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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, MARCH 30, 1895.

[No. 13.

TRAMPS: BLACK AND WHITE.

I THINK our readers will admit that the white tramps in our lower cut are much the more disreputable of the two kinds. Their degradation has been self-induced by indulgence in drink, and for them there is little hope.

The children in the upper picture are reduced to their condition of "looped, and windowed raggedness" by no fault of their own. When God brought a million of slaves out of the bondage of Egypt, he fed them with bread from heaven for forty years, and miraculously provided that their raiment waxed not old. But when by his providence he brought out of bondage four millions of slaves in America, he left to the Christian charity and sense of justice of the nation, whose wards they were, the care of this vast host, now increased to about eight millions. And nobly has the nation responded to this call of duty, and millions of money have been expended in schools for the blacks, and millions more have they turned out of their earnings. So for these merry, contented-looking children there are the possibilities of a bright and prosperous future.

But who shall bring back their lost manhood to the degraded victims of intemperance? What has the nation done for them? It has fostered and licensed the drink curse which has robbed them of all that makes life worth living, which has made them more degraded than the beasts which perish.

What is the duty of the hour? Is it not for every voter of common humanity, not to say of Christian principle, to seek to denounce, prohibit and destroy the guilty traffic in the bodies and the souls of men, that takes our bright and beautiful boys and girls—for these degraded wretches were once innocent children—and transforms them into the besotted creatures which they now are: which fills with such wrecks of humanity our poor-houses, our hospitals, our goals, our asylums, and the six thousand drunkards' graves which are dug in Canada every year.

It was Richter who said: "I love God and little children." I think that those of us who can sincerely say those words of ourselves need fear no evil thing in this life.



FLORIDA NATIVES.

A TRAMP'S THINKING.

A TRAMP had been doing some thinking. "Thinkin' don't seem to agree with yer," said one who saw him.

"Naw I it don't—it's like this, I've see? I'm a tramp. Now, my old schoolmate, Bill, is just what I am not!"

"How's that?"

"Well, Bill is the president of a bank; he's got as pretty and handsome a home as yer'd like to see; there's music in that home; there's flowers there, and there's a pretty

wife and some bloomin', happy, curly-headed children; there's a carriage and servants, and people call I'm 'Mister.' He's twice been elected mayor, and everything is coming his way all the time, and then look at me—different, ain't it?"

"How did he strike it rich like that?"

"I can't think of any other name for it now but good sense. We were boys together, and while I was foolin' around havin' a good time, Bill, he sorter seemed to look ahead. He didn't drink or smoke; I did. He didn't care for style, and it cost

me to put it on that same money that he saved. He was fond of reading, and I'd rather play cards and have fun with the rest of the boys. When I was losin' on the street corners and in beer saloons, Bill was putting in his time at school. I blew in my money on cards. Bill saved his, and I remember now how I used to guy Bill and call him goody-goody, and tell him how he was a foolin' of his life away without havin' any fun—but say! I was colouring my nose; I was getting to play a good game of cards; I was cultivating a fine stock of bad habits—among them was a love for buds; make short, pard. I was giving myself a fine education for this here business, ain't I succeeded at it pretty well!"

"I should say!"

"Well!" now look at Bill. Who's having the good time now? He doesn't have dogs set on him; he ain't pulled in every once in a while for being a tramp; he don't go hungry and have to saw a big pile of wood to get a meal; and mo'n' all he hasn't got the awful, awful thirst I've got, and doesn't live in hell, as I do, because he can't get liquor. He's got manhood; wot have I got? He's got character; wot have I got? He's got friends; who's mine? Not one since I broke my dear old mother's heart, which laid her in her grave. Ain't that a real one?"

"Why shouldn't I do some thinkin'!"

THE AMERICAN TRAMP

SOMEONE has computed the following interesting facts as regard to the American tramp. The tramp has come to be a troublesome character, and multiplies himself more frequently than is agreeable to a neighbourhood. Professor McCook, of Hartford, has been making an investigation of the American tramp, and finds that there are 45,845 of them in our country. They belong to all nationalities, but more than half of them boast of American parentage. This is not creditable to our home training, and indicates a degeneracy in American blood, which has been characterized by industry, stability, and energy. It is stated that nearly all of them have trades, but will not follow them or earn a living. Strange to say, the most of them can read and write, and are well-informed upon current news. What has produced this vagabondage, or set this army of revens in motion? The drinking habit.



TRAMPS.

The saloon has entailed upon the nation this vast number of worse than idle men, the cost of whose maintenance is placed at \$9,169,000 a year. Both the tramp and the saloon which develops him are nuisances from which the country should speedily rid itself.—*Ram's Horn.*

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, MARCH 30, 1895.

DONT FORGET
THE
S. S. AID COLLECTION
ON
REVIEW SUNDAY,
MARCH 31st.

