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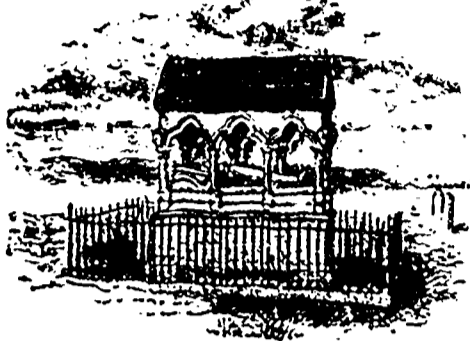
PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, JANUARY 27, 1900.

No. 4.



GRACE DARLING'S TOMB.

GRACE DARLING.

BY ANNIE I. HANNAH.

On one of a rocky group of islands in the German Ocean, some four or five miles from the coast of Northumberland county, England, there lived, about seventy years ago, a little girl. She had no companions save her parents and one brother; and we can imagine her wandering about her ocean-bound home, feeding the water-birds, hunting their eggs, gathering the feathery ferns, after which the group, the Fern or Farno Islands, was called, or mounting, with her brother, the winding stairs to the lantern of the lighthouse of which her father was keeper.

There she must have stood on many a day, looking over the ocean; sometimes under smiling skies, with the water rippling, and lapping gently upon the rocks beneath her; sometimes when a wild storm was dashing the spray half-way up the lighthouse tower, and the gulls flew darting like flashes of lightning over the crests of the raging billows. She must have gloried in the magnificent sight, but I doubt if there ever occurred to her mind the idea, that through such a storm she, the daughter of the Longstone Lighthouse keeper would one day become so famous that her name would be in every mouth. I think not; on the contrary, we are told that she was of a very modest and retiring disposition, and probably thought only of doing her duty which God had plainly given her to do, which at that time was to learn, like other little girls, her daily lessons, and to help her mother in the care of their island home. And so, in faithful attention to these duties, years passed away, till Grace Darling was twenty-two years of age, and the girl had become a brave and noble woman.

One night—it was the 6th of September, 1838—a wild storm broke over the ocean, the waves rose mountains high, the night was pitchy black, and the rain poured down in torrents. In the midst of this terrible tempest, a steamer, going from Hull to Dundee, with sixty-three passengers on board, was wrecked on one of the Farno Islands. There, on that ragged rock, with no help near, with the ocean like a boiling caldron beneath them, the ship broke in two; the stern, where stood the captain and his wife, with many of the passengers, was swept immediately away; but the fore part remained jammed on the rocks. Clinging there for their very lives, expecting every moment to be torn away by the mad waters, nine human beings—all that was left of the large company—passed that horrible night, and there they were discovered, in the early morning light, by Grace Darling, nearly a mile away from the island, with a sea between on which it seemed madness to attempt to launch a boat; and yet the moment her eye caught sight of those sufferers she declared that she must save them. Her father, who was well accustomed to the ocean in all its moods, told her that

it was only casting away their own lives, without the possibility of aiding the shipwrecked crew, and tried with all his power to persuade her to give up so terrible a venture. But she would not listen to him, and declared that if he did not go with her she would go alone; for make the attempt to save those lives she would, though she perished in that attempt.

She was alone with her parents on the island, her brother having gone on business to the mainland before the storm broke. When at last her father found that she was determined, he consented to make the attempt, though with very little hope that either of them would ever return. But God, who holds the

waters in the hollow of his hand, was pleased to crown their effort with success. The terrible journey was begun, the mother helping to launch the boat. With what sensations must she have watched the little craft, so tiny in comparison with the mighty waves, which now lifted it high up into the air, the next moment broke over it, threatening

will it, can it, avoid being dashed to pieces on those terrible rocks, or is that long and toilsome journey, after all, to have been taken in vain?

No, not in vain, the wreck is reached at last, and one after another, those stiffened hands are unclasped and the wretched sufferers drop, almost unconsciously, into the little boat. Slowly and toilsomely the return journey is safely made, and the rescued crew tenderly cared for.

Then from every part of Great Britain and from distant nations came tokens of every kind, expressing the admiration with which the daughter of the poor lighthouse keeper had, by her noble courage, inspired all the world.

In England alone, there was raised for her a subscription of seven hundred pounds sterling, or \$3,500, and many valuable presents from persons of rank were poured upon her. Her portrait was taken, and appeared in all parts of the world, and the little island was visited constantly by those anxious for a glimpse of the heroine. This would have been enough to turn the head of any ordinary

will be, held in high esteem—an example of what a woman can do.

It is not given to all to perform a great and heroic act which will make our name famous, but to every man and woman, yes, to the youngest child, is given the opportunity which Grace Darling used so nobly, that of doing thoroughly and well the duty which our heavenly Father gives us to do, leaving with him, as our heroine did, the results.

HOW TO READ.

Read with attention. Were you never roused from a reverie to find that while your eyes had been following the lines of the printed page, your wits had been wool-gathering, and that if your life had depended upon it, you could not have told what you had been reading about? Such reading is worse than profitless, for it lessens the power of attention, the one power that, more than any other, distinguishes the successful from the unsuccessful student.

Take notes. This will compel attention; for one cannot make a synopsis of what is but vaguely apprehended. The practice of taking notes develops the analytical powers, trains the mind to discriminate between the vital and the unessential points of an article or a book, fastens the new facts or thoughts upon the memory, facilitates review, and makes available the results of one's reading. Cuttings or "scraps" of book paper may be bought for a song at any printing office and mounted upon pasteboard tablets of convenient size. Such paper is used by economical authors in the preparation of their manuscripts.

