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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, MARCH 2, 1895.

[No. 9.]

THE FIRST PRINTER

We cannot even in imagination measure the great blessing the art of printing has been to the world. We, in our gratitude to the great benefactors of mankind, cannot pass over the name of John Gutenberg, the inventor of the art of printing. He was born in Mentz, Germany, about the year 1400 and died there February, 1468. In 1420 he became a citizen of Strasburg and here, in 1438, he completed his invention of the first printing press, with movable types, formes and other appliances of the art. Of course, in comparison to the beautiful work of the press to-day the work of this first printing press was crude indeed, but it set in motion a power more mighty than any previous discovery, for the revolutionizing of the world. A bronze statue of Gutenberg was erected in his native place a little over fifty years ago and a few years later one was erected in Strasburg, the birthplace of the art.



THE FIRST PRINTER.

ESKIMO BOYS.

THE Eskimos are natives of North America, living along the Arctic coast, from Greenland on the east to the western coast of Alaska on the west. Their faces are oval and flat; cheeks fat; foreheads low and rather retreating; heads large and covered with coarse, black hair. Their clothes are all made of skins, the most common being the seal and reindeer, but sometimes the bear and fox are used. The trousers are fastened into the boots made of sealskin. The houses are built very low and have ice wind walls. They are reached by a long, low passage, so low that they have to go through it on their hands and knees. (See snow-houses in the background.) They live by hunting and fishing, and in the picture the boys are playing at hunting. Two of them are covered with skins, and the others have their bows and arrows to kill the pretended musk-ox, while the wolfish-looking dogs are enjoying the sport as much as any of them.

A CANDLE IN THE POWDER.

A MERCHANT was celebrating the marriage of his daughter. While they were enjoying themselves above, he chanced to go to the basement hall below, where he met a servant carrying a lighted candle without a candlestick. She passed on to the cellar for wood, and returned quickly without the candle. The merchant suddenly remembered that during the day several barrels of gunpowder had been placed in the cellar, one of which had been opened. Inquiring what she had done with the candle, to his awful amazement her reply was that, being unable to carry it with the fuel, she had set it in a barrel of "black sand" in the cellar. He flew to the spot. A long, red snuff was just ready to fall from the wick into the mass of powder, when, with great presence of mind, placing a hand on each side of the candle and mak-



ESKIMO BOYS AT PLAY.

him that will pity the poor." The man who is willfully destroying himself may be deluded, and see no danger, the man who is destroying others may say, "I do not see it"; but the eyes which ponder both their ways see not only the evil but the sudden "destruction" which is before them, if they do not speedily repent and reform. See to it that no righteous anger burns against you. See to it that no burning candle is endangering you in your cellar. — Good Words.

GOOD FOR EVIL.

A PROMINENT lawyer relates to a correspondent of the New York Sun that many years ago, while he was attorney-general of Missouri, he happened to be in Governor Steward's office when a convict was brought in from the penitentiary to receive a pardon at the governor's hand. The convict was a "steamboat man," a large, powerful fellow, with the rough manners of his class. The governor looked at the man, and seemed strangely affected, scrutinizing him long and closely. Then he signed the document which restored him to liberty; but before handing it to him he said, "You will commit some other crime, I fear, and soon be back in the penitentiary." The man protested solemnly that such a thing should never occur again. The governor looked doubtful, and after a few minutes said, "You will go back on the river and be mate again, I suppose?" The man said yes, that was his intention. "Well, I want you to promise me one thing," continued the governor; "I want you to pledge me your word that when you are mate again you will never take a billet of wood and drive a poor, sick boy out of his bunk to help you load your boat on a stormy night."

The man answered that he never would, and seemed surprised, and inquired why the governor requested such a pledge. "Because," answered Governor Steward, "some day that boy may become governor, and you may want him to pardon you for some crime. One black, stormy night, many years ago, you stopped your boat on the Mississippi River to take on a load of wood. There was a boy on board working his passage from New Orleans to St. Louis; but he was very sick of a fever, and was lying in his bunk. You had enough men to do the work; but you went to that boy with a stick of wood in your hand, drove him on deck with blows and curses, and kept him toiling like a slave till the load was completed. I was that boy. Here is your pardon. Never again be guilty of so brutal an act." The prisoner took his pardon, covered his face, and went out.

