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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XVII.]

TORONTO, JUNE 12, 1897.

[No. 24.]

Cabot.

BY ISABELL.

Everywhere, everywhere,  
Cabot's in the air,  
And we mean to do him honour—  
How? and when? and where?

Now's the time to tell the patriot!  
All who love the "Land,"  
Sinking self will join together  
In one common band.

Self ne'er served a cause, and Cabot  
Must stand all alone;  
Not another name but Cabot's  
Seen, or felt, or known!

Let the world know we are worthy  
To proclaim his name,  
Do our duty, just like Cabot,  
Without seeking fame!

## THE CABOT CELEBRATION.

It is a very notable event which will be celebrated on the 24th of June, namely, the discovery of the mainland of America by John Cabot in the year 1497. This event will be celebrated on both sides of the sea. In the old world, at Bristol, from which port John Cabot sailed, and in Venice, from which he originally came. It will also be celebrated at Halifax, where the Royal Society of Canada meets in honour of this event, and will place a brass tablet commemorating Cabot's discovery in the Legislative building, the oldest structure of the kind in the oldest maritime city of the region first visited by the famous navigator. A monument will also be erected at Sydney, Cape Breton, the first part of the continent seen by European eyes.

In the United States, too, this event will be widely celebrated. It was one of the great epoch-making events in history. It is through it that Great Britain laid claim to all her possessions on this continent, now shared between the United States and Canada. We give on this page a picture of the quaint old high-decked ship, the *Matthew*, in which Cabot and the gallant men of Bristol crossed the stormy sea; also a cut of the famous old cathedral of Bristol, with which Cabot and his men were well acquainted, and where they probably attended worship before sailing on their notable voyage.

We have not space in this paper to describe the voyages of Cabot and his son, but in the number of *Onward* for June 12th, we have done this very fully. As *Onward* goes to most of the homes where *Pleasant Hours* is found, we hope the boys and girls will read up that number in which an account of the early British and French discoveries in North America are recorded.

It would not be just in this connection to forget the great pioneer in the discovery of America, although it was not till after Cabot's voyage that the eyes of Columbus rested on the mainland of the New World. It was he who conceived and carried out the bold idea of sailing westward week after week in the hope of reaching India and the furthest east. We, therefore, give on the last page some pictures illustrating the life of Columbus and sundry poems on that great man.

## WHY HE WAS ADVANCED.

The boy who learns to see, not merely to look; but to see so that he gets impressions and information, has discovered one of the most useful secrets of success, and one which will give him great pleasure withal. "A business firm once employed a young man whose energy and grasp of affairs soon led the manager to promote him over a faithful and trusted employee," says a writer in *The Popular Science Monthly*. "The old clerk felt deeply hurt that the younger man should be promoted over him, and complained to the manager.

"Feeling that this was a case that could not be argued, the manager asked the old clerk what was the occasion of all the noise in front of their building.

"The clerk went forward and returned with the answer that it was a lot of waggons going by.

"Then the manager asked him what they were loaded with, and again the

more will pass to-morrow. They belong to Romeo & Co., of Lucena, and are on their way to Marchesa, where wheat is bringing one dollar and a quarter a bushel for hauling."

"The young man was dismissed, and the manager, turning to the old clerk, said: 'My friend, you see now why the younger man was promoted over you.'"



CABOT ON THE SHORES OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

clerk went out and returned, reporting that they were loaded with wheat.

"The manager then sent him to ascertain how many waggons there were, and he returned with the answer that there were sixteen. Finally he was sent out to see where they were from, and he returned saying they were from the city of Lucena.

"The manager then asked the old clerk to be seated, and sent for the young man, and said to him: 'Will you see what is the meaning of that rumbling noise in front?'

"The young man replied: 'Sixteen waggons loaded with wheat. Twenty

## NOT "ME AND MINE," BUT "THINE."

BY MARGARET SPENCER DELANO.

"Father, that new boy looks lonesome, and I want you to ask him home with you to dinner to-morrow."

"Lonesome? The new boy? Whom do you mean? What are you talking about, Jenny?"

"Now, father, you know—the little new messenger boy from Baltimore. You sent him up to the house yesterday, and I saw him in the office just now, and I noticed how kind of sober he looked—

so sort of—of—homesick. I talked with mother about him, and she said we must bring him home, of course."

"Jenny Wrens are odd chicks, but your mother is generally right. She ought to know. We'll see about that boy in the morning."

Jenny tucked herself under her father's arm confidently and laughed: "There's a good daddy, now! I just know you would. I've been thinking about that boy a great—deal."

A very rich man in Washington had lately built and moved into a beautiful new home. It cost \$75,000. His one little girl was twelve years old—brown, dark-eyed, and tiny. Her name was Jean, but her father always called her "Jenny Wren."

The weekly letter from the messenger boy to his mother read like this:

"My Own Dear Little Mother,—This will be such a jolly letter you will laugh and cry altogether! I'm well acquainted with the loveliest people in Washington! So, no more homesick letters from your good-for-nothing homesick boy! I am ashamed of making you feel so bad, but I was so lonely last week.

"Mr. Morgan in the bank asked me to go home with him to dinner. Mrs. Morgan is splendid! She asked me all about my mother and home, and how I came to be a messenger boy, and she was so beautiful and sweet I couldn't sleep when I got home, thinking it all over. I stayed till ten o'clock! It was like a story in the Bible, it was so good, mother!