If the book that you are reading is your own, underline choice passages, add pencil notes in the margin, and opposite paragraphs whose statements you question, put impertinent interrogation points. Such marks will invite you to a review of the book, and will greatly enhance its interest to others who may read it. To such readers, the glimpses into your mind afforded by critical pencil notes in the margin, will make the perusal of the book seem almost like reading in the companionship of a thoughtful friend. It sometimes happens that an author's statements may be corrected or made more intelligible. The reader should not hesitate to perform that friendly service for subsequent readers. The Rev. Joseph Cook marks with one, two and three lines in the outer margin, passages that he approves, and in a like manner he marks, on the inner margin, passages he disapproves. Mr. Cook advises readers to follow his example, memorizing the sentences marked with three lines in the outer margin. Review again and again all that you wish to make your own.

PROUD OF A PATCH.

A poor boy with a large patch on one knee of his trousers was laughed at by his schoolmates, who called him "Old Patch."

"Why don't you fight him?" cried one of the boys; "I'd give it to him if he called me so."

"Oh," said the boy, "you don't suppose I am ashamed of my patch, do you? For my part, I'm thankful for a good mother to keep me out of rags. I'm proud of the patch for her sake."

A patch is better than a hole, and patched garments which are paid for are more comfortable than new ones which make a man afraid to meet his tailor.

Last December little George saw a snowstorm for the first time. "Mamma! mamma!" he called out from the window, "bring a big pan! It's raining popcorn!"



GRACE DARLING.

to capsize it, and bury forever her dear ones from her sight! Many must have been the prayers that followed them over the foaming waters; and many must have been the petitions for their safety which went up from the miserable creatures, clinging so desperately to those slippery crags, knowing, as they must have known, that on that little boat depended their only chance of life. On it went; now "mounting up to the heavens;" now plunging from sight, while the anxious watchers on either side hold their breath, and wonder if at last the end has come. No! there it is again, on the crest of a wave, and both father and daughter, thank God, still safe!

Now it is nearing the dangerous crags;

girl, but Grace Darling was only thankful that she had been allowed, so beautifully, to help the suffering; and while she was truly grateful for all the kindness showered upon her, it did not change her modest, retiring character. She still lived with her parents, on the lonely little island, though probably in greater comfort, owing to the generous gift of money which she had received.

But not for long did she stay to enjoy the fruits of her brave act; three years later her health began to give way, and on the 20th of October, 1842, she died of consumption.

Though many years have passed since that time, more than half a century, the name of Grace Darling is still, and ever

The Temperance Girl.

A jolly temperance girl am I,
With honest heart and true,
Striving to do with all my might,
Whatever I find to do.

No wine or brandy ever I'll put
In pudding, sauce or pie,
Ah, no, indeed! that's 'gainst the rule,
For a temperance girl am I.

No whiskey pickles will I taste,
Nor set before a guest;
But in the temperance cause I'll work,
And do my very best.

No brandy peaches or homemade wine
Shall on my table find a place,
Though the President should with me
Dine,
I would not thus our cause disgrace.

For, am I not a temperance girl,
Pledged honest heart and hand?
Yes! I'll fight for right with all my
might!
For God and Home and Native Land.

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 27, 1900.

KING MTESA AND THE BIBLE.

In a speech delivered in England not long ago, Henry M. Stanley, the celebrated explorer, told the remarkable story of a missionary Bible. He said: Janet Livingstone, the sister of David Livingstone, made me a present of a richly bound Bible. Not liking to risk it on the voyage round the Victoria Nyanza, I asked Frank Pocock, my companion, to lend me his somewhat worn and stained copy; and I sailed on my way to Uganda, little thinking what a revolution in Central Africa that book would make. We stayed in Uganda some time, and one day during a morning levee, and subject of religion was broached, and I happened to strike an emotional chord in the king's heart by making a casual reference to angels. King and chiefs were moved as one man to hear more about angels. My verbal descriptions of them were not sufficient. "But," said I, "I have a book with me which will tell you far better, not only what angels are, but what God and his blessed Son are like, to whom the angels are but ministering servants." "Fetch it," they eagerly cried, "Fetch it now; we will wait." The book was brought, opened, and I read the tenth chapter of Ezekiel, and the seventh chapter of the Revelation from the ninth chapter to the end; and as I read the eleventh and twelfth verses you could have heard a pin drop. And when they heard the concluding verses, "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat," I had a presentiment that Uganda would eventually be won for Christ. I was not permitted to carry that Bible away. Mtesa never forgot the wonderful words, nor the startling effect they had on him and on his chiefs. As I was turning away from his country, his messenger came and cried, "The book! Mtesa wants the book!" It was given to him. To-day the Christians number many thousands in Uganda. They have proved their faith at the stake, under the knobstick and under torture till death.

CORRECTING A FAULT.

Geoffrey Miller was a pretty sort of a boy, but he had one fault that was a serious one: he did not pay attention to what was told him, and then, in excuse, would say, "I forgot."

His mother tried in many ways to help him overcome this fault. One day he forgot to close the gate between the barnyard and garden, and the cow ate up the early vegetables as well as the sweet peas and pansies.

Another day his mother sent him to the meat market to order the roast for dinner. Then she went out, and did not return until near dinner-time. Mr. Miller brought home with him some friends to dinner. Mrs. Miller, as soon as she returned, went into the kitchen to see if dinner was ready to be served, but the cook told her the roast had not come. Of course, it was Geoffrey's fault, and his mother was annoyed and his father displeased.

After the guests went back to the city Mr. and Mrs. Miller talked the matter over, and Mr. Miller said: "Really, that boy ought to be taught to remember to do what he is told."

Mrs. Miller thought so, too, and they decided to try a new plan.

