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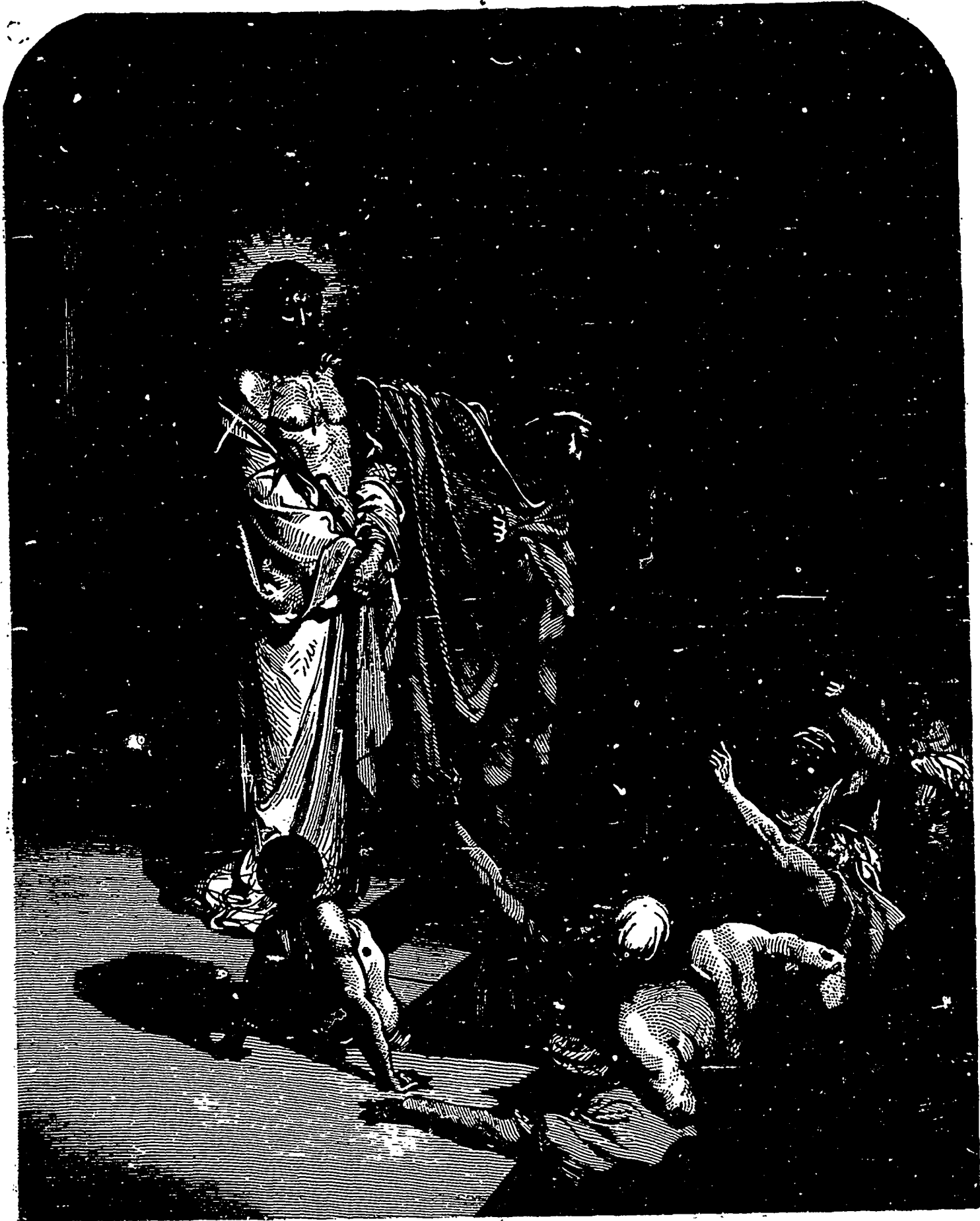
# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVIII.]

TORONTO, MAY 28, 1898.

[No. 22.]



"BEHOLD THE MAN."

PILATE PRESENTING JESUS TO THE JEWS.—(SEE LESSON FOR JUNE 7.)

After Gustave Doré's  
Great Painting.

## New Jersey.

BY SARA ENGLAND.

"My friend from New Jersey is visiting me,  
And I'd like to have you call,"  
Said a lady friend to Dell's mamma one day,  
As they said good-bye in the hall.

Little Dell stepped up with a radiant face,  
And stroking her dress of dark blue,  
With two little hands so plump and so brown,  
Said, "I see dot a new Jersey, too!"

