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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 3, 1900.

No. 5.

Holiness.

Once in Persia reigned a king, who upon his signet ring
Graved a maxim true and wise, which, if held before his eyes,
Gave him counsel at a glance fit for every change and chance,
Solemn words, and these are they, "Even this shall pass away."

Trains of camels through the sand brought him gems from Samarcand;
Fleets of galleys through the seas brought him pearls to match with these,
But he counted not his gain, treasures of the mine or main;
"What is wealth?" the king would say, "Even this shall pass away."

In the revels of his court at the zenith of his sport,
When the palms of all his guests burned with clapping at his jests,
He, amid his figs and wine, cried: "Oh, loving friends of mine!
Pleasures comes, but not to stay; even this shall pass away."

Fighting on a furious field, once a javelin pierced his shield,
Soldiers with a loud lament bore him bleeding to his tent;
Groaning from his tortured side, "Pain is hard to bear," he cried,
"But with patience, day by day—even this shall pass away."

Towering in the public square, twenty cubits in the air,
Rose his statue carved in stone. Then the king, disguised, unknown,
Stood before his sculptured name, musing meekly, "What is fame?
Fame is but a slow decay—Even this shall pass away."

Struck with palsy, sear and old, waiting at the gates of gold,
Said he, with his dying breath, "Life is done, but what is death?"
Then in answer to the king fell a sun-beam on his ring,
Showing, by a heavenly ray,—"Even this shall pass away."

THE RIGHT SORT OF A BOY.

Robert dropped a fine, red apple out of the front window, which rolled very near the iron railing between the grass-plot and the street. Robert forgot to pick it up. Shortly afterward two boys came along.

"Oh," cried one, "see that bouncing apple! Let's hook it out!"

The other boy nudged him, with a whispered, "Oh, don't; there's somebody looking;" and on they went.

A little girl next passed. She spied the apple, and stopped, looking very hard at it, then put her hands through the rails, and tried to reach it. Her fingers just touched it. She looked around; a man was coming down the street. The girl withdrew her hand and went away. A ragged little fellow came by soon after.

"That boy will steal the apple," I said to myself, peeping through the blinds. His bright eyes at once caught sight of it, and he stopped. After looking at it a moment, he ran across the street and picked up a stick. He poked it through the rails, and drew the apple near enough to pick it up. Turning it over in his grimy hands, I could not help seeing how he longed to eat it. Did he pocket it and run? No. He came up the steps and rang the bell. I went to the door to meet him.

"I found this big apple in your front garden," said the boy, "and I thought maybe you had dropped it out, and didn't know it was there; so I picked it up, and have brought it to you."

"Why did you not eat the apple?"

"Oh," said he, "it is not mine."

"It was almost in the street," said I, "where it would have been hard to find its owner."

"Almost is not quite," replied the boy, "which, Mr. Curtis says, makes all the difference in the world."



GIRL OF BORNEO.

"Will you tell me who this Mr. Curtis is of whom you speak?"

"My Sunday-school teacher. He has explained the eighth commandment to me, and I know it," and he handed me the apple.

"Will you accept the apple?" said I. "I am glad you brought it in, for I like to know honest boys. What is your name?"

He told me. I need not tell you, however, only I think you will agree with me that he is the right sort of a Sunday-school scholar. He squares his conduct by the faithful Christian instruction which he gets there.—Presbyterian Banner.

CHRISTIAN WORK IN BORNEO.

BY A NATIVE OF BORNEO.

The Island of Borneo, Pulo Kahamtan, as it is called by the natives, is, even in this nineteenth century, almost a terra incognita.

Little is known of its interior and people, though from its position it has an equatorial climate, very moist, and with a small range of temperature. The island is rich in gold, antimony, and diamonds, the soil fertile, products many and varied, while its dense forests contain many strange birds, and is the home of the large orang-outang.

The coast inhabitants are Malays,

speaking the Malayan language, Mohammedans in faith, treacherous, vindictive, cruel, and pirates at sea. The aborigines are Dyaks, of whom there are many tribes, oppressed to a painful degree by the Malays.

At Pontianak, situated on the river of the same name and six miles from the coast, was founded, in 1839, an American mission. Four missionaries and their wives have been sent to Java, but, by the exclusive policy of the Dutch Government, Borneo was the only portion of the Netherlands India in which they were allowed to settle. A second station at Karangan, 150 miles in the interior, was commenced by these brave pioneers, who with their own hands cleared away the jungle, felled trees, and built the mission premises of bark, roofed with thatch. Then came the task of reducing the Dyak language to print, translating and preparing elementary and other works, all of which it was necessary to send to Singapore to print; and with this, preaching, teaching, and itinerant tours among the native villages.

Sickness and death made sad inroads upon the mission families, until finally the work was suspended, temporarily it was hoped, but has not since been resumed.

Mr. Steele is still living, busy and active as his strength will allow; Messrs. Thompson and Youngblood are at rest, one sleeps on the shores of Lake Geneva, where the tall Jung Frau shadows his grave, the other amid the green hills of the Empire State. At Sarawak, the settlement of Sir James Brooke, the mission work is prospering.