"Little Jenny Wren—they call her—is an angel. Why, she visited with me, asked all about our little Polly and Rosy, and wished she had two such funny little sisters. She sang for me while her mother played on the piano. Gee! but it was good!

"Oh, mother! that night when I prayed, I cried for joy and thanked God he was so good to me!"

Little Jenny Wren had learned early to say: "Not me and mine, but thine."

## WHIPPED A PRINCE.

Tom Benton occupied for many years a responsible position in the household of Queen Victoria. Benton, who was of humble birth, was but a lad at Brighton when his parents died within a few months of each other. It was shortly after these events when the Queen's attention was called to the young boy under these rather peculiar circumstances:

One day while Benton was gathering shells on the beach at Brighton to make pincushions, which he sold to the summer visitors, a young boy, nicely dressed and about his own age, appeared upon the scene and scattered with a vigorous kick the accumulated shells. Benton gathered up his treasures, and, placing them again in a pile, warned the intruder that if he repeated the trick he would give him a "good licking."

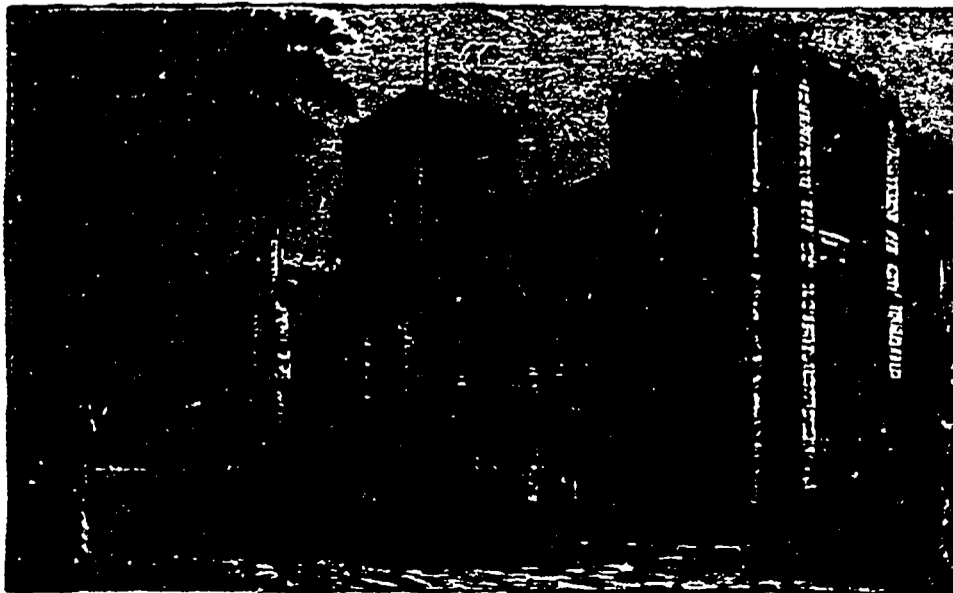
The kick was repeated with even more vigour than before, and the shells were sent flying in every direction. True to his word the "poor boy" soundly thrashed the stranger. It was a close contest at first, as the lads were quite evenly matched, but the more fully developed strength of Benton finally brought him off victorious.

Just as the melee was over a gentleman and lady approached, and the former said:

"You did quite right, young man; we have seen the whole transaction. This boy is our son, but he was the aggressor and received the thrashing he well merited."

A number of questions were asked the lad as to himself and his family. The replies told the lad's life, how the death of his parents had brought poverty to himself and his brothers and sisters.

"This is the Queen," said the gentleman, who was none other than Prince Albert, "and the young man to whom you administered such a merited whipping is the



THE CATHEDRAL, BRISTOL.

Prince of Wales." Turning to the Prince, he continued: "You must send this young man to school and pay for his tuition out of your own pocket money. That cannot add to your punishment, but can benefit this poor lad with whom you picked such an uncalld-for quarrel."

Thus it was that Tom Benton met the Queen of England. He was sent to a school about midway between Portland and Dover. After completing his studies there he was taken into her Majesty's service and remained there his entire life. Between Benton and the Prince of Wales there was a strong bond of friendship, such as could exist between a true manly man and the future king of England.

#### Our Native Land.

An "God Save the Queen."

God bless our native land!  
Firm may she ever stand,  
Through storm and night  
When the wild tempests rave  
Ruler of wind and wave,  
Do thou our country save  
By thy great might.

For her our prayers shall rise  
To God, above the skies;  
On thee we wait;  
Thou who art ever nigh,  
Guarding with watchful eye,  
To thee aloud we cry,  
God save the State.

And not this land alone,  
But be thy mercies known  
From shore to shore;  
Let all the nations see  
That men should brothers be,  
And form one family.  
The wide earth o'er.

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## Pleasant Hours:

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, JUNE 12, 1897.

JUNIOR EPWORTH LEAGUE.

PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.

JUNE 20, 1897.

Jonah to Nineveh.—Jonah 1. 1-17.

JONAH

He was a prophet, one of seven, who are called minor prophets. Minor means less or smaller. We are not to suppose that their prophecies are of less importance, but only that they extended over a shorter space of time, or were limited to fewer people, but their prophecies were of vast importance, and even in our day they are the themes of great discussion. Do not think that you are of no use because you only move in a small sphere, or that your talents may not be equal to some of your fellows. Act well your part, whatever your lot may be.

GOD'S COMMAND.