WRITE your name with kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the people you come in contact with, and you will never be forgotten.

I Want to be a Man.

A response to "I want to be an Angel."

BY NEWMAN HALL.

I WANT to live and be a man,
Both good and useful all I can,
To speak the truth, be just and brave,
My fellow men to help and save.

I want to live that I might show
My love to Jesus here below;
In human toil to take my share,
And thus for angels' work prepare.

I want to live that I may trace
His steps before I see his face,
And follow him in earthly strife
Before I share his heavenly life.

Lord grant me this—to love and serve.
And never from thy laws to swerve;
Then after years of service free.
In ripe old age to go to thee.

But should it be thy loving will
To call me early, Lord fulfil
In fewer words thy work of grace,
Each day prepared to see thy face.

into the suds; and it is one of the most beautiful sights I know of to see him

"Cheerily rub and rinse and wring
And hung up the clothes to dry."

I know another boy who did all of his family's ironing during one summer, except the shirts; those, he was forced to confess, were too much for his skill. I know boys who can run the sewing-machine, and who can sweep, wash dishes, and trim lamps on occasion. I even know boys who can cook. One boy in particular I call to mind whose corn-muffins are the pride of the family, and if there is company Jim is always called upon to contribute some of his inimitable hot corn-cakes for breakfast. These boys, I assure you, are appreciated in the home circle; and when their mothers talk them over, if their right ears don't burn, why, there's no truth in signs, that's all!

If there is no need for a boy to do house-work, then let him do whatever is his appointed work with cheerful promptness. Every boy ought to have, and most boys do have, some daily tasks to do, the non-performance of which makes a jar in the family machine. If you have the furnace fire in charge, see to it regularly night and morning. I know a boy whose work it is to take care of the furnace in his home, and he could hardly seem more unwilling to go down the cellar stairs if that cellar was a dungeon cell in which he was about to be incarcerated for life. His father, his mother, and his sisters all have to "be after" him twice a day in order to get him to perform that simple duty. If you have the kindling-wood to cut, keep the wood-box full. If you have an errand to do, do it pleasantly. I heard a mother request her son to go on an errand the other day, and this was the response she received: "Well, there's one thing Job didn't have to do anyhow; he didn't have to go to the store to get a quart of molasses!" There is a way of doing even an errand "heartily, as unto the Lord," and a beautiful way it is, but that boy didn't practise it that time.

And thus it goes. The Eskimo girls do not know the wilder sports indulged in by the boys; but for all this, they have very merry times, for God has designed that children shall be happy wherever he has placed them.

"The minds of the boys of the polar world run to sports that suit their natures. They are generally found in the open air, no matter how cold it is. At night, when the moon is full, and when the snow resembles a vast field of burnished silver, a company of Eskimo boys will engage in a game of ball. The ball is sometimes as large as a boy's head, and is covered with a piece of hide sewed with sinews. Each boy carries a crooked stick, which is the rib-bone of some Arctic animal; and thus accoutred, the whole company will play ball among the drifts till tired.

"They learn early to drive dog-teams over the snow, and often under the moon they will race back and forth in this manner. The Eskimo boy is always a good driver, and he is not very old when he watches near the seal-holes with a harpoon. The seal, you know, Benny, furnishes the Arctic people with food, clothing, and light, and is perhaps the most important animal of the country. The boy who manages to spear a seal is a hero, and night after night he recounts the story of his exploit to his companions by the igloo fire. His playthings, from the time when he first forms a taste for such, are rudely fashioned sledges, harpoons, boats, and lances, and when alone he will pass many hours with them.