It is impossible in this short sketch to do justice to the Christian work on this island, almost continental in size; sufficient has been done, however, to glorify "the name of the Lord God of Israel in the isles of the sea."

THE BOYS' BRIGADE.

BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

I am glad to learn that a company of boys for Christian service and Christian culture has been organized in Cobourg. I wrote Mr. Shaver that I was not sure that military drill was the best way of promoting this. I feared that it might cultivate too much military spirit, but wise men and good men, among them Lord Aberdeen, have found the Boys' Brigade very helpful in promoting Christian manliness. Firm discipline, obedience to orders and physical control will do much to develop true manhood. Let your ideal be the noble Christian knight, Sir Galahad, described by Tennyson, "Whose strength was as the strength of ten, because his heart was pure."

At this holy Christmas-tide, when the song of the angels, "Peace on earth, good will to men," seems again to sound in our ears, it is particularly sad that battle and bloodshed and strife between sons of the same heavenly Father, men who profess to follow the same Saviour, are desolating such vast regions in South Africa. Let us all hope and pray that the time may soon come when the nations shall beat their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning-hooks, and shall learn war no more.

"For, lo! the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold,
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole earth give back the song
Which now the angels sing."
—Boys' Brigade Budget.



A VILLAGE IN BORNEO.

The Presbyterian Board (United States) has a unique experience. It closed last year with a surplus in the treasury, and is sending out over fifty new missionaries, to Africa, South America, China, Japan, India, etc. The Twentieth Century Movement should put the Methodist Church in a position to "go and do likewise." "A word to the wise is"—ought to be—"sufficient."

Working and Wishing.

The boy who's always wishing
That this or that might be
But never tries his mettle
Is the boy that is bound to see
His plans all come to failure.
His hopes end in defeat.
For that's what comes when wishing
And working fail to meet

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Pleasant Hours, 4c., weekly, 12 copies.
Sunbeam, fortnightly, 10c.
Happy Days, fortnightly, 10c.
New Dawn, weekly.
Ireland First, monthly.
Herald Intermediate Quarterly (Quarterly).
WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 3, 1900

A TALK TO BOYS.

The Interior is proud to number among its readers a great army of boys.
And while all classes are nowadays being lectured through our columns, it occurs to me that the boys will appreciate a talk that is not grandfathers and fatherly, but, as it were, older-brotherly.
With that in view, we have been trying in imagination to do what, alas I cannot be doing in fact—turn back a score and more of years, and construct the boys in whose place we would like to put ourselves.
We are going to draw the picture of the kind of a boy we would like to be, and trust that some of our readers may find some traces of their own characters, or, at least, some answer of their own wishes and hopes.
If we were a boy, we would like to be a hard-working boy. All success waits on that. Only fools and gamblers trust to "luck." We will never come to much unless the habit of hard work teaches us the right use of our faculties.
As all boys do not come from the same rank, and file are average sort of boys, with ordinary brains and opportunities, it will be a good thing if we can learn how far hard work will go to make good the individual gift and good chance.
Sir Walter Scott was called the A. behind of the school at Edinburgh. Perhaps calling him that waked him up, he went to put himself to hard work. Isaac Newton was the dull boy at school. The smart boy once kicked this dull boy. That kick stung him to an iron purpose. He went to work, and never let up till the stars were in his eyes. Oliver Goldsmith was so stupid that the person who taught him the alphabet was thought to have worked a miracle. So he did. He waked up the boy who could by-and-by read the stars in his eyes.
"Traveller" and "The Deserted Village." A friend said to us, pathetically, not long since: "I used to long for a library. Now I have it, and cannot use it." But that was not given us the use of everything that comes to us.

Again if we were a boy, we would want to be a thorough boy. If it were only to sharpen a lead pencil, we would want to bring it to the very best point—not for fine writing, but for the self-disciplined, conscientious, undisturbed, if we only know how to use the endowments. A spirit that is self-exacting and will permit no slight in any kind of work, will soon get the habit of bringing to a difficult undertaking to our own mastery.

Again we would want to be an obedient boy. Only those are fit to command who have learned how to obey. Grant after the battle of Shiloh, was disgraced, and ordered to report each morning to an officer his inferior in worth. He touched his hat to that subaltern every morning as deferentially, as if he were standing before the commander-in-chief. That spirit helped to make him an irresistible commander. The boys who indulge in thinking of a grand ambition before they are fairly out of the nursery are not likely to come to anything. If we were looking for a captain, we would hunt for a boy who never disobeyed their mothers.

If we were a boy, we would want to be a boy with a purpose. We would not loaf or drift, we would set our rudder; we would set the sails to the wind, to the best energies, and then we would stick to it, and, as Carlyle would say, "Work at it like Hercules. There will be people who will lecture against ambition, but I think that a grand ambition will likely be the boy without a good record. And only high things are worth aiming at. As Emerson said, "Hitch your wagon to a star."

