

PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.

TORONTO, JULY 22, 1899.

No. 29.

AMONG THE FILIPINOS.

The papers are full just now of pictures of the Filipinos. So Pleasant Hours must have some too. We heard a coloured preacher last summer state that Providence had a brilliant future in store for the people of those islands, for had not the great Apostle of the Gentiles written an Epistle to the Philippines? The brother in black was a little astray as to the fact, but we doubt not was perfectly correct in his prediction. It is strange how little most of us knew about the Philippines till the searchlights of Dewey's ships were turned upon them. The principal idea suggested to the present writer by their name was that of Manila hemp, which, when he went to buy a summer swing, he found, on account of the war, had doubled in price. A brief resume of what is known about these islands may be of interest to the readers of Pleasant Hours.

The Philippines are the most northern group of the Indian archipelago, stretching a thousand miles from north to south, and six hundred miles from east to west. They make almost a continuous link between the great islands of Borneo and Formosa, and form the eastern border of the Chinese Sea. They almost equal in extent the empire of Japan. There are over fourteen hundred altogether, but many of these are little more than bare volcanic rocks. Nine of them, however, are large and wonderfully fertile islands.

Luzon, the most considerable, has an area of forty-one thousand square miles, and a population of about 6,000,000. The others aggregate about 60,000 square miles, with about 5,000,000 more of population. Luzon is exceedingly rugged, although its mountains nowhere exceed 7,000 feet. Some of its volcanoes are still active, issuing dense volumes of smoke and steam and sometimes lava. One of these, at the extreme south, serves as a continual beacon to navigators.

The volcanic soil is exceedingly fertile, producing rich crops of rice, wheat, indigo, tobacco, coffee, cotton, sugar-cane, bread-fruit, oranges, and citrons. The mountains and plains are clothed with magnificent forests of palm, bamboo, ebony, mahogany, and other valuable woods. Tobacco has long been a Government monopoly, 20,000 hands being employed at Binondo in the manu-

facture of cigars. Gold, copper, iron, and coal are among its mineral resources. The principal rivers are the Apari and Pasig, both of which are navigable for vessels of considerable size.

THE PHILIPPINES WERE DISCOVERED by Fernando Magellan in 1521. He was subsequently killed on one of them. In 1564 the cruel bigot and persecutor, Philip II., sent a fleet which captured Cebu. Six years later Luzon was subdued, and Manila proclaimed the capital. Two hundred years later Manila was captured by the British, but was ransomed at a cost of \$5,000,000. Of the population, about 7,000,000 are Romanist, 1,500,000 are pagan, and nearly 1,000,000 Mohammedans.

The general character of the islanders exhibits, in a striking manner, the ruinous effects of sin, and manifests the failure of Romanism as a moral force. For among those people we see much licentiousness and drunkenness, witchcraft and idolatry, lying and stealing. But yet the same people are naturally endowed with qualities, and present traits which, under the sanctifying influence of the Gospel, should make them a great blessing to that part of the world. For instance, they are grateful, sensitive, and hospitable, have a most remarkable aptitude for the fine arts, being

"THE ITALIANS OF THE EAST."

Though commonly accused of indolence, they are a great improvement over all the other branches of the Malay race.

The priests testify of their liberality in giving for the erection of churches and the support of religion generally. Hardly a town is without its band of music and they delight in using their talent in the service of their superstitions. The ladies are also very musical; the harp is their favourite instrument. In their simplicity they are very credulous, and mix the Divine name with most profane

and foolish things. They still retain many of their old heathen customs, but in a modified form and tinged with Romanism. The word Evangelio, "Gospel," is by them employed to signify a small bag made of cloth, containing a scrap of paper with the first fourteen verses of the Gospel of St. John in Latin. This is worn by nearly every woman and girl, hung around the neck for an amulet, the idea being that it wards off sickness. These people live on simple food, chiefly rice and fish, and dress in light clothes. The Spaniards have introduced bull-fights, but the natives prefer their own cock-fights. These latter are the general pastime on Sundays and all feast days.

The principal and all-absorbing amusement of the natives, in fact, what may be called their national sport, is

COCK-FIGHTING;

and his fighting rooster is as much, if not more, an object of solicitation and care to every Filipino as his family itself. In Manila there is a large building, of bamboo and nipa, erected solely for this diversion, and the uproar which arises from it every Sunday afternoon can only be compared to that heard at a league baseball game at home. A native so unfortunate as not to own a fighting cock would be an object of scornful pity to his neighbours, and it is difficult to walk the streets in the native quarter without stumbling at every few yards over a pair of feathered combatants, having a trial battle under the watchful care of their owners.

