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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX

TORONTO, APRIL 7, 1900.

No. 14.

Palm Sunday.

When, his salvation bringing,
To Zion Jesus came,
The children all stood singing
Hosanna to his name;
Nor did their zeal offend him,
But as he rode along,
He let them still attend him,
And smiled to hear their song.

And since the Lord retaineth
His love to children still,
Though now as king he reigneth
On Zion's heavenly hill,
We'll flock around his standard,
We'll bow before his throne,
And cry aloud "Hosanna
To David's royal Son!"

For should we fall proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.
But shall we only render
The tribute of our words?
No; while our hearts are tender,
They, too, shall be the Lord's.

HEROIC DEEDS.

BY RUBY MACFARLANE.

Among the many heroic deeds recorded on the historic roll, very few were performed so bravely and with such presence of mind as those executed by devoted, God-fearing and God-trusting men; and the following scene, which took place in Manitoba, is included in the latter class.

A few months before this incident happened, a settler, with a large family, had taken up his abode near Dauphin Station; and, on this particular occasion, his son, accompanied by his four-year-old sister, Myrtle, had been out working in the field, burning the old stumps which here and there made their appearance. Myrtle watched the fires with childish curiosity and delight, both of which were very aggravating to her brother, especially when he discovered that his work would take him a few rods across the field. His sister not being able to accompany him, he placed her on the ground, charging her on no account to leave the spot until he returned.

As she readily promised to obey his injunctions, he felt no further anxiety until about five minutes after when, happening to look up from his work, he saw that she had, by some means,

climbed over the logs to gather some flowers, the former having now taken fire. At a glance he took in the situation. Myrtle was almost surrounded by the flames, but on one side stood a tree which had not yet caught fire.

The boy's first impulse was to rush in to her, regardless of the fire, but, upon second thought, he evidently considered discretion to be the better part of valour, for he had common sense enough to know that in that case it would be



LAIN IN THE SEPULCHRE.

"Greater love than this no man hath, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—John 15. 13.

utterly impossible to return with his burden. Still, he had one hope, and that was the tree, so, sulking the action to the word, he dashed over and climbed it with a quickness equal to that of a sailor, but, even as he did so, he realized that he was running a great risk, as it was liable to take fire at any moment. However, he kept on, never for an instant faltering. In his hand he held a rope, in the form of a lasso which he threw down around his sister's waist and drew her up.

He was about to descend when the fire began to encircle the trunk of the tree. The first thing he did was to lower his sister to the ground, but how to manage himself was difficult to understand. He could see no chance of escape, and every moment the flames were mounting higher and higher. He was already almost suffocated, and had just given up in despair, when he heard a voice shouting, and, looking up, he saw a number of men hastening toward the spot.

He was soon rescued, and when they reached home, Myrtle exclaimed, "Oh mamma, such a dreadful, dreadful thing happened. I went and burnt my dress." And her mother, smiling through her tears, kissed her fondly, and thanked God that her darling had been safely restored to her.

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend."

Mount Forest, Ont.

Calvary.

Under an Eastern sky,
Amid a rabble's cry,
A Man went forth to die
For me.

Thorn-crowned his blessed head,
Blood-stained his every tread,
Cross-laden, on he sped,
For me.

Pierced glow his hands and feet,
Three hours o'er him beat
Fierce rays of noontide heat
For me.

Thus wert thou made all mine;
Lord, make me wholly thine;
Grant grace and strength divine
To me.

In thought and word and deed
Thy will to do, Oh, lead
My soul, e'en though it bleed,
To Thee!



AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as 'The Canadian', 'The Western Mail', 'The Sun', etc., with their respective prices and subscription rates.

and towns to Methodism will be the thrilling heart of our beloved Church to this great century offering of thanksgiving to God

THE TEXT ON THE SUNDIAL.

Shadows we are and like shadows, depart," read Bobby. "Well, that's funny!" The new sun-dial had just been put in its place on the Asylum wall, and all the school children were standing in a row looking up at it.

Like shadows we depart," repeated Bobby. "That's what it says, you know, up there on the Asylum. They just kind of go away all of a sudden, when the sun sets. They are all long and black, and then they melt away."

"The trees," answered Bobby, promptly. "and horses and houses and men."

"Then I suppose if they make the shadows, when the shadows go away it is because there are no trees or houses or men to make them?" said Miss Emily, smiling.

"Oh, yes, there are; the trees and houses are always there," said Bobby. "Then you must be something else to make the shadows," said Miss Emily, "something that goes away and then all the shadows go too."

"Oh, the sun," cried Bobby. "Yes," said Miss Emily, "it is the sun. Now, Bobby, God is the great and glorious Sun whose shining makes us. If God were not, we could not be. If God went away, we should fade away in a moment like the shadows. But, sometimes, you know, the shadows grow faint before the sun sets, and that is because clouds come between the earth and the sun. Now, the clouds that come between us and our glorious Sun are our sins. You have seen a great many little clouds gather in the sky, and roll all together, and make a great thunder-cloud that hides the sun and makes the world dark. If our sins all gathered together like that, and were not rolled away, they would quite hide the face of God from us and we should die. But a ray of God's light pierces through the cloud, just as you have seen the sun steal

the carriage skimming by him. Unlike the children, he made no attempt to overtake it by a direct chase, but dashing across three or four lawns, he came out at a curve of the road ahead of the little vehicle, and planting himself firmly in its track, stopped it, and held it safely until some of the neighbours, who had been roused by the cries, hurried to the spot.

Then he walked up the hill again, apparently unmoved by the praise and petting which were surely his due, and resumed his nap with the air of a dog that had done his duty and best he knew how, and was content.—The Sunday Companion.

THE SKY TELEGRAM.

A gentleman while buying a paper from a newsboy one day said to him: "Well, my boy, do you ever find it hard work to be good?"

"Yes, sir," responded the little fellow. "Well, so do I. How do you find out how to get help; do you want to know how?"

"Yes, sir." "Then just send a telegram." The gentleman touched the boy's forehead with his finger and said: "What do you do in there?"

"Think," said the boy. "Well, can God see what you think?" "I suppose he can." "Yes, he can see and does. Now, when you want help to sell papers or to be a good boy, just send a sky telegram this way. Just think this thought quickly: 'Jesus, help me,' and God will see it and send the help."

A few weeks later he met the same little newsboy on a street, who rushed up to him and said:

"Say, mister, I've been trying the sky telegram the last few weeks, and I've sold more papers since I've been doing' that than I ever did before."—Evangelist.

Easter.

That day, when Christ, our Lord, was slain, I wailed the children hid, and wept in grief and pain;

Dear little ones, on whose fair brows his tender touch had been, Whose infant forms had nestled close his loving arms within

I think that very soberly went mournful little feet, When Christ, our Lord, was laid away in Jesus' garden sweet, And wistful eyes grew very sad, and dimpled cheeks grew white, When he who suffered babes to come was prisoned from the light.

But haply, ere the sleeping world on Easter dawn had stirred, Ere in the leafy-curtained nest had waked the earliest bird, Some little child, whose Jesus loved in slumber may have smiled, By fanning of an angel's wing to happy dreams beguiled.

For, hasting down from heaven above while still the east was gray, The joyful Easter angels came to pause where Jesus lay; So shining, strong, and beautiful they swept along the skies, But veiled their faces in the hour that saw our Lord arise.

Oh, still, when we are sorrowful, and scarce for tears can see, The angels of the Easter-time are sent our help to be; And oh, how true the task it is to roll the stone away.

Is felt in homes where shadows brood, a presence sweet to-day, With beaming looks and eager words the glad surprise he gave To those who sought their buried Lord, and sought in vain his grave; For truly Christ had conquered death, himself the Prince of Life, And none of all his followers shall fail in any strife.

Oh, little ones, around the cross your Easter garlands twine, And bring your precious Easter gifts to him who has so loved you; And chant with voices fresh and clear—the seraphs singing too—In homage to the Mighty One who died and rose for you.

To churches grand, to chambers dim, to mounds of green and low, Your Easter gifts are sent, that snow flowers, in blithe processions go; And, better still, let offerings of pure young hearts be given On Easter Day to Him who reigns the King of earth and heaven.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Her. W. H. Whitlow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO APRIL 7 1900

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY FUND.

We borrow from The Guardian the accompanying cut of the Hon. Mr. Roll certificate.

The following is abridged from the stirring appeal of the Rev. Dr. Potts, General Secretary of the Fund:

While we have abundant reason to thank God and take courage, we have reached a point where we must realize that the hardest work is still to be done. Unless there is a thorough organization and aggressive work, which shall mean teaching every new adherent of League and Sunday-school scholar, the million thank offering will not be realized, and failure to reach it would be a great humiliation to our church.

It is refreshing to see how our Sunday-schools are taking it up, but this will be made successful. The Leagues and Sunday-schools are the most interested in the movement. Many schools are reaching to the officer, teacher and scholar on the

HISTORIC ROLL.

Indeed, the aim should be to have every person connected with Canadian Methodism, either directly or indirectly, on the Historic Roll. The Roll will be in two volumes, and every person whose name is on it will receive a beautiful Souvenir Card, bearing the same number as is connected with his name on the Roll.

The terms of enrollment are simple and easy. Persons of sixteen years and under, one dollar and upwards, persons over sixteen, five dollars and upwards. The Roll will be very democratic—there will be no records of money, but simply the name and address and number. Due credit will be given to each subscriber in the books of the office, but on the Roll a full dollar subscriber of a one dollar subscription may be before us next to a \$2.50 subscriber.

When the Twentieth Century Thanksgiving Fund is complete, and the million thank offering laid on God's altar, we hope and pray that all who refer to it will be compelled to add that with it the church enjoyed the most glorious revival in all the history of our beloved Zion. This is the plan of the pulpits, and of the pages of the Leagues and Sunday-schools, as we doing our share to make the Twentieth Century Thanksgiving Fund a grand success? This is something that will be repeated all over our church, a hundred years from now, will be similarly engaged, but on a much larger scale. There will not be a better spirit pervading the church of that day than that which is kindling in us to-day. The thank-offering may be ten millions, but the heart of love to God

Advertisement for The Methodist Church of St. James, Toronto, featuring a large illustration of a candle and text: 'His Certifies that the Name of God... The Twentieth Century Thanksgiving Fund Deposited in the Library of Victoria College Toronto.'

At noon, as he went home, they had again a very short and lay close at the foot of the trees. In the late afternoon they fell again, long and dark, across the street, pointing now toward the east, while, as the sun set, they faded quite away. Home they watched with great interest, and wondered about them as he wondered about the strange words on the new sun-dial.

"Shadows we are. We make shadows," Bobby used to think, looking at his own shadow, long and thin, early and late in the day, and at noon, short and wide. We make shadows, but how are we to be them? It was a great puzzle to Bobby, and he wished very much that he dared ask Miss Emily what it could mean.

But day after day went by without his speaking of the words, until, at last, an old lady came into the school-room one morning to speak to Miss Emily.

Just as Bobby finished writing the last word, he heard the old lady say, "And did you know, my dear, that Mr. Jenkins had departed his life?"

"Ah poor man," said Miss Emily; "he has been a great sufferer." And then the old lady, who had done her errand, went away.

"Miss Emily," said Bobby, "what is departed?"

"Mrs. Belknap meant that Mr. Jenkins has died," said Miss Emily. "Did he like a shadow?" asked Bobby. "Like a shadow," said Miss Emily. "What do you mean, dear?"

through a little opening in the thunder-cloud, and it touches our hearts and makes us sorry, and we repent of our sins, and God forgives us for Christ's sake, and all our sky is clear again. Do you understand, dear?"

Miss Emily had spoken very slowly, and Bobby had listened so attentively that he understood her meaning very well, and he told her so.

HE SAVED THE BABY.

An old resident of a Nova Scotia town was the proud owner of a Newfoundland dog for which he has been offered large sums. The dog's intelligence has always been rated high, but two years ago he added to his reputation by an act which seemed to indicate a power of rapid reasoning equal to that possessed by many human beings.

His master lives on the side of a hill, the street sloping rather abruptly down to the water's edge. One day a little girl, left in charge of her baby sister sleeping in its small carriage, turned away to talk to schoolmate, and forgot the baby for a moment.

In that moment a sudden gust of wind took the little carriage, and bore it rapidly along down the hill towards the water. The two children ran shrieking after it, but the wind was too fleet for them.

The big Newfoundland, lying at the end of his master's walk, as usual, raised his head when he heard the cries and saw

TIM'S FRIEND.

By Annie M. Barton.

CHAPTER VI.

HOMELESS, FRIENDLESS, AND IN TROUBLE.

"Echo, sir, buy a paper, sir, second edition, full perticlerers of the hexecution!"

Tim's ragged little figure balanced itself on the step of a tramcar crowded with gentlemen going home from business one evening late in February, and while he dodged the guard, tried eagerly to dispose of his stock-in-trade.

But the gentlemen seemed either already supplied, or not inclined to buy, and the bundle of papers under the boy's arm was very little lighter when the tram moved away.

Nothing daunted, he tried another and another, and in the intervals ran after foot-passengers, urging them to "Buy a paper, sir! Special edition, sir!" Alas! without avail.

The crowd of business men grew less and less; the tramcars, an hour ago filled to overflowing, were now almost empty; the principal shops were closed, and Tim stood in the deserted street, looking ruefully at his stock-in-trade.

For the last three weeks things had been going very badly with poor Tim. He had earned next to nothing, and must have starved only for the food he got by begging.

Sunderland had become quite a familiar place to the boy. Aided partly by gossip, heard in the lodging-houses, and partly by his own experience, he had discovered the most profitable districts for begging, and haunted them as persistently as he dared.

His one great fear was being caught by the police. He knew that if taken before a magistrate, and convicted of the terrible crime of begging for bread, he would most probably be sent to a reformatory or to a training ship for a number of years, and, to this wild little street arab, such a prospect seemed worse than death.

Tim had not forgotten the wonderful Friend of whom he had heard at the mission school that wet Sunday afternoon. Indeed, anxious to gain some more practical and definite knowledge as to where he might find this Friend, he had presented himself at the door of the building the following week, much to the surprise of the small girl who had first introduced him.

"Wherever did you get to last Sunday?" she asked reproachfully. "Teacher was real vexed when she found you'd runned away; she wanted to talk to you."

"All right, young 'un. She can jaw as much as she likes to-day, I'm in no perticlerer hurry."

But when Tim took his place in the class, he found that the pleasant-faced lady who had taught them the previous week was not there.

In her stead was a middle-aged man, with a pucker of care on his forehead, and a restless, worried expression in his eyes, as he surveyed the turbulent group he was expected to teach and control.

"Your teacher, Miss Meredith, is very ill, and I am afraid it will be many weeks before she will be able to come here again," he said nervously; "in the meantime, I will do my best to fill her place. Pray try and be as attentive as possible."

There was a murmur of dissatisfaction; but perhaps of all the class Tim was the most disappointed. The questions he had meant to put must now go unanswered, for the boy felt instinctively that the worried, nervous gentleman in charge would hardly understand what he meant.

That afternoon Tim did not even try to be good or quiet. He kept the class in a constant state of uproar and laughter by sly grimaces and cleverly executed tricks, and though he refused to share the hymn-book of his small neighbour, he made her very angry by mimicking, in a subdued tone, her rather peculiar way of singing.

How different was the lesson to-day from that of last Sunday! Miss Meredith understood the art of talking to children in simple, earnest language, every word of which was within their comprehension; this teacher did not.

He tried his very best, but used long words that made the lesson sound almost like a puzzle, and I am afraid not one of the boys or girls even tried to listen.

When school was dismissed, Tim shook the dust off his feet metaphorically.

"I shan't come here no more until she gets better," he observed to his small girl friend ere taking his departure. "The old bloke this afternoon knows no more about teachin' than a cat."

And so poor Tim returned, with all his doubts and difficulties unsolved, to his hard daily task of earning food sufficient to keep him from actual starvation.

As the days and weeks passed on things grew worse and worse. Several nights he had been unable to pay for a bed, and had slept under an archway leading to a bake-shop, which shelter, though bitterly cold, had the merit of being protected from rain or snow.

Under conditions such as these it is little wonder that Tim often felt ill and miserable. He was troubled by a hoarse, barking cough, and sometimes a sharp, keen pain in his side, that hurt when he drew a long breath. His pale, freckled face grew thinner and paler than ever, framed in its mop of thick, red hair, and his eyes did not now so often twinkle with fun and mischief.

Strange as it may seem, Tim, though sorely pressed by hunger and cold, had never spent the precious shilling given by little Johnnie. It still hung round his neck, hidden away from sight beneath his ragged jacket, and he had grown to regard it as a sort of charm, and not as an ordinary piece of money.

Upon this February evening, as Tim stood sorrowfully contemplating his unsold stock of newspapers, his heart was full of sorrow and despair.

What was he to do? Where was he to go? He had no money and no friends; he was terribly hungry, there seemed to be a raging wolf inside him craving for food, and he had no means of satisfying it, unless he obtained something by begging.

Where was that wonderful Friend, the Lord Jesus, who loved children, and above the bright blue sky had made a home for them in which they would always be happy and never hungry or cold? Why did that Friend not come to his help now, in Sunderland, poor Tim wondered; and then he said to himself: "It was all a lie, there couldn't be any such Friend as the one of whom Miss Meredith told him, or he would never let a poor boy be so cold and wretched and miserable."

Since that memorable Sunday afternoon Tim had carefully avoided taking what was not his own, and, remembering his teacher's words, "You must not tell lies or steal," had tried to speak the truth.

But now faith and hope alike had fled, and Tim was desperate.

Homeless and friendless, poor desolate child!

And yet, even in that dark hour, the Friend who never changes, whose love can never die, was watching over him with the most tender pity and compassion; and by this strange, mysterious way was leading him to a place of safety and rest.

Carrying the unsold papers beneath his arm, Tim prowled about the streets for some time, begging from the passers-by, while every moment his hunger grew keener and more intense.

No one responded to his appeal for charity, and at last he gave up asking, and stood looking wistfully at the cakes and pies displayed in the window of a confectioner's shop.

He had sold only five papers, so two-pence halfpenny represented all his capital. If he spent this in food he would have to sleep out of doors, a terrible prospect when he felt so cold and ill, and when his hard, troublesome cough hurt him as it did to-night. No, at any cost he must be under shelter.

While thus meditating he saw a lady and a little girl enter the shop, and, with his face pressed close to the glass, watched quite a pile of dainty cakes and confections being put into paper bags. Then, the lady having paid for her purchases, gave the little girl one parcel to carry, she herself taking the rest.

As they entered the street the child lingered a moment looking into the window close beside Tim.

Overpowered by a sudden temptation, he snatched the bag of cakes from the little one's loose hold, and ran swiftly away, unheeding her scream of anger and fright.

But Tim had not noticed a policeman standing near. He had been a silent spectator of the scene, and now, before the boy was aware of the danger, his flying footsteps were overtaken, and a strong hand grasped the collar of his ragged jacket.

Tim looked up in wild affright, his worst fears realized. Visions of prison, of a reformatory, of the training-ship flashed through his mind with lightning rapidity, and the terror of it lent him almost superhuman strength.

He managed to wrench himself free, and darted into the middle of the road, where a number of vehicles were passing. There was a hoarse shout of warning from the driver of a cab; but it came too late, or perhaps in poor Tim's fright and terror was not even heard.

The next moment the boy was dragged from beneath the horse's feet, and carried to the sidewalk, where he lay moaning with pain. The policeman bent over him, and Tim's terror and distress re-

vived. He tried to raise himself to run away, but a terrible pain in his right leg made him feel sick and faint. The street seemed to be turning round, the shops tumbling down, there was a rushing sound in his ears, and the people's voices sounded far away. Oh, what was the matter? Was he dying?

Then Tim knew no more, did not see the crowd of eager, curious, and compassionate faces around him, and would have been quite surprised at the tenderness with which the stern policeman, well versed in ambulance work, examined the injured limb.

"Poor little chap!" said the man, "his leg is broken. I'm afraid it'll prove a bad case, for he looks half-starved. We must get him to the Infirmary as quick as possible."

The bundle of newspapers was scattered far and wide, the cakes had vanished, no one knew where, the precious silver shilling had broken loose from its string and was lost, but Tim heeded none of these things.

He lay white and still and unconscious upon the ambulance stretcher and was carried through the cold, dark streets to the Infirmary Hospital, where gentle and skilful hands ministered to his needs, and cared for him as perhaps in all his life he had never been cared for before.

(To be continued.)

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON III.—APRIL 15.

THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS RAISED. Mark 5, 22-24, 35-43. Mem. verses, 39-42.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be not afraid, only believe.—Mark 5, 36.

OUTLINE.

1. Human Sorrow and Doubt, v. 22-24, 35.
2. Divine Comfort and Cheer, v. 36, 37.
3. Artificial Fears and Spontaneous Laughter, v. 38-40.
4. Divine Power, v. 41-43.

Time.—Very late in the summer of A.D. 28.

Place.—Capernaum.

22. "Jairus"—An early Israelite warrior, Jair, had conquered and occupied the region which in ancient time was called Bashan (Num. 32, 41; Josh. 13, 30). After him this ruler of the synagogue had been named. Such rulers formed the local Sanhedrin, or tribunal; they convened the assembly and managed the schools connected with the synagogue. Jairus must have been one of the prominent Jews of the city. "Fell at his feet"—In reference, but divine worship is not necessarily meant. Sorrow and need make short work of prejudice.

23. "At the point of death"—Mark and Luke speak of her as dying when the father came; Matthew, as already dead; but such differences are not hard to adjust. He left her at the last gasp; he knew that she could scarcely be living now, and yet, having no certain notice of her death, he at one moment expressed himself in one way, at the next in another.—Trench.

24. "Thronged him"—"Pressed upon him." "Crowded upon him almost to suffocation, so that he could not walk without difficulty."—Clarke. Every sinner has a mortal disease on his soul. Jesus loves to answer prayer.

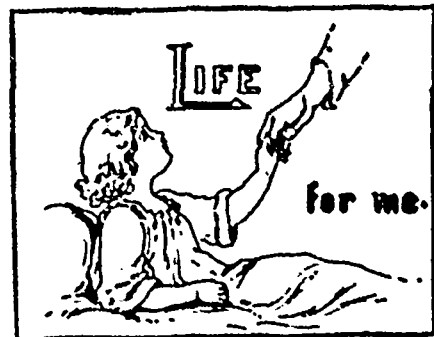
35. "While he yet spake"—To the infirm woman (verses 25-34). "Why troublest thou the Master any further?"—These people seem to have no other notion of our Lord than that of an eminent physician, who might be useful while there was life, but afterward could do nothing.—Clarke. The greater our trouble, the greater is our need of Jesus.

36. "Be not afraid"—"How complete is our Lord's self-consciousness that he holds in his hands the key of infinite power! Relatively to that power it was of no moment whether the child was dead or alive."—Morison. Death need not destroy your hope nor shake your belief. "Only believe"—Unbelief too often prevents the divine blessing.

37. "Peter, and James, and John"—"It is hardly to be questioned that this selection was determined by the personal peculiarities of these three, which made them more ready than the others to understand the real meaning of Christ's words and works, and to sympathize with him in his trials and griefs."—Andrews. "Peter, who loved him so much; John, whom he loved so much;

and James, who should first attest that death could as little as life separate from his love."—Trench

38. "Wept and wailed greatly"—After the Eastern custom. "Mark gives a graphic picture of the tumult and loud



cries and wailing. Even the poorest were expected to provide for a funeral two flute players and one wailing woman (Exod. 12, 5; Jer. 9, 17; Amos 5, 16; 2 Chron. 35, 25). These public mourners were called 'sappirans.'—Farrar

39. The damsel is not dead"—Spoken figuratively. "But sleepeth"—So to speak of death is common to all nations and languages. "The phrase 'when he slept' occurs hundreds of times in the Talmudists, expressive of the time of death."—Lightfoot. "Cemetery" means a sleeping place.

40. "They laughed," etc. The crowd without. It is but a step from unbelief to scorn. "The father and the mother"—"Prudence required that they should be present and be witnesses of the miracle."—Clarke.

41. "Took the damsel by the hand"—As seems to have been our Lord's habit. "Talitha cumi"—Mark gives the Syro-Chaldee words. Christ's call and touch bring dead souls to life. We, too, must get close to those we would spiritually help.

43. "Something should be given her to eat"—Necessary after her disease and fasting. "From miracle he hands her over to the usual means of life, honouring thereby the laws and course of nature."—Whedon. Where spiritual life has been bestowed it must be nourished by appropriate means.

HOME READINGS.

- M. The daughter of Jairus raised.—Mark 5, 22-24, 35-43.
- T. Timid faith.—Mark 5, 25-34.
- W. The widow's son.—Luke 7, 11-17.
- Th. Hindrance of unbelief.—Mark 6, 1-6.
- F. The resurrection and the life.—John 11, 19-27.
- S. The life-giving word.—John 11, 32-45.
- Su. Salvation by faith.—1 John 5, 9-15.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY

1. Human Sorrow and Doubt, v. 22-24, 35. Who came to Jesus after his voyage across the sea? How did this man act toward Jesus? How did Jesus receive his request? For what should we seek Christ, and how? What news about the sick child came to the father?
2. Divine Comfort and Cheer, v. 36, 37. How did Jesus encourage him? Who went with Jesus into the house? Why were they with him?
3. Artificial Fears and Spontaneous Laughter, v. 38-40. What did Jesus find, and what did he say? What did he do in the house?
4. Divine Power, v. 41-43. What did he say to the dead child? What did the words mean? What result followed his words?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

- Where in this lesson do we learn—
1. To come humbly to Christ in prayer?
 2. To seek Christ with determination?
 3. To believe in Christ's power to save?

Failed to Remember—"What's the matter with Rashleigh?" "Absent-mindedness, that's all!" "Nonsense! the man's cut and bruised frightfully!"

"Yes." He tried to stop a runaway automobile by running in front of it and waving his coat at it.

The Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, Moderator of the Church of Scotland, has a magnificent voice. An Englishman said to him one day "Doctor, how do you pronounce your name?"

The Doctor was somewhat taken aback, but answered with dignity and some force. "Think of a cloud, sir; a dark storm cloud."

"Thank you, Doctor, but you need not use the voice of thunder to carry out the illustration."

The Raising of Jairus' Daughter

(Mark 5 22-43)

The boat that bore the Master
Had crossed the silver sea,
And all along the mountain paths
Of rugged Gethse
Were sounds of voices eager-pitched,
Was throng of hurrying feet
For then, as now, were weary hearts,
And Jesus' words were sweet

With passion freighted earnestness
Intense and clear as flame,
Through tumult cleaving swift its way
One prayer of pleading came
My little daughter heth sick,
She heth near to death,
Oh on her lay thy gentle hands
Restore her fainting breath!

The stately ruler bowed his head
Before the Nazarene,
And meekly led the way for him
The surging ranks between
But ere they reached the stricken house
Was message brought of woe
Thy daughter even now is dead,
Vex not the Master so!

Dark grew the father's face with grief
With tears his eyes were dim,
Who did not know this darling child
Was all the world to him?
How could they call her dead? the dear,
The beautiful, the bright,
For him the summer lost its bloom,
The noonday lost its light.

Then tenderly unto his thought,
As if to soothe its ache,
Be not afraid: still keep thy faith,"
With power the Master spake,
Though long and keen the mourners' wail
Was borne upon the air,
The bitter cry of agony,
The protest of despair.

The Master hushed the clamour
By the peace upon his face
As up the stair he softly passed,
And stood within the place
Where, wan and pale, the maiden lay,
A lily frozen there,
And round her whiteness, like a cloud,
The darkness of her hair.

So still, the little feet that late
Had danced to meet her sire!
So still, the slender hands that swept
But now the golden lyre!
In this deep slumber can she hear
The thrilling word, "Arise!"
Oh, will she at that kingly look
Unclose those sealed eyes?

She hears, she stirs, she lives once more,
What joys for some there be,
When to their hour of gloom the Lord
Has crossed the silver sea!
And though to us he give not back
Our dead, yet, better far,
We know that where he dwells to-day,
In life our dear ones are.

EASTERN MOURNERS.

The lesson for April 15 speaks of them that wept and wailed greatly."

This refers to a common usage in oriental countries which is thus described: "Arab women scream, tear their hair, hands and face, and throw earth or sand on their heads. Both Mohammedans and Christians in Egypt hire wailing-women and wail at stated times. Lane, speaking of the modern Egyptians, says: 'After death, the women of the family raise cries of lamentation, uttering the most piercing shrieks, and calling upon the name of the deceased. Oh, my master! oh, my resource! oh, my misfortune! oh, my glory!' (See Jer 22, 18.) The females of the neighbourhood come to join with them in this conclamation. Generally, also, the family send for two or more neddahs or public wailing-women. Each brings a tambourine and beating them, they exclaim, 'Alas, for him!' The female relatives, domestics and friends, with their hair dishevelled, and sometimes with rent clothes, beating their faces, cry in like manner, 'Alas, for him!' These make no alteration in dress, but women in some cases dye their shirts, head veils and handkerchiefs of a dark-blue colour. They visit the tombs at stated periods"



EASTERN MOURNERS.

GUNPOWDER JACK'S CABIN BOY.

Gunpowder Jack—what a name! Yet it belonged to Sir John Narborough, one of the bravest of English seamen. He lived in the time of the "Merry Monarch," and won more than one naval victory for England; and the name was

given him on account of his daring and dauntless courage. But the story I am going to tell you is not about Gunpowder Jack himself, but about his cabin boy, who became a much more famous character even than the old admiral. Story! I wonder if you have ever thought that "story" is only the word "history" with its head cut off? And this story is really a bit of history, all about an interesting event and an interesting character, too.

The event was a great naval battle between English and Dutch fleets, fought on the North Sea one gray autumn day, more than two centuries and a quarter ago. Plucky little Holland dared contend with England for the mastery of the seas, and with a well-ordered navy and several naval commanders of more than usual ability, she put England to some trouble to hold her own. On this particular occasion the battle raged long and furiously; all day long the thunder of the great guns boomed over the troubled sea, and as the gloomy October night came down, it looked as if victory might perch on the banner of the plucky Dutch Republic.

But Gunpowder Jack had not yet given up the battle. Though several of his guns were disabled, and his main and mizzen masts shot away, and whole windrows of wounded and dying men lay upon his decks, he saw that the Dutch fire was really lessening. If he could hold his own an hour longer, or until help should come, victory might yet be wrested from his brave, but exhausted,

with smoke and powder, and his clothes bespattered with the blood of his first battle.

The admiral had called for volunteers to carry a message to the captain of a distant ship, promising fifty guineas to the one who should successfully perform the undertaking.

"I will go, your honour," said the lad, touching his forelock.

"You!" exclaimed Narborough; "why, do you know it is all that your life is worth to venture through such a sea, with the shot flying round you?"

"I am small, your honour, and can dodge the shot, and I have swum in worse seas than this. I will carry your dispatch; safely if you will give them to me."

The old warrior gazed at the flashing eyes and the lithe little body, and his own eyes glistened with admiration as he grasped the boyish hand.

"Go, my brave lad, and God keep you! You are worth your weight in gold."

Placing the dispatches in his mouth, the lad plunged into the boiling waves, amid the cheers of those who stood on deck.

Would he perform his errand? Vainly they watched for a glimpse of the boyish figure through the smoke and seething waters; but after a time they saw an English ship bearing down to the right, and shortly after another bore down at the left, while their cannonade of guns swept all before it. England had won the day, thanks to the heroism of a little cabin boy.

Who was he? In Westminster Abbey there is a noble monument to Admiral Sir Cloudesley Shovel, one of England's proudest naval heroes, who began his career as "Gunpowder Jack's cabin boy."—Sabbath-school Visitor.

Seattle contains a well-known citizen named Melody Choir.

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....BY....

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