Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

<u></u> i	12X		1(6X			20X		L		24X				28X	<u> </u>			32X	
								-												
	em is filmed a sument est film							•	22X				26X				30×			
	Commentaires	supplén	nentaire:		. .	-1 -	,													
Additional comments:/									L Générique (périodiques) de la livraison											
F	oas été filmées	5.							Γ		Masthead/									
	lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont									Caption of issue/ Titre de départ de la livraison										
	peen omitted i		•	blanches	ajouté	es			L	1	Page d	e titre	de la	livrai	son					
1 1	Blank leaves a within the tex		-		• •	•			Title page of issue/											
	distorsion le lo	-									Fitle o Le titr				rom:/ vient:					
	Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/ La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la									Comprend un (des) index										
					stortio	n			<u>.</u> -		nclud									
	Bound with of Relié avec d'ai								Γ		/ Contin Pagina				,					
	Coloured plate Planches et/ou									/ 1					ressio	ก				
	Encre de coule		•		ou noir	e)			r	/	Transp Quality			arier/						
1 1	Coloured ink	•							- [. / !	Showt	•								
1 1	Coloured map Cartes géograp		en coule	ur							Pages o									
	Le titre de cou		manque	•							_		·	tache	tées o	u piqı	uēēs			
1 1	Cover title mis	•							Г	/ 1	_				ed or					
1 [Covers restore Couverture res			•							_				eminat pellicul					
	Couverture en		jée						Į		Pages 6	_		es						
	Couverture de Covers damage		•						ι.		eges o Pages o									
1 1	Coloured cove	•							ľ		Coloui	• •	-							
significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.								reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.												
of the	e bibliographi images in the	reprodu	ction, o	r which r	nay				i	piblio	graphic	que, q	ui pe	uvent	modif	fier uı	u point ne ima podific	ge		
сору а	istitute has att ivailable for fi	lming. F	eatures	of this c	ору w	hich			1	ui a éi	té pos	sible d	le se p	rocur	rer. Le	es dét	piaire tails de	cet		

The Silver Cup.

"What!" said the man of science, "tell you me

That at some great and general judgment-day

We shall be gathered, all men back again
Into the old, the original, worn-out clay!

· When dust has scattered, bones have chapeless worn,

And every vital element disappeared That made life vivid, beautiful, and whole? The doctrine is too wild, too rash, too weird."

Just then a cup of carven silver fell Into the lucent, seething acid near, When, like a snow-wreath, all constituent

parts
Of the bright metal melt and disappear.

And starting back, "O Master!" loud he cried.

"Your favourite cup you never more can

soon restore the buried, vanished dead.

As that white wonder of the artist's skill."

The master smiled, and from a vial forthwith Poured amber drops that

clouded all the glass,
And the strange fluid throbbed
with life, and moved
Till at its base gleaned white the molten mass,

Which, taken by the jeweller's cunning hand,

Beaten and curved and carved in beauty's lines, Re-touched, re-polished,

illumined,
The same fair cup, yet all
renewed, it shines.

'See," said the master, "I, a weak, frail man, Brought out of seeming

nothing, form and skill; And cannot God the Lord my ashes call

To newer, nobler manhood, if he will?"

CHINESE PORTABLE KITCHEN.

This curious picture shows how the Chinese carry about a sort of portable kitchen with them. With a little lamp they will cook food and sell it in the street; and eat rice with chopsticks, which look like knitting-needles, only they are made of bone.

In our papers we shall have a good deal to say about China, because the Methodist Church has sent nine missionaries to that country, and they will write letters which will be

very interesting to our young readers. About one-third of the population of the earth live in the great empire of China. It is sad to sweet compelling influence of loving one-third of the population of the earth live in the great empire of China. It is sad to think that millions of them are dying every year without a knowledge of God! Wo hope our young friends will take a great interest in the reports of our Chinese Missions, and save their pence that they may contribute something towards the missions in China. The condition of Chinese children, many of whom are abandoned in infancy—if, indeed, they are not put to death to get rid of them—should make our readers in their happy homes very grateful for what God has done for them, and lead them to try to do something for the Chinese.

If all the people of all the world can be imagined as standing at reast, in a single line, so that they should just touch one an-other, that line would be about 500,000 miles long-long enough to reach around the earth twenty times. And if you could pass in front of that line, and look on each tace, at least one man in every four you would see would be a Chinaman.

There are eighteen provinces in China roper, each one being about as large as Great Britain; and yet it is very doubtful if many of the boys and girls who have finished their geographics know so much as

the name of any one of these provinces. We Canadians talk much of our vast country, yet China, with its dependencies, has more square miles than are found in the whole Dominion of Canada.

On each square mile in the United States there dwell, on an average, ten or eleven persons; while China has at least two hundred and fifty inhabitants for every one of her square miles.

HE WANTED TO KNOW.

The youngest of the flock in the Boys' Home is little Franz, aged four and one-half. But young as he is he brought with him the swagger of the accom-plished "tough," and drinking songs and the vile argot of the street fell from his

cowered back in his chair the man went

on complacently:
"I allus brought up my young uns to mind. If they didn't start when I spoke to 'em they knew what they'd git.
Their mother, when she was alive, use
ter pet 'em an' make of 'em, but they
never got nothio' like that from me," he said, while the desconesses at the table exchanged glances of distress.