The claims upon the S. S. Aid and Extension Fund for 1894 were so many and so urgent that the collection was overdrawn about \$1,000. Strenuous efforts were made during this year to increase the Fund. Very urgent appeals for help come from afflicted Newfoundland. It will be apparent, therefore, that there is urgent need for continued increase in income.

The following resolution was passed on this subject by the Sunday-school Board on July 8th:

"Whereas the Sunday-school Aid and Extension Fund has, during the past eighteen years, rendered very valuable service in the planting of new schools and helping of needy schools by the distribution of nearly \$50,000 in grants of books and papers; and whereas there are many appointments yet without schools, and must so remain, unless helped by this Fund; and whereas the resources of this Fund have been taxed to the utmost, and in fact overdrawn, in helping to establish and sustain schools in remote and destitute neighbourhoods; Resolved, that this Board recommend this Fund to the kind consideration of our Sunday-schools everywhere, that by their increased liberality it may be enabled to more fully and efficiently help the many deserving claims which are laid upon it."

When this collection has not been made in September, it is urgently requested that it be made on March 31st.

A LONG CANAL'S VICTIMS.

HAVE you never heard of that canal that runs through this country fifty miles long, forty feet wide and ten feet deep? No! How strange! Why, it is not only one of the wonders of earth, but a wonder to the inhabitants of heaven as well. It is filled with liquor—a new supply every year—and down each bank is a line of corpses and another line down the middle—nearly 150 miles of corpses. They are the yearly

victims of the greatest robber on earth. He is through robbing them; he has taken everything, including their life, and now he has no further use for them. He is at work on others. Look at a map and you will see imaginary lines running from one side of the United States to the other, lines of latitude; but there is one line which the geographers have forgotten to put in and it runs from the Atlantic to the Pacific, clear across the continent. What is it? A line of reeling, staggering, maudlin humanity, 2,000,000 drunkards by a close estimate, robbed of everything almost, except life, by this same greatest robber on earth.—*N. Y. Voice.*

Let Us Save the Drunkard.

BY MRS. COMMANDANT BOOTH.

[The follow beautiful hymn was sung by Mrs. Booth at a plebiscite meeting held at the Army Headquarters, Albert Street, Toronto.]

Air—"Scatter Seeds of Kindness."

O'er the dark and cruel regions
Where the slaves of drink abound,
There are voices ever calling
From the ruined, crushed and bound,
There are wrongs that need redressing,
There are foes who challenge fight,
There are giants need repressing,
Darkened souls who need the light.

CHORUS.—Then let us save the drunkard,
Let us sweep the drink away.

If we know the bitter anguish,
Of the hearts with sorrow riven;
Could we number all the thousands,
Who to dark despair are driven;
Could the tears that fall in millions
Tell us each their tale of woe,
We should linger not in rising
To defeat this deadly foe.

From the mouths of hungry children
There are voices bid us arm,
From the haunts of squalid misery
There are cries that sound alarm;
From the broken hearts that linger
Ere they drop into the grave,
There are notes of earnest pleading—
Are there none to help and save?

Widows' wail, and orphans' sorrow,
Drunkards' gloom and dying groan,
Cheerless homes, and homeless children
Bid you make this cause your own.
Now the hour is come to rally,
And to set the captive free;
Heaven and hell inquire and wonder
What your answer now will be—

For the little ones who languish
At a drunken mother's breast;
For the prodigals in anguish,
Seeking hopelessly for rest,
In the name of Him who cherished
E'en the least, and even you,
If you feel his claims are pressing,
Tell him now, what will you do.

BILLY'S FIRST AND LAST DRINK
OF LAGER.

"KOMMEN zie hier, Pilly!" cried Christian: "Vy vust du in te peer shops te tay, heim? Vy drinks peer, mein poy?"

"O—O—because it's good," said Billy, boldly.
"No, Pilly, it vast not gute to dein mout. I did see neffer so pig vaces as you did make, Pilly. Pill, yo dinks it vill dust gute py-and-pye, and it ees like a man to trinks, an' so you trinks. Now, Pilly, ef it is gute, haf it; ef it ees like a man, trinks, Pilly. I vill not hinders you vrom vat ees gute ant manly, mein shilt; but trinks at home, dakes your trink pure, Pilly, and let me pays vor it. Kom, mein poy! You likes peer; vell, kom, open dein mout; hier I haf all te peer stuff simons pure vrom te schops, mein poy. Kom, open dein mout, ant puts its een."

Billy drew near, but kept his mouth close shut. Said Zende, "Den you makes me madt, Pilly! Open dein mout." Thus exhorted, Billy opened his mouth, and Christian put a small bit of alum in it. Billy drew up his face; but boys can stand alum. After a little, Christian cried, "Opens dein mout: peer ist not all alums!" and he drops in a bit of aloes. This was worse. Billy winced. Again, "Open dein mout!" The least morsel of

red pepper, now, from a knife-point; but Billy howled.

