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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, JUNE 9, 1900.

No. 23.

## The Message of the Flowers.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Spoke full well, in language quaint and  
olden,  
One who dwelleth by the castled  
Rhine,  
When he called the flowers, so blue and  
golden,  
Stars, that in earth's firmament do  
shine.

Stars, they are, wherein we read our  
history,  
As astrologers and seers of old;  
Yet not wrapped about with awful mys-  
tery,  
Like the burning stars which they  
beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as  
wondrous,  
God hath written in those stars  
above,  
But not less in the bright flowerets  
under us,  
Stands the revelation of his love.

Bright and glorious is that revela-  
tion,  
Written all over this great world  
of ours;  
Making evident our own creation,  
In these stars of earth—these  
golden flowers.

And the poet, faithful and far-  
seeing,  
Sees, alike in stars and flowers,  
a part  
Of the self-same, universal being,  
Which is throbbing in his brain  
and heart.

Gorgeous flowerets in the sun-  
light shining,  
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of  
day,  
Tremulous leaves, with soft and  
silver lining,  
Buds that open only to decay:

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gor-  
geous tissues,  
Flaunting gaily in the golden  
light;  
Large desires, with most uncertain  
issues,  
Tender wishes blossoming at  
night!

These in flowers and men are more  
than seeming,  
Workings are they of the self-  
same powers,  
Which the poet, in no idle dream-  
ing,  
Seeth in himself and in the  
flowers.

Everywhere about us are they  
glowing,  
Some like stars, to tell us spring  
is born;  
Others, their blue eyes with tears  
o'erflowing,  
Stand like Ruth amid the golden  
corn.

Not alone in spring's armorial  
bearing,  
And in summer's green emblazoned  
field,  
But in arms of brave old autumn's wear-  
ing,  
In the centre of his brazen shield;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,  
On the mountain-top, and by the brink  
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,  
Where the slaves of Nature stoop to  
drink;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,  
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,  
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,  
On the tombs of heroes, carved in  
stone;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,  
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling  
towers,  
Speaking of the past unto the present,  
Tell us of the ancient games of flowers;

In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
Flowers expand their light and soul-  
like wings,  
Teaching us by most persuasive reasons,  
How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection,  
We behold their tender buds expand;  
Emblems of our own great resurrection,  
Emblems of the bright and better land.

## THE BOY WITH A KODAK.

John and his sister Flora were sitting  
on the grass in the front yard, playing  
jackstones. It seemed impossible for

John, getting very much in earnest.

"Come, hand it over. It's my turn."  
But Flora only shook her head de-  
flantly and put her hand behind her  
"You're a cheat—that's what you are!"  
exclaimed John, angrily.

At this Flora raised her hand and  
struck her brother on the arm. He re-  
sented it by making an ugly grimace.  
Snap, snap, went the box in the  
stranger boy's hand.

Both turned in wondering surprise.  
"What makes that thing do that?  
What is it, anyhow?" John demanded.

"I'll tell you to-morrow," said the tall  
boy, and stepping over the fence he  
walked quickly away.

He would have laughed outright had it  
not been a photograph of himself. The  
deep frown and the distorted features  
were anything but pleasant to look  
upon. He felt deeply chagrined and  
humbled.

"You see, I took you yesterday when  
you were fighting," explained the boy  
leaning against the fence. "You fight  
a great deal, don't you? I have tried  
several times to take you from my win-  
dow across the street, but failed.  
Kodaks are getting to be quite common  
playthings nowadays. We shall have to  
tidy up our manners, for there's no  
knowing when we are going to be photo-  
graphed. I have a stack of pictures of  
people who little dream that I have  
photographed them in all their  
moods and tempers. It's a fine way  
to study human nature. You may  
keep those pictures;" and so saying  
he walked away.

John and Flora looked at each  
other in shamefaced silence. One  
could not exult over the other.  
The defeat was for both of them.

"Say, Flora," said John at  
length, "let's don't fight any  
more."

"I won't if you won't," answered  
Flora, who stood regarding her  
picture with decided ill-favour.

Ever after that day, when they  
felt that they were getting angry,  
the remembrance of the picture  
which their sister had tacked up  
in each room caused them to  
change their tactics instantly—  
Caroline Mosher, in *The Advance*.



