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Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, MAY 5, 1894.

No. 18.

### ISRAELITES TOILING IN EGYPT.

It is recorded in our lesson for May 13th that the Egyptians set over the Israelites task-masters to afflict them with burdens.
"And they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Rameses. And the Egyptians made the skildens of legal to Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigour: and they made their lives bitter with hard bondage, in mortar,

and in brick, and in all manner of service in the field: all their service wherein they made them serve was with

rigour."
These great cities, built by the unremunerated toil of generations of slaves, are to this day a memorial of the tyrany and cruelty of the tyranny and cruelty of the Egyptians, and the suffering of their victims. On the walls of some of these buildings are seen pictures of the ings are seen pictures of the in the fields and suffering under the lash of their cruel

taskmasters. But soon God was to prepare a deliverance for his people, to lead them through the Red Sea and to overwhelm their oppressors with confusion. To-day the very confusion. To-day the very names of the Egyptians are known chiefly through the ruined monuments of their ruined monuments of their former greatness, while the despised Jews became the depositories for ages of the knowledge of the true God. Though for their unbelief scattered throughout the nations, they are still in a large degree the bankers, the statesmen, the artists, poets, philosophers, and physicians philosophers and physicians of the leading nations of the world.

### A ROYAL SAFEGUARD.

do know it, my son; but I foresee your temptation. Take the motto of your little society as your own: 'Loy-alty to Christ in all things.'"
"I will, mother dear. A loyal soldier, with God's help."
Thus did Ben Bassett go

out from the brown farm-house, at eighteen, to begin his life-battle. It was early dawn when the farewells were spoken, and mid-afternoon found him standing, bewildered, in a crowded railroad station in New York

City.
Only one soul did he know in the great metropolis. Consin John Bassett's card, with his address, was in his hand. How should he ever find him? Never in all his life had he felt as attacky life had he felt so utterly alone.

He was looking about for a policeman, when a well-dressed man, with an insinu-

ating smile, asked:

"What can I do for you, my friend?"

Ben turned to him with a feeling of relief, showed him his cousin's address,

Saying:

"I am a stranger in the city, and do saloon, said:

"Come in, Mr. Bassett, "Come in, Mr. Bassett, drink to better acquaintance.

said, blandly. "I am going that way my

said, orandry. I am going that way my-self, and can guide you as well as not."

The fellow's manner did not altogether inspire Ben with confidence. Yet, quite The fellow's manner did not arrogarder inspire Ben with confidence. Yet, quite ignorant of city rogues, he went with him, not knowing what else to do. His companion introduced himself as "Mr. Hoppman and the service." kins, sir, very much at your service."

As they walked along, Ben noticed sus-

It was a test moment for Ben. Should he offend his guide, who had kindly offered to help him in his perplexity? He need not drink. The hesitation was only for a moment. "Loyalty to Christ" would not permit him to enter such a place.

He declined going in, offering to wait atside. Mr. Hopkin's face darkened. outside. Mr. Hopkin's face darkened. He seized Beu's arm as if to force him in, the police have their eyes on him. where do you want to go?

Ben handed him Cousin John's address. The officer considered a moment,

"He led ye way off the track, sure Pretty sort of guide he was! Here, sonny," he called to a newsboy, who had just sold out his afternoon papers, "take this young gentleman to Washington

street, and be quick about it.

He'll give ye a dime."

Ben would gladly have promised twice that amount. small as his stock of money was, for safe guidance. He thankfully followed his small conductor, who rattled off such a surprising amount of information, as they walked along, that the country boy

was quite impressed.

It was a two-mile journey
to find Cousin John, but Ben reached his destination safely at last. His heart was full of reverent thanksgiving for his deliverance. "Loyalty to Christ in all things," had proved a royal safeguard in imminent peril.



ISRAELITES TOILING IN EGYPT.

ву в. в. т.

"Good-bye, mother. You know it is best that I go."

picious glances cast in their direction. But Mr. Hopkins talked so pleasantly, skilfully drawing from Ben his personal affairs, that he could not believe there was

anything wrong.

It seemed to Ben they had walked miles, when Mr. Hopkins, stopping in front of a

Come in, Mr. Bassett, and we will

when the appearance of a policeman caused him to vanish.

him to vanish.

The officer questioned Ben closely. The lad's evident honesty and ignorance of city ways cleared him of suspicion.

Better be thankful, lad, that ye didn't go in. Ten chances to one, ye'd never have come out alive. That rogue makes a business of robbing green fellows like you. business of robbing green fellows like you, when they come to the city. He knows

### THE POWER OF HABIT.

Youth is the forming time of habits and these, unless carefully watched, will grow until they bind like ropes and handcuffs. There are few young men who are awak-ened to the evils of a bad habit in time to conquer as did a certain young man who had thoughtlessly formed the habit of taking a glass of liquor every morning before breakfast.

An elder friend advised him to quit before the habit should grow too strong for

"Oh, there's no danger; it's a mere notion. I can quit any time," replied the drinker.

"Suppose you try it to-morrow morning," suggested the friend.

"Very well; to please you I'll do so, but I assure you there's no cause for any alarm."

A week later the young

A week later the young man met his friend again.

"You are not looking well," observed the latter, "have you been ill?"

"Hardly," replied the other. "But I am trying to escape a dreadful dange, and I fear it will be long before I have conquered by any were opened to any My eyes were opened to an imminent peril when I gave you that promise a week ago.

you that promise a week ago. I thank you for your timely suggestion."

"How did it affect you?" inquired the friend.