## LIVINGSTONE'S INFLUENCE ON MR. STANLEY.

During a recent interview between Mr. Stanley and a newspaper correspondent, the distinguished and intrepid explorer said: "I have been in Africa for seventeen years, and I never met a man who would kill me if I folded my hands. What has been wanted, and what I have been endeavouring to ask for the poor Africans, has been the good offices of Christians, ever since Livingstone taught me, during those four months that I was with him. In 1871 I went to him as prejudiced as the biggest atheist in

London. To a reporter and correspondent, such as I, who had only to deal with wars, mass-meetings and political gatherings, sentimental matters were entirely out of my province. But there came for me a long time for reflection. I was out there away from a worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there, and asked myself, 'How on earth does he stop here; is he cracked, or what? What is it that inspires him?' For months after we met I simply found myself listening to him, wondering at the old man carrying out all that was said in the Bible, 'Leave all things and follow me.' But little by little his sym-

pathy for others became contagious; my sympathy was aroused; seeing his piety, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how he went quietly about his business, I was converted by him, although he had not tried to do it. How sad that the good old man should have died so soon. How joyful he would have been if he could have seen what has happened here."—Christian Herald.

The charity of some people consists in what they would do if they had time and money.

## The Daisies.

At evening when I go to bed  
I see the stars shine overhead;  
They are the little daisies white,  
That dot the meadow of the night.

And often while I'm dreaming so,  
Across the sky the moon will go;  
It is a lady, sweet and fair,  
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise,  
There's not a star left in the skies;  
She's picked them all and dropped them  
down  
Into the meadows of the town.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MAY 28, 1898.

## "I WANT YOU."

One stormy night when the wind was making a great noise, a little boy awoke from a sound sleep. He was afraid when he heard the noise of the storm, and he put out his hand to take hold of his father who was in the same bed. His little warm hand touched his father's face and awakened him. The father reached out and drew the little boy very close to him. "My dear, what is the matter?" he asked. The little boy said, "Nothing." The father asked, "What do you want?" He replied, sobbing, "I want you." The father said, "Are you sick?" "No." "Are you hungry?" "No." "Don't you want something?" "No, I just want you, it is so dark." Then he nestled in his father's arms and was satisfied. Just so will Jesus make us satisfied when we come to him and tell him, "I want you."

## JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JUNE 5, 1898.

WORKING WITH JESUS. THE DISCIPLES SENT FORTH.

Then he called his twelve disciples together, and gave them power and authority over all devils, and to cure diseases. And he sent them to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick.—Luke 9. 1-2.

We are now to enter upon a month of topics on "Working With Jesus." Some boy or girl may say, how can I do that? How can anyone work for such a Great Being? especially how can a poor boy or weak girl? In next week's Topic we shall find how a poor boy with only five little barley loaves and a couple of small fishes, which he brought for his own meal, furnished, through the blessing of God, a meal for five thousand persons.

The present topic speaks of Jesus sending forth his disciples to preach the Kingdom of Heaven and to heal the sick. Well, you cannot heal the sick, it is true, but you may do a great deal to comfort them. You may wait on father or mother, sister or brother when sick, or you may carry flowers to the sick children in the hospital, or save your pennies to help buy them medicine. You can be thoughtful and cheerful when mother has a headache and her nerves are all worn to shreds by care and worry. You can mind her word not to slam the door

or make a noise. Young people have no idea how helpful they may be to sick people by doing this.

This in itself is preaching the Kingdom of God in a way, because in that kingdom love and charity prevail. You may speak kindly to your play-fellows. If any of them are poor and do not go to Sunday-school and church you can invite them. If they are poor you can be kind to them, play with them, and not show any pride or superiority because you live in a better house or wear better clothes. The disciples were sent forth by Jesus. It is a blessed thing that God has a message for us, that he sends us. Let us listen to his voice, and when he calls be not laggard in obeying his call and going upon his message.

## SAVED BY A HYMN.

BY Z. BOND.

Two Americans who were crossing the Atlantic, met in the cabin on Sunday night to sing hymns. As they sang the last hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," one of them heard an exceedingly rich and beautiful voice behind him. He looked round, and, although he did not know the face, he thought that he knew the voice. So when the music ceased he turned and asked the man if he had been in the civil war. The man replied that he had been a Confederate soldier.

"Were you at such a place at such a time?" asked the first.

"Yes," he replied, "and a curious thing happened that night which this hymn has recalled to my mind. I was posted on sentry duty near the edge of a wood. It was a dark night and very cold, and I was a little frightened because the enemy was supposed to be very near. About midnight, when everything was very still and I was feeling homesick and miserable and weary, I thought that I would comfort myself by praying and singing a hymn. I remember singing this hymn.

"All my trust in thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring,  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing."

"After singing that a strange peace came down upon me, and through the long night I felt no more fear."

"Now," said the other, "listen to my story. I was a Union soldier, and was in the wood that night with a party of scouts. I saw you standing, although I did not see your face. My men had their rifles focused upon you, waiting the word to fire, but when you sang out,

'Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing,'

I said; 'Boys, lower your rifles; we will go home,' as it so touched me I could not bear to give the command to fire."

Barrie, Ont.

## WATERLOO.

BY DAVID M'ALLEN.

The celebrated battle in which the dashing Wellington conquered Napoleon is called by the French the battle of Mont Saint-Jean; by the Prussians, La Belle Alliance; but the English call it Waterloo. The battle was really fought opposite the village of Mont Saint-Jean. But perhaps it is not best to be too accurate, for if we were to change the name we would lose a most descriptive word that has been added to our language.