"The far northland is one without picture-books; but the Eskimo boy will draw rude pictures on the skins that hang on the walls of the igloo. He draws no beds of flowers, because he sees none. His pictures represent the animals of the snow and dog-trains and ball-playing. So you see, Benny," finished Aunt Martha, "that the boys and girls of the snow have merry times just like other little people. They never complain of their isolation, nor of their lot. They are patient and thankful for what they have, as we all should be; for the care of the Father is over them, even in their land of endless winter."—*Sunday-school Times.*

we shall be willing to pay the price, for and there is always a price attached—this is, a condition. If we want to sit on the right hand of Jesus, we must be willing to drink of his cup. There is much more of poetry than of piety in some prayers. They sound well, but the Lord, who knows the heart, does not find satisfaction in them. "Lip prayers are lost prayers." "Don't pray cream, and live skim-milk."

Beginning of Evil.

It was such a little thing—
One slight twist of crimson string;
But I was stealing all the same!
And the child that took it knew
That she told what was not true.
Just to screen herself from blame;
First a theft and then a lie—
Both recorded up on high.

It was but a little sip—
Just a taste upon the lip—
But it left a longing there;
Then the measure larger grew,
And the habit strengthened too,
Till it would no curbing bear,
So the demon Drink decoys;
Soul and body both destroys.

It was but one little word,
Softly spoken, scarcely heard,
Uttered by a single breath;
But it dared to take in vain
God's most high and holy name,
So provoking wrath and death.
Soon the lips once fresh and fair,
Opened but to curse and swear.

It was but one little blow,
Passion's sudden overflow,
Scarcely heeded in its fall;
But once loosed, the fiery soul
Would no longer brook control;
Laws it spurned, defied them all;
Till the hands love clasped in vain
Wore the murderer's crimson stain.

Ah! it is the foxes small,
Slyly climbing o'er the wall,
That destroy the tender vines;
And it is the spark of fire,
Brightening, growing, curling, higher—
That across the forest shines.
Just so, step by step, does sin,
If unchecked, a triumph win.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MARCH 2, 1895.

HELP MOTHER.

We hear a good deal in these days about boys being neglected, unappreciated individuals. It is said that everyone is so absorbed in the girls that the boys are treated rather carelessly. Some people even go so far as to say that the boys' own mothers prefer their sisters to them. If this were true it would be very dreadful. I have looked into the subject somewhat, and have come to the conclusion that where such is the case it is the boys' own fault. When the sons are as attentive and helpful and loving as the daughters, their mothers usually value them about alike.

Some boys have the idea that they can't and won't do "girls' work." If those same boys would practise that sort of employment a little when mother is laid up with a sick headache, or sister Maggie is off for a well-earned week's holiday, it would be a very nice thing for the family. I know boys who have tried it and have not found it so distressing.

I have the honour to know one boy seventeen years old who does all the family washing every Saturday morning. His mother's only assistant in her housework is his little sister, aged ten, and the son has decided that during his school-life there is one burden that he can take from his mother's weary shoulders, and that is the great bugbear of washing day; and so every Saturday morning he rolls his shirt sleeves up to his shoulders, ties a good stout apron in front of him, and plunges

THE CHILDREN OF THE SNOW.

SOME years ago Elisha Kent Kane, the Arctic traveller, wrote much about the children of the regions which he visited. Since then other explorers have added to Dr. Kane's account, until we know a good deal about the boys and girls of the snow. The igloo, which is the funny name of the ice-house of the Eskimo, is the narrow play-ground of the children when the snow is deep and the weather is bitter cold.

"The girls amuse themselves with queer-looking dolls whose heads may have been carved out of walrus ivory; for there is no wood where the long, cold nights are. They dress these dolls in soft deerskins, and take the ears of the Arctic fox for doll hoods. Sometimes these little ladies of the cold will go visiting just like the little misses of our country do; and when they go, they always take the doll along. Dolly rides in a sled which the girls, wrapped in their garments of bearskin, pull over the snow in high glee. These visits are often made at night, and for hours a group of Eskimo girls will make an igloo resound with childish talk and laughter. They don't know anything about the great world that lies warm and pleasant beyond the boundaries of their ice-locked homes—nothing about the May parties, the forest festivals, and the merry nuttings. They have no knowledge of the handsome dolls that fill the windows of our stores. An Eskimo girl would hold her breath if she could be transported to one of our toy-stores stocked with grand things for the holidays. They know nothing about these.