## A TOBACCO EVIL.

But avast smoking in boy-  
hood! Yes, it has a tendency to  
stop the growth. How can it be  
otherwise when we consider the  
effects of tobacco on the system,  
especially the nervous, arterial and  
venous portion thereof? In the  
novice, tobacco speedily produces  
swimming of the head, damp  
perspiration, a nausea, with vomit-  
ing worse than sea-sickness, pallor  
of face, debility of the heart, even  
to fainting and relaxation of the  
muscles.

Once a man belonging to my  
ship dislocated his shoulder while  
bont-cruising. I had no chloro-  
form, and, muscular though I was  
I failed to overcome the action of  
the sailor's muscles and reduce the  
dislocation.

"Do you smoke?" I asked.  
Happily he did not, though most  
sailors do. I had a pipe lit and  
handed to him. In three minutes'  
time the muscles were flaccid  
enough, and the ball of the  
humerus went into the socket with  
little exertion on my part. I plied  
my poor, pale patient for a time,  
however.

Now, if tobacco has this power  
over nerve and heart action even  
in a strong, hardy sailor, does it  
not prove that it must interfere  
with the nutrition of the body of  
a half-grown sapling of a boy? Be  
wise in time, therefore, and do not learn  
a habit that tends to injure you, simply  
because you think it manly.

Manly, indeed! Why, a boy never  
looks more like a monkey than when he  
is smoking. Take the pale-faced city  
youth, stick a pipe in his mouth, and let  
him ride past you on a bicycle in the  
cat-on-the-garden-wall style, and you  
will heave a sigh.

"No doubt of it," you will say. "Dar-  
win is right about the descent of man."

Descent of some men, perhaps, I should  
add.—An Old Salt.

these two children to play together for  
any length of time without having—what  
their big sister named—their "differ-  
ences." Across the street stood a large  
hotel, always well filled during the sum-  
mer months with people who came to  
enjoy the sweet country air, and tan  
themselves on the lakes until their faces  
looked like mulattoes.

John looked up and saw a tall boy com-  
ing across the street. In his hand he  
carried a curious-looking box. He coolly  
stepped over the low iron fence that  
surrounded the yard, and seated himself  
on the grass a few feet from them. He  
did not seem inclined to talk, so the  
game proceeded the same as if he had  
not been there. Flora was tossing the  
jackstones when John exclaimed, "There!  
that's a miss."

"Well, it wasn't but a little one," said  
Flora, holding it away from his out-  
stretched hand.  
"A miss is a miss, big or little," said

"Queer chap, isn't he?" said John,  
looking after him uneasily.

Next day, when they were playing in  
the yard, they saw the tall boy again  
crossing the street, but this time he had  
some cards in his hands.

"Here, sis," said he, holding one to-  
ward Flora. She took it curiously,  
gazed at it in blank amazement, then  
her face flamed with shame and mortifi-  
cation.

There she was, photographed, her  
clenched fist raised, and in the act of  
striking her brother, while on her face  
was a most unbecoming expression of  
rage and revenge. Never before had she  
seen herself in a passion. Her mirror  
always reflected her face when in a com-  
placent mood, which at such times was  
not uncomely. She had no idea it could  
become thus transformed.

John stood silently looking at it over  
her shoulder. The tall boy then handed  
the other card to John.

wise in time, therefore, and do not learn  
a habit that tends to injure you, simply  
because you think it manly.

Manly, indeed! Why, a boy never  
looks more like a monkey than when he  
is smoking. Take the pale-faced city  
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him ride past you on a bicycle in the  
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"No doubt of it," you will say. "Dar-  
win is right about the descent of man."

Descent of some men, perhaps, I should  
add.—An Old Salt.

The late General Jonbert lived quietly  
but well and in a far more civilized  
fashion than President Kruger. His  
house and family surroundings were dis-  
tinctly European. He owned a bath-  
room with a fixed bath-tub, the first of  
its kind in Pretoria, and probably to this  
day the only one in a Boer house.

Who Stole the Eggs?

"Oh, what is the matter with Robin. That makes her cry around here all day? I think she must be in great trouble,"

"I think she must be in great trouble," said Swallow to little Blue Jay.

"I know why the Robin is crying," said Wren, with a sob in her breast. "A naughty, loud robber has stolen Three little blue eggs from her nest."

"He carried them home in his pocket, I saw him from up in this tree, Ah, me! how my little heart fluttered. For fear he would come and rob me!"

"Oh! what little boy was so wicked?" said Swallow, beginning to cry: "I wouldn't be guilty of robbing A dear little bird's nest - not I!"

