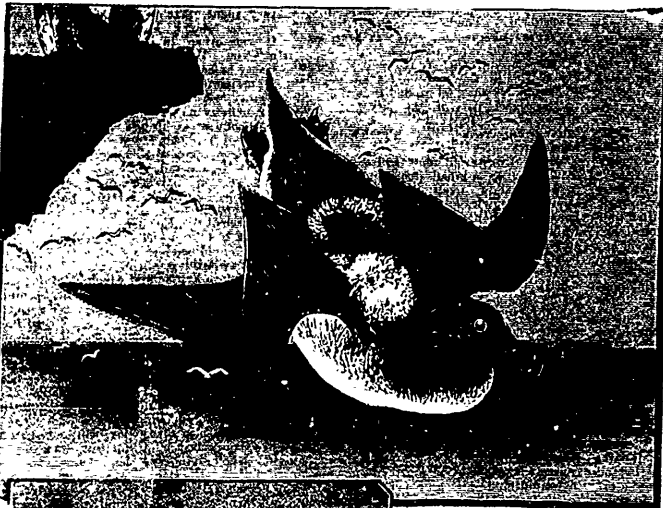
Germany has 11,800 breweries, which turn out 846,000,000 gallons of beer annually. America spends \$900,000,000 annually for rum. The money wasted in drink in England, Germany and America would buy all the bread and meat eaten by the three nations. This awful burden compels twice the amount of labour in the world. This drink burden makes two-thirds of our sickness and three-fourths of our crime.

"Yes, but you don't have to bear this burden if you don't drink," says the drunkard.

You are wrong, my friend; I paid \$425 taxes on my New York house last year. What was this tax used for? It was to govern a city where three-fourths of the arrests were made on account of drunkenness. I can govern myself, but I have to pay \$425 a year to be protected from the criminal classes, and trade criminals through rum.



IN THE DEEP SHADOW HE CREEPT WITH THE QUIETNESS OF A CAT.



THE RAZOR BILL.

THE RAZOR BILL.

We are standing on the sea-side, and turning back to the waves we look up to a rocky cliff rising in front of us to the height of five or six hundred feet. Lonely is it? Oh no, it is a peopled city, or rather it is a vast house tenanted by living creatures to the very attics. Only the tenants are not men and women, but birds.

Yes, the house belongs to birds, at least there they are, and story after story, ledge above ledge, is occupied by a different race, and they keep themselves to themselves, never visiting or interfering with their fellow-lodgers above or below them.

As we look again at the towering cliff, we see a row of black spots on every tier, which we know are the heads of sitting birds. Some are called Guillemots, some Razor Bills, some by other names, but the strange thing is that not only does each species keep to the same ledge, but that each separate bird knows its own mate. To us they all look alike, but the birds are wiser than we think. The "foolish" Guillemot (as its name is) is not so very foolish after all, is it?

There is no pretence of nest building, that is left to the denizens of the woods. A slight hollow scooped out is all they want, and sometimes there is not even this, the single egg is laid simply on the shelf of rock and there the mother tends it.

In due time, if all goes well, the little downy creature appears, and then what is to be done next? Nothing but the mother's wing protects it on that rocky ledge, if she leaves it for a minute it will be over. It will not be able to fly for many a day yet; and though it could swim if only on the sea, what of that, when the sea lies five or six hundred feet below; so that now we can come back to the question with which we began. How are we to get them down?

We may ask the question, but the sea-bird does not. She has no need, for all

arrangements are made, and there's a carriage ready for the journey, soft and pillow as the most tender nestling could desire. Perhaps in her own language she has a little motherly talk, reassuring and comforting, with her offspring.

Then it mounts on her back, and down, down they go, mother and child, to the surface of the waiting deep below, nor to the surface only. The razor bill, another species, are divers, so that there is yet a deeper depth to which they can descend.

Most likely diving as well as swimming comes natural to these infants. They never go back to their birth-place on the rock, the waters are now their home till another season or two, when they have turned from downy chicks into full-plumaged birds, and have become in their turn parents and protectors.

On the Mount.

I REST my face upon my hands,
And lay the sacred scroll aside;
And let my wondering thoughts awhile
Rest on my Saviour crucified—
Trying to bring with love and pain
The scene of Calvary back again.

I follow through that awful day,
And scarce less awful night before,
Behold him mocked, and bruised, and torn
Till hell can add no torture more:
I see its rage loosed on him then—
His Father's wrath, the sins of men.
The worn-out lash, the clotted cloak,
The red pool in the judgment hall,
Where flowed the blood from veins laid bare,
Besprinkling pillar, step, and all;
I see the reed and thorny crown,
And mark the crimson drops flow down.

Fixed to a cross with three rough nails,
That fair and fatal town outside,
While skies are black at midnoon hour,
And from the grave pale shadows glide;
Suspended 'mid the trembling air,
They sat them down and watched him there.

