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# PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, JUNE 8, 1895.

[No. 23.]

## LAKE GENNESARET

This is the well-known sea of Tiberias or Sea of Galilee, on whose shores Jesus spent so much of his life going from place to place and preaching. In reality, the lake is nothing more than a simple enlargement of the River Jordan, which flows in very muddy at one end and flows out very clear at the other. But it has at the same time all the features of a large lake. It is in the shape of a huge pear and in the middle at its widest part is about six or seven miles across. There are several salt springs in the lake, but otherwise the water is very pure and sweet. There are also springs in the deeper parts where warm water bubbles up and in the year 1837, when there was a violent earthquake which destroyed more than one town on its shores, these springs increased both in temperature and volume. Many of the places on the shores of the Sea of Galilee are familiar to us as having been visited by our Lord when on earth, such as Tiberias, Capernaum, Chorazin, and Bethsaida.

## THE SKIP'S STORY.

BY W. E. MACLELLAN.

DANNIE McLEAN, known to his intimates of the curling-club of Bytown, Nova Scotia, as "Dannie the Skip," is a Scotchman by birth, a mason by trade, and by choice a devotee of the game called "curling," which is played on ice. The fountain of gladness for him freezes up with the thawing out of the ponds, and thaws with their freezing.

The game is in itself an excellent one, but it too often leads the players into Scotch "conviviality," and possibly Dannie, who is "skip" or captain of a "rink" or side, became confirmed in drinking habits by sedulously attending all the feasts of the Bytown club. Be that as it may, he no longer drinks intoxicants, and I think many people will be interested in an account of the occurrence that made him an abstainer.

Last summer, he said to me,—for I shall try to tell his story in his own words,—I took a contract to build a tall chimney for the fanning company at Millville. It was to be eighty-two feet high, and they wanted the job hurried through. The bricks were on the ground, and we ran the thing up at a great rate.

The foundation and lower part were plain sailing; but as we got higher I had trouble with my help. The local men became frightened, and left one after another.

At last I had to send back home here for Charley French. Charley and I got on pretty fast, and one Saturday afternoon we were putting on the finishing touches, over eighty feet above the ground, when the thing happened I'm going to tell you about.

You see, at that height, hod-carrying was out of the question, so we had a block and tackle rigged, and lifted all our stuff by horse-power. The upper block was

fastened to one of the upright posts of the staging; the lower one to a post sunk in the ground.

It was not a very safe arrangement, as we could not make the staging very secure. But we got a quiet, steady horse, and a cautious chap for driver, and didn't feel as though there was much danger.

There were six uprights in the staging. Of course, each of them was not all one stick. They had to be spliced about every twenty feet. This made three joints in each upright, and they were far from being firm.

Down nearer the ground, where the brick-work had hardened, and the staging was well fastened to the chimney, it was all right, but the upper part of it was decidedly unsteady. The posts creaked and vibrated more or less every time a tubful of brick or mortar came up.

We laughed and let him stay. He moved around the staging, not in the least disturbed by the elevation. Finally, when he got tired looking, he picked up a hatchet which had been in use for driving nails, and began chipping at one of the posts.

In the meantime the last brick was laid. We finished the brandy, and gave three cheers, while the boy stood watching us with anything but respectful eyes. Charley French was leaning against the chimney with the empty flask in his hand, looking somewhat tipsy.

"See here, Dannie," said he, solemnly, "there's the old horse down yonder, and we've forgotten all about him. He's seen us right through this job, and he hasn't been offered so much as a smell of it.

"Hello, old chap! Here's the flask for you, anyway," he suddenly shouted, as he gave it a toss.

had now a direct purchase on the upper corner of the staging.

The only thing that saved it from being torn away at the first tug, was the horse being unable to bring his full strength to bear. The rope ascended at an angle which lifted the traces above his back, and shifted the strain from his shoulders to his neck. He was half choked and thrown to the ground.

The staging groaned and reeled as he struggled to get on his feet again. His driver stood stupidly looking up at us without moving a step. The whole thing happened in so few seconds, that it is not much wonder the man's presence of mind left him. The horse scrambled to his knees,—then to his feet, and pulled frantically. The strain at the top of the chimney became frightful. It seemed as though not only the staging, but the whole upper part of the chimney would be pulled away and fall at the next plunge.

Neither Charley nor I had spoken a word. We just held on, and gasped and wondered how it would feel when every thing gave way. And we forgot all about the manager's son until he spoke up behind us.

"Say, it's about time to cut this rope, ain't it?"

Before we could turn our heads there was a sharp click on the block. The clean cut end of the rope shot downward.

The boy stood with the hatchet in his hand watching the horse. Of course the moment the rope was cut the straining animal pitched forward. Then taking fresh alarm he ran from the place with the ungainly movement of a runaway truck-horse.

"It'd be a good thing for you two men if you were just as frightened of rum bottles as old Dobbin down there seems to be," remarked the boy, calmly, as the horse disappeared round a corner, while the rope trailed behind him like a long snake.

Charley and I were both sober enough by that time, and we wanted to shake hands with the manager's son, but he refused.