But Master Franz's turn was yet to come. That there was world-wide dif-ference between the old regime and this new dispensation to which he had come he was feelingly conscious, and in his baby heart he determined to get at the cause of the difference. After dinner, when the deaconess was entertaining their guest in the little parlour, he crept into her lap, clasped his short arms tightly around her neck, and from this safe coign of vantage he opened fire. "Fader, I like Jesus."

ently slipped to the floor and trotted out of the room, while the deaconess breathed a sigh of relief that a catas trophe had been averted even though the little philosopher had not reached to the bottom of his investigations.

A BRIGHT BOY AND WHAT HE ACCOMPLISHED BY READING.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

I do not think it is very serviceable to make a list of books for children to read No two have exactly the same aptitudes. tastes, or kinds of curiosity about the world. And one story or bit of information may excite the introst of a class in one school. or the children in one family, which will not take at all with others. The only thing is to take hold soriewhere, and to begin to "Fader, I like Jesus."

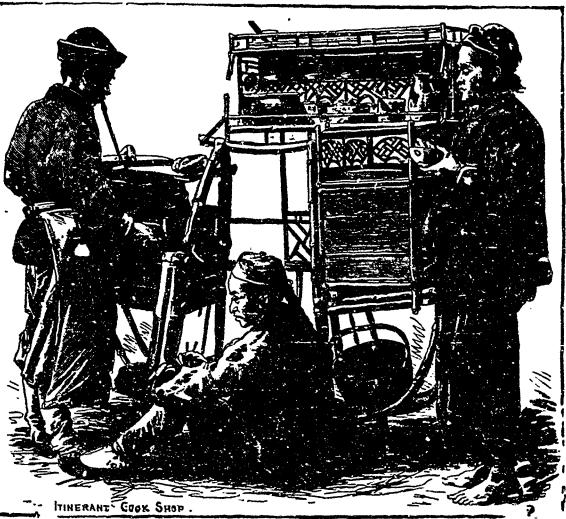
"That's right, Franz," said the father.
"Do you like Jesus, fader?"

"Why, yes; just the same as you do," I needed a high chair to bring him up to the general lovel of the diningtable, who liked to read the encyclopedia. He was always bussing round in the big books. use the art of reading to find out about

hunting round in the big books of the encyclopedia-books about his own size—for what he wanted to know. He dug in it as another boy would dig in the woods for sassafras root. It appeared that he was inter ested in natural history and natural phenomena. He asked questions of these books, exactly as he would sak a hving authority, and kept at it till he got answers. He knew how to read. Soon that bey was an authority on earth quakes. He liked to have the conversation at table turn in carthquakes, for then he seemed to be the tallest pers in at the table. I suppose there was no carthquake anywhere of any importance but that ! could tell where it occurred and what damage it did, how many houses it buried, and how many people it killed, and in what shape it left the country it had shaken. From that he went on to try to discover what caused these das turbances, and this led him into other investigations, are at last into the study of eletricity, practical as well as theoretical. He examined machines and invented their and kept on reading, and presently he was an expert in electricity. He know how to put in wires, and signals, and bulls, and to do a number of practical and useful things, and almost before he was able to enter into the high-school, he had a great deal of work to do in the city, and three or four men under him. These men under him had

not read as much about electricity as he

Prohibition is coming very fast with



CHINESE PORTABLE KITCHEN.

kindness these things were falling from him like a filthy garment.

One day Franz's father came to pay a visit to his son. It was the first time they had met since the child had been given up, but he looked at his father with frightened eyes, and only when prompted by the desconess did he advance gingerly and reach out his little hand at arm s length to greet him. The father was a coarse, thick-set man, with heavy jaw, narrow forehead, flery red hair and small, brutish-looking eyes.

At dinner, seated beside his father, Franz felt that he was somewhat responsible for his manners and watched him cautiously until he saw him beginning to gulp down his food without waiting for ceremony; then, pushing his napkin where ... would attract his father's attention, he began: "Fader, why don't-"

But he got no farther, for a harsh, "Shut up!" burst like a bomb from the father's lips, and while the child

said the man, growing red and uncomfortable.

"All the boys here like God, too," pursued Franz, watching the effect of his words, but the father continued to look uncomfortable and said nothing.

"The boys here don't like saloons," went on the little inquisitor. "Do you like saloons

no more for saloons than I do, they wouldn't git on very well."

"Fader, do you like drunk men "' "No," but the man's face was blazing

"I don't like drunk men. They fight" Then solemnly, "One time you fight Fred. Do you like Fred?"

But the man's face was becoming fairly livid with smothered passion and the veins stood out on his forehead.
"Franz, dear," said the deaconess
hastily, "you'd better run into the

out either plebiscite or measures passed through Parlisment. Wise business houses will not have anything to do with employes who drink. The Michl-gan Central Railway has several lines in "No," shortly, "if nobody didn't do Canada, and has issued a proclamation forbidding any of its hands from drink-ing either on or off duty. The whiskey ing, either on or off duty The whisker sellers of St. Thomas and Eigin county licensed Ontario (calling themselves victuallers), held a meeting and passed a motion, threatening a system of reprisals. They would withdraw their freight from that road, would seek to influence politicians against it etc. They sent a let-ter to this exect to President Ledyard to which he replied that an experience of twenty years had fully catisfied him that the liquor business was no advankitchen and wash your face. I'm sure tage to railroading, a it's sticky."