The population of Manila is about 270,000, including natives, Chinamen, and Europeans; the Chinese forming a very large proportion. Naturally, of the Europeans, the greater number are Spaniards, and there is also a large colony of Germans and Swiss, the Englishmen and Americans are in the minority.

There are churches on every corner, of all sizes and descriptions, generally in a state of dilapidation owing to earthquakes; and also an English

club, which includes most of the Americans among its members.

PICTURESQUE

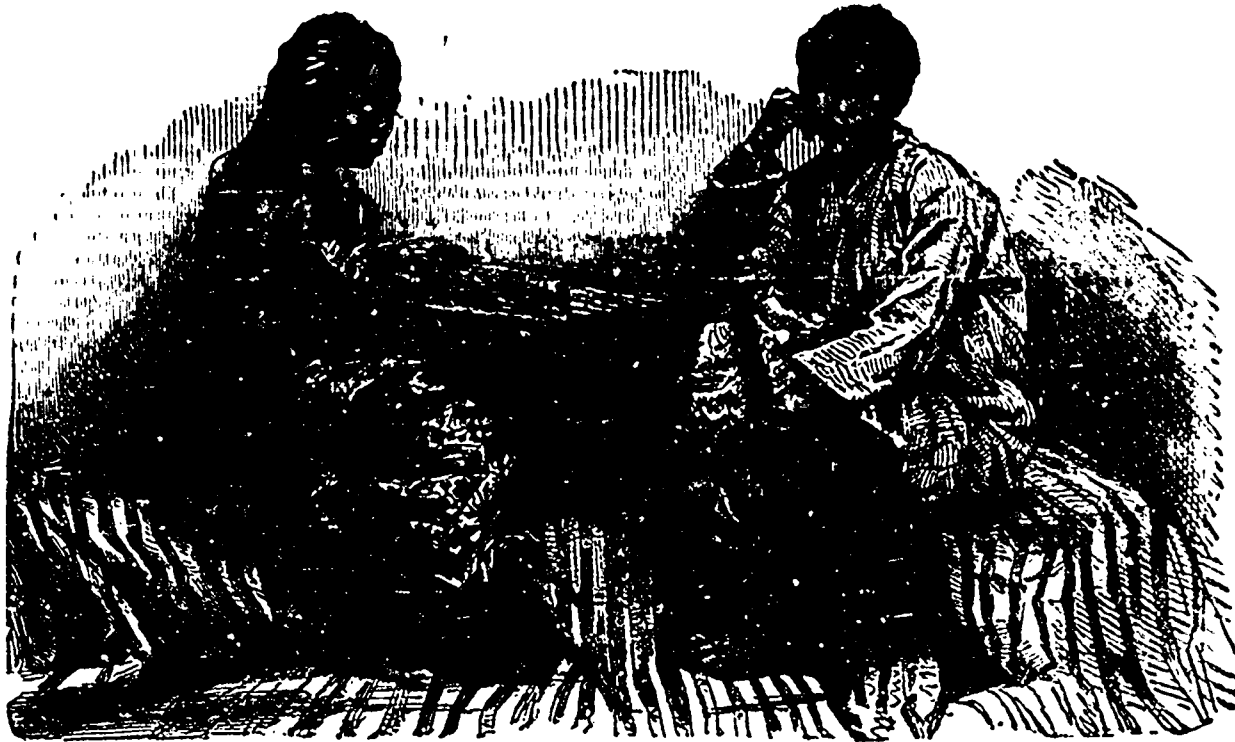
as life may seem in the islands to one who has never tried it, with these strange scenes and people, and the airy, luxurious ways of living, there is a sense of monotony and loneliness about it which can not be overcome by one from northern climes. Out of the track of the great steamship lines, the islands are seldom visited by "globe-trotters," partly on account of their reputation for cholera, typhoons and earthquakes, and a new face was seldom seen in the little Anglo-American colony. No form of outdoor recreation except driving could be indulged in from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. on account of the deadly heat, and horse back riding, tennis, etc., could only be undertaken early in the morning or late in the afternoon, and even under these conditions the exercise was too violent.

