

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires: Some pages are cut off.

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

LEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, APRIL 23, 1892.

[No. 17.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

OUR Saviour crossed the Sea of Galilee several times. He stilled the tempest, walked on its waves to his disciples, and preached to multitudes on its shores. On the west side was Capernaum, "his own city," where he preached and performed miracles.

The Sea of Galilee is surrounded by mountains, as seen in the picture. It is not a large lake; being only twelve or fifteen miles long, and from four to seven and a half miles wide. It contains multitudes of fish, and in Christ's time there were many fishing boats.

An English artist—Mr. Henry Harper—writes in the *English Sunday at Home*, of a storm on the Sea of Galilee:

"One Sunday, after spending the morning in my tent, reading my Bible, I went for a stroll. The sun was very hot as I wandered on past the town, but soon a high wind began to raise the dust. This wind was cold, and came from the north-west. I decided to seek rest and shelter. When I turned to look back at the lake I was startled by the change. Its gentle ripples had risen to waves—waves with white crests—veritable sea-horses. A fierce light struck full on Tiberias, which was seen against a background of deep, purple sea, and still darker hill. The one palm-tree near was lashed over like a reed; a pelting shower of rain swept over land

and sea. So large, so heavy, was the rain, that I could see the splash even on the stormy waves, while again and again came a shrieking gust, which struck the surface of the lake, and swept the water up into the air. All was wild confusion—grand and terrible.

"I know not how long I passed under my shelter. I know I then realized what sort of storm it was that caused that despairing cry, 'Master, we perish!' When I did get back to my tent it was all confusion—ripped and blown down; many things broken and scattered; and some time was spent in trying to repair damages. The evening was calm."—*Leaves of Light*.

WHAT makes life dreary is want of motive.

A PLEA FOR GIRLS.

WHAT to do with our girls is as important a question for parents as what to do with our boys. A girl's work is too often regarded as a merely temporary character—as a sort of stop-gap between school-days and the date of her possible marriage—with the result that her work often lacks the thoroughness which might otherwise characterize it, and that the time and money spent on specific training are both inadequate.

Now, no one can tell when a girl leaves the school-room whether she will eventually marry or not, and in either contingency she has much to gain and nothing to lose by the acquirement of

actual experience. Practical and clear-headed, she is not likely to be swayed by false sentiment or wooed unworthily. Marriage, if it comes her way, comes naturally and unsought, and when her life is crowned with the honest love of a good man, she enters upon her new responsibilities with a very good chance of finding happiness therein.

"NOTHING FINISHED."

I ONCE had the curiosity to look into a little girl's work box. And what do you suppose I found?

Well, in the first place, I found a "bead purse," about half done; there was, however, no prospect of its being finished, for the needles were out, and the silk upon the spools was all tangled and drawn into a complete wisp. Laying this aside, I took up a nice piece of perforated paper, upon which was wrought one board of a Bible, and beneath it the words "I love"—; but what she loved was left for me to guess. Beneath the Bible board I found a sock, evidently commenced for some baby foot; but it had come to a stand just upon the little heel, and there it seemed doomed to remain. Near to the sock was a needle-book, one cover of which was neatly made, and upon the other, partly finished, was "To my dear"—

I need not, however, tell you all that I found there; but I can say that I found not a single

article complete, and silent as they were, these half-finished, forsaken, things told me a sad story about that little girl.

They told me that, with a heart full of generous affection, with a head full of useful and pretty projects, all of which she had both the means and the skill to carry into effect, she was still a useless child—always doing but never accomplishing her work. It was not a want of industry, but a want of perseverance.

Remember, my dear young friends, that it matters but little what great things we merely undertake. Our glory is not in that, but in what we accomplish. Nobody in the world cares for what we mean to do; but everybody will open their eyes by-and-bye to see what little children have done.—*Children's Friend*.



THE SEA OF GALILEE.

some art, profession, or business, by which she can, if need arise, support herself in independence.