Verse 2. Nineveh was a city of Assyria, whose inhabitants were very wicked. Alas! it is so in our time, that cities are often the centres of the most alarming wickedness. We boast of Toronto being worthy to be called "Toronto the good." Alas! for us, our police officers, and those whose duty calls them into certain streets, even in To-

ronto, where scenes may be witnessed of which it is a shame even to speak. God's mercy is great. When we hear the swearing and filthy conversation in which even boys indulge and practice, we wonder at his forbearance. Do any of our readers ever wonder at God's mercy to them?

JONAH'S REFUSAL.

He started to Tarshish instead of going to Nineveh. Strange that a prophet of the Lord should act in this manner. But many of us, perhaps all of us, have sometimes acted in a similar manner. "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths," is a divine command. We profess to acknowledge, but we do not always obey. We love to have our own way, and what are sometimes called the missteps of life, are the consequences of taking our own way, rather than follow the way that God would have us to take.

THE TEMPEST.

A storm arose. The vessel in which Jonah sailed was likely to be wrecked. The mariners were alarmed, and began to pray. Too many sailors swear in the storm, but these men prayed. It is good to pray always. All that the sailors could do was of no avail. Strange that Jonah could sleep under those circumstances. Hear what the shipmaster said to him, verse 6.

NEXT STEP.

They cast lots, and the lot fell upon Jonah! Poor fellow, his sin found him out. So will yours. Don't try to run away from duty. Don't try to hide your sin. He that covereth his sin shall not prosper, but he who confesseth and forsaketh shall find mercy. Jonah confessed. Read verses 9 and 10. The sailors were kindly disposed to him. Let their conduct teach you an example. Never scold a man for getting into trouble. Tell him how to get out.

GOD'S GOODNESS.

Verse 17. A great fish was prepared to swallow Jonah. Some have said this was impossible, as they said about Balaam's ass speaking. An old Scotchman told an infidel that if he would make the ass, he, the Scotchman, would make him speak. God can do everything, and so he could make a fish large enough to swallow a man. In modern times a human body has been found in the belly of a shark. Some men claim to be wise, and object to the miracle about Jonah. In thus acting, they are only declaring what others have said many years ago. Jesus Christ acknowledged the truth of this event in what he said respecting his own resurrection.

The clipping in Pleasant Hours for April 24th, which gave an account of the origin of the beautiful hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," should have credited it not simply to Mr. Wesley, which is generally understood to mean John Wesley, but to Mr. Charles Wesley, who wrote the very large proportion of the Wesley hymns.

#### MEXICAN BABIES.

The babies, who have so many pretty things among you, often have absolutely nothing here, or only a calico apron or sack. The mothers do almost nothing to teach the children. How can they when they know nothing themselves? There are few who can read. They do not laugh and play with their children, nor tell them stories, nor sing to them, and so the little ones grow up with stupid and untrained minds. They know very few games, and, lacking plays, they sit about doing nothing or worse than nothing.

One day I visited a sick man on our street. A baby there had just been fed by its mother, and put into a hammock made of gunny sack and hung from the corners by a rope. The baby was not inclined to sleep, so when it cried the mother went and swung it vigorously until she spanked it against the side of the house; then, with a final swing and thump against the wall, she left it, saying: "Now, you go to sleep." When children live in such homes, without tables, chairs, floor, or dishes, with such mothers, we think that they are highly privileged to have a chance to be educated in a mission school taught by a nice Christian girl, where they learn about Jesus and the Bible, and also to keep clean. One morning when I was at school the teacher asked those who had not washed their faces nor combed their hair to stand. Then she began asking why, and some said that they had not combed because they had a cold!—Woman's Work for Woman.

#### Columbus.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,  
Behind the gates of Hercules;  
Before him not the shores,  
Before him only shoreless seas.  
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,  
For, lo! the very stars are gone.  
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"  
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;  
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."  
The stout mate thought of home; a spray  
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.  
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,  
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"  
"Why you shall say at break of day,  
Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed, and sailed, as winds might blow,  
Until at last the blanched mate said:

"Why, now not even God would know  
Should I and all my men fall dead.  
These very winds forget their way,  
For God from these dread seas is gone,  
Now, speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—"

He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"  
They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke  
The mate:

"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight;  
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,  
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!  
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:  
What shall we do when hope is gone?"  
The words leapt as a leaping sword:  
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn, he kept his deck,  
And peered through darkness. Ah,  
That night  
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—  
A light! A light! A light! A light!

It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!  
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn,  
He gained a world; he gave that world  
Its grandest lesson: "On! and on!"

## "Probable Sons."

CHAPTER VI.

A PROMISE KEPT.

About a fortnight later Sir Edward, who always opened the post-bag himself, found there a letter addressed to his little niece, and sent a message to the nursery to tell her to come down to him. She arrived very surprised at the summons, as Sir Edward always wished to be left undisturbed at his breakfast; but when she saw the letters on the table she cried out joyously,—

"Good-morning, Uncle Edward. I know there's a letter from Jack for me, isn't there? I've been waiting for it every day."

"I think there may be, judging from the writing on the envelope. Come here and open it."

Milly too: the letter, and her little fingers fairly trembled with excitement as she opened it, saying softly to herself as she did so,—

"I knew he would keep his promise. I knew he wasn't a thief."

A postal order for seven shillings and sixpence dropped out.

"Well," said Sir Edward, "you were right, little woman, and we were wrong. Would you like me to read it for you?"  
"Yes, please, uncle."