"The first trial utterly deprived me of appetite for food. I could eat no breakfast, and was nervous and trembling all day. I was alarmed when I realized how insidiously the habit had fastened on me, and resolved to furn square ened on me, and resolved to turn square about and never touch another drop. The squaring off has pulled me down severely, but I am gaining, and I mean to keep the upper hand after this. Strong drink will never catch me in his net again,

### The Sabbath.

BY GUSSIE PACKARD DUBOIS.

Sweet day of rest and quiet, Thy morning hours of calm Fall on the week's loud riot Like tender, healing balm.

Thy noonday joy and blessing Enwrap each heart with peace That comes, its sin confessing And longing for release.

Thy evening hours descending, A golden setting seem, Wherein the day's beams blending Like some rare jewel gleam.

The weary weeks dividing, Thou shinest, blessed day, the way-worn traveller guiding.
And lighting up his way.

Fair type of hope and heaven, Oh, let thy sacred ray Illumine all the seven Till time shall pass away.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, MAY 5, 1894.

### GROWTH OF THE KINGDOM.

BY THE REV. T. B. BISHOP.

II.

Some years ago an old man died at the age of one hundred and sixteen. When he was about sixteen, he heard a sermon that he never forgot. He did not think of it much at the time, and grew up without the fear of God, and lived a sinful life. But seventy-four years afterwards, when he was ninety years afterwards, when he was ninety years old, something brought to his mind the sermon that he had heard in his youth. It was fresh in his memory still, and he gave his heart to God, and for the twenty-six years more that he lived he was an earnest Christian. There was life in that seed, too.

Seed is very strong. You plant a little seed, and it shoots upward; and though it is only a tiny blade, and there are great clods of earth and stones in the way, yet it pushes past them all, and forces its way to the surface. An acorn was once dropped the surface. An acorn was once dropped into the cleft of a rock. Now you might have hammered at that rock a good deal without being able to break it; you might have put a crowbar in, and all your strength would not have split the rock in two. But would not have split the rock in two. But the acorn grew; a little sapling came up first, but year by year it grew stronger, and at last it became a stately oak, and it was so strong that the rock was burst apart. There was a little filbert, too, that fell into the hole of a millstone as it was lying on the ground, and it grew up through the hole and became a filbert tree, and by degrees it raised the heavy stone and by degrees it raised the heavy stone quite off the earth. You see there is strength in seed.

God's Word is seed, and it is seed that is strong and powerful. It grows up some-times in the sinner's hard heart, and his

heart is broken and contrite; and though Satan does all he can to crush the seed, it grows upward still, and bears fruit to God's glory.

And then the seed multiplies. You see

the farmer taking out a sack of wheat to sow in his field: it is not much to cover such a large piece of ground, and it has to be drilled in carefully and made the best of. But go out again in August and see the field waving with yellow corn, and as the reapers come and gather in the heavy sheaves, you find that the sack of seed has multiplied. Each little grain has produced twenty or thirty more grains, and often in Palestine the increase is sixty or a hundred-fold

It is just the same with the Gospel seed. The seed that sprang up in Bethlehem shall wave over Arctic snows and desert sands. "There shall be a handful of corn in the earth on the top of the mountains: the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon."

### THE SEED SPRINGING UP.

This parable tells us something about seed, and how it grows in the earth. First of all, the farmer sows it. We saw that poor man just now throwing his seed hither and thither, but so carefully, lest any of it should be lost. But what can he next? It is out of his sight, but not out of his mind. It would be very interesting, no doubt, if he could watch the little grain, step by step, as it grows up—if he could see the skin burst and the tiny root peep out, and send its suckers downward into the earth, and the infant blade begin at the earth, and the intent blade begin at the same time to shoot upwards. But all this is hidden. He comes out now and then, and looks about anxiously to see if any corn is coming up, but he can't do anything. He would be a very foolish man to rake up the seed, to see how it was getting on. No! there it must be left, covered up in the warm earth, while the farmer goes about his other work and waits in reticate about his other work and waits in patience.
"He sleeps and rises, night and day," and all the time the seed is growing up in secret: but he cannot see it, and cannot

know whether it is growing or not.

Just like this Gospel seed is buried, and the sower cannot see it. The minister cannot look into the hearer's heart: he will watch for the green blade, and rejoice like the husbandman when he sees the field covered with a curpet of green, but mean-

while he must wait patiently.

There is something that the farmer can do after the seed is sown. Of course he will harrow the ground, and drain it, to let the wet off, and set a boy to keep the birds away. He will gather out the stones from the field, and pull up the weeds, and keep up the fences. He would be sure to store anythody, who are districted in the field. He would be sure to anybody who came digging in his now, or galloping over it. And so field now, or galloping over it. And so the minister may preach, and warn, and exhort again and again, but he can do no more. Neither of these sowers can make the seed grow; and it does happen some-times, after all their trouble and all their anxiety, that the crop turns out a failure.

### AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA.

THE depth of the sea presents an interesting problem. If the surface of the sea were lowered six thousand feet (one thousand fathoms), the width of the Atlantic and Pacific opposite the United States and South America would not be materially Isseened, but a continent larger than Africa would appear about the South Pole, while North America would be connected with the British Isles and Europe through Greenland and Ireland, and with Asia in the region of Behring Strait by broad plains inclosing a land-locked Arctic Ocean bout as large as the Mediterranean Sea.

If the sea were lowered two and a half miles (thirteen thousand two hundred feet), Asia, Australia, South America, and Africa would be connected with a greatly enlarged Antarctic continent, thus separating the basins of the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans.