The next day Geoffrey was to go to the city with his father. His mother laid out his clothes ready for him the night before, and Geoffrey's last words to her were: "Now, mother, don't forget to call me in time."

Not that his mother ever had forgotten to call him, but it was a way Geoffrey had of talking.

The next morning the rising bell rang as usual. Geoffrey heard it, but thinking there was plenty of time he did not get up at once, and was soon fast asleep. It was eight o'clock, breakfast over, and Mr. Miller had gone to the city when Geoffrey came down.

"Mother, why didn't you call me?" he asked.

"Why, Geoffrey, I forgot," said his mother. She was just ready to go to a neighbour's, and did not comfort Geoffrey over his disappointment.

At a neighbour's lived a boy of Geoffrey's age—George Johnson. The two boys were great friends. That afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and George went to take a long ride in the country. They sent word by Mrs. Miller for Geoffrey to go with them.

On Mrs. Miller's return home she said nothing about the matter to Geoffrey.

On her way home she met a boy who asked her to say to Geoffrey that the black-and-tan puppy was old enough for him to take away, and if he wanted it he must come that morning after it.

When Mrs. Miller reached home she found Geoffrey still unhappy because he did not go to the city, but by afternoon he felt better, and as some friends came to see him he had quite a pleasant time. He invited them to come again the next day to play croquet with him.

"Father is going to bring a new set from the city for me," said Geoffrey.

Mr. Miller came home and Geoffrey asked for the croquet set.

"Why, Geoffrey, I forgot to get it," said Mr. Miller.

Geoffrey went away sorrowfully, but he did not say anything. There was a look in his father's eyes which kept him silent.

After tea Mr. and Mrs. Johnson and George came to the house on their way home from their drive. Mr. Johnson stopped his horse at the gate to talk with Mr. Miller, and George said to Geoffrey: "Why didn't you come and go with us?"

"Go where?" asked Geoffrey.

"To Fisher's Pond. We had fine luck fishing." And he showed Geoffrey a big string of fish.

"Because you didn't ask me," said Geoffrey.

"Oh, yes," said George, "I sent you word by your mother to come and go with us."

"Mother didn't tell me," said Geoffrey.

"That is strange," said George, "for she said she would be pleased to have you go."

No more was said, as Mr. Johnson drove away home, but Geoffrey came to his mother about the matter.

"Why, Geoffrey, I must have forgotten it," was her excuse.

Before Geoffrey could reply the boy who had the black-and-tan dog called to see him.

"Geoff, I thought you wanted the puppy, but as you did not come I sold it to Mr. Gray, who has taken it to the city with him for his little boy."

"I did want it; you knew I did. Why didn't you let me know it was old enough to be taken away?"

The boy looked up to Mrs. Miller, saying: "I did send you word, didn't I, ma'am?"

"Why, yes, so you did," said Mrs. Miller. "I must have forgotten it."

Geoffrey said nothing, for he began to see there must be some reason why his father and mother, who had never before forgotten anything that gave him pleasure, had forgotten so many things in a single day.

Late in the evening Lieutenant Graham called, on his way home from the parade, and said: "I was sorry not to see you at parade, Geoffrey. I knew you'd like it, so I requested your mother to tell you to be sure and come. It was splendid. You ought to have seen us!" And he laid his hand on Geoffrey's shoulder.

"Mother did not tell me," answered Geoffrey, hanging his head in shame.

"I certainly must have forgotten it. For you did tell me, lieutenant," said Geoffrey's mother.

And the lieutenant left, saying: "I'm sorry, Geoffrey. But I must hurry home now."

That night, before Geoffrey went to bed, he came and stood a moment by his mother's chair, and then said: "Mother, I'll try not to forget any more."

And he kept his word, too.—The Morning Star.

NEW BOOKS.

"A Pair of Them." By Jane H. Spettigue. With four illustrations. London: Blackie & Son, Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 90 cents.

The scene of this story is laid on the coast of Cornwall, and the chief actors are two brothers—Will and Miles Treharne—living with a bachelor great-uncle. The boys are left free to choose their own amusements, and this leads them into numerous adventures with smugglers and wreckers. Both Will and Miles are sturdy, self-reliant, and thoroughly likeable youngsters, and are certain to be highly popular alike with boy and girl readers.

"A Queen Among Girls." By Ellinor D. Adams. With six illustrations. London: Blackie & Son, Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.25.

Augusta Pembroke is the head of her school, the favourite of her teachers and fellow-pupils, who are attracted by her fearless and independent nature, and her queenly bearing. She dreams of a distinguished professional career; but the course of her life is changed suddenly by the pity tardily awakened in her heart for her timid and sensitive little brother Adrian, the victim of his guardian-uncle's harshness. Brother and sister go out into the world together, and learn, as they share troubles, to love and trust each other. When their guardian regrets his injustice, the girl and boy have found a refuge with hitherto unknown kin; but Augusta, true to her noble ideals, returns to her guardian, and becomes the sunshine of his home.

"Put to the Proof." By Mrs. Henry Clarke. "Teddy's Ship." By A. B. Romney. "Irma's Zither." By Edith King Hall. "The Island of Refuge." By Mabel Mackness. London: Blackie & Son, Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 25 cents each.

Messrs. Blackie & Son have devoted, this year, special attention to the production of a new series of illustrated story-books, in which both language and ideas are well within the understanding of little folk. The books are carefully graduated to suit the requirements of children below eleven or twelve years of age.

"Wynport College." A Story of English School Life. By Fred Harrison. With eight illustrations. London: Blackie & Son, Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.75.

No boy who is a boy can fail to be delighted with this spirited story. The hero and his chums differ as widely in character as in personal appearance. We have Patrick O'Flahertie, the good-natured Irish boy, taller by a head than any of his companions; Jack Brooks, the irrepressible humorist; Davie Jackson, the true-hearted little lad, who is accused of theft, and thin's look very black till he is triumphantly vindicated.

"That Examination Paper." A Story for Girls. By Edith King Hall. London: Blackie & Son, Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents.

During the examinations at a girls' school, the key to an arithmetic paper is stolen from the head-mistress's room

and found in Maggie's desk. Other circumstances pointing to her guilt, saw her condemned in spite of her assertion of innocence. Finally, she meets with an accident, Myra thinks she is dead, and in a panic of remorse, confesses that she is the real culprit. At first Maggie cannot forgive her friend, but better feelings prevail, and the story ends happily.



New Year's Day in China.

All shops are closed, no business done. The busy, bustling crowd are gone; One seems to be almost alone,
On New Year's Day in China.

'Tis strangely still; few folks abroad,
No coolies staggering 'neath their load;
No chair or barrow on the road,
On New Year's Day in China.

Alone we saunter down the street—
Some jugglers doing wondrous feat,
With Punch and Judy there complete,
On New Year's Day in China.

As usual, we invited all
Our native friends, both great and small,
To visit us at "Jesus Hall,"
On New Year's Day in China.

All bright and early came each guest,
The men clean-shaved and neatly dressed,
In hat and gown and Sunday best,
On New Year's Day in China.

The children decked in colours gay,
Their well-combed hair so smoothly lay,
With rose and poppy each a spray,
On New Year's Day in China.

Then, bending slowly to the ground,
Each person makes a bow profound,
And hopes good fortune may abound,
On New Year's Day in China.

Soon, seated round the board, each guest
Attacks the food with eager zest,
And with his chopsticks does his best,
On New Year's Day in China.

On pleasure now each one is bent;
In cheerfulness and merriment
The quickly passing hours are spent,
On New Year's Day in China.

When day begins to wear away,
And little folks are tired of play,
We gather round to sing and pray,
On New Year's Day in China.

The elders then, with solemn voice,
Invited all who would rejoice
For God and heaven to make their choice,
On New Year's Day in China.

And so, not vainly spent our day,
Should some poor souls one feeble ray
Of brightness gain to cheer their way,
On New Year's Day in China.

STOP BEFORE YOU BEGIN.

Success depends as much on not doing as upon doing; in other words, "stop before you begin," has saved many a boy from ruin.

"From drinking and swearing and every sin,
You are safe and secure if you never begin.
Then, never begin, never begin;
You can't be a smoker unless you begin."

If John, at that time a clerk in a warehouse, had only said when invited to stop at a saloon and have a glass, "No, I thank you," he would not now be the inmate of an inebriate asylum.

If James, a clerk in a store, when invited to spend his next Sabbath on a steambath excursion, had said, "No, I thank you," he might to-day have been perhaps an honoured officer in the church instead of occupying a cell in prison.

It is the "first glass" that brings the murderer to the gallows.

It is the "first cigarette" that produces the cancer on the tongue and "tobacco heart."

It is the "first bet" that results in the financial wreck of the gambler.

It is the "first impure word" that makes the string of terrible oaths.

"Where's Mother."

Bursting in from school or play,
This is what the children say,
Trooping, crowding, big and small,
On the threshold, in the hall—
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever, as the days go by—
"Where's mother?"

From the weary bed of pain,
This same question comes again:
From the boy, with sparkling eyes,
Bearing home his carliest prize,
From the bronzed and bearded son,
Perils past, and honours won;
"Where's mother?"

Burdened with a lonely task,
One day we may vainly ask,
For the comfort of her face,
For the rest of her embrace,
Let us love her while we may,
Well for us that we can say,
"Where's mother?"

Mother, with untiring hands,
At the post of duty stands,
Patient, seeking not her own,
Anxious for the good alone,
Of the children as they cry,
Ever, as the days go by,
"Where's mother?"

PROMOTED.

A Story of the Zulu War.

By SYDNEY WATSON.

Author of "The Slave Chase," etc., etc.

CHAPTER III.

A PUZZLING PROBLEM.

"Attention! Take up arms! Fours, right! Quick march!" Boom, boom from the drum; then, amid the lively strains of "The Campbells are Coming," the men marched off from the troop-ship, putting their feet for the first time on "Africa's coral strand."

Corporal Harris had just bidden his friend farwell; and, as Teddy Jones looked over the ship's side at the newborn soul, he cried in his heart, "Oh, Lord Jesus, he is thine; keep him, and use him for thine own glory."

How strange everything seemed to these young Englishmen, these soldier lads, as they landed; and they knew, from all they heard, that the war-cloud was blacker than ever, and that they must expect, before long, rapid marches, and an early initiation into the horrors of battle life.

Willy Wilson, the little fair-haired, blue-eyed drummer-boy of the company to which Corporal Harris was attached, was a general favourite. There was a child-like winsomeness about the boy, besides the fact that his voice was singularly strong and sweet, and that he had quite a store of songs—soldier-songs, and touchingly sweet little home ballads, that used to move mightily upon the hearts of these men.

Who shall say how much of open vice and flagrant sin many of these men were kept from by the restraint of pure sentiment, sung sweetly, when added to the memory of some personally pure, home-life associations? Anyway, all among them felt the better for the presence of that boy and his songs; and now, on this first evening in a foreign land, as they lounged, or laid, or sat about in their temporary barrack-rooms, tired out, most of them, with the unusual bustle and work of that busy day, they heard the boy's voice, as the familiar notes and familiar words floated upwards to their ears from the quadrangle below:

"Home! home! sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

And then, in the fast-gathering gloom, a hush fell upon them all, as they listened, and as they thought of their homes far away, and their loved ones; and, as face after face came up before their minds, many a sigh was heaved, as the possibilities of death, amid shot and shell, spear or lance, arrow or assegai, came in rapid and telling thought upon them, and more than one wished he was "sure" as Corporal Harris was.