"When they learn to sew, it is with a sharp piece of ivory for a needle, and a sinew for a thread. It is slow work over the poor fire, which is never allowed to go out on the hearth of the igloo, and the stitches are not very even; but the little seamstress works patiently, and the hours pass away. When she has dismissed her callers, she may think she can improve the looks of her doll. One of her visitors may have shown an improvement in doll fashions, and forthwith the Arctic girl adds something to the costume of her own pet.

MARKS THAT WILL LAST.

WHEN Dr. Charles H. Fowler (now bishop) left the pastorate to accept the presidency of Northwestern University, a gentleman said to him: "Well, I hear you are to stop teaching men, and are going to teach boys!" The doctor paused a moment and asked: "If you want to write your name on a brick so it would stay, would you write it when the clay was plastic and impressible, or after it had been burned?" The gentleman saw the point and replied, "Why, on the brick before it was burned, of course." Dr. Fowler did not apply the illustration. That was unnecessary.

Oh, Sunday-school teacher and Junior League worker, what an opportunity you have! The pastor and evangelist and worker among adults are striving to write truth upon burned and hardened bricks. It is difficult and discouraging work. But you have the unspeakable privilege of writing upon the soft and receptive clay. The marks you make upon youthful hearts will last. Be careful what you write!—*Epworth Herald.*

HONESTY IN PRAYER.

Our prayers should be frequently examined to see whether we are asking for what we really want, or only for the things we have an idea we ought to want. There is too much of this unreality and practical dishonesty current both in the closet and public prayer-room. People sometimes get into quite a glow of pleasurable devotional excitement as they pray; good flow of language, and become somewhat heated with their own rhetoric, and tongue they ask for things which they would not only be much astonished to receive, but actually sorry, in their cooler moments, to get. What we sincerely desire,

The Wreckers of Sable Island

BY

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

CHAPTER V.—ERIC LOOKS ABOUT HIM.

It was broad daylight when the boy awoke, and he felt very well pleased at finding no one in the room but Ben, who sat by the table, evidently waiting for him to open his eyes. As soon as he did so, the latter noticed it, and coming up to the bunk, said, in his gruff way:

"Oh, ho! Awake at last. Was wondering if you were going to sleep all day. Feel like turning out?"

"Of course," replied Eric, brightly. "I feel all right now."

On getting out of the bunk, however, he found himself so dreadfully stiff and sore that it was positively painful to move, and he had much difficulty in dragging himself over to the table, where he found a pile of ship's biscuit and a pannikin of tea awaiting him. He did not feel at all so hungry as he had the night before, and this very plain repast seemed very unattractive, accustomed as he was to the best of fare. He nibbled at the biscuit, took a sip of tea, and then pushed the things away saying:

"I don't want any breakfast, thank you. I'm not a bit hungry."

Ben was too shrewd not to guess the true reason of the boy's indifferent appetite.

"There's not much choice of grub on Sable Island," said he, with one of his grim smiles. "You'll have to take kindly to hard-tack and tea if you don't want to starve."

"But really I am not hungry," explained Eric, eagerly, afraid of seeming not to appreciate his friend's hospitality. "If I were, I'd eat the biscuits fast enough, for I'm quite fond of them."

Ben now proceeded to fill and light a big pipe.

"Do you smoke?" he asked, after he had got it in full blast.

"Oh, no," answered Eric. "My father

doesn't believe in boys smoking, and has forbidden me to learn."

"Your father's a sensible man, my boy," said Ben; then added, "Well, you'd best stay about the hut to-day, since you feel so still. I've got to go off, but I'll be back by mid-day." He put on his hat and went away, leaving Eric and Prince in possession of the establishment.