Who could think of leaving Belgium without visiting the scene of this decisive battle, which lies about eleven miles distant from Brussels? We made our way out on the road through the Soigne forests to the town of Waterloo.

On the night of the 15th of August, 1815, the Duke of Wellington, with several of his officers, were enjoying the ball given by the Duchess of Richmond, in Brussels. It was at its height when it was made known to the Duke, in positive terms that Napoleon had advanced with his whole army to Charleroi, but a few miles from Waterloo. Countenances that but a few moments before were lighted up with pleasure and gaiety, now took on a solemn aspect. The guests little imagined that the music which accompanied the gay dances would soon play martial airs on the battlefield. Some of the officers did not have time to change their ball costumes, and in that attire were found next day among the slain. By two o'clock next morning the heavy tramp of Wellington's army was heard on the road that we had just trod. Soon they were to meet the most inspiring general that ever commanded men—men whose infatuation with their leader made them reckless to danger and fearless of death.

Napoleon's call is so eloquent and stirring that we cannot desist from reproducing part of it in this article.

Imperial Headquarters, 14th June, 1815.

Napoleon, by the grace of God, Emperor of the French, etc.:

Soldiers! this day is the anniversary of Marengo and of Friedland, which twice decided the fate of Europe. Then, as after Austerlitz and Wagram, we were too generous. We believed in the protestations and oaths of princes, whom we left on their thrones. Now, however, leagued together, they aim at the independence and most sacred rights of France. Let us then march to meet them. Are they and we no longer the same men?

Soldiers! at Jena, against these same Prussians, you were one to three; and at Montmirail, one to six. Let those among you who have been captives to the English describe the nature of their prison ships and the miseries you endured.

Madmen! one moment of prosperity has bewildered them. If they enter France they will find their grave.

Soldiers! we have forced marches to make, battles to fight, dangers to encounter; but with firmness, victory will be ours. The rights and the honour of our country will be recovered. To every Frenchman who has a heart, the moment is now arrived to conquer or die.

Is it any wonder that they rallied to such a call, or that they rushed upon Wellington's forces shouting Vive l'empereur?

From the Lion Monument an excellent view of the position of the different armies is afforded. The monument consists of an immense cone, formed from earth taken from the battlefields, and covers a space of 1,000,000 cubic feet, and is 125 feet high. It took three years to complete it. On the top, standing on a pedestal of blue stone, is a lion of cast iron 15 feet long and 10 feet high, looking toward the south, with one paw on a globe. It was erected by the allied governments. The only inscription that appears is: "18th June, 1815." On that day one of the world's greatest battles was fought, and Napoleon met Wellington and a Waterloo. This decisive battle was termed by Napoleon "A concurrence of unexampled fatalities, a day not to be comprehended;" while Wellington said that he "never fought so hard a battle, nor won so great a victory."

"Yes! Agincourt may be forgot,  
And Cressy be an unknown spot,  
And Blenheim's name be new;  
But still in story and in song,  
For many an age remembered long,  
Shall live the walls of Hougoumont,  
And field of Waterloo."

## AN HISTORICAL TALE.

BY EMMA J. WOOD.

Almost three hundred years ago it was when three vessels started out from England, bound for Virginia. These were nothing like the grand vessels that now go back and forth across the ocean, for in the whole three was only room enough for about a hundred men besides the crew. This was not a pleasure-trip, such as people so often take now-a-days, for they were going to a strange country—a country where there were no houses ready built to live in, nor any shops or markets in which to buy food and clothing.

Even for that time this was a long voyage, but after weeks and months they drew near their journey's end. Just then a heavy storm came up and, carrying them past their landing place, drove the vessels into Chesapeake Bay. It must have been a great comfort to everybody to have been cast into such a fine harbour, for the northern point took the name of Old Point Comfort and has kept it ever since.

As they sailed on up the bay the sun was so warm and fragrant, and the glimpses that they had of woodland and flowery slopes made such a pretty picture, that they were all sure there was no pleasanter place in the world than that to which they had come. The vessels went on till they came to the mouth of a long river. This they named James, after the king. Still on they went up the river for about fifty miles, where a little peninsula jutted out, on which they concluded to land and build a town. This was Jamestown, the first English settlement in the United States, founded in May, 1607.

Now there was much that needed to be done, but the trouble was, most of the men there were not used to working. Trees had to be cut and houses built, while something must be sent back to England to show the people there what sort of a country it was to which they had come.

After about a month the ships went back, leaving the emigrants behind. It

was not long before they were homesick. Things did not look as pleasant as at first. It was very hard working; the sun was so hot, the damp air made many of them ill, the Indians troubled and annoyed them, and, to make things still worse, they began to get short of food.

Before the autumn came about one half of the colony was dead, while the rest were so ill, weak, and discouraged that they cared but little what became of them. And no knowing what might have happened had they not had a very brave and wise man among them, Captain John Smith. He made the Indians afraid, cheered up the people, and went around hunting up something to eat.