We would also like to be a truthful boy. Truth is a cardinal virtue. In Hebrew it means firmness; in Greek it means that which cannot be hid. A boy at once truthful and obedient will be respected. And when business men are looking for a boy whom they may advance in their service, their most important question concerns truthfulness. It makes a good deal of difference to a good deal of who has that for a corner-stone.

And then, as including everything else, if we were a boy, we would be a Christian boy. We would be quite sure it would help us in the battle of life. As we look around among the successful men of our acquaintance, we do not know of one whose success was not helped by his Christian principles. We do not feel that the saints are going to possess the earth within the next fifty years, and if we were a boy, with a chance for seeing the dawn of the next half-century, we would want to stand on the Lord's side.

Great things are going to be done in the lifetime of the boys; and if we were a boy, we would want to get the best of the things that are going to happen. We should feel pretty sure that our small gifts wrought out by hard work and discipline, would be an advantage to be lifted by a true Christian spirit, would give us a good and successful standing in the lists of the battle.—Interior

HOW THE SIEGE WAS RAISED.

By F. M. COLBY.

The funniest and quaintest of cities in that quarter of all little countries—bordering the sea, and on the coast of Old Rhine. It is a city of moats and dykes, of canals and windmills, of dog-carts and red roofs. Dutch thrift, Dutch frugality, Dutch cleanliness are apparent everywhere. It is a city of Dutch and Dutch quaintness. It is a prosperous and a picturesque city.
The city stands in the heart of a well-wooded country. In the centre of the town is a hill, the summit of which has been raised hundreds of years ago, and on its summit is a ruined fortress called Hengist's Tower. Groves of oak and orchards of fruit-bearing trees clothe the hillside. From the summit of the tower one can gaze over a level landscape miles and miles, and see the white waves glisten on the North Sea. At his feet are noble churches, stately public buildings, and spacious squares.
Three hundred years ago Leyden was one of the most prosperous cities of the Low Countries. Its people were industrious, enterprising, and rich; more than four hundred trading establishments were in the city. Behind the strong dykes which kept back the surging ocean went up the noise of a hundred busy looms, happy people. They were brave, too, and they were Protestants.
Holland, by a series of fruitless circumstances, had fallen into the hands of the King of Spain. The brave heart of Philip II., an ardent Catholic, set his

face strongly against the spread of the Reformation. He commenced a cruel persecution of his Protestant subjects, and so severe was it in Holland that the people rose in arms. The first was a daring, calamitous war, that desolated the fair cities and made the Low Countries almost a desert.

The Spanish soldiers were the best in the world, and they were led by the bravest, ablest, most ruthless general of his time, iron-hearted even beyond the hardness of his age—Fadrigue, Duke of Alva. But they met with a stern resistance. The conduct of the men who had conquered the sea and waded it out from their flood-swept lands had the brave, determined spirit of their fathers, and they did not yield without a struggle. All Europe looked on, interested spectators. The Dutch had taken Holland, but could they defend it? It looked indeed very doubtful. City after city surrendered, and the inhabitants were butchered, for Philip's soldiers had hearts of stone and gave no mercy.

At last the Spanish host sat down before Leyden, and the gray-haired, pitiless Duke of Alva, in a furious and stern manner, demanded of the men a terrible oath that he would not take it down until the city yielded. But the inhabitants knew that it was useless to invoke Spanish clemency, and very soon they were all gathered up in a "hunger" in defence of their hearths and homes if need be, rather than be slaughtered ruthlessly by Spanish bayonets or perished in the torture chambers of the Inquisition.

One hope sustained them—that was that their valiant prince, William of Orange, who had managed to gather an army of men, would come to their aid, day by day to help them. So though they had but little food in the city and no way of getting more, they waited patiently as they might.

One day there flew into the city, over the heads of the Spanish, a carrier pigeon, which bore under its wing a letter from Prince William, bidding them hold out, and promising succour at the first opportunity. The Duke of Alva, however, he recommended the husbanding of their food, and that the population be put on short allowance. They followed his advice and sent back word that they could hold out for six months with food and another without.

Slowly the six months passed, and the stout-hearted citizens saw hunger staring them in the face. After another month they were obliged to treat to the walls, and they began to strip the trees of their leaves, and eat them, till there was nothing left that was green in the city. Still the burgo-master refused to listen to any terms of capitulation, and the general of the most desperate clamoured to let the Spaniards in, that stern official offered them his own body for food, which he accepted forever all talk of listening to any terms of capitulation.

Time passed slowly, and monotonously. The sixth day seemed brazen above them. Day by day they grew thinner and paler, and many had been an army of ghosts that marched to the walls searched the gutters for a morsel of food. Every day the burgo-master and his soldiers went up to Hengist's Tower and looked in at the windows, to see if any had been promised him. No friendly banner was in sight; but beneath them, gloomy and portentous, lay the camp of cruel Alva's grim warriors; and far off, beyond the western dykes, flashed the cold waves of the North Sea, with a white foam upon them. Hope grew faint in their hearts.