"Nor I!" said the birds in a chorus. "A cruel and mischievous boy - I pity his father and mother; He surely can't give them much joy"

"I guess he forgot what a pleasure The dear little Robins all bring. In early springtime and in summer, By the beautiful songs that they sing." -Songs for Our Darlings.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various magazines and their prices, including titles like 'The Best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.' and 'Christian Guardian, weekly'.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. 216 G. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room, Montreal.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 9, 1900

ABOUT SALT.

The abundance of salt, its extremely low price, and its widespread use in these days, make many people overlook the labour and pains that must be undergone before the article is ready for table and other uses.

Besides its most important use as a condiment, it is universally employed for the preserving of foods and for agricultural purposes; it is given to cattle and sheep, and is also valuable as an ingredient for glazing earthenware, and is widely used in chemical operations.

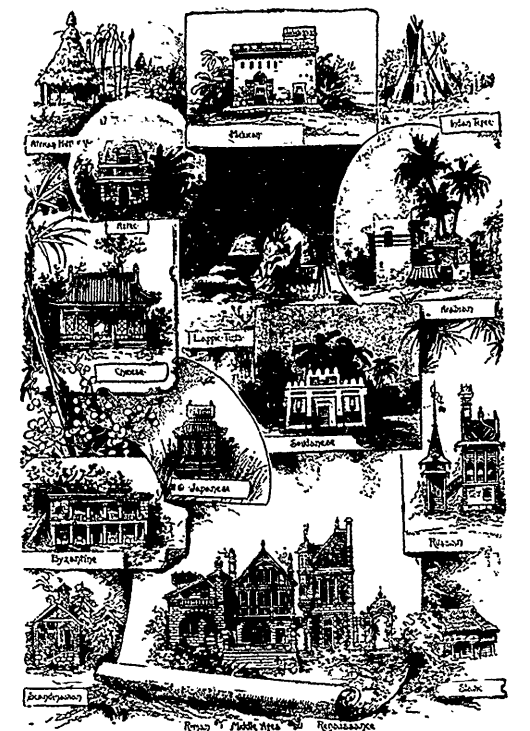
In the United States rock salt was once supposed to be scarce but in recent years large quantities of it have been found in several of the States, still, the greater supply of salt in this country - and over half of the States are producers - comes from salt springs or deposits.

surface, while in other sections water is pumped down upon the stratum of salt and after becoming saturated it is pumped up again and evaporated. Some beds of rock salt have been produced by the constant evaporation of large lakes, which being cut off from the sea by some natural obstruction, have no outlet, and are fed by streams passing over a salty soil but in other cases the origin is difficult to discover.

last; should know, is a compound of two elements, chlorine and sodium, and in the chemical textbooks is technically called "chloride of sodium." -Central Christian Advocate.

BUILDINGS IN THE STREET OF NATIONS, PARIS.

One of the most attractive features of the Universal Exposition of Paris, in 1889, was a "Street of Nations" showing a series of historic buildings, portraying the development of architecture from its early beginning in the cave dwellings and primitive huts and hake dwellings of primeval times down through the ages, with reproductions of Egyptian, Assyrian, Persian, Grecian, Phoenician, Etruscan, Roman, Gallic, African, Mexican, Aztec, Chinese, Byzantine, Scandinavian, and others, as shown in our cuts.



BUILDINGS IN THE STREET OF NATIONS, PARIS.

The mass does not freeze, hence the proportion of salt in the brine which remains after ice is formed is much greater than before. This extremely briny water is then evaporated by artificial heat till salt is obtained. In this country we consume something over 40,000,000 bushels of salt yearly.

The salt contained in the ocean (about three per cent of its bulk), has been estimated at 3,000,000 cubic miles. The Dead Sea and Great Salt Lake contain a much greater percentage of salt than the ocean, the former containing about eight times as much salt, and the latter about six times as much.

In one country, a mere years ago, salt rakes were used as money, while in one unusually dry desert it is said that houses are built of rock salt to this day. Ornaments of all kinds are carved of salt and sold to interested visitors in salt regions, while in one mine an entire large room is composed of salt and made into a chapel, dedicated to one of the deities, the altar, pulpit, etc., being formed entirely of carved salt.

With which he cut off great "bunks" of bread, which was dispensed at very solid timber tables, with the accompaniment of sweet cider. Into the house were built fragments of earlier historic temples and ancient structures. The wagon, in the foreground, was one of the old wicker-work structures with which the old Gallo-Romans used to travel over the execrable roads of the period.

