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PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XX.

TORONTO, JULY 21, 1900.

No. 29.

Haying Time.

BY GEORGE E. BOWEN.

The heated sun is shining on the fields of rich July,
In blazing summer splendour from his throne of turquoise sky,
The perfume of the meadows fills the soft, sweet morning air,
The corn blades wave a proud salute to the fields of clover fair.
The farmer is the charmer in the romance of to-day;
A story of the glory of the time of making hay.

The mowers in the dewy fields press through the yielding stand,
To music of the keen machine now humming o'er the land,
The long windrows of clover surf the rakers leave behind
Are quickly tossed by gleaming forks in hay-cocks soldier lined.
The waggon takes its jag on to the yawning big barn door,
Where tramping boys with romping noise tread down the fragrant store.

There's stubble in the shaven fields clean swept of every spear,
The big red moon comes sailing up the sky so sparkling clear,
A gentle hush has touched the scene, the weary toilers sleep
To dream perhaps of greater fields of richer grain to reap;
The day is done, the hay is won, and grateful rest is meet,
Till morning sounds its warning ne'er disturb the slumber sweet.

Oh, clover-scented, sunny days of fragrant new-mown hay,
Your incense breathes ideal life that fills the soul for aye.
Oh, breezes waft the blessed joys to toilers in the town,
And gladden hearts that sigh with care 'neath smoke-grimed chimneys' frown.
The pleasures and the treasures of the glowing, mowing days,
Are fairer, sweeter, rarer, than a year of budding Mays.

"HONOUR BRIGHT."

"Yes, mother, I will, honour bright! Did you ever know me to break my promise?"

"No, my son, I never did." And Mrs. Dunning stroked the soft brown curls lovingly, as she looked down into the honest eyes that never in all Harry Dunning's fifteen years had failed to look straightforward back into hers.

"Well, mother, you never will. I'll be home by ten, sure. Now, I'm off!" and Harry sprang down the steps and was away like an arrow.

His chum, Alden Mayhew, had invited him to a candy-pull and "general good time," and Alden's invitations were always accepted by his boy and girl friends; for Father and Mother Mayhew and grown-up sister Nell had to perfection the "knack" of making a "good time" for young folks.

No wonder that Harry could not believe his own eyes when, in the height of the fun, he looked up and saw the hands of the clock pointing to a quarter of ten! No one else looked as though even think-

ing of going home. But Harry's "honour bright" promise rang in his ears. Nobody guessed the struggle that was going on in the boy's heart as he mechanically performed his part in the merry game.

"Why can't I stay until the rest go? Don't I work hard enough? And I haven't had an evening out for weeks!"

It was all true. Very few and far between had been his "good times" since his father died, two years before, when little Day was a baby, and left him to be the support and comfort of his mother.

"It isn't late," he thought irritably. "Mother's only nervous." Then his cheeks reddened, and he straightened up quickly. "Who has a better right to be nervous?" he thought fiercely, as though fighting an invisible foe. His sweet, invalid mother! And he knew little Day

the holier. The keen-eyed old man looked very serious as he bent over Day, but he was a skilled physician, and before long the little girl was breathing easily again.

"But let me tell you," he said, impressively, ten minutes later it would not have been of much use to call me or any one else."

Harry listened silently, but when they were once more alone he drew his mother down by his side on the shabby little sofa, and told her of the resisted temptation.

"And, oh! mother," he concluded, "I'm so glad I kept my promise, 'honour bright'! I feel as though I'd just escaped from being a murderer."

"I have perfect confidence in my brave, true laddie," said the happy mother,

to Boston to make his fortune. He was little, but wiry, and he had struggled with the winds of Cape Cod and battled with poverty until his purpose was hard and rugged, and his grit was well tempered.

Like every sensible boy should, he turned to do the thing he knew how to do, until he could get himself on his feet. He hired himself to an oyster dealer, and went around from house to house carrying oysters to the people. But, little as he was, he had a big soul in him, and he soon concluded that it was a good deal better to work for himself than for somebody else. So before very long he set up on his own account. As he did not have money enough to hire a stall in the market, or pay rent for a store, he began with a wheelbarrow. In winter time he

went up and down the streets crying out, "Fresh oysters! Fresh oysters!" under the windows of the well-to-do, and in good weather he ran his wheelbarrow out as far as Brighton, five miles away. He drove a big business there among the cattlemen. He carried with him a vinegar cruet, a pepper-box, and saucer, and with his oyster knife, and wheelbarrow full of Cape Cod oysters, he was a little business world all to himself. The big, jolly drovers admired the plucky little fellow, and came to patronize him largely.

