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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 18, 1899.

[No. 7

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

This splendid picture shows the magnificent sheep which abound in the more inaccessible regions of the far west of Canada. They are very wary, hard to approach, and so active that they can climb from crag to crag where the hunter's feet can hardly follow. They have majestic heads and huge curling horns which one would think would be greatly in their way in leaping from crag to crag. It is said that some of these sheep have horns so firm and elastic that they can fall over a precipice upon them without receiving injury. It is said to be great "sport" for hunters to follow these animals to their mountain solitude, but we fail to see the fun of doing to death these graceful creatures for mere sport. Of course if they are hunted for food that is another question and is quite legitimate.

We think hunting for sport's sake is an amusement which the higher civilization of the future will see done away with. Lady Florence Dixey, who has killed more game than any woman living, in a leading review deplotes her life-long addiction to such sport. She says her soul has often been wrung with anguish when she saw the eyes of these graceful creatures filled with agony or filmed with the approach of death. In this country we have little of coursing the deer or following the hare or fox. And yet refined and delicate ladies and gallant gentlemen will "ride to hounds," as the phrase goes, chasing the poor, timid hare, a frightened deer, or bedraggled fox for miles; when finally run down the poor creatures are almost torn to pieces by the hounds. Under the humanizing influences of Christian civilization these cruel practices are doomed to extinction. The standing joke about certain sporting circles used to be, "This is a fine day, let us kill something." We hope it will soon be inappropriate.

CHILD LIFE IN JAPAN.

One thing I noticed all the time I was in that country was how much the children lived out of doors. If they were poor, and had no gardens to their homes, they played in the streets; but if they belonged to well-to-do families, there was always a large garden at the rear of the house, where the children and women spend the most of their time. One thing that makes child life so charming is because the children are so well-mannered and polite. I never saw children quarrelling and fighting, even in the very poorest streets of Tokyo.

They always treat each other kindly, and are most deferential to their elders. Politeness and deference to old age is the underlying principle of their religion, and is taught a child from its earliest infancy.

Then, another thing that makes child-life in Japan so pleasant is that the parents so frequently share the children's pleasure. At their New Year, for two weeks the grown people seemingly devote themselves to seeing that the little ones have good times. They dress them in their best, and take them to call on their friends, where they are given sweetmeats and presents.

Then, to be sure, another event that the children all enjoy very much is the festival of the flowers. When the cherry trees blossom and the chrysanthemums and other flowers bloom, the Japanese always have some kind of a

celebration, and as the children are taught to love the blossoms, they enjoy these seasons, but the time you would like best of all is the feast of the dolls which occurs each spring. Every Japanese family of any pretension has a room in which are the family doll heirlooms—dolls which have been in the family for perhaps hundreds of years. Once a year they are brought out and placed on the beautiful lacquered shelves, which every house has made for them, with the doll furniture, which is also preserved. At such times the little girls have tea parties, and for three long, happy days entertain their friends continuously. Then the precious dolls are put away for another twelvemonth. Abbie G Baker, in *The Child's Gem*.

It is only now and then that you can find people who know how to rest.



ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

"CAN THE LIKE OF US GET IN?"

Coming rather late, one stormy afternoon in November, to the place where a children's service was to be held, I was surprised to find a group of little ones standing outside the door in the heavy rain, apparently waiting for something. They were strangers to me, but as I came up three of them ran to me, asking eagerly, "Is there anything to pay to get in?"

"Nothing, dear children," I said, and in the three ran at once.

But two little ragged ones, with bare feet, still lingered outside, till one of them shyly asked me, "Can the like of us get in?"

Glad was I to be able to say, "Oh, yes, all are welcome," and we went in together.

But I had learned a lesson from the children which I hope I shall never forget. They have all been invited to come. They were cold and weary outside, and they wanted to get in. The door was open, and a kind welcome awaited them inside. They kept themselves out by thinking the invitation could not be meant for them—that they were not fit to come in. Here, then, is my lesson: God has, in his infinite love, provided a rich feast, to which he freely and fully invites all. Before God could give you and me—guilty sinners—this full and free invitation, his only begotten Son had to suffer and die in the sinner's stead, in order that he might take away the mighty barrier of guilt that blocked up our way to heaven. Be now there is "boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh" (Heb. 10, 19, 20), and in every outcast who enters, Jesus sees of the travail of his soul and is satisfied.

Jesus, then, wants you to come. The Father is waiting to welcome you. He is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to him and live. The Holy Ghost saith, "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." And God's messengers are sent out to say, "All things are ready come." "Whosoever will let him come." "Whosoever that means you, you will never get a fuller invitation.

Do not think the invitation is not meant for the like of you. Do not let any thought, as that you are not fit to come in, keep you out. The like of you may come in. Jesus "came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance" (Matt. 9, 13) and he has declared "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out" (John 6, 37).