The mother stands in speechless woe,
Suffering each pang with keener dart;
The thorny crown, the iron spikes,
Pierce sharper through her broken heart;
His low "I thirst," falls on her ear,
While gloating eyes still watch him near.

Oh! let me learn for Christ's dear sake
To bear in silence lesser pain,
And with my God all desolate,
To suffer meekly, nor complain;
And thou wilt teach and be my guide,
O Christ my Lord, the Crucified.

COREAN STORY ABOUT
THE CRABS AND
THE CAT.

THERE was once a colony of crabs living among the rocks in the sea. The old crab was taken very ill, and the other crabs gathered round to discuss what was to be done. At last a learned crab said that the only medicine which would do any good was a pair of cat's eyes. But how were they to be obtained? The learned one volunteered to get them, and at once went ashore and climbed a hill, where he knew he would find a cat.

He invited the cat to come and visit the colony, and enjoy the good things which those who lived on the land knew nothing about. The cat said he could not swim, but was told to shut his mouth when in the water, and all would be well.

It was not until he was in the crabs' home that he learned he was to lose his eyes; and even then he was more clever than the crabs. "Gentlemen," he said, "you are quite welcome to have my eyes for so good a purpose. When I walk abroad I always wear glass eyes, and leave my proper eyes at home. Allow me to go and fetch them." To this they agreed.

The cat went ashore, politely said, "Good morning," and you will easily suppose he did not come back again.

Why did he think himself unworthy of the honour?

How, then, did he gain the honour?
How did he in turn honour his apostleship?
What had the apostles preached and the disciples believed?

4. *Conclusions from the Resurrection*, v. 12-14
What question does Paul ask about some teaching?

What follows, if there is no resurrection?
What, also, if Christ be not risen?
What then could be said of the apostles' Verse 15.

What about the dead? Verse 18.
What does Paul declare to be the truth? (Golden Text.)

What mystery does he declare? Verses 51, 62.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That Christ died to free us from sin?
2. That Christ rose from the dead?
3. That we also shall be raised?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was Paul's message? That Christ died for our sins, was buried, and rose again.
2. Did anyone see Jesus after his resurrection? Yes; hundreds of people, on at least ten occasions.
3. How had Paul seen him? By revelation from heaven.
4. What does Paul declare to be the truth? "Now is Christ risen from the dead."
5. How does this affect the resurrection of ourselves and of our friends who are dead? He has "become the first-fruits of them that slept."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The resurrection of the dead.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What does every sin deserve?
Every sinful sin deserves God's wrath and curse, both in this life and that which is to come.

Galatians 3. 10. Cursed is every one which continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law, to do them.
Romans 6. 23. The wages of sin is death.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 57.] LESSON II. [April 14.

EASTER LESSON.

1 Cor. 15. 3-14. Memory verses, 12-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.—1 Cor. 15. 20.

OUTLINE.

1. Paul's Message, v. 3, 4.
2. Evidences of the Resurrection, v. 5-8.
3. Paul's Apostleship, v. 9-11.
4. Conclusions from the Resurrection, v. 12-14.

The resurrection of Jesus occurred exactly one week after the triumphant entry, of which we studied last Sunday. Both events took place on Sunday.

Read and study this lesson in connection with the accounts of the resurrection given by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The wicked husbandman.—Mark 12:1-12.
- Tu. The unfruitful vineyard.—Jas. 5:1-7.
- W. The servants unheeded.—Jer. 23:1-11.
- Th. The Son rejected.—Luke 23:13-25.
- F. The Son slain.—Acts 3:12-18.
- S. Persecution of the prophets.—Acts 7:51-60.
- Sa. Resurrection of Christ (Easter).—1 Cor. 15:1-14.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Paul's Message, v. 3, 4.
What was Paul's first message about Jesus?
To what two further facts did he bear witness?
How was Paul made sure of these truths? Gal. 1:12
2. Evidences of the Resurrection, v. 5-8.
Whom does Paul cite as the first witness?
By what other name is this disciple known? Luke 24:34.
Who are the next witnesses called?
What large company saw the risen Jesus?
What that who saw him?
Who is the last witness named by Paul?
Where did Paul see Jesus? Acts 9:3-6.
3. Paul's Apostleship, v. 9-11.
What honour did Paul claim for himself?

THE HARM OF CIDER.

A SPEAKER was once addressing an audience of boys and girls, and told, among other things, that cider started the appetite for stronger drinks. At the close of the meeting a poor, besotted, brown-down man came up and said to the speaker: "You did right in warning the boys and girls against using cider. Just look at what I am! It was the cider on my father's farm that made me a drunkard!"—*Temperance Banner*.

WE THINK

that every Canadian Sunday-school library should have for the reading of the boys that entertaining book

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Lieut., Col. James FitzGibbon

BY

MARY AGNES FITZGIBBON

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