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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 17, 1900.

No. 7

The Land of Beautiful Thought.

BY E. J. HALL.

There are weary ones who have had no rest,
Who have spent their days in the dim by-ways

Of the dreary land of Worry,
Whose blistered feet have trod the street
Of the crowded city of Hurry;
Who have never heeded the soul's behest,
Left their care and gone forth and sought
The land of Beautiful Thought.

Oh, these troubled ones have known small joy!

They have never seen the silver sheen
On the ocean of God's love,
Let never rise their tear-dimmed eyes
To the sapphire skies above;
Their grief and pain have had small alloy,
Because they have never gone forth and sought
The land of Beautiful Thought.

'Tis of other tried ones I want to tell,
Who have gazed their fill with many a thrill

On the mountain of God's strength,
Seen the dimpling face of the river of Grace
Flowing its infinite length;
Of its waters drank—have grown strong
and well,
Because they have truly, earnestly sought
The land of Beautiful Thought.

Though often they've seen the wreck of hope,

And trod with tears for many years
The lonely valley of Doubt,
Now they spend their days on the hills
of Praise,
With breezes of joy about;
On the highway of care they no longer
mope,
Because at last they've been wise and sought
The land of Beautiful Thought.
Millburn, Ont.

THE SAND-MARTIN.

I do not know of any more interesting little builder than the sand-martin. It is a wonderful little bird, as you will confess when I tell you about it. First of all, think what wonderful travellers these birds are. In the summer they abound not only in England, but actually as far off as the northern parts of Sweden and Norway. When the summer has passed away they take their departure, and make their winter home as far away as India and the south of Africa. Sometimes they have to cross many miles of sea, and it is no uncommon thing to see hundreds resting during their flight on the masts and ropes of any vessel they may happen to pass on their journey. It is the first of all the birds of passage to return to England in the spring, and when you read of some one having seen the "first swallow" in the spring, you may be sure it was a sand-martin and not a swallow, that had been seen. But you need never mistake a sand-martin for a swallow. It is a smaller bird, its under part being white and its upper part mouse-coloured; when on the wing it moves with a peculiar jerking flight, which readily distinguishes it from either the swallow or its near relative the house-martin. The bird, however, is best known on account of the wonderful house which it forms for rearing its young. It selects the face of some cliff, where the rock is not too hard, and bores a passage with a wonderful amount of regularity and skill. When beginning to work, it clings to the face of the bank with its feet, and pecks away at the hard surface, loosening the earth bit by bit. During the work the bird assumes all manner of positions, its beak acting as a kind of pivot, the bird working as often as not with its head downwards. Looking at its tiny beak you can hardly believe that it could achieve the result it does; especially as if you tried you would find yourself unable to do anything of the kind with a strong pocket-knife. The little tunnel into the bank having been formed, the bird constructs in a tolerably straight line with

a little upward slope for a considerable distance, sometimes about three feet, sometimes even eight or nine feet long. At the end a chamber of somewhat larger dimensions is formed, which the bird lines with some grass and feathers very prettily arranged, on which the plucky-white eggs are laid.

The same parents rear several broods of young birds each year, but their birds do not multiply very fast. The chief reason for this is that although they are quite secure so long as they remain in their curious nests, yet when the young birds make their first attempts to fly, there are many foes, such as the magpie and crow and sparrow-hawk, on the lookout for them, and thus large numbers are snapped up before they are able to take care of themselves. Then, again, many boys, I am sorry to say, think it a very fine sport to climb up the banks and root out the nest which they cannot reach. This is a cruel and foolish sport, and the more so because the sand-martins are very good friends to the farmers, killing flies and other insects that otherwise would be very troublesome.

money, so he slyly hid it away in his low straw eaves of the house. He could not forget about them, however, and his mind was strangely troubled.

That evening his mother went to the village store to buy some household necessities. She returned to the house with both hands full, and called Indra, the boy, to come and hold some of the things while she lighted the little tin lamp. A bottle of mustard oil and a pound of salt were given into his hands, but he had no sooner taken them than in some strange way they fell from his hands. The salt burst its covering of dry leaves and mixed with the dust on the floor, and the oil bottle broke and

red and the only ones in the neighbourhood.

One morning several of them were missing a fact which caused my father to say some very emphatic things. It was plain that a two-legged thief and not an animal, had taken them, as there were a number of footprints around the hen-house.

Several days later a number of others disappeared, and then my father was wild-eyed. He bought a savage dog that was warranted to eat a man on the slightest provocation, and turned him loose at night. He also borrowed a bear-trap from one of the neighbours and set it near the doorway of the hen-house. But it was all in vain. It was only the matter of a few nights when a number more hens disappeared with no signs of the thief.

It was then that my detective ability began to develop by laying plans to catch the thief. On Sunday night, while my folks were at church, I conceived a plan that I thought might work. I secured a pot of red paint from the barn and fixed it over the doorway of the hen-house in such a manner that it would be sure to fall on any one opening the door. Then I had figured that it would only be necessary to look for some one covered with red paint to be sure of the thief.

But my dream of looking for a man covered with red paint was short-lived. My father, returning from church, happened to go out to the hen-house to see if everything was all right. He opened the door to look inside and got the contents of the paint-pot over his head. This so startled him that he forgot about the bear-trap until he had put his foot into it and had it closed upon him with a snap. That awoke the dog and he seized the other leg.