Not more than one-third of the arable land in the valleys of Luzon has been brought under civilization. The mountains are rich in the most valuable timber to be found anywhere in the world. While some of the valleys have been denuded of the forests, Spanish official obstruction has effectually spared the valuable trees in the interior. It is not a bad thing that it required about two years' effort and a large fee in order to get a license to fell a single tree, and a heavy duty before it could be exported.

TAXATION.

The native had to pay tax on every thing, the paper on which he wrote a letter, the buffalo that ploughed his fields, his chickens, and even upon the eggs they laid. The governors monopolized the trade of their districts. They fixed their own purchasing price, and sold, of course, at current market rates. No conscience was shown by any officer in his rigorous exactions from the natives. The expenses of legal proceedings were so enormous that many a wealthy man was ruined by a single case of litigation.

In the present rebellion more than 10,000 men, women and children were massacred by the Spaniards. Men and women were arrested merely on a suspicion expressed by a single individual, thrown into prison without even the formality of a hearing, and allowed to remain there for years without a trial. There was no such thing as trial by jury, no writ of habeas corpus, no right of appeal. When the United States troops took Manila there were 2,900 prisoners



NATIVES OF MANILA.



NATIVES OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.



STREET ARCHITECTURE, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

A Little Wild Apple-Tree.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT

There's a little wild apple-tree out in the pasture,
Crooked and stunted and queer in its shape;
And it waves its long arms as the summer winds sway it,
As if it were trying its best to escape.

I have never found fruit on its gnarled, twisted branches;
Green moss clothes its trunk from its boughs to its feet;
But its blossoms each spring with the best of the orchard,
And, oh, but its delicate blossoms are sweet!

On the north by the orchard the pasture is bounded,
There decorous apple-trees stand in straight rows,
You can see that each tree has been carefully planted,
And feels it must carefully heed how it grows.

But 'tis the wild tree that the "high-hole" has chosen;
She found such a beautiful place for her nest.
The orchard is pleasant; I highly respect it;
But the little wild apple-tree 'tis I love best!

—Youth's Companion.

A BOY OF TO-DAY

BY

Julia MacNair Wright.

Author of "The House on the Bluff," etc.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Is he dead?" cried Joey, awe-struck. "No; of course not. Joey Clump, you are the stupidest! See here, we've got to get this trunk off his leg, and then you must go for help. Where's your father?"

"Up here at Reed's. Mom sent me to see if he was all right. I s'pect he must be—" for like other people Joey could not quite see how death or disaster could fall on his house.

"Joey, get Ranger round here to the north of that tree. You mount him and keep his head away from Bandy. Go round a little," ordered Heman, who was a boy of very quick prompt thinking. He had taken the big coil of rope which Uncle 'Rias had brought to ease his trees down with. It was provided with a noose and slipknot on one end; this Heman placed about the upper end of the bole that lay upon his uncle's leg. Then he carried the rope to a strong uninjured tree, climbed up and passed it over a great limb. Joey was now in place on Ranger, and the next affair was to get the collar for him from the dead Bandy, and arrange a safe-fastening of the end of the rope, so that the horse's weight and pulling force could be brought to bear on it. "Now, Joey, help me with this block, so I can have it where I can cram it under the log when it lifts a few inches; that's all we'll try for, just to take the weight off him. Now, Joey, give me that sapling for a lever and I'll get it against this stump, and I'll put my strength on lifting. There, as soon as I say 'Now,' Joey, you start Ranger and keep the rope right on him, and if we all get it awful hard, I guess we can lift that log half a foot or so."

Heman was right; the log being unsound was lighter than he feared. Ranger's pull on the rope over the big limb, and Heman's management of the fulcrum and lever succeeded; Heman announced that he could "see daylight between the tree trunk and the leg," and exhorted Joey to "hold taut," while he rolled in the block for a support.

"There, now, Joey, Uncle 'Rias will die of lying on the damp ground. There's his coat yonder; I'll lift his shoulders, and you spread the coat under him. Pull off your coat to cover him, and I'll roll mine up with leaves in it for a pillow. Say, Joey, he's fainted; what can we give him? When Aunt Espey's faint she smells camphire."

"Or 'monia," assented Joey, and began to search his pockets as if they might develop a possible drug store. "Haint a thing but two peppermints; but they're awful strong," he said, offering the red and white rounds.