Reader, will you accept the invitation and come just as you are? And come now

In Icy Weather.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

There's a pleasant sound of bell tones
 gently growing, far off flowing:
 Of rain upon the roof, like the patter-
 ing feet of mice,
 Of harp-strings in the casement where
 the wind is lightly blowing—
 But there's no such music anywhere as
 the skates make on the ice!

A-ringing and a-singing while you're
 heeling, while you're wheeling
 A humming and a-thrumming and a
 drumming in a trice
 A-chinking and a-clinking when the outer
 you are feeling
 Oh, there's no such music anywhere as
 the skates make on the ice!

A-chiming and a-rhyming one stroke
 springing, one stroke swinging,
 A-faulting and a-twangling, whirling,
 twirling, twice and thrice,
 A-chaffing and a-laughing all along your
 airy winging—
 Oh, there's no such music anywhere as
 the skates make on the ice!

—The Independent.

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK
 Rev. W. E. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 18, 1899.

JOHN WESLEY.

John Wesley, born June 17, 1703, died March 2, 1791. Methodism dates from the conversion of Wesley in 1738. "It is difficult for us now to realize the heathen condition of England at that time, no language can describe the degradation of the masses of the people. The clergy unwittingly rendered a great service by closing their pulpits against Wesley. Their intolerance, the example of Whitefield and the needs of men drove him into the open air. . . . England has never seen anything like his open-air work. During his itinerancy of half a century, 10,000, 20,000, and even 30,000 people would come together and wait patiently for hours until the great evangelist appeared on horseback upon the scene. He bestowed little labour either upon fashionable localities or upon sparsely populated agricultural districts. He gave his time and strength to neighbourhoods where the working class abounded; hence the mass of his converts were colliers, miners, foundrymen, weavers, spinners, fishermen, artisans, yeomen and day labourers in towns. He never journeyed less than 4,500 miles in one year, he always rose at four and preached at five, as well as two or three times later. Until his seventeenth year all his journeys were done on horseback and he rode sixty or seventy miles day after day, as well as preached several times. Terrible persecutions broke out, and his life was frequently in danger, but he completely outlived all persecution, and the itineraries of his old age were triumphal processions from one end of the country to the other. During the fifty years of his unparalleled apostolate he travelled 250,000 miles, and preached 40,000 sermons."

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

When addressing an audience, Connecticut, I related the following incident.

Mrs. Falkener, who lives a little way from here, gave me some interesting incidents with regard to her son.

"My boy," she said, "was a drunkard, but he promised not to drink any more, and said, 'Mother, I will go away from home, away from the midst of temptation, but I will keep this promise.'"

By and bye, after he had been gone a little over two years, a letter came, saying:

"Mother, I am coming home to spend Thanksgiving with you."

And he came by the stage into the town, which stopped at the door of Solomon Parson's tavern. It was just after dusk. Some young men were at the bar.

"Halloa, Fred!—and how are you? What will you have to drink?"

"Nothing."

"Haven't seen you this long time. But you are looking well and hearty. What will you have?"

"Nothing, thank you."

"Not on Thanksgiving? Come, take a little."

"No, I'd rather not. I have come home to see my mother. She hardly expects me to-night. I thought I'd wait till dark and go in and surprise the old lady."

By-and-bye, Solomon Parsons, who was leaning his elbow on the counter, looked at him and said, "Fred Falkener, if I were six foot tall, and broad in proportion to you are, and yet was afraid of a paltry glass of ale, I'd go to the woods and hang myself."

"But I am not afraid."

"Oh, yes, you are—ha! ha! ha! I say, boys, here's a great big fellow afraid of a glass of liquor. I suppose he's afraid of his mother."

"Well," he said, "I'm going to mother; and I may as well show you that I'm not afraid to drink it."

He drank it; then came another glass; and they plied him with more. Twelve o'clock that night he went into a barn, and was found in the morning—dead.

They brought him to his mother stretched on a plank, with a buffalo robe thrown over the body.

She said to me, "Parsons came, and I said, 'You tempted my boy.'"

"Well, I didn't know it was your son."

"You did! You called him by name; you knew it was Frederick Falkener, the only son of his poor, crippled mother; and you have killed him."

"Mrs. Falkener, I am not used to having such language applied to me."

"God forgive me if I have sinned," said the poor woman, "but I put my hand on the face of my dead boy, and I lifted up my finger, and I cursed him. He went out with a face as white as chalk."

Then I said, "Ladies and gentlemen, Solomon Parsons, the man who tempted Frederick Falkener to his ruin, is in this hall, and he sits right there! and this same Solomon Parsons keeps a grog-shop on the bridge of your city, licensed by the State—Connecticut! Rout him out!" And before twenty-four hours had elapsed, bag and baggage, bottles and demijohns of liquors, furniture, licenses, and all, were carted out of the city.

TEDDY AND THE COWS.

"Come, Teddy," said Mrs. West. "It's time for the cows to come home."

But Teddy was reading a story about a shipwreck, and did not want to be disturbed just then.

"Oh, mother, wait a little while," he said.