"Vat, you not likes dein peer?" said Zende. "Opens dein mout," just touched now with a knife-point dipped in oil of turpentine. Billy began to cry. "Opens dein mout, de peer is not haf mate yet, Pilly," and Billy's tongue got the least dusting of lime, potash and saleratus. Billy now cried loudly. "Opens dein mout." Unlucky Billy! this time about a grain of licorice, hop pollen and saltpetre.

"Looks, Pilly, hare ist some arsenic and some strychnine, des pelougd in de peer, opens dein mout."

"I can't, I can't!" roared Billy. "Arsenic and strychnine are to kill rats; I shall die. Do you want to kill me, Father Zende?"

"Kill him, joost py a little peer, all gute and pure. He tells me he likes peer, and it ees manly to trinks it, and ven I gives heem de peer, he cries I kills him. So, Pilly, hier is water, dere ist mooch water in peer, trinks dat."

Billy drank the water eagerly. Zende went on, "Ant dere is mooch alcohol in peer. Heir, opens dein mout," and he dropped four drops of raw spirit carefully on his tongue. Billy went dancing about the room and then went for more water.

"KOMMEN zie hier, dein peer is not done, Pilly," shouted Christian, and seizing him, he put the cork of the ammonia bottle to his lips, then a drop of honey, a taste of sugar, a drop of molasses, a drop of gall. Then, "Pilly, hier is more of dein peer. Here is jalap, copperas, sulphuric acid, acetic acid, and nux vomica; opens dein mout!" "Oh, no, no!" roared Billy, "let me go! I hate beer! I'll never drink any more! I'll never go in that shop again! I'll be a good boy—I'll sign the pledge. Oh, let me be; I can't eat those things! I'll die! My mouth tastes awful now. Oh, take 'em away, Father Zende!"

"Dakes 'em away! dakes away dein good peer!" cried the old man innocently, "ven I halves paid vor it, and mein Pilly can trinks it pure at his home like a shen-tihman! Vy, poy, dese ist de makings of peer, ant you no likes dem! All dese honey, ant sugar, ant vater, poy!"

"But the other things," said Billy, "oh, the other things—they are the biggest part, ugh! they make me sick!"

"Mein poy, you trinks them fast to-day. Looks Billy, a man he trinks all dese pad dings mixt up in vater, and calt peer. Ach! he get redt in hees face, he gets pig in hees body, he gets shaky in hees hands, he gets clumsy on hees toes, he gets veak in hees eyes, he gets pad in his breat, he gets mean in his manners. Vy! Pilly, you sees vy. All dees dings on mein dable is vy!"

Happy Billy! Few boys get so good a temperance lecture—such home thrusts, such practical experiments, as fell to your lot. Billy was satisfied on the beer question.

"He is all goot now," said Zende, "I haf no more droubles mit mein Pilly."

A WORD FOR THE BOYS.

If we are to have drunkards in the future, some of them are to come from the boys who will read this. Well, here is a plan that is just as sure to save from such a fate as the sun is to rise to-morrow. It never failed, it never will fail, and it is worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. This is the plan, and it is worth putting into practice. You don't drink now, and it seems as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it will probably come in this way:

You will find yourself some time with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink, and offer it to you. They will think it a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milkop if you don't indulge with them. Then what will you do? Will you say, "No, no; none of that stuff for me!" or will you take the glass, with your common sense protesting and your conscience making the whole draught bitter, and then go off with a hot head and skulking soul that at once begins to make apologies for itself, and will keep doing so all its life? Boys, do not become drunkards.

Where Do You Stand?

In the world-wide conflict,
When all the hosts of God,
And all the devil's minions
In battle-line are drawn,
Where do you stand?

When the world is full of evils,
And everywhere we go,
We're called upon to fight or yield
To some relentless foe,
Where do you stand?

When every living issue,
And every great reform,
To you for help is calling,
And Duty urges on,
Where do you stand?

When every hour we live,
For Rum and Error's blight
We must take sides, or else
For God and Truth and Right,
Where do you stand?



JUNIOR LEAGUE.

PRAYER MEETING TOPICS.

MARCH 31, 1895.

A HIGH POSITION.—Hebrews 2. 7-8.
This means that man is placed at the head of Jehovah's workmanship. He is in the image and likeness of God, and there is no creature that God has made respecting whom such an assertion is made. In a much higher sense the words refer to the Lord Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ as God with God became a little lower than the angels when he became man's Redeemer. He assumed this condition for a special purpose.

He was crowned with glory and honour and thus received a name which is above every name. All things are subject unto him, and to him every knee shall bow. Man was in honour till he fell, Jesus Christ was never defiled by sin, but became a sin-offering that he might redeem mankind. Praise him for his wonderful condescension.

HEALTH HINTS FOR BOYS.

In the first place always rise at the same time in the morning. Lying abed Sunday morning three hours later than any other day in the week is not really any pleasure, and, besides, it throws the whole scheme of your meals out for that day. I know a family—and they ought to know better—who have breakfast at eight on all week days, lunch at one and dinner at six. On Sundays, that is once in seven days, they have breakfast at ten, dinner at one and a hearty supper at five. The result is that by seven o'clock Sunday night every one in the family feels stuffed, unnatural, tired, cross and everything else that is disagreeable.