"No use making a fuss," he said. "I happened to have your hatchet in my hand, and I cut the rope. That's all. Another yank from Dobbin would have brought the whole thing down, and that'd have been about as rough on 'us as you."

So you see, I came near not curling any this winter," concluded Dannie, "but as it is, I'll just quit the 'conviviality' o' the game.—*Youth's Companion*.

"Oh, mamma, to-morrow we're going to study dismal fractions!" exclaimed a small boy, to whom decimal fractions were unknown.

Mr. D.—"If you'll get my coat done by Saturday, I shall be forever indebted to you." "If that's the case, it won't be done," replied the tailor.



LAKE GENNESARET.

We had made a bet of a bottle of brandy with the manager of the company that we would finish the work by Saturday evening. At dinner-time that day it was so certain we were going to win easily that Charley suggested to the manager that he had better pay off half the bet in advance, in the shape of a flask of brandy. He agreed, and we took the flask up to finish off on.

We had drunk most of it, and had only one more course of brick to lay, when the son of the manager made his way up beside us. He was a wide-awake, independent-looking youngster, fourteen or fifteen years of age, but he had no right to be there. He would have been sent down in a hurry, if the brandy hadn't made us a little too easy-going.

As it was, we both had sense enough to order him to leave at once. Instead of obeying, he put his hands into his pockets, eyed us knowingly for a moment, and remarked.

"Say, aren't you two a little high, for eighty feet above ground?"

It went flashing and circling through the air, and fell with a crash on a big stone just behind the horse, whose driver was with a crowd of loafers some twenty or thirty yards away.

The horse gave a frightened leap, and galloped off at a speed that I hadn't thought was in him. The rope whizzed over the pulleys, and the half-filled tub shot up towards us like a rocket.

It came against the upper block with a crash that threatened the overthrow of the whole staging. Posts awayed and bent at their joints; boards, loose bricks and tools slipped from their places and went rattling down below.

We clutched at the top of the chimney as the steadiest object within reach. But the newly laid brick moved under our hands, and gave little promise of holding us up.

The horse was checked for a moment when the tub came against the upper block; but he bent wildly to his traces, and the fastening of the lower block gave way. He

## If I Were You.

If I were you, and had a friend  
Who called a pleasant hour to spend,  
I'd be polite enough to say:  
"Ned, you may choose what games we'll  
play,"  
That's what I do  
If I were you.

If I were you, and went to school,  
I'd never break the smallest rule;  
And it should be my teacher's joy  
To say she had no better boy.  
And 'twould be true,  
If I were you.

If I were you I'd always tell  
The truth, no matter what befell,  
For two things only I despise—  
A coward heart and telling lies;  
And you would, too,  
If I were you.

If I were you I'd try my best  
To do the things I here suggest;  
Though since I am no one but me,  
I cannot very well, you see,  
Know what I'd do  
If I were you.

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, JUNE 8, 1895.

## WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT.

WHEN Bert dropped in to see me the other afternoon he looked rather troubled, and after a while he told me what was the matter.

"To tell you the truth," said he, "there are things going on in our school that I don't like."

"What is the trouble?" said I, "tell me about it."

"You know what the academy is supposed to be," he answered. "Any fellow who goes there is supposed to be all right; but somehow this past year or two the tone of the school is lowered. There is a great deal of cheating done in one way or another about lessons. Lots of boys copy each other's examples and exercises, and so on. And that is not all, there is something worse still—they are playing cards for money there every day. Of course if the Doctor knew it there are some boys who would be expelled at once; for they are the ringleaders, and it is they who are at the root of all the mischief. Now, personally," continued Bert, looking me frankly in the face, "I am all right, I'm not in any scrape, you know; but that is not enough for me, for it seems as if I ought to do something to stop this nonsense if I can."

I liked that in Bert, for if we are Christians, it is not enough for us to merely keep ourselves in the right track; it is a Christian's business to help others. So Bert and I began to consider the subject.

"What do you think, Bert," I asked,

"since matters have got to such a bad pass, of going to the Doctor and telling him about it? Surely he ought to know."

Bert looked grave. "Oh, yes," said he, "he ought to know; in fact he ought to know that there is something wrong without being told, but he does not seem to." Bert paused awhile; he was thinking. "But I couldn't tell him," he resumed; "no fellow could. It isn't the square thing, you know. If the Doctor asked me about anything, I could not lie out of it, I would tell the truth so far as I know it; but as for deliberately going to the Doctor and telling him—that would be impossible."

"Well," said I, "I think you are right Bert. I do not believe in telling, myself, though some very good people do not agree with me on that subject."

"That is because they don't know," said Bert with decision. "If they had 'been there' themselves they would think as we do."

"Well," said I, "could not the senior class be induced to take hold? Are there not enough honourable, right-minded boys among them to cure the mischief? Every time they know of any lying or cheating or card-playing among the younger boys, couldn't they stop it?"

"Yes," answered Bert, "I believe they could, and they could do it without complaining to the Doctor too. They could just take hold and shake it out of those fellows, and nobody could say there was anything mean about that."