BUGLER DUNNE

Bugler Dunne, aged fourteen, has been set the Queen at Osborne, and is the happy owner of a silver bugle, presented by her Majesty as a substitute for the one he lost in the Tugela. "Presented to Bugler John Francis Dunne, 1st Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, by Queen Victoria, to replace the bugle lost by him on the field of battle at Colenso on the 15th December, 1899, when he was

wounded" Bugler Dunne probably found himself more afraid of facing so great a person as the Queen than of facing the enemy, but he stood like an Irishman, his guns and came off with flying colours. A youthful Kipling has been inspired by the occasion to write the following verses:

Bugler Dunne, Bugler Dunne, you are missing all the fun, And another bugle is being where the battle's being won. Don't you hear the ringing cheers of the Dublin Fusiliers, Bugler Dunne? Yet you sing, yet you sing, though your arms is in a sling, And your eye is in a sling, where the bullet left a sting, And you show a bloody scar. Guess you dunno where you are, Bugler Dunne. (But Bugler Dunne replies.) Yes I do, yes I do, for I've got a bugle now, And it's shining all with silver, and its sound is good and true. Left me out here in the river, and I'll go back there, no never - Least not for you.

But I'll go back for the Queen, the finest lady that I've seen - Yes, I've seen her, she's a naller - and I say just what I mean. She's a heart that's warm and true for her lads in red and blue. God save the Queen! -The Westminster

HOW THEY FLY KITES IN CHINA.

A favourite amusement of boys everywhere is kite-flying, and I am sure our boys will be interested in knowing how the boys in China fly their kites. Instead of one they have six or eight, or even as many as twenty-five. These they rig up in pairs, or in threes, so that they will fly about five or six yards apart. This can be arranged by the length of the string. When one pair is raised about forty or fifty yards of string is given them, and another pair or trio are sent up, and so on until the whole series of various coloured kites are flying in the breeze all from one string. The Chinese boys rig them in odd, fantastic shapes, so that when flying they look like long-tailed dragons, and other queer creatures. Kites flown in this way, of course, "pull" much more than one kite will, but this can be allowed for. Fly a team of kites, boys, and you will find it much better sport than sending up one alone.

The Boy With the Barley Leaves.

BY CHRISTIAN BURKE. We do not even know his name, His lineage, or his age, And yet he lives in endless fame Upon the Gospel page. The people round the Master pressed, The sick, the poor, the sad - He came the distance from all the rest, A little fisher lad. We cannot guess what prompts his thought, That those five loaves he brings: Two fish he may himself have caught, He carries on his strings.

He waits with patient, upraised head, The hungry crowd to see; The fish he loaves in barley bread, And yet what use are these? Still, all he has his Lord may take, And then it must be well - The Master divides and blessed and brake, And wrought his miracle!

O glad child-heart, so sure and swift The perfect way to choose, O happy hands that bore the gift The Master deigned to use! We lose the lad amid the throng, No more of him we know, Nor if his life were short or long, Nor what his joy or woe. Only in one recorded place The veil is backward cast, To let that innocent boyish face Smile on us from the past. Thus to an age of noisy claims One lesson more is given: The fair-deeds live, the actors' names . . . Are only known in heaven? Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week - Joseph Addison.

# Eric's Good News.

By the Author of "Probable Sons."

## CHAPTER IV.

It was a very important little face that looked up into the captain's when next they met.

"I have something to give you, Captain Graham; I want you to address it for me and send it."

"Is it a letter?"

"Yes; you may read it if you like first, in case I may not have written quite properly." Very carefully and solemnly did Eric take an envelope out of his pocket, and placed it in the captain's hand, and then, with grave scrutiny, his eyes rested on his friend's face as he turned it over and then commenced to read it.

If Captain Graham was startled at its contents he did not show it; he certainly tugged the ends of his moustache, and raised his eyebrows, as he looked at the name outside it, but as he read on a softer expression came into his face, and it was almost reverently that he folded up the short epistle with its shaky, childish handwriting and replaced it in the envelope.

This was Eric's letter:

"To Jesus Christ the Son of God.

"Dear Jesus,—  
I thought I would like to write to you to tell you that I love you. I wish I had known about you before, but I am so glad you are still alive, and I wish I was one of those children you took on your knee, because you were so kind. I want to ask you something, which is: will you let me come to heaven to see you? I don't know where it is, but perhaps you can send for me. I would like to come. My friend Captain Graham says you died to save sinners. I do not know what a sinner is, but I will ask him more about it.

