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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIX.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 28, 1899.

[No. 4.

## 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 luccant, 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  
fill;

As 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 throbbled  
with life, and moved  
Till at its base gleamed 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, re-  
illuminated,  
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 think that millions of them are dying every year without a knowledge of God! We 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 abreast, in a single line, so that they should just touch one another, 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 face, at least one man in every four you would see would be a Chinaman.

There are eighteen provinces in China proper, 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 geographies 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 accomplished "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 nothin' like that from me," he said, while the deaconesses at the table exchanged glances of distress.

But Master Franz's turn was yet to come. That there was world-wide difference 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 't'wix her lap, clasped his short arms tightly around her neck, and from this safe coign of vantage he opened fire.

"Fader, I like Jesus."  
"That's right, Franz," said the father.  
"Do you like Jesus, fader?"  
"Why, yes; just the same as you do,"

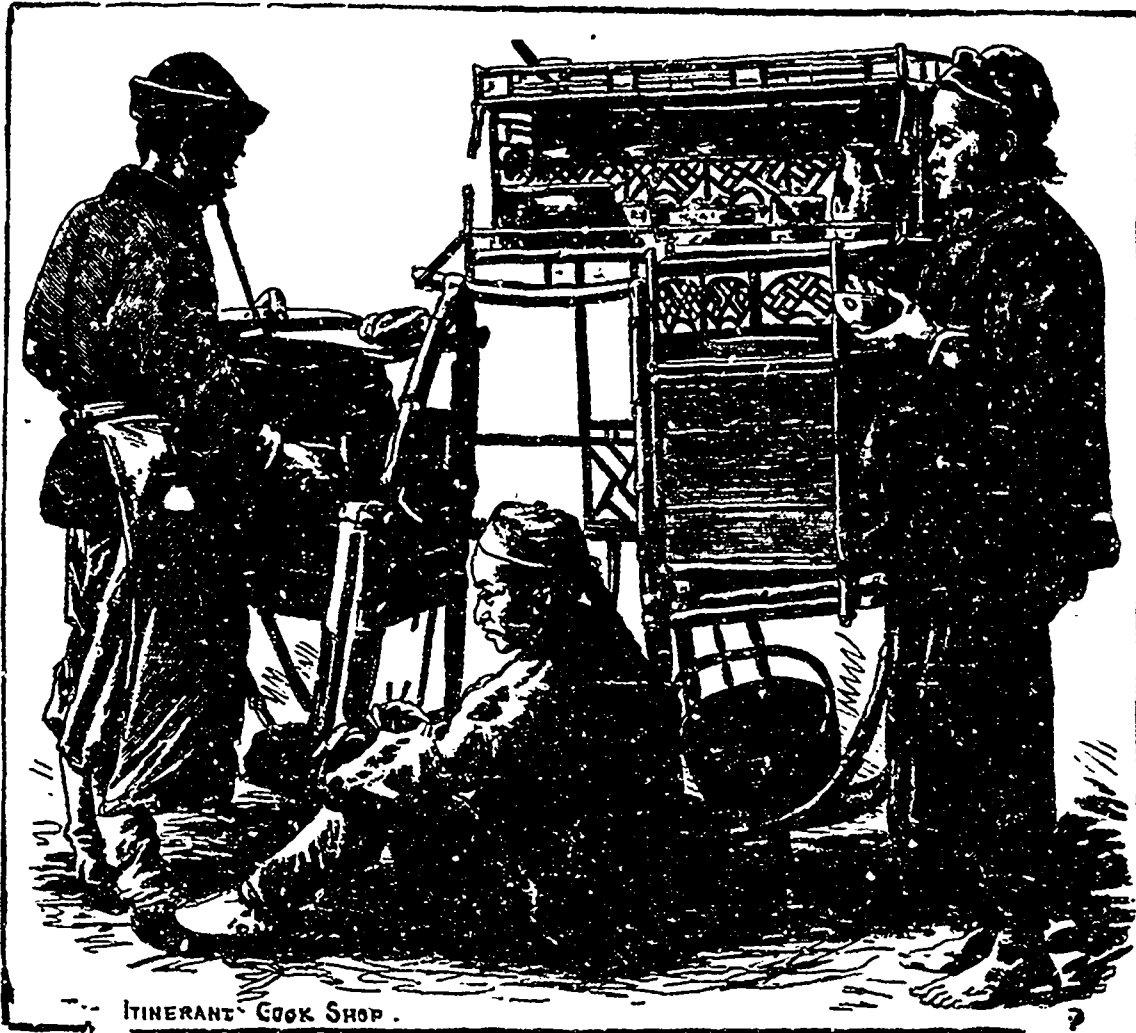
ently slipped to the floor and trotted out of the room, while the deaconess breathed a sigh of relief that a catastrophe had been averted even though the little philosopher had not reached to the bottom of his investigations.