"Now, Joey, get on Ranger, and ride like mad to your pop and Mr. Reed, and tell 'em to come here quick, to carry Uncle 'Rias home; then you ride fast to town for both doctors to go to our home, an' you tell 'em what's wrong. Holler to your mom as you go by, to go tell

Aunt D'rexy to get things ready, for Uncle 'Rias' leg is broke; an' if you say one word 'bout dying, or what'll scare Aunt D'rexy, I'll fight you for all your worth, soon's I get time."

Joey made off. Heman took his cap to a little brooklet and brought in it water to bathe his uncle's face, on a second trip he found a rusty little can, and brought water to pour into his uncle's mouth; then he administered the two peppermints, and tried to better the unfortunate man's position, looking with a sickening awe at the mangled leg which he dared not touch.

"Standin' still won't help things," he said. "I might as well work clearin' out the path, so they can carry Uncle 'Rias, when they bring suthing to lay him on."

By the end of half an hour he had dragged away considerable rubbish and cleared a space about his uncle, who had begun to groan. The groans sounded awful in the silence of the woods, and made Heman quake, though he braced himself up with the thought that "it was better'n being dead."

Finally voices and steps proclaimed help. Several neighbours carrying a stretcher, a blanket and some bottles arrived, and with infinite care Uncle 'Rias was lifted up and his friends set out to bear him home.

"It's a terrible bad job," said Mr. Clump to Heman, and tears were blinding the boy, and rolling over his round, ruddy, freckled face, as he caught the frightened grey "Captain," and rode swiftly home to help prepare Aunt D'rexy for the dreadful sight that she must see.

Three doctors and nearly all the neighbours made the Sinner house and "front yard" full that day. The neighbours came to help, to sympathize, to listen for the verdict of the doctors. Heman could not stand the long still waiting; he knew he was not needed, was in the way in fact; he bargained with Mr. Clump to call for him if he was wanted, and to let him know "about things," and then went back to his potato field. "If Uncle 'Rias is goin' to be crippled, all I've got to do is to put in harder'n ever," he said in his matter-of-fact way, a way which made some of his neighbours call him "a very disregardless kind of boy." Aunt Espey knew better; so did Joey.

Joey had no way to show his overflowing sympathy but to help pick up the wind-strown "sets," and then to plant potatoes. The two boys never said a word as they worked. Joey knew if he spoke he'd cry; so did Heman. Toward the middle of the afternoon various small vigorous figures tumbled over the fence from the "public road," and began to plant potatoes. None of them talked—they all worked, and they took long looks at Heman, who in the morning had declined "to go fishin'" with them.

At last the whole field was finished. The sun lay low along the west, all red and gold; a waving light as Heman saw through tears. The three vehicles of the doctors were gone from the Sinner gate. There were two neighbours doing 'Rias' work in the barnyard, and two women consoling D'rexy, who sat weeping on the cistern platform. Mr. Clump climbed the fence of the potato field, and the boys slowly clustered round him. "He's livin'; doctors say mebbe he'll get well," said Mr. Clump.

"An'—'bout his—leg," gasped Heman.

"Well—that's—cut off."

Heman turned very white and reeled a little. Mr. Clump took him under his arm and led him homeward. The other boys climbed the fence to the road and trooped off.

"We plumb forgot that pertater basket," said Joey Clump.

CHAPTER VI.

HE VENTURES OUT INTO THE WORLD.

There was no more going to school for Heman. 'Rias lay prostrate, near to death; Aunt D'rexy, growing white and wrinkled, fought for his life by diligent nursing. Neither of them had a thought to give to the conduct of the place, but Heman had worked observedly with Uncle 'Rias for eight years, and, boy as he was, he did a man's work, and did it well. If he needed to know anything about the farm affairs he repaired to Mr. Clump.

The neighbours variously remarked that "the boy was a great blessin' to the Sinner." "Didn't know how they'd get on without him." "S'prisin' how steady he was and how much he knew." "Mighty good thing he was such a great, strong fellow, or he couldn't do it."

Heman, now somewhat past fourteen, had ceased to be a boy and become a man. The other boys recognized that there "was no more playin' and foolin'

for Heman, and the best of their boy-nature came out as they gave many hours to helping Heman plant and hoe his corn and work his garden.