And now at this most distressing time a carrier pigeon brought cheering intelligence from William of Orange. That gallant prince had been unable, despite all his endeavours, to give the city succour, and he was now going to resort to desperate measures. He had an enemy was to help them fight the present foe; in other words, he explained to the suffering citizens that as he occupied several important points upon the barrier, he would cut the dykes and let the waves of the German Ocean gush in, and destroy the Spaniards. He also told them that a fleet of ships loaded with provisions from Rotterdam would sweep the coast, and bring in the food and supply their necessities.

Was not this inspiring news? The city almost went wild with joy. They discharged ordnance, rang the bells, built bonfires, and the burgo-master was flung out as at a triumph. The noise of the rejoicing penetrated to the Spanish camp, and the grim Alva and his soldiers were wonder-struck by such strange doings. They would have surrendered they were hourly expecting.

A week of feverish expectation succeeded. Through the waning autumn days and the brilliant October nights, every eye kept watch from Hengist's Tower. But the sea was calm, and no

white sails dawned in sight, no fleet appeared before the battle-carried walls of Leyden, laden with a food supply. The burgo-master, who had succeeded in piercing the dykes, but the waters of the sea were kept back by adverse winds. The starving inhabitants were nearly crazy with despair.

Just as the evening sentinels on the tower heard the sighing of the wind from the east, and in twelve hours more a violent equinoctial gale was blowing the waters of the North Sea against the weakened dykes, the Duke of Alva, higher rose the tide, till dyke and bank and field and highway were overflowed. The Spaniards fled in dismay, but more than a thousand of their number perished in the flood. It was up to the tide, through the canals, swept the great fleet of Boicot, laden with the promised supply of food.

On the morning of October 3, 1574, the city was relieved, and noon the inhabitants had satisfied their hunger, and in the afternoon the whole population gathered in the great church, where a glad to welcome the burgo-master, who had succeeded in public thanksgiving was being ordered of the burgo-master—the first in Dutch history, and for many days thereafter Leyden wore the signs of gladness and festivity.—Sunday-School Visitor.

NEW BOOKS.

"Captain Curley's Boy." By Isabel Hornbrook. London: Blackie & Son, Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 60 cents.
Temple of Fenton Harbour, the hero of this spirited story, is a well-reared from the waters of the North Sea, by Captain Curley, the master of a fishing vessel. The story tells how Temple at the risk of his life rescues a little friend from a falling wreck during a tornado, and how this brave action is the means of his eventual restoration to his father, who, after many years of fruitless search, had given him up for lost.

Mrs. Hornbrook is a frequent contributor to these pages.

"Kidnapped" By Gordon Stables, M.D., C.M., Surgeon Royal Navy. With six illustrations. London: Blackie & Son, Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.25.

In this new story, by an author who is a well-known traveller and naturalist, we are first introduced to the hero, Willie Stewart, on the far-northern shores of the Arctic region. He is the son of a school and fisher life among the frugal inhabitants of village and farm. Willie runs away to sea. There is a terrible mutiny on board, stirred up by foreign sailors. Willie escapes to the Arctic islands in the southern seas; the boys are cast away. Their strange, wild life and adventures for years are told in Dr. Gordon Stables' most graphic style.

"All Hands on Deck." By W. C. Metcalfe. Illustrated. London: Blackie & Son, Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.25.

Mr. Metcalfe, if we mistake not, is a Canadian writer of international reputation. In this story the good ship Canaan, whilst on a voyage from Sydney to Hong-Kong, is destroyed by fire, and the crew are compelled to take to the boats. The story begins with the escape of the crew and the arrival of a young lady passenger in an open boat. After many privations they are picked up by the ship Arlaine, then en route to Shanghai, and on board of this ship many stirring scenes are enacted.

"Little Village Folk." By A. B. Romney. With many wood-cuts. London: Blackie & Son, Limited. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 90 cents.

Humour and pathos are delightfully blended in these charming tales of Irish village children. How Judy walked to Dublin to save her poor old grandmother from being turned out of her cottage, how Kitty's little red petticoat saved the railway train, how Tom found a "servant,"—all these stories and many others are told by Miss Romney in a style calculated to delight the little folk, and with so much literary feeling that they are likely to be an important source of pleasure to elder readers.

While teaching a class in Sunday-school recently the teacher asked: "What do you suppose to be doing when the animals are going to bed?" "What?" "She received several answers. At last a little girl put up her hand. "Well," she asked, "what do you say?" "Taking the ticks, miss," said she.

The House of Too Much Trouble.

BY ALBERT BIZLOW PAINE.

In the House of Too Much Trouble
Lived a lonely little boy;
He was eager for a playmate,
He was hungry for a toy.
But 'twas always too much bother,
Too much dirt and too much noise,
For the House of Too Much Trouble,
Wasn't meant for little boys.

And sometimes the little fellow
Left a hook upon the floor,
Or forgot and laughed too loudly,
Or he failed to close the door.
In a House of Too Much Trouble,
Things must be precise and trim—
In the House of Too Much Trouble
There was little room for him.