His cries brought the household out on a run. We managed to get him loose and over to the horse-trough, where we washed off what we could of the red paint, and I gave up my efforts to catch that particular thief.—The Epworth Herald.

IN THE CARS.

We observed that our handsome young-looking conductor eyed little Tom somewhat greedily, presently he coaxed him with a ripe peach to sit on his knee and something in the way he touched the shining curls made mother Jean say: "You must have a little boy at home."

"Two of 'em, madam," he answered eagerly; "one no bigger than this one, but he can sing like a choir; I wish you could hear him sing, 'Jesus loves me.'"

"He goes to Sunday-school, then?" said mother Jean, and Tom pricked up his small pink ears.

"Oh, yes, indeed," said the conductor proudly.

"What church do you belong to?" was the next gentle question.

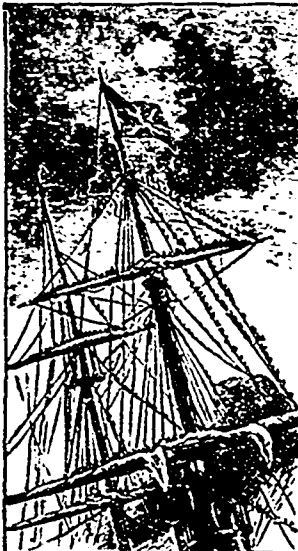
"Well, I don't belong to any church myself; you see I'm a rough man and I lead a pretty hard life, but I want my wife and children to have the best of everything, and it won't be my fault if they don't have it."

"Don't you think," asked his new acquaintance, "that the very best thing they could have would be the comfort of knowing that you were a Christian? that in all your dangers and hardships you were one of those for whom all things work together for good? Could you possibly give them any blessing as great as that?"

Little Tom found himself set softly down in his mother's lap. Newmarket station was in sight, but the conductor bent his tall head and said with much feeling: "Thank you, madam, I never thought of that before."

Then he went forward to his place, and I knew by the look on mother Jean's face that she was praying for him, that the little seed might not be caught away.

"We cannot escape history"—Lincoln.



THE SAND-MARTIN.

THE STOLEN PICE.

A little Hindu boy was running along the road shuffling his feet in true boy fashion. Suddenly his toe struck something hard in the sand, and the force of the blow brought out six pice (money to the value of three cents) from their hiding-place. The boy's bright black eyes grew still more shiny as he viewed the treasure. He did not wonder about the pice being there, because he saw some little children of a rich neighbour playing in the sand as he was on his way home from school.

He knew that the pice must belong to them, but he also knew that on the next day would be the village market, and with those six pice he could purchase enough sweetmeats to satisfy even the most troublesome of "sweet teeth," as we call them in America. So he quickly tied up the pice in a corner of his cloth, and turned about and ran home as fast as he could. He was afraid that his brother or his mother might discover the

all its precious contents was wasted. Into the childish mind flashed the thought, "This is my punishment for taking those pice." That week they ate dirty salt with their rice, and had no fish or greens at his house, because the mustard oil with which they would have fried had been spilled.

The boy is now a Christian young man, but has not forgotten his lesson learned when but a child, and a Hindu child at that. God manifests himself among the heathen.

CATCHING A THIEF.

A well known police officer gives in the Detroit Free Press an experience of his boyhood. We do not wonder that he remembers it:

"My first experience as a thief-catcher," said the detective, as he smiled softly to himself, "came when I was a young lad on my father's farm. My father kept a large number of chickens, of which he was extremely proud, as they were high

What the Little Shoes Said.

When the little shoes
standing by the bed
They suddenly began to talk
And this is what they said

We're just as tired as we can be,
We've been most everywhere,
And now our little master rests—
It really is not fair.

He's had his bath, and sweetly sleeps
T'wixt sheets both cool and clean
While we are left to stand outside,
Now don't you think it mean?

We've carried him from a morn till night,
He's quite forgot that's plain,
While here we watch, and wait, and wait,
'Till morning comes again

And then he'll tramp and tramp, and tramp
The livelong summer day,
Now this is what we'd like to do—
Just carry him away.

Where he could never go to bed;
But stay up all the night,
Unwashed, and covered o'er with dust—
Indeed 'twould serve him right."
—Our Little Men and Women.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 17, 1900.

A MEDICINE MAN IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY REV. J. B. McCULLAGH.

There is no doubt Hadagim Shimolgit is the most realistic specimen of the Indian medicine man I have yet seen. He is also generally supposed to practice the Black Art. I always feel it a solemn thing to preach the Gospel to this man. It is not often, however, that we find him at home on Sundays. I am told he watches for our coming and disappears beneath the floor) on our approach.

Believing that I preach to his wife and children, sometimes to the children alone, I went to his home. Just fancy his going into a hole in the earth to evade hearing the Gospel, and the Gospel reaching him even in his hiding-place. This afternoon he chose to remain among his family above ground, sitting back in a heap of furs and dirty blankets with his eyes closed. After holding a short service, we were about to leave, when he asked us to stop a moment and hear what he had to say:

Chief McCullagh, no man ignores the fact, it is so, indeed it is rather so, that there be peace to-day up and down this village it is owing to your presence among us. We are a hard lot; we are an unaddressed skin, the perfection of hardness. But, by dint of scraping and rubbing, our women soften the hardest skins and make moccasins of them, soft and easy to wear. And so it is with us and you, you have been rubbing and scraping us with the Malasha (Gospel) for many years, and I think we are beginning to feel it; I think we are getting softer. Therefore, do well what you do, chief, keep on scraping us and you will make moccasins of us for the Chief on high. My say is finished."

We were not a little astonished at this unlooked-for testimony of Hadagim

Shimolgit to the power of the Gospel. His name in English means "Bad Chief," and he looks it, a stranger need hardly inquire it.

I remember saving his life in a peculiar way seven or eight years ago. It came to my knowledge that one Shabalm Neug was going to kill him on the supposition of his having caused the death of a relative by necromancy, and poor Hadagim Shimolgit was only safe in the sudatory. As this state of things could not go on for many days without ending tragically, I sent up four stalwart fellows from the mission and kidnapped Hadagim Shimolgit, keeping him in close custody for more than a week, until I talked Shabalm Neug into a better mind. He has never forgotten what I did for him.—Missionary Gleaner.

A BRAVE INDIAN.

A North American Indian, well known as a most terrible warrior, one day happened to call upon a missionary, and heard him reading the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." The Indian said, "Read it again." It was read again. He reached out his hands and said, "My hands are covered with blood; can I become a Christian?"

With tears running down his cheeks the missionary told him the story of Christ, the Saviour of the world; and then, to test him, he said, "Let me cut your hair." The Indian always wears a scalp lock for his enemy when he is on the warpath. "Yes," said the Indian, "I am in earnest; if I can be a follower of Jesus Christ, I can suffer anything."

His hair was cut. His men jeered at him, and called him a fool. It stung him almost to madness. He rushed home and threw himself on the floor.

His wife, who was a Christian, put her arms around his neck, and said, "Yesterday no man in the world could call you 'coward.' Cannot you be as brave for Him who died for you?"

He afterward said, "My wife lifted me onto my feet." I have known many brave servants of Christ, but none, I think, more devoted to him than that man, who, I verily believe, was brought to Christ by hearing that one passage of Scripture.—Bible Society Gleanings.

THE COLONEL'S HERO.

BY MARTHA GRAHAM.

It was the most delightful place to spend the summer, just on the shore of one of Muskoka's prettiest lakes. Tim Hartwell and Frank Martin were having a glorious time. There was sailing and canoeing and swimming and fishing and picnics—and the Colonel. The boys thought he was the best of all. He boarded in the same house as they did—a big, cool, summer-house, with deep verandahs facing the lake and with rocks behind—and he was always helping the boys with their sports. He taught them to dive off the wharf, where the water was so deep, and even dropped an occasional ten-cent bit in just to see them all disappear with a splash after it, and come up again spluttering and gasping. In such cases Tim was generally the winner, for Tim could beat any boy on the lake shore in aquatic sports. Then the Colonel would take them fishing or sailing in his big yacht with its great bulging white sails. And on rainy days! Why, he would sit on the verandah by the hour, and tell the most wonderful stories, all about his life in India, and such delightful tales of British soldiers, until every boy wanted to do some brave deed right then and there.

"He's a dandy, ain't he, now?" asked Tim, rolling over on the grass one hot afternoon, as the Colonel's straight, stalwart figure appeared upon the verandah. "Don't you remember that story he told us fellows last night about the boy who saved the flag? My! I'd like to do some brave thing like that!"

"That's what Phil Hamilton said," answered Frank, "and the Colonel said that if a fellow was really brave he'd be sure certain to find a chance to show it."

"Did he? Well, I wish I had a chance. I often wish when we're diving off the wharf, or swimming round the canoe, that some fellow would go down, not enough to hurt him, you know, but just enough to scare the folks on shore a little, and I'd pop in and save him!"

"Yes," sighed Frank, "it would be jolly to save somebody's life or something like that. My! wouldn't the Colonel be proud if you did that!"

"Well," exclaimed Tim, sitting up resolutely, "I'm going to watch for a chance to do something, and may be it will come. The Colonel said I was the best swimmer of the whole crowd, and I'd just love to show him what I could do. I'll watch for a chance."

"Me, too," responded his friend.

"Maybe we'll both be heroes, Tim, before we leave Muskoka!"

So the boys planned to do some great deed, and the golden opportunity came at last in a most unexpected manner.

One morning the Colonel was stretched upon the grass near the water with his morning paper. He was hidden from sight by a clump of trees, and could not see the water, but he heard "his boys," as he called them, splashing round like so many ducks. Two or three of them waded near the shore and the Colonel could hear their voices distinctly though they spoke low.

"It would be the biggest lark out," one of them was saying. "There's just eight of us, that's plenty to look after an old boat like that. We could sneak it off before daylight."

"Hurrah, this is the best fun we've had yet. I say, Martin and Hartwell, come here, you fellows!" cried another.

"What is it?" cried Tim, come up out of the water with a splash.

"We're going to get up early in the morning and make off with old Peter Cull's fishing boat. We can take it up the creek and hide it in the reeds and then watch him hunt for it! Imagine him going round growling and saying, 'Now, whar in the land o' creation is the crater, thim'?"

The boys burst into a roar of laughter over this perfect imitation of old Peter's manner.