What did Heman care for hard work so long as daily the doctors announced that Uncle 'Rias was improving. The dreaded fever was escaped, the labour-hardened, clean-living Urias was reaping some of the benefits of his orderly methods. No heat of intoxicating liquors, no distractions of late hours and violent passions infested his blood. Nature had all the opportunity needed to make repairs, and Urias did not complicate matters by terrors of death, or by rebellions against his lot. He was in the hands of God. What God should do was well done. True, to face years of the enforced idleness of a cripple, the thought of being deprived of all those activities in which he had delighted, did at times cut him to the heart; but Urias stayed himself on God, and felt that his way would be made clear. He had no self-blame over this accident with which to torture himself.

There were hours when self-blame about other matters tormented him. It is always harder to leave our follies and mistakes with God than our own. One Sunday afternoon when Aunt D'rexy had gone to take a nap, Heman was sitting alone with his uncle. The deep sighs of Urias stirred the boy's heart.

"It's awful to lose your leg, Uncle 'Rias," he said, "but can't you bear up under it?"

"Ta'n't the leg," said Urias; "the Lord saw fit to send that accident, I don't know why, but it didn't come along of any carelessness of mine. But, boy, these doctors will be powerful expensive, and I can never do any more work, and how's the bills to be met? That's what I'm thinkin' of. 'Owe no man anything,' that's Scripture, an' I've lived up to it, and I could yet if I hadn't been too graspin'. I had four hundred in bank, and unbeknownst to D'rexy I put into Parks' going to Africa. If I hadn't done that there'd been money ready for these expenses an' to buy me a leg; legs come high."

"But, uncle, Parks may come back with a lot of money for you."

"He a'n't bin heard from since he struck Africa, an' it's more likely he's dead with fever. I'm seein' things clearer lyin' here."

"Well, uncle, the farm brings in a lot of money; I'll work furcous hard, and earn enough for all the bills," said Heman valiantly.

"I know you're willin', boy, an' you're doin' a man's work like a man; but land's poor round here, and you can't get out of it more than's in it. The land never more than just kept us, and all the laying up, and buying the farm and so on, came out of my work carpentering; and that's done now." He turned his face to the wall and groaned heavily. Heman wanted to console him.

"Mebbe the Lord knows all about that, and he'll help you," he said.

'Rias groaned again. "That, I told you, ain't the wust of it," he explained.

"Well—no—Aunt D'rexy told me 'bout your buying part of Mr. Petty's ship; perhaps that will make a lot of money for you."

Again 'Rias groaned heavily. "An' that ain't the wust, neither," he said.

When Uncle 'Rias had these doleful hours and their darkness fell also across the kindly face of Aunt D'rexy, all the world seemed to Heman made of sea-fog. However, youth is buoyant; work has its exhilaration for those who do not chronically hate it; and Heman, getting out into the fresh air, smelling the earth and its fruits, always took heart of grace and whistled and sang as he toiled. Boy-like, he built air-castles and had bright dreams. He would do all that Urias had done in building up the family fortunes, and he would beware of speculators and risky ways of making money. It seemed to Heman that in a family it was not quite fair for one person to endanger the revenue and not afford the others even so much as the poor opportunity of protest. "Wages for work," that will be my deal," said Heman.

Heman felt himself truly a man when he took charge of the shearing of twenty sheep, and the neighbour boys stood about, looking awed and respectful, as Heman gave his orders to the one negro he had hired to help shear. It seemed to these on-lookers a true honour to be allowed to carry a fleece to the tying-up table, or to anoint with the medicated lard places where skin as well as wool of the sheep had been clipped by the great shears.

All this diligence on Heman's part did not keep away disasters. In June, just when there was talk of getting Urias out of bed, he had what Aunt D'rexy called "a terrible back-set." What caused it she could not tell, until one evening, in

confidential confining out in the barn yard, where they were both milking Heman told her that the cause of the relapse was the rumour of Luke Parks' death, and Luke had taken to Africa Uncle 'Rias' previous bank money.

"I mistrusted something about that money," said D'rexy. "Poor 'Rias!" She cried a little behind the barn there, and Heman was not ashamed to cry with her; but when she had strained the milk and got it all ready for the early wagon, she went and leaned over the bed and said gently, "Don't fret any more, 'Rias. I know all about that—I reckon we can live through it." 'Rias slept better that night.