But Isaac was constantly looking out for a step in advance. Though he began with a wheelbarrow, he had no idea of ending there, and he had his eye out all the time for a chance to get into a stall at Faneuil Hall Market. Not many months had passed away until he had saved money enough to seize an opportunity. Then he set himself to work with greater devotion than ever. Three o'clock every morning saw him rowing his little boat across the harbour after his oysters, and he was back in his place, the first boy in the market to be ready for business. He got many customers in this way.

He had been steadily advancing in his business until, at eighteen, his father died, leaving his mother a widow with eleven children, ten of them younger than Isaac. He was not selfish and indifferent toward her cares, but he put his young, strong arms underneath his mother, and out of his savings sent her money every week to help meet the wants of this large family. But God takes care of the boys who take care of themselves and their mothers, and Isaac Rich constantly grew in his business. After a little he began to add fish to the oysters. At first he could only buy a few fish and put them on his stall alongside the oysters. The landlord

of the Tremont House, the famous hotel of Boston of that day, had taken a liking to this bright, plucky young fellow, and asked him one day why he did not keep salmon. He replied that it was because he did not have money enough to buy them. "How much would it take?" inquired the hotel man. "Two hundred dollars," was Rich's reply. "The next boat that come in, buy it up, and I will lend you the money," was the big-hearted hotel-keeper's reply. You may depend upon it that Isaac was on the lookout for the next coming of salmon into town. He didn't wait for it to get into the dock, but he met it out in the harbour in his little dory, and, getting on board, bargained for the whole load. That was the beginning of a very great advance in his business. From that day he became



HAYING TIME.

was not well. She had been pale and fretful all day. And he had promised. Abruptly he excused himself, bade hasty good-nights, and sped away across the fields, putting on his reefer as he ran. His mother met him at the door.

"Day is worse," she whispered huskily. "It's croup. Run for the doctor-quick!"

And Harry ran—ran as he had never dreamed he could, even when he belonged to the "nine," and its honour depended on his speed and surefootedness. And the old doctor, electrified by the boy's breathless energy, harnessed old Jim, with Harry's help, in an incredibly brief time, and drove off down the hill at a pace that brought night-capped heads from darkened windows and caused many a conjecture as to who was sick down in

stroking the bonnie head bowed on her shoulder.—Zion's Herald.

CODFISH AND COLLEGE.

BY LOUIS ALBERT BAKER.

Methodism is rich in those heroes who have had to fight their own way from the start. One of these is a hero from the codfish region. Away down at the end of Cape Cod is Provincetown, where it catches the first chance at the winds and the codfish that come in from the sea. In a little, low red-and-brown cottage on the outskirts of this fisherman's town was born Isaac Rich. It was a big family, and not much money to keep it going; so when Isaac was twelve years old, and small of his age at that, he went

Mother's Apron Strings.

BY RUFUS G. LANDON.

Come, smoke a cigarette, old boy!"
"No, thank you, Tom," said Fred.
"For just before I left the house
Dear mother spoke and said—"
"No matter what she said," sneered Tom
"Why mind such trifling things?
Now be a man, and just untie
Your mother's apron strings!"
"No, no, I'll not untie them, Tom;
Indeed I hope they're strong,
And tied secure, that I may be
Held back from doing wrong."

Tom hung his head and walked away
"Fred's right, I know," said he;
"If I had cared for mother more,
I might to-day be free."

Alas, I cut the cords of love
That held me to the right,
And now the chains of habit bind
Me in their coils so tight."

Dear boys, 'twere better to be tied
To mother's apron strings
Than feel the bondage and the shame
That sinful license brings.

Slaying the Dragon.

BY MRS. D. O. CLARK.

CHAPTER III.
THROWING STONES.

Erastus Dow is dead, and yonder is the little funeral procession led by the Rev. Phineas Felton, carrying the body of the drunkard to its last resting-place. A small company of fishermen and their wives walk to the grave, partly because they mourn the loss of one who when sober was a kind and genial neighbour, and partly because they sympathize with the widow in her double affliction.