The Atlantic would be divided into an The Atlantic would be divided into an eastern and western basin by a narrow strip of land extending southward from Ireland to the latitude of Cape of Good Hope, while the Pacific would be separated into a large northern and a smaller southern basin by a narrow land connection between northern Chili and the East Indies. Even thus reduced, the sea would still cover more than half the earth's East Indies. Even thus reduced, the sea would still cover more than half the earth's

If the sea were lowered another surface. mile, however (or eighteen thousand four hundred and eighty feet), the ocean as such would disappear, and be represented by a great sea in the northern Pacific, a smaller one in the southern Atlantic, and several small pools between the Americas

and Africa.

The sea is comparatively shallow between Newfoundland and Ireland, and the bottom is called "the telegraphic plateau," because several telegraphic cables are now

laid upon it.

Most of the Mediterranean is over a mile deep, but if its surface were lowered only eight hundred feet it would be separated from the Atlantic at the Strait of Gibraltar, and divided into two seas by a land connection between Sicily and the African coast of Tunis.

The Atlantic, we are told, if drained, would be a vast, gently undulating plain, with a swell or plateau in the middle, running parallel with our coast. Another plateau connects this central one with the north-east coast of South America.

The Atlantic is thus divided into three reat basius, no longer "unfathomed ane Atlantic is thus divided into three great basius, no longer "unfathomed depths." The tops of these sea plateaus are two miles below a sailing ship, and the deepest places of the basins almost five

These plateaus are whitened for thousands of miles by a tiny, creamy species of shell lying as thickly on their sides as frost crystals on a snow bank. The deepest parts are red in colour, strewn with volcanic and meteoric particles and the deeply increased bones of wheles sharks and incrusted bones of whales, sharks, and other sea monsters.

Through the black and silent water of those abysses, in which the only light is afforded by phosphorescent animals, vegetable life is nearly absent, while animal life is scanty and is confined to a comparatively few strange species which may have been common near the surface in former geological ages, but are now seldom, if ever, seen in the upper currents.

### HOW TO DETERMINE DISTANCE AT SEA.

The rules for determining the distance of objects seen at sea are very simple, and should be known by all. Suppose that the eye of the observer is eighteen feet above the level of the ocean. In that case we In that case we double eighteen, which gives us thirty-six, the square root of which is six. Therefore, the horizon lies at a distance of six miles when the observer sees it from an elevation of eighteen feet.

of eighteen teet.

From a height of thirty feet (which is about that of the eye of an observer on a vessel the size of the City of Rome), we double the distance of the eye above sea level, which gives us sixty, the square root of which is 7.7. Hence an object may be seen at a distance of 7.7 miles from a steamer of the size just mentioned.

If the depth of the part of a distance ship's hull below the horizon is known, the distance of that ship beyond the horizon is obtained in the same way. Then, suppose the depth of the part concealed to be twelve feet: we take the square foot of twice twelve, or twenty-four, giving fortyeight, showing that the ship's distance be-yond the horizon is 4.9 miles. Hence if a ship is seen with twelve feet of the hull down (that is, with twelve feet of the hull invisible), the observations being taken from the deck of a steamer the size of the City the deck of a steamer the size of the City of Rome we may correctly infer that this distance is 4.9 miles beyond the distance of the horizon (which, by the figures alone, is proved to be at a distance of 7.7 miles). We add the two sets of figures together and find that the incoming or eurgoing vessel is 12 3-5 miles away.—Golden Days.

### HIS STORY.

"No, I won't drink with you to day," said a drummer to several others, as they settled down in a smoking-car and passed

the bottle.
"The fact is, boys, I have quit drinking;
I've sworn off."

His words were greeted with shouts of laughter by the jolly crowd around him; they put the bottle under his nose and indulged in many jokes at his expense, but he refused to drink, and he was rather regions about it

he refused to the serious about it.

"What is the matter with you, old boy?"
sang out one. "If you have sworn off

drinking, something is up; tell us what

"Well, boys, I will, although I know you'll laugh at me. But I'll tell you, all the same. I have been a drinking man all my life, ever since I was married; as you all know, I love whisky—it's as sweet in all know, I love whisky—it's as sweet in my mouth as sugar—and God only knows how I'll quit it. For seven years not a day passed over my head that I didn't have at least one drink. But I am done. Yesterday I was in Chicago. On South Clark Street a customer of mine leans a nawnterday I was in Chicago. On South Clark Street a customer of mine keeps a pawnshop in connection with his other branches of business. Well, I called on him, and while I was there, a young man of not more than twenty-five, wearing threadbare clothes, and looking as hard as if he hadn't seen a sober day for a month, came in with a little package in his hand. Tremblingly he unwrapped it and handed the article to the pawnbroker, saying:

"Give me ten cents."

"And, boys, what do you suppose that it was? A pair of baby shoes, little things, with the buttons only a trifle soiled, as if they had been worn only once or twice.

"Where did you get these?" asked the pawnbroker.

pawnbroker.

"Got 'em at home,' replied the man, who had an intelligent face and the manner of a gentleman, despite his bad condition. 'My—my wife bought them for our baby, Give me ten cents for 'em—I want a drink. "You had better take the shoes back to your wife. the beat will mad them,' said

our wife; the baby will need them, said

the pawnbroker.

"'No, s-she won't, because she's dead, She's lying at home now—died last night.

"As he said this the poor fellow broke down, bowed his head on the showcase and

down, bowed his head on the should cried like a child.

"Boys," said the drunmer, "you can laugh if you please, but I—I have a baby of my own at home, and I'll swear I'll never drink another drop.

