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CHINESE SERVANT BEARING PIPE AND RICE BOWL WITH CHOPSTICKS.

THE CHINESE QUEUE.

BY CHESTER HOLCOMBE.

One of the most marked and striking points of difference between the Oriental and Western races is found in the hair. The hair of Eastern people is always coarse, straight and a true jet black. That of the people of Europe and America is softer, slikier, and of such variety of colouring that a pure black head of hair is a rare exception. In many years of residence in the East I have never seen upon the head of a pureblooded Chinesc, Japanese, Corean, Mongolian, Malay, or Indian, any other shade of hair than jet black, excepting, of course, those heads on which age has blanched the covering to gray or white.

Another and equally marked point of difference is found in the growth of hair upon the face. No amount of cultivation ever yet enabled an Asiatic to grow more than the most scanty beard or moustache.

At the most, one may see a Chinese or native of Japan with a few straggling hars upon his chin or upper lip, or what is more common, three or four long hairs growing from a mole on cheek or chin, and these three or four hairs are combed, fingered, and cultivated with the utmost pride and care, as precious, though scanty signs of manhood.

scanty, signs of manhood.

The queue is not only the badge or mark of a Chinese; it is the sign of Chinese manhood. In infuncy and child-hood the head is either clean-shaven and kept an smooth and shining as a billiard-

ball, or patches of hair are left to grow in circles helter-skelter upon its surface, and from each sticks up a little tuft of braid, as though the blood, in its excess of vitality, was sending out the sprouts of half a dozen queues.

It is only when the boy reaches the age of thirteen or fourteen years that these "baby queues" are shaved off, and he is formally invested with the sober queue of manhood.

But the queue, although the badge of a Chinese man, is not Chinese. It is a foreign importation, and, compared with other things in China, is a modern and recent fashion. It is Tartar, or Mongollan, and was brought into the empire only about three hundred years ago by the present rulers, who themselves are foreigners.

Prior to that time the Chinese did not shave the head, but dressed the hair much as we do ours. But when the country was conquored by its present rulers, a decree was issued that all good subjects of the new Emperor should shave the head and wear a queue. This immediately aroused an intense excitement and bitter opposition throughout the whole empire.

To wear a queue was regarded as degrading and as a mark of slavery to a foreign tyrant. Mobs and riots occurred, and for a long time there was much trouble, and it seemed doubtful if the new fashing could be applied.

fashion could be enforced.

But the Tartar Emperor met the difficulty with that shrewdness and tact which has made his name historical in China as the ablest and wisest of all her rulers, ancient or modern.

He issued a further decree, in which he forbade persons convicted of serious crimes to wear the queue, and in which he required his officers to cut off the queues of all such persons and not to allow them to shave their heads.

Thus he made the queue a mark of respectability, and his new subjects were soon as anxious to adopt it as they had been determined in their opposition. To this day in China and among the Chinese a full head of hair and the absence of a queue is the badge of a criminal.

This will explain to you the reason for the intense opposition among the Chinese in this country to any interference with their right to wear the queue.

The queue has now become an object of almost superstitious reverence among the Chinese. It is combed and dressed with the greatest care, enlarged and lengthened with horse hair or silk, wound about the head at times, and covered to keep it from the dust. In fact, it is generally treated as an object of dignity and honour.

The Chinese boy longs for it, as the

The Chinese boy longs for it, as the Canadian boy does for trousers with pockets in them. To pull it is an insult, and to cut it off is a grave crime severely numbed by law.

punished by law.

Mandarin is the name given by foreigners to Government officers in China.
The Emperor is at the head, and among
the numerous titles by which he is ad-

drezsed are these: The August Lofty One; The Celestial Sovereign; The Son of Heaven. Underneath the

Emperor are nine ranks officials who are chosen from among those . bo have passed su wessful examinations. These various classes of officers are known by the colour of the buttons they wear, some of the buttons being of ruby and coral and sapphire. Officers of the third rank wear also a one-eyed peacock feather. One of the pictures given on this page represents a mandarin in full dress, and very pompous he looks. As a class, they are intelligent and shrewd, but they are often very corrupt and extortionate, using their power for selfish ends. Some of them, however, have accepted the Gospel and become true Christians. The officials have been much impressed by the benevolent work accomplished by the missionaries, especially in connection with hospitals and dispensaries for the relief of the suffering. May God move the hearts of all these rulers so that the millions of China may be led to accept the Gospel.

HOW TWO BOYS BARN A LIVING.

Two little boys who live in Brooklyn, New York, and who know semething of the hardships of poverty, have adopted a novel method of earning a living. Unable to compete with the larger boys in selling newspapers, or to obtain regular employment, they have formed a partnership under the firm name and style of Deyo Brothers, with headquarters in a rear room of their mother's house, and there they manufacture two useful ar-One is a match-scratcher, a bit of pine wood cut in the form of an elongated diamond, with a brass screw to fasten to the wall. They make everything by hand, employing flint dust, made from ground peobles, for the rough surface. The edges are gilded, the back is stamped with the business name and address and the article is then ready for the market. The other specialty is an emery stick, about ten inches long, for the sharpening of penknives and scissors. When it is considered that the little fellows are only nine and eleven years old. respectively, and that their original capital consisted of fifty cents, their work is surprisingly good. As soon as the stock on hand amounts to a gross of each article, the younger boy, who is the drummer for the firm, fills a leather satchel and sallies forth to sen the goods. He visits beth offices and homes, doffs his cap politely if a lady is addressed, and displays his wares with ready tact. He seldom falls to sell. The earnings are sufficient to pay all living expenses for the little partners, as well as to help their mother, and enable them to dress well. Both boys give evidence of careful home training, particularly in speech and deportment.

A TRUE STORY.

B. ELIZABRTII P. ALLAN.

One bright Sunday afternoon last winter the sun rose over the Mexican city, Matamoras, and drove away the clouds that for days had hid its bright rays, making the little Mexican boys and girls shiver under the bright and sometimes tattered blankets which, instead of overcoats, they wear around them.

As the sun mounted higher and higher,

As the sun mounted higher and higher, the people began to collect in the streets, as if waiting for something. What was it? Not for church and Sunday-school, for there is only one small Presbyterian church and Sunday-school in Matamoras, and none of these idle sight-seers were



CHINESE HANDARIN

going there. Wha was it, then, for which they waited, lining the streets and craning their necks?

Ah! a shout goes up. And around a street corner comes a rabble of men, women, and boys. In the midst of the crowd is a poor, dirty woman, with hardly any flesh on her bones, her '.'thes filthy and ragged, her hair matted, her eyes bloodshot, walking on her knees. It was said that she had come this way for a great distance, some said one hundred miles, to say her prayers at the altar in Matamoras.

The Mexicans thought this a holy thing to do, and they spread their blankers before her all the way up to the shrine

"But why does she do it?" you ask.
Because she feels that she is sinful, and
she cannot rest until her sins are forgiven.

"Will she feel, when she has dragged herself up to the altar, that her sins are really forgiven then?"

Perhaps she may for a while, but the peace does not last. She will sin again, and be unhappy again. Around on snother street, hundreds of young voices are singing:

"What can wash away my sin?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!
What can make me clean within?
Nothing but the blood of Jesus!"

And the missionary is reading the sweet story of how ready Jesus is to for-



CRIMINAL DEPRIVED OF HIS QUEUE.



PRINCIPES DRIVER BY THREE QUEUES.

Recessional

BY MUDYARD KIPLING.

God of our fathers, known of old-Lord of our far-flung battle line-Beneath whose awful hand we hold Dominion over paim and pine-Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget

The tumult and the shouting dies-The captains and the kings depart-Still stands thine ancient Sacrifice. , An humble and a contrite heart. Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet. Lest we forget--lest we forget !

Far-called our navies melt away-On dune and headland sinks the fire-Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre Judge of the Nations, spare us yet, Lest we forget—lest we forget !

drunk with sight of power, we loose Wild tongues that have not thee in

Such boasting as the Gentiles use, Or lesser breeds without the Law-Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet. Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust In recking tube and iron shard—All valiant dust that builds on dust, And guarding calls not thee to guard For frantic boasi and foolish word, Thy mercy on thy people, Lord ! Amen.

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Pleasant Hours:

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

TORONTO, MAY 13, 1899,

LIFE UNDER AN AVALANCHE

The people who build their houses on the slopes of Vesuvius do not seem to care for the danger which is always immirent from the great volcano; and the inhabitants of the Alpine valleys are equally careless about building where snow-slides may overwhelm their dwellings.

One of the most remarkable incidents in the history of Alpine snowslides is the following, which took place at Bergoletto, in Piedmont, over a century ago. Two avalanches descended upon the village, so the story goes, burying some thirty houses and a score of their in-A man named Roccia, with his son, just escaped being overwhelmed by the snow, but, to their horror, saw their home, in which were Mrs. Roccia, and th

dren, completely smothered.

The news of the catastrophe brought hundreds of men from the neighbouring villages, who, led by the relatives of those entombed, set to work with a will digging down to the houses that lay forty feet below them. Though they made superhuman exertions, they could not reach any of the habitations, for heavy falls of snow came on and filled in the places that they had laboriously in the places that they had laboriously excavated. Spring was at hand, with its warm winds, and as it was evident that there was no possibility of their being able to get down to the unhappy victims without the help of milder weather, they desisted from their efforts, firmly persuaded that no one could be living under the enormous mass of snow

that completely obliterated all traces of the houses.

After a month the melting of the snowy ocvering had proceeded so far that they were encouraged to continue their work, and a few days' digging exposed Roccia's house. It was, however, quite empty. The unhappy father and son broke their way in through the roof, expecting to see their dear ones stretched lifeless, but no one was there. They at once jumped to the conclusion that refuge had been found in the stable, and, renewing their exertions, soon effected an entrance there. To their amazement, they found Mrs. Roccia, her sister, and the eldest daughter alive after an incarcoration of five They looked almost like skeleweeks. tons, and were unable to move, but still they were alive. Tender hands removed them to the nearest habitable house, and there they slowly recovered -the daughter first, Mrs. Roccia's sister next, and last his wife, who had during her long imprisonment been in a more cramped position than either of the others.

They had been quite close to the stable when they heard the avalanches approaching, and with a little son of Roccia's managed to get under shelter there before their fall. In the stable were some fowls, a donkey, and two goats, with kids. They killed the kids, and as there was a plentiful supply of fodder within reach, the goats continued to yield them milk until the day of their deliverance. The boy died at the end of the first week, but the other three lived on until they were rescued, long after they had entirely given up all hopes of ever seeing the light of day again.—S. S. Visitor.

DICK AND HIS PRINCIPLES.

BY L. PKNNY.

There had been great anxiety in the Bross family Dick's regiment had been called into service when war was declared; it went into camp, and after several weeks of drilling and waiting was ordered to the front.

Dick was in the battle before Santiago. but was not hurt in the least. He said it was almost a miracle, because the bul-lets fell like hallstones all around, and he believed he escaped because of the prayers that he knew were offered up for him at home. After the battle he fell lil with a low fever and was sent home to recuperate. Then his family and friends showed how they loved him. The neighbours sent jellies and other dainties to tempt his appetite, and seemed to vie with each other in attentions to the boy. Any one who had fought in Cuba and had come home to "tell the tale" was a hero in their estimation. Nothing was too good for him.

Dick received the best of care, and tender nursing from his mother and sister Grace. The latter often read aloud to him. Said Grace one day, "Dick, I wondered what you would do when learned that canteens were established in camp. I knew very well that you would never willingly patronize one, but I wondered if they could make you take your turn at selling the drink. W "ou ever detailed for that purpose?" Were

"There was no need of doubt as to what I would do, Sis. I nover stepped inside of a canteen, and I did all I could to persuade other boys from going in. Each company furnished a man each day to deal out the lager, and once my name was called. I did not hestate a minute, but went right to our captain and told him I could not think of doing such mean work, for it was against my principles and against my bringing up; that I had never drank a glass of beer and would not now, neither would I serve a glass of beer to any one else to drink. I expected surely he would send me to the guard house for disobeying orders, but he simply said, 'I'll excuse you, Bross. I don't like such doings myself, and am glad you came right to me. I heard that he went to headquarters and said that he was proud of having one The next day I was for his principles. The next day I ordered to report at headquarters. did not know what would be said to me there, but instead of a reprimand I got praise from the Major-General, who shook bands with me and said he was proud of having a man in camp who was not afraid to speak up for what he thought was right. He made me feel glad, and I went back to my company a happy fellow. I tell you, Sis, it pays to

do right."
"I am proud of you, Dick," said Grace. "It must have taken considerable nerve

to do what you did."
"That is what the Major declared. He said I had shown that I not only had bravery to fight the enemy, to face the flying bullets, but I had proved that I

had moral courage sufficient to speak out for principle before a crowd of men.

"Now, you have talked enough; I will give you your toni then you must close your eyes and ann," said Grace, who left the room but soon returned carrying a cup of hot milk. As she handed it to him she laughed and the company of the company said, "Oh, Dick, I am afraid I have mor-tally offended old Mrs Bates, who called here las' week and brought a bottle of currant wind for you. She said, 'Dick need not be at all afraid to drink this, because it is home-made wine. I reade it myself and there isn't a drop of alcohol in it. He needs a tonic and it will do him good!"

Dick smiled. "What did you say to

her, Sio?"
"I thanked her, of course, and told her the very best tonics in the world for you are hot milk and beef tea; that you could not think of taking any wine, and when you got well we would show her by your testing apparatus how much alcohol there really is in her home-made wine, or if she would go to the meeting of the Loyal Temperance Legion she could wit-

ness the experiment by the superintendent. Now shut your 'peopers' and I will darken the room and leave you for And Dick obeyed like the good, as well as brave, boy that he really is.

A GIRL EX-QUEEN.

Americans who have lived in Madrid describe the little ex-Queen Mercedes as the most picturesque figure in the Span-She became the reigning, but not ruling queen when her father died, but lost her shadow of a crown at the birth of her brother six months later. In the case of his death she would again become the sovereign of Spain.

She is described as a slight, homely young girl, with singularly modest, sincere bearing. She has shown, too, it is said, a womanly sympathy with the poorer class of her people.

Upon her seventeenth sirthday it was proposed that a magnificent state ball should be given at the Escurial in colebration of the event; but the princess refused, saying that rejoicing and dancing were out of place in the present con-

dition of her country. She asked instead that her birthday should only be marked by her appointment to the precidency of the Red Cross

Society in Spain. This was done, and she then received the directors of the society, women be-longing to every class, and afterward drove with her mother and the little king to a hospital near Madrid and gave a great dinner to scores of wounded Spanish soldiers returned from Cuba and

the Philippine Islands.

BEAR NATURE.

A little Tam O'Shanter cap afforded the text for a discourse which interested a number of visitors to Forest Park the other afternoon. It belonged to a golden-haired little girl, who rushed up to the bear cage after a romp through the autumn leaves. With the buoyancy of childhood she twirled the cap about her fingers, and laughed gleefully at the antics of the bears until, in her excitement, the Tam O'Shanter escaped her, and went flying into the cage. A black paw was upon it the instant it struck the stone floor of the pit. Two black eyes surveyed it critically, and then the owner of the paws and eyes rolled over it like a football player scoring a touch-down. Miss Columbia lay in a corner of the pit, and let Uncle Sam have all the fun. Suddenly the little black ball of fur unfolded. One black paw grasped the cap, and Bruin advanced to the iron bars, outside of which many grown persons and children, one of them a crying little girl, stood watching him. next move was surprising. He He threw the cap through the bars at the very feet of its golden-haired owner.
"Well, that beats anything I ever

exclaimed a young man, who had witnessed the whole performance.

That observation, my boy, shows how little you know about bear nature. was a gray-bearded man, bent with age and leaning on a cane, who spoke.

'If you knew bears as I do," he continued, "you would not marvel. black bear is the best-natured fellow on earth. He is mean only when self-preservation demands it. Now, if that little gir's cap had fallen in the cage of that old grizzly over there, there would not be enough of it left to cover a safe-cracker's conscience. The grizzly is a confirmed pessimist. He would have taken that cap as a personal insult. would have jumped to the conclusion that that little girl was trying to worry him, and hold have got even good and:

The black bear, on the other strong. hand, is a sunny-natured optimist. He was sorry for the little girl, and when he saw her crying he just couldn't help

handing back the cap. Now watch this."

The old man picked up a picce of paper, rolled it into a wad, and threw it into the cage containing the black bears. It was Miss Columbia who came to the front this time. She seemed delighted beyond expression, and played with the piece of paper, knocking it about from one end of the cage to the The gray-whiskered man had meantime prepared another paper-ball. This he tossed into the grizzly's pit. The big fellow hit at it victously as it flew past him. With grunts of rage he pursued it, and tore it into a thousand frag-Then he leaped toward the bars, ments. saying plainly in bear language that he could lick the fellow who had insulted him.

EDWARD THRING-HEAD-MASTER.

Soon after the death of Edward Thring, thirty-four years head-master of Uppingham School, a member of Parliament said to his biographer :

"Thring was the most remarkable Christian man of this generation. Because he was the first man in England to assert openly that in the economy of God's world a dull boy had as much right to have his power, such as it is, fully trained as a boy of talent, and that no school did honest work which did not recognize this truth as the basis of its working arrangements."

When Thring became head-master of Uppingham, a "faire, free grammar school," founded in 1584, it had twentyseven pupils. On his departure from his life-work the school numbered over four hundred pupils. The schoolmaster, as hundred pupils. The schoolmaster, as he called himself, had a passionate conviction that education was, in a special sense, a work of God. That conviction was his starting-point for school work.

One night he had the gratification of hearing a statement that cheered him greatly because it disclosed the formative influence of his teachings. A gentleman, lecturing in the school-room on "Education," told an anecdote illustrative of the value of a teacher's influence.

A boy, travelling on foot in France, full of spirit and life, had been asked by his companions to start early on Sunday to have a long day. The boy re-Being pressed, he said:

"No, I will not do it; the head-master will not like it."

The other boys laughed, and said that

the head-master was five hundred miles away; his excuse was nonsense. But their jeering did not change his purpose. Then the lecturer turned round toward Mr. Thring, and said:

"That boy was from Uppingham; that head-master was you, sir."

The school cheered. The head-master, greatly moved, rose and said, "I am sure you will a!! thank the lecturer: you must feel what I feel deeply. I the school for giving one such boy. I thank the I think there are many such boys among you."

THE RAIN TREE OF FEBRO ISLAND.

The island of Ferro is one of the largest in the Canary group, and it has received its name on account of its ironbound soil, through which no river nor stream flows. In the midst of the island there grows a tree known as the raining tree, the leaves of which are long and narrow. It continues in constant verdure winter and summer, and the branches are covered with a cloud which is never dispelled, but, resolving itself into a moisture, causes to fall from its leaves a very clear water in such abundance that cisterns placed at its foot to receive it are never empty.-April Ladies' Home Journal.

THE LARGEST TREE IN THE WORLD.

The largest tree in the world is to be seen at Mascali, near the foot of Mount Etna, and is called "The Chostnut Tree of a Hundred Horses." Its name rose from the report that Queen Jane, of Aragon, with her principal nobility, took refuge from a violent storm under its branches. The trunk is two hundred and four feet in circumference. The largest tree in the United States, it is said, stands near Bear Creek, on the north fork of the Tule River, in California. It measures one hundred and forty feet in circumference. The giant redwood tree in Nevada is one hundred and nineteen feet in circumference. April Ladies' Home Journal.

Mother's Turn. BY REMA QUENT CURTIS.

we had the funniest story, In our paper, t'other day, thout a mule and buggy That scared and run away. like to died a-laughin', And so did pa and Josh, nut mother couldn't stop to hear— She was busy with the wash.

rist week we had a picnic Out to Mechanicsville; went with 'Lizy Fergus, And pa-took Jen and Bill; The time we had a-funnin' Would heat a story-book, sut mother couldn't go along-She had preserves to cook.

Last fall, when all the Rankins Came down to stay a week, We went one day for wainuts 'Way down on Sugar Creek; We took our dinner with us, And stayed the whole day through, But mother couldn't get away— The scrubbin' was to do.

To-morrow night's the concert; I said I'd go with Jen And Bill and 'Lizy Fergus And Sairey True, but then After I'd done and said it, The thought of mother came; She never gets a holiday That's half-way worth the name.

She's lookin' worn and weary, And it's occurred to me To send her to the concert, If only she'll agree; I'll stay and do the dishes, No odds if Jen does coax. For mother needs a little fun The same as other folks.

MISTRESS FROG'S SPINNING.

BY MARTHA YOUNG.

Out in the yellow Southern sunshine, two little white children and several little coloured ones were making "froghouses." This they did by putting a bare foot flat on the walk, and over the bare foot has on the wain, and over the vare foot heaping white sand. The glory of the building was to be able to draw out the foot so skilfully from underneath the sand structure that a mound remained, with a good opening left as door to the "frog-house."

Many frog-houses fell that day, but some stood; and in the latter, carpets of flower-petals were laid, and sometimes a

big cool leaf was hung for 2 door.
"Dere! We done all dis work for Mistis Frog, and Mistis Frog can't live in

dese houses," exclaimed Dilsey.

"Why can't she?" asked Alice.

"Oh! frogs 'bleeged to stay in de brooks, wid deir toes in de water, sence Mistis Frog done so scandulous in dem

old days," said Dilsey.
"Dilsey, tell us what 'twas Mistis Frog did in the old days," cried Alice, eagerly.
"Twas dis way," declared Dilsey, seating herself flat in the sand, her bare feet out in front of her, her toes straight up.
"Mistis Frog was always complainin'.
Ef it rain, den she want sun. Ef 'twarn't too hot, den 'twas too cole. Dar come one summer-time when de heat wuz so

great 'twas dryin' up de corn. De pools and brooks was dryin' up so dat de ani-mals couldn't hardly git a drink. Mist Frog sat on de hill spinnin'-'Spinning!" interrupted her listeners.
'Ob co'se. Don't you see all dat field,

yonder, full of toad-flax? Dem little blue flowers is toad-flax. Mistis Frog blue flowers is toad-flax. Mistis Frog spun dat flax in dem old days—all day

iong apinnin' and singin'—"
"Singing!" cried the other children.
"Ob co'se. Mistis Frog sang sweeter dar any bird in de old days; singin' and spinnin', a-settin' on her white satin stool."

What, Dilsey?" asked Alice.

"You see dem white frog-stools poppin' up in de fields? Dey useter be Mistis Frog's white satin stools, whar she useter set on, spinnin' and singin'. Mistis Frog was allus compiainin', but dis hot time Mistis Frog ain't sayin' nothin' 'genst de sunshine, 'caze she wanter git de pretties' blue silk spun you ever see. She say don't want it never rain no mo'. 'caze ain'll wet her blue yarn!

"After a while, evyting dryin' up, a ittle cloud come floatin' by. Mistls Frog ay: "Go 'way, cloud! I'm wantin' mo' ay:

'D'rectly drop o' rain fell-blim! "Mistis Frog riz up an' flung out her hand. Mistis Frog walk straight in dose days, not hip-py-ty-hop, like she do now. she had pretty hands, not wobblety, like dey is now. She say: 'Go 'way, rain! I'm Mistis Frog! I don't want no rain!

Raindrey make answer: 'Bryt'ing's

periodia' for rain !

de sun!

"Well, all day Mistis Frog spin an' sing, an' all night in de moonlight ner an' her folks sing, 'Frog in de middle! An' he can't git out! He can't git out! Can't git out!

"Ev'yt'ing wus beggin' to her, 'O, Mistis Frog! dough dis be yo' season to spin, let us have a little rain."

"Mistis Frog say: 'Evy dog has its day, an' I has mine like I please!"

"Mistis Frog done her blue slik; but she spinnin' now to make Mister Frog a

set of blue soldier-cloze.

"Ev'yt'ing-bird, beast-all come to Mistis Frog ag'in an' say: 'Give us a

drop er rain, dough 'tis in yo' season to spin! Us perishin'!'
"Mistis Frog des spin on an' sing:

"'Mister Frog put on de soldier-clore, Went ter de well ter shoot some crows; Powder flash, an' crow flew 'way, Mister Frog go huntin' another day !"

"Ev'yt'ing pantin' fer water. Yit Mistis Frog say: 'Ef I nin't ever been suited befo', I'm suited now. I ain't gwine ax fer nothin' but sun in my season to spin.'

"Den de birds sing to her: 'Et yer don't give pity, yer can't git pity!' "De bees hum to her: 'Yer gotter gib

mercy 'fo' yer git mercy!'
"De beas'es growl to her: 'Give, nor

yer won't git ! Give, nor yer won't git!' "But Mistis Frog spin an' sing, trel at las' it git too dry fer her. She pant and pant. Her satin stool shrivel up under her. Her thread git so dry it under her. Her thread git so dry it whirl round de spindle and break off short, an' won't spin out no mo'. Her wheel spin roun' so fast it catch fire and burn all up. Mistis Frog ain't able ter git 'nother wheel yit. Den Mistis Frog, she pant, and she pant, and she pant, and she beg for water, and she plead for rain; but all de clouds done pass by! Mistis Frog, her tongue and throat git so parched dat do song flew out and never

conve back no mo'!
"'Oh! water, water all de time. Au no mo' sun !' sa'd Mistis Frog.

"But Mistis Frog didn't get dat wish ! Herself an' her folks, dey moved from de highlands ter de awamp, all of 'em. She live in de wet lands yet. Mistis Frog don't spin no mo'. She holler, all de time: 'Mo' rain! mo' rain! mo' rain!

Mistis Frog 'bleeged to holler dat.
"Mister Frog, he croak out: 'Kneedeep! kneedeep!' Mister Frog 'bleeged ter croak dat.

"All de little frogs, dey stand on de brook-edge and holler: 'Wale in! wade in! wade in!' De little frogs 'bleeged ter holler dat.

"And dat's de reason de frogs can't live in dese houses we done built 'em," said Disey.-Little Men and Women.

THE WHITE FEATHER.

BY CLARA MARSHALL.

By what sign is it betrayed that a boy is lacking in courage?

Any one who has attended a large school, if he has kept his eyes open, knows that a love of fisticums does not mark the brave soy any more than an avoidance of them marks the coward. Boys are built differently, some of them having a strength of nerve and an indifference to physical pain that would do credit to the average Comanche, while others are so sensitive as to be com-

pletcly upset by even the sight of blood. There are some who are pugilists by nature, just as there are others who are musicians by nature, and for one of these hard-hitters to regard with contempt any one who puts up with much that is disagreeable for the sake of living in peace, is about as sensible as it would be for a born musician to sneer at any one

unable to play by ear. It is not he who declines to fight whoproclaims himself a coward, or, as boys contemptuously express it, "shows the white feather," but he who declines to tell the truth when it would make against A big-fisted fellow, telling of an escapade in which he had been very nearly caught by a teacher, remarked: "I thought I had got myself into a pretty had scrape, but I managed to lie out of

"That won't do here," was the prompt reply of the boy to whom he was speak-ing. "As you are a new-comer, it is ing. only fair to warn you that the standard of honour is higher here than it seems to have been where you came from Anyway, the fellow who is caught lying usually has to get out."
"Expelled?" asked the other.

"Either that, or the other fellows make the place too hot for him."

Most of an have read "Tom Brown at Rugby," and remember Arthu; the gen-tic, delicate little fellow, with no more

"'Go 'way,' Mistis Frog say; 'I don't fight in him than a girl. But that eer. I wanter set an' spin an' sing in Arthur was no coward was evinced by his doing, the first night at school, what his protector, Tom Brown, who had as good use of his fists as any boy in his class, had not up to that time had the courage to do.

> Arthur knelt down in a dormitory full of boys and said his prayers. Tom promptly undertook to fight the bully who attacked him for it—that was an easy matter—but it was only after a hard struggle that he summoned up courage enough to follow Arthur's example. Before then he had been so cowardly (in splie of his prowers as a hard-hitter) as to say his prayers in bed.

He alone never shows the white feather who is always ready to do the thing that

is right.

JOE.

BY MARY ADAMS JAMESON.

Joe was a bootblack He was a mite of humanity, clad in garments many sizes too large for him; and I always had to smile at the inimitable drollers of his running comments, and the bust air with which he plied his trade, cough the terrible pathos back of it all might well have evoked tears instead. I think it was the frank, honest look in his eyes that first attracted me. They had the sort, clear grey of a dawn in midsummer. I had grown accustomed to hear-ing his cheery "Have a shine, sir?" ring out sharp and crisp as the winter mornning itself, and had grown to always expect it-always listen for it. But one morning Joe was not in his accustomed place. I missed the familiar music of his voice. Passing a group of men as I hurried to my office, I caught the words, "Accident—Trolley-car—"

My heart stood still with a terrible foreboding. I could not have told why I connected Joe with the words, but I as as suro it was he as when later I looked down upon his face. God sometimes lets our spirits discern what he withholds for a time from our physical senses. I wheeled suddenly and faced them.

Gentlemen, you say there was ancident?"

"Yes! A boy run down by a trolleycar and terribly mangled." He shivered

as he spoke.
"When and where did it happen?" "About half an hour ago at First and Spring. A car was coming each way; the boy was watching the up-car, and when it passed attempted to cross, when the down-car struck him."

I waited to hear no more. where I should find him. I had to pass the fatal corner. A crowd still lounged about a pool of blood—Joe's life-blood. I shuddered and hurried on to the Receiving Hospital. He was lying white and still, the morning sunshine caressing the red-gold of his hair. I knelt beside him, and whispered softly, "Joe! do you know me?"

The eyelids fluttered, then opened wide. A wan smile answered me.
"Do you suffer much pain?"

"N—no! but—I'se done for—jes' same," faintly. "No doctor—kin—fix up—a chap—mashed like me."

I was glad the eyes were closed, and did not read the truth in my face. Here the nurse came and administered a stimulant,

It's a hard world, Joe," I whispered. You haven't had much pleasure out of it.

"N-no, I hevn't."

But, dear boy, you'll be glad to go to such a lovely place I know of, full of birds and flowers, and babbling brooks gliding through an endless stretch of meadows, lovely gardens and fountains and grass as soft as velvet—"

"Kin—yer roll—on 't? Yer can't—in the park—yer know." I sighed as I thought of our lovely city parks and their red-tape restrictions.

"And, listen, Joe. Scattered all through this beautiful place with its golden streets are the many mansions."

"I reckon—yer mean—heaven. I

heerd—on 't onct—at a—Sunday-school. I was—passin' by—an'—dropped in." I softly repeated the beautiful promise

in St. John's Gospel. "In my Father's house are many mansicns . . . I go to prepare a place for

I will come again and reyou. . . ceive you unto myself." "And one of thore mansions is prepared for you, Joe-do you hear me !-

for you." He was lying so still I laid my finger on his pulse. But he had heard me. The gray eyes flow open with a glad sur-

Drise.

"Big house-like that-for me?"

"Yes, Joe; for you."
"Then my mother's in 't. She'd be -ta any house-I'd have"

He looked straight into my eyes with

out fluching.
"I ain't-afeered-to die. take care—of a little chap—like me without—any folks."

"He will, Joe; he will," I cried, with a sob in my voice.

"But—do yer think—she'il—know me—over there? I was—a little kid—when—she went away,—an' I'se grown—right smart,—yer know."

"Sure, Joe. She'd know you if you were as big as Gollath and as old as Methuselah. Can't fool a mother about Methuselah her boy.'

He smiled, then dozed off. I watchrd him intently, for I saw the gray pallour creeping over his face. The poligeon came in, and looked at him. The police sur-

"Can't last long," he said, answering

the look in my face.
The closed eyes opened and fixed themselves upon the ceiling. His breath

came in quick gasps fainter and fainter.
Suddenly a wonderful light flashed into
his face, and he cried with supernatural
strongth, "Mother! She she knows me.

Joe had caught a glimpse of that "mansion," and on the doorstep, watching, waiting, smiling, stood—his mother. I haven't a doubt of it. Have you?—Western Christian Advocate.

PUNISHING AN ELEPHANT.

Recently an elephant, Abdul, was convicted by court-martial for killing his keeper, and sentenced to fifty lashes and two years' imprisonment.

Two elephants led Abdul to an open space, and in the presence of the whole battery the punishment began. There were fourteen elephants on one side, and the officers and men of the battery on the other three. In the centre of this hollow square stood Lalis, the flogger, and the prisoner. The latter was and the prisoner. The latter was chained by the four legs to as many heavy iron pegs, and could not move.

Fastened to Lalla's trunk was an immense cable chain. When all was ready the major gave the word, and down came the chain with a resounding whack.
Abdul roared justily. Fifty times was the operation repeated, and then Abdul was taken to a compound, to remain a solitary prisoner for two years.

REAL AND MAKE-BELIEVE.

An old man, passing along a busy street in one of our large cities, became bewildered by the noise and confusion, so that he did not know whether or not he was on the right street. A few so is in front of him, so the story runs, was a young girl whose dainty clothing and general appearance seemed to proclaim general appearance seemed to proclaim
her a lady. The old man quickened his
steps till he was beside her. "Will ye
plaze tell me, miss," he began, "if this
is La Salie Strate?"

The girl drew her skirts aside and
passed quickly along, without making
any reply, leaving the old man standing
in bewilderment. Turning, he saw an-

other girl of about the same age coming toward him. With some timidity and hesitation he repeated his question. It was met with a friendly smile, while the answer came pleasantly. "Yes, this is La Salle Street that you are on now."

La Salle Street that you are on now."

"And is that Adams Strate."

"Yes, that is Adams Street."

"Thank ye, miss," the old man sail,
"ye're a lady. I thought she was,"
pointing after the young girl to whom
he had first put the question, "but 'twes only her clothes was the lady.'

LINCOIN'S KINDNESS TO A CHILD.

One morning, when the war was at its dercest, Governor Rice and Senator Wilson entered the private office of President Lincoln, and, with them, slipped in a poor little boy, who had been waiting

several days for such an opportunity.

"And who is this little boy?" said the
President, turning a kindly look upon him. The boy explained that he had come to Washington hoping to find employment as a page in the House.

Being told that he must apply to the doorkeeper of the House, at the Capitol, the boy exclaimed: "But, sir, I am a good boy, and have a letter from my mother and from the supervisor and from my Sunday-school teacher !"

Touched by the child's simplicity, the great-hearted Lincoln, even in that crucial period of anxiety, worn out as he was by the pressing duties and cares of his great office, for the moment put everything aside to comfort and help one poor lad. Hastily glancing over the boy's letters, he wrote on the back of one of them: "If Captain Goodnow can give a place to this good little boy, I shall be gratified.—A. Liscola."

LESSON NOTES.

SECOND QUARTER. STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN

LESSON VIII. MAY 21. CHRIST BEFORE THE HICH PRIEST John 18, 15-27. Memory verses, 23-25. GOLDEN TEXT.

He came unto his own, and his own received him not. John 1, 11,

OUTLINE.

The First Denial, v 15 18.

The Examination, v 19 21.

3. The Insult, v 22-24. 4. The Second and Third Denials, y. 25-27.

Time.-Early Friday morning, April 7, A.D. 30.

Place.-The palace of the high priest In Jerusalem

LESSON HELPS.

16 "Followed" Better rendering is, "Another disciple"— Not certain who this was, generally supposed to have been John, the writer of this gospel, but there are also ressons for believing that it was Judas. "Was for believing that it was Judas. "Was known"—How he was known we have no means of judging. "The high priest"—Probably Calaphas. "The palace"—Here the court or open space in the centre or front of the house (Luke 22 55)—16. "At the door without"—With the crowd. Jesus as a prisoner and the other discussions as a friend of the high

other disciple as a friend of the high priest went within. "Her that kept the door"—Comp. Acts 12. 13.

17. "Art not thou also"—Or, "Surely

thou art not." The question anticipates a negative answer. No charge is brought against him, but Peter remembers his act of violence and fears recognition.

18. Servants and officers. The ser-

vants are the household slaves of the high priest. The officers are the temple servants. "A fire of coals"—Charcoals

in a pan.
19 "Of his doctrine"—A series of 19 "Of his doctrine"—A series of general questions was doubtless asked of Jesus as to his teaching, the end he had in view, and his followers. The questions were put to find out some charges to be brought against him in the legal trial.

20. "I spake openly to the world"—

All might hear who would. Comp. John 8. 26. Spake not to a secret society 8. 26. Spake not to a secret society formed for a purpose hostile to the government. Christ was not the leader of

a narrow worldly party.

21. "Ask them which heard me"-Which implied that they were present. Witnesses for the defence were heard first under Jewish rule. "They know first under Jewish rule. "They know what I said"—Jesus was willing to have his teaching known by all and repeated

by all.

22. "Struck Jesus" Literally, gave him a blow. No way this to answer a statement of truth. Violence is not the weapon of reason.