"Goody!" cried Tim. "We'll have to sit up all night, for the old chap gets up at all hours. You'll come, Frank?"

"I—well, it seems kind of mean, don't you think?" asked Frank hesitatingly.

"Pshaw, such a booby!" cried one big boy. "You ain't afraid, I hope, Martin?"

"Afraid?" cried Frank, angrily.

"Well, I guess hardly. I can go anywhere you can, Alf Peters, so I'll be with you!"

If Frank and Tim could have seen the Colonel's face just then they would have been sorry.

"Well, that's settled," continued Alf.

"There's eight of us, and—"

"No, there's not eight, either," said Jack Maybrook, who was sunning himself on a rock near by. "Don't count me, please."

"Why? What's the matter with you? You scarey, too?" came from several voices.

"No, I'm not scared," replied Jack quietly, and the boys knew that Jack was not easily frightened, "but I think it would be mean, and I won't do a mean trick, so now!"

"Bah, Boo-Hoo!" "Poor 'itty sing!" cried several.

"Are you scared you'll get caught?" asked Alf.

"We promise not to tell on you if we're found out," sneered another.

"Oh, come on, Jack. It's only a little fun!" cried Frank in a half-hearted way.

Jack kept his temper admirably. He dived off the rock, swam under water, and came up with a splash.

"No, I'm not going. I like fun just as much as anybody," he said as soon as he got his breath. "But old Peter earns his living by getting fish, and I'd just as soon steal his money as take his boat away."

The Colonel rose and stole away on tip-toe through the trees. He had no right to listen, he knew, but he had forgotten that for a few moments in his interest. "That boy's made of the stuff they manufacture heroes from," he said to himself, as he walked up the verandah steps.

Frank and Tim were almost late for tea that evening. They were fortunate enough to sit at the Colonel's table, and they slipped into their places hurriedly for fear they might miss one of his stories.

The conversation turned upon the subject nearest the boys' hearts. The gentlemen were talking about brave deeds. Mr. Reynolds, a young man down at the other end of the table, told a story of a boy of twelve who saved his sister from drowning at the risk of his life.

The boys looked at each other. If they only had such a chance!

"Well," said the Colonel in his deep voice, "I saw a very brave deed done by a boy to-day." Every eye was turned upon the speaker, and Tim and Frank stopped eating. Had some one got ahead of them?

"It was a case of moral courage," went on the Colonel, "which always needs more pluck than mere physical bravery. This little chap stood out against seven of his companions and positively refused to join them in playing a prank upon an old man because he felt it was mean. I was an eavesdropper during the whole conversation, I must confess, but I was so interested that I quite forgot my position until too late. That little fellow is the making of a real hero!"

You should have seen the faces of the two would-be heroes! They sat and ate their supper without being able to tell the difference between salt and lemon-ade! There were several remarks made upon the Colonel's story, and then a lady next Frank launched into a long tale of her brother's heroism in the Northwest Mounted Police. But the boys did not hear one word. They dared not look at the Colonel, and the only thing they wanted to do was to get under the table, which, of course, was impossible. They slipped away after the meal to meet the other five at the wharf, where they were to make the final arrangements about old Peter's boat. As they left the house Jack came bounding across the lawn and the Colonel called to him. There was a crowd of men on the verandah, and they could hear them laughing and talking with Jack, while the Colonel had his hand on the boy's shoulder. Frank and Tim looked at each other as much as to say, "It might have been us," and ran as fast as they could to the wharf.

It was quite evident that the meeting did not accomplish its object, for when the Colonel retired to his room that evening he found a rather badly-written note on his dresser. It read as follows:

"Dear Colonel Harding:

"We, the undersigned, want to tell you that we were in that crowd this morning, but I guess you know that, and we don't intend to have anything to do with old Peter's boat, nor none of the fellows don't, and they want you to know, and we are sorry that we ain't heroes.

"Signed for the crowd,
"Timothy Hartwell,
"Franklin Martin."

Well, the Colonel was just as kind as he could be about it, and treated them all the same as usual. But the boys never forgot their mistake. Frank and Tim are still striving to be heroes, so you may hear of them again some day.—The Westminster.

AN IDOL SWEATING IN CHINA.

This year, in the first month, on the fifteenth day, at Nam-Fong market, some people saw an idol sweating. They wiped the idol's face dry with paper, but in two hours it was again covered with perspiration. They told this in the market, and many went to see this wonder, and the fame of the idol increased, and everybody thought there would be some great calamity happen in Nam-Fong.

There was in the market one man who believed in the true God. His name is Eo-A-gnon. When he heard the story, he said, "I will go and see if this idol really sweats." He found that last year, in the twelfth month, the priests of the temple noticed that the idol required to be repainted. To prepare it for repainting they steeped it in the river for three days, then washed it, and afterward repainted it.

Some twenty days after this they carried the idol out into the streets for an airing. The idol was exposed for a long time to the hot sun, and this caused the water to come to the surface and burst through the fresh paint. This was the perspiration which astonished every one, and made them say, "That proves the idol is living."

Eo-A-gnon published an account of what he saw, and added: "Idols are made of wood, or gold, or brass, or sometimes stone; they are all made by man, and how can they bless men? You, my fellow-villagers, must not believe this false thing. You should worship God. God is the Father of everybody. He has the power to bless man. If you have God's doctrine in your heart you will be blessed."—Messenger.

