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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR
YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XV.]

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 16, 1895.

[No. 7.



THE SNOW BIRDS.—(See next page.)

The Snowbirds.

"Pretty little snowbirds,
Sang a tiny and—
"Pretty little snowbirds,
Where can you have strayed?"

"When the sparkling snowflakes
Fall upon your head,
Where do you find shelter?
Where's your little bed?"

"Pretty little snowbirds,
Aren't you out to-day?
Don't you wish the winter
Soon will haste away?"

"No, dear little maiden,
How do I ever replied,
While they lightly bounded
Never to her side.

"Fear we not the snowflakes
I deem soft and white,
Sparkling like rich jewels
And the sunbeams bright;

"For our robe of feathers
Keeps us warm and nice;
So we face the winter
With the snow and ice.

"And we sing as bothly
As we gaily roam,
As you, little maiden,
In your sheltered home."

"Jesus loves the snowbirds,"
Thus the men on said,
As up a hill they drew
Laid the hot fair head.

"I'm so glad He gave them
Jack is soft and warm,
That the pretty snowbirds
May not feel the storm?"

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW D.D., Editor

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 16, 1895.

WHICH WAS THE BRAVER?

They were looking at the ice on the river one day early in the winter. The ponds were frozen and the Branch was frozen, but no one yet had had a skate on the deep and rapid river and all the boys were aching to try it. It lay before them frozen from shore to shore, a smooth expanse of dark and glassy ice, most tempting to the sight of any boy, and to the little group of lads who stood eyeing it it was almost irresistible. They had been skating on the Branch, so they had their skates in their hands, and every now and then one of them would venture out upon the ice and stamp about it to try it. At last one lad came back from one of these short excursions.

"Pooh!" said he stamping, "it's safe, safe enough for an elephant, and I am going to try it. I dare any one of you fellows to skate across with me. Dare, dare, double dare you, Fritz Ward, to do it," and down he set to put on his skates.

"What!" said Jack, "nobody coming?"

Not you, Fritz Ward? The champion skater of the town refuses. Well, well."

"No, I'm not going," answered Fritz.

But his refusal was not because he was afraid or because he did not want to go, for he was all eagerness to be off, but he had promised his mother that he would not go on the river until it had been pronounced perfectly safe, and he never yet had broken his word to her, and that was all that held him.

Jack was cutting arctic circles near the shore and watching them, smiling.

"Well, good-bye, 'land cats," said he, and giving his hand a little mocking flourish, off he flew straight towards the middle of the river, and his light, boyish figure seemed to skim the ice like a bird; but light as he was, it bent beneath him as he sped. The lads on the bank saw it and cried, "Come back," but he never heeded, in fact he was afraid to turn, and in another instant down he went. His comrades stared as if they were dreaming at that little black hole in the ice where Jack went down; and though those boys now are middle-aged men, yet they can shut their eyes, any one of them to-day, and see again that snow-clad shining landscape, and the glancing river with that little black hole in it well towards the middle. It was but an instant when they saw Jack's head once more, and his face was turned towards them. He threw his arms out on the ice and it broke beneath his weight, but before he sank he grasped it again with his other arm and it bore him for a moment, only to break again, but it brought him a little nearer to his friends. Instantly he comprehended what he had to do. He had to break his way bit by bit through the ice across that dreadful river. His friends could not help him, so like the gallant lad he was, he fought on inch by inch for his life, while his friends on shore cheered him all they could.

"Fellows," said Fritz Ward, watching him keenly, "he will never reach us without help; take off your comforters"—they all wore gay worsted scarfs knotted around their necks, and each of them was fully two yards long. "Knot them together tightly," Fritz continued. "I know the bottom here, and I am going out as far as I can to meet him. I shall throw him these and you must help me. I am going in up to my waist, and you must all throw yourselves on your faces and work yourselves out one after the other. Each fellow hang on to the other, and you, Joe Anderson, come next to me and steady me."

It was planned and done in a minute. Fritz, with the coil of comforters ten yards long went out until the ice cracked beneath him, and then he let himself down into the water. Joe Anderson, who was the lightest boy there, had cautiously worked himself out and lay near enough to give a steady hand to Fritz, who was in up to his arm pits, but his arms were free.