However, after a time the weather grew colder, the sick got better, and the friendly Indians on cutting their grain brought some to them, while there were many wild fowl about, which they killed and cooked, so that things began to look a little better for the colonists.

As there was little to do just at this time, Smith, with some companions, started out to see more of the country in which they were living. After going as far as they could up the river they left their boats and started off through the forest. In a short time his companions were killed by the Indians, and Smith himself was taken prisoner. He did not seem the least bit afraid. He told the Indians many things that they had never heard before. He took from his pocket a little compass, and they were surprised when they saw the needle always pointing to the north, no matter how the compass was held. But the strangest thing of all was when he made some marks on a paper and sent it to Jamestown, thus letting his friends know what had become of him.

The Indians began to be rather afraid of Smith. They thought he was some higher being, but were not quite sure whether he was a friend or an enemy to them. He was taken around to the different tribes as a sort of show, and finally came before Powhatan, the king. This great man lived in a little village of about a dozen wigwams. Here a council was called and Smith was condemned to die, but was saved by Pocahontas, the daughter of the chieftain. You all know this story: how the prisoner made friends with the little maiden, and how when his head lay on the block all ready to be cut off by the tomahawk, she ran out, and, throwing her arms about him, begged them to spare his life. And then how the Indians made friends with him and tried to persuade him to leave his own people and become one of them, and when this could not be, how they promised to be friends with all the whites.

When Smith went back he found the strongest men of the colony about to run away and leave the feeble ones behind. He stopped this, and things went on quite smoothly for a while. The next year more emigrants came over, till this was quite a settlement; but their troubles were by no means over. There were the Indians, famine, sickness and quarrels to contend with. In 1610 they became so discouraged that they left the settlement and sailed down the river. They had had such hard times here that many of them wanted to burn the town. This was not done, which was fortunate for the runaways, for, meeting a boat with men and supplies, they turned, and the next day were back in the little fort at Jamestown.

The years went by, and more and more people came to Jamestown and to the country about. Here the first congress was held, composed of eleven men who were called together to help make the laws. Here, too, only a few days after this, about twenty negroes were brought over by a Dutch vessel and sold to the planters. This was the beginning of slavery in the English colonies. Almost seventy years after that May day when the first white man came to Jamestown the village was burned, and all that is left to tell where it once stood is a ruined church tower and some grave-stones near it.

"The King's Messenger, or Lawrence Temple's Probation" is one of Rev. Dr. W. H. Withrow's delightful stories, and describes a Canadian boy's struggles in his endeavour to obtain an education and qualify for the Methodist ministry. The book describes many adventures in the backwoods of our country and is intensely interesting from beginning to end. It is published by the Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. Price seventy-five cents.—Kingston Whig.

Teacher—"What do you know about the early Christians?" Tommy—"Our girl is one of 'em. She gets up in the morning and goes to church before breakfast."

The Butterfly's Birthday.

BY MAY EVE.

Oh! friends best beloved, Toad, Beetle and Bee,  
To-morrow's my birthday—so all come  
and see.

For this old cocoon I shall cast aside,  
And my gauzy wings I will open wide,

And away and away in the air I'll soar,  
This old withered shell shall clog me  
no more.

Long, long have you fed on these sweets,  
friend Bee,  
But an untried world is opening to me.

Poor Beetle and Toad, poor Beetle and  
toad,  
For your pathway still lies on the dusty  
road.

'Twould be hard to grovel in the world  
below,  
When we've soared the heights where  
the jasmines grow.

Oh! Beetle and Toad, oh! Beetle and  
Toad,  
Do your thoughts soar up from the dusty  
road?

In thought do you rise on butterfly  
wings  
While longing and yearning for better  
things?

I used to dream dreams in my cocoon  
there,  
In thought I would soar to worlds bright  
and fair.

And now, old cocoon, I bid you farewell,  
No longer content in your walls to dwell.

My pinions once freed, still upward shall  
go,  
Up where the sweetest of honey shall  
flow.

Oh! Beetle, and Toad, how often I  
wonder  
That you rest content to grovel down  
yonder.

And yet I have heard that mortals be-  
low,  
Who more than a poor Butterfly should  
know,

Like Beetle and Toad, they oft-times but  
grovel,  
Some in a castle and some in a hovel.

Not even in thought to soar as on wings,  
And dwell in a land of beautiful things.

Content in cocoons forever to dwell,  
And call it but death when they leave  
the shell.

My poor old cocoon can hold me no  
longer,  
My heart beats high and my wings grow  
stronger.

So that's why my birthday party I give,  
And when I shall leave I'll begin to live.

Now Beetle and Toad, good-bye—good-  
bye,  
For who would grovel that has learned  
to fly?  
Augusta, Ga.

With the Whale Fishers.

BY M. R. WARD.

CHAPTER IV.

SIGHTING THE PRIZE.