"Yes, go and wash your face," drinking by every! thundered the father; and Franz obecitage to railroading, and that his company intended to enforce the rule against drinking by every legitimate means in

A Queer Hole.

I have heard of a boy who lived long

For such buss are not found nowadays, you know-

Whose friends were as troubled as they could be

Because of a hole in his memory

A charge from his mother went in one day, And the boy said "Yes," and hurried

away. But he met a man with a musical top But he met a man with a musical top.
And his mother's words through that help did drou hole did drov

A lesson went in, but—ah me! ah me! For a boy with a hole in his memory! When he rose to recite he was all in doubt.

Every word of that lesson had fallen out

And at last, at last !-oh, terrible lot ! He could speak only two words, forgot."

Would it not be sad, indeed to be A boy with a hole in his memory?

OUR PERIODICALS:

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Yethodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto. C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTIS.
2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal. Halifaa, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 28, 1899.

REASONS FOR TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

BY FRANCES E. WILLARD.

Here is the white ribbon pledge aiready signed by many a brave and resolute soul:

I hereby solemnly promise, God helping me, to abstain from all distilled, fermented and malt liquors, including wine and cider, and to employ all proper means to discourage the use of and traffic in the same.

I offer the following reasons, which

justify the taking of this pledge:
First. Modern science proves that alcohol is not helpful to any vital pro-It is the enemy of vitality. overworks the organs with which it comes in contact, inducing needless

The appetite for alcoholic Second. drinks is cumulative. It has no power of self-restriction. It grows by what it feeds on. One glass calls for two. two for three, and so on in dangerous

Third. The life of a drinking man is apt to be divided into two chapters of a very tragic serial, in the first of which he could have left off if he would, and in the second he would have left off if he could.

Fourth. The power of habit is practically omnipotent. The power of will to cope with it has been proven insuffi-cient. The grooves of action are quickly worn. No harm results from deing without alcohol, but absolute good has been proven to result from such abstinence. Therefore, as a friend to my-self, and the special guardian of my own well-being. I am bound to let intoxicating liquors alone; and by the terms of Christ's golden rule I am equally bound to let them atone because of my interest in the well-being of those about me, and because of my purpose, by God's grace, to invest my life in hastening the day when all men's weal shall be each man's

THE Y. G. BALL TEAM.

BY ALICE AUGUSTA SMIT

Nine heads bobbed and nodded energetically; nine boyish voices rose unitedly in such eager, half-angry discussion that their teacher would certainly have inquired into the trouble, but that they had gone far enough into the woods behind the schoolhouse to be out of sight and hearing. It was the Boys' Grammar School baseball team having their first meeting to discuss ways and means.

They would call themselves "The Young Greysons," after Mr. J. Greyson, a wealthy resident of Newtown, who was known to be very kind and generous to boys. They would write him a letter telling him, and doubtless he would feel so honoured that he would provide them with the needful things. It was quite natural they should think so, for every one in Newtown was interested in baseball, and most of the teams had been supplied with money by gentlemen better able to pay than play.

Jim's plan would have been accepted at once had not Ed Lane come with an equally good offer. If they called themselves the "Young Grahams," Mrs. Graham, a friend and neighbour for whom Ed frequently ran errands, would give them the use of her large back lawn, and had even hinted that she would help them get suits.

"Wo'd better be Greysons, and get our balls and things," said Jim.
"But we ain't sure of them," replied Ed. "Anyway, we've got to have a place to play. If we're Grahams, we're sure of that and suits, too, likely, and the other things are easier to get than those." those."

And then the discussion become so lively that it seemed likely there would be two grammar-school nines or none.

Suddenly, a bright idea came to Jim.

"See here," he said, "we can get both
of them. 'Graham' begins with G, and
'Greyson' begins with G. We can be
Y. G's,' Young Greysons or Grahams,
whichever you like.

Some of the boys eagerly agreed, but
Ed Lane said promptly:

Ed Iane said promptly:
"That would be cheating."

"That's so. . It don't seem just the

thing," put in one of the others.
Jim Terry looked disgusted.

"Look here, Ed Lane; you're always upsettin' things with your old-granny notions, and acttin' up to be more honest than the rest of us. Now show us the harm in this."

"We can't be both, and one would be cheated," said Ed doggedly.
"What's the reason we can't be both?"

Jim went on, scornful and defiant. "De-pends on where we are. Ain't we grammar-school boys and baseball club boys both? 'Tain't as if they was gettin' anything by us being named after them.'

And so they talked on, one by one agreeing with Jim, and when the bell rang for school he had conquered. If there were lingering doubts in the minds of any of the boys, they were forgotten as the happy weeks flew by, and the "Y G's" enjoyed the generosity of both of their friends.

But there came a day when the cap-tain called a meeting out under the oak. Jim's manner told them something was wrong, and they gathered promptly, look-ing anxious and expectant. "Why. I've got these two letters,—

that's what," said he in answer to their questions; "and they're both invitations, and both for the same day, and I don't know what's to be done about it."

Mr Greyson wrote that a friend of his had his yacht in the harbour, and he would be pleased to have his team, the Y G's, spend Saturday afternoon with him in a sail on the bay. And Mrs. Graham would be greatly pleased to have her boys spend the afternoon with her, and take supper on Saturday.