Then he got up and went into another car. His companions glanced at each other in silence; no one laughed; the bottle disappeared, and soon each one was sitting in a seat by himself, reading a newspaper. - $\pmb{Highstown}$  (N.J.) Gazette.

### THE LONGEST DAY IN THE YEAR.

How long is it?

That depends. At Spitzbergen it is very long indeed, as this comparative record will now you: At Stockholm, Sweden, it is eighteen and

one-half hours in length.

At Spitzbergen the longest day is three

and one-half months.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day is sixteen and one-half

At Hamburg, in Germany, and Dantzig.

In Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours

At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21 to July 22 without in terruption. At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolski

At St. l'etersburg, Russia, and Tobols, Siberia, the longest day is nineteen hours, and the shortest five hours.

At Tornea, Finland, June 21 brings and day nearly twenty-two hours long, and Christmas one less than three hours in length.

At New York the longest day is about affect hours, and at Montreal, Conada it is sixteen hours.

### A GRATEFUL CHILD.

SPRAKING of hospital children, a physician, in an account of his work among

them says:
"One little fellow, whom I knew very
home little fellow, whom I knew very
home little fellow, whom I knew very well, had to have some dead bone removed from his arm. He got well, perhaps thought I had taken a good deal of interest in him, although I was not scious of showing him extra attention. The morning he was to leave he sent for When I reached his bed I bent over him 'Well, Willie,' I said, 'we shall miss you when you are gone;' and afterward, well when you are gone; and afterward, bid you want to see me specially? The little you want to see me specially? The fellow reached up his hand and laid it my shoulder, as I bent over him, and whis and the second of pered, 'My mamma will never hear the last about you.' Could anyone gratitude more beautifully?"

### Marching Song. BY EMILY C. PIKE.

FAITHFUL, Juniors, faithful, Use the hours in school, Learn our lessons thorough, e've no time to fool! Youth will soon be over, We have much to do, Ere we take the places
Of the good and true.

CHORUS.

Forward, Junior Leaguers,
Pressing through the foe,
Conquer what would stap us
By a mighty "No!"

Kindly, Juniors, kindly,
Treat our pets called dumb, Then how glad they greet us.

When we chance to come.

Keep our mouths from using Any word that's bad! Then some way be finding To cheer up the sad!

Truthful Juniors, truthful, Let us stick to this; No one loves the liar, Oh, what peace they miss! Let us not touch liquor, Sorrow it will bring ! Temp'rance, truth, and kindness, Are the themes we sing.

Prayerful, Juniors, prayerful;
This will help us live Just the life we pictured, And the true strength give, We are only weakness, But our Lord is strong; He will add his greatness
In our fight with wrong.

Steady, Juniors, steady, March we on our way, For the foe be ready,
Some point gain each day!
We shall surely conquer If we give good heed To the marching orders In his Word we read. Epworth Herald.

## In Prison and Out.

By the Author of "The Man Trap."

CHAPTER XVIII. - A RED-LETTER DAY.

WHY had not Mr. Dudley crossed London Bridge at the time when he was so sorely needed? He asked himself this que tion with a sharp sense of disappointment and defeat. a sharp sense of disappointment and defeat. It was his custom frequently of an evening to go there, and see the sunset on the river; but this day he had felt too busy to go. Some trifling task, which could have been done at any other hour, had hindered him from attaining an end which he had kept steadily before him ever since he had heard David's history.

He had made every effort to trace David, but had utterly failed hitherto; but the story Bess told, with many tears, brought fresh hope to him. Bess had seen and spoken with him, and learned that he was living with Blackett. There would be less difficulty in tracking out Blackett, who had made himself David, whose downward career of vice and

orime was but lately begun.

The next day was to be a great and memorable day in the lives of both Victoria and Bess. They had been thinking and dreaming of it for weeks. Mr. Dudley was going to take them down the river to the ship of a seaman during the last eighteen mouths. for a seaman during the last eighteen months. He had been a troublesome lad at first, cunning and idle, yet with a germ of good in him, which had turned towards David's mother, and had fastened upon her honesty as a quality to be loved and imitated. There had been a careful and the control of t careful, kindly, and sympathetic care taken of him by the offic rs on the cleo atra; and both idleness and cunning had been conquered. To allow him to return to a land life in To allow him to return to a land life in London would have been probably to doom him, like David Fell, to a course of guilt which must lead him to the workhouse or the His life would be given to England in aiding to carry her commerce to foreign

The sunrise was as splendid as the sunset had been the night before. Euclid, as he started off to market, called to Victoria out of the street that it was the finest marning of of the street that it was the finest morning of all the year; and, long before the right time for starting, Bees and Victoria were down on

London Bridge Pier waiting for Mr. Dudley's London Bridge ther waiting for Mr. Dunley's arrival. When he came, Bess pointed out to him the exact spot where she had met David last night, and a cloud shadowed her bright face for a few minutes; but it possed away gradually as the vessel steamed off, and carried her out of sight of the bridge.

A number of people on the steamer were bound for the Cleopatra; for it was the yearly bound for the Cleopatra; for it was the yearly fête day, and a real lord and lady were to be present to give away the prizes. They could see the ship, long before they reached it, standing out clearly against the deep blue of the summer sky, with banners and streamers flying from every mast and along every line of rigging. A boat, manned by Cleo arra boys, was waiting at the landing stage to carry the visitors across to the ship,—sunburnt, healthy, bright-eyed lads in na y-blue, looking already like real seamen. One of the biggest of them, as he saw Bess staring about her every way except in his direction, gave a her every way except in his direction, gave a gladsome little shout to call her eyes towards him. It was Roger.

gladsome little shows him. It was Roger.