"I think it was very wicked to kill you, but they could not do it quite; and I am very glad, and I hope you will answer this letter, and tell me you have got it, and if I can see you soon.

"I am,  
Your loving  
Eric Wallace."

"Will it do, Captain Graham? You will be able to send it to him, won't you?"

Eric's tone was anxious.  
"No, my boy, I cannot do that. What has become of your wise little head to think of such a thing? How is it to go?"

Eric's lips quivered. "I thought—I thought the telegraph wires—or balloons—or something—I thought you would know. Oh! Captain Graham, there must be a way to heaven! I do want him to get my letter."

A quick sob was choked down, and the captain, who had the boy on his knees, drew the curly head and rested it against his shoulder as he said soothingly,—

"Don't cry, Eric; you need never write letters—if you say your prayers it will do just as well."

"What is prayers?" sobbed out poor Eric.

"Well, talk to him as you do to me. He hears everything. He is God, you know, and God is a Spirit. He is close to us now, though we cannot see him, and you have only to speak to him and he hears at once.

"Like the fairies?" and Eric raised his wet eyes, hope dawning again in them.

"Fairies! Oh! you believe in them, do you? What a funny little bundle of curiosity you are! Do you believe everything you read?"

"Sometimes I believe in fairies, but not always; and I think they are silly, don't you? But don't talk of fairies. Can Jesus hear what I say whenever I like to talk to him? Do you mean it really?"

"Yes, I believe he can."

Eric was silent for a minute, then his eyes fell on the letter.

"And that's no good, then," he said sorrowfully. "I had better tear it up."

Captain Graham drew it out of the envelope again and re-read it—half in amusement, half in pity; and then suddenly a gust of wind swept past them and seized the fluttering paper in its clutches, tossed it wildly in the air, and then carried it along triumphantly, until it was lost to sight round the corner of the cliff.

Eric watched it with parted lips and flushed cheeks; then, in a solemn whisper, he asserted,—

"God has told the wind to blow it up to him; so he does want to see it, doesn't he?"

"It looks like it, certainly," was the reply.

"I'm so glad, it took me so long to write, and now, Captain Graham, what is a sinner?"

"Anybody who sins—does bad things—is wicked. Anything wrong is a sin."

"Nurse says telling lies and hiding things is wrong. I expect I'm a sinner—I have been hiding this story of Jesus from nurse; is that wrong?"

"I expect so."

"Are you a sinner? I mean, have you ever been one when you were a little boy like me?"

"We are all sinners, Eric. The bigger the man the bigger the sinner, I believe. Yes, I am a pretty big sinner, I expect."

"I'm so glad," said Eric cheerfully; "then Jesus died for you and me. I don't quite know what that means; but it's something good, didn't you say? Tell me again why he died."

"Upon my word, Eric, I can't explain it. Your book tells you."

"It's rather difficult to understand, Captain Graham, and you did tell me about it yesterday. Tell me again."

"Well, I believe if he had not died we

arms I should be quite, quite happy for ever. Do you think he would?"

"I think he might."

"But why couldn't we have gone to heaven without Jesus dying? That's what I don't understand."

"Because God could not let a sinner enter heaven. He said we must be punished for sin, and that was separation from him for ever, and then Jesus Christ said, as he was not a sinner, he could be punished instead of us, so he came down from heaven and lived a good life here, to show us how we ought to live. When he died it is supposed that he bore all our sins on him then, and so God forgave us."

"And now you and I are going to heaven?"

"I don't know about that."

"But you said we were sinners. We are, aren't we?"

"A good many sinners will be shut out of heaven, Eric—so people say."

"Why?"

"I am a bad hand at this, my boy. Don't you think we have had enough of it?"

"But," objected Eric, his lower lip drooping pitifully, "I don't want to be

"You are hard to please, youngster?"

"Not now I shouldn't be, Captain Graham, that tired feeling has nearly gone, only I wish I understood more about the things in my Good News."

A still longer interval now elapsed before Eric met his friend again. The weather proved stormy, and the beach was deserted by all save those who considered themselves impervious to wind and rain.

Captain Graham grew restless as he paced up and down in his comfortable quarters at the Royal Hotel.

"I have stayed here long enough. Thank goodness my leave is nearly out. Any kind of work will be better than this, and yet how sick I am of our set of fellows! I have half a mind to sell out, but what on earth should I do with myself then? I cannot imagine what is keeping me here, unless it is that chill! He ought to be put in a book. The correct thing is for him to die, I suppose, but he seems to have taken a new lease of life. I can fancy his father's wrath when he comes home and discovers what subject is engrossing his thoughts. Shall I be held up as his teacher, I wonder?"