"And," said I, "if they found that the matter was too bad for them to cope with unaided, after a thorough investigation and a fair warning they could go to the Doctor in a body, and lay the case before him, and he could deal out justice, and dismiss the ringleaders if necessary. You cannot let the academy government go to smash for want of a little plain dealing."

"The bother of it is," said Bert, looking grave again, "I am not a senior, and of course the seniors have nothing to do with us, nor we with them."

"Oh yes," said I, "I know the etiquette. But you are not the only honest boy in your class. Talk to your chum about it and see if he does not wish that things were different. Get as many of your class as you can to say that they wish these bad practices were put down. Get them to sign their names to a paper, so that you may be sure of them, then two or three of you take this paper and go to one of the seniors and lay the case before him. Choose your man carefully, be sure he is an honourable, conscientious fellow, a Christian if possible, and I think he will be willing to help, for the honour of the old academy is dear to most of her sons, I know. If the first senior you speak to will not co-operate with you, try another, for there must surely be some one who is willing to start the plan, and the others will join when they find it is for the honour of the school."

"Well," said Bert, as he arose to go, "I believe your plan is worth trying. I will see what I can do. Thank you for telling me."

And to other boys who may read this, and who are in such trouble as Bert was, I will say that I have seen the plan tried, and it has worked with the happiest results. It takes courage to start it, and patience and wisdom to carry it through, yet it does solve one of the knottiest problems that ever confronts a schoolboy's life.

## ADVICE TO BOYS ON THE FARM.

BY HARRY BULMER, WHITEWOOD, N.W.T.

Boys, take the advice of one who knows and stick to the farm. I know from experience it is hard sometimes, but go where you will you will meet with obstacles far more trying and numerous than any to be encountered on the farm. I know what it is to be called from a warm bed at four o'clock in the morning, and, with halters on your shoulder, start back to the pasture field for the horses. But they, poor innocent creatures, do not consider the fact that it would be far more agreeable to the still more innocent youth, should they be near the bars. But no! With bare feet you must tramp to the farthest corner of the field, and then you fully make up your mind you won't have

to tramp back "anyhow." You sneak up, holding the halters behind your back with one hand and with the other extending your old straw hat towards the brute to attract his attention till you can get hold of him. But "Old Bill" has been deceived before. He knows the old hat, and starting off, leads you through the wet grass back to the bars, where, on your arrival, he stands switching off a mosquito, looking the picture of injured innocence. I also know what it is to be running through a field trying to "head off" a runaway cow and get the stalk of a large Canadian thistle between your first and second toes, and with the next step strip it from bottom to top, leaving between said toes a bouquet of beautiful green thistles. Many times have I stubbed my toe and had stone-bruises. I've had a young calf ram its head into the bottom of a pail with sufficient force to almost dislocate my arm, while, with my fingers in its mouth, I was teaching it the art of drinking. But all the little troubles are nothing compared with the uncertainties to be contended with off the farm. Boys, stay with the farm and it will stay with you.



## Junior Hymn.

TUNE—We are out on the ocean sailing.

BY SARAH RUTHERFORD (Aged Eleven Years).

We are Juniors in the Army,  
We are battling for the right,  
And we'll fight until we conquer,  
And always keep our armour bright.

## CHORUS.

When the battle here is over,  
And we reach the shining shore,  
We will sing His praise forever,  
And be happy evermore.

Jesus Christ, he is our Captain,  
And our ever faithful Friend;  
He has promised still to help us,  
And to keep us to the end.

When our warfare here is ended,  
Soon we go to dwell up there;  
We will meet with all our loved ones,  
And the joys of heaven share.  
Kingston, Ont.

## JUNIOR LEAGUE.

June 16, 1895.

## PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

NOT OF OURSELVES.—Ephesians 2. 8.

The word "grace" means mercy, favour, kindness. It is an act of mercy on the part of God that he saves at all. No person who has a proper idea of his own sinfulness, and the purity and holiness of God, will for a moment think that he can do anything to merit divine favour. Man is naturally proud of himself and entertains the idea that he can make himself righteous, but while he entertains such thoughts he is far from the kingdom of God. He must lay aside everything that he has been accustomed to regard as meritorious. The blessing of pardon or forgiveness of sin is freely bestowed by God the Father of the human race. There is no price which we can render for such an invaluable gift. It is beyond all price. However skilled we may be in arithmetic we can never estimate the monetary value of this boon. Even angels who possess intellects far surpassing those of which God bestows when he saves us from our sins. He is a great God, and he alone retains the power to forgive sins. No human being, however exalted in position, possesses the right to exercise this authority. We may subject ourselves to suffering, and even sacrifice the life of our bodies for the sin of our souls, but this will be of no avail. We may weep and subject ourselves to all kinds of torture, but no favour will be obtained by any such proceedings. We must let go our hold of everything and cling solely to Christ, saying—

"Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

## THE BOY IN THE JUNIOR SOCIETY.

JESUS was not the only boy that grew and became strong in spirit and wisdom. Many boys have, and all boys may, though they may not attain that strength that Jesus did at the age of twelve years. What a delightful thought, that Jesus did not, when a child, walk the ways of sin. His parents went to the yearly sacrifice—to church—and took Jesus along. It seems that he got lost from them, and they did not miss him till they had gone a day's journey homeward. Then they were sorry, and started to find him. He was a good boy, and they loved him dearly and could not bear the thought of losing him in the great throng at Jerusalem. Were you ever lost? And were your parents quite anxious to find you? If you are not a Christian you are lost now, and Jesus is hunting you. They found Jesus, however, and he was at church talking with the wise men—the teachers of the law. Why was he not at the parks or fish ponds, or out seeing the sights of the city? He no doubt loved play as other boys. No; he had a great work before him, and he was getting ready for that work.