'Rias was hobbling about the house on two crutches, and talking about getting a cork leg; the howling of October winds was keeping him awake nights, when the next storm came. This family seemed fallen upon the experiences of Job—one trouble raced upon the heels of another, as if to see which should deal the heaviest blow. Uncle 'Rias, unused to idleness, found much consolation in his village paper; he read it, personal items, advertisements, corner poetry, and all. Then he read that the "Angolina," owned by St. Petty and some others, had been wrecked in the last big gale, a total loss; and under all, the ominous line, "The insurance had just run out," or a while Uncle 'Rias forgot even to realize that when those timbers which carried so much of his hard-earned all went down, there went down also stout men, fathers of families.

Aunt Espey and D'rexy, moved to immense pity, seeing the terrible misery of Urias, tried to comfort him with plans for strict economy and more diligence in earning money, so that the direful mortgage could be paid off. "Only you keep up, 'Rias, an' we'll pull through," said Aunt D'rexy. "Once you get your strength, you'll find something you can go at. Now I don't need to wait on you, I can earn right smart at dress-making for the neighbours."

(To be continued.)

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LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER
STUDIES IN THE NEW TESTAMENT.

LESSON V—JULY 30.

DANIEL IN THE DEN OF LIONS

Dan. 6 10-23 Memory Verses, 21-23.

GOLDEN TEXT

The Lord is thy keeper Psalm 124 5

OUTLINE

- 1 The Chamber of Prayer, v. 10-11
- 2 The Royal Palace, v. 14-19
- 3 The Den of Lions, v. 20-23.

Time—After 5:38 B.C.

Place.—Susa.

LESSON HELPS.

10. "Daniel" A saint from his youth, mighty in prayer, now a prince in Babylon, an object of envy for envy loves, like death, a shining mark. "The writing"—That is, the royal decree. "He kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed"—He knew his danger, but he knew his God. A very busy statesman, and therefore he prayed morning, noon, and night. He prayed as did pious Jews in distant lands, with his face toward Jerusalem, the sacred and beloved city. In Jerusalem the Jews turned their faces toward the temple. 1 Kings 8. 48. "Gave thanks"—Always something to be thankful for. Paul and Silas sang praises to God in the dungeons. "As he did aforesaid"—A good habit kept up, though far from home, kindred, and native land.

11. "Found Daniel praying"—They were on the lookout for him. One might look a long time and not find some politicians praying. A pious statesman like Daniel is a blessing to a nation.

12. "The den of lions"—Kept partly for the king's pleasure and partly to devour certain criminals. "The law of the Medes and Persians which altereth not." An inflexible law may be an inflexible evil. Mercy is needed in administration.

13. "Of the children of the captivity of Judah" Hatred of the foreigners is here seen. This hatred is not yet dead, though dying.

14. "Was sore displeased"—With good reason, for he did not wish to lose a good statesman, a pillar to his throne. "Laboured"—By talking to his princes, probably. Laboured for hours "till the going down of the sun."

15. "These men assembled"—Under the guise of having a law enforced, really to judicially kill an innocent man. Law ought to be a terror to evil men, not to good.

16. A tribute to God and to Daniel in these words of the king. "Thy God"—Not the gods of Babylon. "Whom thou

serveest continually"—Not occasionally, when danger threatens. The lions were not less to be feared than the fiery furnace. Both proved to be harmless.

17. "A stone . . . and the king sealed it"—Useless precautions. Daniel was safer in the den than out of it; for there he met only lions, and in the court he met cruel men.

18. "The king fasting"—As was usual in time of grief or of penitence. His sleep went from him. His conscience may have troubled him. He was the victim of that custom which said, "Always enforce law without discrimination."

20. "With a lamentable voice"—Full of grief at a wrong done.