He must never scatter playthings,
He must never romp and play;
Every room must be in order,
And kept quiet all the day.
He had never had companions,
He had never owned a pet—
In the House of Too Much Trouble,
It is trim and quiet yet.

Ev'ry room is set in order—
Ev'ry book is in its place,
And the lonely little fellow
Wears a smile upon his face.
In the House of Too Much Trouble
He is silent and at rest—
In the House of Too Much Trouble,
With a lily on his breast.

—Munsey's.

PROMOTED:

A Story of the Zulu War.

By SYDNEY WATSON.

Author of "The Slave Chase," etc., etc.

CHAPTER IV.

A DANGEROUS BIT OF SERVICE.

The sentry on the colonel's quarters admitted him at once, and he found his superior sitting at a table, spread with maps and official-looking documents; a cup of strong coffee at his side on a smaller table, and a look of evident perplexity upon his face. It brightened,



"YOU SEE THIS DOTTED LINE ON THE MAP?"

however, as Captain Morgan entered, and he said, "Sit down, Morgan, I want a little consultation over a rather difficult matter." Then placing his forefinger on a spot of the map spread out before him, he said, "It seems to me that, as our line of march up to the main body of our troops lies across here," pointing to a line of dots in red ink on the map, "and that this river runs across the direct road; and as these late rains must have considerably swollen all the streams, that if we could safely work round this bend, and cross the river at a shallower spot later on (every day of this fine weather will make a difference), we should gain time in the long run, save an immense amount of physical energy, and probably keep our men from taking a chill at the first. But my difficulty is just this: what sort of country lies this way; and how far is it practicable to try it? I do not feel that I can spare an officer for this survey, and I suppose our fellows know so little of rough riding, and general bush lore, that I could not entrust such an important matter to either of them. Now, the question is, have we a man? and if not, whom shall we send?" In a moment Captain Morgan thought of the foregoing conversation between himself and Captain Elcombe, and smiling, he said, "Well, colonel, I think we have got the very man for that bit of work; in fact, if we searched the whole army through, I don't believe we could find another more fitted."

"Capital!" broke in the colonel, "but who is this splendid article ready made to our hand?"

"Corporal Harris," replied the captain. "Corporal Harris?" said the colonel, meditatively; "Corporal Harris?" Ah! I remember, the man whose wife died suddenly when we were marching to Waterloo Station. What makes you think he would be so admirably fitted for this service?"

"Well, colonel, he has been a rough rider in Mexico, and in the thick of some of the more recent border fights, and for several years almost lived in the saddle in his connection with an extensive cattle ranch; and, strangely enough, not an hour ago I was speaking to Elcombe of this man's special qualifications for such work, and the possibility that we might find him very useful out here."

"You think he is thoroughly trustworthy, Morgan?"

"Yes, colonel, he is as true as steel, and I shall be much surprised indeed if we are not all astonished at the completeness of his observations and report, on his return."

"Well, Morgan, this is very lucky. I think, if you will wait a few minutes, we will send for him, and together hear what he has to say about it. Sentry!"

"Here, sir!"

"Tell Orderly Jones to summon Corporal Harris to me at once."

"Yes, sir."

In a few moments Harris appeared; saluting the officers, he stood at "Attention," when the colonel opened fire by at once remarking, "I have sent for you, Harris, on the recommendation of Captain Morgan, to entrust to you a most critical and most dangerous bit of service. Come round here to this side of the table, and follow me closely in what I say."

"You see this dotted line on the map?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, that is the direct line of our march, and as I have been explaining to Captain Morgan, and you will please notice, it brings us to the widest part of that river; now it has struck me (and my advices suggest some such course), that if we could forge round this bend, and cross the river at one of its narrower points, later on in the march, when the effects of the recent rains will have considerably lessened it, we should gain much all round. And Captain Morgan tells me you are quite at home in the saddle, and used to bush life. Now, it will mean four or five days' hard riding, and all the time with your life in your hand. Will you undertake it?"

"Yes, colonel," he replied.

"When will you be ready to start?"

"At daylight, sir."

"What will you need to take with you?"

"Let me see," said Harris, thoughtfully; "a good compass, a large warm rug, a belt of cartridges, a short rifle, a pair of revolvers, a small bag of food, and a thorough good horse; that, colonel, is about all, I think."

Then, after a few more directions, the colonel dismissed him, simply saying, "Captain Morgan will see you start in the morning. Remember, Harris, this is a great trust, show your British pluck, and your loyalty to our confidence in you. Good-night."

"Good night, sir."

CHAPTER V.

A LONELY RIDE.

When Teddy Jones had grasped the hand of our hero in that farewell grip before he left the ship, he had said, "Let me give you my guiding star among texts, and let us both use it always: 'In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths,'" and as Harris left the colonel's room these words came to his heart with force and power, and he sought a few moments' solitude where he could pour out his soul to God.