And this thought was so ludicrous that Captain Graham indulged in a hearty laugh; yet here was a hollowness in his mirth, and a heavy sigh quickly followed.

(To be continued.)

"Can you tell me what sort of weather we may expect next month?" wrote a subscriber to the editor of a paper, and the editor replied as follows:

"It is my belief that the weather next month will be very much like your subscription."

The inquirer wondered for an hour what the editor was driving at, when he happened to think of the word "unsettled." He sent in the required amount next day.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost.—Charles Southwell.



BUILDINGS IN THE STREET OF NATIONS, PARIS.

couldn't have gone to heaven, and now we can."

"When can we?"

"When we die."

"But I have heard they put people in the ground. How can they go to heaven?"

"That is only their bodies. We are supposed to have souls that leave our bodies, and that part of us goes to heaven."

"It's beautiful!" exclaimed Eric with shining eyes; "and now tell me what heaven is like?"

"I don't know"—a gleam of humour shot into the captain's eye—"I have never been there, you see."

"But you told me yesterday a lot about it."

"Oh, that was what the Bible tells us about it."

"The Bible? That is what father told me wasn't fit for little boys. Go on—tell me about heaven."

"It is a kind of fairyland, Eric; all goodness and happiness, and everybody and everything quite perfect. No worries, no bills or duns for money, no deceivers, nothing hollow or sham, no hypocrites and pretences, nothing to mar one's enjoyment."

"And—Jesus there?" broke in the child's voice softly; "that will be best of all. If he would take me up in his

slu: out of heaven, Captain Graham, and I don't understand you. You change round. You said Jesus died to let us go to heaven—why can't we go?"

"So you can—and you are pretty sure to get there, too!"

"Then you can, too, can't you?"

"If I wanted to, I suppose I could."

"But don't you want to?"

"I have not thought about it."

Eric looked puzzled, but he had faith in his captain, and felt sure if his words at times were difficult to understand, it was because he was grown up, and knew a great deal more than himself.

"My doctor is coming to see me to-morrow," he said, after a long pause; "he comes from London every two or three months to see me; so I shan't be here to-morrow morning. He is very kind, but he does poke me about so, and always goes away saying, 'You must rouse yourself, my boy! As if he hadn't roused me enough by all his pokes and shakings!'"

"What does he think he can do for you?"

"He told father once there was no reason why I shouldn't live to be a strong man. He said I wanted to be roused and amused, and then father took me round the world in his yacht, but I was no better after, and I got tired of that before I got half round!"

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**The Five Loaves.**

What if the little Jewish lad  
That summer day had failed to go  
Down to the lake, because he had  
No small a store of loaves to show?

"The press is great," he might have said.  
"For food the thronging people call  
I only have five loaves of bread,  
And what are they among them all?"

And back the mother's words might  
come.

Her coaxing hand upon his hair:  
"Yet go, for they might comfort some,  
Among the hungry children there."

So to the lakeside forth he went,  
Bearing the scant supply he had  
And Jesus with an eye intent,  
Through all the crowds, beheld the lad.

And saw the loaves and blessed them  
Then  
Beneath his hand the marvel grew;  
He brake and blessed and brake again.  
The loaves were neither small nor few.

For, as we know, it came to pass  
That hungry thousands there were fed  
While sitting on the fresh green grass  
From that one basketful of bread

If from his home the lad that day  
His five small loaves had failed to take  
Would Christ have wrought can any  
say?  
That miracle beside the lake?

**LESSON NOTES.**

**SECOND QUARTER.**

**STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.**

**LESSON XII.—JUNE 17**

**THE FEEDING OF FIVE THOUSAND**  
John 6. 5-14. Memory verses, 9-12.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Give us this day our daily bread.—  
Matt. 6. 11.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Multitude, and Its Great Need, v. 5-7.
2. The Miracle, v. 8-11.
3. The Results of the Miracle, v. 12-14.  
Time.—Probably March or April, A. D. 29.

Place.—Galilee, near to Bethsaida.

**LESSON HELPS.**

5. "He saith unto Phillip"—It has been conjectured that Phillip commonly provided food for the disciples, just as Judas commonly kept the bag. "Whence shall we buy"—(1) Learning the poverty of our resources is a step toward having them supplied.