The letter read as follows:

"I am as good as my word, little Miss, in sending you back what you lent me with many grateful thanks for the loan, as I reached London safe and have never touched a drop of liquor since I saw you, and am in work at my uncle's, which is good of him to take me, and am getting twelve shillings a week and goes to church again. And my uncle has a chum which is a street preacher, and comes along of plenty of fellows like I was, and I told him of your young fellow, Tommy Maxwell, and he will keep a look-out for him. Tell the woman that fetched you sharp away that I'll hold up my head with her yet, and every night I asks God to bless you, for I hopes I am getting on the right track again, and thank you kindly for your talk, which is sticking to me.  
"Yours obediently,  
"Jack Gray."

Sir Edward laid the letter down in silence when he had finished reading it. Milly's face was radiant.

"I've never had a letter in my life before, uncle, but I don't quite understand all of it. Will you explain it to me?"  
And this her uncle did, sending her

upstairs at length to show it to nurse, but sitting wrapped in thought himself and leaving both his letters and breakfast untouched for some considerable time.

That same day he went out driving in the afternoon with a young horse, and returning home met a traction engine, at which the horse instantly took fright and bolted.

For some time Sir Edward kept steadily to his seat, and though powerless to check the animal's course, was able to guide it; but in spite of all his efforts the trap was at last upset, and he was thrown violently to the ground. He had no groom with him, and the accident took place on a lonely road, so that it was not till an hour later that help came, in the shape of a farmer returning from market in his cart. He found Sir Edward unconscious, and the horse still feebly struggling to extricate himself from under the trap, which was badly broken.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening when Sir Edward was brought home, and he had three ribs broken, besides some very severe injuries to his head. The doctor wished to telegraph for a nurse from London, but Sir Edward had a horror of them, and having recovered consciousness shook his head vehemently when it was suggested; and so it ended in Milly's nurse volunteering to assist his valet in nursing him. Poor little Milly wandered about the house with Fritz at her heels in a very woe-begone fashion. What with the anxiety in her heart lest her uncle should die, and the absence of her nurse—who could spare little time now to look after her—she felt most forlorn, and her greatest comfort was to go down to the keeper's cottage and talk to Mrs. Maxwell.

Sir Edward was soon out of danger, but he was a long time recovering, and required most careful nursing. Milly begged and entreated to go in and see him, but this was not allowed. At last permission was given by the doctor for a very short visit, and the child stole in on tip-toe, but insisted upon taking a large brown parcel in with her, the contents of which were unknown to all except herself.

Softly she crept up to the bed and looked at her uncle's bandaged head and worn face with the greatest awe.

He put out his hand, which she took in hers, and then she said, her brown eyes fixed wistfully on his face,—

"I've wanted to see you, Uncle Edward, for so long. I wish you would let me come in and help to nurse you."

Sir Edward smiled, then shook his head.

"I've been asking God to make you better so many times," she continued, softly stroking his hand as she spoke, "and he is going to make you live again; now isn't he? I wasn't quite sure whether you mightn't like to die best, but I didn't want you. Nurse says I mustn't stay a moment, but I've brought you a present. Maxwell went to the town and got it for me with the money Jack sent back to me. May I open it for you?"

Reading assent in his eyes, Milly eagerly removed her brown paper, and then lifted on to the bed with difficulty a picture of the Prodigal Son, in a plain oak frame.

"Isn't it a lovely one, Uncle Edward? There's the prodigal son—I've learned to say it properly now—all in rags hurrying along the road, and there's his old father in the distance coming to meet him; and can you see the words underneath?—'I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee.' I thought you would like it to look at whilst you are in bed. May I rest it against the rail at the bottom of your bed?—then you can see it beautifully."

Nurse came forward and helped the child to put the picture in the place she wished; and Sir Edward tried to look pleased, and said in a low tone,—

"Thank you, little one, I can see it well from there;" but under his breath he muttered, "Has she a purpose in bringing that everlasting subject before me? I'm sick to death of it. I shall get rid of that picture when she is gone."

But he did not. His eyes grew somewhat wistful as he gazed upon it, and later in the day, when nurse asked him if he would like to have it removed, he shook his head in the negative.

No one could know his thoughts during those long days and nights of weariness and pain; the restlessness of body did not equal the restlessness of soul, and the past came back with a startling vividness. The wasted years, the misused talents, and, above all, the fast-closed heart against its rightful Owner, now seemed to stand up in judgment against him. Often in his wretchedness would he groan aloud, and wish for an-

consciousness to come to his aid and consign to oblivion his accusing memory. It was a cold, grey afternoon. Mrs. Maxwell's little kitchen was in perfect order; the fire shed flickering lights on the bright dish-covers on the wall, and the blue and white china on the old-fashioned dresser was touched with a ruddy glow. Mrs. Maxwell herself, seated in a wooden rocking-chair, in spotless white apron, was knitting busily as she talked; and Milly on a low stool, the tabby in her arms, with her golden-brown curls in pretty disorder, and her large, dark eyes gazing earnestly into the fire, completed the picture.

"Do you like winter, Mrs. Maxwell?" she was asking. "Well, my dear, I can't say as I don't prefer the summer; but there!—the Almighty sends it, and it must be right, and I don't think folks have a right to grumble and go rushing off to them foreign parts, a-leaving their own country and the weather God gives them, because they say they must have sunshine. I always think they've no sunshine in their hearts, or they wouldn't be so up and down with the weather."