Standing under the deep shadow of an angle in one of the lofty walls, he prayed, "O Lord, thou knowest how my soul hates war now, and all to do with war, but that I yet feel I must do my duty as unto thee, while I am here. Thou knowest this service entrusted to me, and thou hast said, 'Acknowledge me in all thy ways, and I will direct thy paths.' Please, Lord, guide, direct, and bless me, and make me valiant for thee, and help me to lead others to thy feet, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

About five o'clock next morning, Harris and Captain Morgan might have been seen talking together just outside the precincts of the barracks; Harris' arm is through the bridle of the horse, which is walking slowly in pace with them, but is eagerly impatient to be off. The animal was of comparatively small breed, but evidently full of fire, and of strong staying powers, and in general build and appearance quite unlike the usual type of

a soldier's horse. Seeing the animal's impatience, Captain Morgan turned to Harris, and with a voice touched with evident emotion, he said, "God bless you, Harris, and bring you back in safety;" then, turning quickly upon his heel, he walked back to his room. Harris meanwhile tightened the saddle girth, examined each buckle of the harness separately and carefully, then, leaping into the saddle, with a cheery word to the horse, he started off at a rapid but even pace.

Wondrously sweet was the sense of Divine communion with him as, in stillness of that early African morning he rode on, alone—yet not alone.

How varying was the country through which he passed, as he constantly consulted the compass he carried with him for guidance. For many miles he passed over a sandy, slightly uneven road, where here and there the rock peeped up through the thin crust of sandy soil; then



"HE OPENED HIS LITTLE BREAST-POCKET BOOK."

again the track would run close beside miles of dense underwood and thicket, and now, when at last the sun was setting, and horse and rider were both tired, he looked about for a good place to camp; where there would be food for the horse, and comparative shelter for himself.

Having selected a spot he dismounted, and after talking a moment or two to the horse, as if the animal could understand the praise that he was giving him, he proceeded to hobble him after the Mexican fashion; then turning him loose he commenced to gather dry wood for a fire, and branches and leaves to form a slightly raised bedstead, according to the official instructions drawn up a few years before by Sir Garnet Wolseley for the Ashantee expedition.

How solemn was the sense of his position, yet how secure he felt! Jesus was his Friend and Brother, God his Father, the Holy Spirit his Guide. After a good repast he opened his little breast-pocket book—a New Testament with the Psalms bound together, and, after reading the story of Christ's temptation in the wilderness, he opened on the 78th Psalm, and read on till he came to the fourteenth verse, "And all the night with a light of fire;" and, looking at the bright flames of his own camp fire, he thought what a beautiful word just then for him! How cheerful it looked! And he was joyfully conscious of the brightness of God's presence as his soul's firelight amid the darkness. Then, again, he thought of the power of the bush firelight in keeping off wild beasts, and God's promise to him, "No ravenous beast shall go up thereon." He thought of the value of the firelight to show up enemies; and, watching the curling flames, thoughts crowded upon his mind, he blessed God for his confidence and joy; and though he knew that possibly his camp fire might go out while he slept, yet that God's eye would not close. His protecting firelight would overshadow him; and in this simplicity of trust he rolled himself in his rug, and slept till daybreak

(To be continued.)

A CAN OF LIQUID AIR.

Charles E. Tripler, the famous experimenter in liquid air, recently went to Boston, says an exchange, to visit his friend, Elihu Thomson, the electrical expert. He took with him a can of liquefied air.

It was a simple-looking can, and might have held baked beans or cold coffee so far as its outward appearance went. But it contained a fluid so cold that a cake of ice acts on it like fire on water. It makes it boil. It is so cold that it freezes alcohol stiff and turns mercury into a substance hard enough to drive nails with. It was a quart of the coldest thing on earth that Mr. Tripler had in this tin can, and he took it with him to luncheon,

where he put it on the floor by his chair. They lunched in a hotel cafe and ordered a steak. After it had been brought in, and while the waiter's back was turned, Mr. Tripler lifted it from the platter, opened the can and exposed the meat to the liquid air. When he put it back on the platter it was as hard as a rock.

"Waiter," called Mr. Tripler; "come here." The waiter obeyed.

"What's the matter with this steak?" he asked anxiously.

He lifted it from the plate by two fingers and struck it with his knife. The frozen meat rang like a bell.

"I d—d—on't k—n—now, sir," he faltered, and he started for the head waiter on the run.

Mr. Tripler, by the way, is one of the fiercest-looking men in the inventing business. His moustache is of the pirate cut and his eyebrows bristle and meet in the middle. Therefore, the head waiter approached him with almost timidity:

"Do you serve your steaks like this as a rule?" asked Mr. Tripler, as he struck the time of day on it.

"It's that chef," explained the head waiter, as he started for the kitchen.

A few minutes later the chef appeared with the head waiter. He recognized the steak by sight at once. Then Mr. Tripler took it up and made it ring again.

"Mercy! Gracious!" ejaculated the chef, "I didn't do it, sure!"

Then Mr. Tripler smiled and Mr. Thompson laughed. A new steak was ordered and the frozen one was carried below to fool the rest of the kitchen.—Christian Uplook.

