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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.]

TORONTO, APRIL 1, 1899.

[No. 13.]

## In Bethany.

From out the city street  
With weary, aching feet,  
Beyond the gates wide thrown  
And hot, brown walls of stone,  
Amid the wild-flowers set  
On slopes of Olivet,  
Across the hillside brown,  
By foot-path winding down,  
Through restful, airy shade,  
The drooping palm-trees made,  
He journeyed down to rest  
As love's divinest Guest  
In Bethany.

A home without a name  
Until the Wanderer came!  
What love was there outspread  
Above his homeless head!  
What tender, thoughtful care,  
What busy serving there;  
Planning how he might eat,  
Cooling his way-worn feet,  
While one from care apart  
Gave him her royal heart.  
And thus her love  
confessed,  
To love's divinest Guest  
In Bethany.

Oh, heart of mine,  
make way  
For Guest divine  
to-day!  
Come thou with  
presence sweet  
And make our life  
complete!  
As from the  
mountain side  
Come in, with us  
abide.  
And here thy rest  
shall be;  
And while we sup  
with thee,  
Let thy sweet ac-  
cents heard  
Mould thought  
and will and  
word,  
And thus our love  
be told  
And Mary's love  
of old  
In Bethany.

## A WISE CHOICE.

BY THE EDITOR.

The family of Bethany seem to have enjoyed the especial regard of the Lord Jesus. To their hospitable home he loved to retire from the dust and heat and confusion of Jerusalem, in order to enjoy its cool quiet, and sometimes, too, its protection from the plots and machinations of the city. Of this favoured family is recorded the blessed fact, "Now Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus."

It is a delightful walk, scarce two miles, from Jerusalem through the vale of Kedron, and up the soft slopes of Olivet to the little village of Bethany. As one climbs the hillside, wider and ever wider views greet the vision, and as one reaches the hilltop, beneath the eye lies like a map the city of Jerusalem. In its glory, at the time of Christ, the white temple of Herod glistened in the rising or the setting sun, and the smoke of the morning and evening sacrifices ascended in the still air. It was a view calculated to call up the deepest and tenderest feelings. Small wonder, then, that our Lord, foreseeing its approaching

destruction by the Romans, exclaimed: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

### THE HOUSEHOLD OF BETHANY.

The peaceful quiet of the village home is beautifully shown in our picture, the trellised vines furnishing a shelter from the noontide sun, the broad stone seats, the cool well, the fragrant flowers, and blending with the words of the Master, the "sussurrus and coo of the pigeons." Yet, into this quiet scene and into this loving family the spirit of carefulness and anxiety about the things of this world had crept—the spirit which is apt to grow into an engrossing worldliness, and to make the nature harsh and censorious. We read of Martha that she

Martha, and less would have been more acceptable to Christ. Her mind, moreover, was tortured with over-solicitude. A due degree of carefulness for our temporal wants is very proper and necessary. Neither reason nor religion requires or promotes an improvident recklessness or thoughtless indifference. "If any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

### MARTHA'S MISTAKE.

But the word careful here means over-anxiety—an anxiety which tortures and distracts the mind, which throws its dark shadows across the soul and makes it gloomy and fretful. In the case of Martha this anxiety exceedingly depressed the soul till she was troubled in spirit, perplexed and worried by her domestic duties. She had not that sweet, unruffled calm, the peace which Christ alone can give.

Hence, we find that this over-anxiety

trusively manifested in the presence of such an illustrious guest. But nothing will so blunt the finer feelings as the spirit of worldliness. When it takes possession of the soul all higher motives are ignored, and a spirit of thorough and absolute selfishness finds entrance. In this respect Martha is but a type of over-anxious persons everywhere. Frequently this fault becomes a chronic habit of the soul, and fretful and peevish tempers and unlovely and fault-finding dispositions are the result.

Moreover, this spirit led Martha to

### REPROACH HER HEAVENLY GUEST

and treat him with seeming disrespect. "Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her therefore that she help me." No doubt she loved her Lord, it may be, loved him intensely; yet this worldly spirit so warped and biased her nature that she here conveys the tacit reproach that

while she was so careful about his comfort, Christ cared not for her. She forgot his exalted dignity, his heavenly mission; she forgot or ignored the fact that his meat and drink was to do his Father's will, and not personal gratification.

This, too, is the universal habit of a worldly spirit. It is continually reflecting on God's providence, his plans and dispensations. It accuses him of neglecting his children and reproaches that sleepless love that wearieth not forever. When the storm arises and danger is imminent, it cries: "Lord, carest thou not that we perish?" Art thou indifferent to our sufferings or our trials; and, height of wickedness, it even envies those who are in the religious enjoyment of the favour of God and accuses them of unkindness.

This conduct we find extorted from the loving

lips of Jesus the tender reproach made doubly poignant for its very gentleness. "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things. But one thing is needful and Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." The very attitude and gesture of Martha in the picture suggests the fault-finding tone of voice and reproachful words.

### MARY'S WISE CHOICE.

Let us proceed to observe the conduct and character of the loving Mary whose devotion to our Lord called forth the querulous complaint of Martha.

Mary, in the meantime, was sitting at the Master's feet, drinking in the lessons of his love, imbibing his meek and gentle spirit—at his feet, the proper place of a disciple, teachable as a little child.