There is no Junior but has a great work before him. If he commences as early as Jesus did he will do a great work in this world. What wonderful possibilities lie before these Juniors! They will take the world for Christ if they go at it. The saving of the world is largely in the hands of the young. Boys, "quit you like men; be strong." Did the wise men learn of Jesus? They did. Many useful lessons are learned from boys.

When his mother came Jesus did not complain or dispute. He told her it was his Father's business. Jesus' mother learned a very important lesson from him—that is, a lesson of submission to the Heavenly Father.

Was not Jesus a good Junior? Who will be nearest like him? If he were here now as a Junior worker he would attend every meeting; and if others would refuse to lead he never would. He would be thoughtful, careful, prayerful. He would use no bad words, neither smoke nor chew tobacco. He would be an example for all the Juniors. He wants you to be just such a boy.—Onward.

## THE ROMANCE OF COAL.

IN the reign of Edward I. the aversion to coal was most pronounced, and a proclamation was issued prohibiting its use in London. Even dyers, brewers, etc., were forbidden to burn coal on pain of a fine, loss of furnace, etc. The proclamation was brought about by the nobles and gentry, who complained that they could not stay in town on account of "the noisome smell and thick air" caused by burning coal.

Stow, referring to this period, says: "The nice dames of London would not come into any house or room where sea-coals were burned, nor willingly eat of the meat that was even sod or roasted with sea-coal."

It was in the reign of Edward I. that a man was tried, convicted, and executed for the crime of burning sea-coal in London.

The students of Oxford and Cambridge were not permitted to have fires until the days of Henry VIII., and to warm themselves they ran for some distance—certainly a cheap mode of obtaining warmth. Toward the reign of Elizabeth, coal was becoming a popular kind of fuel, chiefly owing to the difficulty of obtaining a cheap and plentiful supply of wood. A strong prejudice, however, lingered against it, and the Queen prohibited the burning of coal in London during the sitting of Parliament, for it was feared that the "health of the knights of the shires might suffer during their abode in the metropolis."

In the days of Charles I., the use of coal became very general, and as the demand increased the price went up to such an extent as to preclude the poor from obtaining it. Not a few died from cold for the want of fires.

In the Sea Islands.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

LIFE in the fair Sea Islands,  
Oh, but it once was gay!  
Soft lay the sea about them,  
And laughed like a child at play.

Soft hung the sky above them,  
And we could not tell for true  
Whether above or below us  
Were the deeper, sweeter blue.

Hoary and gray were the live-oaks,  
And jewel-bright were the flowers,  
And long and sweet the days went by,  
With song to mark the hours.

For the children sang at their playing,  
And the elders sang in the field;  
And seldom a trouble came that way  
But might with a song be healed.

Down on the fair Sea Islands  
Came driving the winter storm;  
White and gray was his mantle,  
And wild was his shrouded form.

Up sprang the sea to meet him,  
Down crashed the sky in wrath:  
Terror and desolation  
Followed his onward path.

Up sprang the sea in madness,  
And flung itself far ashore,  
And over the fair Sea Islands  
It swept with a mighty roar.

Then rose the crying of children,  
The groans of stricken men;  
And women clasped their babies,  
And fled for their lives again.

But where, when the skies are falling,  
When the waters are heaping high,  
When cabin and hut are crashing,  
Where shall the people fly?

John Reynolds' wife, in her doorway,  
Counted her children all,  
From Mary, the eldest daughter,  
To the baby sweet and small.

And one she bound to her shoulder,  
And one she held to her breast;  
But—"God ab mercy," she faltered,  
"How kin I save the rest?"

"Take little Jake in you' arms, Mary,  
An' hol' him tight an' close!  
An' Benny kin keep to his feet, maybe;  
But who's gwine to take my Rose?"

"Four-year-old little Rosy,  
An' neber a chile more dear;  
Come, honey, close to you' Mammy,  
An' cuddle beside me here!

"Four-year-old little Rosy,  
An' here is de babies three  
Dat Mammy an' Mary mus' carry,  
Wid neber a hand lef' free.

"What, Benny? Why, chile, you' crazy!  
You're lame as it is, an' weak;  
De Lord know best if you hab a chance  
You' owa little life to seek.

"You wantin' to carry Rosy?  
My lamb, she's heaby as you?  
We mus' pray to de Lord and leabe her;  
De aint nothin' else to do."

But Benny raised his patient head;  
"Mammy, I's small, dat's true;  
But Jesus Christ is a tall man,  
An' maybe he'll help us through."

Down came the flood upon them;  
The mother was swept apart,  
With a baby bound to her shoulder,  
With a baby clasped to her heart.

And now she drifted, drifted,  
And now she touched and clung,  
But still in the battling darkness  
She kept her mother's tongue;

And hushed the babe at her bosom,  
And hushed the babe at her back,  
And called to the daughter Mary,  
Through the torrent's rush and wrack.

Dawn on the fair Sea Islands  
Broke with a dreary light;  
And never the southern sun looked down  
And saw such a woful sight.

Ruin, and death, and ruin;  
Sorrow and bitter pain;  
And many asleep in the tangle  
Who never would wake again.

Oh! the laughing lips laid silent!  
Oh! the dark eyes dim and veiled!  
Oh! the cries to God for pity,  
Sinco earthly pity had failed!

John Reynolds' wife, in the desert  
Where lately a garden smiled,  
Sat brooding like a nesting bird  
Over each rescued child.

And smoothed the curls of this one,  
And rocked it on her arm,  
And bade the other bless the Lord,  
Who kept it safe from harm.

Cherfully she and Mary  
Spoke now and again to each other,  
But nought they said of the baby Rose,  
And nought of the little brother.

Yet ever their eyes went seeking  
Through the ruin waste and wide;  
And they did not look at each other,  
But turned their heads aside.

What is it, there in the willows,  
That stirs, and moves, and wakes?  
What sound is this, 'mid the hush of death,  
Like an angel's voice that breaks?

What sight is this, that the woman falls  
To her knees in the wet and slime;  
That the maiden weeps, who has shed no tear  
In all the fearful time?

Oh! the little, weary figure,  
Tattered and bruised and torn,  
With the heavy child on his shoulder,  
And his face all gray and worn!

But oh! the joy in his sweet dark eyes,  
As when the heavens rejoice;  
And oh! the sound of a seraph's song  
In his trembling voice that cries:

"I's got her! I's got her, Mammy!  
I's brought her safe to you.  
I tol' you Christ was a tall man,  
An' he done brought us through!"

BAXTER'S SECOND INNINGS.

BY PROFESSOR DRUMMOND.

CHAPTER III.

SLOWS: AND THE CASTLE THAT WAS TAKEN WITH A SINGLE GUN.

HERE Baxter's beef-téa came in. This was the old cook's institution—everybody who stayed at home from church had always to take beef-téa. While he was sipping it the monologue went on.

"When the bowler sees you are up to swifts," resumed the captain, "he turns on slows. What makes them deadly is that they look so insufferably stupid. They come dribbling along the pitch and you slog at them gaily—with the probable alternative of being 'caught' if you hit, or 'bowled' if you miss. Good slows are about as diabolical as anything in that region can be—and that's saying a good deal. The average boy is fairly proof against a very big temptation; it is the little ones that play the mischief."

"How's that?" asked Baxter, laying down his cup.

"We are mostly too proud to go wrong in a big way. Notorious sins are bad forms; but when quiet temptations come, which no one knows about, even the strongest may break down. Then of course there's the other side. One thing that keeps us up in great matches is the applause of the spectators. But on the week-days, when we are practising alone against the slow monotony of a private sin, there is no crowd to cheer us when we win or to hiss at us when we lose. These are really the great days, Baxter. They are the decisive battles of a boy's life."

"But must a fellow meet every ball," said Baxter, "every miserable little slow? If he's a good all-round man, is that not enough?"

"What do you mean?" said the captain. "Do you mean that if we are ninety-nine parts good it does not matter if the hundredth part is a little shady?"

"I know I'm wrong," said Baxter, "but surely we are not meant to be all saint? Take your three wickets, for instance. I'm quite aware that if one is down the rest are down; but suppose a fellow keeps all these fairly standing—Duty, Honour, Unselfishness—what more need he care for?"

"Baxter, you have forgotten something. There are more than wickets."

"What?"

"Balls," said the captain.

Baxter was silent.

"I've lost several matches that way."

Baxter. Stumps all standing; only one miserable inch of a bail off. No, we must play a whole game—no sneaking.

"But I'll tell you something more. I believe temptation sometimes does nothing but bowl at the balls. Some players are so much on their guard that it would be useless trying anything else. I suppose you know that every boy has some weak point to which nearly all the bowling is directed?"

"How do you mean?"

"Well, each boy has his own temptation—different in different cases, but always some one thing which keeps coming back and back—back and back, day after day till he is tired and sick. What though he score off all the other balls if this one takes him? It's not new sins that destroy a man; it's the drip, drip, drip of an old one."