But soon a man's face appeared at the window. "Edward, the cows!" said Mr. West, and when he spoke like that, Teddy lost no time in obeying.

Sulkily, he laid down his book and walked through the kitchen, where his mother and sister were cooking the supper.

"I hate cows!" Teddy grumbled, as he walked slowly across the pine floor. "They're a bother, and I wish we didn't have any. I wish nobody had any. Cows are no good, anyway. I hate cows!"

An hour later the cows were safe in the barn, and Teddy was in a better humour. He was hungry, too, after the walk to the meadow and back. A fine round of meat was sizzling on the table, but there was none on Teddy's plate.

"This is beef," said Mr. West. "I did not give you any, because you hate cows." Teddy opened his mouth, and then closed it again without a word.

"I will not give you any butter, Teddy," said Mrs. West, "because we got our butter from the cows, and you hate them so."

Hester poured out the milk for the

others, but to Teddy she gave a glass of water.

"Cows are such a bother," she said, soberly. "I know you don't want any milk."

Teddy looked wistfully at the plate of cheese, but it was passed to every one but him. And, worst of all, when the custards came in, sweet and brown, in their little white cups, Teddy was passed by.

"Of course you wouldn't eat custards, for they are made mostly of milk, and cows are no good," said Aunt Hetty.

Teddy looked as if he would cry.

"I—I haven't had anything to eat," he blurted. "Just bread without any butter, or potatoes and water. I wish I hadn't said those things about the cows."

Everybody smiled then, and no one objected when Hester slyly passed to him a cup of custard.—Youth's Companion.

THE ST. JAMES' METHODIST CHURCH.

The sympathy of our Presbyterian friends in the movement to rescue St. James' church is very gratifying. The Presbyterian Review says:

"We congratulate the congregation of the St. James' Methodist church, Montreal, on the success of the pastor, Dr. Williams, in securing contributions toward the debt to an amount sufficient to warrant the hope that this fine building will be saved to Protestantism. We are glad also that some prominent Presbyterians are lending substantial aid to the enterprise. We trust that Lord Strathcona's gift of \$5,000 may be followed by others proportionately as liberal. When the union of the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches takes place a generation hence it will be a satisfaction for us to feel that we have some share in rescuing this enterprise from failure."

FILLING A BASKET WITH WATER.

An Eastern king was once in need of a faithful servant and friend. He gave notice that he wanted a man to do a day's work, and two men came and asked to be employed. He engaged them both for certain fixed wages, and set them to work to fill a basket with water from a neighbouring well, saying he would come in the evening and see their work. He then left them to themselves and went away.

After putting in one or two bucketfuls, one of the men said:

"What is the good of doing this useless work? As soon as we put the water in on one side, it runs out on the other."

The other man answered:

"But we have our day's wages, haven't we? The use of the work is the master's business, not ours."

"I am not going to do such a fool's work," replied the other, and, throwing down his bucket, went away.

The other man continued his work, till, about sunset, he exhausted the well. Looking down into it, he saw something shining at the bottom. He let down his bucket once more, and drew up a precious diamond ring.

"Now I see the use of pouring water into a basket," he exclaimed to himself. "If the bucket had brought up the ring before the well was dry, it would have been found in the basket. The labour was not useless after all."

But he had yet to learn why the king had ordered this apparently useless task. It was to test the capacity for perfect obedience, without which no servant is reliable.

At this moment the king came up to him, and, as he bid the man keep the ring, he said:

"Thou hast been faithful in a little thing, now I see I can trust thee in great things. Henceforward thou shalt stand at my right hand."—The Sunday Hour.

TWO-FACED EMMA.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

It is strange how much a pout can change a pretty face. Emma Richards was pretty, but if her picture had been taken just then, no one would have thought so.

Emma had been over to see her dear friend, Susie Wood, to stay an hour; and here she was at home before half an hour had gone.

What was the matter?

Emma had taken her doll with her, as little mothers usually do. She found Susie with a new doll just from the city. It could do things Marianna had never even tried to do.

Emma wanted to hold the new doll all the time, and Susie didn't want to give her up all the time. Emma wanted to exchange for good. Then Susie cried, and Emma ran home in a pout.

"What is the trouble?" Mrs. Richards said. "Is this really my little daughter? She looks like some naughty girl instead."

Emma put her finger in her mouth, and pouted still more.

"I want it!" she said.

"Want what, dear?" asked her mother.

"Want Susie's doll—it's prettier 'n mine. It says 'mamma.' Marianna can't say a word. Oh, dear!" she sobbed. Poor Marianna had been forgotten, and hadn't returned with her angry, pouting little mother.

"But, Emma, the new doll is Susie's. If you have her, Susie must go without. Susie's aunt didn't send the doll to a child she had never seen, called Emma Richards, but to her own niece. My little girl mustn't covet. That means you mustn't want things to which you have no right."

"Is it in the 'man'ments, mother?"

"Yes, dear, in the commandments. Now, go away, pouting Emma—come back mother's smiling daughter! Go right over to Susie's, put your arms around her neck and kiss her. She'll know it's all right."