Eric did not by any means like the idea of being left alone, but he naturally shrank from saying so. He went to the door and regretfully looked after the tall figure striding swiftly over the sand until it disappeared behind a hillock, beyond which he thought must be the ocean.

Now that he was left entirely to his own resources, Eric's curiosity began to assert itself. Had he but known in what direction to go, and he felt equal to the task, his first business would certainly have been to set forth in search of the wreck; if haply he might find traces of other survivors besides himself.

But neither could he tell where to go, nor was he fit to walk any great distance. For aught he knew, he might be miles from the beach where the *Francis* finally struck.

Anyway, Evil-Eye was certain to be there, hunting for more prizes, and he had no wish

that gave him an electric thrill, and sent the blood bounding wildly through his veins.

What if that port-hole were the repulsive countenance of Evil-Eye, and they were alone together? Would he be able to resist the impulse to give with his forefinger the slight pressure upon the finely-balanced trigger that would send a bullet crashing into the ruffian's brain? So intense was his excitement that he almost staggered under its influence. For the first time in his life an overwhelming passion for revenge, for retribution, took possession of him, and carried him out of himself. Smooth, clear, and as bright as the lovely stream that watered the Oakdene meadows, had been the current of his life hitherto. To few boys had the lines fallen in pleasant places.

Yet this happy fortune had not rendered him unmanly or irresolute. He was capable of conceiving and carrying out any purpose that lay within the range of a boy's powers. The Copeland courage and the Copeland determination were his inheritance.

Now never before had he been brought into contact with anyone who had so roused his repulsion or hatred as Evil-Eye. Not only because of his hideous appearance and threatened violence, but because of Ben's dark hints and his own suspicions as to Evil-

Eye's part there, have you? Well, put it back in its place, and don't touch it again."

Foiling very confused, Eric replaced the pistols carefully, their owner watching him with a malign glare which boded him no good. Its meaning was not lost upon observant Ben.

"Come, my lad," said he; "a bit of an airing will do you good. Put on your cap, and come out with me."

Only too glad to obey, Eric picked up his cap, and calling to Prince, followed Ben out

don't leave that boy alone, I'll break every bone in your body."

As if that boy were so completely taken aback by this unexpected interference, that he seemed dazed for a moment. Then his hand went again to his belt, as though he would turn his bodily fury upon Ben. But evidently a wiser second thought prevailed, and clucking down his wrath, he growled out, contemptuously:

"Don't be in such a stew. I'm not going to hurt your baby. I was only teaching him manners, and not to meddle with other people's belongings without first asking their leave."

This speech drew Ben's attention to the pistol Eric still held in his hand.

"Ah," said he; "you've got one of Evil-Eye's parts there, have you? Well, put it back in its place, and don't touch it again."

Upon this placid surface flocks of ducks were paddling, white swan and sand-pipe hopped along the margin. The valley of the lake presented a curious contrast to those portions of the island that faced seaward, for it was thickly carpeted with coarse grass and wild vines, which were still green enough to be grateful to the eye weary of the monotony of sand and sea.

seated himself near Ben, who continued to puff away at his pipe, as though he had nothing more to say. Thus left to himself, Eric let his eyes wander over the strange and striking scene spread out before him.

He was upon the crest of a sand-hill, a hundred feet or more in height, which sloped to the beach, upon whose glistening sands the great billows were breaking, although the day was clear and calm. Far out beyond the serrated lines of white-maned sea-couriers, the ocean could be seen sleeping peacefully.

Here and there, upon the sandbars, the hulls of vessels in varying stages of destruction, told plainly how common was the fate which had befallen the *Francis*, and how ruin a field the wreckers had chosen for their dreary business.

Turning to his right, Eric saw a long narrow lake in the middle of the island, its banks densely grown with rushes and lilies. Upon its placid surface flocks of ducks were paddling, white swan and sand-pipe hopped along the margin. The valley of the lake presented a curious contrast to those portions of the island that faced seaward, for it was thickly carpeted with coarse grass and wild vines, which were still green enough to be grateful to the eye weary of the monotony of sand and sea.