The stay of the Walrus in Lerwick harbour was just long enough to complete a few sea stores and take on some of her best hands—harpooners; for the captain was eager to reach the "fishing ground" early in the season, and his men shared in this haste, upon which so much depended.

Here, again, there were leave-takings; a little knot of Shetland women saw the last of their husbands, the harpooners, who, as they well knew, would have to be in the forefront of danger in the fishery.

On the last evening in port, there was a cabin-service for all on board.

"Many a day there will be, likely enough, when no service can be had; so hold forth to us a little this evening, doctor, if you're so disposed, and I hope we shall all be the better for it," said the captain.

Very willingly, though with self-diffidence, the request was acceded to, and the

116 Psalm, with its thanksgivings, its resolves, and its rehearsal of mercies, formed an admirable basis for a little address, bringing to mind late peril and deliverance, and calling upon each one to "pay his vows" now to the Great Deliverer. Prayer, in which they themselves and their undertaking—whether for life or death—were committed fully into the Divine keeping, was followed by the singing of that hymn so dear to pious seamen,—

"How blest thy servants are, O Lord!  
How sure is their defence."

Thus wound up a little service in which some thoughtless ones were led to wish that this "defence" was theirs; while to the godly men the cabin had been as a Bethel, a meeting-place with him whom they already knew as their friend.

Loosing from port that same night, they were soon standing out to sea. The broad ocean was before them, and the voyage had now really begun.

He who "holdeth the winds in his fists, and the waters in the hollow of his hand," gave favouring weather, so that for some days they made rapid progress on their way. Every morning and evening, so long as weather permitted, saw some portion of the ship's company assembled for worship, which was led alternately by the captain and his fellow-helper. And right hearty worship it was, always including singing of some psalm of hymn. The pathway of the voyagers might have been tracked by many a burst of Christian psalmody as the vessel pursued her way.

The first Sabbath at sea was so calm and bright that service on deck was possible, thus enabling nearly all to attend; and with Britain's banner above and the grouped assembly below, there was a beautiful appropriateness in the reading,— "How excellent is thy loving kindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings."

Calm sailing also gave many opportunities for reading and visitation among the men, which the young doctor was not slow to embrace, holding also an evening school after worship, for any who could attend; and these gracious, kindly influences had their effect by the Divine blessing upon not a few hitherto godless men.

No profane language was at any time tolerated on board the Walrus; but now, the random sea-songs were oftener exchanged for "songs of Zion," and most heartily the good captain rejoiced in the salutary influences at work among his men.

"Yes, doctor," he said, as the two paced the deck together one starry night, "I've felt very sad and lonely in times past when there was hardly a godly man on board; but now, thank God, it is different. 'Iron sharpeneth iron,' and, sure enough, Christian fellowship is a great help. Yes, and I'm glad for our poor fellows to have a little teaching in the right way before we plunge into the thick of work and danger. Not much time to think then, depend upon it," was his concluding remark.

They were now approaching the latitude where icebergs—the dread of Northern mariners—are not infrequently met with, and the watch was doubled by night and day to guard against danger.

"Haul up, doctor! haul up!" shouted down the captain one forenoon, a time at which the young man was usually deep in study below.

Answering the hasty summons on deck, the captain pointed to a mighty mass slowly moving in the direction of the vessel. Its motion was hardly perceptible, and for the moment Arthur supposed that what he saw was a rocky island; but a gleam of sunlight on the glistening mass instantly discovered the mistake, and the young man stood entranced as he looked at the wondrous structure, terraced and pinnacled to its highest summit of blue crystal, nearly three hundred feet from the water-line.

Onward it came, borne steadily by some deep-under-current, and as Arthur silently gazed, the "crystal sea" and "walls of jasper" of the Book of Revelation were not far distant from his thoughts.

"These see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep," said the captain reverently, as he watched narrowly the course of the iceberg.

"Plenty of sea-room here, doctor; but grand as they are, we're glad to give them a wide berth when they travel, these Arctic acquaintances of ours."

"But what a marvellous idea they give of the great Creator's power! Why, that is almost an ice-island; it is really immense," said the gazer, with eyes still riveted on the wondrous edifice moving with solemn majesty along its ocean pathway.

"Yes, and it's wondrous, too, how all creation has a voice, and does his bidding," replied the old captain; "for that ice-mountain is like one of his messengers bringing us mariners Northern secrets. It tells us that the ice has broken early, and that is much the same as telling us it will close early. Ay, ay, doctor, it's wonderful universe, and guided by a wonderful Creator."

Thus far God had prospered their voyage, and they were now within a few days' sail of the expected fishing-ground. Messengers from the North were now no rare occurrence, and as they sailed past in stately majesty never failed to call forth some thought of the almighty Architect among those who recognized his hand.

"He's a grand builder, and no mistake," remarked Fyfe, the first mate, who with Arthur watched the bearings of an iceberg that seemed making straight for the Walrus. Its grand terraces of dazzling whiteness, upheld by pillars of pale blue crystal, and reflecting every colour of the prism, seemed fabulously beautiful.

"Yes; 'He that built all things is God.' Strange, indeed, that men should ever doubt this," was the reply.

"Yes, sir, I once doubted it, and was like 'the fool who says in his heart, 'There is no God,' " said the man earnestly. "But thanks be to God that ever I sailed with our captain, and got my eyes opened; and now, I hope, there's more among us that's getting the same; for let me tell you, sir, they set fine store by your readings and talks with 'em in the fore-castle, and our escape in that squall set them a-thinking the more. 'Twas worth a broken arm, sir, as I've oft thought since; and all thanks to your good care, too."

This was the beginning of many talks on the same subjects, and the young doctor's heart was gladdened by the hope of some good done. Every day seemed more precious as work drew near, and he resolved to lose no opportunity among the men.

Once only were our voyagers in danger, as they neared their destination, from one of the mighty flotilla which we have referred to.

"There she goes!" called out the captain to his young friend, as the first "blowing" of a whale was noted in the distance to leeward.

It is always a moment of excitement on board a whaler when the first fish is sighted, and every eye was directed to leeward, with speculation as to whether chase would be possible.

"Boats all ready, mate?" inquired the captain. "But we must near her a mile or two first; this under-swell would make heavy work for a long pull."

Eager for the chase, all eyes were directed towards the hoped-for prize; even the watch for the time forgetting accustomed vigilance.

Another and another fish was sighted in the far distance by the man at the masthead, and glad excitement ran through the ship.

"That's it, my men. We've seen the 'leader,' and there's more to follow, never fear. Another mile or so, and you shall be at them—so make ready."

But while all eyes were thus eagerly directed towards the expected shoal, a grand old Leviathan of the ice-mountains, which had been sighted to windward just before the first whale was seen, had been stealing down upon them unawares, though with an unusual speed, impelled by some mighty current underneath, and was quietly attaining an unwelcome proximity to the vessel, as was only just discovered in time.

(To be continued.)

A LONDON CABMAN,

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

No one knew exactly how it happened, but the street was very crowded at the time. The occupant of the cab put his head out of the window and shouted, "Look alive, cabby! Half a crown extra if you catch it."

"All right, sir," was the answer, and the cabman whipped up his horse and turned into a side street to avoid a block. At that moment a school was dismissed, and children swarmed into the street. Everybody knows the habits of these children, and how seldom they seem to regard it as any business of theirs to take care that they are not run over. The imminent cab made no difference to them; they ran forward in front of it, and one daring little fellow lifted his mischievous blue eyes to the driver only a moment before the catastrophe occurred.

A shout and a scream, a swaying of the cab, and then a crushing fall, and a London cabman had finished his work. They carried him away to the nearest

hospital, and doctors and nurses, as skilful as they were pitiful, did their best for him.

After a time his wife came and wept over him, and the cab-owner called to see for himself what chance he had of recovery.

The cabman made no sign. He must have fallen on his head, the doctors said, and it was doubtful if he would regain consciousness.

The gentleman who occupied the cab had walked to the hospital in the sad little procession. Strange to say, he was not seriously hurt, only his hands and face were badly cut. He came presently and stood by the unconscious driver, and the owner of the cab appealed to him for information, but he was only able to give very little.

"The children ran into the street," he said, "just as the horse had been whipped up. I suppose he had hard work to stop, and must have pulled too much to one side. But I do not really know. It was the work of a moment. As soon as I could get out I did, and I saw the man lying with his head on the curbstone motionless. That is all I can say."

"It is just possible that he may be able to speak before the last," said one of the doctors.

So they waited and watched hour after hour far into the night. The cabman was alive and that was all.

His poor wife sat by his side, weeping and praying. Now and then she bent over to kiss his cheek, but he made no response. She gently touched the helpless hands which had been strong and skilful, but which would never again grasp whip or reins.

The nurses were very good to her, and one of them, who knew the relief it would be to talk, encouraged her to do so.

"Poor fellow! He has a kind, good face."

"Ah, you may well say that, nurse; and he is a kind, good man, too, if ever there was one. He went away this morning with a joke on his lips. 'Cheer up old girl,' he said, 'don't look like a cloudy day, for this is May, you know, and the sun shines.' And he gave me a kiss, he did; and the woman's voice broke as she remembered his tenderness."

"Have you any children?" asked the nurse.

But the question only brought more tears. "We had one, little Teddy, but he is dead. My man never rightly got over the loss of our only boy."

The night wore away slowly. The day came and brought no change to the cabman. But at midnight, about thirty-six hours after the accident, he suddenly opened his eyes. "Was the little one hurt?" he asked.

"No, the children are all safe; it is you who are hurt."

"Thank God! Thank God! Is that my wife?"

"Yes, Tom; I am here. Do you suffer much?"

"Oh, no; I don't suffer at all. I'm glad I insured my life, old girl; you will be all right. That and the club money will make a tidy bit for you. I shan't drive any of those parsons to Exeter Hall this time, shall I? But never mind; it is all right. Oh, how glad I am that I never killed a little kid nor run over one. Thirty years and more I've driven a cab about London, and I never hurt a child in my life."