Don't do this. Eat breakfast at the same time every morning in the week. If at eight on Tuesday, then at eight on Sunday. And the same with lunch and dinner, or dinner and supper.

When you get out of bed in the morning, go through a five-minute exercise, after studying what particular parts of your body and what muscles are weak. By going through these exercises, whatever they are, for five minutes, you will end by being in a glow, perhaps in a perspiration. Then take a bath. A good plan is to let cold water run until the bath is perhaps three inches deep. Then put in a little warm water. That takes the chill off the water, and then it will not give anyone a shock.

A bath can be had in any house on the earth, and no one can say that he cannot bathe every morning because there is no bathtub in his house. There is always water near a civilized house, or any house for that matter, and you can pump it or carry it to your room the night before if there is no running water in the house. If there is no bath-tub, get a "bat-bath," or, if you cannot well do that, take a big tub, but on no account give up the bath. Afterwards give yourself a long and hard rub until your skin is red—and then the day is well begun.—*Harper's Young People.*

A Sad Story.

[The following verses have reference to a scene that took place at a railway station in the Northwest. A gay party are awaiting the arrival of a train, when there entered one whose actions showed that he was demented. Once he was the hope of a loving but over-jealous mother, and promised in early life to occupy a prominent place in society, but becoming a slave to strong drink he became hopelessly insane, and wandered from place to place, often singing verses of hymns he had been taught when a child.]

All day long 'twas cloudy, gloomy,
For there fell a constant rain,
And a crowd of men and women
Waited for the coming train.
Warm were they in silk and satin,
Seated in the cozy room,
Smoking, reading, little cared they
For outsiders in the gloom.

Swing the heavy shutters wider
For the restless, moving tide,
Talking, walking—walking, talking,
Talking of the coming tide.
Dancing with the crowd a stranger
Entered carelessly the door,
Polished form and noble bearing,
Though he ragged was and poor.

See, he gazes on the wealthy—
He had seen much better days—
How he sags!—his fingers wander
Over long-forgotten keys—
"I will work for my bread,"
And his wondrous love to me;
On the cruel cross he suffered
From the curse to set me free."

Hushed was now the clut-a-chatter,
"Wond'ring all what this could be—
"Oh, the cross he sealed my pardon,
"And the debt I made me free!
There he stood—insane—oblivious!
"Striving, too, so vacantly;
Neither home, nor mother had he,
And so pitiful to see!

Lips once crimson—now so pallid!
"Ashen, too, his sunken cheek—
"Oh, the cross he sealed my pardon,
"And the debt I made me free!
There he stood—insane—oblivious!
"Striving, too, so vacantly;
Neither home, nor mother had he,
And so pitiful to see!

Oh, the cursed wine-cup!
On the cruel men who sell it
See them in the land of hills
Sending thousands down to hell!
So I the wrecks along the ages—
See your ragged, motley train!
Widows, orphans—these are relics
Of the strong men they have slain.

In that train are starving, aching,
Gambling, murdering, misery—death!
Ah, the news of some dire evil
Greets the ear at every breath!
"See the sky is dark and threat'ning!
"Look! the storm is deep and wide!
"What can check its awful fury?
"Who can shield us from its tide?"

Hark! it is the woe men of our nation—
They are calling from afar;
Hear ye not the clash of armour,
Ready for the coming war?
Lift the flag of Prohibition!
Sound aloud the true key-note;
If you'd kill this deadly demon,
You must kill it with your vote!

The Wreckers of Sable Island.

BY
J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

CHAPTER IX.—FAREWELL TO SABLE ISLAND.

GREAT was the bustle and excitement at the wrecker's quarters. The day happened to be particularly favorable for embarkings—such a day, in fact, as might not come once in a month; and everything must be done to make the most of it. But the very beauty of the day gave evidence of approaching change. It was what the sea-faring folk call a "weather-breaker," because such lovely days are always followed by storm.

Some knew this better than the wreckers. They made all haste to transfer themselves and their booty to the schooner. In keen anxiety Eric watched the work going on. No one seemed to notice him, though several

such a look of fiendish triumph as sent a shiver to his liver.

Ben, who had his own interests to care for, cheered him a little by clapping him on the back as he passed, and saying, in his most encouraging tone.

"Keep up your heart, my lad. We'll manage it somehow."

But the removal of the booty was almost complete, and still he did not know his fate. Only another load of stuff remained to be taken off; and in the boat that came for this were Ben, Evil-Eye, and the captain of the schooner. Eric stood near the landing-place with Prince beside him. He knew that his future hung upon what might be decided within a few minutes.

The boat was lowered, and the crew stood ready to launch her into the breakers. Now came the critical moment. How far the matter might have been discussed already Eric had no idea. He saw Ben draw the captain aside and engage him in earnest conversation, while Evil-Eye hung about as though he burned to put in a word.

His heart almost stopped beating as he watched the scene. Eric did not know that he was not unmoved by Ben's arguments. His countenance showed he was wavering, and his opposition weakening.

With rising hope, Eric noted this. Evil-Eye saw it too, but with different feelings. He thought it time to interfere, and drawing nearer began, in a loud, half-drawing tone.

"Say, now, captain—"
But before he could get out another word Ben wheeled round, his face aflame with anger. Rising to his utmost height, he drew a pistol from his belt, and pointing it straight at Evil-Eye's breast, roared out.

"Hold that foul tongue of yours, I say, or I'll pierce through your heart before you can wink."

With a start of terror the sultan shrank away from the giant who towered above him; and satisfied that he would not venture to interpose again, Ben resumed his talk with the captain. For a little longer the dialogue continued. What the arguments were that were used, or what inducements he offered, Eric did not learn until afterward. But, oh! what a bound his heart gave when Ben left the captain and came toward him, his face so full of relief as to seem almost radiant!

"It's all right, my lad," said he, grasping him by the shoulder and pushing him toward the boat. "You're to come. Let's be hurry up, now, and get on board."

Too overjoyed to speak, Eric hastened to obey, giving Ben a look of unpeppable gratitude as he clasped his hand with passionate fervor. Evil-Eye scowled terribly when the boy sprang into the boat, and dared only mutter his protests, for clearly enough, Ben was in no mood for trifling, and the captain was evidently quite on his side.

Without waiting for an invitation, Prince promptly stepped forward, his eyes fixed on which the men in the boat laughed; and the captain said, good-humoredly.

"Let him come too. He's too good to leave behind."

In a few minutes more, Eric, with a feeling of glad relief beyond all power of words to express, stood upon the schooner's deck and looked back at the island which for well-nigh half a year had been his prison—almost his grave.

The low, broad, weather-beaten hut was easily visible. "How good God was to protect me there!" he thought, as he recalled the many scenes of violence he had witnessed.

"I wonder what is to become of me. Poor father must have given me up for dead long ago. Shall I ever get to him?"

"With many a 'Ye'll leave ho!' the sailors set about raising the anchor; the schooner's broad wings were hoisted to catch the breeze already blowing; and soon she was speeling away southward toward Boston.

They had just got well under weigh when, happening to glance around, Eric, who was standing on the deck, enjoying the swift rush of the schooner through the foaming water, noticed a number of the wreckers and the crew gathered about the captain on the poop. They were examining something very carefully through his telescope. Following the direction of the glass, Eric could make out a dark object rising out of the water, several miles away on the port side. This was evidently the entrance of the man's concern. Almost unconsciously he drew near the group in order to hear what they were saying. The captain then handed the telescope to Evil-Eye.

His face darkened with rage as he said, "It's one of those British brigs, and no mistake, and she's running right across our bows. We'll keep on this way 'till we fall right into her clutches. Look you, Evil-Eye, and see if I'm not right."

— Evil-Eye took the glass and looked long

and carefully. It was clear enough that he came to the same conclusion as the captain, for one of his most hideous scowls overspread his countenance as he growled out,—

"It's the brig, and no mistake, and we're running straight into her jaws. We'll have to go about and sail offshore, captain."

At once the captain roared out his orders, and the sailors sprang to obey. There was a rattling of canvas, a creaking boom, a fierce flapping of canvas. After a moment's hesitation in the eye of the wind, the schooner gracefully fell off, and with soon gliding away on the other tack, and was long now almost directly astern.

Whatever doubt there may have been on board the brig as to the propriety of pursuing the schooner was dissipated by its sudden change of course; and still distant though she was, a keen eye could make out that they were hoisting additional sails and making every effort to overtake the schooner.

There were yet three hours of daylight, and the brig was evidently a fast sailer. The schooner's chance of escape lay in keeping her well astern until night came on, and then, by a sudden change of course, slipping away from her in the darkness.

Every inch of canvas the schooner hoisted was clapped on her, and, almost buried in foam, she rushed madly through the water.

Eric's first feeling, on seeing the brig, and the fear created among his captors, was of intense joy, and he watched its steady growth upon the horizon with eager anxiety. He did not notice the ominous looks cast upon him by Evil-Eye and others, until Ben, whose eyes seemed to miss nothing, drew him away to his former post near the bows, saying, in a deep undertone.

"Come with me, lad. I want a word with you."

Ben's countenance showed that he was much troubled, and Eric, full of hope though he was at the near prospect of his own deliverance, could not help feeling as though it were very selfish of him, for it certainly meant that Ben would be placed in danger. He determined in his own mind that if the brig should capture the schooner, he would plead so hard for his kind rescuer that no harm could be done him.

"Will the brig catch up to us, Ben?" he asked eagerly. "Do you think it will?"

"It'll be a bad business for you, my lad, if it does," answered Ben, in an unusually gruff tone.

"Why, Ben, what do you mean?" asked Eric in surprise.

"In the first place," returned Ben. Then, after a moment's silence, he went on: "Captain says that brig's been sent from Halifax after us, and nobody else; and if she should catch us, you may be sure the wreckers ain't going to leave you round to tell the people on the brig all you know about them. Before the brig's alongside they'll stop you over the bulwark with a weight that'll prevent your ever showing up on top again."

At these words, whose truth Eric realized at once, his heart seemed turned to stone. And now, just as passionately as he had prayed that the brig might overtake them, did he pray that the schooner might keep out of its reach.

In the meantime, the two vessels were tearing through the water without much change in their relative positions. Darkness was drawing near. As the sun went down, the change that the beauty of the morning foreboded took place. The sky grew cloudy, the wind blew harder, and there was every sign of an approaching storm.

With luck would have it, this state of affairs suited the schooner far better than the brig. With great exultation the wreckers noted that their pursuer was shortening sail. The square rigger lark could not stand a storm as well as could the schooner.

"Hurrah!" the captain shouted gleefully. "They're taking in some of their canvas. They can't stand this blow with so much top-gallum. We'll show them a clean pair of heels yet."

And so it turned out. With bow buried in foam and decks awash the schooner staggered swiftly onward under full press of sail, although every moment the canvas threatened to tear itself out of the bolts. Before the darkness enveloped her the brig had disappeared behind, completely distanced. Everybody on the schooner felt better than the brig, a course that, by a wise detour, would bring him in due time to Boston, the captain took satisfaction by cursing the brig for causing him the loss of a whole day at least.

That night Ben, for the first time, told Eric what had been arranged concerning him. On their arrival in Boston he was to be kept hidden in the wood until the time came for the schooner to start on her coast voyage, and the captain knew. He would be placed on board this ship as cabin-boy. When she

reached her destination he might make his way to his friends the best he could. By that time the wreckers (none of whom intended to return to Sable Island) would have spread of their booty, and matters beyond all possibility of being caught.

Ben did not add, as he might have done, that in order to effect this arrangement he had to be kept in a very close confinement to him one-half of his own interest in the schooner's cargo.

After living in peril of death for so many months, this a full Eric's heart with joy. It might mean many more hardships; but it also meant return to those who were now mourning him as dead. He thanked Ben ever and ever again, wishing him he could never forget his wonderful kindness; and as Ben listened in silence there was a distinct glimmering in the corner of his eye that showed he was not unmoved.

The storm blew itself out during the night, and was followed by a steady breeze, which bore the schooner along so fast that she soon went down on the following afternoon. She was riding up Boston Bay, looking as innocent as an ordinary fishing schooner. The anchor plunged with a great splash into the still water, the chain rattled noisily through the hawse-hole, and the voyage was ended.

Without delay a boat was lowered. The captain and Evil-Eye got into it, leaving Ben to accompany them, but he declined. He intended to watch over Eric until he should be taken to the English ship. The boat rowed off, and before it returned Eric was sound asleep.

He was awakened by the singing of the men as they tolled at the windlass, and the rattle of the chain as it rose reluctantly link by link from the water. Then he heard the waves rippling against the bow, and he knew that the schooner was moving.

As he rightly guessed, she was making her way to her berth at the wharf. During all that day there was continual motion on the deck, and the boy imprisoned in the hold tried to while away the long hours by guessing what it meant, and what the sailors were about. Ben brought him a bountiful breakfast, dinner, and tea. He stayed only while Eric ate, and did not seem much disposed to talk. He could not say exactly when the English ship would sail, but thought it would be soon.

The schooner became much quieter by nightfall, for the majority of her crew had gone ashore. Soon there was perfect stillness, the vessel at times seemed to be completely deserted. There was a tower clock not far away which rang out the hours loudly, and Eric heard seven, eight and nine, struck ere he fell asleep.

How long he had slept he knew not, when he was aroused by two men talking in loud tones on the deck just above him. This was evidently the watch for liquor, and had fallen into dispute about something. Presently one of them exclaimed,—

"It is there. I know it's there. I'll prove it to you."

(To be continued.)

ONE TOUCH OF MOTHERHOOD.

A LADY in writing to the Princess of Wales told her friend the following touching little incident, which took place soon after the death of her son, the Duke of Clarence.

The princess, with her usual gentle beneficence, tried to hide her grief for her first-born. It was shown only in her failing health and increased tender solicitation for all around her. One day, while walking with one of her maids in the quiet lanes near Sandringham, she met an old woman weeping bitterly and tottering under a load of packages. On inquiry, it appeared that she was a carrier, and made her living by shipping and doing errands in the market town for the country people.

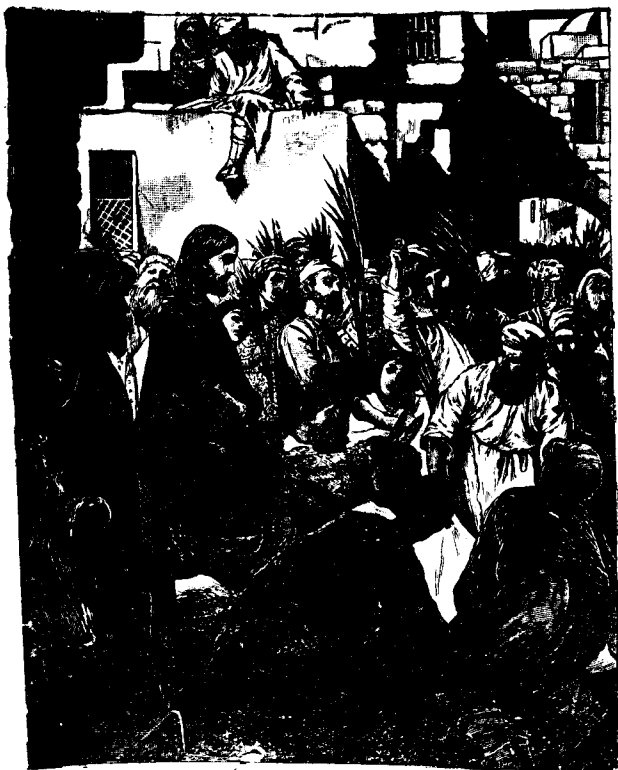
"But the weight is too heavy for your age," said the princess.

"Yes, Your right ma'am. I'll have to give it up, and if I give it up, I'll starve. Jack carried for me a my boy—my man."

"And where is he now?"

"Jack! He's dead! Oh, he's dead!" the old woman cried wilyly.

The Princess, without a word, hurried on, drawing her veil over her face to hide her tears. A few days later she sent little coat with a stout donkey were brought to the old carrier's door. She now works with them and no fear, making a comfortable living and has never been told the rank of the friend who has tried to make her life easier for the sake of her dead boy.



THE FIRST PALM SUNDAY.

Palm Bearers.

WHEN Christ, as King, descended
The slopes of Olivet,
The gladdest of all visions
His sacred gaze that met,
Were throngs of Jewish children
That came in singing bands,
And pressed about him, bearing
Palm branches in their hands.

"Out of the mouths of children
Thou perfectest thy praise,"
He said, as their hosannas
Rang o'er the crowded ways.
"Out of the mouths of children,"
The same dear lips may say,
These hosts of happy children
Who meet him here to-day.

We come with songs of triumph,
No doubtful Christ to own;
The Galilean Prophet
Is King upon the throne!
With greater gladness bearing
Our palms than those he met,
That day when he descended
The steeps of Olivet.

O Saviour! may we children
Strive on till life shall cease,
To send to all the nations
The palm branch of thy peace!
And own our service, saying,
As in Judean days,
"Out of the mouths of children
God perfecteth his praise."

AMERICA FIRST DISCOVERED BY
A BOY.

Almost 450 years before Christopher Columbus was born America was discovered by a Norwegian boy named Biorn, son of Hergolf. He was known by no other title, for in those days sons did not share the father's name.

In the year 1002, Hergolf, an Iceland colonist, fitted out two small vessels for a trading voyage to the Greenland settlement, and placed one of these under the command of his son Biorn, a youth of sixteen years, who, having been bred to the sea almost since infancy, had mastered the details of his profession by the time that he arrived at an age when other boys usually commence their apprenticeship.

When near the Southern coast of Greenland, Biorn's ship encountered a heavy north-easterly gale, which lasted several days, and drove his vessel far to the south and west. The storm broke in the night, and when morning dawned he discovered a strange land close aboard. Sailing along the coast for some distance, he found a large bay, into which he steered and dropped anchor. Upon landing, the country

was seen to be clothed with vegetation, and the streams swarming with fine salmon. Trees of large growth grew in great numbers just back from the shore, and the climate was balmy and delightful. Of natives they saw nothing, and believed the land uninhabited.

Rejoiced over his important discovery, Biorn returned to Iceland, and communicated the news to his friend Lief, son of Eric the Red, who had founded the colony on the coast of that island. The two ambitious young men immediately entered into an agreement to share the expense of equipping a suitable vessel, sailing to this newly-discovered land, and bringing back whatever cargo promised to reimburse them for fitting out the ship.

Their first sight of the new land was not calculated to impress Lief with a promise of its fruitfulness, for it was rocky, barren, and gloomy. This gave rise to openly expressed dis-

satisfaction on his part, but Biorn assured him that further south they would meet with green fields and woodlands. After the fashion of the early navigators in naming geographical discoveries according to the features first presented, this place they called Helleland, and to the low, sandy shore, which they observed beyond it, and which was covered in spots with clumps of small trees, they gave the name of Markland. Two days later they fell in with a new line of coast, and sailing along this for several hours Biorn made out the bay in which he had anchored on his previous voyage. Into this harbour they brought the ship and moored her.