WAGES AND WHISKEY.

The young man who thinks he can afford to take two or three glasses of beer or whiskey each day and never miss the sum he spends, would do well to reckon up how much these drinks would amount to in the course of a year.

Some years ago, three young men in Columbus, O., carpenters by trade, engaged to work for a builder, promising to stay with him until a certain piece of work was completed. They were to receive the same wages, and were to draw them as they chose. The work lasted from spring until Christmas. On the final settlement, one of the young men, who frequented the tavern, and was a pretty hard drinker, found a balance to his credit of \$2.50. The second, who was a somewhat more moderate drinker, had \$11; the third, who was a teetotaler, had \$150. The first and second were very sooty clothes, and were in debt. The third had a good suit and no debt. Surely total abstinence pays!

The Schoolroom.

BY NELLIE HANKIN.

A messenger will come some day,
And whisper in your ear,
While you are sitting at your desk,
And no one else can hear.
Then you will rise and go away,
Nor will permission ask,
The teacher sees and knows of him
Who takes you from your task.

And on your desk the book you left
The children next day see,
Your pencil lying in the place
Where it was wont to be;
They miss you for a few short days,
And speak in soft tones low,
Of how you left your desk and book,
And loved them always so.

If by your acts and selfish looks,
You spoil their happy play;
And children say how glad they are,
That you have gone away.
And some bright day a scholar new
Will sit down in your place,
And brush your books, now old and gray,
From every dusty trace.

There myriad voices mingle still,
Crying and laughing too,
The work and play, the love and hate,
These drown all thought of you,
Save in some loyal, loving heart,
Always kind, warm, and true,
And school begins another term,
With classes formed anew.
Barrie, Ont.

PROMOTED.

A Story of the Zulu War.

BY SYDNEY WATSON.

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**CHAPTER VIII.
ON THE MARCH.**

The success of Corporal, or Sergeant, Harris, as we must now call him, and the complete information he had been able to supply as to the suggested route, hastened the departure of the regiment, and a general order was issued to march on the following Monday for the seat of war.

How eager those fellows were; how they burned to revenge the deaths of many of their comrades of other regiments; how intensely they seemed to despise the very idea that there could be any pluck or prowess among their sable enemies; how, both in bragging speech and song, they allowed no loophole for Zulu courage or skill; all this and much more might be gathered if one listened for a few moments at the door of the canteen; and on Saturday night, as song after song arose, none seemed to be more enthusiastically sung or encored than a slightly altered version of "We've beat the French before, boys," etc., for now in the wildest excitement they sang—

"We've beat the blacks before, boys,
And so we can again."

Presently their mood changed; they would have something quieter, and Willy Wilson was called upon, amid thunderous applause; and as he stood up his voice quivered ever so little as he sang, amid perfect silence, "The love that came too late." As Sergeant Harris, thinking of all that had happened during the last two months, and especially the last few days, stood alone in the quadrangle, and the sweet refrain came floating to his ears—"The love that came too late,"—he looked up, and forgetting all else save his own great joy and peace, he murmured—"Dear Lord Jesus, how can I thank thee for thy love, which found me before it was too late? Oh, bless these dear fellows; may the solemnity of this time help them to seek thy redeeming love, ere it be too late."

Early on Monday morning all was astir, and by nine o'clock all was ready for marching, and the band playing "Bonnie Dundee," while the men, mostly very young—mere lads—with exultant hearts and hopes centred more on military glory than anything else, gaily marched on. Who can describe a military march to the seat of war? Who can tell all the varied emotions of the men? Who can enumerate the thousand and one shifts that have to be made, or note the various amusing as well as touching scenes attending the days that intervened between barrack and field?

Then what a country this was through which they passed! How unlike "Old England." Here are no hundreds of miles of fertile fields, or huge towns, with smoke-cloud ever hovering over them, and rising from their hundreds of lofty chimneys. No sweet, smiling, picturesque hamlets or villages, nestling in the hollow between two grassy downs;

while tiny mission hall, chapel, or church, dot the varied scenes with thoughts of hope and heaven.

Here all was different; wild and rugged often, with a wildness peculiar to itself, and foreign in its type; or with malarious marshy tracts, where fever lurked, and wild beasts and poisonous reptiles lay in cruel watch; or, again, where in silent dignity, waving their spreading arms, those "forest kings" grandly reared their heads, as if watchfully guarding the hidden recesses of those mighty woods.

Every ear, too, was constantly alive to every new sound, for who could tell where, ambushed, some Zulu horde might be ready to attack, or harass, Cossack-like, the march of the men! Then the mid-day and the evening halts; what wild fun there was among the men. How intensely they enjoyed foraging for food! A pig hunt was a source of almost endless sport, first because of its immediate fun, then the luxury of the fresh-cooked meat; and last, but not least, the merry joke and banter that went on afterwards over the deer accidents and wild escapades which were often the attendants, or results of these porcine raids.

The utmost care was employed by the doctors and superior officers to prevent excesses and carelessness that might result in sickness and fever among the thoughtless fellows under their care. And now at last it is known that in all probability, by mid-day to-morrow, they will be on the field of battle. They are told that already the war is raging with terrible fury, and that they must be prepared to plunge right into the fight.

There were some very solemn mo-

ments on that last night before the battle; somehow, no one suggested song, and after the tents were pitched and the evening meal had been finished, and the horses attended to, one and another took writing materials and commenced to pen letters, in case there should be an opportunity of sending them from the seat of war, or else—solemn thought—if found among their baggage, if numbered with the dead, they might be sent home to their friends.

Sergeant Harris, we have said, was an orphan; he had no one that he felt particularly he could or should write to; but he helped a few others who were not so ready with the pen; taking the opportunity to speak a word for "the Master."

But presently he was alone, and, taking his Testament from his pocket, he commenced to read. Opening at Philipians, his soul was filled with wonder and rejoicing, as he read on in the first chapter, till he came to the twentieth verse, and read: "According to my earnest expectation and my hope, that in nothing I shall be ashamed, but that with all boldness, as always, so now also Christ shall be magnified in my body, whether it be by life, or by death. For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

And what of Captain Morgan all this time? He has grown moody and reserved, so unlike his own bright, merry self; and to-night he, too, takes the old Book, and as he thinks of loved ones at home, whom he never may see again, and as he remembers that his own soul may have to stand within the next twenty-four hours before God, he kneels and prays as he never prayed before. Surely the angels in heaven listened as this prayer rose from lips and heart sincere and simple as a child—educated, noble, manly as he was—"Oh, God! I don't understand how to frame my prayer to thee; I want this 'life,' I want to know my sins pardoned; I want to serve thee, and to lead others to this 'life.' Thou hast said I am to come to thee just as I am; this I am doing as best I understand how, I am a sinner, but thou art a Saviour." Then he paused, overcome with emotion, as he heard his name called in an inquiring tone. Rising from his knees, and wiping his tear-stained face, he drew back the canvas screen of his tent, outside of which he found Sergeant Harris, who said—

"I beg your pardon, Captain Morgan, but I felt, if you did not mind, I should like to speak to you."

"Come in, Harris; come in, my man, surely God sent you at this time." Then taking a seat opposite to him, the captain continued: "Harris, ever since you talked with me about my soul, I have been wretched; I feel lost, undone, and—"

"Praise God!" broke in Harris joyfully; "praise God! you know yourself. Now, sir, he will soon show you himself."

"Yes, Harris, when you came to my tent I had just been praying; I have told God I needed his salvation, and now I feel as if I had come to the end of a road, or where it is blocked; I cannot get any farther, and I don't know what to do."

"Well," said Harris, "I am glad you have got into the right road. It is the right road when you know you are a sinner; and what you call 'the block at the end of the road,' is just this great salvation which God has put there for you, and that is the only point of the road where he could put it for you to take it—just when you had come to an end of yourself. Now, sir, what you want to do is to take the gift. It's an old, old text, sir, but it is not, and never can be, worn out. Shall we read it together, sir? Here it is, sir, John's Gos-

pel, 3rd chapter, 36th verse—'He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life.' Do you believe on the Son? Were your sins laid upon him? Did he mean your salvation when he cried, 'It is finished?'

Then very quietly, with the look of the deepest intelligence, and in a voice trembling with suppressed internal excitement, Captain Morgan, at this juncture, rose, and looking up, said, "Lord, I believe."

Whatever possessed Harris he never knew, but he burst into joyous song, singing out, clear and distinct,—

"Hallelujah! 'tis done; he believes on the Son,
He is saved by the blood of the Crucified One."

Then, very quietly, Captain Morgan said, "I cannot thank you enough, Harris, for your faithfulness, but now I think I would like to be quite alone. God bless you! good night!" And, with a hearty grip of the hand, they parted.

(To be continued.)

A BOY WHO RECOMMENDED HIMSELF.

John Brent was trimming his hedge, and the "snip," "snip," of his shears was a pleasing sound to him. In the centre of a wide, smoothly kept lawn stood his residence, a handsome, massive modern structure, which had cost him not less than ninety thousand dollars.

"A close, stingy old skinflint, I'll warrant," some boy is ready to say. No, he wasn't. He trimmed his own hedge for recreation, as he was a man of sedentary habits. His shabby clothes were his working clothes, while those which he wore on other occasions were both neat and expensive; indeed, he was very particular, even about what are known as the minor appointments of dress.

Instead of being stingy, he was exceedingly liberal. He was always contributing to benevolent enterprises and helping deserving people, often when they had not asked his help.

Just beyond the hedge was the public sidewalk, and two boys stopped opposite to where he was at work.

"Halloa, Fred! That's a very handsome tennis racket!" one of them said. "You paid about seven dollars for it, didn't you?"

"Only six, Charlie," was the reply. "Your old one is in prime order yet. What will you take for it?"

"I sold it to Willie Robbins for one dollar and a half," replied Fred.

"Well, now, that was silly," declared Charlie. "I'd have given you three dollars for it."

"You are too late," replied Fred. "I have promised it to Willie."

"Oh! you only promised it to him, eh? And he's simply promised to pay for it, I suppose? I'll give you three dollars cash for it."

"I can't do it, Charlie."

"You can if you want to. A dollar and a half more isn't to be sneezed at."

"Of course not," admitted Fred; "and I'd like to have it, only I promised it to Willie."

"But you are not bound to keep your promise. You are at liberty to take more for it. Tell him that I offered you as much again, and that will settle it."

"No, Charlie," gravely replied the other boy, "that will not settle it—neither with Willie nor with me. I cannot disappoint him. A bargain is a bargain. The racket is his, even if it hasn't been delivered."

"Oh, let him have it," retorted Charlie, angrily. "Fred Fenton, I will not say that you are a chump, but I'll predict that you'll never make a successful business man. You are too punctilious."

John Brent overheard the conversation, and he stepped to a gap in the hedge, in order to get a look at the boy who had such a high regard for his word.

"The lad has a good face, and is made of the right sort of stuff," was the millionaire's mental comment. "He places a proper value upon his integrity, and he will succeed in business because he is punctilious."

Two months later John Brent advertised for a clerk in his factory, and there were at least a dozen applicants.

"I can simply take your names and residences this morning," he said. "I'll make inquiries about you, and notify the one whom I conclude to select."

Three of the boys gave their names and residences.

"What is your name?" he asked, as he glanced at the fourth boy.

"Fred Fenton, sir," was the reply. John Brent remembered the name and the boy. He looked at him keenly, a pleased smile crossing his face.

"You can stay," he said. "I've been suited sooner than I expected to be," he added, looking at the other boys and dismissing them with a wave of his hand.

"Why did you take me?" asked Fred in surprise. "Why were inquiries not necessary in my case? You do not know me."

"I know you better than you think I do," John Brent said, with a significant smile.

"But I offered you no recommendations," suggested Fred.

"My boy, it wasn't necessary," replied John Brent. "I overheard you recommend yourself."

But as he felt disposed to enlighten Fred, he told him about the conversation he had overheard.

Now, boys, this is a true story, and there is a moral in it. You are more frequently observed and heard and overheard than you are aware of. Your elders have a habit of making an estimate of your mental and moral worth. You cannot keep late hours, lounge on the corners, visit low places of amusement, smoke cigarettes and chaff boys who are better than you are, without elder people making a note of your bad habits.

How much more forcibly and creditably pure speech, good breeding, honest purposes and parental respect would speak in your behalf!

Anxious Passenger—"I say, my man, is that boat going up or down?" Riverside Loafer—"Well, she's a leaky old tub so I shouldn't wonder if she was goin' down. Then, again, her bilers ain't none too good, so she might go up."

Agent—"I think I can sell this place for you, but I can't get the \$5,000 you ask. You'll have to take \$4,998." Owner—"That's queer. Why should the extra \$2 stand in the way?" Agent—"My customer is a woman."



"THEY BORE OUR HERO BOUND AND BOUND THE QUADRANGLE."

Lines on the Twenty-third Psalm.

BY REV. JOSEPH PARSONS.

The Lord is my Shepherd he careth for me,
 And daily his kindness abundant I see;
 My food he supplies with hisountful hand,
 No goodness denies, while I faithfully stand.
 Protecting from danger he scatters my foes,
 His mercies attend me, on him I repose:
 I'll trust him forever, my Shepherd and Friend,
 He leaveth me never, but saves to the end.
 He giveth me peace, and he makes me lie down,
 In beautiful pastures, where pleasures abound,
 Beside the still waters he leadeth me forth,
 And blesses with grace of unspeakable worth.
 My soul he restored from sin's evil way,
 Prevents me from falling, lest I go astray
 In righteousness path, for his precious name's sake,
 He leadeth me gently, his blessings to take.
 His presence with courage inspires each breath,
 And dissipates fear in the valley of death.
 His rod and his staff are a comfort to me,
 They cause me to triumph, and confident be.
 Though sorrows dark shadow my way
 May surround,
 It shall not dismay me, my joys shall abound.
 Though darkness encompass my soul for awhile,
 His presence shall cheer me and cause me to smile.
 Light, light, in death's valley to me shall be given;
 My Shepherd will guide me and lead me to heaven.
 A table prepared in my enemies sight,
 Gives pleasure and gladness and fits with delight.
 Thou anointest my head, my cup overflows;
 The oil of thy kindness dispelleth my woes.
 Thy goodness and mercy, throughout my life's days,
 Shall follow and bless me and gladden my days,
 And I of thy goodness forever will tell;
 And ever, yea, ever, in thy house I will dwell
 Petlitcodiac, N.B.

A JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

We read in our lesson for February 25 that Jesus went into the synagogue and stood up to read. The scene must have been much like that shown above. According to Jewish custom the synagogue should be built on the most elevated ground available, for no house was allowed to overtop it. Where a commanding site could not be found, a tall pole rose from the roof, the rude introduction to our church spires, rendering the building conspicuous. It was also deemed desirable to have the synagogue built outside the town or city, by the river side, that the worshippers might be undisturbed by the noise of the city, and that they might have the use of pure water for immersions and other religious ceremonies. Sometimes they were erected near the tombs of famous rabbins or holy men. The congregation was divided the men on one side and the women on the other—by a low partition five or six feet high running between them. In modern synagogues, as shown in our cut, the separation is made even more complete by placing the women in a low side gallery, where they may hear the service but are often completely screened from view by lattice-work. In oldest times the people probably stood in the synagogues, or sat upon the floor. But armchairs, or seats of honour, were furnished for the elders, the doctors of the law, etc. They were placed in front of the ark containing the law, or at the Jerusalem end. There these distinguished persons sat with their faces to the people, while the congregation stood facing these honourable men and the ark. Beside the rostrum, or platform, there was a reading desk on which the sacred scrolls were laid. The above picture shows the elder unrolling one of these cherished scrolls, while the solemn, dark faces around him wait in reverence for the reading of a section of the Law. Linen or silk wrappers, often adorned with letters or other ornaments of gold and silver were wrapped round these scrolls, and they were kept in the wooden chest or ark. A perpetual light burns in the synagogue, and an alms-box is always to be found near the door. From the time the prayer of its dedication is

uttered, the synagogue is a consecrated place, and regarded with reverence by the Jew, who is not allowed to enter it without first ridding himself of anything that would be defiling, nor may he ever pass through it as a short cut.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON VIII.

FEBRUARY 25, 1900.

JESUS REJECTED AT NAZARETH.

Luke 4. 16-30. Memory verses, 17-19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He came unto his own, and his own received him not.—John 1. 11.

OUTLINE.

1. Coming to His Own, v. 16-21.
2. His Own Receive Him Not, v. 22-30. Time.—About the beginning of A.D. 28. Place.—Nazareth.

LESSON HELPS

16. "Brought up"—Trained in youth.

employed to take care of the synagogue; a sort of sexton and class leader and Sunday-school superintendent in one.

21. "Began to say"—Said at length, and with great beauty, what is here put into a single sentence.

22. "All bare him witness"—Every-body acknowledged. "Gracious words" Words of grace, of beauty and eloquence. "Is not this Joseph's son"—Just at this point it is evident that the audience took offence at the Saviour, for his next utterance was a gentle reproof.

23. "Heal thyself"—That is, do for your own people what we have heard you have done for others.

24. "No prophet is accepted in his own country"—"Familiarity breeds contempt."

25, 26. "Elijah"—Elijah. "Of Sidon"—This phrase shows that the widow was a Gentile, not a child of Abraham. Read the full story in 1 Kings 17.

27. Read the story of Naaman in 2 Kings 5.

28-30. Wicked men cannot bear a close application of the moral truths they admire. "The hill whereon their city was built" has one or two steep declivities down which he might have been flung. "Went his way"—Having made his enemies powerless, probably by a glance of his hitherto restrained majesty.

What effect had these words on the people?

What did they do with Jesus? How did he escape?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

What in this lesson are we taught about—

1. The duty of public worship?
2. The fulfillment of Scripture?
3. The power of prejudice?

When Sabbath came Jesus went to the service at Nazareth, just as he always did, and they gave him the book or roll, which Isaiah the prophet had written many years before. Now, this book was nearly all about the Saviour, and told



beforehand what the Lord's work would be. Jesus found the place where some especially beautiful things were said of him, and read them to the people, Isaiah said Jesus was to be sent to the poor the broken-hearted, the captive, the blind, and the bruised.

A lecturer on Colorado asked, "Where else in the world will you find in one spot, outside this State, such products as marble, iron, fire-clay, chalk, copper, lead, slate, fruits of all kinds, hemp, flax, all manner of grains, and—but why enumerate them? Where? I say." To which a man in the audience promptly replied, "In my boy's pocket."

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A JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

In Nazareth he had worked as a carpenter. Some of his critics in the synagogue may have had in their home utensils which he had made. "As his custom was"—To this very synagogue he had toddled in infancy, and here had he worshipped in youth. "Synagogue"—The Jewish church, or place for Bible study. "Sabbath day"—That is, the Jewish Sabbath; our Saturday.

17. "The book"—A long roll, like one of our modern wall maps, only that it was smaller, and rolled lengthwise, not breadthwise. "The prophet Esaias"—Isaiah. Very likely each prophecy was made up into a book by itself, for the words were written, not printed, and usually were made very large. The reader always "stood up" on a platform in the middle of the room. The congregation also stood while the Scriptures were read.

18. "The Spirit of the Lord"—(See Isa 61 1. 2.) What Jesus read differs slightly from what we have in the Old Testament. Very likely the record here introduces into the text some phrases our Lord used in his sermon.

19. "The acceptable year"—The year of jubilee (Lev. 25, 3-10), which was a type of the true jubilee of Christ's coming.

20. "Closed the book"—Rolled it up again. "Minister"—Not a pastor or preacher, as with us, but a man who was

HOME READINGS.

- M. Jesus rejected at Nazareth.—Luke 4. 16-30.
- Tu. Another visit.—Matt. 13. 53-58.
- W. The text.—Isa. 61.
- Th. Teaching refused.—John 5. 36-47.
- F. The Son rejected.—Luke 20. 9-18.
- S. Folly of rejecting.—Prov. 1. 20-33.
- Su. "Ye would not"—Luke 13. 24-35.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Coming to His Own, v. 16-21. To what city did Jesus journey? Where did he go on the Sabbath? From what book did he read? What were the words that he read? After reading, what did he do with the book? Whose attention had he secured? What did he then say to the people?
2. His Own Receive Him Not, v. 22-30. How were the people affected by what they heard? What question did they ask? What demand did he say they would make? Where is a prophet not honoured? What did he say about the days of Elijah? To whom only was Elijah sent? Who sent the prophet to Sidon? 1 Kings 17. 8, 9. What is said about lepers in Israel? Who only was cleansed? By what means was the Syrian cured? 2 Kings 5. 10, 14.