

## Wanted.

Wanted! young feet to follow  
Where Jesus leads the way,  
Into the fields where harvest  
Is ripening day by day.  
Now, while the breath of morning  
Scents all the dewy air,  
Now, in the fresh, sweet dawning,  
Oh, follow Jesus there!

Wanted, young hands to labour,  
The fields are broad and wide,  
The harvest waits the reaper  
Around on every side;  
None are too poor or lowly,  
None are too weak or small,  
For in his service holy  
The Master needs them all.  
—Monthly Echo.

## LITTLE JEM.

"When little Jem was first brought here," said the head nurse at St. Mary's Hospital, "it was in a carriage with liveried servants. His father was a mill-owner in Pennsylvania, and Jem was his only child.

"When the boy's knee became affected the physicians advised his father to bring him here to be treated, on account of the skilled nursing and appliances. He had the largest room in the private ward. His parents brought the boy fruit, flowers or books every day.

"Please take them to that cripple in the next room, and to the children in the free wards, with my love—little Jem Bruce's love," he would say, raising himself in bed, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes.

"In two months he recovered and went away. But two years afterward Mrs. Bruce brought him back. She was dressed in black and asked for a cheap room. Mr. Bruce, I heard, was dead and had left his widow in moderate circumstances.

"Jem's knee was worse than ever. But what a cheery, happy fellow he was!

"He soon learned the story of all the patients in the neighbouring rooms, as he had done before, and when his mother brought him a bunch of pinks or a basket of apples, would eagerly divide them and send them out with his love.

"Maybe they will make someone feel happier just for a minute," he would say, with his rare smile.

"His right leg was taken off at the knee.

"Then I lost sight of Jem for three or four years. Last winter he applied for admission to the free ward. His mother was dead. The disease had appeared in the other leg some months before. Jem had been supporting himself by typewriting, but was now no longer able to work.

"He met me as if I had been his old, dear friend—as indeed I was—and then hobbled round the wards to see if he knew any of the patients, stopping to laugh and joke and say some kind word at each bed.

"The doctors amputated his other leg that day. It was the only chance for his life. But in a week they knew that it had failed.

"Make the boy comfortable," the surgeon said to me, "it is all that can be done for him now."

"Jem knew the truth from the first. But he never lost courage. This was his bed"—pointing to the middle one of a long row of white cots in the great ward. "He learned to know all the men and took the keenest interest in each case.

"When Johnny Royle died Jem took out the few dollars remaining in his pocket and gave them to me. 'They're for his children,' he whispered. 'They have nothing.' And when old Peter Short was discharged cured, he came up to Jem's bed to say good-bye, as if he had been his brother. Jem wrung his hand, and said, bravely: 'Take my overcoat, Peter, yours is gone, and—I'll never need mine again.' He waved his hand, and even cheered feebly as Peter hobbled away.

"He had nothing left to give now—I think that cut him sharply. But one day he began to sing. He had a remarkable voice, clear and tender; it would force the tears to your eyes. Every head in the ward was turned to listen. That delighted Jem. 'I can sing for them occasionally,' he said, 'if the doctors will allow it.'

"So, whenever it was possible, Jem's sweet voice would be heard, sometimes in a humorous song, sometimes in a hymn. I used to think he was standing at heaven's gate when he sang those hymns. But one morning his voice was gone, and before night everyone in the ward knew that he was dying. The patients were silent, many of them crying, for they all loved the boy. He died at sundown, sitting up in bed, leaning

against my shoulder. He glanced around the ward and then nodded and smiled.

"Give them," he whispered, then stopped, remembering, poor child, that he had nothing to give. Then he said suddenly, aloud, his eyes brightening, 'Give them my love—Jem Bruce's love!'  
—The Household.

There would be no lack of funds in the Lord's treasury, were not the silver and the gold diverted into improper channels. One of the most mighty of these, and the most potential for evil, is the legalized liquor traffic. But we elect men to make laws for us who legislate that this traffic shall be under the sanction and control of "the powers that be," and annually our Dominion alone expends \$40,000,000 on its drink bill. The Royal Commission Minority Report proved beyond contradiction that Canada loses every year through the liquor traffic \$103,242,862, besides money directly paid by the consumers for the liquor. In view of this fact the wonder is that we manage to collect what we do for missions.—Outlook.