"I think winter is a very lonely time, Mrs. Maxwell, and I'm sorry for the trees. I was out this morning with Fritz, and I talked to them and tried to cheer them up. And I think they feel they're nearly dead, poor things! and they were shivering with cold this morning; they were, really. I told them they would be happy when next summer comes, but they sighed and shook their heads; it's such a long time to wait, and they have nothing to do—they can only stand still. I was very sad this morning; after I had talked to them, I went down to the plantation at the bottom of the lawn, and on the way I came to a poor dead frog. Fritz sniffed at him, but he didn't seem to be sorry. I don't know how he died; I thought perhaps he had stayed out in the cold and got frozen, he felt so very cold. I took him up and buried him, and I wondered if his mother would miss him; and then I went on a little farther, and there were some little bird's feathers all in a heap on the ground. I felt sure a cruel cat had been eating it up, and I couldn't help crying, for everything seemed to be dying. And when I got to the plantation I was a little comforted, for the fir-trees looked so comfortable and warm—they hadn't lost their leaves like the other trees—but do you know, in the middle of them all was a tall, thin, bare tree—he looked so lonely and unhappy, and he was the only one without any leaves."

"One of those birches, I expect. My man, he said the other day that the fir plantation yonder wanted weeding out." "Well, I couldn't bear to see him so sad, so I crept right in amongst the firs until I got to him, and then I put my arms right round him and cuddled him tight. I told him God would take care of him, and give him a beautiful new green dress next summer; but he seemed to feel the cold, and I expect the other trees aren't very kind to him. I always think the firs are very stiff and proud. I—I kissed him before I came away; it was a sad morning."

Milly's tone was truly pathetic, and Mrs. Maxwell, who loved to hear her childish fancies and never laughed at them, now looked up from her knitting sympathetically.

"You're sad yourself, dear. Is your uncle pretty well to-day?"

"I think he is getting better, but he mustn't talk, and nurse won't let me see him. I think it's winter makes me sad, Mrs. Maxwell."

There was silence for a few moments. Milly stroked her cat thoughtfully, then she said—

"If Uncle Edward had died, what would have happened to me? Should I have had to go to the workhouse?"

"Bless your little heart, no! Why, my man and I was saying the other day that it's most sure as you'll be mistress of the property one day. Sir Edward he have no other kith or kin, as far as we know. Workhouse, indeed! A place where they takes in tramps and vagabonds."

"I heard some of the maids talking about it," pursued Milly; "they said they wondered what would happen to me. I think he is my only uncle, so I couldn't go anywhere else. I wish I had a father, Mrs. Maxwell, I'm always wishing for one. I never remember my father. My mother I do, but she was always ill, and she didn't like me to bother her. Do you know, I thought when I came to Uncle Edward that he would be a kind of father; Miss Kent said he would. But I'm afraid he doesn't like me to bother him either; I should like him to take me up in his arms and kiss me. Do you think he ever will? I feel as if no one cares for me sometimes."

"I think a certain little apple dumpling as I put in the oven for some one is smelling as if it wants to come out," was Mrs. Maxwell's brisk response as she bustled out of her chair, her old eyes moist with feeling.

In a minute Milly's pensiveness had disappeared. A baked apple dumpling had great charms for her, and no one would have believed that the light-hearted child with the merry laugh, now dancing round the room, and climbing up to the dresser for a plate was the same as the one who had so sadly dis-couraged a few moments before on the mournfulness of winter and of her orphaned state.

"Did you make such nice apple dumplings for Tommy?" she asked presently, busy with her fork and spoon, and looking supremely content with herself and surroundings.

"Ah! Didn't I? I mind when he used to come in on Saturdays from the forge, I always had a hot pudding for him; he used to say there was no one as cooked as well as 'mother.'"

"He's a long time coming home, isn't he, Mrs. Maxwell? I get so tired of waiting. I wish he would come for Christmas."

"I'm not tired of waiting," Mrs. Maxwell said softly, "and I've waited these nine years, but it sometimes seems as if it is only yesterday as he went off. I feel at times like fretting sadly over him, and wish I knew if he was alive or dead, but then the Lord do comfort me, and I know he sees just where he is, and he'll let me know when the right time comes."

"I'm expecting him every day," said Milly with a cheerful little nod. "I was telling God about him last night at my window on the stairs—and it seemed as if God said to me that he was coming very soon now. I shouldn't wonder if he came next week!"

The keeper entered the cottage at this moment, and Milly jumped off her seat at once.

"I'm afraid it's time for me to be going back. Nurse said I was to be in at four. Are you going to take me, Maxwell?"

"Don't I always see you safe and sound up at the house?" Maxwell said good-humouredly, "and do you know it has struck four ten minutes ago? When you and my old woman got together to have a crack, as the saying is, you don't know how times passes. We shall have to run for it."

Milly was being rapidly covered up in a thick plaid by Mrs. Maxwell.

"There now, my dearie, good-bye till next I see you, and don't be doleful in that big house by yourself. Your uncle will soon be well, and nurse will be better able to see after you. I don't know what all those servants are after that they can't amuse you a bit."

"Nurse doesn't like me ever to go near the servants' hall," said Milly; "I promised her I wouldn't. Sarah stays in the nursery with me, but she runs away downstairs pretty often. Good-bye, Mrs. Maxwell."

It was getting dark. Maxwell soon had the child in his strong arms, and was striding along at a great pace, when passing a rather dark corner, a man suddenly sprang out of the bushes and took to his heels.

Maxwell shouted out wrathfully: "Let me see you in here again, and it will be the worse for you, you scoundrel!"