From that moment Bess seemed to see nothing but Roger, so tall he had grown, so nothing but Roger, so tall he had lost its and bright. His face had lost its strong and bright. His face had lost its scared and sulky look, and smiled whenever he caught her gaze as he bent over his oar, and pulled away, with the other lads, to the ship's side. Roger helped her up the ladder, and made her promise not to go anywhere till he had finished his turn of rowing to and till he had finished his turn of rowing to and fro to the landing stage, and was ready to guide her over the Cleopatra himself—she and Victoria stood looking over the gunwale at the gay little boats fletting about; whilst at the gay little boats flitting about; whilst the ship's banners and streamers fluttered overhead, and a band of music, played by other boys, sounded poyously from the deck, as boat-load after boat-load of friends and visitors boarded the ship. Bess clasped Victoria's hand very tightly, but she could not speak.

not speak.

Every steamer brought fresh guests, and Every steamer brought fresh guests, and the trips to the landing-stage were very numerous, but after awhile Roger was at liberty to take Bess triumphantly over the Cleopatra, priding himself on the knowledge he had of a hundred things, of which she knew nothing. Beneath the main-deck the yearly banquet was spread on long narrow tables, profusely decorated with flowers and fruit, and displaying more plass and china tables, profusely decorated with flowers and fruit, and displaying more glass and china than Bess had ever dreamed of. But Roger did not linger there. There was the forecastle to be shown, and the cabins, and the schoolroom, and the boys' sleeping-berths, where Roger hung up his hammock, and leaped into it, curled himself up in it, and leaded out of it, with an agility which amazed

Above deck were the masts and the rigging and the shrouds and boats; and Bess must be told the use of them, and see Roger climting barefoot, as swiftly as a monkey, till he shouted her name at a giddy height above her, and, loosing his hands from the mast, held on by his feet only, to her great agony and dread. And the sun that day shone as Bess had never known it shine before, and the soft winds played about her face, bringing a deeper colour to her cheeks; and, but for one heavy sorrow in her inmost heart, she would have been perfectly happy. Bess.

Above deck were the masts and the rigging

have been perfectly happy.

Bess and Victoria and Roger had a pleasant little lunch of biscuit and cheese under a hatchway by themselves while the banquet hatchway by themselves while the banquet was going on below. After that was over, the prizes were to be given; and, behold! Roger had won some of these prizes, and had to step forward before all the crowd of guests and shipmates—very proud, yet very shame-faced—to receive them from the hards of the real lord! A hearty cheer rang in his ears as he returned to Bess to show her what he had ne returned to bess to snow her what he had won; and she saw the tears in his eyes for an instant though he wiped them away quickly, and cheered the next boy with all the milds and attenuable. his might and strength.

Then there came a number of exercises; and the Cho atra seemed all alive with brisk and the Ciro atra seemed all alive with brisk lads reefing and furling the sails, running races up the rigging to the mast-head, splicing and knotting ropes, drilling, and a variety of wonderful performances, in which Roger was distinguishing himself, while Bess looked on as if she could gaze forever. Could this, indeed, be Roger, the dirty, slouching, miserable boy, who used to creep out of his father's sight into her mother's room? Was father's sight into her mother's room? Was he the frightened thief who had stolen Eucl d's hoard of money, and who had been saved from jail by Euclid's earnest pleading? Or was she dreaming a splendid dream, which would fade away as soon as she awoke?

Victoria enjoyed this red letter day to the Victoria enjoyen this real letter day to the full as much as Bess, though she sat still more, and looked most at the deep blue of the sky, and the sparkling of the swift river, and the green meadows sloping down to its and the green meadows stoping down to its margin. She had grown stronger; but she would always be a small and delicate woman, would always be a small and deleate woman, not fit for rough work. Mr. Dudley had been very busy from the moment he had set his foot on board; but, when the exercises beg

he came to sit down beside her for a little while, thinking to himse f how serious, yet tranquil, her pale face was, and what a quiet

ie dwelt in her eyes. Anything the matter, Victoria?" he asked. "In only thinking, sir," she answered. "I got used to thinking when father was away all day, and I was left alone, before you knew us."

And what are you thinking of?" he inquired.

nquired.

"Do it cost more to keep Roger here than to keep David in jail?" she asked, turning her serious face to him.

"Jails cost more than training-ships," he

answered.

"Roger'll know how to get his own livin'." she went on. "And he'll marry a wife, and keep her and his children decent; and he'll never cost anybody no more. But David! I'm thinkin' how he told Bess there's no hope for him now. And, oh! he was so much better than Roger to start with. There was no more harm in him than in Bess then. She'd have turned out bad if you hadn't found us out in time,—all through Roger stealing

that money."
Victoria's eyes filled with tears; and she turned her face away from Mr. Dudley, looking sorrowfully towards the sunny west, where the purple smoke of London hung in

the sky.

"Ind you ever read all through the Gospel

of St. Luke, sir?" she asked.
"To be sure, Victor a," he replied.
"Then you've read how, when Jesus was come near London be looked at it, and wept over it. 'Wept means read crying, doesn't it?" Yes," he answered.

"Yes," he answered.

"Then Jesus cried over London," she went on. "That was real crying, I know. He only saw the city once, and then he wept over it. I'm thinkin' of that."

"Ah! the city!" he repeated. "Yes!