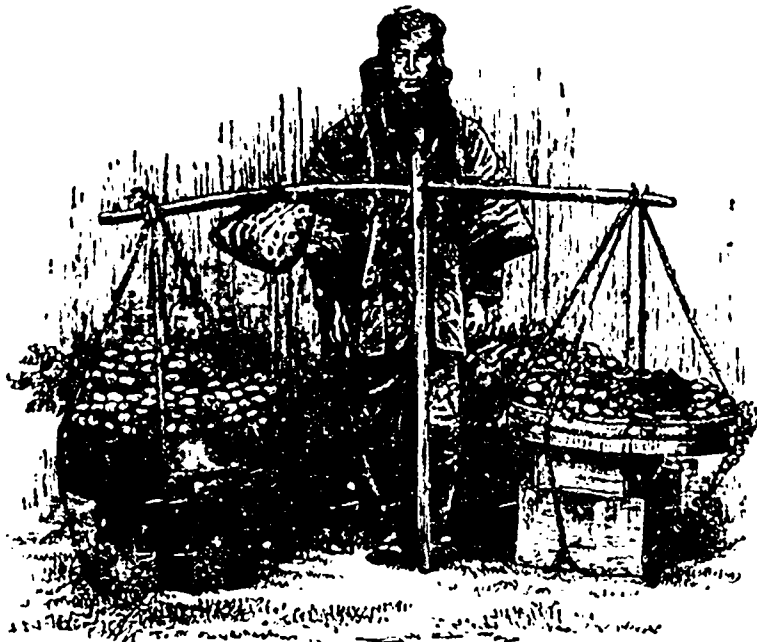
22. "My God"—With great emphasis on the "my" Not the false gods. "His angel"—A divine manifestation. He believed in his God. Faith stops the mouth of lions, as the writer to the Hebrews declares.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Conspiracy against Daniel.—Dan. 6. 1-9.
Tu. Daniel in the den of lions.—Dan. 6. 10-17.
W. Daniel in the den of lions.—Dan. 6. 18-28.
Th. Trust in the Lord.—Psalm 56.
F. God rather than man.—Acts 5. 25-32.
S. Delivered.—2 Tim. 4. 1-8, 16-18.
Su. Be faithful.—Rev. 2. 1-10.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The Chamber of Prayer, v. 10-13.
 - What foolish and wicked decree had Darius made?
 - Who induced him to make it?



FRUIT VENDOR IN NORTHERN CHINA.

Why did they hate Daniel?
What did Daniel do when he knew that the decree was signed?

Why did he pray with his face toward Jerusalem?

Who discovered Daniel praying "as he did aforesaid"?

What question did they ask the king?

What did the king reply?
What charge did they make?

2. The Royal Palace, v. 14-19.

How did the king feel when he discovered into what a trap he had been led?

What did he set his heart on?
How long did he continue to try to keep Daniel from the lions' den?

Who came to the king at sunset?
How did they show the king that it was impossible to set aside his decree?

What command did the king give concerning Daniel?

What did he say to comfort the victim of his decree?

How was the lions' den made secure?

Why was the stone sealed?
What other instance of sealing a stone can you recall? Matt. 27. 66.

How did the king pass the night?
What did he do early in the morning?

3. The Den of Lions, v. 20-23.

To whom did he call out?
What did he say?

What says Peter about God's power to deliver? 2 Peter 7. 9.

What is our Golden Text?
To whom did Daniel ascribe his safety?

Why had the Lord kept him?
How was the king affected by the reply?

What command did he at once give?
Was Daniel in any way injured?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson are we taught—
1. That wrongdoing destroys one's peace?
 2. That rightdoing insures God's favour?
 3. That it is safe to trust God?

Daniel's trust.—He showed it by keeping right on with what he knew he ought to do. He was not ashamed or



afraid to pray just as before. When a boy says his prayers in bed because he is ashamed to kneel lest others make fun of him, can he expect God to answer him? Trust in God makes us brave.

FRUIT VENDOR NORTHERN CHINA.

In China there are, as might be expected from its vast extent, ranging through twenty degrees of latitude and as many of longitude, great varieties of climate. In the south it is sub-tropical, in the north it is sub-arctic, consequently every variety of product of almost every clime is raised. A peculiarity of the life of this populous nation is the multitude of itinerant vendors of food of all kinds, as will be seen in many of our illustrations. They all carry their burdens on a flexible bamboo pole, generally with a wooden rest to support it when not on their shoulder. The illustration on this page shows a fruit vendor in one of the northern provinces. As will be seen, he is tolerably well equipped against the cold.

FIRST TELEPHONE EXPERIENCE.

An old Scotch woman who had never heard about or seen a telephone, went into a butcher's shop for a rabbit. The butcher had two shops, which were connected by telephone. As they did not have a rabbit in that shop, they telephoned to the other shop and got one sent up. The old lady, on meeting a friend, at once said to her:

"I've just been at the butcher's for a rabbit, and he gaed to a hole in the wa'an' said, 'Bring up a rabbit,' and in twa or three meenits in comes a laddie wi' a rabbit. Ma certie, I'll no eat it; it's no cannie. Ye can dae what ye like wi't."



DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN.