



# PLEASANT KNOWERS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.



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, silkier, 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 pure-blooded Chinese, Japanese, Korean, Mongolian, Malay, or Indian, any other shade of hair than jet black, excepting, of course, those heads on which age has bleached 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 hairs 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.

The queue is not only the badge or mark of a Chinese; it is the sign of Chinese manhood. In infancy and childhood the head is either clean-shaven and kept as 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 Mongolian, 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 conquered 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 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 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 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 addressed are these: The August Lofty One; The Celestial Sovereign; The Son of Heaven.

Underneath the Emperor are nine ranks of officials who are chosen from among those who have passed successful 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 man-

darin 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 EARN A LIVING.

Two little boys who live in Brooklyn, New York, and who know something 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 articles. 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 pebbles, 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 sell the goods. He visits both offices and homes, doffs his cap politely if a lady is addressed, and displays his wares with ready tact. He seldom fails 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.

By ELIZABETH 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, 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 MANDARIN

going there. "What 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 hair 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 blankets 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 another 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 forgive all their sins.



CRIMINAL DEPRIVED OF HIS QUEUE.



PRISONERS DRIVEN BY THEIR QUEUE.

## Recessional.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

God of our fathers, known of old—  
Lord of our far-flung battle line—  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm 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!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
Wild tongues that have not been  
awed—  
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 boast 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 imminent 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 inhabitants. 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, with her sister and the rest of the children, 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 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 covering 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 incarceration of five weeks. They looked almost like skeletons, 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. PENNY.

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 bullets fell like hailstones 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 ill 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 I 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. Were you ever detailed for that purpose?"

"There was no need of doubt as to what I would do, Sis. I never 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 hesitate 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 man in his company who could stand up for his principles. The next day I was ordered to report at headquarters. I did not know what would be said to me there, but instead of a reprimand I got praise from the Major-General, who shook hands 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 tonics when you must close your eyes about a nap," said Grace, who left the room but soon returned carrying a cup of hot milk. As she handed it to him she laughed and said, "Oh, Dick, I am afraid I have mortally offended old Mrs. Bates, who called here last week and brought a bottle of currant wine for you. She said, 'Dick need not be at all afraid to drink this, because it is home-made wine. I made 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, Sis?"

"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 teading 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 witness the experiment by the superintendent. Now shut your 'peepers' and I will darken the room and leave you for a nap." 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 Spanish court. 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 birthday it was proposed that a magnificent state ball should be given at the Escorial in celebration of the event; but the princess refused, saying that rejoicing and dancing were out of place in the present condition of her country.

She asked instead that her birthday should only be marked by her appointment to the presidency of the Red Cross Society in Spain.

This was done, and she then received the directors of the society, women belonging 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 touchdown. 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. His next move was surprising. He threw the cap through the bars at the very feet of its golden-haired owner.

"Well, that beats anything I ever saw!" exclaimed a young man, who had witnessed the whole performance.

"That observation, my boy, shows how little you know about bear nature." It 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. The black bear is the best-natured fellow on earth. He is mean only when self-preservation demands it. Now, if that little girl'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. He would have jumped to the conclusion that that little girl was trying to worry him, and he'd have got even good and

strong. The black bear, on the other 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 piece 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 other. The gray-whiskered man had meantime prepared another paper-ball. This he tossed into the grizzly's pit. The big fellow hit at it viciously as it flew past him. With grunts of rage he pursued it, and tore it into a thousand fragments. Then he leaped toward the bars, 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 twenty-seven pupils. On his departure from his life-work the school numbered over four 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 refused. 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 all thank the lecturer; you must feel what I feel deeply. I thank the school for giving one such boy. I think there are many such boys among you."

## THE RAIN TREE OF FERRO ISLAND.

The island of Ferro is one of the largest in the Canary group, and it has received its name on account of its iron-bound 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 Mascal, near the foot of Mount Etna, and is called "The Chestnut 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.





## LESSON NOTES.

## SECOND QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL BY JOHN

## LESSON VIII. MAY 21.

CHRIST BEFORE THE HIGH PRIEST  
John 18. 15-27. Memory verses, 23-26.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

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

## OUTLINE.

1. The First Denial, v. 15-18.
2. The Examination, v. 19-21.
3. The Insult, v. 22-24.
4. The Second and Third Denials, v. 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, "was following." "Another disciple"—Not certain who this was, generally supposed to have been John, the writer of this gospel, but there are also reasons 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 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 servants 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 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 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 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 law.

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. 26:69-74. Very instructive of one phase of human nature is the account.

## HOME READINGS.

- M. Christ before the high priest.—John 18. 15-27.  
 Tu. Peter's tears.—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.  
 S. 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 bad man?  
 Where did Peter stand?  
 How did he get inside?  
 What did the young woman who stood at 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?

2. 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 Master?

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?

## WELL-PRESERVED MEAT.

The River Viloul, in North Siberia, is frozen a greater part of the year. In



MAMMOTH ON ICE.

the cold season the natives follow its 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, swollen by the melting snow and ice, had

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 ventured 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 weird that at first they would not approach it. It hung partly free, and had evidently been uncovered by the landslide. But the strangest feature of this curious monster was that it was covered with hair.

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 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 flesh given to the dogs.

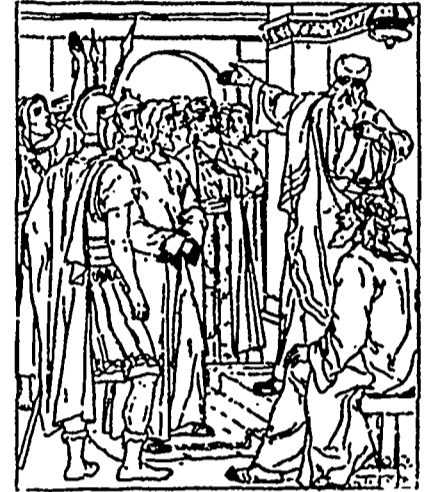
The news of this discovery passed from native to native, and from town to town, until it reached the ears of a Government officer. He at once sent orders for the preservation of the carcass, but the flesh had already been destroyed. Only its head and feet remained, which are now preserved in one of the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

## 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 limited vegetation. The cocoanut-palm thrives here, as well as the pandanus, or screw-pine; but almost nothing else which can furnish food for human beings. Advocates of a meagre diet, as conducive to health, might do well to emigrate to the Gilbert Islands. If they survive 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 hardy, savage, and quarrelsome. They wear very little clothing, and men are frequently seen entirely naked. The bodies of the men are often covered with

there is probably not an adult male who has not tattooed human flesh.

The only water fit to drink on all coral islands is rain water. Missionaries living on the Gilbert Islands are obliged to depend almost entirely upon foreign food, which is never perfectly fresh, and always preserved with difficulty. Rev. Hiram Bingham, Jr., with his devoted wife, began work here in 1857, and laboured on alone, with their Hawaiian helpers, until 1874. Frequently they were obliged, in self-preservation, to flee for a season to a more salubrious climate; 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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