"Yes," the enty: he repeated. "Yes!
"He beheld the city and wept over it.' Those
are the words, Victoria?"
"Yes," she said.

true of London," he continued,—"as true as it ever was of any city in the world.
And, after Jesus had wept over it, he said,
'If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace! but now they are hid from thme

He stood up, and looked, as she was doing, westward, at the cloud of dim-coloured purple hanging over the city, with the golden beams of the sun already tinging it with crimson light. He knew well—but knew also that not a hundredth part was known to him—that a table sure and known to him what untold sorrows and sins lay underneath that cloud: what ignorance and degradation and crime were stalking in visible forms along its streets. He thought of the jails and the workhouses being enlarged from time to time for the upspringing and yet unborn generations of criminals and paupers, which would eat away its glory and its strength. And, from the very depths of his heart, he cried, Would to Go! thou wouldst learn, in this thy day, the things that be ong to thy peace

They returned home in a steamer chartered for the purpose of conveying all the guests of the Cleopatra. As they dropped away from the training ship, they were followed by the sound of music. The boys clambered up into the shrouds, and stood along the guawale and on every point where there was foothold, waving their shining hats, and cheering vociferously, as their guests departed. Bess never took her eyes from the ship and from Roger standing amid his mates, as long as she could see them. It had been a wonderful rould see them. It had been a wonderful day, a day to remember as long as she tived. But, oh! if David had been there as well as Roger!

nger: Their first landing-place was London Pridge. It was already growing dusk, and the lamps were lit; and, as she looked up, she fancied she saw David's sad, despairing face leaning over the parapet above, and gazing down upon her. But when she looked again he was gone.

(To be continued.)

### A C'EVER DOG.

As I was walking, a short time ago, towards our rural railway station, I was surprised on seeing a retriever dog, the property of one of my parishioners, suddenly spring over the fence, and rush past me in a most unceremonious manner, evidently hastening onward in the direction of the station. His actions and looks were so peculiar that the thought oc-His actions and looks occurred to me-What particular object has the dog in view with his earnest and business-like demeanor t and I forthwith resolved to await his return. In the meanwhile the train from London arrived, stopped at the station, and departed. And I had the satisfaction of solving the problem, for I saw the dog returning as

solemnly and unceremoniously as he had come, carrying something in his mouth, which, upon nearer inspection, I found to be a copy of a city daily newspaper. the sagacious animal had been trained to go every day to the station, and await the errival of that particular train, and to carry home to his master the paper, which was either given to him, or placed upon the platform in readiness for him. The clever dog seemed fully conscious of the importance of his charge, as he passed me with head and tail erect, and a knowing look, which appeared to say, "On duty, sir; on which appeared to say, "On duty, sir; on duty." And again, bounding over the fence, he trotted homewards, faithful to his master's trust. Methought, as I passed on, it is a good thing to be faithful to our trust, ever to be found in the path of duty, and diligent in the performance of it.

### NOT FIRST CLASS.

WE were on a boat a few days ago. return for the payment of first-class fare we looked for first-class accommodations, and received them in all respects save one. We were compelled to breathe tobacco smoke almost continually. There was no escape. On starboard side and on port, on deck and in cabin the smoker was present deck and in cabin the smoker was present or speedily put in an appearance after we were seated. It made us uncomfor able, disturbing our brain and disarranging the natural workings of our stomach. What natural workings of our stomach. What cared the smoker? It was not his brain —if he had any it was too crude and gross to be disturbed. It wasn't his stomach, so why should he care? The smoker, as a rule, is a number one fellow in this, that he cares for number one and pays no heed to anybody else.

#### HINTS AND HELPS FOR JUNIOR LEADERS.

BY MISS KATHERINE LOCKE.

Boys and girls are interested listeners when interesting points are presented to them. If no preparation has been made for their enterno preparation has been made for their enter-tainment, they make the discovery instantly, and refuse to listen. Sprightliness and variety are necessary qualifications for the teacher. Some unexpected song, picture, a story, some-times a violin solo, unannounced, will delight ne Juniors more than a prepared programme.

Again, Juniors must feel that the meeting

Again, Juniors must feet that the theeting is their meeting. They are to do the singing, praying, and speaking, just as far as possible. If the boy has something to do, he soon feels that the hour belongs to him. If the girl has some especial work, she feels responsible has some expectal work, she teels responsible for being present. It is touching and beautiful to hear their voices in prayer, even if but a brief sentence constitutes the appeal of the child-heart. They should be taught the proper and reverent way to pray. Even sentence prayers should have the introductory "Our Father," and invariably the closing "Amen." Show as an example the Lord's "Amen." Show as an example the Lord's prayer, which Christ himself gave to his disciples. In public prayer the plural pronoun should be used; and always the most reverent "Thou" of sacred language. Whatever posture is used, teach the children to close

the eves in prayer.

The boy is father to the man, hence very early he exhibit- his social nature. The League has only half di charged its duty when it has taught the child how to worship God in public. His so it nature wil impect his re-ligious life unless it, too, is recognized as a part of his religion. As often as prac-ticable the League ought to enjoy an outing in summer and house entertainment in winter. It is just as religious for children at the proper time to engage in field sports and house games, as at other times to meet for spiritual exercises. It seems to me that the Christian Church is responsible to a large degree for the healthful recreation of young people.

Not only must the Juniors be entertained,

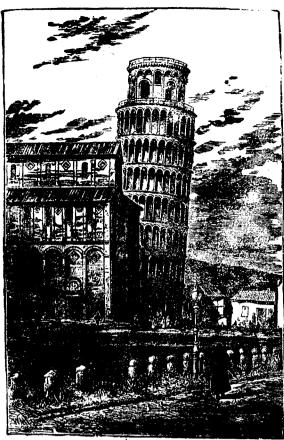
but very early they can be taught how to entertain, by occasionally preparing a pro-gramme to which they will invite their parents gramme to which they will invite their parents and friends. Such a pr gramme, consisting of musical and literary features, cal sthenies, and marching, will not only be helpful to the Juniors, but it will never fail to delight

their guests

That the Juniors may be early inculcated in benevolence, it would be well to organize them in a missionary circle, with a special monthly programme, with missions as the inspiring theme.