## 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 interest 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 somewhere, and to begin to use the art of reading to find out about things as you use your eyes and ears. I knew a boy, a scrap of a lad, who almost needed a high chair to bring him up to the

general level of the dining-table, who liked to read the encyclopedia. He was always 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 interested in natural history and natural phenomena. He asked questions of these books, exactly as he would ask a living authority, and kept at it till he got answers. He knew how to read. Soon that boy was an authority on earth quakes. He liked to have the conversation at table turn to earthquakes, for then he seemed to be the tallest person at the table. I suppose there was no earthquake anywhere of any importance but that he 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 disturbances, and this led him into other investigations, and at last into the study of electricity, practical as well as theoretical. He examined machines and invented them, and kept on reading, and presently he was an expert in electricity. He knew how to put in wires, and signals, and bells, 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 had.



ITINERANT COOK SHOP.

CHINESE PORTABLE KITCHEN.

lips in the lisping tones of babyhood. In a few weeks, however, under the sweet compelling influence of loving 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 deaconess 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, fiery 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 it 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," shortly, "if nobody didn't do 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 now.

"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 kitchen and wash your face. I'm sure it's sticky."

"Yes, go and wash your face," thundered the father; and Franz obedi-

Prohibition is coming very fast with out either plebiscite or measures passed through Parliament. Wise business houses will not have anything to do with employes who drink. The Michigan Central Railway has several lines in Canada, and has issued a proclamation forbidding any of its hands from drinking, either on or off duty. The whiskey sellers of St. Thomas and Elgin county, Ontario (calling themselves licensed 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 letter to this effect to President Ledyard to which he replied that an experience of twenty years had fully satisfied him that the liquor business was no advantage to railroading, and that his company intended to enforce the rule against drinking by every legitimate means in its power.—Templar



**The Boys We Need.**

Here's to the boy who's not afraid  
To do his share of work,  
Who never is by toil dismayed,  
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**

BY  
**ALLAN-A-DALE.**

CHAPTER V.

I MAKE UP MY MIND.

For the next few days I was in a strangely unsettled state of mind. The



first 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 was no longer what it had been. I seemed to see in my father's growing sternness 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?" Winchester was not far off. Though I had not seen it, I had heard great stories of the barracks and the soldiers, and the long grey prison in which the Frenchmen 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 enlist, 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 slightest 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. I whistled for very joy, cut a caper or two in my clumsy fashion—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. I dreamed of the gate that night, and

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 gleaming 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 rose 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 quite merrily down the hill!

Yet I was not without misgivings as I 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 felt 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 roadside and thought for a moment.

It was then that there passed through my mind the memory of one or two occasions, 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 out-of-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 slow to act. As soon as the evening hour came, the younger children having said their prayers at their mother's knee and being then packed into bed upstairs, I broached the whole matter, the words tumbling out in such a hasty manner 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 conning the matter over slowly in his mind, and saying nothing until he had arrived at some judgment.

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. "Thinking 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 sergeant's stripes without so much as a scratch."

"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 sabres and bayonets; and to wake, not doubting that my dream would come true.

The minister came the next day, riding his stout little cob into the village about noon, and making straight, as his custom was, to 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 big southern circuit. His coming,

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 work, holding a service in the cottage, 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 talk of the affairs of the outside world and of the doings of Methodists in big places. Once a month he produced a copy of *The Methodist Magazine*, to 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 than came through other channels, but he was especially delighted if he could relate a story of revivals and the rapid growth of Methodism. His cheery talk and the echo of his great faith, sustained the courage of many a small and struggling village Methodist throughout the 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 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.

"Hallo, Jim, lad," he cried cheerily when he caught sight of me. "Hast 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 follow 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 to vent, or too little, there is 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 because it saves them trouble.

The first safeguard to provide for the boy is occupation. If 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. Innocently enough, too, often, for his ex-

perience and knowledge of evil and its consequences are small. But if a boy is 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, music, 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 inconvenience and only with constant care and sympathy, is likely to 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 convenience or an amusement. No boy, however big he may be, is too big for his 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-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 love.

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."

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## The Windmill

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW

Behold 'a giant am I'  
Aloft here in my tower,  
With my granite jaws I devour  
The maize, 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 roars.

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 foe.

And while we wrestle and strive  
My master the miller stands  
And feeds me 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.



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 Pilate 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 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 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.

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

## HOME 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. 43-46.  
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 him?  
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. 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 sick son. So what did he ask when he prayed? John tells us this nobleman went to Jesus as soon as he heard that the Lord had come to Cana, and "besought 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.

## CHINESE 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 cymbals, the same display of ceremonial umbrellas, gigantic fans, huge lanterns, and banners with brilliant inscriptions, the same stolid and immobile expressions on the countenances. But alas, 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.

## 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 his whole house.—John 4. 53.



A WEDDING PROCESSION.

CHINESE WEDDING PROCESSION.