"Oh, Maxwell," cried Milly, "who is it?"

"One of them skulking poachers—they're always in here after the rabbits. If I hadn't a-had you to look after and had my thick stick I would a-been after him."

"But you wouldn't have hurt him?" "I should have taught him a lesson, that I should!"

"But, Maxwell, you mustn't, really! Only think, he might be—Tommy coming home! You couldn't see who it was, could you? It would be dreadful if you chased away Tommy."

"No fear o' that," Maxwell said in a quieter tone. "My own son wouldn't skulk along like that. He was a ragged vagabond, that's what he was."

"Prodigal sons are nearly always ragged; he might have been some one's prodigal son, Maxwell."

"He was just a poacher, my dear, and I think I know the chap. He's staying at the Blue Dragon, and has been a-watching this place for some time."

"Perhaps he is one of God's prodigal sons," said Milly softly, "like Jack was." To this Maxwell made no reply, but when he set her down in the brightly-lighted hall a little later, he said—

"Don't you fret about our Tommy. I should know him fast enough. He wouldn't run from his own father."

And Milly went in, and that night added another petition to her prayers:

"And, please, God, if the man who ran away from Maxwell is a prodigal son, bring him back to his father for Jesus' sake. Amen."

(To be continued.)

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

LESSON XII.—JUNE 20.

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

Rom. 14. 10-21. Memory verses, 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth.—Rom. 14. 21.

OUTLINE.

1. Living to God, v. 10-12.
  2. Living in Love, v. 13-18.
  3. Living for Others, v. 19-21.
- Time.—A.D. 58.  
Place.—Written by Paul while at Corinth.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Personal responsibility.—Rom. 14. 10-21.
- Tu. Pleasing others.—Rom. 15. 1-7.
- W. Giving no offence.—1 Cor. 10. 23-33.
- Th. Warning against offences.—Matt. 18. 1-11.
- F. Loving one another.—Rom. 13. 7-14.
- S. Love for others.—Mark 12. 28-34.
- Su. My neighbour.—Luke 10. 25-37.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Living to God, v. 10-12.  
What two questions of judgment are asked?  
Before whom must all stand?  
What Scripture is quoted, and from whence? See Isa. 45. 23.  
To whom must all give account?  
What says John of that final test? Rev. 20. 12.
2. Living in Love, v. 13-18.  
What will love prompt us to avoid?  
What says Paul about clean or unclean?  
To whom then does anything become unclean?  
When does one walk uncharitably?  
What should we carefully avoid?  
In what does the kingdom of God consist?  
Who is accepted of God and men?
3. Living for Others, v. 19-21.  
What should Christians seek for?  
How may we distinguish between pure and impure?  
What law will govern those who live for others? Golden Text.  
Whose example do we thus follow? See Rom. 15. 3.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

1. Trust God for just judgment. Be kind, charitable, patient, forgiving; "help a little," and hinder none.
2. Deny self to help others. Live to do good. Meat and drink are trifles in comparison—righteousness is everything.
3. May a Christian dance? Go to the theatre? Play cards? Drink wine? For the sake of a clean example a Christian will not wish to do any of these things.

STORY OF THE QUEEN'S LIFE.

IV.

LIFE AT OSBORNE.

When Osborne House was ready to go into, the Queen and her family had a house-warming. It was a gay and merry and happy time. There is a beautiful hymn of Martin Luther's which the Germans often sing at house-warming. And Prince Albert, being a German, and keeping a tender liking for the pleasant home-customs, repeated it at his house-warming. Here it is:

"God bless our going out, nor less Our coming in, and make them sure; God bless our daily bread and bless What'er we do—what'er endure; In death unto his peace awake us; And heirs of his salvation make us."

Prince Albert's motto was *Treu und Fest*. That is German, and means True and Firm. It is a very good motto, too. Prince Albert was born at Roseneau. There is an old round tower on the side of the Castle of Roseneau, which is a capital place to play in.

One day a party of boys were inside the tower and another party were on the outside. Those on the outside were going to storm the tower, and those on the inside were to defend it.

They had a hard fight, but the party on the outside could not get in. Albert belonged to the outside party.

"I know a place at the back where

we can get in," said one of the boys to Albert.

"But," replied Albert, in great scorn, "that would be most unbecoming in a Saxon knight, who should always attack the enemy in front." So you see, he always acted up to his motto, even then.

Well, these little princes and princesses had very good times at Osborne. On their mother's birthday they had a fine present. You could never guess what it was, so I will tell you.

It was a lovely Swiss cottage, a grown up cottage, not a play-cottage, with grounds all about it. And these grounds were given to them too.

Here each one had a garden, where they raised vegetables and flowers. They had hot-houses and forcing frames so they could have flowers and vegetables as early as other gardeners. Each had a set of garden tools, marked with his or her name, from Victoria to Beatrice.

The two eldest boys built a fort. It was small, but it was perfect in every part, just like a real fort. They even made the bricks!

Every Saturday night they carried in their bills for work and their father paid them.

In the pretty Swiss cottage was a kitchen, where the princesses cooked and made pickles and jellies. There was a pantry and dairy and closets with every thing as complete as possible.

I suppose they had heavy bread and starchy cake and half-cooked things just as we all do at first. But they are very good housekeepers now and they learned a good deal of their housekeeping, no doubt, in the little Swiss cottage at Osborne.

Of course they made collections of things just like other boys and girls. They had a museum of Natural History with stuffed birds, and bits of rock, and specimens of flowers. They had a big telescope too for star-gazing. It was a happy, happy time.