After Mr. Felton's visit to the Cove, Erastus Dow had grown sullen and morose. All his good resolutions seemed to have left him, and returning strength found him once more seeking his cups. A second attack of delirium tremens cut short his earthly career. He was called before the judgment bar of God, to answer for the deeds done in the body.

That night the company at the Maypole was less hilarious than usual. The solemn events of the day had made somewhat of an impression upon these rough men, and unconsciously the impulse to adopt a new and better life was awakened in more than one heart. The conversation very naturally turned upon their deceased comrade.

"Poor Rast," said Tyler Matthews. "He want old enough ter be picked off. He oughter lived thirty years longer. I tell ye, boys, there's more'n one ter blame fur his death;" and Matthews dropped his head on his hands and appeared lost in the attempt to solve this problem.

"Who d'yer expect's ter blame?" snapped Landlord Merton, eyeing his customer with suspicion. "You'd better make your meanin' a leetle plainer, Ty. It don't reflect well on some on us."

"The coat fits, don't it, Merton?" laughed Tom Barton. "Wall, I guess you are es much ter blame es any one. Rast didn't know when ter stop drinkin', and you kept him at it till his money was gone. No offence ter you, boss. We're talkin' fac's ter-night."

"You'd better git out o' here ef you're goin' ter talk that way," blustered Merton.

"Come, now, don't git huffy," said Matthews. "We don't mean nothin'. Rast was a good cove, kind and obligin', an' it's nat'ral that we should want ter talk of him an' excuse his faults. I say agin that there's more'n one ter blame fur Rast Dow's funeral."

"I guess Parson Felton hed es much share in the business es I did," said Merton. "They say thet Dow offered ter sign the pledge of the parson would put his name down, too, but Felton wouldn't, an' Rast flung the whole business up. Now, boys, you needn't look at me es 'no' I was Rast Dow's murderer. I tell you the parson is more ter blame than I be. He might hev helped Dow on to his feet again, an' he wouldn't do it because he didn't want ter give up his glass of wine. He don't care anythin' about poor folks. Their souls ain't worth savin'." Ef Dow hed asked me ter help him by signing the pledge, I don't know, boys—'twould hav put me inter a purty tight place—but I don't know, I say, but what I should hev done it."

"Velly goot, velly goot, mine friend," said Carl Schmidt, dryly. "Vill you sign von pledge vit me, to-night?"

The tavern echoed with laughter at the German's droll remark, and Landlord Merton turned to wait on a new customer, with a discomfited air.

"Let's change the subject," growled Peter MacDuff. "Who wants ter hear about dead folks all the time? The parson's ter blame, of course, fur the poor cove's death. That's plain ter be seen. We all know he ain't no better'n the rest of us, only he wears finer clothes, an' don't hev ter work with his hands. Parsons are all alike. Leaky crafts, most on 'em."

"The't'll do, boys," broke forth Tom Kinmon, who had remained silent during this brief conversation. "Those es lives in glass houses, shouldn't throw stones. Parson Felton made a mistake when he refused to sign the pledge with Rast. It was a dreadful mistake, an' helped ter harden Dow's heart, an' hasten his end. But, then, boys, you all know thet at heart Mr. Felton is a good man, an' means ter do what is right. He don't see the temperance question right, an' 'hinks he is doin' God service when he stands up fur mod'rate drinkin'. He'll live long enuff ter see his mistake, you see ef he don't. There's only one plank fur a minister ter stan' on, an' thet is the total abstinence plank. If he launches forth on any other raft, he'll go under. There's no help fur it. Landlord, I don't blame ye fur thinkin' the parson was consid'able out the way, but hadn't you better look round your own back loor, an' see ef it's clear? You've got somethin' ter answer fur es well es the parson. You've made lots o' money out of Rast Dow. Can't you look over your gold an' pick out pieces thet's stained with the blood of our comrade? 'Tis thet the price of his soul!"

The landlord shuddered at these words, and no one dared to speak. There was something, to-night, in the manner of the usually silent fisherman, which awed his listeners.

"Yes," continued Tom, "the parson's ter blame, the landlord's ter blame, and, boys, we are ter blame, too. We hev helped Rast by our words, and still more by our example, ter go ter the dogs. He hes follered where we led. He was weaker then we, and his appetite fur drink was stronger. Did any of us try ter help him? No, we let him go ter destruction. Now, boys, d'yer think we've got any business ter be a-throwing stones? Let's own up thet we're ter blame es much es others, an' stop a-lookin' round ter find some person on whose back to pile the burden. What we orter do is ter profit by Rast's sad end. I fur one mean ter sign the pledge right away, an' I hev dranked my last glass of liquor. I mean ter look after my family now, an' visit the Maypole less."

Profound astonishment was depicted on every face when the fisherman ceased speaking. Peter MacDuff was the first to rally.

"Tom Kinmon's a teetotaler! Ha, ha! That sounds well, don't it?" The sneering words failed to produce any impression upon the crowd. The landlord began to taunt Kinmon with the change in his principles, when suddenly the laugh froze upon his lips, and his eyes started from their sockets. He put both hands out as if to ward off some unseen object.

"What's the matter?" cried the men, springing to their feet and approaching the frightened Merton.

"There's thet ghost of Rast Dow!" whispered the man, pointing to the wall, on which the flames from the open fire cast grotesque shadows, and with a yell and a bound he sprang to the door and ran out into the darkness.

Whether the landlord had drunk too much liquor and the vision was the result of a disordered imagination, or whether, like Macbeth, an awakened conscience clothed the unreal with all the horrors of the real, we know not. Tom Kinmon affirmed the latter view to be the true one, while Tyler Matthews, who also had imbibed to some extent, swore that he saw a shadowy hand, which pointed directly to the landlord, and he knew it to be Rast Dow's hand because it lacked a little finger. Be this as it may, Erastus Dow's death was productive of good. Tom Kinmon reformed, the remainder of the fishermen were, for the time, sobered, and a rum-seller's heart was pierced by the arrow of remorse.

(To be continued.)

The provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia were confederated July 1st, 1867. In 1870 Manitoba was made a province, and its representatives took their seats in the Dominion Parliament at the session of 1872. British Columbia entered the union in 1871, and Prince Edward Island in 1873.

DO ANTS TALK?

A close observer of the little creatures of God's world tells us that he once saw a drove of small black ants moving, perhaps to more commodious quarters. The distance was over seven hundred feet, and nearly every ant was laden with a portion of household goods. Some carried their "eggs," the cocoon stage of the ant, some had food, "some had one thing and some another." I sat and watched them for over an hour," he continues, "and I noticed that every time two met in the way they would hold their heads close together as if greeting one another, and no matter how often the meeting took place this same thing occurred, as though a short chat was necessary. To prove more about it I killed one that was on his way. Others which were eye-witnesses to the murder went with speed, and with every ant they met this talking took place as before. But instead of a pleasant greeting, it was sad news they had to communicate. I know it was sad news, for every ant that these messengers hastily turned back and fled on another course. So the news spread, and it was true. How was it communicated if not by speech?"

Many nature students have observed like facts. Yet we are almost as far from a solution of the problem of ant intercommunication to-day as ever. The Rev. Henry C. McCook, D.D., of Philadelphia, has done more than any other living student in America in this field of ant study. Young naturalists cannot take up a more fascinating study than that of ant habits; but murder, even of an ant, is not necessary in such studies, save to preserve a few specimens to assure one of the species under study. An ingenious and true lover of nature delights to devise ways for such study that do not require needless cruelty.

DURING THE BLIZZARD.

BY HELEN SONNEVILLE.
A True Incident.

It was during the blizzard of '99, and things were looking very dark for the Hennessys. The father had been out of work for weeks, and the mother had had to stay at home to take care of the two-months-old baby, and could not go out washing, as she used to do when "the cupboard was bare."

Sixteen-year-old Mina earned a little at the factory, and Jack made an occasional dime at shovelling snow, but the combined efforts of these two could not pay the rent and get food enough to satisfy the hunger of this family of nine.

Mrs. Hennessy was cross, and as the days went by and things grew from bad to worse, the frown on her brow came to stay, scoldings and reproaches became more frequent, and the children prudently kept at a distance, for fear of cuffs and slaps.

Poor woman! Often she sighed, as she recalled the thoughtless days of her girlhood, when never a care rested on her young shoulders.

"It was a sorry day for me, Matt, when I left my home for yours," she said to her husband, who sat gloomily in the corner, chewing a straw. Times were indeed hard for Matt Hennessy when he could not afford tobacco. "Why don't you go out and seek work like a man instead of sittin' round here, seein' the children starvin' before your eyes?"

"I'm a-goin', Mary," he replied; "I was only thinkin' what is best to do. You know I'd be a-shovellin' snow if 'twasn't for the pain in my back." Then, without waiting for the angry reproaches which he anticipated, he walked to the door, and, turning back, said, hesitatingly, "Mary, for the sake of old times—those old days, you know—offer a prayer for your good-for-nothin' Matt, will you?"

Not pausing for her reply, he went out into the bitter blast, while his wife wept angry tears over the puny baby on her knee. Harry and little Jeannette crept into the room, and, emboldened by the sight of their mother's tears, came closer.

"Don't cry, ma," said Harry, earnestly. "Nettie and I have been upstairs prayin', and we asked God to send pa work. God will do it, so don't cry any more."

"Work!" she echoed, drearly. "If he don't work soon, I'll go crazy."

"Mamma," said little Nettie, a pretty child of five, with deep blue eyes, "naven't you told us that heaven is a beautiful home for good people that die?"

"Yes, child," and the mother put the last lump of coal in the cracked stove.

"And we'll not be hungry there?"

"Hungry! No, indeed."

"Nor thirsty?"

"No, I suppose not."

"And you say we'll never be cold?" continued the child, rubbing her blue fingers.

"No, Nettie, you'll never suffer from

hunger or cold there," said Mrs. Hennessy, rocking the baby back and forth as a relief to her feelings.

Nettie drew a long breath, then said, musingly: "Well, then, heaven must be just the sweetest place! I want to go there right away, ma! Why doesn't everybody get ready to go to heaven?"

Tears—not angry ones this time—ran down the mother's face. "If help doesn't come soon, I expect you will go there shortly," she said, but not bitterly.

"O God," she wailed, "send help to us soon! And make me a better mother to these innocent children!"

An hour later Matt Hennessy came in with a basket of provisions. "I've got work, Mary!" he shouted. "It's in Holland's grocery, and he advanced me some of my wages when I told him we're starvin'." Cheer up!"

"Ma, didn't I tell you so?" exclaimed Harry. "God sent the work, just as I asked him to."

And as they satisfied their hunger Mrs. Hennessy bowed her head in gratitude, and into her mind came the little verse, "A little child shall lead them."

BRIEF HINTS FOR BRIGHT GIRLS.

Some one has suggested fifteen things that every girl can learn before she is fifteen. Not every one can learn to play or sing or paint well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within everybody's reach, and go far towards making the true lady—one who casts brightness all around her:

Shut the door, and shut it softly.
Keep your own room in tasteful order.
Have an hour for rising, and rise.
Learn to make bread as well as cake.
Never let a button stay off twenty-four hours.
Always know where your things are.
Never let a day pass without doing something to make somebody comfortable.
Never come to breakfast without a collar.
Never go about with your shoes unbuttoned.
Speak clearly enough for everybody to understand.
Never fidget or hum, so as to disturb others.
Never fuss, or fret, or sidget.

Eight million dollars worth of coal is mined every year in Canada.

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THE WALNUT TREE.

This is a very useful tree, and some of its uses are well illustrated in our cut. First you will notice the two little girls who are taking advantage of the shade afforded by its large, leafy branches. Next we see an arm-chair and three guns. These are made of the wood of the walnut-tree, which is hard, fine-grained and durable, and takes a beautiful finish. Then we glance to the right of the cut and see the large press. Into a press like this large quantities of the nuts are put and their oil is extracted. This oil is used for food just as olive oil is used. There is also a kind of painter's oil made from the walnuts by pressing them a second time. On the ground beside the press are some jars. These contain pickled walnuts, which are very delicious. The nuts are taken when they are fresh and soft and used for pickling and for making catsup. The basket is filled with walnuts, which those two little girls under the tree would enjoy eating.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE LIFE OF JESUS.

LESSON V.—JULY 29.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Luke 9. 28-36. Memory verses, 33-35

GOLDEN TEXT.

This is my beloved Son: hear him.—Luke 9. 35.

OUTLINE.

1. Three Disciples, v. 28, 29.
2. Two Saints, v. 30-33
3. One Saviour, v. 34-36.

Time.—Probably A.D. 28 or 29.

Place.—Probably some one of the peaks of Mount Hermon.

LESSON HELPS.

28. "About an eight days after"—"Including the first and last; days full, doubtless, of sad and grave as well as joyous thoughts."—Geikie. "These sayings"—His teachings to the disciples (verses 18-27). "Peter and John and James"—"The three dearest and most enlightened of his disciples"—Farrar. "Formerly partners in secular business. His first acquaintances, and the first called."—Van Doren. "A mountain"—A tradition of the early centuries says it was Mount Tabor. Its distance, however, from Caesarea Philippi, and the fact that it was inhabited, are arguments against the claim. Modern scholarship generally believes that Mount Hermon is meant. (1) It is near Caesarea Philippi, where Jesus had been. (Matt. 16. 13; Mark 8. 27.) (2) It was evidently uninhabited. (3) It is the lofty mountain of Palestine. (Matt. 17. 1.) It rises ten thousand feet above the Mediterranean, and its top is snow-covered. Its very meaning is "the mountain." "To pray" (1) What a lesson as to the necessity and value of prayer!

29. "As he prayed"—"The characteristic addition of Luke." That this awful scene took place at night, and therefore that he ascended the mountain in the evening, is clear from verses 32, 33. (Compare Luke 8. 12.) It is also implied

by the allusions to the scene in 2 Pet. 1. 18, 19.—"Cambridge Bible." "Fashion of his countenance"—Even with ordinary men tumultuous passions, like guilt, shame, hope, and love modify the countenance and alter the attitude and gait of a man. Jesus was now experiencing the closest intimacy with the Godhead of which the human soul is capable, and his body was glorified by the excess of spiritual power.

Was altered—"The heavenly glory of his nature, which was still concealed under his earthly appearance, now broke forth."—Lange. "A change not of substance, but of equality and appearance. The fashion of his countenance was altered by being lighted by radiance both from without and from within."—Alford. "Was white"—Matthew compares the whiteness of his raiment to the light (17. 2); Mark, to the snow (9. 3). "Glistening"—His very garments were ablaze with heavenly light.

30. "Two men"—Human, not angelic. "Which were Moses and Elias"—Two leaders of the old dispensation, representing the law and prophecy. Both had fasted, like Christ, forty days and nights. One had been buried by God (Deut. 34. 6), the other had been translated (2 Kings 2. 1-11). One had been gone nine, the other nearly fifteen, centuries. "Their presence now was an attestation that their work was over and that the Christ had come."—Ellicott.

31. "Who appeared"—"It was not a

versation. "His decesso"—His "exodus" or "departure." A comprehensive word, "involving his passion, cross, resurrection, and ascension."—Cambridge Bible.

32. "Peter and they that were with him"—Peter, etc. Such a phrase is one of many evidences of Peter's strong individuality of character. Wherever he goes he almost monopolizes attention. "Heavy with sleep"—Intense feeling sometimes acts like an intoxicant, a soporific. "When they were awake"—This was no dream.

33. "As they departed"—Or, were departing. (4) Special revelations are too often short. "Peter said"—Peter was always "saying" something. He was the natural spokesman for his less emphatic associates. "Good for us to be here"—Good to remain. Such company! Such conversation! Such heavenly splendour! "Three tabernacles"—Like the little walled booths which the Israelites made for themselves at the feast of tabernacles. He thinks only of the holy trio who blaze before him. Such mean and unworthy mortals as himself and John and James might well spend their lives shelterless on that bleak mountain top if only the three immortals would remain. "Not knowing"—He knew what he was saying, but he was talking without knowledge.

34. "While he thus spake"—The splendour of the heavenly vision was too great for mortals to long endure. The cloud of God's mercy now overshadows them, and the magnificent vision is gone. "A cloud"—The Shekinah. "Overshadowed them"—The three, or some say all the company.

35. "A voice"—Heard also on two other occasions during Christ's ministry. (Luke 3. 22; John 12. 28.)

HOME READINGS.