"The Junior League is a denominational registry, and should be thoroughly Masters.

ociety, and should be thoroughly Methodist. The general outlines of Methodist history, usages, institutions, and polity must be taught. The Juniors should 'mark well be taught. The Juniors sho the bulwarks of Methodiam.'



PISA'S LEANING TOWER.

### LEANING TOWER.

OUR picture to-day gives us a pretty clear idea of the famous leaning tower of Pisa in Italy, and also of a great baptistery near by. This tower was begun in 1174, near by. This tower was begun in 1174, but whether it was built leaning as it now stands, just for an architectural curiosity, or whether the unequal settling of the foundation caused it to incline to one side is not known. It was most likely built in its present position, as the top part is said to be constructed of very porous and light sort of stone. It is 179 feet high and leans about thirteen feet out of the perpendicular. The purpose for which this famous tower was built is not known, but it is now preserved solely as an object of curiosity.

### A GOOD PLAN.

Two boys were going down the street of a little village one hot, dusty day. "I'm very dry," said one of them, as he wiped the sweat from his face, "and I'm tired too. Ain't you, Robert?" "Yes, I am," and "I'm the stop somewhere." Ain't you, Robert?" "Yes, I am," answered Robert. "Let us stop somewhere and rest and get a drink." "I am favourable to that plan," said the other lad. "Here's a cool-looking place; let's go in." The place he referred to was a saloon. On the windows were rejected in the said of the The place he referred to was a saloon. On the windows were painted in gilt letters, "Liquors and cigars. Come in." "No," said Robert shaking his head, "I won't go in there. Let's go on farther." "But why not stop here?" asked the other lad. "The place looks pleasant—more so than any other place I can see." "Yes, it looks pleasant enough," said Robert; "but it's a saloon. They sell liquor there." "What of that?" asked the other. "We're not obliged to drink any of it if we go in, are we?" "Well, no," answered Robert; "but I don't like getting into the habit of lounging about such places. There seems to be something about them that fascinates to be something about them that fascinates a fellow. I've watched the men who go in there, I've heard them talk about it. They say they know they ought not to hang about the saloons, but if they stop to-day, to-morrow they want to go again, and something seems to draw them there in spite of their judgment. They don't visit a saloon very often before they get to smoking and drinking and playing cards, and the first they know they are neglecting their business for the pleasure they find in this kind of life. It's down, down all the way, and from what I've seen of this drink business it seems to me it's just as it is with us when we run down a hill: we get to going faster and faster, and we can't stop still till we reach the bottom; it stop still till we reach one boson, seem as if we were obliged to keep on gofairly under motion. It's ing when we get fairly under motion. It's just so with most men who get into the

habit of drinking; when they get started they can't stop till they get to the bottom. I don't want to get started; I don't want to put myself in the way of being tempted to start; so I think lest to keep out of the saloon. As long as I keep away I'm safe." "You're right," said the other. "I didn't think the other. "I didn't think of that. I don't want to be a drunkard any more than you do, and I'll shake hands in keeping out of the starting drunkards if you place of drunkards if you will." And they shook hands on this good resolution, and I hope they will always adhere to it.—Temperance Banner.

#### COMRADES.

BY WILLIAM S. M'LEAN.

WHERE is the boy or girl who does not love to sit and listen to stories about In-dians? So if you will just listen for a while, I will tell you a story about two Indian

boys.

It was one fine summer's morning, on the banks of the Belly River, about three years ago. The river being very low, two Indian lads began to cross to the other

began to cross to the other side, to get some firewood.

On reaching the other side, they began to gather their firewood, thinking not of the moments that were so swiftly passing by. After they had gathered enough wood they began to return. By this time the river had swollen to the edge of the bank. As evening was fact edge of the bank. As evening was fast approaching, they began to think how to get across. At last, the eldest lad, taking his companion by the arm, plunged into the stream, using all their strength against the heavy current, but the elder lad's strength at last began to fail in him efforts to try and save his comrade. He then entreated his young companion to try and save himself, but the youth would not go.

Down the stream they drifted. The youngest lad, stretching out his hand, caught a passing log; the elder lad, being to feeble to make any exertion to catch the log, was carried away by the heavy current. The youth on the log worked like a hero, to steer in the path of his comrade. At last his efforts were rewarded with success. Then, by the help of those who were wetching from the last his efforts. who were watching from the banks, they were safely landed. Once more enjoying the comforts of their Indian home, and ever proving to each other true and devoted friends.

Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada.

## LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER. OLD TESTAMENT TEACHINGS.

B.C. 1706-1600.] LESSON VII. [May 13.

ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

Exod. 1. 1-14. Memory verses, 8-10. GOLDEN TEXT.

Our help is in the name of the Lord.—

OUTLINE.

Small Beginnings, v. 1-5.
 Great Increase, v. 6, 7.
 Sore Affliction, v. 8-14.

TIME.—This lesson includes a period of over one hundred years—from B.C. 1706, the date of the descent into Egypt, to B.C. 1600, the beginning of the bondage.

PLACE.—The land of Goshen, on the border between Egypt and the wilderness.

RULER. -A Pharaoh of a new dynasty.