"Have you ever heard of the castle which was taken with a single gun? It stood on the Rhine, and its walls were yards thick, and the old knight who lived in it laughed when he saw the enemy come with only a single cannon. But they planted the cannon on a little hill, and all day long they loaded and fired, and loaded and fired, without ever moving the muzzle an inch. Every shot struck exactly the same spot on the wall, but the first day passed and they had scarcely scratched the stone. So the old knight drank up his wine cup, and went to his bed in peace. Day after day the cannonade went on, and the more they fired the louder the knight laughed, and the more wine he drank, and the sounder he slept. At the end of a week one stone was in splinters; in a month the one behind it was battered to powder; in ten months a breach was made wide enough for the enemy to enter and capture the castle. That is how a boy's heart is most often taken. If I had any advice to offer anybody I should say, Beware of the slow sins—the old recurring temptation, which is powerful not so much in what it is or in what it does once, but in the awful patience of its continuance. It is by the ceaseless battery of a commonplace temptation that the moral nature is undermined and the citadel of great souls won."

Here the captain paused. Baxter lay very still, as if he had fallen asleep. His visitor rose gently and made on tiptoe for the door. He was opening it when the boy exclaimed:

"And what about the screws?"

"I thought you were asleep," said the captain. "I was afraid I bored you."

"I was never more awake in my life," said the boy. "I was thinking. All that's new to me. If you don't mind I should like to hear the rest."

"I protest," urged the captain; "—but I will at least tell you a story."

CHAPTER IV.

SCREWS: AND WHAT HAPPENED TO BOB FOTHERINGHAM.

"WHEN I was a youngster there was a sort of Prize Boy in our village called Bob Fotheringham. He came to my mother's Sunday class, and was the best boy in it. Everyone liked Bob; he was good at everything, and especially clever with his fingers, and his father wanted him to follow his own business of carpenter. But Bob had a rich uncle who kept a saloon. On busy Saturdays the boy used to go there and bear a hand in an amateur sort of way. Sometimes a drunken man would take a fancy to him and give him money, so that Bob learned to get money easily and became rather fond of it. Just as he finished school his uncle offered to make a publican of him. He had no sons of his own, and he half promised Bob that one day the business would be his."

"Now, Bob did not like the saloon. But how could he lose such a chance? He need not touch drink himself, he argued; and if he did not sell it someone else would. So he decided. His parents solemnly warned him to let it alone; but Bob urged that it would only be for a few years, and then he would set up in some other business and do good with the fortune he would make. Bob's heart was full of good, and I verily believe he meant to end his days by becoming a great philanthropist."

"But there was a screw on that ball. A screw goes wide at first, and then suddenly rounds upon you and twists in among your wickets before you know where you are. For three or four years Bob lived as straight as a parson. When his uncle died he found he had to sample what he sold 'cat'nin'. Better to sell good stuff than bad. The business went swimmingly, and he had to sample a good deal oftener than he liked. Finally, he 'joked' a good deal oftener than he had to sample. After that he was always sampling. You know the rest. One day a ball fell off. Bob thought no one noticed it and went on with the game for a year or two. Then a wicket

fell—Duty; then Honour. Do you remember that blackguard who used to sell cards at the sports? That was Bob."

"There's something all wrong there," cried Baxter, almost fiercely. "I don't blame Bob. How was he to know that was a screw?"

"My boy" said the captain, "I'm glad to see you frightened."

"Frightened! Why, this might happen to any of us. How is a fellow to know he is not being taken in all the time?"

"You mean, if you were Bob you would just have done the same?"

"Certainly; I would do it to-morrow."

"No, you would not, Baxter."

"Why?"

"Because you are frightened. Bob was not frightened. A man who underrates the strength of an enemy is pretty sure of a licking. When you are constantly on the watch for screws the game is half won."

"But I don't see how he could have escaped this trap. It looked all right."

"Screws always do," replied the captain.

"That's where they differ from swifts. But where Bob went off the rails is plain. First, he disobeyed his parents; second, he wanted to make money regardless of consequences either to himself or others; third, he trifled with one of the biggest temptations in the world."

"I hope that's all," said Baxter.

"No, there is one thing more. I won't mention it unless you wish, Baxter!"

"What was it?"

"Well, he did not—he did not pray."

"Perhaps he thought that was for women."

"The people who need it most are boys," said the captain, seriously. "If Bob had done that he would have not entered temptation. Bob saw the gate open and walked straight in."

(To be continued.)

DO IT IN TIME.

"WINNIE, dear, have you finished that pair of socks you were knitting for little Harry Greene?"

"No," answered Winnie, "I am going to do them next week, auntie; I forgot about it yesterday, and read a book instead."

"How often you say that, Winnie. But what are you doing now?"

"Nothing particular, auntie."

"Nothing particular; well, then, do something important. Call your sister, and I will tell you a short story about myself."

Winnie obeyed her aunt, and, fetching her knitting from the cupboard, sat down beside her aunt and sister, who were both sewing, and began to knit quickly. Auntie, after giving her some instructions about her work, commenced her story.

"When I was about your age, Winnie, I had an old friend, a lady, who had been very kind to me when I lived in London, where she lived. Wishing to requite her kindness, I thought of making a little present of my own work. After a consultation with mother as to what I should make, I decided on a shawl. I saved some money and bought some wool. Mother began a pretty pattern for me, and I commenced it. But I soon began to tire of it, and in my leisure time did something else. It was not half done, and was quite forgotten by me, while I began new work. One day I heard that Mrs. Armand was very ill, and in two days she lay dead. I was filled with remorse—it was too late! Yes, now it was no use to her for whom it was intended. She had passed away to a better land. I finished the shawl, and also many things I had in hand, but I have never forgotten the lesson it taught me."