When Prince Albert was a boy in Germany he and his brother Ernest collected specimens. These specimens have been added to and now form what is called the Ernest-Albert Museum of Natural History.

"HEARTSHINE."

A little fellow called a smile a "baby laugh," but another gave a still better definition when he said that if the light from the sun was sunshine, then smiles must be "heartshine." Wasn't that a beautiful definition? How many of you, little workers, are trying to make heartshine? If you haven't already tried much, what a good time this is to begin!

Here is another thought too: If smiles are "heartshine," then frowns must be "faceclouds," eh? and crying—well, crying is just thunder. Now, who wouldn't rather make "heartshine" than "faceclouds" or "thunder"?

Mrs. Keith Hamilton, M.B.

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GOVERNOR'S PALACE, AT MAULFALUT, EGYPT.

## A CITY GATE.

In the ancient times cities and towns were generally situated on hills or elevations, because of the facilities of defence which such positions furnished. In Palestine there were many of these fortified cities, the sites of which are still known. They were all built for strength, with high walls surmounted by towers, with narrow streets and flat-roofed houses. The walls had of necessity gates or doors of entrance. These gates and gateways anciently held, as they still hold in the East, an important relation not only to the defence, but also to the public economy of the place. The open spaces near the gates were used as places of public resort, either for business, or where people sat to converse and hear the news. They were also used as places for the administration of justice, or of audience for kings and rulers and ambassadors.

Regarded, therefore, as positions of great importance, the gates of the city were carefully guarded and closed at nightfall. They contained rooms over the gateway for the various purposes to which they were applied.

## WHO DISCOVERED AMERICA?

BY IRENE W. HARTT.

The whole country is being given up to the celebration of our four hundredth birthday. Old Chinese records have it that we are much older than that. There is a book in the British Museum called "Zobedj; or the Chinese in America," which tells us that Buddhist monks came here from China in the year 432. They journeyed across the Pacific, touching on our western coast, calling the country Fusang. A book called "Fusang: An Inquiry into Chinese Discoveries of America," was published in New York in 1868.

Some years afterward, as late as 464, a Chinaman by the name of Hoel-Schin, which means "universal compassion," and some companions started on a second expedition. These men are supposed to have touched at San Blas, Mexico. Hoel-Schin's report of what they saw there was entered in the Chinese Year Book. We do not know that any more people came over from China at that time. Yet great numbers may have done so; for, certainly, evidences of early settlers have been found both in Mexico and the United States.

In 727 Irish monks discovered Iceland, and made settlements on the south-east coast. These were maintained for nearly a century, and then abandoned. In 860 Iceland was

again discovered. This time it was by Norseman, and was called Snowland. A man, by the name of Flokko, took a whole colony there five years later, but their cattle perished in the winter. They named the country Iceland, and the next year all returned to Norway. Eight years afterward, Earl Ingolf successfully planted a colony there, at Reykjavik.

Two years later, Greenland was discovered by a Norseman named Gunnbjorn. It was over a hundred years before a colony was planted there. This was done in 983 by Eric the Red. He called the settlement Ericsford. Eleven years afterward one Bjarni was sailing from Norway to find his father in Greenland. He was driven out of his course, and sailed along the coasts of Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Labrador, until he reached Herfulness in Greenland. These were the first Europeans on record who saw the shores of the new continent. When Bjarni returned to Norway, and reported what he had seen, he was very much blamed for not landing on the unknown shores. The Norsemen were so anxious to learn more of this new country, that Lief the Lucky, the son of Eric, bought Bjarni's boat, and, taking him and thirty-five other men with him, sailed back along the coast. They made their first landing on an island near Cape Cod, and a permanent camp was made at Mt. Hope Bay, in Rhode Island. They called the country Vinland. The next year the expedition returned to Greenland laden with grapes and timber. Two years after this, Thorwald, Eric's brother, led a second expedition to Vinland. He wintered in Mt. Hope Bay, then explored Long Island Sound to New York harbour. He found a wooden shed, but no inhabitants

were seen by any one. The next year he explored the New England coast, and killed eight Eskimo. In the skirmish which followed this, Thorwald was killed, and buried on the shores of Massachusetts Bay. The Eskimo made their escape in skin boats. The next year the expedition returned to Norway, loaded with timber and fruit. A year later, Thorstein, Thorwald's brother, sailed for Vinland for his brother's bones. He was unsuccessful, and when he returned home he died.

Thorfinn, of Iceland, and Lief's brother-in-law, Thorvard, sailed in 1007 with three ships and a colony of a hundred and forty men and women from Iceland and Greenland. After stopping at various points on the New England coast, they wintered in Buzzard's Bay. Here was born Snorri, the first European child ever born in America. His parents were Thorfinn and Gudrid. He was the ancestor of the great sculptor, Thorwalden. The winter was very severe, and ten colonists started back. It was reported that they landed in Ireland and were made slaves. The others continued their voyage, and landed at Mt. Hope. Three years later they all returned to Greenland.

In 1011 two ships which contained sixty men and women under Thorvard and Heggli sailed for Mt. Hope. When they arrived the followers of Thorvard and Heggli quarrelled for the possession of the houses they found there. All of Heggli's party, thirty-seven in number, were murdered by the others. The survivors returned the next year. Nothing more is heard of any more Norsemen sailing to our shores.

These accounts, which may seem strange to us, all come from good authority. They were taken originally from the "Antiquitates Americanae" Antiquarian Society of Denmark.