So it was Emma with the pretty face who went back to finish her hour with Susie.

And she came back very happy, bringing Marianna in her arms. "I guess I love Marianna the best, anyway," she said, "cause I'm 'customed to her."

A LIVING ROPE.

Quick thought and prompt action in time of danger have averted many an otherwise fatal accident, as is well illustrated in what came near being a case of drowning last winter. A dozen boys were skating on a pond, when one of them broke through the ice, and the next moment was struggling in the water.

The accident occurred near the middle of the pond. There was no house near to which the boys could run for help; no rope which they could throw to their unfortunate companion, nor yet a pole or stick of any kind. For a minute they stood aghast, huddled together, watching the poor boy's struggles in the icy water, and his futile efforts to hold himself up by grasping the treacherous ice.

Suddenly David Small threw himself, face down, upon the ice, and cried:

"Quick! Shove me up to the edge. John, you lie down and get hold of my feet, and Si, you get hold of his. I'll catch hold of Rob, and when I give the signal, the rest of you fellows grab Si, and haul us out of this."

The brave boy took the post of danger himself, the others followed his directions, and when he had securely grasped Rob, the signal was given. All hands pulled with a will, and the drowning boy was saved.

THE CIGARETTE EVIL.

In a recent issue we gave our readers a glimpse of the cigarette evil among boys in New York. Since that time a vigorous campaign has been instituted and carried on with a degree of success that is encouraging. For instance, in many stores, where tobacco is sold, there now appears a sign giving notice that no cigarettes will be sold to boys, nor to any person under sixteen years of age.

Rev. Dr. Miles has made a tour of part of the city, and reports, however, that many boys still smoke and that to excess. As many as twenty cigarettes a day are accredited to some lean, nervous young creatures. Dr. Miles also says that cigarette smoking is gaining prevalence among the little girls, who steal away to the docks and there smoke cigarettes to their mental and physical hurt. Of this Dr. Miles says:

"To my great surprise I learn that little girls have the habit of cigarette smoking. An intelligent little girl said to me:

"Why, sure, they smoke. They go to a store and say that they want some cigarettes for their father, and they go on to the dock with the boys and smoke."

"The evil of cigarette smoking is most pitiful—the parents as well as the children are wishing that relief might come."

A policeman in speaking to the doctor upon the subject of the habit told of his observation in one incident as follows:

"I arrested a young man some time ago for a crime. As soon as I put my hand on his arm he trembled nervously. He asked me to let him take a whiff to brace him up. When he did so his nerves were steadier for a little while."

Dolly—"Papa, do they get salt out of Salt Lake?" Papa—"Yes, my dear, large quantities."

Dolly—"And ink out of the Black Sea?" Papa—"No; now keep quiet."

Dolly—"Yessir. Are there any women on the Isle of Man?"

Who Bids for the Children.

BY L. A. OBBAR.

Not children of colour; in slave-days,
These grouped by the auctioneer's
stand,
But children of every nation,—
Children of every land,
"Who bids? who bids for the children?
The world will soon be their own,
From the labourer who digs in the
ditches,
To the monarch who sits on the throne,
None but will give place to the children,
As he lays by his shovel or crown."

Then a man in his Maker's image,
Rose up with a brimming bowl,
And cried, "I bid for the children—
Bid for them body and soul;
In behalf of Jatan's kingdom,
With its stains, and guilt, and crime,
I will lead them into the darkness,
Through lanes of sin and slime."

Then up rose temperance workers:
A man with a kingly air;
And each bearing a glass of water—
A woman sweet and fair.
"We bid! we bid for the children!
In behalf of the kingdom of Light,
From the siren snare of the tempter
We will lead them out from the night."

"By paths full of life's sweetness,
By rivers deep and broad,
They shall walk in ways of honour,
By the arch-fiend never trod.
And when we rest from labour,
And the world becomes their own,
They who fought as temperance children,
Shall cast down Bacchus' throne."

A Methodist Soldier

BY

ALLAN-A-DALE.

CHAPTER VIII.

I ENLIST.

Strange and interesting to my raw country senses were the first hours in Winchester. The sight of so many people and so much bustle and confusion was almost bewildering. The following day a great fair opened, and the country folk, anticipating a lively week-end on account of the presence of so many soldiers in the city, had been pouring in all day from ten and twenty miles round. We were fortunate indeed in finding lodgings under the roof of Mr. Ullathorne's friends, for every inn in the place was full.

As Farmer Dunn drove his market-cart slowly down the High Street I had leisure to notice the young people of the city, decked out in their best and making a brave show in my eyes, though the smartest of these were quite eclipsed by the gay colours of the soldiery, of whom there were then more than two thousand quartered in the barracks. While the city people were full of the fair, the soldiers had their own reason for excitement. For weeks past it had been rumoured that British troops were to be sent to the Continent to share in a new campaign against Napoleon. Every day battalions had been marching into Winchester from other depots, making up the strength of regiments which expected to be sent shortly on foreign service, and incessant had been the drilling and small-arms practice of the men at the parade ground.