The boys heard the notes, and then Reb More asked. "Which came first? We can te'l the other 'previous engageyou know

They came together," answered Jim. "We're in a pickle, and no mistake," aid Rob. "It'll be pretty hard to exsaid Rob. plain to either of them without letting out about the name."

"Well, that's just what we've got to look out for." said Jim, briskly. "I'll tell you what let's do. The yacht is only here for one day so wo'd better go there. Mrs. Graham's niace'll last, and as like as not she'll put it off till another time. Ed can so down there, and tell her we'd promised to go sailing with Mr Greyson up", as the yacht is only here for a day, we couldn't really back out Just amount is over with back out her"

discussion, and but he replied with a sharp, "No, I'll not!"

"What'll we do, then?" demanded Jim.
"I don't know what we'll do, but I know I won't go there and tell her a lie."

And he turned and walked away, leav-

ing the others to follow.
Wednesday and Thursday passed, and the club were still wondering what they would do, and had begun to feel de-

cidedly uncomfortable.

Friday, at noon, Ed called them all out under the onk. He held his head high, and there was a decided look in his

face.
"See here," he said, beginning to talk as soon as they were all assembled, "we've gone and cheated about our name. It's no use denying it, for, if we felt it was all right, we wouldn't be so anxious to hide it now. I feel like a sneak, and I guess the rest of you do, and I move we up and tell the truth

about it."
"That 'u'd be a fine plan," said Jim, scornfully. "It 'u'd be all up with us playing up at Graham's, and break up the hull thing. Better keep up the game as long as we can."

"And go on lying our way out?" re-plied Ed. "No, sirree! I'm done with it. We've made up our minds to go on the yacht. Well, then, I mean to go to Mrs. Graham, after school, and tell her all about it. Who'll go along?"

It was not a pleasant prospect, but one

by one the boys agreed to go, even Jim finally giving in when he found Ed was not to be talked out of it. They were all relieved when it was over, and not one of them but would have gladly given up the benefits they reaped from their deceit to have escaped their own mean feelings when Mrs. Graham looked at them with a face full of surprise and sorrow.

"Boys," she said, gravely, "I am glad you have enough regard for the truth to come and confess. You cannot afford, for your own sake, to cheat in the smallest way. One dishonesty always leads to another, and it is so easy to grow perfectly careless. I do not want any return for what I've done for you. I did it for your pleasure, and you are still welcome to the use of the lawn. I hope you will enjoy your sail with Mr. Greyson."

And then the boys walked silently and humbly away, fully understanding that she had withdrawn her invitation. But another disappointment awaited them. Every afternoon after school they stopped at the postoffice for the mail, and, with the family letters and papers that were handed out to Jim, there was one

Master James Terry, Captain of Y. G.'s, Newtown.

He hastily tore it open, and read to the boys as they gathered around:

My Dear Boys,-"Several days ago, I sent you an invitation to spend Saturday afternoon with me in a sail on the bay, but have had no reply. Yesterday, while visiting my friend, Mrs. Graham, she told me the Y. G.'s were to spend Saturday afternoon

Not having heard from you, I concluded you had not received my note, and I write now, in case it should reach you later, to say that, as you could reach you later, to say that, as you could not go with us to-morrow, we have ar ranged for a trip with the High School boys. I hope you'll enjoy your afternoon at Mrs. Graham's.

"Sincerely your friend,
"J. Greyson."

Jim groaned.
"If yer hadn't been so quick, Ed Lane, we'd had the picnic, and no one been the wiser. Pity we hadn't got this

"I'm glad we didn't," replied Ed.
"I'm glad we told the truth before we were forced to. And, if we've lost all the fun, we deserve to."

And the rest of the boys heartly agreed with him.

The team is simply and openly the Boys' Grammar School Baseball Nine" now, and they have for their motto:

What a tangled web we weave. When first we practice to deceive." —Sunday-school Times.

A WELL-DESERVED REBUKE.

One day a smart young fellow with shiny shoes, a new hat, and checkerboard trousers, boarded a street car in a western city, and stepped to the front platform. He pulled out a twist of paper and lighted it, and began putting a concentrated essence of vile odours into the faces of those who were obliged to ride upon the platform if they rode at all. One—a plain old farmer—couldn't Ed had not said a word during the stand it, and stepped off to wait for the the dorg growlin'."

next car. When he reached the station, the young fellow was there before him, and it happened that the two met at the

restaurant counter.
"Got any sandwiches?" called the young man to the waiter. "Here, gimme one." And he tossed out a nickel, and then proceeded to pick up and pull apart every one of the half-dozen sandwiches on the plate before he found one to suit him. The farmer, who had been waiting for his turn, drew back in disgust. Finally, he found something which the fingers of another had not fouled, and presently followed the loud young man to the car. He found every seat occupied, including the half of one on which were piled the young man's gripsack and over-

coat, "Is this seat taken?" he ventured to inquire.

"Seat's engaged," was the curt answer, with a look meant to squeich the old farmer, who went into the smoking-

That afternoon the same young man walked into the office of the Governor of the State, armed with recommendations and endorsements, an applicant for a position under the State Government. He was confronted by the same plain old farmer, who recognized his travelling companion of the morning without any trouble. Glancing over his papers, the

governor said:
"Hu-m, yes. You want me to appoint yeu to so-and-so. If I should, I guess I might as well write my own resignation at the same time."