Upon the left the island rose and fell, a succession of sand hills. Far in the distance, a faint line of white showed where it once more touched the ocean, and gave cause for other lines of roaring surge. All this and more had Eric time to take in before Ben broke silence. He had been regarding him very thoughtfully for a few moments, and at length he spoke:

"Well, lad," said he, "I've been thinking much about you. I've saved your life, but I'm not so clear in my mind but what it'd have been best to have let you go with the others."

Eric gave a start of surprise, and there was an alarmed tone in his voice, as he exclaimed: "Why, Mr. Ben, what makes you say that?"

"Well, you see, it's just this way," answered Ben, slowly, as though he were puzzling out the best way to state the case. "You're in a mighty bad luck, and no mistake. Evil-Eye looks no fancy you, and will take the first chance to do for you, if he can keep his own skin whole. Dad men tell no tales, it what he goes by, and if the folks over there, jerking his thumb in the direction of the mainland, "only knew what goes on here, they'd be pretty sure to want to put a stop to it, and make us all smart for it finely. Now, it's not likely you want to join us, and I'm no less sure that Evil-Eye will take precious good care not to let you go, for fear you should get his neck into the noose. That's the only thing he's afraid of."

Eric was tired, and very glad indeed to

into the open air, leaving Evil-Eye alone in the hut.

The sun was high in the heavens, the sky almost cloudless, and the wind blew as softly and innocently from the south as though it had not roared with fatal fury but a few hours before. Eric's spirits, which had been woefully depressed by the events of the past two days, began to rise a little; and he looked about him with much interest, as he trudged along, through the deep sand.

Ben appeared to be in no mood for talking, and stalked on ahead in moody silence, puffing hard at the short black pipe which was hardly ever away from his mouth, except at meal time and when he was sleeping. Eric, therefore, did not bother him with questions, and found companionship in Prince, who showed of itself satisfaction in being out-of-doors, frisking about, and barking loudly in the exuberance of his glee. One good night a rest and plenty to eat had been sufficient to completely restore his strength. He looked and felt quite equal to anything that might be required of him, and was an inexhaustible comfort to Eric, to whom he seemed much more than a mere dog—a protector and friend, who could be trusted to the uttermost.

Half an hour's walking brought Ben to the highest point of a sand ridge, where he threw himself, waiting for Eric, who had lagged behind a little, to come up.

"Sit ye down, lad," said he, when the boy reached him. "You're feeling tired."

Eric was tired, and very glad indeed to

(To be continued.)



"IF YOU DON'T LEAVE THAT BOY ALONE, I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY!"

to encounter him. So he proceeded to examine his strange surroundings.

The hut—for despite its size, it was really nothing more than a hut—was a very curious building. It had evidently been put together by many hands, out of the wreckage of many ships, the builders apparently being more proficient in ship-carpentry than house-joinery. Their labors had resulted, through an amazing adaptation of knees, planking, stanchions, and bulkheads, in a long, low-ceilinged, but roomy building, something after the shape of a large vessel's poop.

Fighting and ventilation it depended upon a number of port-holes irregularly put in, running around two sides of the room was a row of bunks, very much like those in a fore-castle, the tier being thirty. Eric counted them. There were just thirty, and he wondered if each had an occupant. If so, he must have slept in Ben's last night, and where then had Ben himself slept?

Upon the walls of the other two sides of the room hung a great number of weapons of various kinds—cutlasses, swords, muskets, dirks, daggers, and pistols—a perfect armory, all carefully brushed and ready for use. They strongly excited Eric's curiosity, and he occupied himself examining them, one by one.

One pair of pistols especially attracted his attention. They were of the very latest make, and the handles were beautifully inlaid with silver. He took one from the wall, and aimed at one of the port-holes with it. As he did so, a thought flashed into his mind

deeps of his nature were stirred, and he felt as though it would be but right to inflict summary vengeance at the first opportunity.