EXPLANATIONS .- "Children of Israel"-Explanations.—"Children of Israel"—The sons of the patriarch Jacob, called Israel after his wrestle with the angel (Gen. 32, 28). They came into Egypt from Canaan by invitation of Joseph (Gen. 45, 19). "His household"—Wives, children, and servants. "Out of the loins of Jacob"—Meaning the family

of Jacob. "Seventy souls"—This included Jacob himself in the number. "Died"—Joseph lived to the age of one hundred and ten years. "Multiplied"—All these words show a very rapid and great increase in number. "The land was filled"—Goshen, the portion of Egypt where they lived. Their number was in fulfilment of God's promises to Abraham and Jacob. "A new mises to Abraham and Jacob. "A new king"—He belonged to a new line or dynasty of kings. "More and mightier than we" kings. "He belonged to a new line or dynasty of kings. "More and mightler than we"—His fears made them larger than they really were. "Wisely"—What men call wisdom God often counts wickedness. "Get them up out of the land"—He did not like to lose them, because they might be of service. "Taskmasters"—Egyptian rulers, who required them to work for the king. "Treasure cities"—Either "fortified cities," or, as some think, "temple cities." "The more they multiplied"—Because God was on their side. "Grieved"—Angry and hateful. "Rigour"—Hard usage. "Brick"—Bricks made of clay and straw are largely used in Egypt. "In the field"—In digging canals and building public works. Their troubles led them to God by showing them that only God could help them.

Home Readings.

HOME READINGS.

M. Jsrael in Egypt.—Exod. 1. 1-14.

Tu. A great nation.—Gen. 46. 1-7.

W. Increasing in numbers.—Gen. 47. 27-31.

Th. Oppressed without cause.—Isa. 52. 1-6.

F. Hardly treated.—Exod. 5. 13-19.

S. A cry of distress.—Psalm 142.

Su. The Spirit given.—Acts 2. 1-12.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS. Where in this lesson are we shown-

Ingratitude for great-favours?
 Fulfilment of God's promises?
 Persecution of the Church of God?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What was the number of the Israelite family when they went down to Egypt? "Seventy persons." 2. How long did they remain there? "Until the time of Moses." 3. What happened to them as a people? "They increased abundantly." 4. Who became ruler over Egypt? "A king who knew not Joseph." 5. What was his treatment of the Israelites? "He made them slaves." 6. What is the Golden Text? "Our help," etc. 1. What was the number of the Israelite

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION. — God's protecting providence.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is faith, in general?

Faith, in general, is a conviction of the truth and reality of those things which God has revealed in the Bible.

### A BOOK OF INDIAN STORIES.

Why is it that "parents" so often frown on books that make their children's eyes bulge with delight? Take the usual "Indian story," for instance; what objections your father and mother find in those entered and mother states and tome. trancing tales of scalps and trails and toma-So we think we are doing a favour to everybody when we recommend a book of Indian stories and pictures that even the strictest parent couldn't have the heart to take away.

It is one thing to sit in a "flat" in Toronto and write of imaginary adventures on the plains and in "the Rockies," but it takes grit and goodness and grace to induce a man to go away up into the region west of Hudson's Bay to live with the half-starved Indians, and preach the Gospel to them. When a man who has done that comes home, and writes a book on it, everybody wants to read it. So, when Dr. Young, the missionary to the Crees of Canada, published his "Pr. Come and Dr. To. To. lished his "By Canoe and Dog Train," a few years ago, thousands of copies were snapped up by eager readers. The same author has just written a second volume, "Stories from Indian Wigwams," which is published at the same moment in New York, Cincinnati, Toronto, and London. It has more pictures and more good stories than the first, and is the sort of a book to interest the whole household. It is a prime book for a Sunday-school library, too. It may be obtained of the publishers of this

may be obtained of the publishers of this paper at \$1.25.

"An Indian family had a tame bear of which they were very fond. They lived in a birch-bark wigwam, and the bear had his share of the little home. He was very gentle, and the children played with him as they would with a very large dog. In these wigwams, the baby's principal restingplace is a little hammock that swings from the tent-poles. One day all the members of the tent-poles. One day all the members of this family owning the tame bear were away, with the exception of the mother and

the baby. The supply of water being of hausted, the mother was obliged to go do not to the river, which was not far away, some. She left her babe in the hammon in the tent, and the bear sleeping near it of the ground. When she returned she found the bear sitting up on his hind legs and using his forenaws as hands cantly rocking using his forepaws as hands, gently rocking the child. The babe was smiling now, the tears on its cheeks told that it had been crying. This seems to be made to the tears of the control o This seems to have excited bear's sympathy, and to have prompted him to endeavor in the usual way to soothe and quiet the little country. and quiet the little one, and he had sue

### What Woud You Think?

WHAT would you think if the birds and the

flowers
Should say that the dew and the sweet sum
mer showers Were not what they wanted to bathe in ar

drink,
They'd like something stronger;
Now, what would you think?

And what would you think, some pleading spring day,
If the robin and wren and pretty blue jay,
Should go reeling and falling because strong drink
(Just like men and boys),
Now, what would you think?

Now, what would you think?

And what would you think if you picked

And found that the flowers acted just

same way?
And all of them tipsy because of a drink?
(How queer it would be!)
But what would you think?

Well, if it is silly and foolish for them, Don't you think it is worse for the boys and the men Who lose both their bodies and souls, too

through drink:
Now, what do you think?

If the heathen are never saved, it w be the fault of stingy, close-fisted church members, and not the fault of God. angels have orders to throw every winds in heaven wide open as soon as all the tithes have been brought into the store house; but there is no promise that single blessing shall fall until this has been done.—E. P. Brown.

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