Wh-why so ?" stammered the young fellow.

"Because I saw you pay for a streetcar ride this morning, and you took the platform of the car. You bought a sandwich, and spoiled the plateful. You paid for a seat in the train, and took mine too; and if I should give you this place, how do I know that you would not take the whole administration?

A BAD FIRE.

"Jones, have you heard of the fire that burned up the man's house and property?"

"No, Smith, where was it?"

"Quite near here."
"What a misfortune to him! Was it

a good house?"
"Yes, a nice house—a good home for

any family."
"What a pity! How did the fire take place?"

"The man played with fire, and thoughtlessly set it going himself."

"How silly! Did you say it is all burned out, too?"
"Yes, all gone."
"That is singular. It must have been

a terrible hot fire."
"No, it was not a very hot fire. Indeed, it was so small that it attracted but little attention; it burned a long time -more than twenty years. And though it seemed to consume very slowly, yet it wore away \$20 worth every year, till

it was all gone."
"I can't understand you yet. Tell
me where the fire was kindled and all about it."

"Well, then, it was kindled in the bowl of a pipe and on the end of a cigar. His smoking cost him, he himself told me, nearly \$2.50 per month. The money was worth to him at least ten per cent., and at that rate it would double once in about every seven years; so that the whole sum would be more than \$2,500. Don't you pity the family of the man who has slowly burned up their house?"

"Whew! I suppose you mean me, for I have smoked more than twenty years. But it doesn't cost so much as that. I haven't any house of my own. Have always rented—thought I was too poor to own a house. And all because I have been burning it up! What a fool I have been!"

In the Future.-She-'Oh, this voting is perfectly lovely. I never did enjoy anything quite so much. Let's go around and vote at all the places." He—"Well, I guess not." She—"Oh, you Let's go ces." He mean thing.'

A farmer called at one of the newspaper offices to have an advertisement inserted. He was informed that the charges were 6s. for the first insertion, and 2s. 6d. for the second. "Faith, thin," said he, "I'll have it in the second toime."

The imagination of some small boys is worth having. The other night, when Mr. Wallypug was lying asleep on his library sofa and snoring away for dear life, Mrs. Wallypug remarked that she maked he would not snore so. "Pa wished he would not snore so. "Pa ain't snorin'," said Tommy Wallypug: "he's dreamin' about a dorg, and that's

The Boys We Need.

Here's to the boy who's not afraid To do his share of work, Who never is by toil diamayed, And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet All lions in the way; Who's not discouraged by defeat, But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do The very best he can; Who always keeps the right in view, And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be The men whose hands will guide The future of our land, and we Shall speak their names with pride

All honour to the boy who is A man at heart, I say; Whose legend on his shield is this. "Right always wins the day."

A Methodist Soldier

ALLAN-A-DALE.

CHAPTER V.

I MAKE UP MY MIND. For the next few days I was in a



tirst evening my mother pleaded with me to tell her the truth. Harter had spread his malicious tale all over the village, and some of the younger children had been taunted with the story of their brother's misdeeds. But I still remained stubborn, and after that first evening no further word was said about it in the cottage.

I spent whole days on the lonely downs thinking the matter over, and wondering what the end would be. Life at home what the end would be. Life at home was no longer what it had been. I seemed to see in my father's growing stermess an increasing doubt, and when, on the second day, my portion at supper was plainer than the rest, I knew without being told that he had devised a method of saving a trifle more towards the debt I owed.

Then, one day, as I lay on the grass with my face upturned, a solution of the whole difficulty seemed to present itself.

Why not enlist for a soldier?' Win-Though I had chester was not far off. not seen it, I had heard great stories of the barra, and the soldiers, and the long grey prison in which the French-

men were kept in captivity.

And then, magnificent thought, his Majesty was sorely in need of men; the bounties were high. Men who had enlisted from my own village had received as high as £20. Why not calist, pay my debt, and escape all the unpleasantness that now surrounded my life? Better to face the lash of the drummers and the cannon balls of the enemy, as Joe Harter had done, than live under the stern eye of my father, and see the white face of my mother as she dealt out to me the rye-bread and water which was now my daily food. She, poor woman, would gladly have given me the slightly better fare the other children enjoyed. but her word was also given, and she respected it.

When my mind was made up I felt greatly relieved, and for the first time in a week I regained my usual spirits. whistled for very joy, cut a caper or two in my clumsy fashlon-for truth to say I was a loutish lad—and the rest of that day passed as no day on the hill or in the field had ever done. I even ate my hunk of bread and drank the clear spring water with relish, and when the sun dropped over the hill-top I went home with a light heart. It seemed as if a big gate had opened and I was going through to something good beyond.

the archway of it was red and hideous with grinning faces like the strange waterspouts on the church, also there were many bayonets like Joe Harter's, which seemed to close in and leave but a narrow space to tread, and through the glenming steel and under the reddened arch I could see a cloud of smoke and dim forms struggling, but back of that again was a golden sun rising, and when the sun rese full, I knew the mist and the blood-shadows would roll away.

No thought had I of dreams or portents as I saw my sheep safely in their pen that night. So cheerfully did I doff my hat to the Squire that he gave me "Good-night" less gruffly than usual, and I went quits merrily down the hil!