This Vinland of the early voyagers is known at the present day as Newfoundland. After making several short cruises to the southward and westward, and sailing through the Gulf of St. Lawrence until the river of that name was reached, the ship returned to her first anchorage, where the explorers passed the winter.

In the account of this remarkable voyage, made five centuries before King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella bade God-speed to the Italian navigator in the Spanish harbour of Palos, it is recorded by Biorn and Lief that the length of the shortest day during the winter of the year 1002-3 was eight hours. This proves conclusively that this Vinland of theirs was no further north than Newfoundland, otherwise the length of the day would have been shorter.—*Harper's Young People.*

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A.D. 30.] LESSON I. [April 7.

THE TRIUMPHAL ENTRY.

Mark 11. 1-11. Memory verses, 9, 10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Hosanna; Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.—Mark 11. 9.

OUTLINE.

1. The Lord's Approach, v. 1-7.
2. The Popular Welcome, v. 8-11.

TIME.—April 2, A.D. 30.

PLACES.—1. Bethphage (pronounced *Beth-jah-jee*) and Bethany, villages or neighbourhoods near the Mount of Olives; 2. That mount itself, over which the triumphal procession passed; 3. The courts of the temple at Jerusalem.

RULERS.—Tiberius Cæsar, emperor at Rome; Pontius Pilate, procurator of Judea; Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Perea and Galilee; Caiaphas, high priest of the Jews.

INTRODUCTORY.

On the Friday before the fourth passover of his ministry (March 31, A.D. 30), just one week before the crucifixion, Jesus came to Bethany, where he lodged in the home of Lazarus, Martha, and Mary. From Friday sundown to Saturday sundown was the Jewish Sabbath, set apart for rest and worship. On Saturday evening a feast was given in honour of Jesus, and Mary anointed him. On Sunday (which was not then in any sense sacred) the events of this lesson occurred.

HOME READINGS.

- M.* The triumphal entry.—Mark 11. 1-11.
Tu. Praises of children.—Matt. 21. 10-17.
W. A reason for the joy.—John 12. 12-19.
Th. Sorrow for Jerusalem.—Luke 19. 37-44.
F. "Thy king cometh."—Zech. 9. 9-17.
S. "In the name of the Lord."—Psalm 118. 19-29.
Su. Worthy is the Lamb.—Rev. 5. 6-14.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *The Lord's Approach*, v. 1-7.
To what city did Jesus come nigh?
From what place did he send two disciples?
What did he bid these disciples do?
What answer were they to make if anyone objected?
What did the disciples find and do?
What was said to them, and by whom?
What was their answer, and the result?
What was done with the beast?
What Scripture was thus fulfilled? See Matt. 21. 5, and Zech. 9. 9.
2. *The Popular Welcome*, v. 8-11.
What marks of honour did the people pay to Jesus?
With what salutation was he greeted? (Golden Text.)
What kingdom was pronounced blessed?
What city did he enter in triumph?
What noted building did he visit?
Where did he then go, and with whom?
What miracle did Jesus do on the next day? Verses 12-14.
What act of authority in the temple? Verses 15-18.
What lesson did he teach from the barren fig tree? Verses 20-26.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where in this lesson are we shown—
1. The humility of Jesus?
 2. The authority of Jesus?
 3. The royalty of Jesus?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. From what village did Jesus start on his royal entrance to Jerusalem? From Bethany.
2. How did he make his entrance? Seated upon a colt.
3. By whom was he attended? A multitude before and behind.
4. How did they show him honour? They spread their garments in the way.
5. What was their song? Golden Text: "Blessed is he," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The royalty of Jesus.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What are we taught on the subject of transgressions of the law?

That the law requires complete obedience; so that he who breaks one commandment falls into condemnation.

James 2. 10. Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet stumble in one point, he is become guilty of all.

A HERO OF OUR DAY.

MANY years ago there was a great fire that burned down a large portion of Chicago. Hundreds of homes were swept away, and many strange events occurred while the flames were raging.

A rich lady was hurrying through the crowd of frightened people, and trying to save a few of her household goods. She saw a small boy, and called him to her, saying: "Take this box, my boy, and do not part with it one instant until I see you again. Take care of it, and I will reward you well."

The boy took the box, and the lady turned back to save more of her household goods, if possible. Soon the crowd came rushing between them; they were separated. All that night and the next day passed. The lady took refuge with friends outside the city, and heard nothing more of her boy or box. Her diamonds, a large

CHEAP DRINKS AND THEIR
RESULTS.

THE sot was once a child, the child may become a sot.

amount of choice jewelry, and all her valuable papers were in the box, and of course she was in great distress at losing them. But on Tuesday night a watchman found the boy sitting on the box, and almost buried in the sand and dirt that had fallen about him. He had been there all through the long hours, without food or shelter. At times he had covered himself with sand to escape the terrible flames. The poor child was almost dead with fright and fatigue, but had never once thought of deserting the precious box that had been entrusted to his care.

Of course he was amply rewarded by the grateful lady, but the boy who could be so faithful to a trust would be rich and noble without any gift.

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