"Just a little nearer, old boy," shouted Fritz to Jack, "and I'll throw it," and poor Jack struggled a moment more. "Now," cried Fritz, and threw the rope, and the end lay within Jack's reach. He grasped it and Fritz drew him inch by inch through the splintering ice until he had him by the collar; then the ice broke under Joe and let him down, but he landed on his feet, and together he and Fritz tied one end of the comforters under Jack's arms and tossed the other end to the other boys. Then somehow they got him on to the ice and the other boys pulled him cautiously ashore. After that Fritz and Joe were helped out, and the dry boys piled their overcoats on to the wet boys, and they took Jack, who was by that time quite unconscious, safe home.

When Jack was convalescing from his attack of pneumonia the first boy he wanted to see was Fritz. He held out his hand to him with a smile.

"Oh boy," said he, "if it hadn't been for you I wouldn't be here."

"Pshaw," answered Fritz, "it was the comforters that did the business."

Ah," said Jack, "the comforters were a very good thing, but I would never have got hold of them if it hadn't been for you. You need not try to get out of it. If you hadn't been as quick as thought and cheek to l of pack beside, I wouldn't be in this world now. And the sense you've got too, Fritz," Jack went on reflectively;

"first time I ever knew you not to take a dare. How did it happen?"

"Oh," answered Fritz, laughing, "that was not any sense of mind. I would have been after you fast enough if I hadn't promised my mother that I wouldn't go on the river that day."

"Well," said Jack, "my old doctor says there is a difference between courage and foolhardiness, and it is pretty plain which quality he thinks I have shown the most of recently; but in the future I am going to keep what little courage I have left to use when it is needed, instead of fooling it away in such a scrape as this."

All this happened years ago, but the lesson Jack then learned has never been forgotten. He has had plenty of battles to fight since then, and he has fought them bravely; but his old foolhardy, daring ways, which so threatened to injure his character, he left behind him forever on that terrible day when he fell through the ice into Green River.

ABOUT POETRY.

Did you ever make poetry? I have. Leastways I have sometimes got the ends of the lines to juggle together, and if you succeed in doing that, and people are in a hurry they will call you a poet—and some will frown on you for an idiot, and some will admire you for a genius, but that last class is thinning away.

I have never been quite able to understand it, but I think we must all have been born poets and got spoiled somehow in the handling. For every child loves poetry at first, then doesn't love it a bit, and then grows madly fond of it, and then cools down and wonders what people can see in it.

If I wanted to be famous, this is the sort of thing that I would try to make—

One thing at a time,
And that done well,
Is a very good rule,
As many can tell.

How many millions of people have quoted that bit of poetry! Between ourselves, I believe it is better known than anything in Shakespeare! And if I felt very, very ambitious I would aim at something of this sort—

WINTER JEWELS.

A million little diamonds
Twinkled in the trees;
And all the little maidens said,
"A jewel, if you please!"
But while they held their hands outstretched
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came
And stole them all away.

Would you like to know who wrote these poems? So would I! They are amongst the things written by Anon. You understand? At the end of many a bright gem of poetry you find the word Anon. He is the oldest poet in existence; you find him writing in the gift books of a century ago, and there is something by him in the corner of almost every country paper still. Yet I have searched and searched in vain to find him; perhaps it is his modesty that keeps him so obscure.

Can it be because simple poetry is really so difficult to make that some of the greatest minds have tried it? Here is a little gem, for instance, by Robert Louis Stevenson—"Treasure Island" Stevenson, you know, whose recent death we all deplore:

MY BED IS A BOAT.

My bed is like a little boat;
Nurse helps me in when I embark;
She gives me in my sailor's coat,
And starts me in the dark.

At night I go on board and say
Good-night to all my friends on shore;
I shut my eyes, and sail away,
And see and hear no more.

And sometimes things to bed I take,
As prudent sailors have to do.
Perhaps a slice of wedding-cake,
Perhaps a toy or two.