Yet I was not without misgivings as neared the cottage, when the thatched roof and grey walls came in sight, and the little flower garden with the wooden railing I knew so well. I fell to wondering how my plan would be heard.

My father's consent I believed I would receive, and my mother's blessing—though with tears; but of a sudden I remembered there was perhaps a third to be consulted.

I sat on a tussock of grass at the road side and thought for a moment.

It was then that there passed through my mind the memory of one or two oc-casions, less important perhaps than this, when discussion had been set aside with the words: "We will wait until the minister comes. Ask him."

It was not said without reason. To all our simple village folk "the minister" was not only a spiritual guide, but a personal friend and an arbiter in outof-the-way matters of daily life.

For myself I loved and revered him as I did my own parents. His word in this matter I felt would be final.

Determined nevertheless to say my own word that night, I walked down to the cottage and lifted the latch on the wooden gate—but more quietly and thoughtfully than ever before.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MINISTER CONSENTS.

Having made up my mind, I was not As soon as the evening slow to act. hour came, the younger children having said their prayers at their mother's knee and being then packed into bed upstairs, I bronched the whole matter, the words tumbling out in such a hasty marver that I can scarce remember what I said. However I put it, they caught my meaning easily enough, and my mother's apron went speedily to her eyes, while my father looked even more stern and sad than he had done at any time during that unfortunate week.

For a time after I had so eagerly unfolded my plan we sat in perfect silence my mother crying quietly and afraid to speak, waiting to hear my father's verdict; and he, plainly coming the matter over slowly in his mind, and saying nothing until he had arrived at some judgn. ut.

Then he shook his head. "The army," he said, "I know few who have passed through it without hurt."

"But all are not wounded," I replied, binking of Robb Forwood, who, clad in a splendid uniform, had several times during the past year visited our village. his native home, and carried off some of the likeliest lads to join his regiment then lying at Winchester. It was his boast that he had been all through two big campaigns and had won his ser-geant's stripes without so much as a

"It was not the wounds of the body I was thinking of, Jim," said my father, his face softening a little. "There are worse wounds than the Frenchmen give.

A man who loses a limb in battle has lost a part of himself which he can ill spare, but a man may come through the fight without hurt and yet carry a worse sign in his face than a sabre cut."

"We will say no more about it to-night," he continued. "To-morrow Mr. Ullathorne comes; he is a good counsellor. The whole matter shall be laid before him, and if he thinks that your path lies in that direction, then your mother and I will not stand in your

way" So to bed I also went, to dream of rabres and bayonets; and to wake, not doubting that my dream would come

The minister came the next day, riding his stout little cob into the village about noon, and making straight, as his custom was, it my father's cottage. I met him at the turn of the road, a hundred yards from the house, where I had been

looking and waiting for an hour or more. He was a man well under forty, broad-shouldered and broad-faced, with a touch of the north countryman about him and a great favourite in the villages of his

which happened once every two weeks, was a great occasion for the handful of Methodists in the village. He rarely stayed more than four hours, and in that time got through an amazing amount of time got through an amazing amount of work, holding a service in the coltage, or on the green if the weather was favourable, and visiting every sick man or woman, whether Methodist or not, in the place. Then over the meal which he took with us, he would tak of the affairs of the cutside world and of the affairs of Methodists in his places. Once doings of Methodists in big places. Once doings of Methodists in big places. Once a month he produced a copy of The Methodist Magazin. 'o which my father and others jointly subscribed, and of which he carried a number of copies, with Bibles and other good books in his capacious saddle-bags. He was a well-informed man and always put us in possession of more accurate news then came through other channels, but he was esthrough other channels, but he was especially delighted if he could relate a story of revivals and the rapid growth of Methodism. His sheery talk and the echo of his great faith, sustained the courage of many a small and struggling of village Methodists throughout

district in which he performed so many prodigies of work There was in Mr. Ullathorne a natural

spring of youthful enthusiasm which, in spite of his thirty odd years, made him a special friend of the boys and girls in his widely-scattered flock. While I his widely-scattered flock. While I looked upon him with a certain amount of awe as "the minister," I shared the general admiration and fondness for him as a man. He was at this time coming near the end of his three years' stay in our neighbourhood, and had grown a

very familiar object to us, and we to him. Here, then, he was at last riding smartly down the road, and little thinking what a momentous issue—for me-

hung upon this visit

"Hullo, Jim, lad." he cried cheerily
when he caught sight of me. "bast come
to meet me? All well in the village. I
trust?"

I assured him that all were well since he had last visited us; and then, the horse slackening pace, walked beside him, while he busied himself in disposing of a book which he held in his hand, and which had been the companion of his morning ride.

At the garden gate he dismounted, and, removing his saddle-bags himself, walked up the little path between my mother's rows of sweet country flowers—old-fashioned now, but to this day fragrant in my memory—while I led the cob to a neighbour's barn where the faithful little horse had a well-earned rest and feed.

(To be continued.)

THE CASE OF THE BOY.