"And now, Winnie and Ethel, try and remember this short story and act upon it, and I shall not have told it to you in vain. Do all that you have to do in time. But there is one thing especially—prepare your hearts by being repentant, and give them to Christ now, while you have time, for soon it will be too late!"

DR. PARKHURST says in the *Ladies Home Journal*: "When I was a boy I always expected to be at home except when there was some special reason for my being away from home; unless appearances are deceptive, children now expect to be away from home unless there is some special reason for their being at home." This is a portentous difference, and we fear that Dr. Parkhurst is correct.

**Sunnybrow and Frownieface.**

DEAR Sunnybrow is a winsome elf,  
Sweet-natured all day long;  
She always greets you with a smile  
(Or snatches of a song,  
She whispers in the children's ear,  
Bright things to make them glad,  
And always has some pleasant thought  
To woo them when they're sad.  
She helps them when they're cross and bad  
To smother naughty words,  
And murmurs, "Sing instead of fret,"  
And points them to the birds.  
She loves her Master, Christ, you know,  
And always tries to take  
The "Whisper Motto" for her guide,  
Which says, "For Jesus' sake."

Now Frownieface is a wicked sprito  
Who loves to pout and fret;  
Who says the summers are "too hot,"  
The winters are "too wet,"  
There's not a thing that suits his mood;  
He pines for "something more,"  
And claps his hands when children fight  
And pout and slam the door.  
He tells them things to make them cry,  
And frets them all day long;  
And never yet one saw him smile,  
Or heard him sing a song.

Dear little pansies (girls and boys),  
Now tell me, frank and true,  
Is Sunnybrow or Frownieface  
The elf that stays with you?  
If Frownieface, pray bid him go,  
And on him shut the door;  
If Sunnybrow, oh! hold her fast,  
And love her more and more.

—The Pansy.

**LESSON NOTES.**

**SECOND QUARTER.**

**LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.**

A.D. 30.] **LESSON XL** [June 16.

**PETER AND THE RISEN LORD.**

John 21. 4-17. Memory verses, 15-17.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee.—John 21. 17.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Fishermen of Galilee, v. 4-8.
2. The Good Shepherd, v. 9-17.

**TIME.**—April or May, A.D. 30, a few weeks after the resurrection.

**PLACE.**—Near the Lake of Galilee (otherwise called the Sea of Tiberias and Lake Gennesaret).

**RULERS.**—Caiaphas, high priest; Pontius Pilate, procurator of Judea, Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Galilee and Perea.

**INTRODUCTORY.**

This, so far as we know, was the seventh appearance of our Saviour after his resurrection.

**HOME READING.**

- M. Peter and the risen Lord.—John 21. 1-12.
- Tu. Peter and the risen Lord.—John 21. 13-19.
- W. Peter's presumption.—Luke 22. 31-38.
- Th. Peter's fall.—Luke 22. 54-62.
- F. "It is the Lord."—Matt. 14. 22-33.
- S. Bold for Christ.—Acts 4. 13-22.
- Su. Love and faithfulness.—John 14. 15-24.

**QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.**

1. *The Fishermen of Galilee*, v. 4-8.  
Who were these fishermen? See verse 2.  
Who greeted them from the shore?  
What did he ask? Their reply.  
What did he bid them do?  
What was the result?  
When and where had a similar miracle occurred? See Luke 5. 4-7.  
Who then recognized Jesus?  
What did Simon then do?  
How did the others reach land?  
How far had they to haul the net?
2. *The Good Shepherd*, v. 9-17.  
When at land what did the fishermen see?  
What command did Jesus give?  
How many fish had they caught?  
What invitation did Jesus give?  
How did he, as host, serve them?  
Why did not the disciples ask his name?  
How many times had they seen the risen Jesus before?  
What question did Jesus ask of Simon?  
What was Simon's reply?  
What was he bidden to do?

What question and answer then followed?  
What was Simon then told to do?  
How did Simon feel when questioned the third time?  
What was his answer? (Golden Text.)  
What was Jesus' command?

**TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.**

- Where in this lesson may we find—
1. A lesson of obedience?
  2. A lesson of hospitality?
  3. A lesson of fidelity to duty?

**THE LESSON CATECHISM.**

1. Where did seven disciples spend a weary night fishing without success? On the sea coast of Tiberias. 2. In the gray dawn of the early morning who stood on the shore? The Lord. 3. What did he help them to find? A multitude of fishes. 4. What did he invite them to do? Come and dine. 5. What question did our Lord repeatedly ask Peter? "Lovest thou me?" 6. What was Peter's final answer? Golden Text: "Lord, thou knowest," etc. 7. What was our Lord's reply? "Feed my lambs . . . feed my sheep."

**DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.**—The forgiveness of sins.

**CATECHISM QUESTION.**

Is it the Lord's will that all should belong to a visible Church of Christ?

look respectable in the school room, hoping that others would never see its defects; then, how would you like exactly such a scene as that in your class-room to-day?"

"Oh, mother, I am so sorry," said Agnes, the quick tears coming to her sympathizing eyes.

"So would all the girls, I am sure," said her mother, "if they would only think of it. They are not unfeeling—only thoughtless. I would do my best to atone for the fault to-morrow, by extra kindness and politeness. Your example will have some effect upon the other girls."—*Youth's Examiner.*

**ON PATRIOTISM.**

ONCE when I was visiting at Kingston I was walking about the Fort with one of the cadets. It was a lovely June day. The air was sweet with the odour of fresh cut grass on the parade-ground, and plenty of soldier boys in their handsome uniforms were strolling about, each with a proud mother or sister or cousin at his side. Everybody was happy, for the June examinations were over and everyone had passed safely, even to "Little Texas,"

them," said Phil thoughtfully; "but we are taught to love the flag from the first minute we reach the Fort. I think that makes the difference."

I think Phil is right. The average boy of to-day is not taught to love his country as he should be. To-day patriotism slumbers. If another war should break out it would undoubtedly awake, roused like a sleeping lion, and turn against the foe. But people do not seem to think that the country needs patriotic citizens in time of peace as well as in time of war.

Not long since in a certain ward of a great city which was dominated over by the liquor-saloon, a few earnest souls endeavoured to rouse patriotic citizens to concerted action against this and other evils, before the municipal election. Honest citizens were nominated who would enforce existing laws and institute needed reforms. On election day there were thirty-two thousand less votes cast than there were voters registered. That meant that there were thirty-two thousand men in that ward who did not care enough about a freeman's privilege to take the trouble to cast their votes. It meant also that the powers of evil triumphed once more, for every wicked man in that ward voted solidly for the liquor interest, while the respectable citizens stayed at home resting or perhaps taking little excursions into the surrounding country.

Such facts as these are enough to make even a boy think, and every boy ought to think seriously about such things. He ought to make himself familiar with the history of Canada as it is revealed in the newspapers from day to day. He ought to watch intelligently the legislation, not only of the country, but of his own Province and town or city as well. He ought to have his views on the tariff, the liquor question, the Sunday question, socialism, monopolies, money, and every other subject which affects the welfare of his country; and then when he is old enough to vote he can exercise that privilege intelligently, and nothing should prevent him from so doing; for surely the least he can do is to cast his vote for truth and righteousness and law and order, and if every conscientious man did that, what a happy country this would be.



PETER AND THE RISEN LORD.

Throughout the New Testament this appears to be his will.  
Acts 2. 46, 47. And day by day, continuing steadfastly with one accord in the temple, and breaking bread at home they did eat their food with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God and having favour with all the people. And the Lord added to them day by day those that were being saved.  
Matthew 16. 18; 17. 20; Acts 14. 23; 2 Corinthians 8. 5; Hebrews 10. 25.

**THOUGHTLESS SCHOOL-GIRLS.**

"How all the girls laughed at Miss Alfred to-day, mother, in school! You should see her old dress, which she has pieced out under the flounces, thinking it would never show. One of the ruffles caught on the corner of a seat, and ripped off half a yard. It was so old and faded and forlorn, that the girls laughed out loud."  
"Oh, Agnes!" said her mother, with a look of pain on her kind face, "I am sure you did not laugh."  
"I did, mother," said Agnes, hanging her head; "they all did."  
"What if it had been your own dress?" asked her mother. "What if your father was dead, and you were then obliged to get your living by teaching, and take care of a feeble brother besides? What if almost every dollar you could make went to pay rent, and buy food and fuel and medicines and little comforts for the sick one? What if you had spent hours in making over an old dress, so that it might

who was, I suppose, about as mischievous a lad as ever wore a uniform, and yet the pet of the whole Fort in spite of his roguery. Even he had been pulled through by the united efforts of his comrades, and came out on the right side of his percentages by the very skin of his teeth, so there was not one cloud on any heart, and everywhere one caught snatches of gay talk and laughter as the merry groups strolled by. My particular laddie was as happy as the rest, and I was as proud of his six-foot-two of splendid young manhood as any one could well be. He had been treating me to some of the sort of talk that I enjoy very much from any boy, telling of his life at the Fort, describing the very hard study and drill and the rigid discipline which make the Kingston boy the soldierly fellow that he is, and telling too of the various "larks," which the average boy may be relied upon to provide for himself under any circumstances. Thus chatting we chanced to pass the flag, whose beautiful folds rose and fell upon the breeze. My companion touched his cap as he glanced up at it, and a deeper and more solemn feeling looked for an instant from his honest eyes.

"You do love it," said I, "don't you?"  
"Yes," he answered frankly, "next to my mother."  
"I wish that every young man in the country loved it as well as that," said I, "but it seems to me that now-a-days the average young man knows nothing of such a feeling."  
"Nobody says anything about it to

**JAPAN:**

THE LAND OF THE MORNING

BY

Rev. J. W. Saunby, B.A.

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