All night across the dark we steer;
But when the day returns at last,
Safe in my room, beside the pier,
I find my vessel fast.

Where can I Find the Master?

From the German of Christian Augustus Bahr

Where can I find the Master,
That I his face may greet?
What teacher-kind or pastor
Will guide me to his feet,
That he may daily break me
My share of living bread,
And by his grace may take me
The path my feet should tread?

Within his Word then'll find him,
His quick'ning Spirit's there;
The Father has designed him
Heaven's wicket-gate to prayer.
That soul, God will abase him,
Who sins in carnal pride;
His sins he will erase him,
Who trusts the Crucified.

Within the bread he's hidden,
Within the wine that's poured,
And sinners all are bidden
To seat them at the board;
Go there, go there repenting;
Take thou the humblest place,
To his sweet will consenting,
And trusting in his grace.

Seek him in the communion
Of those who speak his name,
Together bound in union,
And warmed with holy flame.
He looks on all his members,
And gives each soul release;
His promise still remembers,
And bids them go in peace.

Within the heart he's dwelling,
If welcome he receive;
To him thy sorrows telling,
Who can alone relieve.
To those who show them willing,
In his great day of power,
Their souls with rapture filling
In the espousal hour.

Last, seek him in his heaven,
The place he doth prepare
For all earth's souls forgiven,
His blessedness to share.
Ay, there the Lord will meet thee,
For thus the promise lies,
In heaven's own garden greet thee,
The new, fair paradise.

HARD WORK.

Boys, do not shun hard work. Go at it; rejoice in it; it is a blessing to you. And understand us. By hard work we do not mean study, or sticking closely to keeping books, keeping store or teaching school, or any of the professional pursuits. These are all honourable, and when closely followed exhaust the nervous energy and make men tired too.

But by hard work we mean work that requires a great deal of muscular force, such as farming, chopping, rolling logs, quarrying rock, doing carpenter work, blacksmithing, laying brick, carrying the hod, and working in the forges, furnaces, rolling mills, mines, and car shops. This kind of work develops muscular strength, the power of physical endurance, grit, courage and good health.

Said an old man now up in the eighties, to me a year ago, "When I was fifteen years old I was a weak, spindly-kind of a boy, and went into a blacksmith's shop, learned the trade, worked at it eighteen years, and forged out a constitution worth a million dollars." He has ever been a healthy, vigorous man, and old as he is still walks the streets, perk, cheerful, and straight as an Indian's arrow.

Hard work is good medicine for boys, and especially for young men.

ABOUT TOBACCO.

So much has been said in these days for and against the use of tobacco that any advice may seem stale and unprofitable, but I cannot but feel that a few words on the subject may be of use. In the first place, the nicotine, a poisonous principle in tobacco, deadens the sensibility of the taste. In children the taste is most perfect, being a source of unalloyed pleasure, and anything that would impair that sense must deprive one of much enjoyment. In the next place, the smoke of tobacco inhaled in the mouth diminishes the amount of saliva, and as this juice is the first that, mixed with the food, assists in digestion, dyspepsia and stomach trouble are liable to result.

The Pilot.

BY MARGARET J. PRESTON.

"I hope to meet my Pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar." —Tennyson.

Who is the Pilot, into whose sure hand,
Waiting the summons as the day grows
dark,
Upon the border of this earthly strand,
We may commit our barque?

Can Reason rule the deck, and firmly steer
Through depths where swirling maelstroms
rave and roar,
And madly threaten to o'erwhelm us ere
We reach the fluther shores?

Has calm Philosophy, whose lore unrolls
The axioms of the ages, ever found
A perfect chart, to map what rocks and
shoals
Reset the outward bound?

Can Science guide, who with exploring
glass,
Sweeps the horizon of the restless tide,
And questions, 'mid the mists that so har-
rass,
"Is there a farther side?"

Dare old Tradition set its untrimmed light
Upon the prow, and hope to show the
way,
Through gulping troughs, that blinder make
the night,
Out into perfect day?

Nay, none of these are strong to mount the
deck,
And with authority assured and free,
Guide onward, fearless of the loss and
wreck
That crowd this soundless sea.