The Ermine.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHILLIPS.

I read of the ermine to-day,
Of the ermine who will not step
By the faint of a step in the mire;
The creature who will not stain
Her garment of wild white fire,

Of the dumb, flying, soulless thing,
(So we with our souls dare to say),
The being of sense and of soul,
That will not, that will not defile
The nature she took from her God.

And we with the souls that we have,
Go cheering the hunters on,
To prey with that pleading eye,
She cannot go into the mud!
She can stay like the snow, and die!

The hunters come leaping on,
She turns like a hart at bay,
They do with her as they will,
O, thou who thinkest on this,
Stand like a star, and be still.

"Here the soil oozes under thy feet"
Better, ah! better to die
Than to take one step in the mire;
Oh! blessed to die or to live,
With garment of holy fire!

THE ERMINE.

Writing of the ermine, Miss D. V. Farley tells us that the ermine is an animal of the genus Mustela, and is an inhabitant of northern climates in Europe and America. In form, food, and manners it very closely resembles the weasel. During the summer months the fur on the upper part of the little animal's body is of a reddish-brown colour, and the under part of a pale yellow; it is then called a stoat. In the winter the fur changes to a snowy-white, and it is then that the animal is recognized as the ermine. The tip of the tail is of the most intense black throughout the year.

In consequence of the change that occurs in the colour of its fur at different seasons it is not generally known that the stoat and ermine are identical. The fur of the ermine is quite valuable, and is always in demand. At one time it was an insignia of royalty, the state robes of judges and magistrates were lined with ermine as an emblem of purity. The ermine is such a cunning little animal in its ways that it is almost as difficult to catch as it is to "catch a weasel asleep."

In fact, about the only way to capture it is to mark its course from its home, and then strew mud and dirt in its pathway. When the dainty, fastidious little animal reaches the point in its path where the mud and dirt are strewn, it will lie down and subject itself to capture and death rather than soil or even smirch one of its snow-white hairs. Truly, it is a fitting emblem of purity!

Boys and girls, take to your hearts a lesson from the ermine counsels Miss Farley, and shun the mud and dirt that Satan may strew in your pathway to capture you. Pass it by, touch it not, yes, die, if necessary, rather than allow it to smirch your character and good name. Bad company, irreverence, intoxicating drinks are all mud and dirt of the vilest kind, and will surely smirch you if you dare to touch them.

Marguerites.

BY RACHEL E. MOORE

There are flowers more bright, and
blossoms more rare
Than the lily-marguerite,
For where will you find a flower more
fair
Or one more modestly sweet?

Or their slender stems the white disks
blow
In a sweet, contented way,
As if it were pleasure indeed to grow
And blossom from day to day.

In field or on lawn, it matters not,
They bloom in beauty the same,
Nor trouble about the soil or spot,
Or whether they're winning a name

Each marguerite as its leaves unfold,
Imprisons a sunbeam bright,
And there in its heart, like a bit of gold,
It glitters day and night.

Oh, ministry hidden, tender and sweet,
In the petals of daisies fair,
There are souls who need their lesson
replete,
With his gracious love and care.

There's a natural sun for the daisies
bright,
But a Sun divine for you;
The daisies' sun goes out at night,
But yours shines always true

And whether you live to be great or not,
Or over are known to fame,
Let quiet contentment be your lot,
His love is ever the same.

Open your heart to the Sun divine,
One ray of the heavenly light,
And your life, as the daisy, will glow and
shine,
In darkness as well as light.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON VI - FEBRUARY 11

JESUS AND NICODEMUS.

John 3. 1-18. Memory verses, 14-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For God so loved the world, that he
gave his only begotten Son, that whoso-
ever believeth in him should not perish,
but have everlasting life.—John 3. 16.

OUTLINE.

1. Man's Great Need, v. 1-12.
2. God's Great Gift, v. 13-18.

Time.—A.D. 27, possibly May.
Place.—Jerusalem.

LESSON HELPS.

1. "A ruler"—A member of the Sanhedrin, a body which consisted of priests, rabbis, and "elders."
2. "By night"—Perhaps for fear of the



Jews, perhaps to avoid interruption.
"Rabbi"—Master. "Miracles"—These
were intended to be, as Nicodemus re-
garded them, evidences of the divine mis-
sion of Jesus.

3. "Jesus answered"—Answered Nico-
demus' thought. "Born again"—An en-
tirely new life must begin in him. "The
kingdom of God"—Nicodemus thought
he was a citizen of that kingdom by right
of birth. Jesus tells him that to be
God's heir he must have a higher birth-
right than any that Abraham could give.

4. Nicodemus' question indicates won-
der and perhaps incredulity.

5. "Verily, verily"—A term used by
our Lord for emphasis. "Born of water
and of the Spirit"—A man must begin a
new life in the sight of others by pub-
licly acknowledging and confessing his

sin, and a new life in the sight of God
by having the Spirit of God work a direct
change in his character.