While we were making our way down the crowded High Street a company of three hundred men came swinging along, dusty and travel-stained, but with drum and fife playing a merry tune and waking the echoes of the old city. The crowds parted readily enough, though the sight was too common for them to pay further attention. It was a far different matter for me. For the first time I saw a disciplined body of soldiers fully equipped. The spark of martial enthusiasm which had been steadily growing brighter in me all that day now kindled to a big flame. How I envied the officers riding at the head of the company, and even the men, stained as they were after their long day's march. Well, it was not long before I made one of such a marching company, and, heigh-ho! many's the time I wished my feet were on the soft turf of Hampshire downs, instead of keeping step on the hard roads of Spain.

Soundly enough we slept that night, waking next morning to the music of bugle calls from the barracks. Breakfast over, we wasted no time in despatching our business, for Mr. Ullathorne was anxious to preach that afternoon to the crowds on the fair ground, and wished

to see me first through the ordeal of enlistment.

So, together, three of us went up to the great barracks, and ascending by the broad path from the gate, came at length to the main building. Here we were asked our business, and directed to an old hall, standing apart on the west side. Later I learned that this ancient building, in which I took my oath to serve his Majesty, was once the chapel of the castle which Oliver Cromwell leveled to the ground, to make way later for the grand mansion of Charles II., and then for the barracks themselves. In this old chapel the assize court of late years had been held, and here also we were told we should find the magistrate ready to swear in recruits.

It was all over sooner than I had expected. The magistrate sat at a table on a raised platform at one end of the room with an officer beside him. Above their heads hung a wooden canopy, once, so legend said, the round table at which sat King Arthur and his knights. Several officers were lounging about the hall, and in one corner stood a group of countrymen under the charge of two or three sergeants. Like myself, they were waiting to be sworn in; but from the sulky appearance of some, I judged that not all had come there as willingly, or truth to say, as soberly as myself. Later I found that not a few of them had "taken the shilling" overnight, little knowing what they were doing, and now regretted their position.

One of these recruits, a big and powerful man, whose head was tied up in a coloured handkerchief, was apparently in the custody of two soldiers, and was less willing to enlist than his comrades, for he made a great disturbance when his turn came to be examined, and swore he had been knocked on the head and pressed against his will. It was doubtless true, but his Majesty was too much in need of men for his officers to be particular how they got them, and so the man's protest was of no avail, and under threat of imprisonment he took the oath with the rest of us. When my turn came the officer was pleased to say that I was a likely sort of a lad, and, being in good humour at finding one genuine volunteer at least in the batch, gave me my liberty for twenty-four hours, with strict injunctions not to get drunk on the bounty money—as most of them unfortunately did.

"'Twas not so terrible, Jim," said my father, as we came away. "Thou bore thyself like a man. I'm glad my son went willingly and not like that poor fellow with the cloths about his head."

"I would we were rid of such methods of enlisting men for his Majesty's service," said the minister. "With what an ill-grace he took the oath. It is a constant marvel to me how loyal our men are, and how well they fight, seeing the manner in which so many are recruited. But I assure you that is nothing to the sights one can see in our seaport towns when the press-gang is at work. If a man have even the look of a sailor, no matter what his occupation, they would impress him into the service, tearing often the husband from his wife, and the father from his family. Truly the horrors of war are not confined to the battle-field."

At the market-square we parted company, Mr. Ullathorne went in one direction to visit the scattered members of his flock, while my father and I wandered in another, looking with unaccustomed eyes on the sights of the city.

(To be continued.)

THE FOOLISH ROSE.

While I was walking in the garden one bright morning a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves a-flutter. Now that is the way flowers talk, so I pricked up my ears and listened.

Presently an elder tree said, "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen, all together, for they were like some children who always say "Why?" when they are told to do anything.

The elder said, "If you don't, they'll gobble you up!"

So the flowers set themselves a-shaking till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose who shook off all but one, and she said to herself: "Oh, that's a beauty. I'll keep that one."

The elder overheard her and called "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you."

"But," said the rose, look at his brown and crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep him. Surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings after I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her; her beauty was gone; she was all but

killed and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dewdrops on the tattered leaves.

"Alas! I didn't think one caterpillar would ruin me."

One sin indulged has ruined many a boy and girl. This is an old story, but a true lesson.

ROMAN AQUEDUCTS.

In all the ages the greatest achievements of civil engineering have been in the construction of aqueducts. Ruins of herculean works are found all over the world; but the Romans outdid all other nations in the art of bringing pure water from the distant mountains.

At one time there were twenty-four aqueducts, some of them with several channels placed one above another on the massive arches, bringing from the hills, and daily emptying into the city, fifty million cubic feet of water.

They twisted about through the mountains, gradually dropping down. Sometimes the water ran through tunnels bored through the mountains; sometimes it was carried in channels lifted high in the air, upon great arches. One of the channels, for more than six miles, was supported by arches a hundred feet high. In another, sixty-three miles in length, there were seven thousand arches.