Oh ye who watch the ebbing tide,—what
saith
The Wisdom that through ages hath suf-
ficed
For questioning souls—*The only chart is
Faith,—
The only Pilot—Christ!*

The Wreckers of Sable Island.

BY

J. MACDONALD OXLEY.

CHAPTER - III.—THE WRECK.

MAJOR MAUNSELL gave a great gasp of relief when the brig righted.

"Keep a tight hold of your rope, Eric," he cried, encouragingly. "Please God, we may reach shore alive yet."

Drenched to the skin, and shivering with cold, Eric held tightly on to the rope with his right hand, and to Prince's collar with his left. Prince had crouched close to the foot of the mast, and the waves swept by him as though he had been carved in stone.

"All right, sir," Eric replied, as bravely as he could. "It's pretty hard work; but I'll not let go."

Rearing and plunging amid the froth and foam, the *Francis* charged at the second bar, struck full upon it with a force that would have crushed in the bow of a less sturdy craft, hung there for a few minutes while the breakers, as if greedy for their prey, swept excitedly over her, and then, responding to the impulse of another towering wave, leaped over the bar into the deeper water beyond.

But she could not stand much more of such buffeting; for she was fast becoming a mere hulk. Both masts had gone by the board at the last shock, and poor little Eric certainly would have gone overboard with the main-mast but for his prompt rescue by the major from the entangling rigging.

"You had a narrow escape that time, Eric," said the major, as he dragged the boy round to the other side of the mast, where he was in less danger.

The passage over the bars having thus been effected, the few who were still left on board the *Francis* began to cherish hopes of yet reaching the shore alive.

Between the bars and the main body of the island was a heavy cross-sea, in which the brig pitched and tossed like a bit of cork. Somewhere beyond this wild confusion of waters was the surf which broke upon the beach itself, and in that surf the final struggle would take place. Whether or not a single one of the soaked, shivering beings clinging to the deck would survive it, God alone knew. The chances of their escape were as one in a thousand—and yet they hoped.

There were not many left now. Captain Sterling was gone, and Lieutenants Mercer

and Sutton. Besides the Major and Eric, only Lieutenants Roebuck and Moore, of the cabin passengers, were still to be seen. Of the soldiers and crew, almost all had been swept away; but Captain Reefwell still held to his post upon the quarter-deck by keeping tight hold to a belaying-pin.

The distance between the bars and the beach was soon crossed, and the long line of foaming billows became distinct through the driving mist.

"Don't lose your grip on Prince, my boy," said the major to Eric. "We'll strike in a second, and then—"

But before he could finish the sentence the ship struck the beach with fearful force, and was instantly buried under a vast mountain of water that hurled itself upon her, as though it had long been waiting for the chance to destroy her. When the billow had spent its force, the decks were clear! Not a human

were lifted up, and then hurled violently upon the sand. Had he been alone the recoil of the wave would certainly have carried him back again into the surge; but the dog dug his big paws into the soft beach, and forced his way up, dragging his master with him.

Dizzy, bewildered, and faint, Eric staggered to his feet, looked about him in hope of finding the major near, and then, seeing nobody, fell forward upon the sand in a dead faint.

How long he lay unconscious upon the beach, Eric had no idea; but when he at length came to himself, he found a big, bushy-bearded man bending over him, with a half-pitying, half-puzzled look, while beside him, ready for a spring, was faithful Prince, regarding him with a look that said as plainly as words:

"Attempt to do my master any harm, and I will be at your throat."

him, and he was sorely bruised besides. Turning his face to the strange man, who seemed to have nothing further to say on his own account, he asked anxiously:

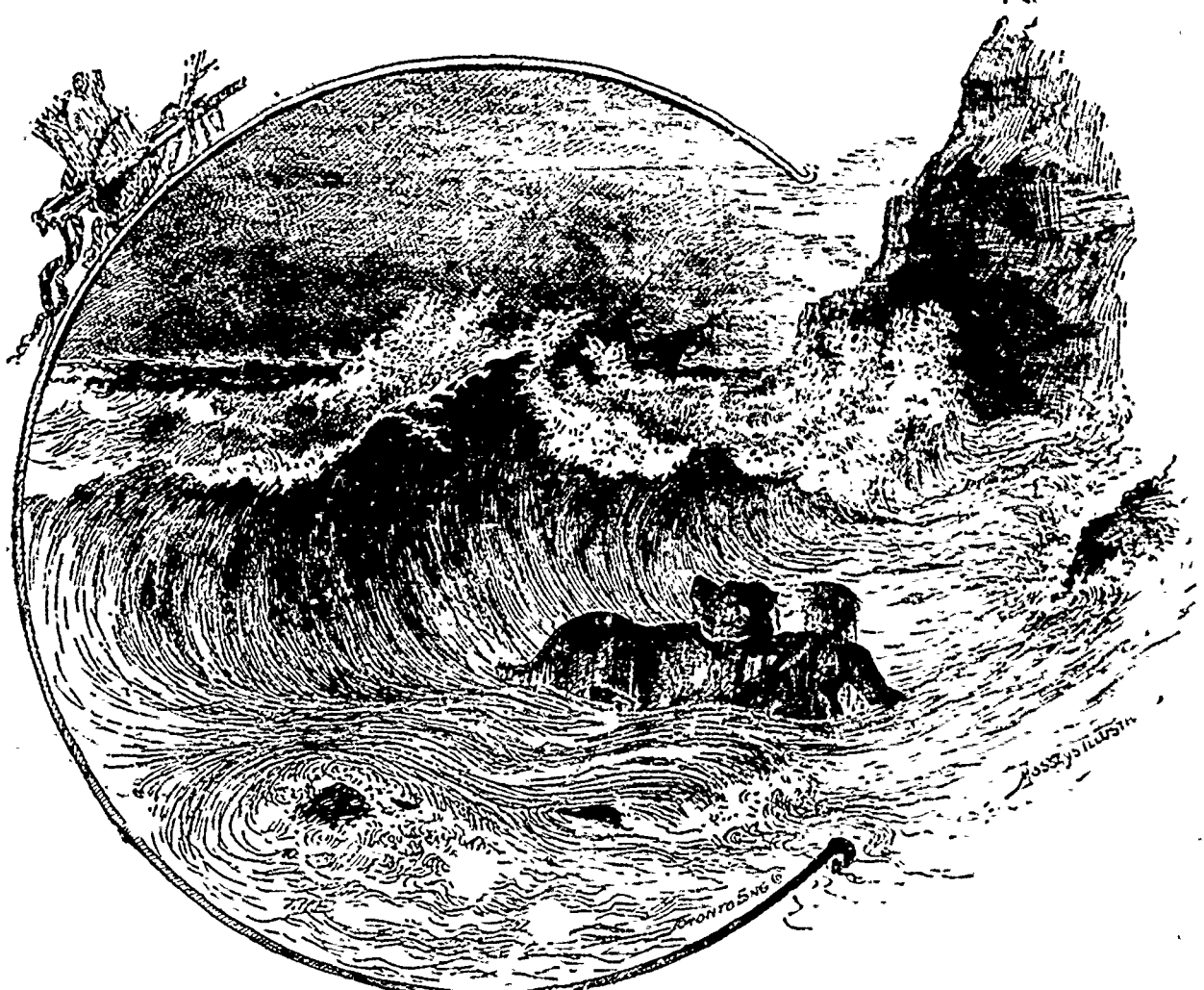
"Where's Major Maunsell?"

Instead of answering the man looked away from Eric, and there was an expression on his face that somehow sent a chill of dread to the boy's heart.

"Please tell me what has happened. Oh! take me to him, won't you? He's looking after me, you know," he pleaded earnestly, the tears beginning to well from his eyes.

Still the big man kept silence. Then, as Eric pressed him with entreaty, he suddenly wheeled about, and spoke in gruff tones than he had so far used:

"You'd best be still and keep quiet. You'll never see Major Maunsell, as you call him, or any of the rest of them again, and you might just as well know it first as last."