M. The transfiguration.—Luke 9. 28-36.
Tu. Sleeping disciples.—Luke 22. 39-46.



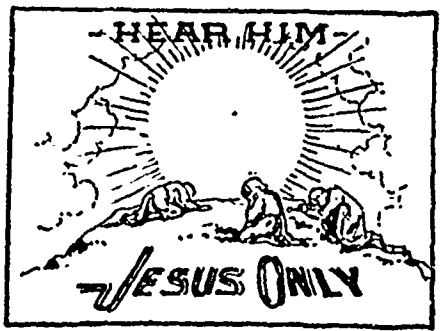
CROSSING THE MIDDLE RHONE GLACIER.

vision."—Schaff. "Both were associated in men's minds with the glory of the kingdom of the Christ. The Jerusalem Targum of Exod. 12 connects the coming of Moses with that of the Messiah. Another Jewish tradition predicts his appearance with that of Elijah."—Ellicott. That Elijah would again reappear was also the general opinion of the day. (Mal. 4. 5; Matt. 11. 14.) "In glory"—In resurrection splendour. (2) Is this a hint at the nature of the glorified body? Notice also that the disciples knew the lawgiver and the prophet. (3) Do we not learn here of the future recognition of friends? "And spake"—Luke only gives the sublime subject of their con-

W. A voice from heaven.—John 12. 28-33.
Th. Glory of Christ.—Rev. 1. 9-18.
F. The shining face.—Exod. 34. 27-35.
S. The beloved Son.—Mark 1. 1-11.
Su. Peter's remembrance.—2 Pet. 1. 16-21

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. Three Disciples, v. 28, 29.
Where did Jesus go?
For what purpose?
In all Christ's work how do we find him seeking help?
What should this teach his followers?
Whom did he take with him?
What were the disciples doing while he prayed?



What change took place in Christ while he prayed?

Did his raiment also change?

2. Two Saints, v. 30-33.

Who were seen talking with him?

Of what did they converse?

When the disciples awoke what did they behold?

What did Peter say to Jesus?

3. One Saviour, v. 34-36.

What happened as he spoke?

How did this affect the disciples?

What was heard from out the cloud? Golden Text.

Who gave this testimony?

What did the disciples do?

How did Christ reassure them?

What is always Christ's attitude toward the world?

Is there any danger of our sleeping and losing some glory?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson do we learn—

1. That the law and the prophets testify of Jesus?

2. That his own disciples may commune with Jesus?

3. That God the Father approves of Jesus?

THE RHONE GLACIER.

A glacier is a river of ice. It obeys all the laws of a flowing body. It flows more rapidly toward the centre than at the edges, at the top than at the bottom. It accommodates itself to its channel and is tossed up, as it were, into huge billows, waves, and spray of ice. It is wonderfully impressive. Coleridge's sublime hymn well describes the scene:

"Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountains' brow,

Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,

And stopped at once, amid the maddest plunge,

Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!

Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven?

And who commanded (and the silence came)

Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?"

I crossed one of these rugged fields of ice, the Mer de Glace, without a guide. Leaving the beaten track, I strolled up the glacier, which rolled in huge ridges and hollows for miles up the valley. Many of the crevasses were filled with water—clear as crystal, blue as sapphire. I hurled my alpenstock into one, and after an interval it was hurled back as if by the invisible hand of some indignant ice gnome from the fairy-grottoes of his under-world. Others were empty, but we could not see the bottom. The large stones we rolled in went crashing down to unknown depths. Into one of these crevasses a guide fell in 1820, and forty-one years later his remains were recovered at the end of the glacier, brought to view by the slow motion and melting of the mass. His body was identified by some old men who had been the companions of his youth over forty years before. Along the margin of the glacier is a moraine of huge boulders, ground and worn by this tremendous millstone.

The tremendous seracs, as they are called, or blocks of ice, and splintered pinnacles, glistening like diamonds in the sunlight and ultramarine blue in the shade, were wonderfully impressive.

In the picture a tourist party is seen banded together with ropes, looking like pigmies as they cross the rugged surface of the glacier, and very arduous work it is.

There are Others.—"Well," said the camel in the circus parade, "there's some comfort for me, after all." "What do you mean?" said the elephant. "My hump is pretty bad, but it might be worse; I don't ride a bicycle."

A Question of Livelihood.—"Sure, Terence, if ye go to the front, kape at the back, or ye'll be killt. Ol' know ut?" Terence—"Faith, an' isn't that the way ol' get my livin'?"