The silence and gloom became almost painful, till a careless, merry-hearted young Scotchman—a general favourite in the ranks, because of his light-hearted gaiety and his queer pranks and antics—suddenly sprang from his iron bedstead on which he had been lying, and with the "chanter" of his bagpipes, commenced to play in wildest manner the merry strains of "Wee! may the keel row," accompanied by such mad capers as he danced about, that in a moment the rooms echoed with peals of laughter, and as lights were lit more than one four or six joined in Scotch reel or Irish

jig and thoughts and cares were flung to the winds.

Jem Harris turned away with a sigh. How his heart yearned over these careless, light-hearted, frolicsome fellows; how earnestly he longed to see them "enlisted" under his Captain. He took a turn in the open quadrangle, flooded now with a brilliant moonlight, and listened for a few minutes to the music of the stringed band that was playing in the officers' mess-room, at a late dinner.

Little did he think that he himself was just then the subject of an earnest and animated conversation between two of the officers of the regiment. Dinner was over; they had drawn aside from the table, and with coffee and fruit, or smoking, they were engaged in little knots talking and laughing together. Two of them appeared to have a difficult subject under discussion, a subject, too, on which there was an evident slight difference of opinion; and as we draw near we catch an impatient exclamation from one of them.

"Pshaw! Fiddlesticks! All bosh, I tell you! Of course as a youngster I was brought up to go to church, and was confirmed, and all that sort of thing; but did that help me at all in such matters as you speak of? Not a bit of it. There are just two things that our family has been noted for for hundreds of years: pride and temper. Well, now, you say you believe there is something in religion that will cure these things. Come now, old boy, that won't wash. Why, there's my old 'mater,' the marchioness, she has turned awfully religious this last three years, but her temper gets worse and worse; and as to her pride, why, Satan himself couldn't be stuck more full of it. Not that I mean any disrespect to her, dear old soul; but truth is truth. Well, now, here's the problem I want solved: if religion will cure, and is supposed to cure, how is it that the most religious people I know appear to be the most incurable in reference to these things?"

His companion officer was a handsome, aristocratic-looking man, about forty, with a rare physique, over six feet in height, straight as a lance, with muscles of iron, marvellous nerve and powers of endurance; with an eye keen and penetrating, and that firm look about the mouth that speaks so much; and yet withal there ever hovered about that mouth and those eyes a certain expression which always betokened a readiness to smile, and the power to appreciate quickly the bright and the beautiful.

For a moment he was silent; then, taking the cigar away from his mouth, and slowly allowing the smoke to escape from half-closed lips, apparently watching the ever-changing form and hue of its floating, bluish, grey cloud, he slowly and thoughtfully said:

"Well, Gus, you know I don't go in for these things, and don't profess to understand them any more than you do. I confess I have just the same sort of difficulties that you have about the matter. I was only telling you what is an evident, undisputed fact; that is, that ever since Harris' wife died so suddenly, and he took up with those religious notions, he has been another man altogether."

"How do you mean, Hal?"

"Well, first of all, he has completely lost, or conquered, or something else, that abominable sulkiness he had. You know, as well as I do, we often talked of getting him shifted, or else brought before the Colonel, for the contempt he showed for all rule or order when these sulky moods were upon him."

"That's so, Gus, it used to be awfully aggravating."

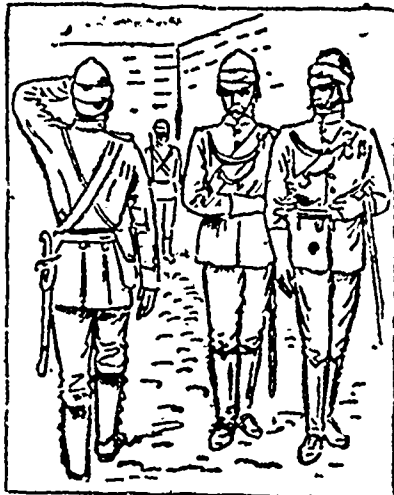
"Then, again, Hal, he was the foulest-mouthed man in all the detachment, and when he commenced to swear it fairly made one tremble. But all this is completely changed; and I confess that, after watching him most carefully for the past month, I am puzzled to know the secret of this life of his. Then, too, he is now so thoroughly trustworthy; and, if I mistake not, he will come into some prominence over this campaign, unless he gets 'popped off,' which would be a thousand pities."

"By-the-bye, Gus, do you know anything about his early life? What has he been? I never saw in my life such a fearless and perfect rider as he is, and he seems to be so thoroughly handy at anything he has to do. You see he is quite young yet—not more than thirty, I should think, eh?"

"Yes, that's about his age," replied his companion; "but, my dear fellow, he has just the sort of training that will stand by a fellow, and which will be likely to make him a most useful hand amid the wild bush-fighting we are all destined to know pretty much about before we are any of us many weeks older. I asked him once about himself, and he told me

he had been rather wild in his boyhood, and that he found his way to America, and there, in the South, among the Reds and wild cattle, he learned to keep his seat in a saddle so marvellously. Did you ever see him do that handkerchief bit? I remember once, at some of the garrison sports, he astonished every one with it. He was mounted on a fiery little horse, that no one hardly dared to mount, but on which he seemed as much at home as if he were sitting in an arm-chair. He first rode about half-way round the course very slowly, shaking out of their folds, as he rode, four white handkerchiefs at about equal distances. As he dropped the last one, he sprang out of the saddle to the ground, undid the girth, and took saddle, and girth, and all off, then leaping across the bare back of his fiery little animal, he touched her sides with his spur, and while she rushed round the course at a mad gallop, he leaned over her side, till it seemed as if his face almost touched the ground, and picked up each handkerchief with his finger and thumb; then, amid the cheers of the fellows, he quietly slid from the back of the horse as if it was the most ordinary thing in the world he had done, instead of a feat that not one of us, either officer or man, had perhaps ever dreamt of."

"Really, old man, is that so? I should



"HARRIS, ARE YOU BUSY?"

think it's likely, if this is known at 'drum-head,' he is likely to be made use of, unless his religion is that sort that makes a milksop of a man."

"No, I don't think that. I believe he would recognize a higher motive than even the military discipline and the soldier's duty. But we've got right away from our problem: what is the power of this fellow's religion? for, 'pon my soul, after all, a fellow ought to be prepared to go somewhere safe if he got popped off. 'Every bullet has its blivet,' we sing, and, as for me, I feel to-night that if my life came to an end now, I've nothing certain to think of in the future. But, I say, this room is awfully hot, shall we take a turn out of doors?"

"I don't mind if we do, old boy."

Together they strolled out, just as Corporal Harris crossed the quadrangle. He was passing them with the salute, when, as if a sudden thought had struck the officer who had been addressed as "Gus," he stopped, and said:

"Harris, are you busy?"

"No, sir," replied the man.

"Come here, then, a few minutes. Captain Elcombe and I have been talking about you, and we were just trying to solve a problem: how it was that you had altered so in temper, and speech, and—and—well, in fact, every way. Of course we've heard that you've turned religious. That's so, is it not?"

"Well, no, sir; I don't think that is it exactly. You see, sir, I did try to turn, ever so many times, but 'twas no use, till a young chap on the ship that we came out in—you may remember him, sir, he used to sing so sweetly, and play the concertina. Well, it was just as I was in such awful grief over my wife's death, and I was trying to turn—but I did not seem to make much of a job of it, for the more I thought about myself, the worse I seemed. But I believe God sent that seaman gunner to me, as much as he sent Philip the Evangelist to the eunuch that I was reading about this morning in the Acts of the Apostles. Well, this sailor upset all my notions of 'turning religious,' and he showed me that the very first step was for me to look right away from myself, and look at Jesus Christ as having borne my sin, and pledged his life, as well as his word, to give me eternal life through himself. But I hope you don't mind my speaking like this to you, gentlemen?"

"Not a bit of it—not a bit, Harris. Go on; I am intensely interested."

And, in truth, both officers appeared

so their eager looks, seen in the powerful southern moonlight, helped the corporal to open his heart fully.

"Yes, sir, I found out that salvation wasn't steady ways, or Bible readings, or saying prayers, or turning over new leaves, but it was just simply believing what God said—first, about myself, that I was a sinner, and then what he said about his Son, that he was my Saviour. The fact was, gentlemen, I had always had a God, but I had no Saviour."

"But, stop a minute, Harris! How do you mean, you had a God, but no Saviour?"

"Why, sir, I believed in a general way in God's existence; and, of course, I knew that Jesus Christ had died upon the cross, but it never occurred to me that personally I could have no benefit from that death unless I believed with all my heart what God said about my sins, and his Son's atonement for them. This was the first thing, and then, with a power I cannot describe, yet so simply, the truth came to me, that though my sins 'did as mountains rise,' yet that the Lord had laid on his Son Jesus my sin, and that, if laid upon him, and I would by simple faith accept that work, they could not rest on me."

"Well, 'pon my word, Harris, this is a strange story. Do you mean to say that you had nothing to do to get this peace—this rest, as you call it?"

"No, sir; nothing. That's just where I was making the mistake. That young sailor laughed at my doings. He asked me what I had been doing, as I called it, for my salvation, and I told him, reading the Bible and praying, making good resolutions; and even crying a little; and he said to me, 'My Father is a King, he gives, he does not sell; you have been dealing with him as a pedlar might deal with you; you have been saying, Here, Lord, I want salvation, I want pardon for my sin, I want peace, and if you will give me this great gift I will give you all these works and tears of mine.' And then he quite laughed at me, but at the same time he showed me Christ's wondrous love—his death upon the cross for me, his last words, 'It is finished,' and God did for me, through that sailor's personal dealing with the simple word of God, what all the sermons I ever heard failed to do for me!"

"Well, Harris, we are both very glad of your good fortune, I am sure, and rejoice in your improved temper, etc. And now, I suppose, you feel at perfect rest as to your future, even if you should be shot or die of fever?"

"Oh, yes, sir! But, pardon me just a moment," (for he saw they were turning away, and would soon bring this conversation to a close), "I hope you won't be offended, but these are ticklish times, some of us may soon be killed. I you do not know Jesus as your Saviour please turn to him, so that, come life or death, all shall be well."

Just at this moment, an orderly crossed from the mess-room, where he had been to seek the officer known to us as "Gus." Recognizing him, the orderly saluted him, and then said: "The colonel wishes to speak to you, Captain Morgan, on urgent business."

"All right, orderly; tell him I'll come at once," and only waiting to say to Corporal Harris, "Well, Harris, I will talk with you again of these things," he turned quickly, and followed the messenger.

(To be continued.)

The deeper Christians we become, the more profound and rich in its associations and suggestions becomes Christmas Day. The more Christ is to us, the more this day, which gathers his whole life up and holds it in the light, must mean. Each year, if that figure in history becomes more central, the first appearance city of David was born a Saviour must grow more interesting. Each year, if our salvation by the Saviour grows more complete, the day when unto us in the city of David was born a Saviour must break upon our lives with more mysterious and gracious power—Phillips Brooks

It is not uncommon to hear the devotion and liberality of Roman Catholics, in the spread of their religion, highly lauded in contrast with what is said to be the apathy and parsimony of Protestants. But what are the facts? The annual giving for missions by 210,000,000 Roman Catholics is \$3,500,000, while 160,000,000 Protestants give nearly \$15,000,000

Green Apples.—"Do you make much out of your apples?" asked the visitor. "Oh, pretty considerable," answered the farmer, "but I've got a son up in the town who makes more out of the apples in a month than I make the whole season." "A farmer, is he?" "No; he's a doctor. I'm talking about green apples now."

Pledge for Boys.

Miss Willard's pledge for boys, and the next temperance pledge she signed in the family Bible at Forest Home, Janesville, Wis.

I pledge my brain God's thoughts to think
My lips no fire or foam to drink
From alcoholic cup
Nor link with my pure breath tobacco's
taint!

For have I not a right to be
As wholesome, pure and free as she,
Who through the years so glad and free,
Moves gently onward to meet me?
A knight of the new chivalry
For Christ and temperance I would be
In nineteen hundred, come and see

FOREST HOME PLEDGE.

A pledge we make no wine to take,
Nor brandy red that turns the head,
Nor fiery rum that ruins the home,
Nor whiskey hot that makes the sot,
Nor brewer's beer, for that we fear,
And elder, too, will never do
To quench our thirst. We'll always bring
Cold water from the well or spring.
So here we pledge perpetual hate
To all that can intoxicate.

HIS NAME IS MOLE.

BY MISS ANNA BREATH.

A snug little home we have here, the architect, builder, and tenant is a soft little brown fellow about five inches long, with no eyes to speak of, and ears inside of his head, if they are anywhere. The galleries and halls are burrowed out of the brown bosom of our earth; over its roof in summer the daisies nod, and in winter the soft snowflakes wrap it in a dainty white coverlid. There is no chimney, for mother Nature so cares for the children dependent upon her that they need no fire; and no window has it, for of what use is a window underground?

No front door can be seen; but if there were one, the doorplate would bear the word Talpa for that is the family name of the owner and builder of the house, the little creature we call the mole, a name contracted from the old English word mould-wrap, the Saxon form of which meant to throw up mould or earth.

How the gardener fights him and detests him! For over his smooth-shaven lawn he raises ridges of soft earth, and if in his path he meets any bulbs or roots, his sharp little front teeth and broad grinding back ones make short work of the obstruction.

His coat is softer than the richest fur mantle a king can boast; his fur stands straight up, and, stroke him as you will, there is no "wrong way" about it; thus it smooths and yields to whichever course he takes, whether backward or forward.

His forepaws or hands are beautifully fitted to get him a living. They are so strong and turn outward, as you see, so that he throws the dirt aside as he burrows, his nose, too, which is to be used as a spade, is broad and flat, and moved by powerful muscles. And why all this burrowing?

He is a most voracious little beast. His alimentary canal being very short it takes little time to digest his food, so he is always hungry, and dies very soon if he cannot get food. Earth-worms he enjoys very much as food, and marketing is safe underground, while if he goes above for a snake or a toad or a bird, an owl may pounce upon him at any moment and invite him to a supper, which he will provide but will not share.

In addition to providing his food he digs with his great strong hands to make his home, which you see in the cut.

From the main gallery nine highroads branch off in different directions, and at the least hint of danger (his hearing is very acute) he slips into any one and is off. You see he also has a basement way out from his home, which joins the front hall some distance beyond the door of entrance.

This elaborate arrangement of halls and galleries is not the cradle for his babies, that is a simple soft nest at the

junction of two or more of his runways under some especially large hillock of earth. Here Madam Mole nurses and rears her little ones, but they are soon independent and ready to care for themselves.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON V. FEBRUARY 4.

THE FIRST DISCIPLES OF JESUS.

John 1 35-46 Memory verses, 35-37.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They followed Jesus.—John 1. 37.

OUTLINE.

- 1 John Directs Two Disciples to the Messiah, v. 35-39.
- 2 One of These First Two Disciples Brings a Third, v. 40-42.
- 3 The Messiah Himself Calls a Fourth Disciple, v. 43, 44.
4. The Fourth Disciple Calls a Fifth, v. 45, 46.

Time.—February, A.D. 27. Probably on Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath.

Place.—Bethabara, or Bethany (according to the Revised Version), but this little town near the Jordan is to be carefully distinguished from the Bethany of the Mount of Olives, where Lazarus and Martha and Mary lived.

LESSON HELPS.

35. "The next day after"—Referring back to verse 29. "Two"—One was

time to have followed the Roman usage, not the Jewish usage, like the other evangelists.

40. "Simon Peter's brother"—"In church history Peter is everything and Andrew nothing; but there would have been no apostle Peter but for Andrew."—Plumptre. Andrew belonged to Bethsaida, and lived at Capernaum.

41. "His own brother"—Religious activity, like charity, should begin at home; but often "the intimate knowledge our brothers have of our unworthiness makes us pause." "We have found the Messiah"—The greatest of all discoveries. "The Christ"—Both words mean the Anointed or Chosen One.

44. "Philip" was another of John's disciples.

45. "Nathanael" lived in Cana of Galilee, where Jesus was now going.

46. "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth"—The reputation of Nazareth seems to have been bad, and Nathanael lived not far away from it.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The first disciples of Jesus.—John 1. 35-42.
- Tu. The first disciples of Jesus.—John 1. 43-51.
- W. Prompt obedience.—Mark 1. 14-20.
- Th. True following.—Luke 9. 57-62.
- F. Counting the cost.—Luke 14. 25-33.
- S. The reward.—Matt. 19. 23-30.
- Sa. The follower's triumph.—2 Tim. 4. 1-8.