HE YIELDED HIMSELF TO THE CREATURE'S GUIDANCE.

form was visible where a moment before more than a score of men had been clinging for dear life: Hissing and seething like things of life, and sending their spray and spume high into the mist-laden air, the merciless breakers bore their victims off to cast them contemptuously upon the beach. Then, ere they could scramble ashore, they would be caught up again, and carried off by the recoil of the wave, to be once more dashed back, as though they were the playthings of the water.

The major and Eric were separated in the wild confusion; but Eric was not parted from Prince. About his brawny neck the mastiff wore a stout leathern collar, and to this Eric clung with a grip that not even the awful violence of the breakers could unloose. Rather did it make his sturdy fingers but close the tighter upon the leathern band.

Into the boiling flood the boy and dog were plunged together, and bravely they battled to make the shore. The struggle would be a tremendous one for them, and the issue only too doubtful. The slope of the beach was very gradual, and there was a long distance between where the brig struck and the dry land. Wholly blinded and half-choked by the driving spray, Eric could do nothing to direct his course. But he could have had no better pilot than the great dog, whose unerring instinct pointed him straight to the shore.

How long they struggled with the surf Eric could not tell. But his strength had failed, and his senses were fast leaving him, when his feet touched something firmer than toasting waves, and presently he and Prince

But the big man seemed to have no evil intent. He had evidently been waiting for Eric to gain consciousness, and, as soon as the boy opened his eyes, said in a gruff, but not unkind voice:

"So you're not dead, after all, my hearty. Morrie's the pity, maybe. Old Evil-Eye'll be wanting to make a clean job of it as usual."

Eric did not at all take in the meaning of the stranger's words; his senses had not yet fully returned. He felt a terrible pain in his head and a distressing nausea, and when he tried to get upon his feet, he found the effort too much for him. He fell back with a cry of pain, that made the affectionate mastiff run up to him and gently lick his face, as though to say:

"What's the matter, dear master? Can I do anything for you?"

The man then seemed for the first time, to take notice of the dog; and, putting forth a huge, horny hand, he patted him warily, muttering under his breath:

"Sink me straight, but it's a fine beast. I'll have him for my share, if I have to take the boy along with him."

Perceiving by some subtle instinct the policy of being civil, Prince permitted himself to be patted by the stranger and then lay down again beside him in a manner that betokened: "When wanted I'm ready."

Eric was eager to hear about Major Maunsell and the others who had been on board the *Francis*. Were it not for his weakness he would be running up and down the beach in search of them. But the terrible struggle with the surf, following upon the long exposure to the storm, had completely exhausted

At these dreadful words Eric raised himself, by a great effort, to a sitting posture, gazed into the man's face as though hoping to find some sign of his not being in earnest, and then, with a cry of frantic grief, flung himself back, and buried his face in his hands, while his whole frame shook with the violence of his sobbing.

The man stood watching him in silence, although his face, hard and stern as it was, gave evidence of his being moved to sympathy with the boy. He seemed to be thinking deeply, and to be in much doubt as to what he should do. He was just about to stoop down and lift Eric up, when a harsh, grating voice, called out:

"Halloo, Ben! What have you got there?"

(To be continued.)

ONLY ONE VERSE.

A MISSIONARY writes: "I wish you could witness the longing desire of the natives to learn about Jesus Christ. One poor woman, past sixty, came to me, and said, 'I cannot see to read, but do teach me one verse every night, that I may think about it when I go home, for I want to know about Jesus so much.'"

Is this was manifest the love of God towards us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.—1 John iv. 9.

A Junior Hymn.

BY S. J. DUNCAN CLARK.

Asr. "There's a royal banner given for display."
 We are Junior soldiers banded for the King,
 Marching onward to the fight,
 While with voices glad we join his praise to
 sing,
 As we battle for the right.

CHORUS.

Forward girls! Forward boys!
 King Jesus leads against the foe;
 And in his strength we'll win at length,
 Then home to glory with him go

Trusting in our loving Leader for his might,
 To our pledge we will be true;
 Daily read his Word, and pray to him for light,
 As he would have us do.