23. The acts and words in this verse are a practical illustration of Matt. 5. 39, which see. "Bear witness of the evil" -Produce the evidence required by the

24. "Sent him bound"-Still "bound," as he had been from verse 12. Bound to prevent escape or rescue.

25. Perhaps a look of sympathy and distress on Peter's face as he saw his Master a prisoner and in bonds turned attention to him

26. "His kinsman" A kinsman of Malchus.

27, "Peter then denied again"-Prompted by fear. Comp Matt 26 74, and read the denial scene in Matt. 26. Very instructive of one phase of homan nature is the account.

HOME READINGS.

M. Christ before the high priest.-John 18, 15-27,

-Luke 22, 54-62, W. Before the council.-Luke 22, 63-71.

Th. A challenge.—John 8. 42-47. F. The sinless Saviour.—1 Peter 2. 17-25. Warning to Peter. Matt. 26. 31-35.

Su. Prayer against temptation.—Psalm 141.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. The First Denial, v. 15-18.

What disciple is named as following Jesus?

What two guesses have been made about "another disciple" that followed him?

Was the high priest a good man or a

Where did Peter stand

How did be get inside?

What did the young woman who stood as door keeper say to Peter as he passed ? What did he say ?



GILBERT ISLAND WARRIORS.

How were the servants and officers trying to make themselves comfortable?
What did Peter do?

The Examination, v. 19-21.

What two things did the high priest ask Jesus about ?

What reasons had the high priest to think badly of Jesus' disciples?
How did Jesus answer the high priest?
Was it fair for the high priest to ask

such a question?

Why, do you suppose, did he not give the full list of his disciples? Why, do you suppose, did he not give a full statement of his doctrine—preach a sermon—for instance, like the Sermon

on the Mount? 3. The Insult, v. 22-24.

What did one of the officers do to Jesus ?

What did he say to justify his rude conduct?

What did Jesus reply?

Does not this reply of Jesus after all give us the reason why he did not answer the questions of the high priest about his disciples and doctrine?

To whom did Annas send Jesus bound? 4. The Second and Third Denials, v. 25-27. What was Peter doing during all this cross-questioning and insult of his Mas-

What did those near him say to him?

What did he say? What did one of the servants ask him? What special interest had this servant in him?

What did Peter do? What happened immediately? Of what did that remind Peter?

Is it ever right to lie? What other sin besides lying did Peter commit?

What is the Golden Text?

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we shown-1. That even strong love sometimes fails in an extreme test?

2. That the second sin is easier than the first, and the third than the second? 3. That there is no use in reasoning with a prejudiced man?

, overflowed its banks and undermined the frozen ground, until finally, with a crash, a huge mass of mingled earth and ice broke away and came thundering down. Some of the more daring natives ven-tured near and were rewarded by a sight wonderful in the extreme. A broad section of icy earth had been exposed, and hanging from a layer of ice and gravel was a creature so welrd that at first they would not approach it. It hung was that it was covered with hair.

was frozen as hard as stone, and the hair-covered hide seemed like frozen leather. Several months passed before the animal was entirely uncovered, and so perfectly had nature preserved it, that it was then cut up and the fiesh given to the dogs.

The news of this discovery passed from native to native, and from town to town, until it reached the ears of a Government officer. He at once sent orders for the preservation of the carcass, but the flesh had already been destroyed. Only its head and feet remained, which are now preserved in one of the great museums of Russia,-St. Nicholas.

WELL-PRESERVED MEAT.

The River Viloui, in North Siberia, is frozen a greater part of the year. In of the men are often covered with

partly free, and had evidently been uncovered by the landslide. But the strangest feature of this curious monster At first, the astonished discoverers thought the creature was alive, and that it had pushed aside the earth, and was coming out. But the great mammoth was dead, and had probably been entombed thousands of years. The body

GILBERT ISLAND WARRIORS.

The Gilbert Islands lie on both sides of the equator and a little beyond the 180th meridian. They are sixteen in number, with a thin soil, scanty rainfall, and 'imited vegetation. The cocoanutpalm thrives here, as well as the pandanus, or screw-pine; but almost nothing else which can furnish food for human beings. Advocates of a mengre diet, as conducive to health, might do well to emigrate to the Gilbert Islands. If they survive the experiment, their the the state of the experiment, their testimony will be interesting; possibly, however, a little "thin." The same language is spoken on all of these islands. The people are naturally bardy,



NAMHOTH ON 102.

the cold season the natives follow its scars, and no dandy is more proud of course to the south, and as spring comes on they return. It was during one of these migrations that an entire mammoth was discovered. The river, swol-

his rings and jewels than are these men of the unsightly scars which indicate their prowess. While not cannibais in the same sense as were the Fiji Islanders, len by the melting snow and ice, had | yet it is said that on some of the islands

there is probably not an adult male who

has not ta ...d human flesh.

The only water fit to drink on all coral islands is rain water. Missionaries liv-ing on the Gilbert Islands are obliged to depend almost entirely upon foreign food, which is never perfectly fresh, and al-ways preserved with difficulty. Rev. Hiram Bingham, Jr., with his devoted wife, began work here in 1857, and la-boured on alone, with their Hawaiian helpers, until 1874. Frequently they were chliged, in self-preservation, to flee for a season to a more salubrious clime; until, at last, utterly broken in health, they were compelled to take up their residence in Honolulu, where they still continue their labours of love among Gilbert Islanders who have been brought to Hawaii as labourers. The days of martyrs and heroes of faith are not yet



past.

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