6. "Flesh" denotes the outward, ma-
terial part of man. "Spirit" denotes
that part of man's nature which is most
like God.

7. "Marvel not"—Wonder not. "Ye"
—Even ye, the Wise Men and Pharisees

8. "Canst not tell whence"—Just where
it comes from, and just how far its forces
will extend, the most advanced science
cannot tell. "So is every one"—Such
is the case of every one. We can feel
God, though we are unable to comprehend
him.

9. "How can these things be"—How
is this new birth to be had, what is the
cause, and where may it be found?

10. "Art thou a master"—A teacher,
which is the old sense of the word, re-
tained by us in "schoolmaster" and
"master of arts."

11. "We . . . we . . . we"—The am-
bassadors of God give their "personal
experience."

12. "The Son of man"—A term used
in the Old Testament, which Jesus was
fond of applying to himself. "In heav-
en"—In spiritual conditions.

13. "Must"—The atoning sacrifice of
Christ was a necessity. "Be lifted up"
—Nicodemus probably did not at once
understand that this was a prophecy of
the death of Christ.

14. "Whosoever"—Nicodemus would
have said, "What Jew soever."

15. "Everlasting life"—Eternal life;
the life of the soul.

17. "Not . . . to condemn"—This



JESUS AND NICODEMUS.

teacher not that sinners are not con-
demned by the Lord, but that the pur-
pose of Christ's coming was their sal-
vation.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Jesus and Nicodemus.—John 3. 1-10.
Tu. Jesus and Nicodemus.—John 3. 11-21
W. The brazen serpent.—Num. 21. 4-9.
Th. A new creature.—2 Cor. 5. 14-21.
F. The new life.—Rom. 6. 1-11.
S. In the Spirit.—Rom. 8. 1-14.
Su. Wondrous love.—Rom. 5. 1-11.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Man's Great Need, v. 1-12.
What visitor came to Jesus by night?
To what Jewish sect did Nicodemus be-
long?
What did he say he knew?
Upon what did he base this opinion?
How only can one see the kingdom of
God?
What change occurs in this new birth?
2. Cor. 5. 17.
What two questions did Nicodemus
ask?
How did Jesus explain the new birth?
What difference is there between nat-
ural and spiritual birth?
What should not cause surprise?
What do we know about the wind?
What do we not know about it?
What is this mystery like?
What then did Nicodemus ask?
How did Jesus question him in turn?
What did he say of his own testimony?
To what greater mystery did he refer?
2. God's Great Gift, v. 13-18.
Who alone can testify of heavenly
things?
What symbol of his death did Jesus
give?
What does faith in him secure?

How has God shown his love?

What commends this love to us? Rom.

5. 3.

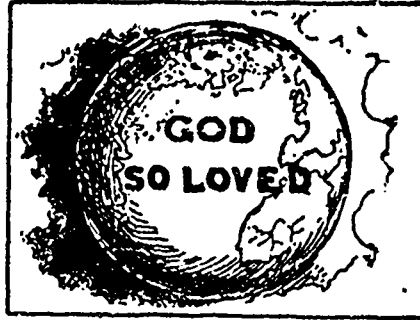
What was the purpose of this gift?
See 1 John 4. 11.

What will follow the rejection of
Christ?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. The meaning of miracles?
2. The need of being born again?
3. The blessedness of being born again?



God's love. Our father in heaven loves
the whole world. See on the blackboard
this picture of a globe. We will write
"God so loved" upon it. How much
did he love? Oh, it was "so" much
that he gave Jesus to die for all. Heav-
en is large enough and the welcome is
large enough for the whole world, for
every living person to come in.

to trust himself, and when a man left his
seat on the other side to get off the car,
the little boy slid quickly down, left the
temptation behind, and climbed into the
vacant place.

A pair of prettily gloved hands began
almost unconsciously to clap, and then
everybody clapped and applauded until it
might have alarmed Bob, if a young lady
sitting by had not slipped her arm around
him and said, with a sweet glow on her
face—

"Tell your mamma that we all con-
gratulate her upon having a little man
strong enough to resist temptation and
wise enough to run away from it."

I doubt if that long, hard message ever
reached Bob's mother; but no matter, the
note got to his grandmother without ever
coming out of his pocket.—Presbyterian.

An Irishman who was out of work
went on board a vessel that was in the
harbour and asked the captain if he could
find him work on the ship. "Well,"
said the captain, at the same time hand-
ling the Irishman a piece of rope, "If you
can find three ends to that piece of rope,
you shall have some work." The Irish-
man got hold of the end of the rope, and,
showing it to the captain, said, "That's
one end, your honor." Then he took
hold of the other end, and, showing it
to the captain as before, said, "And
that's two ends, your honor." Then,
taking hold of both ends of the rope, he
threw it overboard, saying, "And, faith,
there's another end to it, your honor."
He was immediately engaged.

"Did you divide your bonbons with
your little brother, Mollie?" "Yes, ma.
I ate the candy and gave him the
mottoes; you know he is awfully fond of
reading."

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