From his hand the pistol still pointed at the port-hole, and unconsciously pressing upon the trigger, there was a sharp report, which caused Prince, dozing comfortably by the fire, to spring to his feet with a startled growl, following the crash of broken glass, as the bullet pierced the port-hill.

Almost at the same moment the door was thrown roughly open, and Evil-Eye entered the room.

"What are you doing with my pistols?" he cried, his face aflame with rage, as he strode toward Eric.

Scarcely knowing what he was doing, Eric snatched up the other pistol, and darted around the big table so that it would form a barrier between himself and Evil-Eye. His hand was perfectly steady now, and leveling the pistol at his assailant, he said, in a firm tone:

"Let me alone, or I'll shoot you!"

With a fearful catch the ruffian drew a pistol from his belt, and in another moment blood would undoubtedly have been shed, had not Ben Harven rushed in through the open door, and snatching Evil-Eye's pistol out of his hand, thrown it to the other end of the room, where it went off without harm to anyone.

"You scoundrel!" he roared. "If you

The Brotherhood of Man.

BY REV. JULIUS BRIGGS.

I'm a brother to my brethren, wheresoever they are found; let me wander anywhither, all this peopled world around;

Whatsoever may be their colour, whatsoever may be their clime, if there be the seal of human, there is kinship for all time.

I'm a brother to the noble, I'm a brother to the King, though I boast not birth patrician, nor of royal lineage sing.

I am equally a brother to the poorest in the land, let the man be honest-hearted, I will take him by the hand.

Have not all one common Father? Hath not each a human soul? Is there not a path for each one to the same most blessed goal?

I'm a brother to the old man, with his crown of silver hair, and the young man's aspirations as a brother I can share.

With the lettered and unlettered I have kinship ever true; with a man, whate'er his worship, be he Christian or Jew.

Yea, to men of no religion, steeped in vice and charged with crime, to the outcast and the fallen I am brother all the time.

Let me be indeed a brother, living an unselfish life, helping men to face the struggle, aiding them amid the strife;

Present where the need is deepest, and where heaviest the strain, healing heart-break, scattering sorrow, bringing sweet relief from pain.

Social brotherhood to strengthen, social claims to recognize, patriot-hearts must set in motion all the kindest charities;

Wrongs redressing, rights securing, turning darkness into day, setting free the captive thousands from oppression's iron sway.

Shedding sunshine in the pathway by the sons of freedom trod, as they march to life immortal in the presence of their God.

AN ESKIMO VILLAGE.

I FEAR not many of us would care to live in an Eskimo village. The huts are built of large stones in the shape of a dome; from the entrance you go down into the house instead of up. Inside of this "igloo" as it is called, things are by no means pleasant. The height barely permits one to sit upright. A stone platform is the nearest approach to a bed, but it also answers the purpose of sofa and chairs. The temperature in these habitations is something dreadful—not from cold, but from heat. Arctic travellers always find the Eskimos very hospitable, and a stranger is taken into the hut at once as one of the family.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 29.] **LESSON X.** [Mar. 10.

THE RICH YOUNG RULER.

Mark 10. 17-27. Memory verses, 21-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God.—Matt. 6. 33.

OUTLINE.

1. The Terms of the Inheritance, v. 17-21.
2. The Inheritance Rejected, v. 22-27.

TIME.—A. D. 29.

PLACE.—Perea, east of the Jordan.

RULERS.—Same as before.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The rich young ruler.—Mark 10. 17-27.
- Tu. Hindrance to riches.—Matt. 6. 19-24.
- W. Temptation of Riches.—1 Tim. 6. 9-19.
- Th. How to follow Christ.—Matt. 16. 24-28.
- F. Heirs of eternal life.—Titus 3. 1-8.
- S. Foolish trust.—Luke 12. 13-21.
- Su. What to seek first.—Luke 12. 22-31.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Terms of the Inheritance*, v. 17-21. Whom did Jesus declare to be heirs of the kingdom of God? Verses 13-15. What question was asked about eternal life? Who was the questioner? Luke 18. 18. What conduct shows his earnestness? What did Jesus say about goodness? What about the man's knowledge of the law?