ARAB SLAVE TRADERS.

## ARAB SLAVERS.

Dr. Livingstone has called the African slave door "the open sore of the world." It is one of the most dreadful and diabolical systems of iniquity on the face of the earth. Great Britain has long waged implacable war against the slave-trade by sea. She has kept cruisers on the African coast, ever on the alert to capture the slave dhows and rescue their wretched victims. There is still, however, a deal of slave hunting in the heart of Africa. Ruffian Arab chiefs will swoop down on the native villages, killing the inhabitants who resist and making prisoners of the remainder. These are often driven in wretched coffers to the slave market at a distance of maybe hundreds of miles. Often they are loaded with heavy fetters, as shown in the cut, and often, too, have a huge yoke placed upon their necks.

The agony of those long marches over the hot desert sand, it is difficult to conceive and impossible to exaggerate. The slaves who are unable from weakness or wounds to keep up with the caravan are cruelly dispatched, or, perhaps more cruelly, left to die a lingering death on the wayside. Great efforts are being made by the civilized powers of Europe to put a stop to this terrible traffic in the bodies and the souls of men. In this as in every other good work Great Britain is one of the foremost agents, and as

civilization and religion spread through the heart of darkest Africa, this sin against God and crime against man will doubtless be brought to an end.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 22.  
CHRIST AND NICODEMUS.

John 3. 1-16. Memory verses, 14-16.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.—John 3. 16.

## OUTLINE.

The New Birth:

1. Its Necessity, v. 1-7.
2. Its Mystery, v. 8-12.
3. Its Source, v. 13-16.

3. The New Birth: Its Source, v. 13-16.  
Who only has ascended to heaven?  
Who is this "Son of man"?  
What act of Moses was a prophecy of Christ?  
Why was the Son of man lifted up?  
What moved God to give his only Son?  
Golden Text.

## PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That we must be born again?
2. That the new birth is God's work?
3. The measure of God's love for the world?

## BITS OF FUN.

"Who is that morose, sullen, unsocial chap?" "He's a socialist."

Jamaica, with its ginger, might become desirable territory if this country ever gets cramped elsewhere.

Mrs. Hiram—"Dear, I wish you'd bring home a dozen Harveyized steel plates." Mr. Hiram—"What do you mean?" Mrs. Hiram—"I'm just curious to see what Bridget would do with them."

Nurse Girl—"I lost track of the child mum, and—" Mistress—"Good gracious! Why didn't you speak to a policeman?" Nurse Girl—"I was speaking to wan all the toime, mum."

Mrs. Young—"Bridget, run over and see how old Mrs. Smith is this morning?" Bridget (returning)—"Shure ma'am, she says she's seventy years and eight months old, and wants to know what business that is of yours."

An Unprofitable Month.—President of Nickel-in-the-Slot Company—"How were the profits this month?" Treasurer—"Less than usual. The receipts were not much greater than the expenses." President—"Humph! Some of the machines must have been in order."

"Have you anything to say before we eat you?" said the King of the Cannibal Isles to a Boston missionary. "I have," was the reply. "I want to talk to you awhile on the advantages of a vegetarian diet."

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Place.—Jerusalem.

## HOME READINGS.

- M. Christ and Nicodemus.—John 3. 1-13.  
Tu. Christ and Nicodemus.—John 3. 14-21.  
W. A new creature.—2 Cor. 5. 14-21.  
Th. Born again.—1 Peter 1. 15-25.  
F. The brazen serpent.—Num. 21. 4-9.  
S. The love of God.—1 John 4. 7-14.  
Su. Mighty love.—Rom. 8. 31-39.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The New Birth: Its Necessity, v. 1-7.  
What ruler is here named, and of what sect was he?  
What visit by night did he make?  
What did he say that he knew?  
How only can one see the kingdom of God?  
What says Paul about the change in this new birth? 2 Cor. 5. 17.  
How did Nicodemus answer Jesus?  
What two kinds of birth did Jesus contrast? Verse 6.  
About what did he tell Nicodemus not to marvel?
2. The New Birth: Its Mystery, v. 8-12.  
In what way is the wind like the new birth?  
What question did Nicodemus ask?  
What question did Jesus ask him?  
What did he say of his own utterance?  
What about earthly and heavenly things?