"I'm afraid you've killed yourself, Tom."

"Yes, but it was for little Teddy's sake. It was a near toucher, though. A little boy with blue eyes, just like Teddy, was making straight for the horses. I should have been over him in a minute! Ah, how glad I am I didn't! Why, my girl, I should have been afraid to die if I had ever driven over a little child, but, thank God, I haven't—never!"

His mind ran on this through the whole of the half-hour of consciousness that was given to him. Toward the end a friend, who knew a good deal about the cabman, visited the ward. He did not say much, but he repeated some of the comforting words of the Sacred Book, and the cabman listened and responded.

"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have eternal life."

"I believe," said the cabman. "And I have always taken care of the little ones. He has liked that, I am sure. And it was for Teddy's sake."

The visitor offered to pray with the man.

"Thank you," he said; "and will you tell him that I have never hurt a child in my life?"

And the cabman passed away with a thanksgiving on his lips.—Marianne Farningham, in London Christian World.



Old England's Queen.  
AN AMERICAN TRIBUTE.

Though far we dwell from England's shore

Her heart to ours is near,  
High o'er old Ocean's troublous roar  
Her clarion note rings clear;  
A Pow'r secure, a Throne as pure  
As she whom all revere.

Chorus—Victoria! Victoria! Long live  
our nation's Queen!  
Victoria! Victoria! God bless old Eng-  
land's Queen.

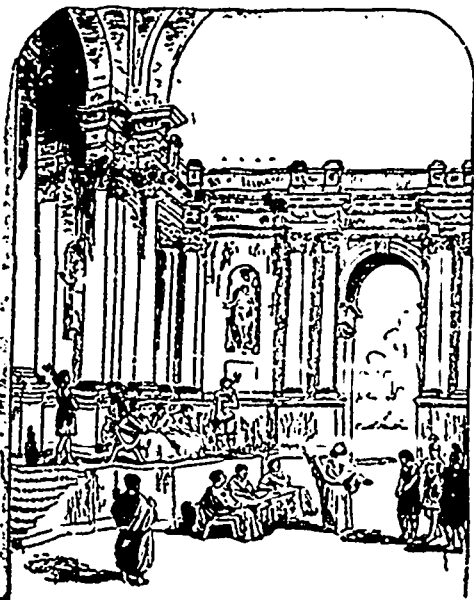
Our fathers' land! Our mothers' home!  
By freedom glorified!  
Her conquering sons the wide world  
roam  
And plant her flag in pride!  
For England's fame, or thy lov'd name,  
Have blood, have won, have died.

Chorus—Victoria! Victoria! etc.

There's ne'er a sea-borne cable's thrill,  
Nor westward wind that blows,  
But wafts a flame old mem'ries, till  
Our hearts' aoid fervour glows.  
The hills of Wales! the Shamrock vales  
The Thistle and the Rose!

Chorus—Victoria! Victoria! etc.

So far the day, Oh, Empress Queen,  
Ere thou by will divine,  
Unto a King, in love serene,  
Thy glorious Crown resign;



A ROMAN HALL OF JUSTICE.

God grant his reign as free from stain,  
As great, as blest, as thine.

Chorus—Victoria! Victoria! etc.

And, Lord of Nations! Speed the time  
When envious strife shall end,  
When powers shall look on war as  
crime

And all shall each befriend,  
When the Union Jack's red, white and  
blue

With the Stars and Stripes 'hall  
blend!

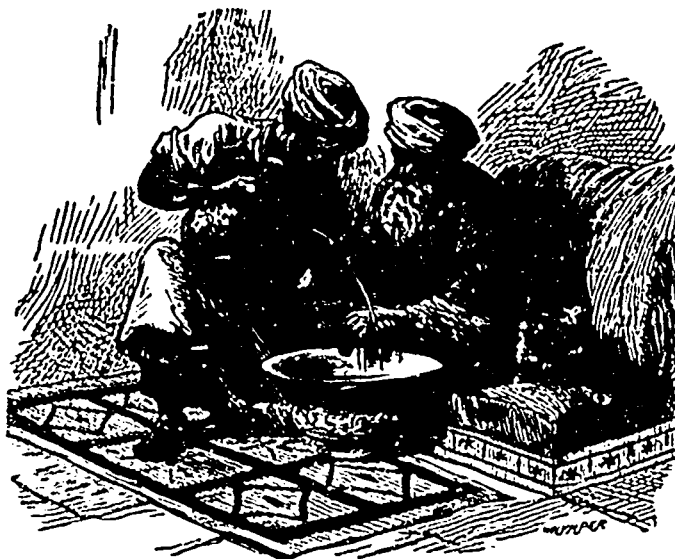
Chorus—Britannia! Columbia! Our  
homes! The old and new,  
Columbia! Britannia! Old friends!  
God keep them true!

THE BIGGEST BRICK BUILDING.

Very few know it, but it is a fact that the Pension Office building, Washington, is the largest brick building in the world. It has been subjected to much criticism, but it can stand it, for as the time passes along there are many things seen about it that escaped notice when it was newer. In all there are over ten million bricks in the building.