The average boy is a compound of curiosity and animal life. He wants to fol-low up and investigate every sign of anything new; he wants to see anything there is to see and experience anything there is to experience. When there is nothing new to absorb him, he exercises his arms, legs and lungs in the most vigorous manner that presents itself, and with about as much purpose as a young colt has when it careers madly round a field. These two characteristics explain a great part of the boy's life, its mischief and even its so-called badness, as well as its surprising energy and quickness. His proneness to smoke, swear and fight have a definite connection with these characteristics, as well as his fondness for reading and his inventive tendencies, which make his parents so proud.

In short, the parent of the average boy has charge of a very highly developed and very delicate kind of steam engine. in which if the steam is allowed so vent, or too little, there w apt to be a catastrophe; and he is responsible for seeing that it be not broken or its efficiency

spoiled by mistaken treatment.
Where a boy is not like this, where he prefers the sedateness of his elders to racing and playing with other boys, and where he is ready to accept every precept and statement without testing it for himself, perhaps one of the best services you can do him is to encourage in him the bounding life that is at once the best prerogative of the boy and the greatest care to his parents. Parents should not congratulate themselves that they have such a "good boy," until they are quite sure that it is goodness that makes him different from other boys, nor encourage this doubtful "goodness" of lifelessness or priggishness secause it saves them trouble.

The first safeguard to provide for the boy is occupation. It his guardians do not find something to occupy his eternally busy mind and his restless body he will be sure to do it himself, and where he is left entirely to his own judgment and the guidance of other boys the trouble is pretty sure to begin. In-I dreamed of the gate that night, and big southern circuit. His coming, nocently enough, too, often, for his ex-

perfence and knowledge of oill and its in encouraged in outdoor sports; if he is given books, and tools, and shown how to use them, and if he has some one to interest him in photography, mu-le, or elementary science, like insect or flower collecting, the chances are infinitely diminished of his learning or caring to learn what would injure him.

The second safeguard for the boy is his father's friendship and the mutual confidence between them, and his mother's love. The influence is incalculable of a father who is the leader in all his boy's occupations and amusements; or, where this is impossible, who takes a real interest in them and aids them as much as he can. And the father who keeps his boy's confidence, it may be at great incentenience and only with constant care and sympathy, is likely in have a better son than a better father who loses it.

The most powerful lover in life is love. Parents should not keep their tenderness for their girls, and their Spartan modes of training for their boys. The boys have even more need of the little "shows of love" because of their rougher life, greater temptations, and on the whole more volcanic and dangerous natures. Punishment may be necessary, but there is a way of banishing love when the time for punishment comes, and there is a way of letting the child feel love even in punishment. Children were not given to parents as a vent for bad temper, a to parents as a vent for bad temper, a convenience or an amusement. No boy however big he may be, is too big for als mother's kisses and petting. It is her duty to see that he does not get too big for them, and that the little "shows of love" do not become unfamiliar. It is the little things that count in life if the little things cost trouble and self-If the little things cost trouble and self-sacrifice, the mother will find herself amply repaid in after years, when the frail net of her love proves a stronger cable to keep her boy in his moorings than the greatest of benefits without

A little girl of seven years was cutting out some paper dolls the other day to show to a friend. The lady objected that the dolls' heads were too wide. "Take the scissors, dear, and trim them off" she said. "No." replied the little maid. "I can't do that, they have to be wide,—they re swelled with instruction."

International S.S. Lesson Helps

Illustrative Notes

A Guide to the Study of the Sunday school Lessons, with Original and selected Comments, Nethods of Teaching, illustrative Stories, etc., etc. By James Lynax Hurauser and Robert Reminorous Domants. \$1.25.

Peloubet's Select Notes

Inductive, Sugressive, Explansiory, Illustrative, Doctrinal and Practical. With illustrations, maps, pictures, etc., etc. \$1.25.

Monday Club Sermons

A Series of Sermons on the Sunday school Lessons for 1800, by eminent preachers. \$2.25.

Berean Lesson Books

No. 1, Beginners; No. 2, The Intermediate, No. 3, The Senior, 20c. ouch.

Golden Text Booklets

Sunday school Lessons and Dally Bible Readings with Golden Texts and Bible Facts. Postpaid, each Jc., per dox., 35c.

Berean Leaf Cluster

large Pocures, 24 x 34 in in size, printed in eight colors, Golden Texts printed in large letters. For quarter. 75c.: per year, 83 GU. Rindly have the order read for the whole year if possible.

Picture Lesson Roll

Jarge Colored Pictures, illustrating the International Sunday school Lessons. Similar to Leaf Cluster, but with only four colors. Por Quarter, 75c.; per year, 93.00.

TO PRIMARY CLASS TEACHERS.

Berean Leaf Cluster

THEM LEAR CHUSER
The Publishers have decided to supply it, for the coming yearst 750 per quarter; 33,00 per year; instead of 71.00 per quarter and \$4.00 per year. To school should now be without tals excell of bely. We commend the Lear Cluster to all Toschers of Primary Classes, and would advise early orders, so as to insure prompt delivery.

william Briggs.

Methodist Book and Publishing House,

C. W. COATES, MONTREAL S. F. HUESTIS, HALIFAI

The Windmill BY II W LONGFELLOW

Behold 'a giant am I' Aloft here in my tower, With my granite jaws I devour The marze, and the wheat, and the rye And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms, In the fields of grain I see The harvest that is to be, And I fling to the air my arms, For I know it is all for me,

I hear the sound of flails Far off, from the threshing floors, In barns, with their open doors, And the wind, the wind in my sails, Louder and louder mars.