There were openings for ventilation all the way, and frequent catch basins, into which all the sediment sank, so that when it reached the city the water was even purer than when it left the hills.

There are only three aqueducts at present in use in Rome, but the ruins of ancient aqueducts fill the valley about the city, and there is nothing, even in history, that gives one a better idea of the colossal proportions of the Imperial City in those days when to be a Roman was greater than to be a king.

ICE-HARVESTING.

BY CONSTANCE CONRAD.

Scattered at frequent intervals along the river bank are the great ice houses of the Hudson—square, frame structures of mammoth size—for the most part painted white, with their fields of ice marked out, for convenience, as near them as possible. Some of these ice fields are bordered by beautiful rows of small evergreens, giving an artistic appearance to the river landscape. Others are marked about with leafless branches of trees, or still more prosaic pine railings. But within each field, be it lined with evergreens, bare twigs, or pine boards, is a busy scene. As far as eye can reach the ice is dotted with the black figures of men and horses.

A nearer view gives the first work done toward an ice harvest. Walking slowly up and down a field of ice, the ice man is an ice plough, long and straight, and furnished with sharp teeth, that slowly and steadily saw the ice as they go. Up and down he tramps, his saw sinking deeper each time. Working in the same field, on different lines, are other ice ploughs, so that soon a wide field is marked off, as perfectly as a checker board, into even squares, averaging "thirty-two by twenty-two," as the ice men say, and as thick as zero weather and no thaws can freeze it—nine, twelve, or fifteen inches.

The perfect accuracy in the size and shape of each square seems impossible to even a well-trained eye, but the man with the plough stops long enough to say that all the fields are first marked with a square, and then blocked off by a marker with a guide attached, just thirty-two inches away. The man with the plough follows his mark till he has sawed half through the lines, and then he, in turn is followed by another worker with a large handsaw, with which he saws entirely around and through a small field of ice, often six by ten blocks. As soon as this field is detached it is floated into a canal slightly wider than itself, and begins its journey to the ice house.

These canals are long, open stretches of water, growing steadily narrower, till at the ice house they only accommodate the width of one cake. The length of the canals is governed by the distance necessary to float the ice. When a broad canal is long, it is very necessary that it should be kept open. All day long the constant motion of its surface, produced by the floating cakes, accomplishes the desired end, but on the coldest nights, when the thermometer drops below zero, the canal would become solid ice again, did not a man walk up and down its icy banks all night long, stirring the water with his pole.

To the dwellers on the river bank, the solitary walker, with only the moon and stars or his twinkling lights on a dark

night for company, and the vast frozen world about him, seems an eerie personage as he passes in and out of the shadow of the shore. A sudden thankfulness for warmth and light, and a very human pity for the people who carry the hard ends of life to insure us our comforts, follow the retreating figure of the man who troubles the waters while we sleep.

Visitors to the ice fields often enter a sail on a large floating cake, which the harvesters move with their long poles close to the firm ice, that the voyager may step on without wetting his feet. Quite as safe as a summer steamboat or yacht, with no engine or sail or rudder, the ice cake floats steadily on its way, with only an occasional push from the men with the hooks along its course, till it reaches and passes under a narrow wooden footbridge built over the canal.

On this stand three men, each equipped with a chisel or ring bar. This last is a long, heavy iron bar, named for either end, the large round ring used as a handle, or the broad, sharp chisel-like working end. With their backs to the approaching ice, in even line, they watch for the first row of ice cakes to emerge from the bridge under their feet. When the line is close in sight, down come the three chisel bars simultaneously, and almost as certainly the line of six ice blocks part from the large cake, while another line follows in quick succession.

A short distance further on the canal divides itself into two narrow branches leading to the different runs of the ice house. Into these narrow canals the single lines of cakes are guided by men who snap them apart, while others push them forward with their long hooks. And now the ice cakes have almost reached their destination. At the ends of the smaller canals are the runs from the ice house, long revolving chains and frames, stretching in a steep inclined plane from the open doors of the ice house to the river below, carrying cake after cake up, up, up, till it disappears within the great building, where it is packed away for summer use. As one long line of cakes ascends, an empty frame returns and is reloaded, forming an unending stream of crystal cakes, borne to their destination by the power of the great engine in the room below.

AFRAID OF HER MOTHER.

Little Jessie, only four and a half years old, had been three months at the Children's Home when her mother came to her; but instead of running to meet her, the poor child clung to the deaconess, trembling, and crying, "I ain't going with her! I ain't going with her!" It was only with much coaxing and the promise that she should not be taken away that the mother won her child to come near her.

Another day Jessie was greatly excited with the promise of a trip to the city with a friend. As the deaconess was putting on a clean dress for the journey she said jokingly, "You will come back to us, won't you?" It was enough. The bare suggestion seemed to fill the childish heart with terror, and she declared with tears that she would not go at all. She was finally comforted with the knowledge that Miss J— was "only joking," and that she should "surely, surely come back," and confidence was restored. But how cruel must have been the experiences that taught that sensitive baby heart to forget the instincts of childhood and regard its own mother as an enemy, to be shunned and feared.

The Snow Flakes.

Floating, whirling, drifting,
Strange little specks come down—
Dainty, fairy crystals,
From a distant wonder town,
Out of the dim cloud spaces
That seem so soft and gray;
Are they dust from diamond blossoms
That grow where storm winds play?

I learned a pretty lesson
From the little flying flakes;
One, added to another,
At last a worldful makes,
They are like the little minutes,
Easy to waste, indeed,
But thousands put together
Will give us all we need.

A little girl who is just learning to read short words, takes great interest in the big letters she sees in the newspapers. The other evening, after she had kept her mamma busy reading the advertisements in the newspaper to her, she knelt down to say her prayers. "Lord," she lisped, "make me pure!" Then she hesitated, and went on with added fervour a moment later, "Make me absolutely pure like bakin' powder!"



THE TURTLE.

THE TURTLE.

The turtle's great body is so soft, that it would be sadly off without the thick, heavy shell that covers it all over. It can draw its head and feet under the shell, and be quite safe. So it would seem. But hear what I have to say.

It has many enemies. When it was a very little turtle, and had just come out of the egg, it ran down to the sea, for it lives in the sea, though it was not born there. Its mother laid her eggs in the sand, scooping out a place for them; and they were hatched by the warmth of the sun.

It was a weak little creature in those days, and the rough waves drove it back, and gave it a rude buffet; while the fierce seabirds hovered overhead, ready to pounce upon it, and the wild beasts sought to devour it.

But its greatest enemy was man. As it grew larger, it became fit for food. Its flesh was tender and delicate; and persons in the seaport cities, who were rich and dainty, looked on turtle-eoup as a luxury. So ships were sent out to bring home as many turtles as could be caught.

How do men catch the turtle? They watch for the mother-turtle to come on shore and lay her eggs. She does this in the night, and as secretly as she can. The men hide themselves, and listen till they hear the turtle coming. Then they keep quiet; for, if the turtle heard the least noise, she would hurry back to the sea.

She stands still and listens; and if no sound is heard, she begins to scoop a hole in the sand with her fore-flippers. While she is busy, the men rush upon her, and turn her on her back. Then she cannot help herself, or get up; and her capturers leave her, and go to turn over as many more turtles as they can.

There is another way of catching the turtle. Men go out in a boat, as you see in the picture; and, when a turtle is seen to rise for air, a man who can swim well jumps into the sea, and fastens a rope round the neck or the foot of the turtle. Then the man swims back to the boat as fast as he can, and the crew pull all together, and soon get the turtle on board.

The boat in the picture is called a proa. The head and the stern are both alike. The proas are used by the people of the Ladrones Islands, and are so swift that they can go twenty miles an hour.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

LESSON IX. FEBRUARY 26.

CHRIST AT THE FEAST.

John 7. 14, 28-37. Memory verses, 28-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.—John 7. 37.

OUTLINE.

1. Our Lord, and him that sent him, v. 14, 28, 29.
2. Questions and Criticisms, v. 30-36.

3. The Great Invitation, v. 37.

Time.—Uncertain.

Place.—The temple courts in Jerusalem.

Rulers.—Herod in Galilee; Pilate in Judea.

Connecting Links.

—The "carrying of water" on "the last, the great day of the feast" was one of the grandest ceremonies of the entire Jewish ritual. A procession of priests and pilgrims marched with responsive chanting from the Pool of Siloam to the great altar of burnt offering in the court of the temple. After the water had been poured out as the holy symbol there was a silence, and in the midst of that silence Jesus called out the words of the thirty-seventh and thirty-eighth verses.

LESSON HELPS.

14. "About the midst of the feast"—The Feast of Tabernacles. This may have been our Lord's first appearance in the temple as a public teacher. Every student should carefully read verses 15-27.

28. "Cried aloud with indignation. 'Ye know whence I am'—Christ never made a secret of his earthly origin. 'I am not come of myself'—Because commissioned of God. 'True'—Genuine. 'Whom ye know not'—Because of hardness of heart.

29. "He hath sent me"—Jesus was the direct immediate representative of the Godhead.

30. "No man laid hands on him"—Although they persistently sought his arrest and destruction. "His hour was not yet come"—The hour fixed by the providence of God.

31. "When Christ cometh"—"Christ" is here a title; the anointed One. The question is a negative argument that Jesus is the Christ. "Do more miracles"—That is, can he present more convincing signs of his divinity?

32. "The Pharisees and the chief priests"—This phrase here means the Sanhedrin, which was at once the congress and the general conference of the Jews. This is the first official effort to arrest Jesus, and the endeavour never ceased until the day of the crucifixion. (1) How far toward hell will envy and malice lead men!

33. "A little while"—These words were uttered a few months before the crucifixion. How long a time will Christ, with his offers of salvation, be with us? (2) Let us make good use of time while it is ours.

35. "The dispersed among the Gentiles"—At this time there were more Jews in foreign countries than there were in Palestine. There were three great colonies of them (in Babylon, Egypt, and Syria), and they were represented in almost every country all over the world. "Teach the Gentiles"—Precisely what his apostles afterward did.

37. "That great day"—Nearly all Jerusalem poured into the temple arcades. "Stood and cried"—See Connecting Links. "If any man thirst"—It was burning autumn weather, and the early rains had not yet set in. "Let him come unto me"—Human lips could not utter a more direct assumption of perfect divinity than was expressed in these words, spoken amid such surroundings.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Divided opinion.—John 7. 1-13.
- Tu. Christ at the feast.—John 7. 14-27.
- W. Christ at the feast.—John 7. 28-37.
- Th. Enemies defeated.—John 7. 40-52.
- F. Boldness in teaching.—John 8. 12-20.
- S. Convincing words.—John 8. 21-30.
- Su. Free invitation.—Rev. 22. 13-17.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Our Lord, and Him that Sent Him, v. 14, 28, 29. To what feast does our lesson allude? At what time of the year was this feast held? What did Jesus do? In the midst of his teaching what did he cry out? Why did not the Jews know him that sent Jesus? Who was he?

2. Questions and Criticisms, v. 30-38.

What did the angered people do?

Why did they not succeed? What question did many of the people ask about Jesus?

Who heard of these questions? What measure did they take to arrest him?

What did Jesus say about his going away?

What about seeking and not finding?

What three questions did the Jews ask?

What did they think he intended to do? See John 8. 22.

3. The Great Invitation, v. 37.

What gracious invitation did Jesus give to the thirsty? Golden Text.

On what day was this spoken?

Does it apply to us as well as to ancient Jews?

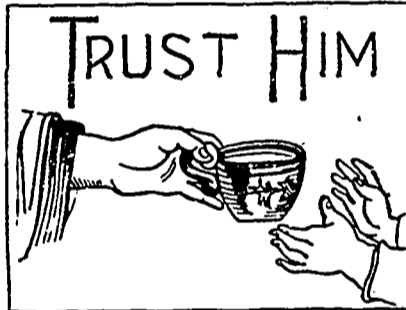
PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. That Jesus knew he came from God?
2. That Jesus knew he must soon die?
3. That Jesus can supply all our need?

Watch the people passing a fountain in a park. There is water enough for all to drink, but only the thirsty ones stop. They know the water will quench their thirst; they want it; they take it.

If, when very thirsty, two persons offered you a drink, one a stranger, who might have poison in his cup, and the other your loving brother, whom would you trust? From which would you take? Do you not know Jesus well enough to trust him, and to take what he will give? Do you want the water of life? We will put "trust" in our lesson chain, and below will spell from



the letters the reasons for trusting Jesus. He is:

- True,
- Ready to save,
- Unchanging,
- Strong,
- Tender.

Do not think that anyone else can help you, can save you, can forgive you, cleanse you, comfort and keep you. Jesus is the only one who can do all this for all who long for help and need it. He says, "If any man thirst, let him come unto me."

AN OBSERVANT CHILD.

It is said that once when Bismarck was leaving home in 1866, his youngest son asked him how long he was to be away. He replied that he did not know. At that moment a servant came in to inquire how many bottles of cognac were to be packed up in the Prince's luggage. "Twenty-four," was the answer. "Ah, papa," cried out the terrible infant, "now I know how long you are to be from home—twenty-four days."

GET INTERESTED.

Why be so wrapped up in yourself like a mud-turtle? If you do a kindness it will return to you and maybe more. How many poor sufferers there are who need your aid. You can smile on them and it will be appreciated. If you are strong, help the weak; God will reward you, for it is written, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." Prayers do not avail if we do nothing for others. Oh, how meagre are the gifts of some people for God's dear helpless ones; our brethren, too, if we are his!

A lawyer, noted for his laconic style of expression, sent the following terse and witty note to a refractory client who paid no attention to reiterated demands for the payment of his bill: "Sir,—If you pay the inclosed bill you will oblige me, if you don't I shall oblige you."



LADY DOLEFUL.

LADY DOLEFUL.

We wonder what has happened to the dog to make her look so doleful. She looks as if she had lost all her friends, doesn't she? Perhaps she is sick, or maybe she is only sulky, and if that is the case she must be a very naughty dog, and a very foolish one to make her face look so sombre.

A Conundrum—Two Spaniards went up in a balloon. The balloon burst. What nationality were they when they came down? "asked the conundrum man. "Give it up."

"One came down a Russian, and the other got tangled up in the telegraph wires and came down a Pole," was the response.

Visitor (at the goal)—"Poor, poor man! May I offer you this bunch of flowers?" Man Behind the Bars—"You've made a mistake, miss. The fellow that killed his wife and children is in the next cell. I'm here fur stealin' a cow."

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