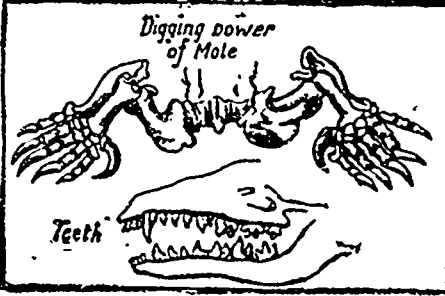
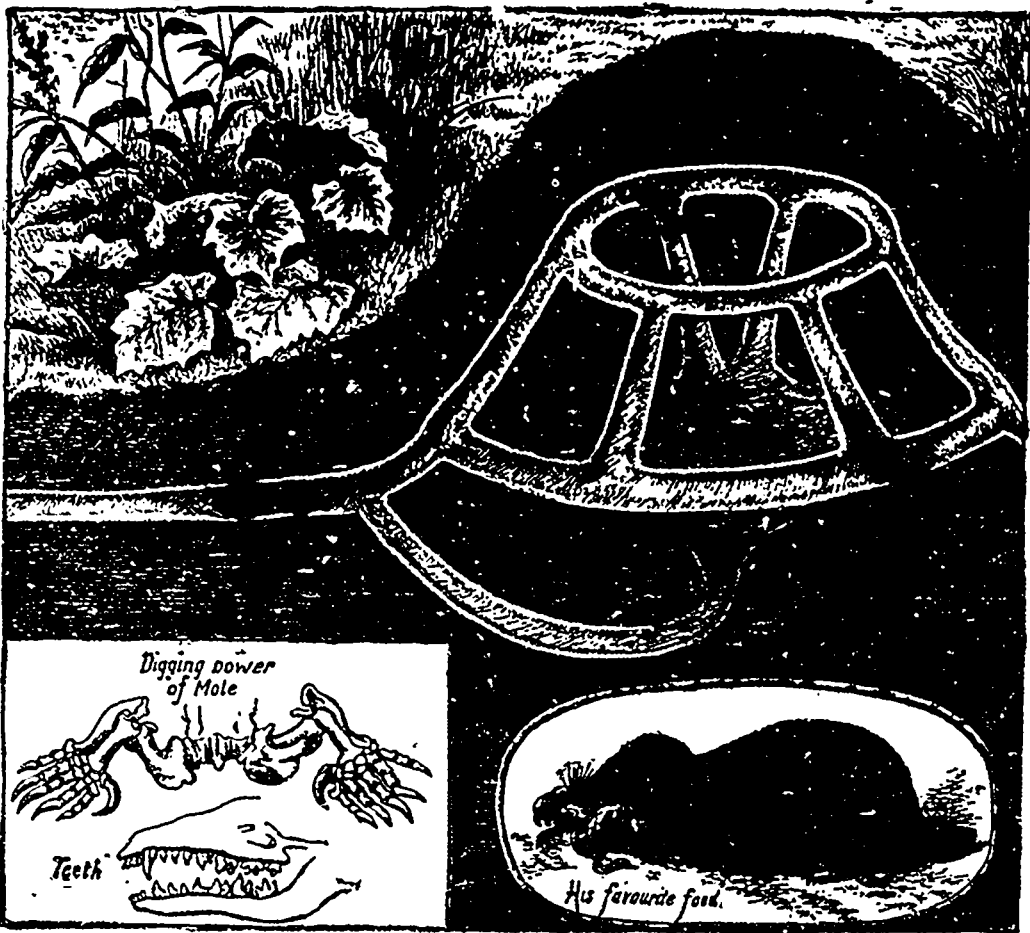
QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. John Directs Two Disciples to the Messiah, v. 35-39.
After what event was this the "next day" ?
Who were with John ?
To whom did he call their attention ?

- What was their answer ?
- What invitation did they accept ?
- 2. One of These First Two Disciples brings a third, v. 40-42.
What was the name of one of the disciples ?
Whom did Andrew first seek ?
What did he tell him ?
Where did he lead him ?
What name did Jesus give to Simon ?
- 3. The Messiah Himself Calls a Fourth Disciple, v. 43, 44.
What townsman of the brothers was next called ?
What other Christian named Philip is mentioned in the New Testament ?
- 4. The Fourth Disciple Calls a Fifth, v. 45, 46.
Whom did Philip bring to Jesus ?
What sensible advice did Philip give to Nathanael ?



SEE LESSON FOR JANUARY 28.



AN UNDERGROUND HOME.

Andrew (see verse 40), the other was, in all probability, John himself, who wrote this gospel.

36. "Lamb of God"—When we see a lamb nowadays we think, perhaps, of its growth in the meadow, of a market price, or of a butcher's stall; but in John's day a large number of all the lambs in Jewry were God's, having been solemnly set apart to be sacrificed for the sins of man. Because they were regarded as a type of purity they were thus sacrificed. Jesus, the sinless One, was the Lamb of God.

37. "They followed Jesus"—The beginning of the Christian church.

38. "What seek ye"—This means not, "Whom do you seek?" but, "For what do you seek me?" What do you expect to find in me?" Jesus knew, but he made the way easy for them to follow him if they wished. "Rabbi"—Master. "Where dwellest thou"—Not, where do you live? but, where are you stopping?

39. "Come and see"—Christians, like their Master, should be kind, accessible, and ready to help. "Abode with him"—Stayed with him. "The tenth hour"—Probably about ten o'clock in the morning, for John seems in his notation of

- What title did he give to Jesus ?
- When previously had he given him this title ?
- What did John's disciples do ?
- Who noticed their following ?
- What question did he ask them ?



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