6. "To prove him"—At once to test and to teach him.

7. "Two hundred pennyworth"—About thirty-five dollars' worth. Phillip lacked spiritual penetration, but he did not lack common sense. (2) The perfect church has both clear sight and clear insight.

9. "A lad"—It has been conjectured that this little lad was employed by the apostles to care for their supplies. (3) Jesus never ignores the "lads" or girls. "Barley loaves"—The food of the poorest; something like our "pilot biscuit." "Small fishes"—Probably dried, and about the size of our sardines. (4) To share what we have is true benevolence.

10. "Make the men sit down"—Mark tells us that they were grouped in fifties, and thus the more easily counted. If they had not sat down, they would not have been fed. (5) Many blessings are to-day lost because men will not stop long enough to take them.

11. "When he had given thanks"—Whenever Jesus is represented as eating a meal he is represented as giving thanks for it. (6) We should follow his example and commune with God concerning every act of our lives.

12. "Gather up the fragments"—Even the Lord of glory, who made the world, was careful about the fragments. (7) Let us never waste that which is left.

13. "Baskets"—Wallets. A Jew on a journey was always in danger of eating unclean Gentile food, so each carried his own wallet full. Those of the disciples had been emptied long before this.

14. "That Prophet"—Foretold in Deut. 18. 15, 16. Some of the rabbis regarded this "Prophet" as the Messiah, some as his "forerunner."

**HOME READINGS.**

- M. The feeding of five thousand.—John 6. 5-14.
- Tu. Four thousand fed.—Mark 8. 1-9.
- W. Dull of understanding.—Mark 8. 10-21.
- Th. The widow's meal.—1 Kings 17. 8-16.
- F. Enough and to spare.—2 Kings 4. 38-44.

8 The hungry filled—Psa 107 1-9  
Su. Blessing makes abundance—Mark 6 30-44

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY**

1. The Multitude, and Its Great Need, v. 5-7.  
Where were Jesus and his disciples? Verse 3.  
What Jewish feast was soon to occur? Verse 4.  
What question did Jesus ask Phillip? Why did he ask this question? What was Phillip's answer?
2. The Miracle, v. 8-11.  
Who made a suggestion to Jesus about food? What question did Andrew ask? What command did Jesus give? How many were there in the company? Who were there besides these men? Matt. 14. 21.  
What did Jesus do with the loaves and fishes?
3. The Results of the Miracle, v. 12-14.  
What command was given about fragments?

made use of a boy's lunch, and the disciples' ready hands to distribute the provision. So he wants us to use all our powers and possessions for him, placing them upon the altar of sacrifice and in the place of service. Should he require us to perform some task for him, even in the face of seeming impossibility, let us engage to do it "as unto the Lord."

**KIND WORDS.**

Fannie lived in a large city, and while she had been taught to be kind to poor, unfortunate people, she was unlike some little girls, for she remembered what she was taught. One day she saw on the street a poorly dressed Irish girl, with a homely face, looking anxiously at the houses. Every person to whom she spoke either shook their heads, or did not trouble themselves to do that. When she reached Fannie, she asked politely: "Can you tell me where number 874 is, miss?" "Let me see," said Fannie, brightly. This is number 10. It is a long way to 874, and you have to turn twice; but I

ready to receive them and are ready for the second stage. After they are yellowed or cleaned, they are tinned, or whitened, as it is called. The pins are now ready to be placed in papers. One girl feeds a machine with pins and another supplies the machine with paper. The pins fall into a box, the bottom of which is made of small, square steel bars, sufficiently wide apart to let the shank of the pin fall through, but not the head. As soon as the pins have fallen through the bottom of the box and the rows are complete, the bottom detaches itself and row after row of pins is sent at regular intervals to be placed in the papers.—Christian Work.

**A Little Lad of Galilee.**

(John 6. 1-14.)

BY LILLIAN H. SHUEY.

A little lad of Galilee—  
A little fisher lad, maybe,  
With wide, brown eyes, and curling hair,  
And dusty feet—all brown and bare—  
Pressed with the crowd; for on that day  
The wondrous Prophet passed that way,  
Whose fame through all the land had spread  
Who healed the sick, and raised the dead

A little lad of Galilee!  
His heart was beating high to see  
The Prophet kind; and all day long  
He jostled with the eager throng,  
Forgetting, as he kept abreast,  
To eat, or drink, or pause to rest;  
His little basket still inclosed  
Two fishes and five barley loaves.

And to the mount where Jesus stood  
There still came on the multitude;  
And as the eventide drew near,  
The twelve, alarmed with sudden fear,  
To Jesus said, "What shall they eat—  
The crowds that press about thy feet?  
Send them away, while yet 'tis light,  
For food and lodging for the night."

But Jesus then in pity said,  
"Let them remain—they shall be fed."  
But Phillip answered by his side,  
"Two hundred pence could not provide  
A bit of bread for every one."  
And Andrew came with anxious tone—  
"A little lad has here," he said,  
"Two fishes and five loaves of bread."

And Jesus took the bread, and brake,  
And bade the multitude partake;  
He bade them sit in groups around  
Upon the flowery, grassy ground,  
He blessed, and brake, and there were fed  
Five thousand from five loaves of bread;  
And all were filled, and much was gained,  
For still, twelve baskets full remained.

A little lad of Galilee,  
Whose heart was beating high to see  
The holy Prophet, Priest, and King,  
Knew not that he was led to bring  
A little gift, and yet the best,  
A little portion, doubly blest,  
That for great purposes he came  
Upon Bethsaida's sunny plain.

Oh, little lad of Galilee!  
Thy deed is many a destiny,  
We know not what our Lord commands,  
We bear but little in our hands;  
Yet still some deed that we may do,  
Some noble truth our lives renew,  
May yet a goodly portion make  
For him who bids the world partake,  
And like the loaves and fishes be,  
That once were blessed on Galilee.

The new Brooklyn Bridge will be larger and stronger than the present one. All underground caisson work, pier foundation, and the anchorages on both sides of the river are now completed. The width of this enormous structure when complete will be 118 feet over all, including foot-walks of twelve feet each, two bicycle-paths of seven feet each, elevated railroad and trolley-car tracks. The entire length of the bridge from terminal to terminal will be about 7,200 feet.



FEEDING THE FIVE THOUSAND.

What amount was gathered up?  
What shows that the people had been satisfied?  
What did the people say about Jesus?  
To what promise did they refer? Gen. 49. 10; Deut. 18. 15.

**PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.**

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. To have sympathy with the needs of others?
  2. To obey Jesus' commands?
  3. To guard against needless waste?

Jesus honours his children by permitting them to engage in work for him. Five thousand hungry people were waiting to be fed, and to supply them he

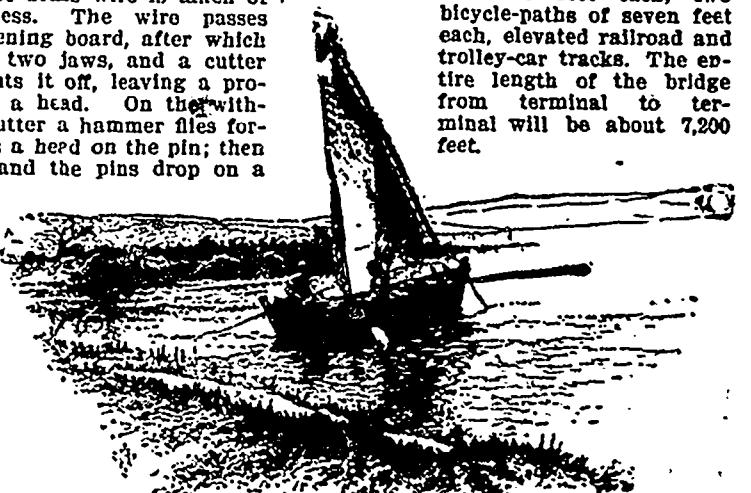
am going nearly there, and will show you." Fannie thinks she never will forget the happy look which made the face of her companion almost pretty, when she said:

"Indeed, I do thank ye, miss, an' I wish that every folks carried as pleasant a tongue in their heads."

**HOW PINS ARE MADE.**

First, a reel of brass wire is taken of suitable thickness. The wire passes over a straightening board, after which it is seized by two jaws, and a cutter descends and cuts it off, leaving a projecting part for a head. On the withdrawal of the cutter a hammer flies forward and makes a head on the pin; then the jaws open and the pins drop on a finely ground metal plate, with the heads upward, until the end to be pointed comes into contact with a cylindrical roller with a grinding surface, which soon puts a fine point on the pins. They then fall into a box

ARE MY POWERS and POSSESSIONS AT GOD'S ALTAR?  
AM I READY FOR SERVICE or SACRIFICE?



A FISHING-BOAT ON THE SEA OF GALILEE.