More than a hundred and fifty years elapsed before we heard of more discoveries. In 1170, Madoc, a prince of Wales, according to tradition, sailed westward with a fleet. When he returned he reported that he had left his followers in a pleasant country, supposed now to be America. He departed again with ten ships, but was never heard from.

In 1380 Nicolo Zeno sailed into the Atlantic in search of adventures, and reported the discovery of many strange lands and islands which have never been identified. The next man who sailed over strange seas was Columbus, in 1467, when he visited Iceland.

## STANLEY'S CONFESSION.

Henry M. Stanley, the great explorer, in the preface to his work, "Darkest Africa," writes as follows: "Constrained at the darkest hour to humbly confess that without God's help I was helpless, I vowed a vow in the forest solitudes that I would confess his aid before men.



COLUMBUS PRESENTING HIMSELF TO FERDINAND AND ISABELLA ON HIS RETURN FROM THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA. PORTRAIT OF PRESCOTT THE HISTORIAN OF COLUMBUS, ABOVE.

A silence as of death was round about me; it was midnight! I was weakened by illness, prostrated with fatigue, and worn with anxiety for my white and black companions, whose fate was a mystery.

"In this physical and mental distress I besought God to give me back my people. Nine hours later we were exulting with rapturous joy. In full view of all was the crimson flag with the crescent, and beneath its waving folds was the long-lost rear column.

"As I mentally review the many grim episodes, and reflect on the marvelously narrow escapes from utter destruction to which we had been subjected during our various journeys to and fro through the immense and gloomy extent of primeval wood, I feel utterly unable to attribute our salvation to any other cause than to a gracious Providence who, for some purpose of his own, preserved us."

"Before turning in for the night I resumed my reading of the Bible as usual. I had already read the book through, from beginning to end, once, and was at Deuteronomy for the second reading, and I came unto the verse where Moses exhorts Joshua in these five lines: 'Be strong and of good courage, fear not, nor be afraid of them; for the Lord thy God, he it is that doth go with thee; he will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.'

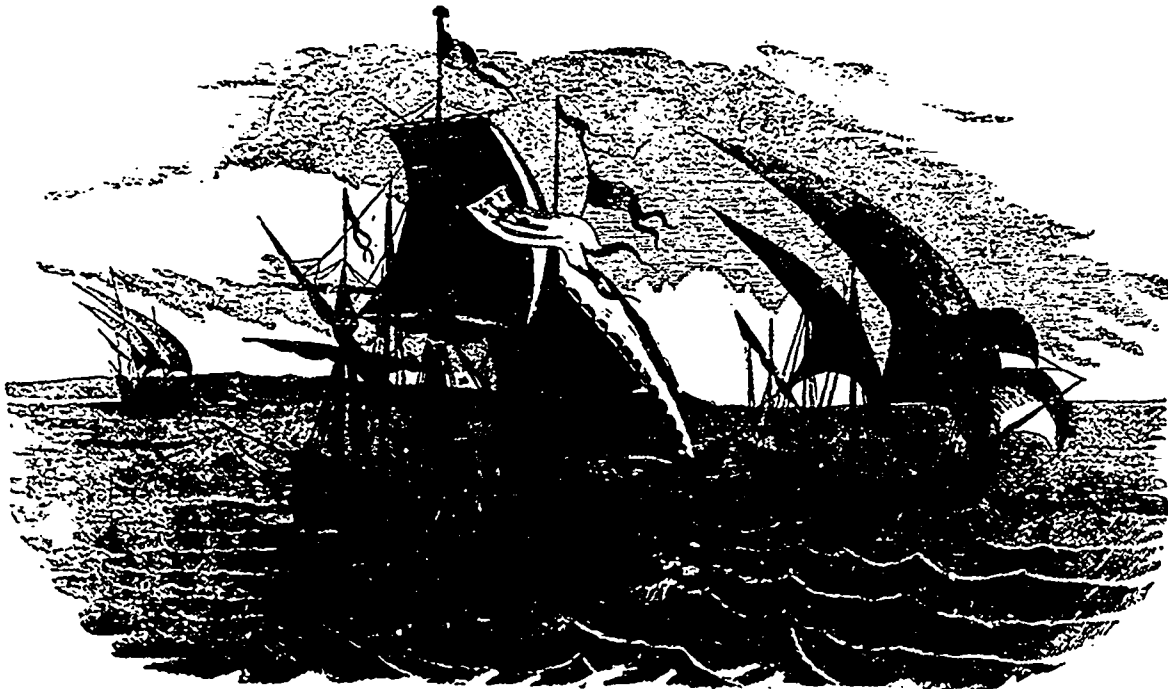
## BELIEVE IN GOD.

Trust God for the future of humanity. The world was not made in jest, nor does the kingdom of God rest on a contingency. Faith, as well as love, casteth out fear.

Two boys were talking together of Elijah's ascent in the chariot of fire. Said one: "Wouldn't you be afraid to ride in such a chariot?"

"No," said the other, "not if God drove!"

God drives the chariot of human progress, and it mounts as it advances. God is in his world, not outside of it. He is redeeming it from sin. He is making men. He is fulfilling his holy and beneficent purpose. Fear not, but believe and hope, for the power as well as the glory is his, to whom be glory for ever and ever. —Philip S. Moxom.



SHIPS OF THE TIME OF CABOT.

A female cod of fifteen pounds weight, recently examined by the British Fish Warden, was found to have a roe containing 4,372,000 eggs.