General Meigs took liberties with bricks that no other architect had ever attempted. He not only used bricks exclusively for the building, but he used them in constructing the stairs throughout the building. In the matter of stair-building, bricks have often been used for the raiser, but the step has always been of iron, wood or slate or stone. In the Pension Office both raiser and step are of brick. As a brick building, therefore, pure and simple, it is unique in construction, outside of the fact that it is the largest exclusively brick building in the world.

A negro in a southern court of law was being examined as to the character of a certain person. "Is he not, to your knowledge, a thief?" "I dunno about his being a thief exactly," answered the witness cautiously; "but if I were a chicken I should roost high when he was around."



METHOD OF WASHING THE HANDS IN THE EAST.

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY MATTHEW.

LESSON X.—JUNE 5.

JESUS CONDEMNED.

Matt. 27. 11-26. Memory verses, 21-24.  
(Read Matt. 27. 1-34, and John 18. 28-40.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.—1 Tim. 1. 15.

OUTLINE.

1. The Silent Prisoner, v. 11-14.
  2. Barabbas, or Jesus, v. 15-21.
  3. "Let Him be Crucified," v. 22-26.
- Time.—Friday, April 7, A.D. 30, probably about half past six in the morning.  
Place.—Within the Pretorium, the governor's court room in Jerusalem.
- The Successive Trials.—1. Before Annas. 2. Before Caiaphas. 3. Before the Sanhedrin. 4. Before Pilate. 5. Before Herod. 6. Again before Pilate.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Smitten and afflicted.—Matt. 26. 57-68.  
Th. Jesus Condemned.—Matt. 27. 1-14.  
W. Jesus Condemned.—Matt. 27. 15-26.  
Th. Herod's mocking.—Luke 23. 1-12.  
F. Condemned though faultless.—Luke 23. 13-26.  
S. "Behold the man."—John 19. 1-7.  
S. "Behold your King."—John 19. 8-16.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Silent Prisoner, v. 11-14.  
Who was the governor?  
What question did he ask Jesus?  
What was Jesus' reply, and what did it mean?  
Did he answer the accusations of the chief priests and elders?  
What second question did Pilate put to Jesus?  
Did he answer it?  
What effect did Jesus' dignified silence have upon Pilate?
2. Barabbas, or Jesus, v. 15-21.  
What custom had the Roman governor at the passover?  
What made Pilate desire to release Jesus?

Who had the choice of the prisoner to be released?

Whom did they choose?

Who instigated the choice?

What was the character of Barabbas? Mark 15. 7; Luke 23. 25; Acts 3. 14.

3. "Let Him be Crucified," v. 22-26.

What did Pilate ask concerning Jesus? How did he signify his disapproval of the mob?

Did this excuse him from the guilt of delivering Jesus to death?

Can such a course excuse any man in the judgment day?

What dreadful curse did the mob willingly accept?

What was done with the murderer?

What indignity did Pilate offer Jesus? For what did Christ Jesus come into the world? Golden Text.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where do we learn from this lesson—
1. That indecision of character leads to companionship in crime?
  2. That false zeal for religion blinds the heart?
  3. The meekness and long-suffering of Jesus?

THREE SAYINGS OF WELLINGTON.

Wellington left behind him three memorable sentences. "Education without religion would surround us with clever devils." To a verger who had pushed aside a poor man who was going up before him to the altar, with the words, "Make way for his Grace, the Duke of Wellington," he said, "Not so; we are all equal here." And when a young clergyman was speaking in disparagement of foreign missions, he rebuked him with:

"Sir, you forget your marching orders, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.'"

A LEGEND OF OPPORTUNITY.

There is a legend of an artist who sought long for a piece of sandal wood out of which to carve a Madonna. At first he was about to give up in despair, leaving the vision of his life unrealized, when in a dream he was bidden to shape the figure from a block of oak wood which was destined for the fire. Obeying the command, he produced from the log of common firewood a masterpiece. In like manner many people wait for



JESUS BEFORE PILATE.

great and brilliant opportunities for doing the good things, the beautiful things, of which they dream, while through all the common days the very opportunities they require for such deeds lie close to them, in the simplest and most familiar passing events. They wait to find sandal wood out of which to carve Madonnas, while far more lovely Madonnas than they dream of are hidden in the common logs of oak which they burn in the open fireplace or spurn with their feet in the wood-yard.

Mountain Dust Storms.—Mr. Fitzgerald, who led an expedition to the Andes in order to climb the loftiest mountain in America, Mount Aconcagua, describes the peculiar effect of the wind on the upper part of the great peak, which he ascended in January, 1897. The rock is soft and rotten, and immense clouds of dust rise from it, at times completely obliterating the sky. Rain never falls on the mountain, and the water carried up by the climbers for drinking purposes was frozen, and had to be thawed out when wanted. Yet two hours were sometimes expended in getting a fire to burn.

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SUNDAY-SCHOOL

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