With sunny smiles, and loving word and song,
 Life's pathway we will strew;
 And pass the story of God's love along,
 The story ever now.

Come, girls and boys, and join our Junior band,
 Then in Christ's strength endeavour
 With consecrated heart to take your stand
 Close to his side forever.

Toronto, Ont. — Endeavour Herald

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What sort of a man did Jesus see as he passed by with his disciples? A blind beggar.
 2. What did his disciples believe? That each man who suffered had sinned. 3. Why did Jesus say the man had been born blind? To show forth the works of God. 4. What did Jesus say of himself? Golden Text: "I am the light of the world." 5. What did he do to the blind man? He anointed his eyes with clay. 6. What did he tell the blind man to do? To wash in the pool of Siloam. 7. What then took place? He washed, and came seeing.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The omnipotence of Christ.

TWO WONDERFUL GIRLS.

Did you ever think how terrible it must be to be blind? But what would you say about being deaf and dumb as well, and without the sense of smell or of taste? That was the sad condition of a dear little girl who was born in Hanover, N. H., in 1829. Her name was Laura Bridgman, and in her third year scarlet fever took all

Laura Bridgman lived to be nearly sixty years old. She always had a host of devoted friends, with whom she was so bright and happy as to put to shame those of us who have so much more than she to be happy about. One of her greatest trials was the death, in 1876, of her good friend, Dr. Howe, who had done such wonderful things for her.

For a few years the whole world has been hearing much about another wonderful little girl connected with the same school in Boston. Her name is Helen Keller.

Helen was born in Alabama, June 27, 1880. She is now, therefore, only fifteen years old, and certainly she is the most wonderful fifteen-year-old child that ever lived on the earth. Before she was two years old she became totally blind, deaf, and dumb. When she was almost seven years old she was intrusted to Miss Sullivan, a half-blind assistant of Dr. Anagnos, of the Perkins Institute.

Helen's marvellous mind grasped at once things that even Laura Bridgman had been slow to see. It took Laura three months

river went rushing past to join the stormy ocean. Then I went to the shore and put my bare feet in the water, and felt the waves beating against the shore continually; and God smiled, and the world was filled with light, and there was no evil, no wrong in all the world, only love and beauty and goodness. Just then I felt teacher kissing my lips, and I awoke.

JESUS AND THE BLIND.

Our picture shows how Christ treated the poor fellows, who lined the roads of Palestine eighteen hundred years ago just as they do now. And how did he treat them? First, there are some things he didn't do: He never laughed at their misery; he did not turn his head and talk about something else so as not to see their rags and sores; he never spoke harshly to them; he gave them no money, for he had none; he could not give shelter, for "he had not where to lay his head."

Remember this, that the beggars he helped were not tramps—able-bodied men who would rather beg than work; they were poor fellows who were blind or dumb or impotent or paralyzed or leprous, and they must beg or starve. Now how did he help them?

If you will read Luke 18, 35-43, you will see how he gave sight to Bartimeus. Luke 5, 12-16, tells how he healed loathsome lepers. John 9 reports what he did for a man who had never seen a ray of light; and John 5, 1-9, shows his real pity for a man who had been sick for thirty-eight years.

We find from these and other instances that Jesus pitied beggars, forgave their sins, and restored their health. And from his own words we know that he would have us, who love him and who call ourselves Christians, care for the needy, comfort the sorrowful, nurse the sick, and endeavour by word and deed to convince all men and women and children that a loving Christ will forgive their sins.



JESUS AND THE BLIND MAN.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

A. D. 29.] **LESSON VIII.** (Feb. 24.)

CHRIST AND THE MAN BORN BLIND.

John 9, 1-11. Memory Verses, 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT

I am the Light of the world. John 9, 5.

OUTLINE.

- 1. Blindness, v. 1-3.
- 2. Cure, v. 4-7.
- 3. Testimony, v. 8-11.

TIME.—On a Sabbath day in the early winter of A. D. 29.

PLACE.—Pool of Siloam, Jerusalem.

RULERS.—Herod in Galilee; Pilate in Jerusalem.

HOME READINGS.