"All these have I kept." 4. What did Jesus then command him? To sell all and follow him. 5. How did he receive this? He went away sad. 6. Who did Jesus say find it hard to enter God's kingdom? Those who trust in riches. 7. What is the Golden Text? "Seek ye first the kingdom of God."

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The omnipotence of God.

EDUCATION IN CHINA.

WHEN the little fellow enters the school-room for the first time, and has made his obeisance to Confucius, the patron saint of education, and to his teacher, he takes as his first book what is called in English the "Three Character Classic," a sort of Chinese doggerel, arranged in lines of three characters each.

His first duty is to commit all this to memory, and to learn to read and to write

education of the Chinese boy, and is imposed to fit him to guide the affairs of a great nation.

He comes out of school knowing nothing of any of the sciences; nothing of geography, except that heaven is round, and the earth square, with China in the centre; nothing of astronomy, except that a comet is a sure forerunner of calamity, and that an eclipse is caused by an attempt made by a dog to eat up the sun or moon; nothing of other nations beyond a vague idea that there are hordes of wandering, uncivilized vagabonds across the seas, who live in wretchedness and barbarism, unblesed by the light and glory of China, and spared in pity by the Emperor, and nothing of religion beyond a tissue of the most absurd and childish superstitions. Such is a fair summary of the education of a Chinese boy.

All's Well.

BY R. M.

WHEN the night is dark and dreary,
When the seething billows swell,
The Captain's voice rings loud and clearly,
"Never mind for All's well!"

So when on life's troubled waters,
In our little human bark,
Waves of trial and of trouble
Roll upon us in the dark.

God, the Captain of our vessel,
Cries from out the seething swell,
"Never fear, my little sailors,
I am here and All's well."

LITTLE children, bright and fair,
Blest with every needful care,
Always bear this thing in mind,
God commands us to be kind.



ESKIMO VILLAGE.

- What was the ruler's reply? How did Jesus regard the young man? What only did the man lack? What was he bidden to do? What does the Golden Text bid us to do?

2. *The Inheritance Rejected*, v. 22-27. How was the ruler affected by Jesus's words? What did Jesus say to the disciples? What did the disciples think of this saying? What then did Jesus say to them? What is easier than for a rich man to get to heaven?

- How did the disciples receive this saying? What did they ask one another? What was Jesus reply to their question? What is the real danger from riches? 1 Tim. 6. 9. What service is impossible? Matt. 6. 24. What question did Peter ask? Verse 28; Matt. 19. 27. What was Jesus' answer? Verses 29-31.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. What is our greatest need?
 2. What is our highest duty?
 3. What is our most serious hindrance?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What did a young man ask Christ? How to find eternal life. 2. What did Jesus tell him to do? To keep the commandments. 3. What did the young man say to this?

each character in it. It contains a smattering of Chinese history, moral precepts, and wise sayings. He commits each day's portion to memory by shouting it out, character by character, at the top of his voice. If he keeps quiet he gets a whipping. A thoroughly studious boy will almost raise the roof of the school-house with his shouts.

When he has "backed" all this book—recited it with his back turned to the teacher—he is given his second, which is "The Hundred Family Names." This contains absolutely no sense at all, but is merely a list, also arranged in a sort of rhyme, of the hundred allowable surnames in China. When he has committed all these to memory, and can read and write each separate character, he is put into the "Classics of Confucius."

These form really the chief substance of all Chinese education.

When it is known that they were written at least five hundred years before Christ, their fitness for forming the entire education of all classes in a nation of four hundred millions of people may easily be judged. They contain much pure morality, much idolatrous teaching, a little Chinese history and geography, and many pages the meaning of which the ablest scholar of the present day utterly fails to discover.

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