Did Christ comply with the request of Martha, "Bid her, therefore, that she help me"? Not so. He never drives from his presence those who find their chief enjoyment there. He never spurns from his feet those who in meekness sit



THE HOUSEHOLD OF BETHANY.

"Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her."

was "cumbered about much serving," overwhelmed with anxieties about the necessities of the body.

The mind is so formed that it cannot actively pursue more than one object at the same time. Its powers are enfeebled by presenting too great a number and variety of themes demanding its attention. Our real necessities are but few, our imaginary ones are numberless. "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" Our real life is something higher than that of the body. It is the growth and spiritual culture of the soul. The food and raiment of the body are but accessories of the real life. The needs of the soul are the bread of life, which, if a man eat, he shall never hunger more.

And yet, how many defraud their immortal spirit that they may minister to the appetites of the pampered body. Thus, much serving was injurious to

deprived Martha of many precious blessings. Here beneath her roof was the Son of God, the heavenly teacher who spake as no man ever spake, from whose lips fell the pearls of divine wisdom, sublimer lore than any of the school of Gamaliel or of the rabbis of Jerusalem.

But instead of sitting at his feet and gathering those precious pearls and treasuring in her heart his lofty teachings, Martha was anxiously engaged in some unnecessary domestic employment. Unnecessary we say, for otherwise the gentle rebuke of our Lord would have been a harsh and cruel taunt instead of a mild and loving remonstrance, as it evidently was.

Moreover, it was over-anxiety of Martha which led to censoriousness of spirit, therefore with querulous tone she accused the meek and gentle Mary of having left her to serve alone. This was unkindly cruel, and gave evidence of bitterness of soul that ought not to have existed, far less to have been so ob-

there. On the contrary, he pronounces a commendation upon her and hands her name down to remotest ages surrounded with a halo of blessing.

Let us notice the expression of Jesus.

**"ONE THING IS NEEDFUL"**

That is, there is one thing which so greatly transcends in importance all other things that they dwindle into utter insignificance, and it alone is worth a thought. What is that pearl of greater price than all the gold of Ophir or all the diamonds of Golconda? The same in every age and clime, that never grows old or loses its intrinsic value? What is this blessing precious above all price and peerless above all worth? It is the love of God shed abroad in the heart, the forgiveness of our sins, the impartation of the Holy Spirit; in a word, the salvation of our Lord Jesus Christ. Whoso hath this is rich above all wealth, and needs no other blessing. Whoso lacks this, though he possess all wealth beside, is poor indeed.

And this is a needful thing. It is

**ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL**

to our happiness here and hereafter. It is needful from the very constitution of our nature—to satisfy the deep immortal cravings of the soul, the yearning of the heart for a knowledge of God and for a sense of his pardon and his favour. It satisfies the longing for a worthy object on which to pour forth the loving wealth of the heart's affection. It is needful to give peace to the weary and distracted conscience, to give light and understanding to the clouded judgment, to give hope and happiness to the soul.

It is needful to restore man from his fallen and wretched estate, and lift him from the slough of sin to purity and holiness. It is needful to prepare our hearts for the Judgment Day, the final retribution, the bar of God, to purify the soul and make it meet for eternal glory.

It is needful for all classes and all conditions of men. It is needful for the young to guide their feet and keep them from the thousand snares to which they are exposed. "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy way."

It is needful to nerve the soul for the duties of life, for its strenuous conflicts and temptations. It is needful for the rich, else their riches become a snare and a curse. It does what riches cannot do. It gives peace and joy and gladness and content, and makes riches a double blessing, a trust to be used for God.

It is needful for the poor who have no other riches. It sanctifies and sweetens poverty. It dignifies the severest toil and hallows daily labour. It is needful in health to guide and direct the powers of body and mind. It is especially needful in sickness, when grief and pain distort the brow.

"When life flies apace and death comes in view,  
The word of his grace will help us right through."

When weary days and lonely nights are appointed to us, and fears are our portion, and friends have forsaken. It is needful in the hour of death when nothing else will avail aught.  
How important, therefore,

**WE CHOOSE THE GOOD PART.**

It must be a voluntary choice in spite of the allurements of pleasure or engrossments of business or distractions of ambition. And how important to do it now. The present is the only time offered. Choose well, thy choice is brief, and yet endless."

It is emphatically the good part,—good in its Author and origin, good in its effect and influence, elevating the character, transforming the nature, transfiguring the life, blessing the individual and the world.

And it shall not be taken away. Riches take to themselves wings and fly away, friends may die, the laurels of honour may wither, life itself will wear away. But this treasure is enduring as the mind. Thieves cannot break through nor steal.

"Wisdom divine, who tells the price  
Of wisdom's costly merchandise."

God will not take it away, for his gifts are without repentance. Having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them to the end. Satan cannot take it away. While we put our trust in God, no devil can pluck it out of his hand.

Now, having these two examples before us, which shall we imitate? What shall our choice be? Why be anxious concerning the things of this life? Why be cumbered and troubled about many things? Why be anxious and careful concerning the body more than about the

immortal spirit? Concerning the wealth which so soon shall pass away? If we choose wisely we shall have part with Christ on earth, and then shall have part with him forever. We shall there learn fuller lessons of his wisdom, have richer revelations of his love, than we can here conceive. Let the language of our hearts be,

"Keep me from the world unspotted,  
From all sin and folly free,  
Wholly to thyself devoted,  
Let me live and die for thee.

"Waiting like attentive Mary,  
Happy at the Saviour's feet,  
Changed from glory into glory,  
Till for all thy kingdom meet."

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**Pleasant Hours:**

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

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

TORONTO, APRIL 1, 1899.

**A MIGHTY CONQUEROR.**

Alexander the Great was so called on account of his brilliant military achievements and his learning. When very young he showed a great desire for knowledge, and was fortunate in having some of the ablest teachers of his day. He became king when only twenty years old, and entered at once upon what is perhaps the most wonderful military career that has ever been known, the results of which were of great benefit to the world. But his very successes weakened him. He became so conceited that he imagined himself a god. He required every one to treat him with the most abject servility, and would allow no one to share his honours with him. Inspired by jealousy, he had the friend who had helped him to victory in many of his battles put to the most terrible torture, while, hidden by a curtain, he watched his agony and made sport of his screams.

He had a violent temper, which he seems to have made no effort to control. His pride of conquest became so great that he even claimed credit for his father's later victories. When his dearest friend reminded him that his father had found the country in a very poor, distracted condition, and had left it to him a mighty kingdom, and that Alexander had won his own victories through the help of his father's own soldiers, the king was so enraged that in spite of the efforts to control him, he seized a dirk and killed his friend on the spot. His remorse was so great that he would neither eat nor drink for three days, but only a few weeks later he compelled his followers to publicly acknowledge his divinity. The philosopher who rebuked this impety was tortured and then hanged.

Alexander's life was one of great dissipation, which caused his death before he was thirty-three. In reading his history one cannot help a feeling of pity that a man so splendidly endowed and with such exceptional advantages, and who might have left a truly grand record, should have been so sadly wanting in those qualities which make a man truly great. "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

**"I WILL GO."**

They were two women travelling alone, and it was their first voyage across the Atlantic. The passage was stormy, and sickness and fear caused them to cling desperately, as to their only friend, to the little stewardess who nursed them.

She was a gentle Scotch woman past middle age, and being lonely, too, in the huge, noisy steamer, her tongue was loosened by their kindness. They very soon knew all about the sweater's shop for which she had worked twenty years in Glasgow, and how some wonderful good luck had brought her the chance of this place, and how, if she could keep it for two years longer, she would have saved enough to go back to her old mother in Peebles, and live on their cotter's patch in peace to the end of their days.

"She is hoping for it, too. It will be great comfort," she said, ending her story, her grave eyes shining. "I will bring your tea now."

But a strange woman brought the tea. "Where is Jean?" they asked impatiently.

"The chief steward has ordered her to another part of the ship," was the reply. "Two passengers are ill, and she is to nurse them."

"They cannot need her as much as we do!" the Americans grumbled; but Jean did not come again.

On her way for the tea the head steward had met her. "Two women," he said, "are seized with what the doctor hopes is only measles. They must be isolated, with one stewardess to attend to them. I have chosen you. Get what is necessary and come at once."

"Must I go?" Jean faltered. "You are single, and the other women have children depending on them. The disease may be malignant." The man hesitated, looking at her. "I can't force you to do it," he said gently, "but somebody must go."

Jean stood a moment. She saw the old mother at the door of the little cottage. So many years she had worked for her! "Yes, I will go," she said quietly.

A few minutes later she passed into the hospital room, carrying a bundle, and the oak door closed behind her.

The fact that two patients were isolated was kept secret in the ship, in order that the passengers should not be alarmed. They recovered sufficiently before the vessel reached port for her to escape quarantine.

"There were no other patients?" the physician demanded.

"But one," replied the captain. "Their nurse. She was not strong and succumbed at once."

"You are fortunate. I can pass you."

Days before the ship reached harbour, a plain, wooden box was brought on deck one evening, and after a brief, hurried service slid into the sea.

"Who is dead?" asked a startled passenger.

"Only one of the stewardesses," was the reply.

The world loses every day nameless heroes who die for duty with as high purpose as any who perished in the flames of Smithfield. God only keeps their names and record.—Youth's Companion.

**OZONE IN CLEAN CLOTHES.**

Almost every person has noticed the peculiarly refreshing smell of clean linen, especially when just removed from the lines. But few people are aware that there is any connection between fresh, cool linen, just from the outside air, and the ozone of an apartment. The Lancet contains an article on this subject, in which it is stated that the atmosphere of an apartment may be charged with ozone by bringing into it damp linen sheets that have just been exposed to a dry, sharp wind; bringing them into the house and shaking them or waving them about the air of the room will, according to the statements made, change the character of the air. This is a matter of importance to invalids, who often become exhausted from lack of ozone in the air they breathe. A means so simple and effective, and that is within the reach of every person, should be generally understood. It seems that all that is necessary is to bring the linen to the room immediately after it is taken from the lines out of doors and shake and whirl it about, when the character of the air will be altered at once.

**"Our Father."**

Every inward aspiration  
Is God's angel undefiled;  
And in every "O my Father!"  
Slumbers deep a "Here, my child!"

**Grandfather.**

Well, boy, I know  
Old times were slow.  
One trip this way,  
Mid-week market day;  
Go out, catch Bill,  
Warm side of East Hill;  
Hitch up. Take time,  
Load up; cheese, prime;  
Eggs, fresh; butter, sweet;  
All packed, clean, neat.  
Get in, sit square,  
John, here; Ruth, there;  
Good-bye; huddup, Bill!  
Long road, up-hill,  
One hour, three miles;  
John speaks, Ruth smiles.  
Fresh breeze, pure air,  
No coal smoke there,  
Grass, green; mountain, high;  
Cool brook runs by,  
Road now runs down,  
By-and-bye reach town;  
Sell produce, buy rice,  
Tea, dress, nails, spice,  
Start home, sun low.  
Old Bill better go,  
Cows milked, stars peep,  
Soft beds, sweet sleep,  
Slow times—but then,  
Good women, strong men.

**A Methodist Soldier**

BY

ALLAN-A-DALE.

**CHAPTER XVIII.**

SENTENCED AND SAVED.

Of the night and day that followed even at this time I do not care to think. With two other men, not of my company—the rest escaped, and made their way, fortunately, to the barracks—I was marched up the hill. As I went I saw Erling talking in an animated manner with the officer in charge of the military police, evidently describing the scenes just ended. Once or twice they glanced at me, and I could see the surprise or the face of the officer, who had hitherto known me as a quiet man and a good soldier.

We were taken at once before the colonel of the regiment, who, on hearing the nature of the offence, and knowing the disfavour in which Sir Arthur Wellesley viewed all disturbances between the soldiers and civilians, decided promptly that it was a case for a regimental court-martial.

That night I spent in the guard-room and on the next day the court-martial sat. The charges were riotous conduct breaking the peace, and refusing to obey the orders of a superior officer. To my astonishment, the latter charge was brought by Erling, and was directed against myself. He told his tale plausibly, and with a lofty affectation of superiority in his voice, which was galling when I thought of all I had suffered from and on account of him already. He declared that he had seen the riot from the window of a house at which he was visiting, and from the same window had ordered me to draw off the men. Instead of which, so he declared, I had led them again to an attack against the civilians. He added, with gratuitous insult and falsehood, that I was doubtless drunk.

Here was a pretty statement, and one at which, as I heard it, I had difficulty in restraining myself. It was evidently Erling's cool determination to fix the whole of the blame on myself, a proceeding in which the two men arrested at the same time might be expected to agree, since by so doing they might remove a considerable part of the blame from their own shoulders.

Asked if I had anything to say in reply, I contented myself with a simple statement of the manner in which I had become entangled in the broil and the efforts I had made to extricate myself and the men. As for orders I said I had heard none, and, whether I had or not, was doing exactly that which the lieutenant had wished me to do. Moreover, I pleaded the fact that I had been to a gathering of Methodists and was not likely to be anything but sober. At this the younger officers in the court-martial expressed their amusement. It was evident that my judges did not believe my story. Such a belief would argue malice on the part of Erling, and that they did not suspect in an officer, and one who had so recently joined the regiment.

Witnesses from the town were called, and the charge grew blacker. Satisfied to see their late opponents on trial, they swore that I had led in the trouble from the start. There was but one ray of





sunshine in the whole black cloud, and that was when the captain of my company spoke to my previous good conduct. But it availed nothing. The court speedily came to a decision. The senior officer present spoke of the determination of Sir Arthur Wellesley to preserve order and discipline among the soldiers when out of barracks. As an example to the rest the court sentenced the prisoners to thirty lashes apiece, Corporal Barber in addition to be degraded to the ranks, and the punishment to be awarded next day on parade.

Dumb with dismay at the severity of the sentence, I returned to the guard-room to await its execution with horror and disgust.

Here my friend Corporal Doyle came to see me by permission of the captain of my company, with whom I had been a favourite, and who, I believe, was sincerely sorry at the result of the court-martial.

Doyle tried to cheer me. He tried to catch my attention by suggesting some manner in which I could get a reduction of the sentence.

"The men of our company," he said, "are crazy against the colonel for his severity, and there will be trouble between our men and the third because their men did not swear that you had nothing to do with the business. Sure, it's unlucky you are altogether. But where were you before the trouble began?"

I told him of the Methodists in whose good company I had been, and then, catching at a straw, I asked him if he would take a message to one or two.

He shook my hand heartily, again bade me cheer up, and said it might not yet be too late.

"Pity," he said, "you did not get a better chance this morning. Your old friend had his, and he must have used it as badly as I thought he would. And to see him walking about the parade ground just now with the natest, swatest slip of a girl as Iver I saw in Ireland. Sure, it's some people have all the good fortune and others none at all, at all." He heaved a big sigh.

"Ah, Doyle," said I, "you are always thinking your Irish girls are the only ones that are 'nate and swate and pretty.'"

"Sure," said he, laughing, "and there you're mistaken entirely, for the slip of a girl that's with the lieutenant is no Irish girl at all. Didn't I hear her speaking as I passed—and the look of her is English as could be."

He turned to the door of the guard-room and was about to leave, when a thought flashed across my mind that set my heart beating.

"Come back, Doyle," I cried, and then, dropping my voice so that the other men in the room might not hear, "tell me, Doyle, how old was the young lady with the lieutenant?"

"Didn't I say a slip of a girl, and no young lady at all. Maybe fourteen her age would be."

"Was her hair golden and curling, and were her eyes blue, and smiling all the time? Did she look like a little angel from heaven, Doyle, who couldn't and wouldn't do a wrong to any one?"

"You might say all that of her and more, for she's just the prettiest and sweetest little creature I ever set eyes on. But what are you thinking about, Barber?" said Doyle.

"Believe me, Doyle," I said, "I'm thinking 'tis his sister!"

For a moment my good Irish comrade looked puzzled. Then his face lighted up.

"By the powers," he ejaculated, "I believe you're right, though it never crossed my mind, so unlikely a pair are they. Why, man, if that is so, she may speak to the colonel for you, or maybe to Sir Arthur himself. There is no one would refuse her request."

It was my turn to remain silent. Was it fair to set her against her brother? And yet had I not already suffered enough on his account? It was not the physical pain of the next day's punish-

ment I feared, but the disgrace and the set-back to all the thoughts I had of rising in my chosen calling, and thus justifying the fond hopes of my parents and of Ellen herself.

"Doyle," I said at length, "take my message to the Methodist people of whom I have told you. One at least is a prominent man in Cork, and Sir Arthur may listen to his story. If you fail to see him, give this letter to a messenger you can trust, and let him leave it for the young lady. If it is indeed the lieutenant's sister, she will be staying at the house out of which he came during the riot yesterday."

I scribbled a note, as I spoke, on a leaf from a book I was reading. No matter what I wrote, for it was never delivered. Just as I was about finishing it, and wondering whether I should sign my name or no, the door of the guard-room opened, and a colour-sergeant of my company appeared.

"Corporal Barber here?"

"I sprang to my feet.

"Smarten up," he said. "Captain Ritchie has sent an order for you."

I thrust the note up the sleeve of my jacket, and bidding Doyle not execute his errand until I returned, followed the sergeant to Captain Ritchie's quarters.

And there a most wonderful thing happened to me, for I found not only the captain of my company, but the great Sir Arthur Wellesley himself, with whom for the second time in my short career as a soldier I was thus brought face to face. The younger officer was talking in quiet and respectful tones to his superior. We saluted. Captain Ritchie nodded to the colour-sergeant who saluted again and left the room, while I remained rigidly at attention.

Sir Arthur looked at me, not unkindly I thought. "It is the same man," he said to the captain. Then,

"You were at Kloga, I think?"

"I was, sir."

"I spoke to you there on account of

With that enigmatical saying he turned away as if to hide a smile which played about his lips, in contradiction to his sharp and soldierly reply.

The captain walked to the door and opened it. The sergeant came forward.

"Corporal Barber will return to his company," he said. The finding of the court-martial is revoked."

And so in the space of a few minutes I found myself changed from a condemned to a free man. And I'll ask you to believe that the cheer Doyle raised when he heard the news, caught up by the men of my company, was heard across the parade ground, in the quarters of Lieutenant Erling himself.

What he thought or said I can better imagine than describe, but I know now that, if he heard the news with chagrin, there was one, near to him and dear to me, who received it with overbounding joy. Not for a long time was I allowed to know that the friend to whom Sir Arthur had mysteriously referred was indeed Ellen herself.

Many months afterwards I heard how she came thus providentially once more within the circle of my life, setting aside like a good angel the deeds of her brother. It is a narrative, but I cannot describe how greatly it affected me when I heard it from her own dear lips.

"My aunt brought me to Cork," said Ellen. "She is, you know, the wife of the colonel of the 45th Regiment. My uncle found us a house near the barracks, and it was there Michael came to visit us on the Sunday of the riot. When the noise of the fighting came near the house I ran to an inner room, but Michael went to the window to see what it was all about. He must have then seen you join the crowd and conceived the terrible idea of securing your disgrace. And thus, Jim, I knew nothing more of the riot until the next day when Michael took me to view the barracks. Already I had asked to see you, but Michael had

"At home I found my aunt and wept out my sorrows to her.

Cannot the colonel, I asked, pardon him?"

"My aunt did not understand my feelings for a common soldier, and bade me go to my room and dry my tears. I obeyed her, but had no sooner got there than I was seized with the thought that something might yet be done to save you. I would go to the barracks again. I would see the colonel, my uncle. I would even go to Sir Arthur himself. I put on my hat and slipped quietly out of the house. I went up to the barracks. A soldier asked me who I wished to see. It was on my mind to ask for Michael, and then for my uncle, but something said within me, 'Sir Arthur,' and boldly I said, 'I wish to see Sir Arthur Wellesley.'

"The soldier smiled. 'And what do you want with the General, young lady?' he said. Then I summoned up my dignity, and replied that I was the sister of Lieutenant Erling and the niece of Colonel Keele, and had my own business with the General. After that he smiled no more, but passed me on to another soldier and he to another, until I reached the General's quarters, I fearing all the time that I should meet my brother. Then at the General's there was more smiling, because they wondered what a bit of a girl like myself could want with the General. But still they passed me through, until I found Sir Arthur himself. Then my courage almost left me, but I told him my errand, for he smiled in a kindly way, and said my uncle was a fine soldier. As for the court-martial he was then looking at the papers, and was also sorry to find Corporal Barber under sentence, because, if he remembered rightly, he had commended him after a fight in Denmark. Then he looked at the papers again and eyed me curiously.

"Do you know," he said, "that your brother is one of the chief witnesses against the corporal?"

"When he said that I almost cried again, and a look of blank dismay came in my face.

"I am sorry—" I began, but Sir Arthur interrupted me by saying, "If you know him at home, then your brother must have known him also?" He paused. "Were they friends?" he added, tapping the table thoughtfully with a pencil. My face went fiery red and then pale again and I said nothing. I knew that Michael had acted from malice, and I felt that Sir Arthur knew it also. He relieved my anxiety and my silence at once. "I will do my best for your friend," he said kindly. "If he is indeed the honest fellow you describe him, I will take care that he does not suffer."

"I could not speak for joy when I heard that. My eyes filled with tears only to think of his kindness and generosity. Then he took my hand and kissed it, as if I were a grand and grown-up lady, and bade one of the officers conduct me through the barrack-ground.

"And so I went home again rejoicing, and immediately he must have gone to your captain.

"You can imagine my joy when I heard the colonel tell my aunt at dinner that evening how Sir Arthur had pardoned a man sentenced to be flogged.

"My aunt looked hard at me as he told the story, but said nothing until dinner was over. Then as we went into the drawing-room she pinched my arm playfully and whispered in my ear. 'I know where you went, my dear. You are a plucky little girl, but I doubt whether your soldier is worth it. You must not go to the barracks again.' And greatly though I wished it, I did not."

Such was Ellen's story, told between tears and laughter long after the events related; and I ask you to judge whether she did not do as plucky a deed as any I may have occasion to recount.

The story was told but once, and then for my private ear alone, for when the time came for the telling, an element of tragedy had crept in, undiscovered and unforeseen even in those sad days at Cork.

(To be continued.)

Among the relics in the Bank of England is a note for £1,000,000. It is the only one of the kind ever issued. It dates from 1800.

It is said that the Czar is the only European monarch whose life is not well insured in some English or American life insurance company.

The Prince of Wales has been invited by the directors of the Canadian Grand Trunk Railway to formally open the new Victoria Jubilee Bridge next summer.



CORPORAL BARBER AND SIR ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

your conduct at the storming of the churchyard?"

"You did me that honour, sir."

"And now you find yourself in this unfortunate position? How do you explain your conduct yesterday?"

"I was doing my duty, sir, endeavouring to get the men back to barracks."

For a moment there was a pause, and I thought they must hear my heart thump against my ribs, so great was the silence and suspense.

"Well," said Sir Arthur slowly, weighing his words and eyeing me carefully. "I'm inclined to believe, corporal, that your motives have been mistaken." Then, turning to the captain, he added, "He will take his place with his company again, and I will see that the finding of the court-martial is altered in his case. I will always give a good soldier the benefit of a doubt."

The captain bowed.

"May I thank your honour—" I began.

"Nor, sir, you may not. Your thanks should be directed towards another quarter."

answered that it was impossible, because you were a common soldier and I an officer's sister. But when I saw so many soldiers passing to and fro I said I would perhaps see you.

"And if you did, miss?" said Michael.

"Then I should certainly shake his hand and speak to him," I replied.

"He laughed in a sneering way. 'You can see your soldier to-morrow, if you like, but the sight will not please you.'

"And why not?" said I.

"Because," said Michael angrily, "your friend is going to be flogged on parade."

"Oh!" I screamed, "It is impossible. You are not telling the truth, Michael."

"No?" he said, in a bantering way. Ask the colonel, and he will tell you all about it."

"I could not say another word. The thought of the suffering and shame in store for you, if Michael spoke truly, overcame me. I must have shown my feintness, for Michael took me home again, returning at once to his duties at the barracks."

## O Sacred Head.

O sacred head now wounded,  
With grief and pain weighed down,  
Thy sacred head surrounded  
With thorns, thine only crown!  
O Lamb of God, what glory  
What bliss, till now was thine,  
Yet, though despised and gory,  
I joy to call thee mine.

What thou, my Lord, hast suffered,  
Was all for sinners' gain,  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But thine the deadly pain.  
Lo, here I fall, my Saviour I  
"Thine I deserve thy place;  
Look on me with thy favour,  
Vouchsafe to me thy grace.

What language shall I borrow  
To praise thee, dearest Friend,  
For this thy dying sorrow,  
Thy pity without end?  
O make me thine forever;  
And should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never, never,  
Outlive my love to thee.

Be near me when I'm dying,  
O show thyself to me;  
And, for my succour flying,  
Come, Lord, and set me free;  
These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From Jesus shall not move;  
For he who dies believing,  
Dies safely, through thy love.

## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.

## LESSON II.—APRIL 9.

## THE ANOINTING IN BETHANY.

John 12. 1-11. Memory verses, 1-3.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

She hath done what she could Mark 14. 8.

## OUTLINE.

1. Sincere Love, v. 1-3.
2. Hypocritical Greed, v. 4-8.
3. Aimless Curiosity, v. 9.
3. Murderous Conspiracy, v. 10, 11.

Time.—A.D. 30.

Place. Bethany, on the Mount of Olives.

Rulers. Pilate in Jerusalem, Herod in Galilee.

## LESSON HELPS.

1. "The Passover"—The greatest of the three annual feasts of the ancient Jews. "Bethany"—A village, two miles from Jerusalem, which is a "Sabbath day's journey," the home of Lazarus and his sisters.

2. "A supper"—Which was of the nature of a feast. "Martha served"—Characteristic of her, and in contrast with Mary, who "sat at Jesus' feet."

3. "Anointed the feet"—The usual custom of a servant was to anoint the head. The act of Mary was humble, as a servant. She showed such esteem for Jesus as to anoint his feet, and such gratitude as to use very costly ointment.

5. "Why was not this ointment sold"—Why not? Because it was the one opportunity, which would not return, to show love for the Master. A tribute of affection, which sprang from a generous nature.

6. "This he said"—The motive of the questioner is clear. He was prompted, not by economy, but by a covetous spirit. "A thief"—A strong but a correct expression to use of Judas. Ugly things deserve ugly names. Notice how a man who began by betraying trust funds ended by betraying Jesus, and then took his own life in remorse.

8. "The poor always ye have with you"—An obvious reference to the words of the law, "The poor shall never cease out of the land." Deut. 15. 11. "But me ye have not always"—His bodily presence would be seen no more, but there is a promise of his spiritual presence. Read Matt. 28. 20.

9. "Much people of the Jews therefore knew that he was there"—The news spread quickly among the crowds that came in the caravans to the feast of the Passover.

10. "The chief priests consulted"—These chief priests were for the most part of the sect of the Sadducees, but they were equal to the rival sect of the Pharisees in their hatred of Jesus. Their chief doctrine was, "There is no resurrection." Hence they wished to put Lazarus to death, for while he lived many persons would "believe on Jesus" and in the resurrection.

## HOME READINGS.

- M The anointing in Bethany.—John 12. 1-11.  
Tu. Christ's commendation.—Mark 14. 1-9.

W. Grateful love.—Luke 7. 36-50.  
Th. The good part.—Luke 10. 38-42.  
F. All for Christ.—Phil. 3. 1-12.  
S. All she had.—Mark 12. 38-44.  
Su. He first loved us.—1 John 4. 10-19.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Sincere Love, v. 1-3.  
When did Jesus come again to Bethany?  
What miracle had been wrought there?  
At whose house was he a guest?  
Who sat at table with Jesus?  
What place did Martha take?  
How did Mary honour the guest?
2. Hypocritical Greed, v. 4-8.  
Who found fault with her?  
What objection did he urge?  
Why did he object?  
What was the rebuke of Jesus?  
What else did he say? Golden Text.  
Why was her service approved?
3. Aimless Curiosity, v. 9.  
What brought many guests to the feast?  
Was this a proper motive?  
Does curiosity ever bring people near to Jesus now?

Above all, he must have the shield of faith in God, which will help him to withstand all the fiery darts of the evil one, as well as the umbrella to keep from the tender head the direct rays of a tropical sun.

The pith helmet, so essential to the head, reminds one of the helmet of salvation, for the head well cared for is the means of imparting the dictates of the heart to a heathen population. "But the 'Sword of the Spirit,' the Word of God, can never be left behind. Men have died to translate it into three hundred and thirty-three languages of the world, and the right use of the word has been the great power of the missionary.

He who said "war is not made with rose water" invented a cruelly deceiving euphemism. War is the unchaining of the fiercest passion of animal nature, that for killing, and its contagion breeds all other violent lusts. Personal hate for the man who is firing the bullets that flick about, longing to do injury to a foe, unregarded suffering—all these are the accompaniments of battle. Well

the eyes of Jesus often rested. Beneath us, across the Kedron, is the sacred city, alike sacred to Christian, Moslem and Jew. Near at hand is the ruined village of Bethany, with its so-called tower of Lazarus, and home of Mary and Martha. In yonder deep hollow, 3,000 feet beneath our feet, lies the cobalt-colour Sea of Death, which for ages has rolled above the guilty cities of the plain. Beyond it stretch the purple hills of Moab, their summits touched to ruddy glow by the kiss of the setting sun. Beneath us roll the sterile, stony hills of the wilderness of Judea. "These doleful hills," says that genial traveller, Dr. Hugh Johnston, "with their savage grandeur, their worn and haggard features, powerfully impress the mind and strangely fascinate our eyes, for we know that somewhere in this wilderness was the suffering Son of God led after his baptism to encounter the fiercest temptations of the power of darkness." On the opposite horizon is the highest hill in Southern Palestine—Nebi Samwel, the Biblical Mizpah, with its many sacred associations.

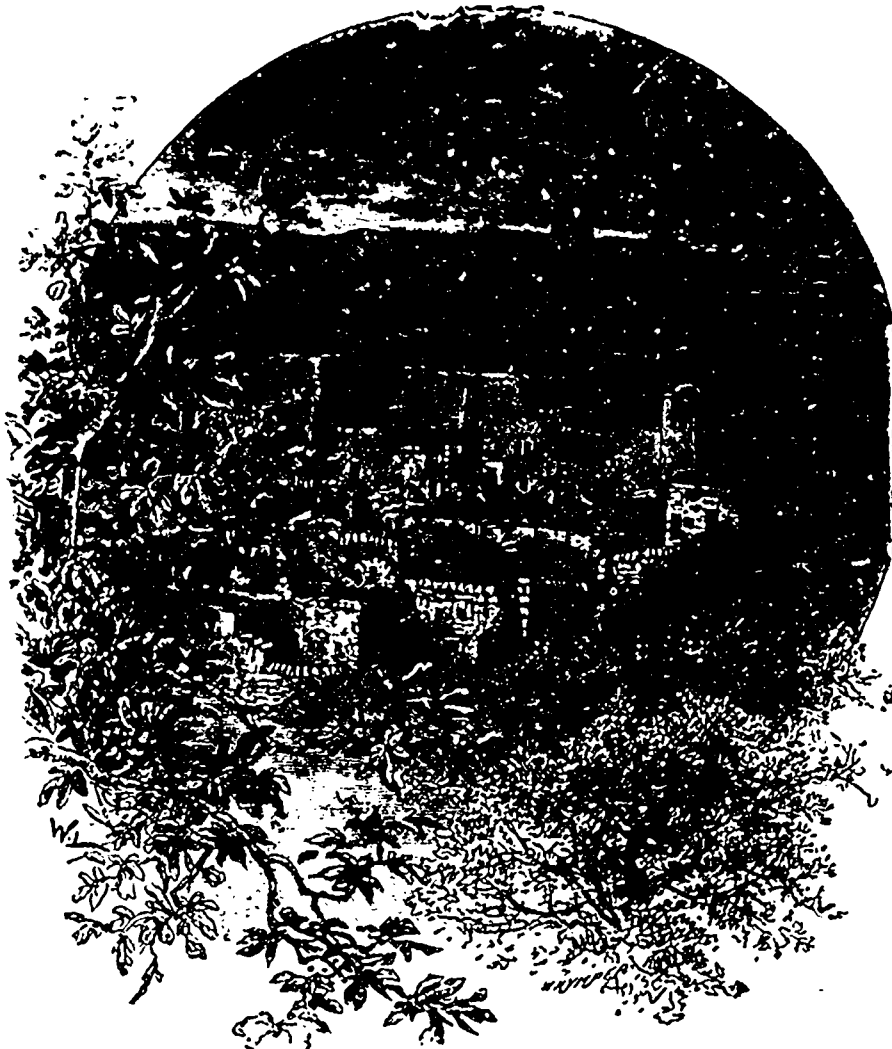
## Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Break thou the bread of life, dear Lord,  
to me,  
As thou didst break the loaves beside the sea.  
Beyond the sacred page I seek thee,  
Lord!  
My spirit pants for thee, O loving Word!  
Bless thou the truth, dear Lord, to me,  
to me,  
As thou didst bless the bread by Galilee:  
Then shall all bondage cease, all fetter;  
fall,  
And I shall find my peace, my all in all!

"Look out for breakers" is a good motto to remember when you are about to employ a servant.

"How did you like my discourse last Sunday?" asked the parson. And the reply was: "To tell you the truth, I was not altogether pleased with your premises, but I was delighted at your conclusion."

First Baggage-Smasher—"Say, Jake. I'm thinkin' it 'ud be money in our pockets if we begin handlin' trunks more kearful." Jake—"Why wud it?" First Baggage-Smasher—"Because the more we smash 'em, the bigger and stronger and heavier they make 'em. I've struck three this mornin' made out o' reg'lar boiler iron. Me back's most broke."



BETHANY.

How, if ever, are such people benefited by Jesus?

4. Murderous Conspiracy, v. 10, 11.  
Who plotted against Lazarus?  
Why did they seek to kill him?  
How did it injure them for people to believe on Jesus?

## PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—  
1. That love finds no service costly?  
2. That loving service is pleasing to Jesus?  
3. That an evil heart always finds an evil motive in others?

## A MISSIONARY COSTUME IN AFRICA.

BY J. CHESTER HYDE

The African missionary dresses in a way that suggests the armour of the Ephesians.

His loins are not only girt about with truth, but he wears a cholera belt of red flannel, conspicuous and essential. He would be a failure without the breastplate of righteousness, and he will often add a chest protector from the dampness.

If he comes with firearms he will have no people to whom to preach, so that his feet must be shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace, and at the same time he must have on shoes that will not admit thorns, and the first indications of "jiggers" must be carefully removed.

should be ponder the cost who invokes the arbitrament of battle, holy though the cause may be.

## BETHANY.

The night before our Lord's triumphal entry into Jerusalem he probably spent in Bethany. This quiet retreat, a few miles from Jerusalem, was the home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, and of Simon, who made a great feast for our Lord. It was a favourite resting place of Jesus, remote from the turmoil and plotting and noise of the city. The hours which he spent in sweet converse with his friends were some of the few oases of rest in his life of toil. The Arabs still point out the so-called house of Mary and Martha, the one on the outskirts of the village with the two ruined towers, shown in our picture. It is now a squalid and deserted Arab village, but its imperishable memories of Jesus of Nazareth make it one of the most sacred in the world.

The summit of Olivet belongs to the Moslems, who regard it as sacred. Adjoining it is the Monastery of Dervishes, whose minaret commands a magnificent view. Much grander, however, is that from the new and lofty tower of the Greek church, which from near and far is seen dominating the whole landscape. From this we behold one of the most magnificent panoramas in the world. Whatever else has changed, the features of nature are the same. These rocky hills about Jerusalem are those on which

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