M. Christ and the man born blind.—John 9, 1-11.

Tu. Questions by Pharisees.—John 9, 13-23.

W. Cast out.—John 9, 24-34.

Th. Spiritual sight.—John 9, 35-41.

F. Bartimeus.—Mark 10, 46-52.

S. Light in the heart.—2 Cor. 4, 1-6.

Su. Light of the world.—John 1, 1-13.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Blindness, v. 1-3.*
 Whom did Jesus see by the wayside?
 What question did the disciples ask?
 What reply did Jesus make?
 What promise held out hope to the blind?
 Isa. 42, 6, 7.
2. *Cure, v. 4-7.*
 What did Jesus say about his own work?
 What did he say about the light? (Golden Text.)
 What did he then do for the blind man?
 What did he tell the man to do?
 What was the result of the man's obedience?
 What proof that he was the Messiah did Jesus give to John? Matt. 11, 5.
3. *Testimony, v. 8-11.*
 What question did the man's neighbours ask?
 What answers were given?
 What did the man himself say?
 What did the people then ask?
 What was the man's testimony?
 What testimony did he give later? Verse 25.
 On what day was this cure performed? Verse 14.
 What did the healed man think of Jesus? Verses 17, 25.
 What did the Jews do to the man? Verse 34.
 What noble confession did the man make? Verses 35-39.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. To do good as we have opportunity?
2. To obey every command of Jesus?
3. To be witnesses for Jesus?

her senses from her except the sense of touch.

She was eight years old before she began to learn of this beautiful world and all the wonderful things in it. Then she was taken to a noble school in Boston, called the Perkins Institution for the Blind.

How could they do it? This was the way they began. They took slips of paper on which were printed the names of different objects, in the raised letters used by the blind. The first of these was "knife." They moved Laura's delicate little fingers over it time and again until she was familiar with it. Then they gave her a real knife on which just such a label was pasted, and tried to make her see, by placing the two side by side, that the first label was the name of the knife.

After doing this a great many times with a great many labels and things, at last the little girl got the idea. She showed it by taking the word "chair," and placing it first on one chair and then on another, while her face glowed with delight.

I wish I could tell you the entire wonderful story of her education,—how her patient teachers, through the long years, gave this poor creature, so shut out from our world, an idea of what is in it, how she was taught to read and write, to know father and mother, to count, to spell, to do many useful things, and, best of all, to know and love God and his Son Jesus Christ.

Why, when you think of it, this is one of the most beautiful and remarkable things ever done in this world by any man,—to make a way into this girl's dark mind, and teach her all these things, with nothing but the sense of touch to use as a road into her soul.

to see how words stood for things. It took Helen only three lessons. In the first three months she learned three hundred words. She could spell long and hard words, like "balustrade," as easily as short words. In four months she could write, and had learned more than Laura Bridgman in two years. And all this was accomplished by that half-blind teacher, Miss Sullivan, who, in her way, is quite as wonderful as Helen Keller herself.

I wish I could tell you more about Helen, who is one of the dearest and sweetest, as well as the most remarkable, of little girls. I want you to read this bit of writing of hers, written a few years ago, and as you read it, remember that the writer lives always in a world of blackness and silence. It is an account of a dream she once had.

Last night I dreamed that long, long ago, when the birds and flowers and trees were first made, the great God who had created all things sat upon a beautiful cloud which looked like silver, and seemed to float in the midst of the blue sky like a throne; and he looked down upon the earth,—the wonderful world he had made out of his own thought. O, how beautiful the earth was! with her great mountains climbing upward to the sky, and her valleys filled with sweet-smelling flowers and delicious fruit. The trees seemed alive with beautiful living things; the little birds' joyous songs made the air vibrate with music. I felt it in my dream.

I knelt on the cool, green moss that crept down to the edge of the merry little brooks, and I touched the water as it rippled past me. The broad, deep lakes were as quiet as little sleeping babies, and I felt the ground tremble under my feet when the

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METHODIST BOOK AND PUBLISHING HOUSE, TORONTO.
 C. W. COATES, Montreal, Que.
 S. F. HURST, Halifax, N.S.