Look at a few of the advantages which a working girl enjoys over her idle sister.

A girl who has a regular, definite, daily, employment is healthier and happier for it.

The working girl learns the value of time, the value of money, and the best way to spend it, and her daily life possesses a zest and interest it would otherwise lack.

The working girl, too, is far more likely to marry wisely and happily than the girl who, having nothing else to do, has looked forward to marriage as the sole end and aim of her existence. Contact with the realities of life sharpens her faculties; she estimates men and things at their true worth; She knows life, not from books alone, but from

The Voice of the Grass

HERE I come creeping! Smiling every where;
All round the open door,
Where sit the aged play;
Here where two children play,
In the bright and merry day,
I come creeping, creeping everywhere!

Here I come creeping! Creeping everywhere;
My humble song of praise
Most joyfully I raise
To him at whose command
I beautify the land,
Creeping, silently creeping everywhere.

OUR PERIODICALS:

PER YEAR. POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 101 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
Magazine, Guardian and O'ward together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Canada School Banner, 52 pp., weekly, illustrated	0 50
O'ward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 50
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 50
Less than 50 copies	0 25
Over 50 copies	0 25
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dearest Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 00
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 20 a dozen, 20 per 100	
per quarter, 6c. a doz.; 10c. per 100	

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book and Publishing House,

29 to 33 Richmond St. West and 30 to 30 Temperance St., Toronto.

C. W. COZZA,
3 Henry Street,
MontrealS. F. HERRIN,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, APRIL 23, 1892.

A GLASS OF LIQUOR.

BY J. B. GOUGH.

WHERE is the liquor which God the eternal brows for all his children? Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires choked with poisonous gases, and surrounded with the stench of sickening odours, and rank corruptions, doth your Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life, the pure cold water. But in the green glade and grassy dell, where the deer wanders, and the child loves to play; there God brows it. And down, low down in the lowest valleys, where the fountains murmur, and the rills sing, and high upon the tall mountain tops, where the naked granite glitters like gold in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods, and the thunder-storms crash, and away far out on the wild sea, where the hurricane howls music, and the big waves roar, the chorus sweeping the march of God; there he brows it—the beverage of life and health-giving water. And everywhere it is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dew-drop, singing in the summer rain; shining in the ice gem, till the leaves all seem to turn to living jewels, spreading a golden veil over the setting sun; or a white gauze around the midnight moon.

Sporting in the cataract; sleeping in the glacier; dancing in the hail shower; folding its bright snow curtains softly about the wintry world; and weaving the many coloured irides, that seraph's zone of the sky whose warp is the raindrop of earth, whose woof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered over with spectral flowers, by the mystic hand of refraction.

Still always it is beautiful, that life-giving water; no poison bubbles on its brink; its foam brings not madness and murder, no blood stains its liquid glass; pale widows and starving orphans weep no burning tears in its depth; no drunken, shrieking giant from the grave arises in the words of eternal despair; speak on, my friends, would you exchange for it demon's drink, alcohol!

GRATEFUL HEATHEN CHILDREN.

BY SOPHIE E. SMITH.

ANNIE—Tommy, it is Missionary Sunday. Have you any money?

TOMMY—Missionary Sunday! Why, I gave money only two Sundays ago! It is missionary money all the time.

ANNIE—It was four weeks ago that you gave the last money, and this is the time for the monthly meeting.

TOMMY—Well! I can't get money for anything else. It takes all I can scrape together for the missionary collections, and I want a top and marbles and lots of things.

ANNIE—Tommy Sims, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You have had a new top this month, and ever so many marbles; besides other things. And what is a few playthings compared to the good the money will do to some poor heathen child who has no such blessings as you have.

TOMMY—It may do them some good, but I don't believe any of them would do as much for us.

MOTHER—You are mistaken, my son, in thinking they would not do as much for us. I heard of some little heathen boys and girls who wanted the missionary to take them to his own country that they might thank the dear white children for sending some one to tell them about Jesus.

TOMMY—Did he take them?

MOTHER—No. He lived in England and they on the New Hebrides Islands, and he could not take them so far.

ANNIE—What did they say when he refused them?

MOTHER—They begged very hard, and offered to live on one biscuit a day; and if they got too hungry they would tie a cord tightly around their bodies so that they might not feel their hunger. They felt sure that the white children would take care of them after they reached there, for, they said, if the white children came to see them, they would rather die than see them suffer.

TOMMY—Didn't the missionary take them after that? Why, I would have done it.

MOTHER—It was impossible for him to take them such a long way off, but he told them what they could do. If they could not go to thank the white children, they could pray for them, and ask the dear Lord to bless them. So they all knelt down and prayed in a very earnest and touching manner.

TOMMY—Well, I think I won't say anything more about giving too much, for they certainly were willing to do more than I have done.

A MOTHER'S LAST LESSON.

A MOTHER lay dying. Her little son, not knowing of the sorrow coming to him, went, as was his custom, to the chamber door, saying:

"Please to teach me, my verse, mamma, and then kiss me, and bid me good night! I am very sleepy, but no one has heard me say my prayers."

"Hush!" said a lady, who was watching beside her; "your dear mother is too ill to hear your prayers to-night," and, coming forward, she sought to gently lead him from the room. Roger began to sob, as if his heart would break.

"I cannot go to bed without saying my prayer—indeed I cannot."

The ear of the dying woman caught the sound. Although she had been insensible to everything around her, the sob of her darling aroused her from her stupor, and, turning to her friend, she desired her to bring her little son to her. Her request was granted; and her child's golden hair and rosy cheeks nestled beside the cold face of his dying mother.

"My son," she said, "repeat this verse after me, and never forget it. 'When my father and mother forsake me, the Lord will take me up.'" The child repeated it two or three times, and then said his little prayer. Then he kissed the cold face, and quietly went to his bed.

In the morning he came as usual to his mother, but found her still and cold.

This was her last lesson. He has never forgotten it, and probably never will as long as he lives.—*The Christian Woman.*

The Slave's Dream.

BY LONGFELLOW.

BESIDE the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his native land.

Wile through the landscape of his dreams
The lovely Niger flowed;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain,
Once more a king he strode;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand!—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel,
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caltra huts,
And the Ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyena scream;
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty;
And the blast of the desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;
For death had illumined the land of sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away!

THE SLAVE CHASE.

BY SYDNEY WATSON.

Author of "Wops the Waif," "Run Down," etc.

CHAPTER III.

THE STORY OF A CRUEL WRONG.

"HARD a starboard! Put your helm hard over, quartermaster," cried the officer of the watch, as H.M.S. *Bluster* entered Sierra Leone.

"Ay, ay, sir, it is hard over; but the side has got hold of her, and is swinging her off, sir."

Then the officer's voice was heard shouting,

"Forward there! All ready with the anchor?"

"All ready, sir."

"Very well, stand by: one—two—three—let go!" and away went the anchor into the depths below, and in a moment or two the vessel was riding safely.

What a scene ensued! scores of canoes surrounded the vessel, laden with bananas, mangoes, plantains, limes, yams, sweet potatoes, jaggery, and all sorts of strange things—at least, strange to the eyes of the crew, the majority of whom were taking their first sight of a foreign land. Then there were the native washerwomen, all clamoring for precedence for the washing of the different messes; the boat, with the doctor from the *chase*; and a white face or two from the "mission"; a boat with a messenger laden with mail bags; and last, but not least (because it has much to do with our story), a long canoe, paddled by twelve semi-naked blacks, with an intelligent-looking Krooman seated in the stern, who, with a paddle, steered the boat.

This man, in accordance with west-coast custom,

came to arrange for the shipping of his bundle of Kroomen, who would be taken on board to do the hot, dirty work of the ship while she was in the tropics. After a brief interview with the captain, it was decided that his men should be shipped, and come on board the next day.

What a crew that was that had been drafted on board H.M.S. *Bluster*! What a study of character! What varied types of face and expression! What dialect and brogue! There was the typical cockney, with his sharp, cunning ways, and his strange, uncouth back slang, in which he usually conversed with his "pals," and which seemed like a foreign tongue to the quieter and more solid west-countrymen, who, with an intense love for his native country, and a strong predilection for "pastry," secured for himself the nickname of "Pudden," as the Londoner pronounced it. The sturdy independence and broad speech of Yorkshire and Lancashire made a great contrast to both these other types; while the rich humour and impulse of the warm-hearted Irish character, stood out distinctly from the cautious, keen, sinowy-framed Scotchman.

The day following the vessel's arrival at Sierra Leone, Johnson Macauley, as the head Krooman had been christened on his first entrance into Her Majesty's Service, who was very proud of his name, arrived on board the *Bluster* with his twelve hands. They formed a striking picture; their suits of naval white duck, bleached in that tropical sun, contrasting so vividly with their almost jet black faces, which were in most cases horribly disfigured with brandings and tattoo marks, the remnants of heathen or slave days.

As they came over the ship's side, they were told to fall in for inspection on the quarter deck, the crew of the vessel meanwhile gathering in a body just before the main-mast, interested and amused spectators.

After a few words with Macauley and the captain the former stepped briskly out towards his men, and shouted, "Tention, Kroomen! Answer to you's names."

"Tom Snowflake." "Yah, sir."

"Jim Bannan." "Yah, sir."

"Jack Toby, Ike Handy, Noah Snowball, Tom Shark, Joe Chickens, Phil Softly, Charl Flatfoot, Abel Surley, Bill Surprise, Alexander Cooper."

All these, interspersed with the ready "Yah, sir," as each name was called, caused fresh amusement to officers and crew; the oddness of the names being accounted for only by the humour of those who, years before, had dubbed them so on their first entrance into that service.

Each of the Kroomen had several bundles made up in large, gaudily coloured handkerchiefs, which are, in themselves, quite a specialty in the African trade. The man who had answered to the name of Alexander Cooper had, besides the bundles, a small chest, and altogether in appearance and speech seemed far more intelligent than the others, the majority of whom knew very few words of English, the head Krooman being the usual medium of communication with them.

This man Cooper, however, spoke very fair broken English, and had earned his name because of his having learned and practised the trade of a cooper. He was very tall, particularly ugly, even for an African, had an immense head, and his face was hideous to look upon till one got used to it, soamed, as it was, all over with terrible brandings, while that which made it more horrible still was the deeply indented small-pox scars, a relic of that awful scourge. He was an exceedingly quiet man, appeared to mix very little with the others, loved to be alone, and when not at work was generally found reading a large-type version of the Psalms or the New Testament. Of course, all sorts of fun was made of him by the crew, but his invariable reply, with a broad smile, showing a set of magnificent teeth, was, "Bery well, shentlemen, you laugh, but me best off." It was soon found that he was exceedingly clever in making little fancy barrels and other curios, and on account of his steady, quiet ways, became a great favourite among the officers.

One day he was going forward along the lower deck from the after part, and was passing the gun-

room mess, where the junior officers were located, and where, at the time, most of them were congregated, when a jovial young fellow a sub-lieutenant, spiced Cooper, and called him in, at the same time remarking in an undertone, "Let's have a spree with the 'Great Alexander'!"

"Yass, sar, you call me!" said the black as he doffed his cap, and looked round smilingly.

Yes, Cooper, we've nothing to do, so we want you to tell us a yarn. I suppose you can do that?"

"Dunno 'bout dat, sar. What shall I tell?"

"Why, tell us how you came to be a Government man. Were you ever a slave? How were you made a slave? How came you free? and all about it."

"Ah, sar," replied Cooper, "that berry sad to me, to tell all dat, but s'pose you like to hear. Please God, it help you to think how good he is, then me to tell you."

"Go on, darkey, but don't give us too much religion; it's the yarn we want."

"Well, sar, I dunno for sartin, but tink me 'bout 30 years old now. Me born in place they call Shire Valley, me member it quite well. Me big boy, 'bout 14 years old. Me help fader do him work, me collect nuts to make de palm oil; and do lots of work besides. Dat such litle little place, lots ob pretty little house, nice round tops, round as cannon ball, and plenty much bigger than the capstan; and we all so happy. We worship idol; we wear 'fetish' for good luck; we hab plenty feasts, and we tink idol likes us, and do us good, because we gib him rice and nuts, and plantain, and all sorts. One night, ah, me I member it so well, just so it only yesterday. De sun go down behind de big palm-trees, all the chickens go to dere perch; de picaninnies go sleep; and den me mammee and fader, and me too, go. But some time in de night, it all berry dark, when, all at once, we wake very much frightened, for we hear great noise, and yell, and shout, and guns and pistols go bang, bang, and den we hear poor black peoples cry and groan, and den— and den—"

And here the poor black's face was wet with tears as the memory seemed too much for him, and one of the younger middies said kindly, "Poor old fellow, perhaps he would rather not tell it all, if it cuts him up so."

"Tank you kindly, sar," said Cooper, as he dried his eyes, and wiped his face with a bright-coloured silk handkerchief, "Tank you, I better now."

"Den I make up my mind, and one night I get away. Plenty days pass, I find it hard to get food, but one day I go sleep near river, I wake when I hear noise, I look trough the bushes and see two white mens in boat, and tree black mens wid de paddles, but no boat move, him stuck on sand lumps in water little way from shore, so I go in, and pull, and push, and presently him come clear. Den de white man speak, him know my speech, and ask me 'bout meself. He speak kind to me, and dey soon get de collar off, and dey take me wid dem."

"Who were these white men, Cooper?" enquired one of the officers, breaking the silence among them, but they were not only interested, but intensely moved.

"Dey was missionaries, sar, and I was wid dem long time; den dey tell me nol no use, dat Jesus Christ, him only, help black man same he help de white man. He say plenty sin an in me, and den he show me dese words in de Testament." And suiting the action to the words, Cooper took out his own Testament from his pocket, and read: "Romans 5. 12: 'Wherefore as by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.'"

As he read these words in broken English, the officers were very quiet, yet no one said, "Stop!" no one seemed to care to prevent him, and the man himself seemed deeply moved as he continued:

"Ah, me soon find out me all wrong. De missionary talk plenty times wid me, but me somehow no see de way. One day, massa missionary, him preach beautiful, he tell 'bout Jesus, how he pity poor men, black and white, and he ask him Fader, de great King in heaben, to let him come down to dis earth and die instead of dem. He come

like little picanunny, he 'bey him fader and him mudder, he go to school, grow up and be man go 'bout and preach, tell peoples he 'be lifted up like serpent in de wilderness, and when peoples bitten wid sin look to him, like peoples look to de brass serpent in de wilderness, den, when dey look, and believe he died for dem, den dey hab oberlasting life. Plenty tear run down me face, and den, as de missionary tell me all 'bout de cross and de nails and de crown ob thorns, and de good Jesus do all him Fader in heaben want done for our sin, den he cry right out, ober all de world, to ebery peoples, 'It am finished! It am finished!' and den I jump up in de mission room and I say, 'Oh, Jesus, you hab finished it for me, I tank you so much, I do believ it for true, and den—den I so happy, because I hab oberlasting life. And, oh! shentlemen, if you hab no 'urance ob salvation, if you dunno you've got de oberlasting life, please make haste to Jesus for it, or else—"

"Thank you, Cooper," interrupted the officer who had first called him in, and who had been considerably impressed with the story, but who did not want the "preaching," as he styled it, "thank you, my man, so I suppose you escaped all the horrors of being packed between decks of a slave ship, and of the slave market?"

"Yes, sar, but I hab been in five ob Her Majesty's ships on the slaving ground, and hab seen all dis, and cos I know the language, hab heard all de fearful story, plenty often."

"Ah! that's what we want to know about, Cooper," replied one of the officers, so fire away, old fellow."

"Well, sar, de berry first ship I come in catch plenty slaves. One day we chase one, and when she see we make quick to catch her, she don't want English ship to get de prize money for all de slave, so she tie de slaves by their necks to the links of de anchor cable, and den let de anchor go, and dey rush trough de hawse-hole, and, if dey not killed by de blows, dey soon drown under de water."

"Oh, this is awful! It fires my blood!"

At this moment the drum sounded off to quarters, and all further talk was stopped, Cooper going forward; the officers on deck. But the words of the poor negro had moved more than one to an unwonted degree.

On the arrival of the vessel at the Cape, after remaining a fortnight, failing to get all stores they sought, they received orders to proceed to Trincomalee.

This was somewhat damping to the eagerness and desire of officers and crew, who, as they almost passed over the cruising ground on their way northward, longed to stay and chase the slavers.

When the vessel had been out from Cape about a week all hands were saddened by the sudden death of poor Cooper. While standing, one evening, in the forepart of the vessel, talking with his head Krooman in his own language, he suddenly fell. He never stirred, or spoke, or sighed, and by the time the doctor had come forward to examine him he was quite dead. The doctor said it was heart disease.

Everyone felt depressed for the time, but like all things at sea, as well as upon land, among the careless it was soon forgotten.

As Alexander Cooper passed up to the pearly gates, it was to meet the Saviour whom he loved and preached in his simple fashion upon earth; and, as others spoke of his death, he realized life—triumphant life.

(To be continued.)

UNPROFITABLE TOIL.

THERE was a man in the town where I was born who used to steal his firewood. He would get up on cold nights and go and take it from his neighbour's woodpile. A computation was made, and it was ascertained that he spent more time and worked harder to get his fuel than he would have had to if he had earned it in an honest way and at ordinary wages. And this thief is a type of thousands of men who work a great deal harder to please the devil than they would have to do to please God.—Selected.



of the righteousness of that holy law which condemned him: it was guilt that was before his mind. *Loving-kindness* - Note the three words expressing God's mercy in this verse. *Transgressions* - Note the three words expressing sin: (1) *transgressions*, going over the bound into forbidden ground; (2) *iniquity*, injustice; (3) *sin*, from a word meaning "to miss the mark," failing of duty. The three involve every kind and degree of guilt except that of wilful, impenitent wickedness. *Against thee, thee only, have I sinned*. He had wronged man; but all wrong to man is sin against God, and that sin was so great as to overshadow the wrong to man. *That thou mightest be justified* - He confessed his sin, so that he might show that all God's punishment was just. *I was shapen in iniquity* - He inherited wrong tendencies. *Dearest truth in the inward part* - *Reverity, sincerity, true holiness, heart-fidelity.* *Purge me with hyssop* - i.e., by sprinkling atoning blood upon him. (Lev. 14. 52, Numb. 19. 18.) He wanted the real purification thus symbolized. *Make me to hear joy and gladness* - Make him hear the voice of forgiveness, which would give him double joy, "joy and gladness." There are few joys greater than that of reconciliation with God, and the assurance of forgiveness. *Hide thy face from my sins* - Forgiveness implies (1) reconciliation to God, the being received again into his favour; (2) the forgetting the sin, the treating the sinner as if he had not sinned; (3) the removal of so much of the punishment for sin as is inflicted directly from God, but not necessarily all the natural consequences of sin. *The joy of thy salvation* - The joy that comes from knowing we are saved by God. I. It is salvation (1) from sin; (2) from the effects of sin in the soul, the sinful nature; (3) from the punishment of sin. II. It is salvation (1) to God's favour; (2) to God's family; (3) to purity of heart; (4) to joys of a pure and loving and useful life; (5) to heaven and eternal life. *Free spirit* - Willing, ready for service.

MADAGASCAR PERSECUTION.

In the days of persecution in Madagascar, Christians were suspended by a rope over a precipice, and after hanging there for a while, the rope was cut, letting the victims fall to meet instant death. Many Christians perished in this way. Some of the brightest stories of faithfulness even unto death, are to be found in the history of the converts in Madagascar.

On the very spot here represented, the scene of such bitter hatred to Christians and Christian truth, now stands a church. At a meeting in that church the present Prime Minister is reported as saying:

"Standing upon this spot years and years ago there was gathered together some officers of the kingdom. My father was there, and a little girl was brought before him. My father looked at the little girl and said: 'Take the child away; she is a fool.' But the little girl answered, 'No, sir; I am no fool, but I love the Lord Jesus. Throw me over.'"

Accordingly she was hurled over the rock. It might seem as if that little girl's life availed nothing. She died young, but the witness she gave for Christ was not in vain. She may have accomplished more by her early death as a martyr for Christ than she could have done by a long life. - *Mission Stories.*

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE PSALMS AND DANIEL.

B.C. 1034.] **LESSON V.** (May 1.)

THE PRAYER OF THE PENITENT.

Psalm 51. 1-13. Memory verses, 10-13.

GOLDEN TEXT

Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. - Psalm 51. 10.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Repentance, confession, and a new heart are the way to salvation.

WELLS OVER HARD PLACES.

Have mercy upon me - Admitting everything, and humbling himself low before God, he pleads for mercy. There is no complaint

with God, and the assurance of forgiveness. *Hide thy face from my sins* - Forgiveness implies (1) reconciliation to God, the being received again into his favour; (2) the forgetting the sin, the treating the sinner as if he had not sinned; (3) the removal of so much of the punishment for sin as is inflicted directly from God, but not necessarily all the natural consequences of sin. *The joy of thy salvation* - The joy that comes from knowing we are saved by God. I. It is salvation (1) from sin; (2) from the effects of sin in the soul, the sinful nature; (3) from the punishment of sin. II. It is salvation (1) to God's favour; (2) to God's family; (3) to purity of heart; (4) to joys of a pure and loving and useful life; (5) to heaven and eternal life. *Free spirit* - Willing, ready for service.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

1. What took place about the middle of David's reign? "He fell into a great sin."
2. What did he do in regard to it? "He repented with his whole heart."
3. What did he desire? "God's mercy and forgiveness."
4. What next did he pray for? "A new heart, that he might sin no more."
5. How did he show that he was sincere? "(1) He confessed his sin publicly; (2) he praised God; (3) he sought to lead others to God."

CATECHISM QUESTION.

19. What is Christian adoption? It is the act of grace which bestows on believers the name and the privileges of sons of God. Romans 8. 15; Galatians 4. 5.

OLEVER SAYINGS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

A LITTLE girl, on being asked what dust was, replied that it was mud in high spirits.

A little boy on being asked one day how old he was, by a gentleman, replied, "I'm not old at all, I'm nearly new!"

A social examiner lately put the question - "What is the highest form of animal life?" "The giraffe!" responded a little girl.

A little boy, when reproached for breaking a new rocking horse, said: "What's the good of a horse till it's broke?"

"What is the feminine of tailor?" asked a teacher of a class in grammar. "Dressmaker," was the instant reply of a sharp little boy.

"Oh, manna!" exclaimed a little Burlington, Vt., boy, on seeing a calf,

"there is the little cow that gives the condensed milk."

"Papa," said a little boy of six, "where's atoms?" "Atoms? I don't know, my boy, you mean Athens, probably." "No, I mean atoms, the place where everything is blown to."

Teacher: "Have animals a capacity for affection?" Class: "Nearly all." Teacher: "Correct. Now what animal possesses the greatest attachment for man?" Little girl: "Woman!"

A four-year-old girl, who had been to a circus for the first time in her brief life, greatly amused the family on her return by telling them "she saw an elephant eat with its front tail."

A four-year-old chanced to go into a room which had been dismantled for cleaning. Pictures were down from the walls, and the windows bare. She exclaimed: "Why, mamma this room looks like it hadn't any collar on."

A little girl asked a minister, "Do you think my father will go to heaven?"

"Why yes, my child; why do you ask?" "Well, because if he don't have his own way there he won't stay long, I was thinking?"

A Battle.

BY RICHARD E. BURTON.

I saw a battle yesterday;
And would you have me tell
The story of this fearful fray
And how it all befell?

Against the mists the sun made war;
The foggy mists, you know,
That in the morn by sea and shore
Their ghostly forces show.

The sun shot down his shafts of light
And pierced their ranks and made
Them scatter into shreds of white
And flying bits of shade.

It was an utter rout, I ween:
The mists were vanquished foes,
No bugle called, no blood was seen,
I heard no clash of blows.

Yet in an hour the day was clear,
The sky triumphant shone;
While, from a bush that budded near,
The wind a flower had blown

Till at my very feet it lay,
All white within the sun;
It was a flag of truce, to say
The fight was fought and won.
-St. Nicholas.

BORROWED RAIMENT.

"Of what are you thinking, dear mamma, that you look so grave?" asked little Anna Vernon of her mother one evening.

"I will tell," you said her mother, "though it may not interest you. I was thinking of a little girl whom I saw to day walking before me in the street."

"Who was she, mamma? Do you know her name? How was she dressed?" asked Anna.

"Listen and I will tell you. She had on what seemed a new silk dress to judge from the anxious glances she cast at it every few minutes, and new shoes, too, I should think, from the manner in which she tripped along, as though it were a condescension to touch the earth at all; while nothing less than a new hat and feather could have caused her to hold her head so high, as though she would say to all 'If I am not as good as you, I am certainly finer.'"

Anna's head was low enough now, and crimson blushes covered her face, while her mother continued: -

"I have just been reading a favourite French author, and I thought to myself, why should this little girl be so proud of a dress composed of the cast-off clothing of animals which browse in the meadows, or insects that crawl beneath our feet? There is scarcely one from which she has not borrowed a portion of its covering. Her grandest and richest attire is composed of threads stolen from the sheep and the silkworm. Yesterday this little girl was mild and amiable; to-day she is rude and haughty. What has created this change? Nothing, only she had on her head a feather plucked from the tail of an ostrich! How proud that ostrich ought to be, which has so many more, and all its own!

"And then, too, her shawl, made of the hair of certain goats from Thibet - goats which I have seen, and which really do not appear anything like so proud of this hair as the little girl who had borrowed it of them.

"And that dress, whose great value induced such satisfied looks, is nothing but the web in which a large worm, called the silkworm, wrapped itself - a web which it abandoned with disdain as soon as it had become a white and plain moth!"

Anna looked at her new clothes with dismay.

"I think they are very pretty, mamma, if insects did make them," she said.

EVERY man can be managed, if you find out his handle.

POPULAR BOOKS BY LADY WRITERS.

Oliver Langton's Ward.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.

Scottish Sketches.

By AMELIA E. BARR.

Dorothy's Vocation.

By EVELYN EVERETT GREEN.

EACH, 75 CENTS, POSTPAID.

If these grand stories are not in your Sunday-school Library, have them introduced at once.

OUR NEW CATALOGUE

READINGS, RECITATIONS, DIALOGUES, ETC.

gives you the choice of about 100 different books. What a wealth of material for

S. S. ENTERTAINMENTS

AND

SOCIAL GATHERINGS!

Catalogue sent FREE on application

WILLIAM BRIGGS

Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL, QUE. S. F. HUESTIS, HALIFAX, N.S.