I stand here in my place, With my foot on the rock below, And whichever way it may blow I meet it face to face, As a brave man meets his fee.

And while we wrestle and strive My master the miller stands And foeds mo with his hands For he knows who makes him thrive, Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sunday I take my rest, Church-going bells begin Their low melodious din; I cross my arms on my breast, And all is peace within.

OHINESE WEDDING PROCESSION.

The Chinese can do nothing without a great noise, and without great display of pomp, banners, and bright colours; and their music is the most discordant thing you ever heard. You cannot tell much difference between this picture and that of a funeral procession, except that, instead of the sedan chair in which the bride rides, in the cut below, there is a funeral bier. There are the same gongs and trumpets and clang of cym-bals, the same display of ceremonial um-brellas, gigantic fans, hugo lanterns, and banners with brilliant inscriptions, the same stolid and immebile expressions on the countenances. But also, they are without the knowledge of the blessed Presence who sanctified the marriage of Cana in Galilee, and who turned into joy the funerals at Nain and Bethany.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER. STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN.



THE WINDMILL

OUTLINE.

1 Jesus Received as a Prophet, v. 43-46. 2. The Nobleman's Petition, v. 47-50.

3 The Miraculous Cure, v. 51-54 Time.-Probably in A.D. 28. Places. Sychar, Cana, Capernaum.

Rulers.-Pontius Pllate in Judea, Herod Antipas in Galilee.

LESSON HELPS.

43. "After two days"—The two days he stayed in Sychar. "Into Galilee"— Which province he always regarded as

his home.
44. "A prophet hath no honour in his own country—The full meaning of this verse is made plain by the next verse. Jesus, knowing that a prophet has no honour in his own country, did not begin his ministry in Galilee, but came back to his own province after he had gained

LESSON VI.—FEBRUARY 5.

THE NOBLEMAN'S SON HEALED.
John 4. 43-54. Memory verses, 49-51.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus said unto him, Thy son liveth and himself believed, and lis whole house,—John 4. 53.

to his own province after he had gained honour at the capital of Judea.

46. "A certain nobleman"—"One belonging to Herod;" a man of high position at the court of the king who had just thrown John the Baptist into prison.

48. "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe"—The man was looking only for a Healer, Jesus proposed to be his Saviour, and emphasized cure of souls rather than cure of bodies.

49. "Sir"-Lord. "Come down "-He supposed the presence of the wonder-worker to be necessary. "Ere"—Before. 50. "Thy son liveth"—These words

must have greatly tested the nobleman's faith. "Believed the word"—He had believed in the power of Jesus; that was creed. He now believed that what he said had come to pass; that was faith, 51." His servants met him"—Full of

51. "His servants met him"—Full of the good news of his son's recovery. 52. "The seventh hour"—Early in the

morning.

53. "Himself believed, and his whole house"—This was a third step in faith. He began by believing that Jesus could and did work miracles; then he believed that he had worked a miracle on his own sick son; now he believes in him, leans on him, takes him as his spiritual guide, believes (with more or less of intelligence) that he is the Messiah.

"The second miracle"-Not the second of all his miracles, but the second when he was come out of Judea."

HGME READINGS.

- M. The nobleman's son healed.—John 4.
- 43-54. Tu. Doings at the feast.—John 2. 13-25. W. A believing centurion.—Matt. 8, 5-13. Th. A ruler's faith.—Matt. 9, 18-26.

F. Boldness in prayer.—Heb. 4, 9-16. S. Necessity of faith.—Heb. 11, 1-6. Su. Faith and life.—1 John 5, 10-16.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Jesus Received as a Prophet, v. 48-46. How long did Jesus remain at Samaria ?

Whither did he journey?
Why had Jesus first preached the Gospel in Jerusalem? Verse 44.
What treatment did he expect? Why did the Galileans receive him? How did they know of his miracles? To what city of Galilee did he return? What miracle had Jesus wrought in Cana?

Who was sick at Capernaum? 2. The Nobleman's Petition, v. 47-50. Of whom had the centurion heard? What did he do to secure help?
What answer did Jesus make to his call?

What was the ruler's reply? What assuring command did Jesus give

How did he show his faith in Jesus? 3. The Miraculous Cure, v. 51-54. What good news met him on the way? What did he inquire of his servants?
When did the cure begin?
What had occurred at the same hour?

What effect had this miracle on the ruler and his household? Golden Text.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS. Where in this lesson do we see-1. The plea of anxious love?

2. The answered prayer? 3. The power of faith?



What do we call asking the Lord for what we want? Praying? Yes. The man was in trouble and he came to pray. Yes. The We will put this word in our lesson chain. It is a golden word in a golden link of our chain. Well, what did the nobleman pray about? Did he ask the Saviour to make him very wise? Did he ask Jesus to make him rich, or to prosper his business, or to help him to understand some strange things in the Bible, or any such things as these? Were these in his heart? What was he thinking about? Of the cure of his So what did he ask when he sick son. prayed? John tells us this nobleman went to Jesus as soon as he heard that the Lord had come to Cana, and "be-sought him that he would come down and heal his son, for he was at the point of death "—so near as that—at the very point—not far to go to slip out of life. He besought the Saviour—that is, asked very earnestly indeed. He asked for what he wanted most.

